

# LICKING VALLEY COURIER.

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## A Complicated Elk Hunt.

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Sommers and I had often planned an elk hunt. Every season found us in the woods for deer, but for one reason or the other the elk hunt was always deferred. It was after I had moved to southern Idaho, separating us by 600 or 700 miles—seemingly to end our hunting excursions together—that the plans of our elk hunt were realized.

I had never been in southern Idaho before, and knew nothing of the country, but who would disapprove of a few well-known presumptions in organizing an elk hunt—especially the maiden stunt? I knew it was a perfectly justifiable and Christian act, so I studied the map and treated Sommers to a hand-drawing of the country to make the proposition sound feasible. I mapped out the national park lines, rivers, railroads, towns and droves of elk feeding leisurely outside the park limits.

My letter had the desired effect—just as I had calculated—in fact, we each had our secret advantages in knowing the other's weak spot. When one gets a "hunch" he hands it out so fluently and convincingly that the other is influenced before he has a chance to formulate any designs of his own.

To concentrate prior events: Sommers arrived on time, and we hied away to explore my fantastic survey. From Idaho Falls we took the Yellowstone branch of the O. S. L. to Ashton, where we fitted out with a team. I might add that our ideas of camp outfit, provisions, etc., are condensed to the limit. We never use horses in pursuit of game, and in localities we know, we often carry our outfit (with provisions for week or two).

plosive sound; a horde of tiny sparks illuminated our quarters for an instant, then all was dark and quiet, save for the low rumble of the river and the hoarse cry of a hoot-owl. I closed my eyes and was dozing off when Sommers rent the monotony rather suddenly. "Say,!" he said, and my eyes flew open. "Has it occurred to you that if one of those old park bears should happen around and get a whiff of our grub-stake he'd simply walk in and help himself, regardless of formality or obstruction?"

I hadn't thought of it, but at that moment in the darkness the dull monotonous rumble of the river and the weird hoot of the owl, caused me to move uneasily, and I strained my ears for the measured tread of a bear. Ordinarily I would never think of such a thing, but Mr. Bruin of the National Park is a distinguished individual. Aside from the ordinary appetite, he has more nerve than a government mule. We talked the matter over, assuring each other (we couldn't assure ourselves), but when we went to sleep it was each with a gun in his grasp. Bruin never knew the fun he missed, for each night we stayed at Warm River camp, we lived in reverence to the ravishing disposition of a half-tamed park bear.

At daylight we were off. Sommers went due east and I went northeast. A long steep climb took me to a point from where I could see much of the surrounding country. I took my bearings carefully, and selected a spot on the summit of a high range, about five miles away. The entire country was covered with a thick growth of small black pine, and my route, which led across a low flat, or valley, was so densely wooded that at no time could I

down with wet, heavy snow and a mixture of rain and snow was still falling; while a coat belonging to a very censorial gentleman of the party hung in a tree five or six miles from camp.

Whenever you decide to annihilate your conceit in woodcraft, just hang your coat out in the hills and wait for a snowstorm. We put in the day finding my coat, returning to camp about dark, thoroughly soaked and half-frozen. It was one of my New Year resolutions: "Never abandon my coat again."

On the morning of the third day the sun came up bright and warm and the snow was soon cleaned from the trees. We intended to stay about camp and fish, while the weather settled, but the day was so nice we left camp about 10 o'clock and strolled up the canon to bag a few grouse. About a mile from camp Sommers saw a grouse and fired. Immediately the shot was answered. We looked at each other and Sommers fired again. Again the shot was answered. "There's someone who'll be really glad to see us," said Sommers, and we started in the direction of the reports, firing at intervals.

Half a mile up the canon we met them, a party of three with horses, one packed with the front quarter of an elk. The men were drenched to the skin. They looked tired and worn, their faces pale and haggard and even their voices betrayed some terrible experience.

"Gentlemen, we're probably not the party you hoped to see, but I'm sure we can be of service to you," I said.

"My God, man! I was never half so glad to see anyone in my life. We've been lost two days, and I'm simply all in," said one of the party.

"You bring more joyful tidings to me than a dead uncle

Dinner was enjoyed, as you may imagine, under the circumstance; everybody lounged about and rested up and Brooks tore down the tent to get a picture of the lost and the rescuers. As a whole, it was the pleasant conclusion of a serious experience, the horses finding their treat in the tender grass along the river.

The next evening found us in their camp on Fish Creek, on the east side of Warm River butte. For the two days that followed it snowed furiously, keeping us in camp to get wood, and play freezeout. We hoped, after the unfortunate incident, to compensate in a pleasant, protracted outing, but exposure had affected four of our number pretty seriously and having killed two elk, they decided to break camp, leaving Brooks, Sommers and I to finish the game. Brooks was not feeling well himself and stayed in camp several days dopping up."

Sommers and I were out finding plenty of signs, for the snow had brought the game down, but they were too elusive for us. We tried the "double stunt" which came near being a success. Selecting the track of a big bull, and following him until we found ourselves closing in, I made a little detour, while Sommers kept the trail. As I came into a small opening I saw him standing among some small pines, about 200 yards away. I was fascinated by the scene. Standing there unconscious of danger, slowly tossing his massive horns as he nibbled the evergreens, the long shaggy hair on his neck and shoulders brushing the snow from the bushes, he presented a picture of such grandeur as had never been my pleasure to see. Never could a half-tamed park elk present the wily, artful

rushed over to where he lay, and the yell of a happy hunter rang out through the timber.

I had killed my first elk.

When I returned to camp I found Sommers and Brooks all smiles. They had cornered the bear and got two of them. After following the trail most of the day, losing one, they found the other two in a hole, within a few hundred yards of the camp. We brought them in that evening. An old female (black) and a cub (brown).

Next morning Brooks and I borrowed a horse from a camp that had just arrived to get my elk in. Two of the party went with us to get an idea of the hunting grounds and had what you call "nigger luck." Just as we started up the mountain to where my elk lay, a big bull walked out from a cluster of trees and started around the point. Of course, I had my limit, and Brooks, to show our appreciation of their kindness, coached the nervous nimrods and held fire himself. But it must be said that Brooks used one well-directed shot to save discouragement for the new hunters.

We got our game into camp, took a snapshot of ourselves and our trophies and when the team came for us next day we broke camp, feeling greatly profited by a pleasant and successful out-

congenial task, into which he can throw his whole heart and soul. It is through work, and work alone, that he will get back his faith. The need for such a method of treatment in the minor nervous ailments has been more or less realized by practical people of all times, but only of recent years has this line of attack been definitely erected into a "system."

At sanitoriums where nervous cases are specially catered to for the "work cure" or "occupation cure" (which has been christened by the present writer "ergotherapy") is gaining constantly a wider recognition; it is even tending to supersede the less rational "rest cure," introduced by Dr. Weir Mitchell, and of which we have lately heard, perhaps, too much.—M. D. Edin, in London T. P.'s Weekly.

## Forgot The Key.

When Mr. and Mrs. East-end started out to spend the evening in pursuance of an engagement they paused on the front steps long enough for Mrs. E. to propound the usual query, "Have you got they key, dear?"

"Yes, I guess so," said Mr. E. "Wait a minute. No I havn't, either. What do you think of that? Must have left it on the dresser." "Well, here's a pretty do! How are we go-