



**THE HUNTING PARTY IN FIGHTING TRIM.**

FROM LEFT TO RIGHT—CLAUDE HENDRIX, JOSH CLARKE, RUBE GEYER,  
BUSTER BROWN, FRED CLARKE AND "PEACHES" GRAHAM.

# Hunting Big Game With Big League Players

*A Record of My Recent Excursion in the Wilds of Minnesota*

By Fred Clarke

*Manager of the Pittsburgh Pirates*

Fred Clarke, the able manager of the Pittsburgh Pirates, has been for years one of the foremost figures in organized baseball. Like all great ball players, he has his pet hobby—hunting. In the following graphic sketch Mr. Clarke tells in his own words of a recent hunting excursion on which he was accompanied by a group of Major League ball players.

I HAVE been asked to write up a recent hunting trip of mine for the Baseball Magazine. Although the excursion was a most pleasant one and amusing to those who took part in it or their friends, I had hardly thought it important enough to be of general interest. However, I am assured that anything a professional ball player may do is of interest, and as the entire party was made up of ball players and their wives and immediate friends I shall be glad to tell all about it.

Mrs. Clarke and myself left our winter home in Winfield, Kansas, on Novem-

ber 4. We arrived without mishap at Kansas City on the fifth, where we met Claude Hendrix, pitcher for the Pirates. We were to have met Hans Wagner at St. Paul, but when we reached there the following day we found that he had sent word that he would be unable to undertake the trip owing to the illness of his father.

We were much disappointed to hear this, as Honus always makes a good companion on a hunting excursion; but as it could not be avoided we went on our way to Ulora, Minnesota, where we met my Brother Josh. We had to stay

all night at this place, as it was the county seat and we were obliged to take out our licenses there. However, the auditor of Kannabec County, Mr. Anton Peterson, was most accommodating. He went down to his office earlier than usual in order to fix up our licenses so that we could leave in good season for my brother Josh's home, which is situated twenty-four miles further north.

We awoke early. It was a most beautiful day. We had excellent roads for about fifteen miles, and Hendrix, every time he would see a sheep track, swore it was a deer trail, and would load his rifle in readiness to shoot the animal if it showed itself. We protested against his actions on account of the deer season, which would not open until the 10th, but I am certain that if he had seen one he would have tried to break the law. We went along in great shape for sixteen miles, then we struck off into the wilderness for the last eight-mile lap of our journey. The people in that part of the country call it a trail, but anyone who has never been in the wilderness would call it a path, and I assure you it takes a good driver to keep in it.

When we hit the trail we saw plenty of grouse, partridges and rabbits, and we certainly had a great time shooting for the rest of the trip. When we were within two miles of Josh's house we were anxious to let the advance guard, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Buster Brown, George Peaches Graham and "Rube" Geyer know we were coming, so we had to empty the magazine of our Winchester. When we arrived at a rise in the road where we could see the house we saw a remarkable sight. Buster Brown, "Rube" Geyer and Peaches Graham were actually sawing and splitting wood. At first it seemed incredible, but they said they had been working at it all morning, and if I had not known more about woodcutting than they did they might have made me believe it. I have had too much experience in that line, however, and told Josh he had better fire them if they could not do better than that. Mrs. Josh and Mrs. Buster and my mother, who was visiting there, had



FRED CLARKE TAKING A SURVEY OF THE SITUATION.

a fine dinner, and we certainly did justice to it, as it was after 3 P. M. and we had not had a bite since before day-break.

After dinner the whole company started to fix up a shack, putting a sign on our door, "No Women Allowed." This was our den where we could tell all kinds of stories (Hendrix had us all beaten as he had been associating all summer with Wagner). In one corner of this den we made a bed, put slats across it, and filled it with hay. Then we put on plenty of blankets, and at the head of the bed on the wall we hung two 32-Special Winchesters and three 33 and 35 Winchesters. After that the men who slept there felt safe, as the stories told by Hendrix and Rube Geyer were blood-curdling in the extreme. The room was well stocked with ammunition, pipes, smoking and chewing tobacco, and had quite all the comforts of home.

Everyone was ready for bed early, as all had agreed to get up at 4.30. Someone awakened us hammering on



### **OFF FOR THE CAMP WITH A FULL HUNTING OUTFIT.**

ARCHIE BAINES DRIVING MRS. BUSTER BROWN, MRS. FRED CLARKE AND MRS. JOSH CLARKE BACK TO CAMP IN JOSH CLARKE'S TEAM.

the piano. It was Peaches. He said his musical instructor had told him that if he would practise at 4.30 he would never forget his lesson, and much to the discomfort of the majority he continued this practice every morning at 4.30.

November 8 we had an early breakfast, and three of us decided to fish and the other three to hunt grouse. We also went out to get our landmarks so we would not get lost. It is needless to say that we came in with a full sack, as grouse are so plentiful that even Peaches Graham could hit them—sometimes. We came back early that evening. A fine grouse dinner awaited us that we had killed on our last eight-mile ride the day before, and we did it ample justice. After dinner we had music. Geyer, Hendrix and Brown would render a vocal selection, and Josh and Peaches would put on the comedy. At 9 the lights went out, and it was a case of seeking the hay.

The following day was put in looking over the country, and everyone came back with great stories of abundant game tracks. After dinner Geyer had a brilliant idea. "Why don't you four, Hendrix, Brown, Graham and myself," he

said, "put up a pool of one dollar for the first deer brought in?"

