

HUNTING AND CAMPING IN THE ALBERTA WILDS

By WM. C. BARTLETT

IN SIX PARTS—PART V

THE next day was like the preceding one, very warm for so late in the year, with a light south wind blowing; two conditions which made moose hunting impracticable. The warmth would bring out the intolerable gnats, and the moose, having to be approached from the direction from which the wind was coming, would detect our presence with their keen sense of smell long before it would be possible to see them. If we would be able to make a circuit and stalk from down the wind the least crack of a dry twig or other noise we might make in forcing a way through the brush would, owing to the extreme quiet and the acute sense of hearing possessed by all the deer family, send them trotting away with the speed of running horse long before we could approach near enough to shoot. As the Trapper declared, "We might select such a day as this and tramp down wind until we ran into the Arctic Ocean without seeing or hearing anything larger than a snowshoe rabbit."

Therefore, moose being out of the question, we loafed around the camp all forenoon, reloading shells, cooking and doing other little odd jobs necessary in camp life, and in the afternoon took the shot gun and went down on the lake for duck.

When we left Vermillion for our camp on Long Lake it was our intention to only remain about two weeks. In view of this I had before leaving accepted an invitation from a young business man of Vermillion to join him in a shooting and exploring trip into the Cold Lake country, about 250 miles north.

Bill and the Professor, owing to the evident abundance of game in the neighborhood of our camp, decided to stay indefinitely where they were, or at least until I returned from Cold Lake.

As we had only brought provisions for a two weeks' stay, it was of course necessary that more be obtained to meet the requirements of a longer stay than was first intended, and that at once, before a possible cold snap should close the trail.

With this end in view, bright and early the next morning Bill and the Professor set out on a long walk to Vermillion, from where they would return with the needed supplies packed on a horse, which I in turn could ride back in time to join my friend and party on the Cold Lake expedition.

Shortly after they had swung away over the trail on the beginning of their long tramp and I was left alone, the Trapper came over from his cabin and proposed a day's sport hunting willow grouse, which were to be found nearly any place in the surrounding willows and poplar thickets.

The willow, or birch, grouse is one of the North woods additions and a great many stories have been written about him and his silly, ungrouse-like habits, most of which are correct.

One writer says of him that he will fly up in a low bush and accommodately wait for you to knock him out with a club. I found that he was right in some cases and under certain conditions.

Another writer affirms that the bird will sit quietly on a limb and allow itself to be lassoed around the neck with a little string noose on the end of a pole. He also is right under the same conditions.

If you have a good dog that will chase him out of the brush, he will at once fly into

a nearby bush or tree and as long as the animal is near he will allow you to take any liberties with him you wish. He does not care for you; he has never seen you before and will not even recognize your presence; but he has met and had some strenuous experiences with the yapping, crazy-acting beast below, only before it looked more like a coyote or fox; so he takes a tighter hold of the limb with his little feathered toes and nervously flips his long tail and stares down out of black-bead eyes into the red mouth, yawning to receive him should he miss a limb and fall.

Then you may use your club, or noose. He will take no chances with the dog.

But, on the other hand, if you have no dog, about the only thing you will see of Mr. Grouse, and that only if you are very quiet and stealthy in going through the brush, will be a glimpse—only a faint glimpse—of a shadowy something—you don't know if it is a snowshoe rabbit or what—scuttling through the thickest part of the brush. Then, if you set out in pursuit, perhaps you will get another glimpse and a shot at random as he takes to wing and hurtles away through the brush to safety.

The Indians call him the "tool hen" because of this abnormal fear of a dog, and take full advantage of it to capture him. He is identical with our own ruffed grouse, with the exception of a slight difference in color, and will in time, as he learns his real enemy (man), develop as much or more cunning than his brother of the States.

