

Hunting Experiences  
of  
E.S. McIntosh





## "HUNTING EXPERIENCES OF E.S. MCINTOSH"

November 15, 1935 at approximately 4 o'clock (A.M) found Clair Casey, Frank Gardner, Kenneth Shaw and myself stiff as an icicle and sore as a boil. We were about seven miles from Lincoln on Sucker Creek, deer hunting.

The weather was about 15° with about 60 mile an hour winds. We had an umbrella tent, two old blankets, one old quilt. That was why we were stiff and sore. We did have a few groceries, nothing to cook anything on and not even a frying pan. We found an old rusty bucket and made coffee in it, toasted bread on top of an old washtub. We were supposed to have camped with Shaw's friends but it fell through.

We spent four days and three nights. We got some straw from a farmer for beds.

We got one buck. Frank G. was the lucky one. I got a shot at two bucks. Both too far away for buckshot. We all had shotguns. I swore I would have a rifle for next season. My first hunting knife was an old WWar I bayonet, ground down. I knew you had to be quiet in the woods and I was. I was so quiet, I knocked a rabbit in the head with my knife.

I saw two bucks and I think it was because I was quiet. So here we are back home to work again and planning for the 1936 season. Well, I got myself a 35 Remington pump and it fit me to a "T". Bought myself a Soo wool hunting coat. Work clothes was all I had to wear that first year.

November 1936: Here we are, November 14, after work. We drove a Chevy pickup with a closed-in box. The three of us slept in it, Frank,



Casey, and myself. Back at the same place, Sucker Creek. I was determined to get one of those bucks I saw the year before.

Our drive up was everything but a pleasant one. Rain and sleet, driving with your head out of the window. No heater. We finally made it in and didn't even go to bed. Just built a huge fire and made coffee till daylight. It came with 40 m.p.h. winds and was about 15°. It felt like 0°, you know, used to working inside all the time. We didn't have any luck the first day, so we pulled the truck down in the spruces so the wind couldn't hit us. We got a good night's rest.

So here we are. "Hey, daylight in the swamp, boys!" Coffee is on and we are out. We decided to see how big and thick that swamp was. It would protect us from that wind. So about 9 o'clock I was standing on a stump and a drove of deer came through a draw. I spotted the buck and missed it. Of course, you always have excuses when you miss, but honestly, I was froze stiff, and on top of it all I was shooting a rifle, not a shotgun. It would have been a perfect shot for a shotgun.

I moved on down farther in the swamp, found another big stump. On top of it I got. In about 20 minutes I spotted my buck. He looked like the one I just missed 20 minutes before and the two the year before. He was coming through at about 100 yards of me, going east, so I shot and he stopped. I shot again and he started, I shot again, he turned around and looked back the way he came from. I fired again and he stopped, so it came to me that I was shooting a rifle, not a shotgun, so I lined up my sights right behind the front shoulder and that was all there was to it. I realized I hadn't lined my sights at all. All I was doing was pointing the gun at him.

Frank came over and we dressed it out. We both were excited by this time and we started right through the swamp and it took us both about 4 hours to get through. We even waded Sucker Creek. We could



have (as it turned out) driven the truck within 100 yards from where it fell.

We learned a lot from this one and it's all true, I got its head to prove it. From then on I have never just pointed my rifle at one. I will take it back, the last buck I shot I don't even remember seeing the sights on my rifle, I have become that familiar with it.

November 1937: Well, here we are now, November, 1937, with a new Chevy. November 15, back to Lincoln. Frank, Casey, I and my son Jim. "Old Shangie", his nickname in the woods.

We didn't have any luck at Sucker Creek. Casey got a shot at a bear and missed it. A week-end was all we hunted there. We came on down to Glennie and hunted a little in the afternoon. Saw some deer and came home.

Casey, Ray, and myself went back up over Thanksgiving. We had about 8 inches of snow. Casey was a cripple on this hunt and he thought he would freeze to death. That night it snowed. We got into the deer woods about 8 o'clock. We picked the spot for our umbrella tent and I started a fire. Casey said, "No, we want to pitch the tent there." I said, "Okay, we will melt the snow first." In the meantime, I thought of what my father taught me when I was a boy on a camping trip on the Tombigbee. We had a good fire, after it burned down we swept all of the coals off and pitched the tent, made the bed and got ready for bed. Being as Case was ailing he wanted to sleep in the middle, so I gave Ray the nod and he said, "Okay." Our bed, you see, was made on the ground over where we had the fire. The ground was smoking hot. Once in bed we lay there sweating Casey out and I mean sweating him out. The sweat was running off me more than if I had been splitting rails in August. Finally Casey said he couldn't stand it any longer. I told him he had better if he didn't



want to catch a death of cold, so he did. Ray and myself could stick our leg out and cool off a little. After that night he never hogged the middle anymore. P.S. That bed was still warm that next night.

