

Deerhunter Baggerman Plays a Lone Hand

October 26th, 27th and 28th, the open season for deer hunting in Missouri, found many St. Louis hunters tramping the hills of the central and southern part of the state, hoping for the chance to "bring home the bacon."

Wm. J. Baggerman, one of the twenty old-time members of the Club, was the fortunate one who, after unsuccessful attempts in two previous years, managed to bring home the desired trophy.

The difficulties of deer hunting may be appreciated by the fact that of the 3,500 deer tags issued, only about 72 deer were legally bagged this year during the three-day open season.

In Gasconade

The largest number of deer taken this year were from Gasconade County and it was here, on the farm of Frank Waldecker, that Baggerman had his first chance in three years and brought down a four-point buck. There were twenty other hunters gathered at the Waldecker farm and when not engaged in telling hunting yarns, the party would divide into two sections—half driving and the other half stationed at stands where the deer was expected to pass, hoping thereby to get a shot.

The buck was dispatched at a distance of 350 yards by a single, high velocity, savage bullet and when brought into camp the animal was weighed and tipped the scales at 160 pounds. Baggerman says he was not affected with buck fever, but he did need help to bring the deer in and close at hand was another member of the Club, a former captain of a volley-ball team, Emil Klick, who rendered material assistance in bringing in the buck.

From a Cemetery

The party of twenty huntsmen would leave before daybreak in their quest for deer. Baggerman, however, joined the hunting party in the evening only, preferring to play a lone hand during the day by stationing himself at a secluded spot in a rail fence corner within the confines of a cemetery where the footprints indicated that the deer made their usual crossing. It was like playing a game of solitaire to be alone in the woods with no one to cheer you up or entertain you with deer stories.

A half hour after reaching his stand on the second morning, in casting his eye up and down the wheat field, a buck had the misfortune to come within the range of his rifle. The animal started down the opposite hillside and through a ravine, with only the neck and horns visible through the foliage. Baggerman, inspired by the tombstones of sturdy, hard-shooting pioneers of the Daniel Boone days at his side, raised from his comfortable seat on the rail fence and fired. It was discovered later that the ball entered the left



Extreme right, Wm. J. Baggerman

side of the neck, cut the jugular vein and fractured the right jawbone before coming out.

At night the hunters and nearby farmers gathered around the stove after the actual hunting was over. Bucks as well as other game fell in heaps as some men in the group, who were State crack shots from DeSoto, Slater, Arrow Rock and Kansas City, recounted many unusual experiences.

Bill is an ardent golfer, but never did he expect to make a hole in one in this extraordinary way at a distance of 350 yards.

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