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NOTHING A DUCK HUNTER LIKES BETTER THAN DUCKS

"Well, I've shot ducks for over forty years down the river, and this is the worst season I ever saw. It's been rotten," said the old duck hunter as he glared at the Game Warden.

"Too bad? Why, did you ever stop to think that our daily bag limit used to be fifty? And I could nail 'em all in three hours. Now what is it, only ten? You sit in a blind all day, and you're lucky if you get six. That's what I got, a mallard, a baldpate, and four sprigs."

"No, sir. The trouble is, there is too much tinkering with the law. State laws, federal laws; state cops, federal cops. They have tied a duck hunter's ^{is} hands ^{as slatted a ball & chain on his leg} and foot with a ball and chain. Didn't we used to shoot all winter? The greatest shooting I ever had was always when the freeze-up came. (~~The ducks had to get water and food.~~) All you had to do was to break the ice around the blind, throw in the wheat, ^{corn} put out the decoys-- ^{Quack! Quack!} and you got the ducks!"

"Too many? Tommy-rot! Did you ever count up the tons of wheat ^{grain} we used to feed? Didn't we pay the price? Our watchman poured it out every day. Then came Saturday, the ducks would flock into the blind. Why, many a time I've knocked over three or four, and by the time I'd reload the same bunch would swing around again to see what was the matter, and get another dose. ~~There~~ were the days-- duck hunting days. And now they're gone!"

"Everything's changed.² Sure, that's the rub. What makes me hot is, after we've spent our money for years, fed up these wild ducks like you take care of chickens in the barnyard, now we get nothing. Along comes this fellow, Ding Darling, and says we can't feed any more, can't even use live decoys to get the birds ^{in near} to the blind. What does

a scotchman's

he know about hunting ducks? He's an easterner, a cartoonist; he's a New Dealer, dealing with ducks!"

"Poor duck! Hell, the whole deal is raw. It's a sock at the poor duck hunter. Don't the ducks belong to the hunters? If we don't get 'em, some pot-hunter will. Remember when hunting ducks, get 'em while the getting's good!" "Bird in hand, - 2 - bush"

"That" said the game warden, "As soon as the horse is gone we are going to lock the door"

Qud ^{Keep in mind} ~~Remember~~ the old story a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush"
"That" said the game warden, ^{as he started off across the meadow,} "That's another old story about locking the barn door after the horse is stolen."
~~at the game warden~~ ^{as he headed off across the meadow.}