We agreed, but we told him that we did not bar out him or Josh, so we all six agreed. We went to bed that night wondering how many deer we would bring in the next day, and I can say that when that alarm rang at 4.30 everyone was out of bed. We had breakfast; then we appointed Josh captain of the outfit and Rube lieutenant. They gave us our orders, so the captain called Buster, Peaches and myself together and told us to follow up a trail about a mile and put us on stand while the other three would make a drive. We waited there, and Brown proved to be the lucky man, as a big buck stopped right in the road about fifty yards from him. He raised his gun and fired, and away went the deer. Just as he shot, a doe very nearly jumped over him. He plunged a shell into his gun, but the doe had rattled him so he forgot to shoot until she stopped and looked at him. Then he blazed away at her, and some of the boys say he broke all distance records chasing after those deer in the brush. At last he ran on to Graham, and when he told Peaches what a fine opportunity he had



### TROPHIES OF THE HUNT.

BESIDES A LARGE NUMBER OF GROUSE, RABBITS AND THE LIKE, THE PARTY WERE FORTUNATE ENOUGH TO SECURE EIGHT DEER.

had and lost the laugh Peaches gave him might have been heard a mile.

The party then started to still hunt, and it was not long until Peaches, in entering a swamp, happened to glance across. There stood a buck looking right at him. He shot at once, but missed.

Finally we all got together again and at our lunch, which we had carried with us. Then we started east. I was with Josh. He said, "Go east to the river." I walked about two hours and began to think the river must be a long way off, when I looked at my compass and found I was going due west. You can rest assured, after that I had the greatest respect for that compass. I turned and followed the needle east, and at last met Josh at the riverbank. It was getting late, so we set out for home. When we arrived all had reported except Hendrix, and as he had said there was no chance of his getting lost, we expected him at any time. We had dinner, but no Hen, so we began to get anxious, as in that brush and timber it is hard sometimes to walk about even in daylight, and at night all our landmarks looked alike. Finally Josh and Rube, who were very

familiar with the country, started out, and they located Hendrix two miles north on the river. He had a big fire and had shot a partridge, and was trying to make himself comfortable for the night. He had heard the wolves howling, however, so he had picked a big tree to sleep in. When he looked around and saw a flashlight, he knew we were searching for him. He fired his rifle and was answered, and when the boys came up to him he was certainly glad to see them.

After they reached home we had to relate our day's experiences. All had seen deer and shot at them, except Josh and I. After our evening's concert, which was mighty short, we were off to bed. No one was troubled with insomnia. The next day we were off at daylight still hunting. Everybody came in at dark and not one of us had seen a deer. It was bad sleeting all day, but that night it started to snow, and continued all night.

We were all up and out the morning of the 12th, as it looked good for a deer that day. We had instructions to go alone and still hunt. I started off along the river. At last I struck a track and

followed it for about three hours, and was finally rewarded, for out went the deer about fifty yards from me. I shot three times. The last shot knocked him down. It lay across the river. I was afraid the ice would not hold me, and I could see the deer was not dead. I said to myself, "That deer now is smart. As soon as I go down the river to get across he will get up and run." So I took another shot and put a 33 soft-nose bullet through its neck. I succeeded in cutting its throat and dressing it, then went back to the house for the horses and sled to carry it home. Note picture.

I had just got the deer hung up when in came Josh with one on his back, carrying it, followed in turn by Brown and Hendrix. Each had one. Peaches did not get one, but he shot a doe lying in her bed. Geyer had several shots, but he was trying a new gun and could not hit them, so he had to come back to his 33 Winchester, the kind we all used.

On the following day we all started as usual and were lucky, as we got a buck and a fawn. We had our usual session of telling how it happened. Then we had some of the neighbors in, and followed it up with one of those real old-fashioned country dances. We all went to bed at 12, but were up again at 4.30 and started in different directions. Four of the boys with some outsiders got on the trail of a deer, and when he ran through an opening in the brush for about 100 yards they shot twenty-seven shots at him, and never touched him. They took his track again, however, and when he started to run they started shooting. Peaches at this juncture showed rare presence of mind. He was behind a stump and the deer was coming right for him when he thought quickly to himself, grabbed his gun by the barrel and started to use it as a club. He had had so many shots and failed he thought he would take a chance this way, when to his surprise a shot rang out and the deer dropped just as he was going to raise his gun to hit him.

When we all arrived that evening we found Hendrix missing, and while eating supper we heard his signal of distress, which was one shot, count ten,

then two shots fired quickly. We finally rescued him. There was some talk of putting a cowbell on him so he would not get lost again, but the measure was laid on the table.

The next day we all started up the river, and I took Hendrix in charge and kept him near so he would not get lost. The six of us came to an island, three going on one side and three on the other. When we reached the end and were coming together, out sprang two deer, and such shooting! Geyer, who was in the Spanish war, said it reminded him of some battles he had been in.

The next day the ladies and some of the boys went up in the sled to get the deer we had all killed, and after they had loaded the deer in the sled Peaches decided he would not ride back, so took his rifle and left. That evening he came in all excited and told of seeing a big buck and shooting at him. He said he went to the place where the buck was standing when he shot and found a big bunch of hair, which he considered proof that he had hit him. Everybody thought, however, he cut that piece of hair off of one of the deer we had hanging up.

The following day was to be our last hunt, so we rose early, and it was not long before Peaches took the trail of that deer he had shot at the night before, and he and Buster Brown followed it for a mile. There they found the buck. Peaches was ringing wet when he got back to get the horses and sled to go after it. However, it was the largest one killed on the trip, so we could not talk to him for a while.

Josh thought so much of the 33 Winchester I had that I gave it to him. I have a picture which shows that we have a deer each on the sled coining home. Some people may be unkind enough to ask us, "How much did you pay for them?" but that won't bother us any.

Hendrix and I took our deer to Kansas, and when we have our venison dinner it will be a pleasure to tell the ladies and gentlemen how we shot them. We live two hundred miles apart, but for all that you can be sure we don't intend to get our stories mixed.