We were up early next morning and out in the woods. Ray's first time. I hunted with him till noon and put him in a good place. Off on my own and found tracks and tracked an 8-pointer to his bed. Out he went and when he hit the bluff, about 75 yards, I got him just behind the shoulder. Ray came running down the hill and said, "Did you get him!" I said, "I hit him but he went this way." So there he was standing against a windfall. I raised my gun up to shoot him again and he fell over dead. So until today, I think I would have shot it again instead of letting Ray take a shot at it. That was his first time to be in the woods with a high-powered rifle. So back home again to work and school. So from there on we, myself and Ray, shot a lot of bucks.

November 15, 1938: We were in camp, Casey, Ray, Jim and myself. We had laid our plans that night for the hunt and at 4 o'clock it was "Daylight in the Swamp", boys. So we piled out and built a fire outside. We just had a little umbrella tent. We had to cook outside by the fire. Had coffee, bacon, eggs, coffee and rolls. We were all in the woods, all except Jim - you see, he was only 12 and to hunt deer, you are supposed to be 14. He had his 22 so I told him he could kill a mess of red squirrels and we would have them for supper. Casey was to go one way and Ray and myself another. We were to meet on the old Tote Road but I beat him there. Walked over to the Big Gully to wait for him and instead my buck was there. Out he went and the first jump he made, I broke his neck. I dressed it out and went for the car. Casey stayed with the buck. As I got to camp, Jim said, "Have you got him, Dad?" "Yes", I said, "smell of my hand." He said, "I guess you have." Well, let's go get it - and so we did. Threw the buck on



the front bumper and went back to camp. We had just got out of the car when Ray came over the ridge and said, "Dad, have you got it yet? I just couldn't stay in the woods any longer." "Yes, you're just in time to help me hang him up on the line." and "where did you hit him?"-- "I heard the shot" -- and "Where were you?" -- Blat, Blat, Blat!

"Well, now, Dad, you have got to help me shoot one!" "O.K." So I was the dog for him, no dinner -- dogged for him all the rest of the day. So back to camp and Jim said, "Dad, you got your squirrels to dress and cook for supper." "O.K." but Ray wasn't through yet. "Dad, where can I go and kill one?" I told him the sun was about  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour high over on top of the big hill when I shot that one last year. Off he went and before dark we had his hung up with mine. He was looking them over without a word. Finally he said, "Dad, mine has the longest horns." "Yep, but mine has yours beat in weight." "Well, place it there, son." So we shook hands and he said, "It just takes the McIntoshes to do things like that!" So it broke then and I don't think he stopped talking all night - or better yet, he still hasn't. He has shot that buck so many times since that his horns has disappeared from off of the wall. Oh, well, who hasn't. Well, about supper --- we would of been just as far ahead if we would of chopped up pine knots and dumplings with them for those reds was like a pine cone turpentine. Something I have left out is another party, named Lloyd Moyer. Ray came up with him and when we broke camp we loaded both deer on my car. Ray rode back with Moyer - and I never thought of this until we got home, but you know that feeling that thousands of hunters are passing you and looking at your deer. So I have and still do feel guilty because I didn't put the buck Ray killed on Moyers' car.

Well, 1939, Nov. 15 found Ray, Jim, Charlie B. in camp. Casey and myself couldn't make it until the 17th. Ray had one hung up in camp when we arrived about noon on the 17th. So we took to the woods



and hunted until night. They had to be in Flint the next morning to school and work. We had supper, talked over their 3 days hunt, loaded their buck on the car and away they went, tired but happy. Before going to bed I went over those 3 days with Jim. He had a license now. He said he hadn't even seen a buck. Well, I told him he hadn't been still long enough - I will show you a buck tomorrow. So 40'clock - "Daylight in the Swamp, boys!" All out - breakfast in the woods. Moyer was with us again. He and Casey divided the strip of woods. Jim and I had another. We were to meet over on the old road. We had just got started good when I heard the brush crack and looked over on the other side of the hill. A big buck and 2 does were there - I threw a shot in their direction and of course, they stopped jumping to locate the noise. I racked my gun and it jammed on me. There he was standing broadside to me. "Jim," I said, "give me your gun!" Instead he started throwing 32-20 shells at him and I mean at him. He turned him and he tried to run over Casey but Casey managed to stop him. But we didn't know it until noon. By then we were off again - Moyer went with us over in the hills. Finally he said, "Where can I go to Kill one?" kinda disgusted. I looked back over my shoulder and said - "Sit down where you are." And he did. Casey and myself moved on out a couple of hundred yards, sat down and in about 30 min. we heard that single shot .30-.30...went back over where Moyer was and sure enough he had his buck. He said, "Well, Mack, I didn't think much of this place when you said, sit down there, but I have got to hand it to you, you knew what you were talking about ." But how little did he know - ! If I had known that buck would have come through there I would of been there now --(kidding). It was a good place for you could see a great distance every way around. Well, after that Moyer almost took over our camping place with his boss and people I didn't



know. But, sorry to say he passed away about five years after that. There wasn't any hard feeling on my behalf but one time I think he did get a little sore and admit it - later said he was wrong by bringing other people in our camp after we were good enough to let him come in without asking us. Well, anyway, back home - my gun was sent back to the factory and fixed.

