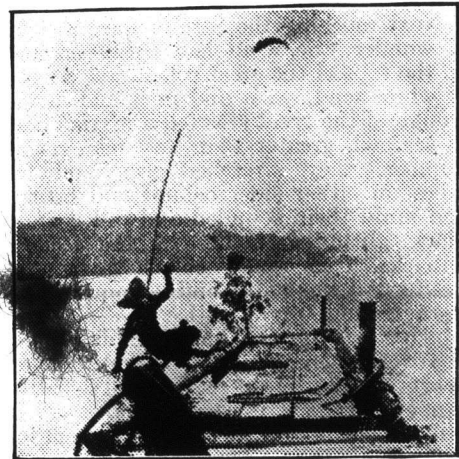




This is the right way to land a bass.

for I cannot wind up curtains and set cameras at a million miles a minute. Still I got the splash all right, and I also got him as he waded out, making a set of four rather odd, comical pictures.

This is easy—try another. We were



"Bill, watch me yank him."

away down on another island, duck-shooting. Now (if it's a man who is reading this he will understand the feeling) the flight had been very poor all fall and today the birds really seemed as if they were going to fly, so Laddie Jr. fixed me



Splash!

all up in a shore hide, cameras beside me, decoys bobbing outside.

"You might just as well leave me a gun. Don't think I'll use it though," I said, and away he clattered over the rocks. I got my cameras both into nice focus, set



"But I got him."

them firmly on the flat rock ahead of me, covered them with the square of green felt we always carry, and absent-mindedly picked up the gun—well, to fondle it a bit. Swish! swish! I stared to see the flying birds, and right in front of me four large drake blue-bills sailed towards the decoys. Did I drop that gun in a hurry and snap both cameras like a flash? I did nothing of the kind. I put both barrels slam-bang into that flock and downed three. Then I yelled like a madman for more shells and when the boy arrived breathless with them, I finished the poor wounded drake.

"Get a good picture?" queried the boy. "Never thought a thing about it—got three blue-bills," I answered.

I am just trying to show you that there is some difficulty in live photography. Another day my assistant and I were wandering along the tide sands of the

Straits of Juan de Fuca. There had been a battle royal between a blacktail male deer and a wolf. You could read the story, every time the arrowlike hind hoofs of the deer sank deeply into the sand he had reared up, and kicked swiftly with his sharp front hoofs. Here he had bounded many yards from the cowardly beast and it had trotted after him. Here the deer had leaped a lagoon and finally escaped.

"Look!" said O'poots the younger. Half a mile along the glittering sand beach fed a doe and two fawns, and off we sped through the shore woods to try and picture them. They heard us coming and leaped for the shore and off up the precipitous sand and clay banks.

Young O'poots, barefooted as he was, scaled that slithering treacherous cliff like a brown shadow. His only hold at times his clutching toes and a rare grip

at painter's brush growing in the clay. Above him the three graceful, nimble creatures leaped and struggled from tiny ledge to lesser ones, to brown seam of exposed immature coal, up a positively perpendicular cliff, until the top was reached. Alas, they were now about one hundred feet from the shore sands and right in under a perfect umbrella of extended tree roots. The mother dug her powerful hind legs into the sand, and cut an entrance through the rooty fibrous mass with her sharp fore feet and the three disappeared.

"Got many pictures?" asked the lad, while he shook out a stream of sand from his scanty clothing. He looked strangely at me when I said "No" and I changed the conversation. I had been so interested that I set down the fully charged camera on the sand and forgot all about it whilst I gaped at the odd performance.

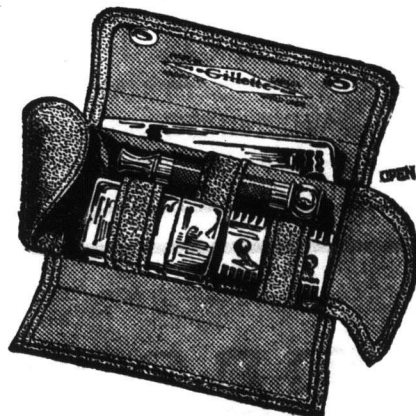
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