

the use of 1080 poison.

Along its course from the Rockies to Hudson Bay, the Saskatchewan River probably cuts through no higher land than here in the Coteau Hills at an altitude of over 2,500 feet. Here the distance from top land level to river high water mark may be over 500 feet. For a stretch of almost 10 miles, therefore, the river banks

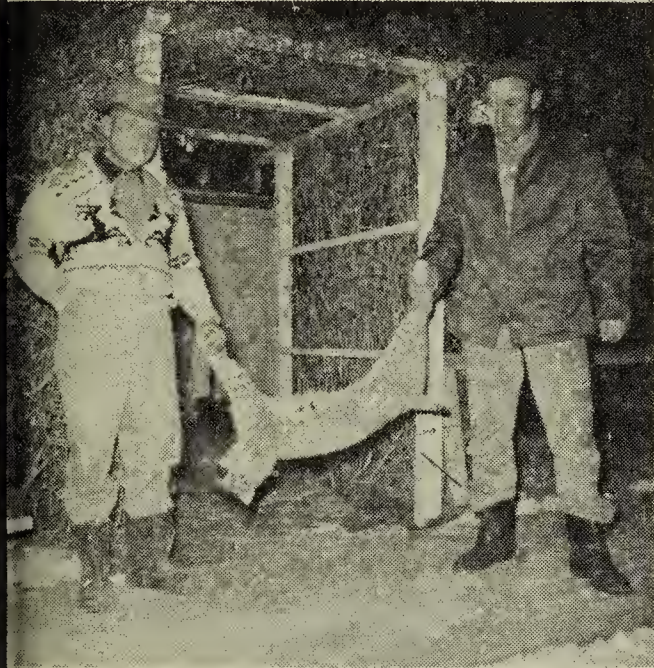


Photo by D. Santy
Bob cat taking a cat nap.

are present about three miles of rough terrain which is the haunt of deer and other forms of wildlife. Bob cats have always been with us in these river breaks, but they are infrequently seen. Since bob cats are known for their wariness, it was a surprise to deer hunters Abe Penner and Frank Odermatt to come across one this fall fast asleep and to view it for a time in that state before dispatching it with a rifle shot. The cat weighed 20 lbs. Two weeks later rancher Pete Perrin saw another cat when he crossed on the river ice near the Herbert ferry.

Looking back over the past 45 years we are reminded that the odd

brush wolf was trapped here, and down through the years the occasional pair has been seen in the district.

Those who have read Palliser's report may remember that when his expedition forded the river at the Elbow several bears were seen and one shot to replenish their meat supply. Last summer it was said that signs of a bear were seen around Bountey or Anerley but no confirmation of the actual presence of such an animal has come to us.

Further Records of Raccoons in Saskatchewan

In addition to the report of raccoons at Beechy in the foregoing article, there have been four reports of raccoons submitted to the editor since the printing of our last **Blue Jay**.

Lad Martinovsky of Gerald found one killed on the highway about one mile west of town in the Cut Arm valley in September, 1957. This is apparently the first one killed in his district. J. Stewart Houston of Tyvan also tells of a raccoon being taken this fall by a trapper near Redvers. His sister, Mrs. Marion Nixon, has heard reports of raccoons near Wauchope.

K. E. Baines of Tisdale writes that a large male raccoon appeared two years ago on the Frank Pearse farm at Leacross. This raccoon was raiding the hen house so it was trapped and transferred to a cage. When spring came it was released and it wasn't seen again.

John Hunter, taxidermist, Saskatoon writes that he has a raccoon in his wildlife exhibit, which was taken near Pleasantdale on January 18, 1954. This raccoon had been in a fight with a dog and had had to be destroyed.

The Thrills and Disappointments of the 1957 Big Game Hunt

By E. M. Morgan, Viewfield, Sask.

I own a summer resort on Candle Lake 65 miles northeast of Prince Albert and I am naturally interested in big game hunting. On the morning when the early moose season

opened last fall, Joe and Frank Hayes and myself took Joe's jeep and drove some 40 miles north east of Candle Lake into the heart of the moose pastures. We spent the night in a

trapper's cabin Joe had at Leonard Lake and rose early the next morning, to look out on a real old-fashioned snow storm raging over the lake. Soon, however, the sun was shining and by noon all the snow was gone. We drove to Skunk Lake where we had seen signs of moose the day before and left the jeep there to scout the area on foot. Some three or four hours later Frank and I arrived back at Skunk Lake without having seen any sign of either moose or our partner Joe. While we were trying to decide what to do about Joe we heard a shot up the lake, and Frank remarked: "Well, I guess that was Joe. He must have got his moose. I'll run up on that hill and maybe if there is more than one animal, one of us might get a shot at it."