It is now Nov. 15, 1940 and with Moyer camped on our spot, Casey and myself didn't get in camp until time for breakfast. He didn't even ask us to come in out of the sleet and rain to fix breakfast. But we had breakfast anyway and enjoyed it. But that year was a bad one. I missed my first buck and that was all we saw and '41 was bad. I missed another buck in a blinding snow storm. He was standing looking straight at me and I misjudged and shot right under him. Jim shot a doe for camp meat and that is that.

Well, 1942 was still another bad year - it was a hard winter - no acorns. Oh, yes, I was about to pass this up. In '42 Jim took off across the lower fire lane by himself with a good snow. Just about the time he got sat down, someone came over the hill breaking brush, threshing around. He said to himself, Can't a man be quieter than that - and disgusted he took off back to camp. But, he found out that what he thought was a man was a big black bear. By the time he got to me his tracks was as big as a blanket! "Dad, let's go and track him down!" "O.K., we will but I don't think there is any use-- you remember hearing all of that shooting and hollering. I think someone else already got him and hung him up! And they had - they had shot him just behind our tent.

I have to account for Ray.....Pearl Harbor took him out of college after 1 $\frac{1}{2}$  years so that stopped his deerhunting. So as 1943, Nov. 15 came, Casey and myself was in camp. It was another bad year..



I finally worried one to death. So back to work wondering if myself and all 3 of the boys would ever get to be in deer camp together and see if we McIntoshes can come through.

Nov. 15, 1944. Well, back in camp Casey, myself and my youngest, Duane. A few days before deer season, Duane said, "Dad, could I go deer hunting with you? Neither of the other two boys are here to go with you and I would like to go." I said, "Well, we will see." O.K., so he went and we had about given up. Finally, Casey said, "I would just like to see a buck, to see how it looks." I said, "Well, I will show you one." We all three were give out, so I told Casey if he wanted to see a buck, go down through there to the big gulley and I would show him a buck. He said, O.K.... he believed in me as Moyer did. Well, sure enough we saw the buck about the same time but he went Casey's way and the third shot dropped it. Casey said, "Come on, Mack." "O.K., Duane, come on, Casey has got it." By then we weren't even tired. Well, home and working again.

Nov. 15, 1945 found myself, Duane, Casey and his missus and son up and at it the 15th. Duane knew where to go. He was an old deer hunter by now. Casey and myself off on our own....so the good word was said, "be careful now, you know you are looking for horns....see you at noon." Neither Casey or myself had any luck so back to camp and when we could see the meat pole there was a buck on the pole all dressed out. I turned to Casey and remarked that the fellow we heard telling his buddy that he shot one hung it up at a camp over on the next fire lane so he used our pole. Well, anyway someone is getting some shooting. On up to the tent and there was Duane's 32-20 sitting by the big pine. We put our guns down and inside said to Duane. "Why did you let the fellow shoot the buck from under your nose?" "What do you



mean, Dad, I let the other fellow shoot the buck?" So I told what we had heard. With that Duane says, "No sir!" he shot that buck out there. And Mrs. Casey said, "No, sirree, Duane killed that all by himself. We helped him hang it up." So Casey and myself was flabbergasted and Duane began to tell us about killing it..... all of a sudden, Casey said, "I've got to get out - I've got to cry." I choked it back by not saying anything and so we couldn't have been any happier if I'd shot it myself.

Nov. 15, 1946 - the war is over and Jim is home. Myself, Duane, Jim, Casey and Robert and having just two rifles, James used the automatic shotgun and the first morning he shot up the whole hillside and wound up with only empty shells - so noon time we are all at camp and we eat and swap stories of the morning hunt with one another and plan the afternoon hunt. Then everyone would know where the other one would be.....so good luck and off we were. So I went up the fire lane, stepped into the pines and out in front of me there was my buck with about 8 does. He stopped behind a ragged pine - his flank was all that was visible, so I placed one in the flank and down he went and up he came - another shot and down he went again and up he came, another shot and down he went for good. It was 1-2-3 just as fast as I could pump my 35. The second shot knocked a horn off but I think I could have walked up to him and cut his throat for he was paralyzed in the hips. But like all of the other hunters, I was trying to keep him down. Duane was the only one that would believe it was me, so he helped me hang it up on the meat pole. So that done, off we went and overtook the other hunters but all we did was hunt back to camp and supper and a few rounds of cards and we hit the hay.

All out for breakfast in the woods and decide where we were to hunt. Believe it or not, me with a shotgun, Jim had my rifle.



