Thus when I arrived at the hunting lodge in Argyllshire, one of my dreams was being realized. I had been invited to shoot over forty thousand acres of deer forest.

The highland forest is not a true forest as we know them, but an illimitable expanse of moor cut by deep valleys. A distinctly mountainous topography. It is generally desolate and dreary in the autumn and winter, and lonely; even the voices of its denizens are lonely and weird. There is a heavy silence almost undisturbed only by the sad call of the curlew or the plaintive bleat of a sheep. To accentuate this profound loneliness the granite peaks are usually veiled in cold mist.

With this environment it may be guessed that the red deer is not an easy animal to approach. He has keen sight and a keen sense of hearing. In the rutting season, that is in October and November, the stags are found with the hinds. The hinds calm and unconcerned, the stags restive and pugnacious, and through their incessant challenging, they direct the hunter to the band. The challenge is a hoarse bawl, not unlike the bawl of a steer, but of course not so flat and meaningless. The bawl of a stag has much meaning; it springs from desire and defiance, and anyone hearing it can readily read into it these two emotions. It is thrilling but not so much so as the wild, eager bugle of the bull wapiti of the Rockies. They have many actions in common with the wapiti, and similarly colored, being a mouse grey in summer to harmonize with the dark green of the trees and the bracken, and a tan color in the winter when the bracken has changed to yellow and reds. The stag is smaller than the wapiti, and larger than the largest deer of our forests. Often a band of red deer may consist of several hundred animals; one large old stag will be in charge of the harem, while the

THE AUTHOR

Mr. Mathews is a graduate of the Universities of Oklahoma and of Oxford, England. He read natural science at Merton college, Oxford, and then enrolled at the University of Geneva, where he met his bride-to-be. Mr. and Mrs. Mathews reside in Los Angeles, California, where Mr. Mathews is a realtor. He devotes a part of every year to hunting, either on his ranch in the Osage hills of Oklahoma, in New Mexico, or in the Rockies.
smaller stags or the less courageous will stand on the edge of the herd and bawl their discontemnt from the surrounding hills.

T was such a band that the ghillie (guide) and I saw one dismal morning after a crawl on our bellies for a quarter of a mile, through the wet bracken and heather. We had followed the voice of a large stag and came upon him as he stood clearcut against the horizon, his muzzle outstretched, bawling eagerly as he gazed on the band in the valley. We watched the band for a moment. It was in charge of a magnificent beast, prancing in pride and estasy. We knew that to approach him would be impossible. Not that he was so wary; for at this time of the year his veins would be running fire and his sense of caution drowned by his madness. "Twas the female of the species" that would save the great head of this "royal." She is ever on the alert, and she will be first to detect any false movement on the part of the hunter, or get his wind, no matter how careful he has been to come up the wind. She will be calmly eating, suddenly stiffen as though frozen; some crazy little breeze has wafted the hunte's scent to her. She emits a high whistle and the band is off, the great stag bringing up the rear.

The challenging fellow on the hillside was my first stag. I had shot a highland stag and my happiness was complete. I was so filled with the event that I came near overlooking a very grave matter. I reached in my pocket and drew out a big flask of whisky; I handed it gravely to the ghillie, and he gravely handed it back to me. I gave his health and handed it back to him. This time I watched his abnormal adams apple work as he held the flask to his lips. He handed back the flask and then extended his hand which I took. A tradition of the field had been satisfied. The ghillie takes care of the kill and carries the lunch for both, but the hunter supplies and carries the whisky, which he offers at proper intervals. The ghillie always refuses to drink till after the hunter has drunk, but the flask must be offered to him first.

Darkness falls early in the high latitude of Scotland. Thus by the time we reached the lodge it was dark. My host was waiting tea for me before a great fire. There is nothing "pink" about a highland tea. There are plates of toasted scones; of jams; of marmalades; of bread and butter and an assortment of cakes. As we sat at tea we talked of the day's events. He was highly pleased that I had shot a stag; he asked about the size of the head and made me go into details. Talk is just another phase of the chase. Talk is an important part, whether it is round a great open camp fire, before a dutch oven in a wilderness cabin, or before the great maw of a fire place in a hunting lodge.

The next day we came back to the lodge empty handed in a cold rain, but happy. We had come almost in range of a beautiful stag as he pranced about nervously guarding his harem of three hinds. I had just lifted my gun to fire when the guardian angel of the mist-shrouded moor whispered in the ear of a hind. She whistled and the four of them went bounding over the shoulder of the next hill. We watched the antlers of the stag as they appeared for a moment against the sky. The ghillie had some very disrespectful things to say about that particular hind, and referred to the actions of "yon hind" as being exceedingly sanguinary. I felt some disappointment of course, but after all I was in the land of romance. The land of the red deer and hard riding clansmen. I could turn from the hill where the stag had disappeared and look down upon bloody Glencoe. Way up in the mist that hid the sides of the glen I could hear the bass challenge of another stag, and close at hand I could hear the very voice of this wild alluring land; the plaintive call of the curlew.