Frank had only run about three hundred yards when I saw a three-year-old bull moose coming toward me, picking his way through the timber burn. I stood very still and waited till he was about 50 yards from me and tried for a brain shot, but just as I pulled the trigger of my 30/06 the moose stopped to look around and my shot took him just below the eye. I at once put another shot through his lungs and that was when he spotted me. Then I got the biggest thrill of my life because I had a mad wounded moose to contend with and no trees near to climb. The moose was making for me and the only thing I could do was wait and take my chance on a brain shot. This I did when the moose was within 20 feet of me. My luck held, for when I fired he dropped right then—stone dead.

We three dressed out the moose, quartered it and loaded it into the jeep for the long trek home over rough roads, mud holes and sand pits. According to the hunting law, my having shot a moose put me out of the hunting until the late moose, deer and elk season, and the worst of it was that I could no longer carry a rifle even to hunt bears! This was quite a disappointment for while I was driving through the various trails in the bush with a friend of mine from Regina showing him the country, we came upon a large black bear and two cubs right on the road and me with no rifle. Just a few years before this the wife and I

had shot five bears in one afternoon so you can see why it was quite a disappointment not having a gun this time. Well, that made three bears that got away!

When the deer and elk season opened later I had both licences, went out one day into the meadow west of my resort to try and get a deer. I was hidden in the grass calling a deer out of the willows at the edge of the meadow, when some instinct told me to look back of me and I turned around to see one of the largest bull moose I had ever seen walking right towards me. The moose had a spread of horns that a man could reach from point to point and he looked as if he weighed a ton. I really think this was the largest moose in the north country and two other men who had seen it said the same thing about it. I was at a loss as to what to do. I had no legal right to shoot the moose, having shot a moose earlier in the season. I decided the only thing I could do was to try and frighten it and if it charged me to shoot in self-defence.

The public road was only about 100 yards away and just at that time a small red truck stopped and the door opened slowly and out poked a rifle barrel. The hunters in the truck were going to shoot from the truck which is strictly against the law. It took me only a second to decide what to do then. I jumped out of the grass and the moose, which was only about twenty yards away by the time I took fright and disappeared into the willows in a couple of jumps. The men in the truck saw me jump out of the grass and did not shoot. I walked over to them and told them that they were liable on two charges—one for having a loaded gun in a truck, and the other for shooting from a road within thirty yards of a summer resort. They said they had not shot, but their gun was loaded and they would have taken the chance if I had not shown up when I did. **Some sportsmen, though!**

A couple of days later I dropped a deer and while dressing it out another deer walked up within twenty yards of me and watched me dress it out! Of course, I could not shoot it as I only had the old deer licence. Then the next week

while I was on stand near a game reserve I had two deer walk within three feet of me and one of them I could have poked in the ribs with the gun barrel. And I had a cow moose walk to within twenty yards of me, look me over and then walk away into the bush! It is a caution how close animals will come to you if you stand very still near a tree or bush and remain absolutely motionless while they are in sight.

The list and greatest disappointment occurred while I was trying to get my elk. A hunter came into the district in a large truck with a pony in the back and a toboggan to which he intended to hitch the pony. He put a red blanket on the pony and also a set of bells, and he and his pard drove all through the timber for miles in that district riding the

toboggan looking for elk. He would follow a bunch of elk tracks and chase the elk right out of the district, doing this day after day till the end of the season. The only thing he saw was a lot of elk tracks, and the elk sure made a lot of them for him! He never got within miles of the elk with that silly outfit he had; all he did was spoil the hunting for about a dozen other hunters. You can see the reason why this was one season I myself did not get my elk.

EDITOR'S NOTE: In response to frequent appeals in the past for contributions from hunters and members of the province's fish and game leagues, we have this delightful account of Mr. Morgan's hunting experiences. We feel that the hunter who takes a legitimate harvest of game within the legal limits of an intelligently planned game management programme plays an important role in the utilization of our natural resources.

New Elk Display at Museum



Sask. Govt. Photo

The above photograph shows the recently completed elk display at the Saskatchewan Museum of Natural History. The elk display was officially opened by Fred Bard, Director of the Museum, at an interesting ceremony held January 20 in conjunction with the regular monthly meeting of the Regina Natural History Society.

The habitat displays in the new museum have been planned to represent the variety of environments and wildlife characteristic of the province of Saskatchewan, Mr. Bard said in

opening the new display. The display of North American elk or wapiti in a natural setting—along the north bank of the Saskatchewan River east of the Fort à la Corne Provincial Forest—completes the series of 24 habitat groups.

The elk display shows a bull elk and his harem. The season is mid-September and the elk is at his prime; his antlers are fully grown and his bugling challenge rings across the river. A commanding ridge, such as the one seen here, serves as an excellent vantage point from which the