So about 8 o'clock I heard that 32-20 bark one time, about 5 minutes and then another one and I was on my way - walked up just as Duane started to dress it out -- looked up and said to Jim, let Dad dress it out. While I was dressing it he told us about how he came running past after another fellow had shot back over the hill. Well, we were on our way to camp and another one on the meat pole. Jim said, "Dad, you take your gun. I will take the 32-20." Duane had the shotgun and we were off, so Duane went back to his favorite place and Jim and myself walked down the fire lane, came to a little pot hole.... "Well, Jim, you go around the far side and I will stay in the fire lane." We had just left one another - not over 3 minutes when someone over the hill started shooting. So we both froze in our tracks and I hadn't heard anything when all of a sudden that 32-20 barked 3 times and a doe liked to have run over me, so I waited about another 3 minutes, called to Jim, "Did you get it?" "No, but I think I hit it the first shot and he is a big one." Then I told him a doe almost ran over me and he said there was two with him. "Well, walk on in but be careful." So he did and out came the other doe with the buck staggering after it so as I didn't hear Jim shoot, I cut loose shooting about a hundred yards at it through thick poplar, the 6 shots I shot one hind leg off at the hock joint that turned him around back to where he came from. Jim still didn't shoot so I called to him and said, "Don't you see that buck.....he's back in where you shot him first." He said, "No, I am laying flat on the ground." "Get up, he is practically standing on you." "I can't see him." "Well, watch, I will come in and pick up his tracks, for I hit him, I don't know how hard." "O.K., I will watch." So I didn't realize I had an empty gun so I walked over and in the swamp and there he stood. As he



started, I snapped and found I had an empty gun. I told Jim to get back to the road....my gun was empty. So we met on the road...me with a loaded gun, then. The buck had crossed the road with two shots in him and we took up his trail. He sure was moving. I said, "Wait, Jim, you go around on that far hillside and see if you can see him" - so he signaled he couldn't. I took up the bloody trail again and as I rounded a little hill, there he lay, so I put my bead on his head and called to Jim to come on back. "O.K., that is far enough now, go toward the tent....watch, he is lying down this side of that stump." "Well, shoot him." "No, I want you to shoot it." "Shoot it....Shoot it."...about that time he lunged to get up and I touched it off - and shot him through the mouth - almost a miss right there. And then Jim emptied his gun and ran up to its side and started to hit it with his gun. But a call from me stopped that. So he was going right over to Duane - we hollered to him to look out and at that instant, Bang - "Did you stop him." Not a sound. Bang!Bang! "Did you stop him." "No." "He is stopped now, not down, standing." Jim hollered, "Shoot him again." Bang! "Did he fall?" "Heck, no." "Shoot him again." "I'm out of shells. Come on, Dad, hurry up." Me, with my tongue dragging through those briars stumbling and falling. Hurry, Hurry! About that time someone just over the hill shot at something. Jim gave me that long, lost look and said, "Come on, Dad, maybe we can get there before he puts his tag on it." "Where is it, Duane?" "He has laid down now." "Well, get a-straddle of him, Duane." "Heck, he is too big!" Jim looked back at me with a grin, "Come on, Dad, you are the only one that's got any shells." So that buck stayed down. So I finally got my tongue out of those briars and joined the boys there by the buck. Jim said, "Shoot it, Dad and get it out of its misery." "No, here you shoot it yourself." "O.K."



Then the buck tried to get up but finished it with that last death struggle. Duane says what goes, you could have at least let me finish it off, even though Jim will have to put his seal on it. Duane thought he had done the damage to the deer himself. When we explained all of that shooting had been at the same buck and Jim saw and shot it first, then he understood. There had been 23 shots fired at the buck, he had been hit from the front end to the back end. He should of had ten points but when Duane shot him in the head that last time with buckshot, I don't think horns has stopped falling in that area - for now when you pass by that way and just pause for a second you can hear those horns still falling. Honestly, I don't think you could call it more than a 3 pointer now. Well, we got it all dressed out and back to camp. But we couldn't hang him up, but we tried. Another hunter came by and gave us a hand and admired our kill. This all took place before 11 o'clock the second day of hunting season. We had dinner ready when Casey and Robert came in and they couldn't believe what they saw. Well, we were still in good spirits, we took off after dinner and hunted just as hard as if we had not of scored - one of us. But we didn't have any more luck. So back home to school and to work and planning for the next season.

Nov. 15, 1947. We were back at Glennie but we had to change our camping ground. When we got in the woods they had cut all of the pines around where we had camped. The wind would have blown us away so we moved over on the other end of the fire lane. Duane and myself set up camp. Casey and his son came in later. '47 also was a tough one - so luck at all. Casey went home and Duane and myself stayed for a week. Duane finally got one the easiest anyone of us have ever got unless it happened to fall right in