We slopped home in a gentle drizzle and the ghillie was telling me of some experience concerning the great "royal" of Orchy. I never really learned what had happened to this
unparalleled stag, but I was too much fascinated by his dialect to interrupt him; I could understand only one word in every five.

We set out the third day determined that no hind would thwart us. It was a rare day in the highlands for autumn. The sun was shining and great clouds of mist hung round and obscured the granite peaks. "Wall find they in the vale" said the ghillie with a wink. We heard no bawling to direct us. We walked for three hours up and down hills, and then as we came to the top of a hill, we saw a band of five in the valley, grazing contentedly. The difficult part began here. We had to get into the slight breeze and crawl cautiously forward. We crawled for minutes out of sight of the band, then suddenly I saw the ghillie stop, flatten out and turn his head to me. I came nearer and listened for him to whisper. He turned slowly and said softly "dëna breathe." Three hundred yards off stood a stag, but just as I was aiming I heard the clear whistle of a hind. The stag bounded down the slopes of the hill and I raised and fired. It was necessary to fire three times before the great head fell forward and was necessary to fire three times before the great head fell forward and was necessary to fire three times before the great head fell forward and we dared not go nearer than fifty yards. He saw us and attempted to rise, his little eyes directed at us savagely. Once he gained his feet and lunged toward us, but fell again. I ended his struggles with another bullet.

### Less Kicking, More Help, Please!

(Continued from page 223)

receiving end of the battery will be either co-captain Bud Haswell, '29, Oklahoma City; Dick Marsh, or Roe Alexander, '29, McKenzie, Tenn.

Bissck Cook, and Eph Lobough, '31, Pauls Valley, have been practicing at the second base position. Bus Wall who played at third last year, and Mickey Beets, '30, Ardmore, have been scooping up the grounders in the shortfield. Hardy Buff, '31, Oklahoma City, and Ole Talbott, veteran Sooner, have been holding down the hot corner, relaying the ground balls to John Murray, '30, Tulsa, and Ed Starkey, '29, Oklahoma City, at first base.

Coach Haskell has one letterman, Doc Lampont, to return to the outfield, and a bevy of good sophomore material in Charles Kilchell, '31, Kansas City, Kansas; Bus Mills, '31, Ranger, Texas; Ned Marshall, Quanah, Texas.

The schedule follows:

- April 6 and 7, Washington at Norman.
- April 12 and 13, Oklahoma Aggies at Stillwater.
- April 16 and 17, Nebraska at Norman.
- May 8 and 9, Iowa State at Norman.
- May 15 and 16, Kansas State at Manhattan.
- May 17 and 18, Kansas at Lawrence.
- May 20 and 21, Nebraska at Lincoln.
- Date not set for Sooner-Oklahoma Aggie game at Norman.

### Tennis

With the first game of the season scheduled for April 6, against Southern Methodist University, the Sooner netmen, consistent winners of high honors in the Missouri Valley conference, are ready to start the season, as a result of consistent winter practice.

The schedule follows:

- April 6: S. M. U. at Norman
- April 9: Drake at Norman
- April 11: O. U. at Stillwater
- April 15: Rice at Norman
- April 19: Missouri at Norman
- April 27: Iowa State at Norman
- May 2: O. U. at Lawrence
- May 3: O. U. at Manhattan
- May 4: O. U. at Lincoln
- May 8: Oklahoma Aggies at Norman
- May 11: Texas at Norman
- May 18: Big Six meet at Ames, Iowa

Wrestling Tourney

A flip of a coin decided that the Kansas Aggies should be awarded the team championship of the individual championships tussling tournament held at the fieldhouse beginning March 8, after Aggie wrestlers had come to a deadlock with the Sooners with 16 points to the credit of each. Iowa State, doped to win as the result of her victories in the dual contests which made that team winner of the conference title, managed to get only one first place in the finals, and three second places, for a team average of 14 points.

Individual champions of the conference were chosen in each of the eight weights by the final contests held March 9, among whom were two Sooners, Marvin, "Kid" Leach and Lawrence Mantooth, 115 and 125 pounds respectively.

Stillwater won first honors in the University of Oklahoma high school invitation tournament held in connection with the conference matches on March 8. The ten high schools represented were Geary, El Reno, Sand Springs, Elk City, Blackwell, Weatherford, Brinkman, Stillwater, Mangum and Norman.