

Recorded at Bill's Tavern in Cannon Beach, this hunting story belongs to a group of tall tales about "remarkable" or "slow" ammunition. Several may be found among the Hathaway Jones tales published by Stephen Dow Beckham. This particular tale was told by Victor Olson of Cannon Beach to Peter Lindsey. (RVMA, Lindsey, 1971)

Oh, I know about this here feller that went out huntin', and he drove up into the country. And he sees this deer walkin' along. And he got out his big old powerful magnum rifle. And he watched this deer for a little bit. And he got his sights set on it. And about the time he got his sights set on it, the deer jumped behind this big tree. And it made him madder than the dickens, and he whirled around with his rifle, and he shot it the other way! Shot it behind him. It was the last day of huntin' season, so he just emptied his rifle out, got back in his car and drove home.

So next huntin' season opened up, why, he went back up to this same spot. Here come a deer walking up there, and he loaded his rifle right quick, and he pointed it at it, and he went to pull the trigger. Just about the time he went to pull the trigger, the darn deer jumped behind a tree! So, he pulls his rifle back, and all at once the deer jumps straight in the air and dropped over dead! So he walked around behind the deer and looked at it. And that bullet that he'd fired the year before went around the world and come back and smacked that deer dead center.

### Another Remarkable Shot

This tale was collected on May 21, 1971, from John Catlin, age 66, of Cannon Beach, by Peter Lindsey. It combines both the motifs of the remarkable shot and the wonderful hunt. (RVMA, Lindsey, 1971)

It's about the kid who was sent to school. He had to walk three miles to school every day, and he always carried a rifle, and he was given one shot. So comin' home—and he was supposed to bring home the meat for the family—so, coming home this afternoon, here was a deer and an elk right close together.

### A City Hunter

E. R. Jackman, in his chapter on "Most hunters are courteous and go percent that leave ranch gates open respect for wildlife or other hunters specifically identified as a "Portland among Central and Eastern Oregon hunters each fall.—*The Oregon De*

A few years ago a woman went to a certain mountain where he'd go up the draw to the left to watch the ridge between, where the draws joined. It was over the hill and the wife dropped antlers and was dressing her clothes came up with an open brush, and tied on his own. The said, "What do you think you deer now."

This lady from Burns was mister," and placed a shot c began to yell, a car appeared led him away, the woman re explained to her husband, him never to do a trick like

Well, that kind of excited him, so he took a shot at it. Well, the bullet hit a rock and split in two and killed them both. But the recoil knocked him back in the creek, and he came up with an eight-pound trout in his hip pocket.

### A City Hunter

E. R. Jackman, in his chapter on "Mule Deer," in *The Oregon Desert*, points out that most hunters are courteous and good sportsmen and -women. It is the other two percent that leave ranch gates open, shoot holes in water tanks, and show little respect for wildlife or other hunters. The hunter in the following story is not specifically identified as a "Portland Hunter," but stories of such behavior are told among Central and Eastern Oregon ranchers whose lands are overrun with deer hunters each fall.—*The Oregon Desert*, pp. 240-241.

A few years ago a woman and her husband were hunting out of Burns. They went to a certain mountain where they knew the terrain. The husband said he'd go up the draw to the left if his wife would take the right draw. Each was to watch the ridge between, and they would meet around noon up above where the draws joined. It worked as planned. A fine buck came bounding over the hill and the wife dropped him with one shot. She tied her tag to the antlers and was dressing her deer when a big man with brand-new hunting clothes came up with an open knife, cut off her tag, threw it into the sagebrush, and tied on his own. The Burns woman, too astonished to argue at first, said, "What do you think you're doing with my deer?" The man said, "It's my deer now."

This lady from Burns was of sterner stuff than most. She said, "The hell it is, mister," and placed a shot carefully through his shoulder, below the bone. He began to yell, a car appeared on the road below, four companions came and led him away, the woman retrieved her tag, and went on cleaning the deer. She explained to her husband, "I didn't want to kill him, but I wanted to teach him never to do a trick like that again."