JIST HUNTIN': TALES OF THE FOREST, FIELD AND STREAM

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Jist Huntin': Tales of the Forest, Field and Stream by Ozark Ripley

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OZARK RIPLEY

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DEDICATION

The big outdoors, in all its ramifications, is an inexorable taskmaker. Those who are willing to put up with its rigors soon learn its hidden treats and intrinsic beauties. To no others does it reveal itself as it is alluring, a magician perpetually enthralling its favored audience with mysteries that it explains only to those who stand the test.

To the outdoors must be accorded the quickest means of learning a companion as he is; not as he wishes you to know him, but the actual man. The tests of the trail, the long cance routes, the sedge and ragweed fields, and mist-laden streams disclose everything. There is nothing in the make-up of man that can be concealed in the wild places, above all friends and friendships. In such localities alone do we discover whether they are worth while or the kind that must endure.

The sifting process of Dame Nature ultimately decides for us, whether we wish or no, those whose sterling worth and varied experiences entitle them to the name of sportsmen. So while thinking over the days spent in undomesticated places, there stands one who has passed all the tests of friendship as an angler, hunter, and trail mate, I dedicated this work to Dixie Carroll.

OZARK RIPLEY.

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INTRODUCTION

I HAD everything doped up for a regular highclass introduction for "Jist Huntin'," but the notes have flown, disappeared into the yawning mouth of my filing cabinet, probably lost forever. Although this cabinet is a thoroughly modern affair, it seems to take fiendish delight in helping me to keep my oldtime record of "a place for everything and nothing in its place." How notes filed under the letter "A" can turn up later under "Q," or hot at all, is a mystery too deep for me to solve.

Ozark Ripley is a man's man, a regular he-man who loves the out-o'-doors, the far reaches of the outlands, the quiet places of the hinterlands. He is one of the best pals I have ever had the pleasure of knowing, and when a fellow can say that of another lad, there is little more to say.

Ozark loves dogs, he knows more about hunting dogs and their training than any other man I know, and every dog I have ever known loved Ozark. A man who loves dogs and is loved by dogs always rings true. He is a friend always, one that you can count on to the last shot.

From twenty years living continuously in the

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wilds of the outlands, Ozark has had experiences with rod and gun that fall to the lot of few men, and these years have been spent in study of nature and her children. Few men know the real out-o'-doors like Ozark—not the out-o'-doors of the featherbed resorts, but the good old mother earth out-o'-doors with a frying pan, a pack o' flour, a piece of bacon, and a blanket. The out-o'-doors of the rushing, tumbling stream, the wind-kissed lake waters, the woodland trail and portage, the sweet flower-scented swamplands, God's greatest gifts to us his earth children.

Ozark, if you send the call, whether it comes from the swamp-lands of the South, the granite tipped mountains of the Rockies, the cold far reaches of the northlands, the wooded hill country of the land you love, the Ozarks, I'll pack the duffle and come a-running to spend a day, a week or months with you beside the old camp-fire, the trails and "sich," living over the days a-gone and the new ones ahead, for the joys o' trailing with you are what makes life worth living in these days of the canyon-walled cities builded by man.

DIXIE CARROLL.

FOREWORD

THAT irresistible urge, reminiscence, influenced the writing of this collection of outdoor tales. They are the experiences of a sportsman, naturalist and wanderer, who spent a quarter of a century in the big outdoors. The impulse to jot them down took hold, but he refrained until the habit of visualizing days in the forests, fields and on the streams could be denied no longer.

The simple, objective path was followed as a help to beginners. Close adherence to topography and the habits of wild life was pursued consistently to remind old timers of similar days and that their assistance is needed to help perpetuate the present supply of undomesticated creatures.

OZARK RIPLEY.

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