The Trapper's method of hunting them was, in one particular, unique and out of the ordinary. He had brought with him from the South a pair of long-eared foxhounds, such as we are all familiar with. These he

had trained to hunt out and tree grouse the same as they would a coon or lynx, and in a very satisfactory manner until if it so chanced they should run across the trail of some game more worthy, when they would go bellowing away, out of hearing, and leave him to kick out his own grouse or return to camp, as he chose.

We had only penetrated a short distance into the brush when the hounds gave tongue and dashed away through a tangle of willows and trees about fifty yards distant in a poplar sapling.

The Trapper followed on a run, yelling to the dogs at the top of his voice to quiet them and prevent them from trying to dig up, chew off or climb the bush or sapling in which the grouse had taken refuge.

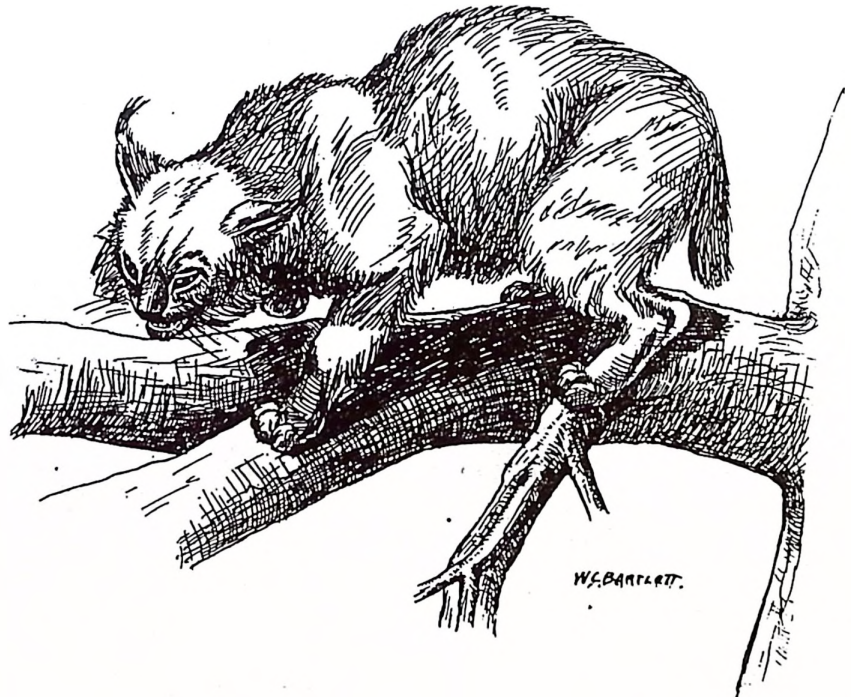
I followed as fast as possible, pushing and crowding through the jungle of undergrowth, tripping over peavines, and in my hurry getting unmercifully lashed by malicious limbs and scratched by vicious rose briars. I now came up to where he was waiting to give me the first shot at one of the three grouse, which were nervously surveying the dogs from the branches above.

Using a .22-caliber rifle and shooting at the head, I killed two of them, while the third fell to a quick, well-directed shot from the Trapper's big rifle.

From that on it was a constant scramble through the thickets to reach the clamoring dogs and the birds they had treed until at last the long-drawn, musical trail cry of the foxhound came to our ears and announced the end of the hunt for grouse. The dogs had started something more worthy of their mettle.

At first the Trapper thought it was a wolf, while I suggested a fox; but it was neither one.

The wolf, when followed by the hounds, always runs straight away and out of the country. In this case they were constantly in hearing, and they way they were faulting, then baying, followed by the excited tonguing of a view, eliminated the fox also, and told in plain hound language that they had up and going one of the most ferocious animals, for his size, in the world—the Canadian lynx.



The Lynx Crouched on One of the Lower Limbs.

"That shu' is a lynx," commented the Trapper, and putting his cupped hands to his mouth he gave a long-drawn "Who-e-e-ah" to encourage the hounds, then plunged away through the brush in the direction from which the sound of the chase came, while I, as usual, followed in his wake, pushing, crowding and scrambling through the thickets in an excited endeavor to be in at the kill.