camp. We had left camp at daylight with sandwiches in our pocket. We had hunted all day hard and I mean hard. Had not seen a horn and almost back to camp Duane said, "Let's sit down and rest - I feel lucky." "O.K." We sit down and while we were sitting there someone began shooting up ahead of us. We just sit there and there came a bunch of does that trotted on past but no bucks. We sat there about half hour. Finally, O.K., let's go. So we walked over where the does came through, walked their tracks back and walked up on blood. I stopped, nodded to Duane and said, "That was the deer he was shooting at and the way that deer is bleeding he wasn't with the rest of those deer." We back tracked and I said, "Here's the deer and it's got horns too." "It sure has." I told Duane to stay with the deer and I would see if any one was tracking it out. There was a good snow on the ground and I couldn't find anyone, but I did find a man's tracks. Those deer were standing on a knoll. The other hunter, I am sure, saw the buck but in shooting at it he hit a doe also. The doe fell close by. The man walked over to where they were standing and when he saw blood and walked over to where the doe had fallen he even walked right up to it as his tracks showed -- even sat his rifle down to put his seal on. But there wasn't any horns - well, what the heck...I imagine that is about what he thought, don't you. Well, you see he thought he just killed that doe, so the next thing he thought of was to get out of there. He back-tracked and wasn't any where to be found or at least he wouldn't answer me so I went back over to where Duane was and we dressed out, wrapped a year before seal around a horn and dragged it to camp. The reason for this is, if we had run across the guy and found out that he was the one that shot that buck we would have told him where he could get it. For myself when I shoot one I don't want anyone to put his seal on it



if you get what I mean. So when you feel sure you made a kill, probably like this fellow, make a little circle around and if this fellow had done that, he would of found this buck. So, we had meat. Well, got to go to work and Duane back to school, but preparing for 1948.

Well, a few days before deer season, we had a letter from Ray. He was in Korea and in his letter he said, "Dad, if J.T. is there for deer season, take her up with you, please." Well, here is Nov. 14. Myself, Mom, J.T., Duane, Robert, Casey, Wayne all ready for bed. Yes, we finally made it and there was everything but a real tornado that night. Even you could hear the Canadian honkers honking all through the night. I think we were all seasick.....roots of those trees we were sleeping on heaved and groaned all night.....I believed they would blow over if they had not of had so much meat on those roots. But daylight in the swamp brought not a twig moving that day so off we were. I took J.T. over about a mile and sat her on a good run-way and told her I would be back about noon. Well, I was and to my surprise I didn't hear her shoot for I had ran 2 bucks her way and there were fresh tracks crossing the fire lane. She said, "No, I haven't seen anything." "What happened, did you go to sleep?" I wouldn't have blamed her any for it was that kind of a morning. "No, after you left, I went back to camp." "Oh, I see," but from that day to now, I don't know why. But I do know she wasn't wearing any red handled underwear. She could of learned a lesson from us fellows, hearing us tell about having someone draw a bead on us because we didn't have red flannel on our bottom and I don't blame her for not taking the chance. Duane was the only one to get a buck - he shot one I saw. Mom stayed at camp and saw 3 bucks. We asked her why she didn't shoot one with that .22, but she said she was afraid she



would hurt it.

Well, all back home and J.T. getting ready for Japan to join Ray. She went in December so we did get to have some pancakes and steaks before she left.

Well, here we are, Nov. 1949, getting ready for deer season all by myself. Talked Fisher Body into giving me a week off, thought Casey would take a week but he said he "couldn't spare the time. So Mom said she would go with me for a week and we were in camp for the 15th. Casey and Wayne, Mom and myself was up pat hunting and I thought I had found the perfect run-way. So as we had breakfast we laid our plans...Mom was to stay around camp because the year before she saw 3 bucks while sitting in camp. So Casey and Wayne was to hunt in the regular places and I was going over near the old alfalfa field to my run-ways which turned out to be sheep trails. I hung around until about 9 o'clock seeing nothing and all of the shooting was back toward camp and I started that way. About 9:30 I took my stand on a hog back, found out later the poplars was so thick, the way I was watching I couldn't swing on a running deer. I was at this spot about 15 minutes when someone started shooting up ahead of me so I froze in my tracks hoping he would come my way and by then I could hear deer running and could even hear him rattling his horns on the brush as he ran. I said, "Run!" and that is just what he was doing. It seemed that I waited for an hour but I just had time to push off my safety. About 75 yards away there was a doe leading her boy friend. Off about 20 ft. she seemed to be looking in all directions at once. All that buck was doing was looking at that doe, those horns laid back on his shoulders and running.....I honestly believe he was clearing 20 ft. at a jump. They came on around the hill and across the valley and up to the ridge where I was standing. I think if I had stood



