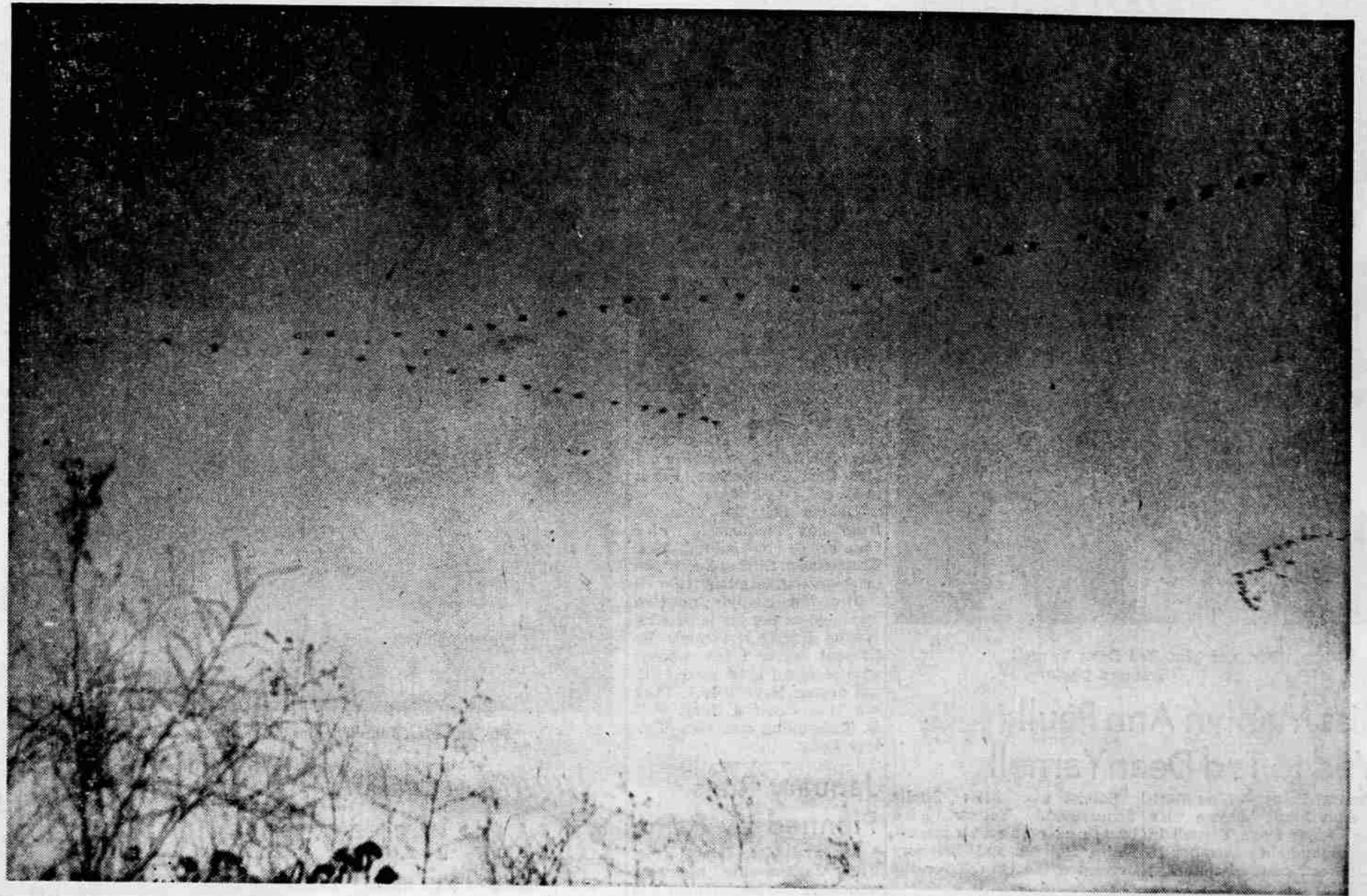


Game for the Table



There are few sports that can compare with hunting wild geese . . . and, according to those who hunt them, there is no fare as delightful for a Thanksgiving dinner as wild goose stuffed and roasted to a golden brown. With this in mind, three hunters from Rogue River valley undertook the trip to Goose lake, near Lakeview, Ore., in quest of Canadian honkers, which are now migrating in great numbers down one of America's largest flyways, east of the Cascades. Sitting hunched in a blind while icy wind whips at his clothing and "burns" his skin, a hunter must be patient until a flight comes his way. In the picture above, Howard Puckett of Phoenix watches the lake in the early morning light to try to spot a flight rising from the water on their way to feed in nearby grain fields.



One method of bringing the big birds within shooting distance is with a goose call and decoys. A call to get their attention is first given, then a feeding call, which often causes the flock to turn and land near the decoys set out in a field. At right, Carl Clark of Lakeview, a friend of the party, watches and works one of the calls while the rest of the hunters stay concealed nearby.



The day's take, being held by the hunters in the picture above, included four large "honkers" and one smaller one, a lesser honker and a mallard hen. The men are, left to right, Jack Zeleznik and Paul Zeleznik, his father, both Medford, and Howard Puckett. One of the geese (right), stuffed with oyster dressing and roasted to a turn, was served by Mrs. Puckett when the family had company for dinner last week.