The hounds had now dropped into a shallow coulee about a quarter of a mile ahead, and their excited tonguing had given place to a short, regular baying, which signified that the lynx had taken to a tree.

Making all haste possible, I had almost reached the thick clump of spruce growing in the bottom of the coulee where the lynx had come to bay, when there was a howl of pain from one of the dogs, a shot, then bedlam let loose again.

The lynx had leaped from the tree at the approach of the Trapper and landing among the dogs had nearly put one of them out of the chase, then bounded away, followed by a snap shot from the Trapper's rifle and closely pressed by the hounds.

Taking a course down the rocky bed of a nearly dry creek, which wound through the bottom of the coulee, the lynx ran for about 100 yards, giving me an ineffectual shot as he passed below, and again took refuge from his pursuers in a large balsam tree growing on the bank.

The Trapper and I reached the spot at about the same time. Cautiously pushing through the dense, tangled mass of undergrowth which surrounded the lynx's retreat, we advanced to where we could get a sight at his feline majesty.

He was crouched on one of the larger limbs, his large, wicked yellow eyes flashing like live coals, tufted ears flat along his big, round, cat-like head, and his powerful legs gathered under his body, ready for the spring which would mean a terrible battle, and perhaps death, for the brave hounds and more or less danger to ourselves.

Like the generous Southern gentleman that he had always proven himself to be, the Trapper, in consideration of this being my first lynx, handed me his heavy rifle.

Taking careful aim between the vicious yellow eyes, I fired, and with a rasping snarl the big cat leaped far out and fell at our feet, dead.

By the time that we had secured his beautiful, though hardly prime, skin the sun was getting low and as we had over a mile and a half of tedious brush to push through in order to reach camp, we shouldered our rifles and, calling the hounds to heel, returned to camp, well satisfied with the day's exciting sport.

Bright and fair, with a fresh wind blowing straight down from the Arctic Ocean, the next day was an ideal one for moose hunting in the hills to the north, and it did not take the Trapper and myself long to decide to take advantage of these weather conditions.

The night before had turned still and cold and the white frost still lay on the trail, when, at 8 o'clock, after a substantial breakfast eaten in the gray dawn of the morning, we were ready for the start.

It had been decided that with the present favoring wind it would be better to enter the moose grounds farther to the west than we did on our previous hunt, therefore we struck into an old Indian trail leading northwest and followed it until we came to where it intersected with the next section line west of the camp; then, leaving the Indian trail, we followed north on the section line, as we had done before on the one a mile east.

I was riding the little mare and carrying my rifle across the saddle horn, while the Trapper, having stuck his gun into the holster which hung at the side of my saddle—to relieve himself of the incumbrance—walked behind in the trail broken through the tall grass and pea vines by my horse.

We had progressed in this way for a short distance, laughing and talking without a thought of moose so close to camp, and had just climbed a short, steep slope leading to a flat bench above, when there was a furious commotion in the brush at the right of the trail, and before the Trapper, who had fallen behind, could reach me and extricate his rifle from the holster and before I could get a shell into my empty gun, a large bull moose, with an immense spread of antlers, dashed across the section line in front of us and disappeared in the timber, while his mate, a fine cow, made off with the speed of an express train in the opposite direction.

The Trapper glared at me in a vindictive way and I looked at him the same. Then, addressing his words to no one in particular, he sputtered out a string of blueish colored words which might have been "Blankety blank the blanked billy be dad busted blank

blanked dad busted blank to stagnation and back again, who didn't have sense enough to carry a gun when we went hunting."

After a pause he asked: "Why the blank didn't you shoot?"

I told him and a silence settled upon us as we moved on again, crowding soft-nose shells into the magazine of our rifle as we went.

After crossing the little creek about a half mile west of where we started our first moose on the previous hunt, the Trapper left me and took a course northwest, along the west slope of the ridge, telling me to continue on for a half mile until I came to where the section lines intersected and then tie my horse and strike through the brush, keeping as straight a northwest course as possible, until I came to another section line, when I could return without difficulty or danger of getting lost.