still they would have ran over me and that was when I found out how thick those poplars were. I couldn't hold a bead on that buck - he was coming so fast. I had to raise my gun up and try for a bead but that wouldn't work. That doe missed me about 6 ft...she was on top of me all at once and there I stood, holding my gun straight up. She went on around me. I squared myself for that buck to do the same but instead he hit the run-way I was standing in and headed straight up over the hill instead of following that doe. That meant I had to shift to another position, throw my gun on him and pull the trigger on the first jump he made and it connected. He made one other jump and that was over the side of that ridge out of sight. But all I could hear was that thud and all quiet - I could see all around but not the bottom of that draw, so I waited one or two minutes and eased over. There he was and I eased on over to him and I saw why he didn't move. I had done everything but cut his throat. His innards were laying out on the ground... that was the easiest dressed deer I ever dressed out. Seal on, going back to my car out goes a big snowshoe rabbit stopped about 50 yards ahead and off went its head. Loaded buck on one fender, the snowshoe on the other. Back to camp, well, you know how I felt. If you have ever shot a buck and brought it into camp by yourself. Mom met me as I drove up. About the first thing I remember she said --"Go, shoot one for me." Well, we have go to put it on the meat pole. We did and the rabbit also and off I was. I walked about  $\frac{1}{4}$  mile, stopped, leaned back against a pine to get my breath and there, about 75 yards away stood another buck looking straight at me. As I moved to raise my gun, he turned his head to the right and I touched it - hitting him just behind the ear. He didn't even give that last stuggle kick. I had killed that buck stone dead. Back to camp in less than one



hour. Maw couldn't believe what she saw with the seal locked on. We put it on the meat pole and began to make dinner. When Casey and Wayne walked into camp they couldn't believe what they saw... they hadn't seen anything but does and they didn't the remainder of their stay. We stayed a few more days but just to be staying in camp. Well, back home and to work, planning for another hunt in 1950.

Deer season came around again, Jim still in college, Duane all through with his basic training, ready for overseas to Germany. He got in deer camp just as I was rolling up the tent. Well, it is beyond telling how we felt, Max was in camp with me, well, anyway Duane and Max said they would stay all night, hunt the next day. He had to sail by Christmas. Well, that was a rough year, also. Anyway, Duane in Germany, Jim in school, Ray in Korea. Myself back to work, planning and hoping for a hunt where we all could be in camp together for once.

The 1951 deer season found us over on the fruit farm. Three days before November 15 I had gone into the deer woods all by myself, arrived at our camp site. It was raining cats and dogs and it sure was good I put in that G.I. raincoat. Off with my hunting coat, on with the rainsuite. I started pitching camp and when finished I had to change shirt and pants so they could dry. But I didn't make my bed, my oil heater turned up high and my camp stove burning while I cooked supper, yes, I cooked supper because I hadn't eaten since I left home that morning. After supper I made a good bed.... you bet, a good wheat straw bed, so into bed early and up early out looking for deer. I saw a nice buck that day, back to camp and put the finishing touch to camp supper again and to bed and out early the next morning in the woods and saw another buck because early to bed and up early was because it was just too darn lonesome



all by myself. Night of 14th Jim came up with Casey and they brought a house trailer, Casey, his wife and daughter came along. Jim got to bed in time to get some sleep but I got him out early. I had the place spotted for our first hunt but if no good we had a certain place to meet at 9 o'clock and this spot wasn't any good, so over at the hill on the firelane. But no Jim and I understood why, a car parked there with two hunters. As I stepped out of the pines those two men unloaded their guns and got in the car. As I stopped about the center of the firelane I heard 3 shots west which was the way I was facing so as you know, I knew the surroundings. The first thought was, if it was a miss and he came my way he would be right where I stood and there was just two things that caused that buck not to cross where I was standing. I was looking west and saw that buck coming my way and out of a blue sky, Bang! Bang! - he didn't even check running until his front feet hit the edge of that firelane and I suppose you know why he stopped there. Yes, my mark is still there, my bullet passed through that buck and cut a two inch pine half in two. As he fell I remarked that it wasn't going farther without being carried. As I sat my gun down and pulled off my coat, I heard the brush crack and saw this hunter come running and as he walked up he said, "Wait a minute, who killed this buck?" I said, "Look him over and see what you think." Those two other hunters came on down as he said, "I don't see how I could miss him for I led him about 3 ft." They looked at me and winked and said, "That gun isn't that slow." But he was telling me he killed it and I said, "Well, that hole right there is where I hit it, if you find where it has been hit twice I won't have a word to say and will apologize for shooting." "Well, I think it is my deer," he said. One of those fellows winked at me again and said, "The law says the one puts a seal on it gets the deer." So he said,



"Well, how am I going to put my seal on it." I stepped over and picked up my rifle and looked him in the eyes and said, "That is just what you are not going to do is put your seal on unless you show me another hole in it, and then you can put your seal on it and dress it out." Well, he said, guess he had as well move on.

I said, "That's right, it's getting crowded around here and I'm getting nervous." So I put my seal on and dressed it out and carted it over to the meat pole. Just as I was leaving camp, Casey came dragging one in so I helped him hang his up, so Jim came in and we had dinner and Casey sat down and had dinner with us. As we walked out to start to go back hunting we happened to look down the firelane and saw his car and said, "Well, I wonder what my folks will think."....he looked around kinda silly and said, "I had forgot about them being down there." "I've even eaten dinner with you." Well, that wasn't out of the ordinary because for the last 16 years we had done that same thing and as far as I know, that is the last time I've shot a buck the same day and had dinner together. Well, if you are wondering what was wrong, he got soft and could not rough it in a tent...he went from a house car to a cabin. Now he might have not gone soft.....that's my story, so if you ever run across him, he might tell it differently. Just one of those things, I suppose. So anyway, that Joe didn't shoot me as you well know for that was Nov. 15, 1951 about 9 o'clock. Well, Jim and myself left that next night on home without seeing another buck.....counted 18 does in one bunch that afternoon.

