

Puddle Jumpers Best Hunting Dog Part II

I have already told about the best hunting dog a person can have now I will tell one of our Hunting stories. It was an overcast day at work, the Bombing and gunnery Range. I was sitting in one of the 50 foot bomb spotting towers. Had a great view of the range and could see all kinds of wildlife, deer, bears, minks (could never trap one of those suckers but that is another story) along with various other critters. I had been watching Wood ducks flying in and out and took note of where I saw most of them gathering. Guess you can tell what my plan was; yes going to get me a few. I thought long and hard on the best plan of action to get them without that much work on my part being a new Civil Service employee and learning the ropes. I only had my deer rifle in the Bronco so had to make a trip home for the shotgun and duck shot shells.

Since I was going home anyway I would pick up my buddy who is always ready to hunt with me, Bruno the best all around hunting dog I have ever seen much less owned. Well not really owned he thought he owned me. We had an agreement; I would take him hunting if he listened to me!!! End of work came and I hurried home to pick up the means to get those Wood Ducks. When I got home my buddy met all ready to go. I went into the house and got the gun and shells, told the wife that Bruno and I were heading back to Range to try and bring home some ducks. She told me to be careful with Bruno; he was one of her kids also. I promised I would, and Bruno and I hopped into the old hunting Bronco and headed to the Range.

The Wood ducks I had been seeing were landing and taking off from one of the canals that helped the Range drain into the sound as the Range was only a few feet above sea level. We got out of the Bronco and I loaded my gun and you should have seen Bruno get all excited as he knew we were hunting!!! We walked down the path near the canal and the first one got up and I blasted him and he fell into the canal and Bruno was after him before I could bring the gun down. No commands were needed; he got the duck and brought it back to my hand. I told him good boy, patted him on the head and as we walked a little farther down the canal another one got up, repeat of the first.

We did this till we had the limit and I told Bruno that we had to stop that we have limited out. On the way back to the truck the wind was blowing toward us and Bruno all of a sudden took off and ran past my truck about 300 yards and when into the brush and I heard a splash. I hurried up to the spot to see what was going on and Bruno came out of the brush with a wounded duck. I had not shot that one and here I am with a limit and my dog finds one that

someone else had wounded!!! I gave him a look and said “ boy what are we to do”??? Well I could not kill the duck, it looked like it would survive, so I decided to take it home and knew my wife and kids would take care of it. I just hoped that anyone else would understand.

We got home and the wife and kids came out to welcome Bruno home and say hi to me. I finally got their attention with the wounded duck and they all immediately gave that duck and Bruno all the attention. I gave up and went and cleaned the other ducks. Had to ask my neighbor for some feed for the duck and do you know that duck did make it. In about a week my wife and kids let it go. Bruno had even guarded it while it was in the house. I have many more stories of my Best hunting dog!!!

By Harold “Puddle Jumper” Hollingsworth

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