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rabbit dog had three up at once, and jumped twelve that day, bringing six to our guns. These cotton-tails of Virginia do not hole. Like all their tribe, they leave their bed only to circle back near it, and it's rare sport to trip over Mr. Bunny when he's going at full speed ahead. I made a snap shot of one in the grass, which was a happy accident. Again I caught another by kneeling and snapping, just as the rabbit jumped up the bank and was entering the woods a good fifty yards away. Yes, indeed, I missed some easy ones, but I spare you and myself the revolting details.

The last ten minutes of the last day was a fitting curtain. We had worked all day with a total of a quail and a woodcock, which latter, by the way, had to be retrieved from the river. We simply couldn't find birds—until our host gritted his teeth, looked at the sun—and started home with me, sending our wives

back by mule power. The dogs ranged wide and pointed imaginary coveys until I could feel a bad taste in my mouth to carry home. The sun dipped behind the hills just as we stumbled upon a big covey. I couldn't shoot, as my host was in the way, but he was a busy boy. Two down, and the birds marked at the edge of the woods. It was getting dusk fast as we walked up the singles. Down they came—not a miss. Finally up jumped a pair and we each got one, making seven good birds to add to our brace. That ended our hunt, and with twenty-one quail, a partridge and a woodcock we journeyed back to the money-making belt.

Stop! We brought back a 12-pound turkey, which my wife claims to have shot with her pistol. Do you believe her story? Well, anyway, it made a great hit at a Thanksgiving dinner party, with quail and persimmons thrown in.

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IN A TIGHT PLACE

A TRUE ACCOUNT OF KILLING A MOOSE WITH NUMBER 1 SHOT

BY JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

Author of "The Danger Trail," "From Civilization to the Barren Lands," "A Winter on a Dog Sledge," "2,000 Miles Over Snow," Etc.

WE were coming down from the upper waters of the Athabasca late in the winter snow; five huskies on a toboggan sledge, Mukoki, my guide, and myself. It was my fourth trip down from the Barren Lands, and thus far the one filled with most hardship. We had left Lac Bain with the thermometer at fifty degrees below zero, and with a good supply of frozen fish and caribou meat on our sledge. At Cree Lake one of the "running muscles" in my leg, as my Indian companion called them, gave out, and we were laid up for two weeks. The temperature fell to sixty. It was so cold that nothing moved in the wilderness, and even the fur animals rolled themselves up in the warmest places they could find, and remained there. At the end of two weeks, when we started again into the wilderness to the south, our supply of fish and caribou was almost gone,

notwithstanding the fact that Mukoki had searched for game every day of our enforced stay at Cree Lake. As he said to me:

"Twent' t'ous'n'd devil fin' no game in thees col'."

That was why I packed my heavy caliber automatic rifle on the sledge and carried in its place the twelve gauge Ithaca shotgun which I always take with me on my northern expeditions. There was no big game to be found, so I descended to killing occasional "whiskey-jacks" (moose birds) and other small stuff as food for the dogs, that we might eat their fish. And it is because I exchanged the rifle for the Ithaca, that I had what is probably one of the most unusual, of the unusual experiences of hunters with big game.

In some way we had sidestepped our trail and missed the Hudson's Bay Company's post on Sandfly Lake, where we



had planned to take in more supplies. We did not make this discovery until we reached Black Bear Lake, one of the finest moose countries west of the Bay. For two days we hunted, laying in a stock chiefly made up of big snowshoe rabbits. Late in the afternoon of the second day, just before the white gloom of early night, I left camp to set half a dozen snares in the rabbit runways. I was setting a snare, when a tremendous crash back of me brought me to my feet, with a heart that seemed to jump higher than I did.

Perhaps forty yards from me stood a bull moose of magnificent size. Although it was late in the season the big animal still possessed one of his antlers, and the fact that he had only one gave him a singularly terrifying appearance as he stood for an instant glaring at me. A distance behind him I heard the wolfish yelping of our huskies, and knew that Mukoki and the dogs were what had sent him crashing toward me. For perhaps five seconds we each stood facing the other, in a trail not more than half a dozen feet wide, shut in by a spruce windfall on each side. In an instant I saw the peril of my situation and jumped aside, with my back hugging close against the fallen logs behind me. Half way between myself and the big bull was a narrow break in the windfall, and the moose, probably as frightened as myself, made toward this as the yelping of the dogs came again from his rear.

Without a doubt the moose would have turned into the break and left me unharmed. Under ordinary circumstances,

about a campfire, for instance, I would have laughed at a man who was senseless enough to shoot into the half-inch hide of a bull moose, with No. 4 shot from a twelve-gauge. I knew that the gun in my hands was the best swan and wild goose gun I had ever used, a powerful weapon of its kind, good for fifty-yard shooting at anything that bore feathers—but *what* could it be expected to do against the thick hide of a seventeen hundred-pound bull at thirty yards?

I asked myself that question *afterward*. With a yell I raised my gun and sent two charges full into the chest of the charging animal. Even in that moment of excitement I noticed him flinch. He wavered as he half turned into the break, and his forefeet dug into the snow. It was then that the first real thrill of fear shot through me. I had wounded the old bull, and he was about to turn upon me. Dropping my gun, I began scrambling up the side of the windfall. A groan, the stumbling of a heavy body, turned my eyes. The old bull had fallen in the break. When I climbed down, reloaded my gun and went to him, he was dead. At thirty yards the two charges of No. 4 shot had gone into him like a round ball!

In my years of experience in great game hunting and exploring in the far north, this is the second full-grown moose that I have known to be killed with *fine* shot. The other was killed by Teddy Brown, of 48 Mile Post, Duluth Extension, C. N. R., Ontario, in the early autumn of 1907. I would like to hear of other instances, if there are any.