Well, home and raised a lot of apples, hoping too, Ray and Duane would get home for that next season and so they did. Ray and Jean, Jim and myself went up and you talk about rain. It sure did rain 7 days, not a buck did we see. As you know this was Nov. 15, 1952 as we got home we read the paper, it told how many they brought



across the straits. Ray looked at me and said, "Dad, we can be across in time to hunt at daylight." I said to him, "Don't say that to me unless you mean to go, for you know the truck isn't unloaded." We made a pot of coffee and was out on our way before 11 o'clock and was around Trout Lake in time to hunt. Even had breakfast but no luck. Few does. Back to the truck and to cook supper. It started to sleet and snow. Ray looked at me and said, "We can almost be home for breakfast, cranked up and we are on our way." "Well," he said, "Do you want to go?" I supposed you do or you wouldn't have mentioned it. Crank it up, I said. Well, we didn't make it in time for breakfast as I recall. Sat around a day or so. Mom and myself went up for a day and a night, came home the morning of Thanksgiving and Duane was home. Had dinner and Duane and myself went up Friday afternoon to camp. We didn't get any shooting that afternoon, Ray, Jim and Kitsy came up that night. Ray drove all the way from Ohio to Glennie, got there in time for breakfast. We laid our plans and off we were so Duane, Ray and I met over on the old road. No Jim. I said to Ray and Jim back in camp. He shot one just as he left camp. Well, we made more plans and started over the Eiler Greene swamp, I left Ray at the head of it and told him to stay there until I came back and told him I would send Duane back then to where I caught up to him. So I sent Duane back and I was on my way to make a circle; I jumped 4 does out of a bunch of poplars. They headed Ray's way and I didn't even stop walking for about that time I heard shooting start and Duane or myself didn't get there in time, only to help dress out and drag one back to camp. As we all know that was the year you could shoot any deer the last 3 days of season and that was the 2 days Kitsy was in camp. So we had 5 deer to bring home and what we saw up there sure was a sickening sight. It sure was a slaughter



around there. Well, back home that evening and everyone back to work so we went planning for next season which was Nov. 15, 1953.

Ray and myself went across the straits. We went up in Schoolcroft Co. over on 94 from Manistee. We were up for a week. I had a buck I thought was going to charge me from the way he came out of that swamp. But as I turned to shoot he jumped back over himself and I fired 3 rounds. But missed him. The next day Ray shot one with one side of his rack shot off. So we hunted the next day and came home that night. Those coyotes howling made Ray homesick and I had to bring him home. Duane came home for the last week of hunting season so him and I went to Glennie and hunted the old stomping ground and not even a doe. Went over near McKinley and Duane missed two bucks and we came home. He was using Ray's .30-.30 so we struck out home. We took Joyce back up with us and liked to have gassed her to death that afternoon. But she discovered what was wrong and shut the gas off and good for that. We stayed all night for the big slaughter next day. So Duane and myself got a pair and came home early - so that wound that season up. But with the vow from Duane that he was through deer hunting until he had a gun like mine. So we started planning for another season's hunt.

So Duane had a brand new 300 Remington on the same scale as mine. We planned to go across the straits again for Nov. 15, 1954. Ray and myself pitched camp up in Iron Co. over on Deer River near Amasa, that is north of Crystal Falls on 141. With camp pitched, Ray and I came out to Amasa and called Jim and told him where we were. We were about 600 miles from home. Jim and Duane had about 26 hours wait at the straits, but finally across. Drove right up to camp without asking anyone. As we look back over those trips we wonder how many people could have done that. But those two boys



did just that. Well, that hunt holds a lot of memories. You see, we were all in camp for the first days hunt. Myself, Ray, Jim, Duane, all in good shape except Duane and he wasn't too bad off. To kinda refresh your memory, Ray had come up from Dayton, Ohio. Me and Ray went on up ahead as was mentioned. Duane was in Baltimore, Md. He and Joyce and Baby drove to Montrose after his days work and woke Jim up and had breakfast, got in the Cadillac and started north. It took about 36 hours to make 600 miles but it took about 26 hours before they could get a boat to cross on. There was about 25 miles of deer hunters ahead of them. So you see the driving Duane had done without any sleep and it was his first experience crossing the straits. After we got our camp deer permit, we had supper and went to bed. Duane and I bunked together and he kept rolling and turning.....finally I got it out of him what was wrong. So he said, sick headache which I have had a lot of times. And I was right ready to assist him any way I could. Not any alka-seltzer but we did scrape up a couple of aspirins so I started putting hot towels on his head. He kept scolding himself for being in that shape and the next morning was the time to holler, "Daylight in the swamp".... so we finally got him to lay still and forget that next morning: (well, you all know about how he fell with that brand new gun he hadn't even fired). So I still remember those hot towels and how they feel when you start to get a little relief. I don't think he remembers the last two towels I put on his head for he didn't even move a muscle so I covered him up good and eased in the bed beside him and we got out fairly well next morning. Breakfast and off to the hunt. Jim saw a spike and thought it too small.... forgot about our camp deer. So as we started back to camp at noon, Duane wanted to shoot that rifle, he was in good shape, so he took a shot at a poplar I had made a spot on, at about a hundred yards



