

TRY THIS MAGIC POTION

Mix together several men and boys of varying size and freshness; throw in just enough well-seasoned hunting coats or "Royal Coachmanned" hats; add immediately one dog, any breed or color, but with lots of pepper. Place, very carefully into each trained hand, one well-oiled shotgun or freshly wound flyrod; distribute evenly throughout several acres of woodland, marshland, lake, or sparkling stream; sprinkle with sun, wind, and the smell of gunpowder or mosquito lotion. Add the unmistakable

crow of a big rooster pheasant, plus the whirl of this beautiful bird heading out of range; or substitute the throb of a battling fish on the end of a 3-pound leader; or the crash of a big buck or doe as it disappears, white tail and all, into the brush; or the squawk of a big male mallard as he beats the water winging from some secluded pothole.

Blend slowly into this mixture a few pleasant smokes and good friendly jokes.

Warm this Magic Potion gently throughout your life and serve it generously to all boys who know you as Dad.

Try Hunting Snowshoes!

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The snowshoe hare offers unlimited opportunities for sport in northern and central Wisconsin. Its numbers seem to be on the upswing now.

Do you like to hunt and fish "up north"? And do you think that once deer and ruffed grouse season is over you have to wait until trout season begins before you can come up north again? If so, you are missing a chance to hunt some of the finest game the northwoods produce—the snowshoe hare.

Except for a few enthusiasts, who beat the swamps regularly for them, the snowshoe hare is probably one of the least appreciated game animals in Wisconsin. It is more difficult to hunt than its somewhat more palatable relative, the cottontail, which should recommend it to the hunter who likes to work hard for his game.

Of all the game we have, the snowshoe is truly representative of the north. There are isolated populations as far south as the mountains of West Virginia; but generally speaking it is an animal of the spruce country and treeless northern wasteland—the taiga and the tundra.

In much of the north country, the snowshoe reigns supreme as the animal upon whom all creatures who eat meat—man—lynx—wolf, are dependent for the major portion of their diet. When snowshoes are abundant, they fare well. When snowshoes are scarce, they must either move out of the country, eat poorer fare or each other, or starve. For of all game species, the snowshoe exhibits the most fantastic cyclic tendencies. Populations have a tendency to build up to a tremendous "peak" population—myriads of snowshoe hares all over the woods. Then for some unknown reason, the population crashes, and the woods are nearly empty of this animal. This is a vexing and fascinating problem for naturalists who have studied this problem for years, and the answer is not yet in sight.

Here in Wisconsin, this animal inhabits our cedar and spruce swamps, and pine plantations. Its tendency to clip and girdle young pine, spruce and balsam have at times incurred for it the enmity

of those interested in growing young trees. Winter food of the snowshoe and whitetail deer is very much the same, and the two species often compete for browse. In some deer yards, the snowshoe's "chiseled" mark, on maple let us say, is as common as the whitetail's frayed trademark on the new shoots.

The snowshoe is best hunted with hounds, and the larger varieties, such as Red-Bone or Walker, are obviously best because of the rough country and deep snows that have to be negotiated. However, many hunters do well with a 12-inch beagle.

Some enthusiasts forget about hounds, and still hunt them with a rifle, and if they're "real gone," with a pistol. As practically everyone knows, snowshoe hares turn white in winter—a boon when there's snow, but an adaptation that makes them stand out like the proverbial "sore thumb" if they turn white before snow comes.

In much of northern Wisconsin and part of the central area the season on

snowshoes is open all year, and there is no bag limit. Elsewhere in this state the season runs through January 31, with a bag limit of four.

Whether you hunt or not, this animal is interesting and has much to commend itself. The invisible man has nothing on a snowshoe hare when it sits quietly on a patch of snow, and many a bemused hunter or hiker has wondered where in the world the creature disappeared to when it was sitting under his nose—white against white, save for its dark eyes.

HE IS a true child of the north, winter's own creature. Observed in summer, he seems to be almost out of his element—dull brown against the green of the forest. Nature has clearly adapted him for snow, and everything about him gives witness to this—his big, splayed feet and snow-white coat. No creature looks more at home in a cold, snow-swept swamp, nor more graceful, than when he flicks across the frozen terrain.



Beagles are a bit short-legged for hunting in deep snow, but otherwise do very well on hares.