

it made him nervous, and Shaw's reply was that he reckoned that man would shoot something some day and it wouldn't be quail!

"When we got over the fence in front of Thagard's Morgan was so polite in taking the man's gun for him that he didn't see that Nona got the first point and that I stole it (I hate to back) and so Nona was mad with me because Morgan patted me and praised me for the find. I shouldn't have cared much if I had flushed the birds because I knew the man couldn't hit them.

"My, but I soon wished I had backed. The birds were about ten feet in front of me lying in a little bunch of wire grass. Morgan said: "Walk right in, sir, in front of the dogs," but the man said he thought he would walk up to the side of me so as to drive the birds out into the open instead of into the woods. Morgan said he thought it would be hard to drive them, but the man said he thought he could so he started walking towards me.

"I was awfully excited and it seemed as if he never would get up to the birds. Every muscle in my body was as hard as stone and I had a creepy feeling all along my back. The man held his gun up to his shoulder and would take a step or two towards me and then kick around in the brush. Every time he kicked it made me jump all over inside, my ears fly back, and I could feel the hair stand up on my back. Then I knew that Nona was stepping up every time he did this, because I could hear Morgan saying, "Whoa Nona," and telling the man to "Walk right in, sir"—"Step right up, sir"—"I think the birds are away ahead of you, sir," and I knew he was afraid I would break.

A TENDERFOOT MARKSMAN

"Well, finally the birds got up and flew right over the man's head into the woods. He didn't get any because he fired right into the middle of them and didn't pick out any single bird, but he said he thought he got two with his first and shot a little to the right on his second.

"That was about what I expected from that kind of a hunter, and Morgan had to keep us hunting for the birds he thought he had killed for five minutes to satisfy him, but I knew that Morgan

knew there weren't any dead birds from the way he worked us, and that was some consolation.

AN UNAPPRECIATED PICTURE

"While Morgan was keeping me busy, that sneak Nona got away and pointed a single in the woods, so we went down to her. Nona was awfully nervous for she had got the scent down wind and couldn't tell where the bird was exactly, and when the man started kicking around in the dry leaves you ought to have seen her begin to shake. He walked all around her and I guess Morgan was afraid she would break so he sent us on. I circled and came up wind and got the body scent and pointed, just as Nona, who had circled the other way, got it too. We must have made a pretty picture, but the man, 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.

EVERY EXCUSE BUT THE REAL ONE

"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

(Concluded on page eighteen)

STYMIED

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