away, and hit it dead center. We had lunch and were off again. Duane and myself together. So about 4 o'clock that afternoon Duane happened to be in the right place at the right time and an 8 point buck failed to see him. Yes, Duane got to try that 300 out. I waited and he called me and I went over. So when I saw the look on his face, I knew he had the rifle he wanted. So we dressed it out and he looked up at me and said, "Where is that camp seal?" I have it! Put it on, we are going to have steak for supper and a lot of it! O.K. We dragged him out to the truck, put him on the fender and back to camp and on the meat pole. We dressed out a hind quarter, but before we had finished dressing it out, Ray and Jim came in to camp and we all pitched in, getting supper. One sliced venison, one french fried potatoes, one made a tossed salad, one fried steak. Well, we all pitched in. And we sure did have a feast. When Jim and Duane left 3 days later, you might say all that was left of that deer was the hide, head and feet. Those two boys will never know what they missed unless they are left behind sometime..... to have something to eat...(you see, we were snowed in). We had leg soup, hide dressing, head cheese and antler spaghetti. We really lived it up. Just came to me what gave that spaghetti a metal taste, we were afraid to take the seal off....we didn't want to break the law. Well, Ray and I stayed in camp until Thanksgiving and we broke camp and headed for home. We had a good time but it sure did get lonesome those last few days without those other two boys.

Well, we are planning on another hunt up there this fall but Ray was sent to the Philippines so Jim went into the milk business and so Duane and I started to plan a hunt all by ourselves. He got here the morning of Nov. 11, 1955. We had planned to go



to the Porcupine Mts. to hunt and look the country over. We took out about noon of the 11th and we got in on the south side 12 Saturday about 3 o'clock. We didn't like the looks of it. But we saw lots of deer sign. We drove back around northside of it and drove to the Park Ranger station and he directed us where to go. So we drove in there on the Nonsuch Road about dark. I had built a row boat to use in this hunt, but we chickened out and I guess it was a good thing we did. We might still be in there. Now we stayed all night on the Monarch Road. Slept in the truck, got up looked around next morning and saw lots of sign but we decided to look some more. That was Sunday morning, we ate and pulled out and headed east toward Front Creek. Pulled in north of that place and pitched camp. We hunted 2 days without seeing 1 single deer. We broke camp the second afternoon and headed down to Amasa. It was snowing so hard before we got to Crystal Falls at times you couldn't see the hood of the truck. We drove on until we got to Manistee, drove out on ---

#### The End

Well, that is all he wrote so far as I know....that is all I have at least....but it is not the end.....and it was lonesome in camp after Jim and Duane left....and it has been lonesome for some time now for us, all of us, because the "Hungry Hunter" that loved the woods and the out of doors didn't write anymore after this time. He did hunt a little from time to time but his kidneys and circulatory system commenced to fail and he was not in good health from about this time until he passed away in August 1963. He did continue to hunt and fish and enjoy the out of doors until the end of his life on this earth. His body lies close to the woods along the Flint River near Montrose...and if there is any hunting where his spirit is



I know he will be hard at it. As for us...well, we are just plain lonesome.....and the most lonely time of all occurs each fall around 15 November.....the pain of losing him and not being able to be with him at this time is very nearly unbearable at times when we detect the odor of treated canvas, such as that in his old tent...or gun oil...and like the deer he hunted...he had a specific odor about him in the woods...as he would himself say...it was a little "musky" but smelled good to us boys...

No, it is not the end for him...his sons...his grandsons and his great grandsons will carry on...not all will be like him but some will be a little like him and I pray there will be one just like him in each succeeding generation...Whose seed will produce this Eddie Sherman McIntosh?...will it be Ray?...Jim?...Duane?...I don't know..He has Michael, James, Angus, Maury, John, Bruce, Daniel and Aaran McIntosh for grandsons..and Joseph McIntosh Savage and David Duncan as grandsons..all the forementioned have the same amount of his blood...who will it be?...which ones will be like him and stand for the same ideals he stood for?...I pray all...whether they look like him or not...or even whether or not they have the opportunity or desire to spend time in the woods...for he was a good man....he had it all...he was a man's man but had humility, kindness, honesty, integrity and all of the virtues needed to raise a family properly and stand up for his rights...and I loved him very much...we all did...everybody did...he was a man with character - you knew where he stood at all times...and he was my father.