

Rearick Goes Hunting

Leavenworth (Wash.) Echo: The writer, the fat one of the Echo bunch, has a young son who inveigled him into going out September morn on a hunting trip for ruffed grouse. So effective was the inveigling that we beat the kid out of bed and were ready at the first peep o' day.

We hit the grit afoot near the foot of Tumwater mountain and as we attempted to gather speed for the climb it did not take long to impress upon the old man that his machinery was somewhat out of order, for the kid soon left us limping along and missing fire like a 1908 one-lunger, and we sought out the broken trail and kept to it, letting the world go by for all we cared. But the old man had been bitten by some bug at some time in life and inoculated with the mountain-climbing virus and so we limped and back-fired along on the trail, going higher and higher, not much, but some, every hour and finally when we thought that we must be within eight or ten miles of the top we decided to leave the rest of the climb for some other time—having in mind that the journey down might require some effort. Going up we had radiator trouble, spark plug trouble, and carburetor trouble, but going down it was brake trouble and the way seemed about as long as it did going up. One thing is certain—that old mountain climbing virus worked its way out of our system and we freely and voluntarily, without mental reservation or secret evasion, for value received, quit-claim, bequeath and assign all our right, title and interest in or to any game that requires mountain-climbing to bag it. And whatever that interest was on the night of August 31, 1920, ours was in no wise impaired September 1, though the young fellow collected an installment on his personal account.