

A SETTER DOG'S REVERIE

(Concluded from page 1.)

apparently, didn't see it.

"The bird was about twenty feet ahead of us in a pile of black jack brush. Nona got so excited at the man's kicking around in the dry leaves and brush, that she broke at shot and got a whipping for it. I didn't blame her though, and if Morgan hadn't been so near me I guess I should have broken too.

"The way that man kept us hunting for the birds he thought he had killed, reminds me of the things men say when they miss, and I am really surprised at the variety:

My gun was safe.
I forgot my glasses.
The birds are too wild.
The cover is too thick.
These shells are too old.
The dogs are not steady.
There is no offset to this gun.
The bird flew behind a tree.
This gun is too much choked.
Number eight shot is too big.
The stock of this gun is too long.
I was afraid of hitting the dog.
I was holding right on that bird.
I slipped just as I was going to shoot.
The trigger pull on this gun is too heavy.
I never could shoot with a sweater on.
I can't get used to a hammerless gun.
Why don't they carry hard made shells at the store.

Well, I got that bird! Why, did you shoot too? I didn't hear you.

I think that bird is dead, but I couldn't see where he fell.

This gun is too straight; my other gun has an eighth of an inch more drop.

I don't see why I didn't kill that bird. Didn't you see the feathers fly? (It was the bark of a tree that flew.)

"Yesterday I was out with a man who was all right. He kept right up with Morgan and when I got that point on the covey down in the branch, Morgan said he thought I was on a point and he went right out and hunted for me and found me, too, and walked right up to the birds and flushed them and got one with each barrel, and he didn't run up to where the birds fell either!

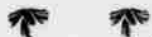
"That's one thing I can't understand. Men will say the dogs are no good if they break at shot, yet half of them will break at shot themselves, just as if they wanted to retrieve the bird! Chasing after a winged bird, or looking for a dead one, is half the fun of hunting. Yet after we have pointed, often standing many minutes, when we are so nervous we can hardly restrain ourselves, waiting to give them a shot, and they do kill a bird, they still expect us to stand while they rush ahead of us to do what we have been taught was our work, our reward!

"As a general rule the man who does this is the man that can't get his gun together because he lays it in the sand, who keeps Morgan side stepping and thinking of his family, makes Shaw speculate on the future and wears the dog all out because he's so slow walking in on the point. I imagine that seeing a bird that he has shot at drop is so much of a novelty that he can't wait to have the dog bring the bird back to satisfy himself that it is really true. There's some consolation, however, in feeling that Morgan understands and in the fact that it don't

happen every day.

"Here we are at The Holly Inn! Well there's nothing doing until tomorrow anyway, and a good supper's waiting at the kennels."

NOTE—Reverie by Ponto, setter dog, comfortably esconced in the crate of a hunting wagon on the way to Pinehurst after a day at Thagard's.



QUAIL IN PLENTY.

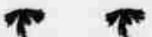
John Philip Sousa Forsakes his Band for the Hunting Field.

Good bags continue to be the rule among the quail hunters, and many are enjoying the sport. Prominent among those who have been in the field was John Philip Sousa, the famous bandmaster and a shot of international reputation as well, who spent a portion of the week here, devoting most of his time to shooting, Mrs. Sousa accompanying him on his trips.

Dr. Hemingway Merriman and William Henry White of New York, carried off the honors with a big kill, leaving for home after a successful trip.

Cyrus A. Taft of Whitinsville, is back for his annual sojourn, bringing with him three fine dogs, Lacy, Dick, and Nell; all products of the Pinehurst Kennels.

Hobart J. Park and David T. Kennedy of New York, spent a portion of the week here.



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