COOS BAY COUNTRY A HUNTER'S PARADISE

Combination of Seashore and Mountains Attractive
to Recreation Parties and Sportsmen

ALL of the pleasures of lakes, rivers, seashore and mountains and the sport of fishing, hunting, trapping and boating are afforded the visitor to the Coos Bay country Oregon. In addition, there is a variety of summer climate varying from the cool, bracing ocean breezes to the warm suns of the mountains and valleys.

There is probably no place in the country where more of the outdoor enjoyments are to be found. Pleasure-seekers travel hundreds of miles to reach any one of such places, while, with Coos Bay as a center, one can find, and within a radius of a few miles, almost every imaginable kind of vacation, from the most strenuous big game shooting to quiet restfulness.

The resort features of Coos Bay have never been exploited to any great extent, probably because there was no railroad into the place to make it easy of access, but from either San Francisco or Portland it is a pleasant sea travel. The overland routes from Roseburg or Drain to Coos Bay extend through one of the most beautiful parts of Oregon, from a scenic point of view, and now that autos are beginning to supplant the old-time stages it is likely that many more will make the overland trip.

However, the fact that the country has not been penetrated or disturbed by a railroad adds much charm to the resort, and to the sporting features of the country.

Coos Bay has always been famous as a trout-fishing district and deserves all that has ever been said of it. Probably the favorite place for this sport is the Ten-Mile Lake district. Several lakes form a chain of large fresh water bodies, very near to the ocean and some distance north of Coos Bay. The lakes are reached by gasoline boat and mountain stage. For fine lake scenery the place is unexcelled and it is said of the trout fishing there that it cannot be beaten anywhere. The lakes are so large that the supply of trout is practically inexhaustible. Many who have traveled far in search of sport enthrust over the lakes.

Many summer homes of various sizes have been erected in the lake district and the place promises to become a famous Oregon summer resort.

With Coos Bay as the outlet there are about a dozen rivers and streams that go back into the mountain country. For boating in the little gasoline launches there

are miles of rivers that can be covered, and all affording delightful scenery. The most popular of these streams is Coos River. It is the highway for a big dairy district, but is equally as noted as an outing stream. The choice spots along the river banks have become the sites of summer bungalows and many of the local people spend the summer up the river. There is fine trout fishing, as well as boating and bathing and a warm climate to be enjoyed. On the bay and tributary rivers about 300 gasoline launches are used and many of these are pleasure boats. They are the chief means of the transportation to the resorts and Coos River has its regular lines, the little boats giving almost as good service as an electric car line.

If angling for trout is too mild for the sportsman he can have great sport at deep-sea fishing. Sturdy little fishing boats cross out over the bar to the ocean halibut banks. Ling, halibut, redfish, flounder and many other varieties are caught. There is enough danger attached to the sport to make it interesting for the venturesome fisherman.

The ocean beach is one of the big attractions of Coos Bay. There are many fine camping spots, wonderful rock caves to explore in low tide and no end of shellfish to find. Over twenty varieties of clams, all of which are eligible for a chowder or a fry, rock oysters and enormous crabs abound. Clambakes and camping parties are big events throughout the summer.

Another fine resort beach is at Bandon. For a distance of several miles below the city the beach is lined with beautiful and gigantic rocks. The city is to build a board walk leading to the beach and the place is frequented constantly in the summer time by the people of the city and the visitors. Several summer cottages have been built on the cliffs overlooking the beach. It is here that the beautiful agates, which are in such demand by visitors, are found. Probably no other part of the Oregon beach is as attractive as that which extends south of Bandon.

To find an entirely different climate and utterly different surroundings, one has but to travel in an opposite direction a few miles from Coos Bay and reach the mountains. On all sides, the mountains furnish fine camping places. The scenery is beauti-