

TROPHIES

and PERSONAL ARTICLES

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REVERIES OF 'A POINTER

PONTO REFLECTS ON THE DAY'S SHOOTING AT THAGARD'S

Fifty Reasons Heard in His Experience Why the Birds Didn't Drop



THREE months more of this!

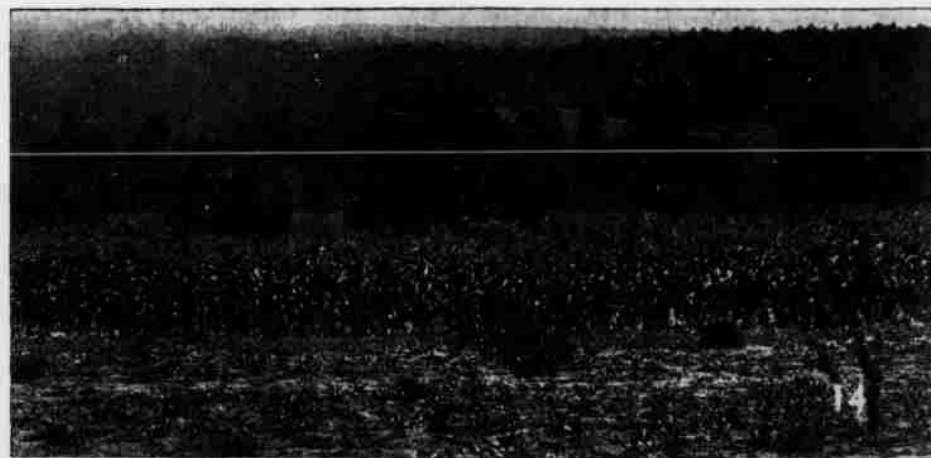
When the guides take me out alone or with a man who knows something about hunting, I do enjoy it, but when they take me out with men like the one today it makes me awfully nervous and I suppose it makes Morgan nervous too. He can't cuss them and so he scolds me for the least little thing. I know he doesn't mean it though, because he gives me a pat once in a while, when the men aren't looking.

SIZING UP A HUNTER

"I can tell what kind of a hunt-

brush off the sand that had gotten all over it, and all the while the gun was pointing right at me, or Morgan, or Shaw, or the driver, and the sight of the dark eyes of a gun barrel looking into your's isn't pleasant.

"Shaw got out of the way, walking rather fast, for Shaw, and I tried to get out of the way too, but Morgan kept yanking me back, being busy and not noticing what was taking place. I thought Morgan never would get that fool Nona out of the crate, but when he did and looked up and saw those gun barrels pointing at him and the man trying to close the gun with a bang hard enough to jar off the hammers if the gun



THE HAPPY HUNTING GROUND

er a man is as soon as I am out of the dog crate. Take this morning for example. When we stopped in front of the Thagard house and Morgan let me out, the man jumped down, grabbed his gun case (which was brand new) and took the barrels and stock out and laid them in the sand. Then he closed up the gun case and did it up in a blanket and put it in the carriage, as if the case were much more valuable than the gun. Then while Morgan was trying to get Nona out, (she's my hunting companion) he took about five minutes to get the gun together, then he couldn't close it after he had put the cartridges in. He banged it hard enough to break it but he didn't know enough to

hadn't happened to be at safe, you ought to have seen him side step, but that was no excuse for his yanking me and Nona so hard. Then Morgan made a flank movement, asked the man if he couldn't help him and the gun was soon closed.

NO PLACE FOR A NERVOUS MAN

"Well, Morgan side stepped all the rest of the day, keeping time with that man who, every half minute, pointed the gun in his direction. I heard Morgan tell Shaw (the day he was out with that fellow with the automatic gun, which went off three times while he was showing how safe it was) that he didn't used to mind it, but now he was married