

April 2019

Around the Bend

Follow this and additional works at: https://scholarworks.uni.edu/hearst_documents

Let us know how access to this document benefits you

Recommended Citation

"Around the Bend" (2019). *James Hearst Documents*. 9.
https://scholarworks.uni.edu/hearst_documents/9

This Document is brought to you for free and open access by the James Hearst Collection at UNI ScholarWorks. It has been accepted for inclusion in James Hearst Documents by an authorized administrator of UNI ScholarWorks. For more information, please contact scholarworks@uni.edu.

Outdoor America

SEPTEMBER,
1926

Price
25 Cents

Owned and Published by the Izaak Walton League of America
DEFENDER OF WOODS, WATERS AND WILD LIFE



HOW TO CAST A SALMON FLY. By L. E. DeGarmo, National Champion
EL COMANCHO • C. BLAIR COURSEN • O. W. SMITH

30

She Bagged a Moose

It is quite a jump from the peaceful village of Hinsdale, Illinois, to the wilds of the Ojibway country, but Mrs. Buchanan brought down her own trophy



By
ANNE BUCHANAN

ONE hundred and thirty miles northeast of Winnipeg is the little station of Minaki. Just across the bay with an air of things astir, is Holst Point.

I happen to be one of the fortunate wives who is allowed to attend the yearly hunt. It being a privilege, of course I aimed to please, and soon discovered that it was not how much you knew and could talk about in the woods that counted, but how much you did not say that achieved the desired result.

Jim was our head guide—a very efficient organizer; Alf, our good old cook, John Henry and Charlie, the game hounds.

I shall give my husband the nom de plume of "Dogima," really given him by the guides, meaning "Big Boss" in Ojibway, and his old reliable pal, who was with us, "Nuweesin," also supplied by the guides meaning, "When do we eat?" Myself, I'll just call "I" for reasons of my own for I have never understood why Dogima and Nuweesin crowned me with the title of "Cockeyed Queen."

* * * * *

Of that glorious trip there is one incident that stands out vividly in my memory.

Jim had promised me a moose—a moose to be shot by myself.

It was nearing the end of our trip and Jim was worried because he said the next morning would be the last chance in the big moose country.

We had arrived at a favorite spot before the sun had risen. I sat in the front of Jim's canoe with Dogima's remodeled Springfield grasped in trembling icy fingers. Dogima and Nuweesin had decided during one of the "morning coffees" that Dogima would sit in Nuweesin's canoe with a gun in case I just wounded Mr. Moose, and he charged us. We had always smiled when anyone said that a moose had charged them,

for we had seen them when wounded rush out with a lurch that might easily be mistaken for a charge if you so desired. So we always took that with a grain of salt.

We had hardly paddled around the first bend when we distinctly heard a bull and cow in the bush near the water. Jim paddled me straight for the place. The rising sun was shining through the trees at this exact spot and with the fog blinded me completely. I almost prayed for them not to come out and they must have heard me for they started back into the bush. Jim and John Henry conversed in muffled tones and turned the canoes toward camp. "There goes my moose," I thought, with a sinking feeling. But the guides evidently had different ideas, for they paddled up to the shore and signalled for us to get out.

"She'll get him in the bush," Jim whispered.

"If he doesn't get me first," ran through my mind.

Nuweesin decided to remain in the canoe, to avoid noise for us and wet feet for himself, for he had just worn moccasins. Dogima understood what we were doing when we made a wide swing. The guides hoped, as Dave had done, to surround them and meet them coming up. We could still hear them but they had gone fast and were ahead of us.

John Henry was first in the procession, then Jim, Dogima, and myself. We had not heard them for what seemed too long a time

to me, when all of a sudden John Henry grabbed Jim and Jim grabbed my arm, pushing me up in the firing line, pointing frantically ahead. My head felt like a vacuum. I had bragged that I was going to imagine him a rock and shoot just as I did in target practice. But this thing I saw

AROUND THE BEND

Around the bend the water stills,
And deeper, darker, grows until
It forms a pool, within whose breast
Lie mighty bass that fiercely test
Their strength against the angler's skill.

These are the kings. The pulses thrill
To know such grace and beauty fill
The streams that always seem the best
Around the bend.

Cast in the line. Good luck or ill
Attend you, friend. This very hill
May hide your goal, and so with zest
Keep pushing forward in your quest—
The prize is there in pool or rill,
Around the bend.

JAMES S. HEARST