

1-1-1937

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## Recommended Citation

Larsen, J.A. (1937) "The Big Hunt," *Ames Forester*: Vol. 25 , Article 13.

Available at: <https://lib.dr.iastate.edu/amesforester/vol25/iss1/13>

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# The Big Hunt

By J. A. LARSEN, Ph. D.\*

THE gang got up early one Sunday morning to go on a secret hunting trip; they wanted to bring back a bacon or a bear for breakfast. Everyone felt fool*Lischer* about this than a timber cruiser without tin pants. *Bergemeyer* said, "Let us Rise up at three o'clock, *Stiehl* some ham and eggs before the K. P. gets out of bed." But no grub was to be found. *Bebensee* knew they had been *Hunting on* on the evening before so he asked, "*Pills, bury it.*" *Engelking* said "He *Kindig* for it under the *Cook tent.*" So he found it. The crowd was getting impatient to be off and *Miller* yelled, "Great *Scott!* What are we *Mullen* around here for? Let's get on the trail of that bear by daylight." He told *Jamison* to *Hurd* all the boys *Straight* up the canyon through the saddle. There these *Dennisons* of the *Wood* met an old miner with saddle horse and pack mule. He said he was *Proctor* on a dude ranch. The boys asked him about his mine. He said it was a regular *Goldberg*; its name was *Mae West*. *Scholtes* said, "Don't you see your horse is lame? You cannot go down the canyon—you'll break your neck." Then the miner got *Reilly* mad and yelled: "The *Maris* O. K. and the *Mulacs* nothing and you can go to *Helscher*," *Stoekeler* mumbled that this was all *Babel* and hot *Ayres* but they let him go. Before *Long Higby* let out an awful groan and *Dykstra* asked, "What's *Myers*?" "Goodner me," he sighed, "I am so hungry I could eat two polecats." *Cox* cheerfully replied, "Never mind." We *Wilson* be at the *Artisian* well where we shall have breakfast." They stopped at the spring and ate.

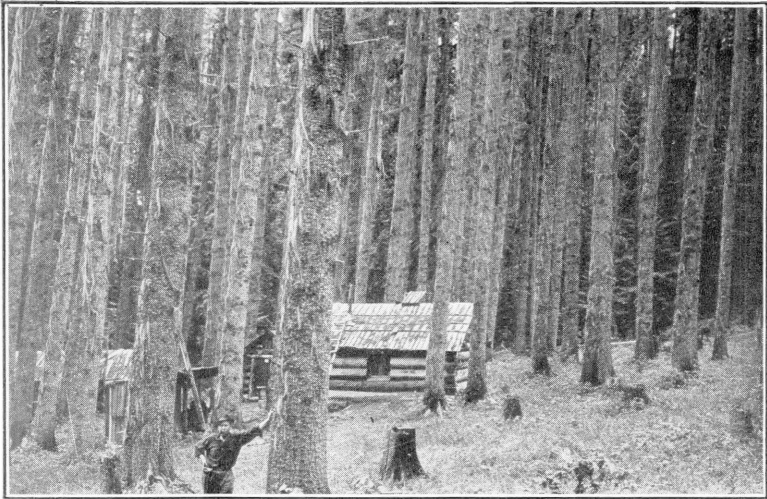
Some were just *Fenchel* the eats when a dapper looking young girl came in on horseback dragging a deer from the saddle horn. There she stood guilty and confused, caught in a gross game violation before a bunch of surprised and indignant young foresters. Finally *Fisk* twisted his mustachio and picked up courage to say, "Are you alone in these woods?" She said, "No, the negro servant is coming with the gun, he shot the deer." *Schwane* brushed *Fisk* aside and with a twinkle remarked, "Don't you know it's a *Haynes* crime to kill a doe out of season? It's a pretty pickle you are in, Miss; the *Jury* will surely

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\* Pun Hypo-Dermist.

put both of you behind barred *Gates* quicker than you can say *Pameticky*." But she only sat there in the saddle and glared at him. "Anyway, sit down and eat some breakfast—we have gobs of it." She drew a combination knife and spoon from her saddle-bag and ate some ham and eggs *Witherspoon*. When he saw how beautiful she was *Myers* bent down and whispered something in her ear. She blushed visibly. Guess he was asking for a date. He helped her up and just then—Bang! Bang! Shots rent the forest and the *Blackman* came running at an awful *Pace* brandishing a huge knife. "Yous white trash," he yelled, "Sons of *David*, I'll carve the liver out o' every cussed *Bjornson* of yous if you don't leave Miss Alice alone." Then the gang yelled, "Das ist alles! Das ist alles!" and scattered precipitately to the four winds. Some of them really got lost—but they knew where they were all the time. *Larsen* said, "*Genaux*, you *McComb* these hills and valleys for them but they are nowhere to be found." *Snyder* remarked that they should have the compass along to ward off unnecessary hiking.

The profs wanted to punish them most *Siverly* but Dr. *Edwards* took their part and said, "*Harbour* no ill feeling, be kind by *George*; have a *Hartman*."



*Pure White Pine in Northern Idaho*