

ASSOCIATES PROGRAM UPDATE

Teddy Roosevelt's Ideal Hunter



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In this age of high tech everything, it is a wonderfully refreshing experience to come across someone whose traditional hunting techniques and practices epitomize the very essence of what hunting is all about. It is even more special to meet someone whose hunting prowess is matched if not exceeded by his/her knowledge and intellect. So it was when I met Robert F. Wallace.

I became acquainted with Bob during the early 1980's in Pullman, Washington, where he retired after a career as a university professor of economics. Since that time I have come to appreciate the many "gifts" which Bob has brought to our relationship. I have hunted big game and upland birds with Bob over the years but mostly I have enjoyed visiting with him and simply listening

to his many, many stories.....not just hunting stories, but stories with significant historical and literary significance. One can hardly carry on a conversation with Bob without him inserting some interesting "tidbit" of history, a quote from a famous poet or an anecdote which illustrates the point of the discussion. Recently Bob noted during a discussion of his World War II naval anti-aircraft experiences, "Anecdotes are what really make a great story." I suspect

Bob has read all of the "great books" as he is so sharp with his literary and historical facts that he is a match for any history or English professor whom I have ever known. Bob's hunting stories range from accounts of solo backpack hunts for deer and

elk in the wilderness areas of Washington, Idaho, and Montana to self-guided hunts for tiger in India and lion in Africa. It is a special experience to go hunting with Bob Wallace as he has a story for every occasion and if you listen you will always learn something interesting which you did not know.

It was Bob Wallace who sparked my interest in the Boone & Crockett Club. He knew a great deal about the history of the Club and the individuals who were members of the Club. Although I was only familiar with the Club's records program, I learned about the history, traditions, and membership of the Boone and Crockett Club from Bob. Bob was a very close friend of Boone & Crockett Club members Phil Wright, Art Popham and Maurice Hornocker.

Bob is a native of Holton, Kansas, and met Art Popham in the early 1950's while Bob was travelling with the CIA. Over the years Bob and Art became good friends and Bob often stayed with Art and Phoebe when he was in Kansas City. During the late 1980's Bob recalls a wonderful hunt for bobwhite quail in the milo fields on the Edwards farm near Mayetta, Kansas. "It was on the Potawatomi Indian Reservation recalled Bob, "One of the tribes on the trail of tears."

Bob became acquainted with Phil Wright when Bob moved from his faculty position in the economics department at Washington State University to Missoula to become the Chair of the Economics Department at the University of Montana in 1961. At the time Phil Wright was the Chair of the Zoology Department. Over the nine years that Bob was in Missoula he and Phil became very close hunting partners. "Phil and I hit it off right away. Phil welcomed me and took me to his favorite hunting places," noted Bob. "Phil knew the area and I am a discoverer so we found a lot of places." At the time Bob owned a wonderful

English pointer named Joe. Phil had Tana, a very good golden retriever. "Often we would go to the Flathead Valley. That was our favorite place. It had lots and lots of pheasants. One time Phil was telling me about a man who was a very good fisherman. He's like us when it comes to hunting. We always get our limit," Phil exclaimed!

Bob recalled hunting elk with Phil up on Sandstone Ridge, just above the "big hogback" going upstream on Rock Creek. Phil knew the country and I knew how to hunt so we were almost always successful. I used a Winchester model 70 which I bought in 1949 and had it rechambered to .300 Weatherby. I shot tigers and everything with that rifle. I bought a license at Bob Ward and Son's and asked them where I could find a deer. They said, "Any place!" "They were right. Any place you went around Missoula you could get a deer."

I had always been puzzled as to why Bob was such an ardent upland bird hunter in his later years when he had been such an accomplished big game hunter early in his life. When I asked Bob about this he said, "I wasn't going to do any big game hunting as long as the bird season was open...I had this wonderful dog and the bird hunting was wonderful...I could hunt birds every day. Phil agreed with me that in the 1960's we had the highest grouse populations he had ever seen. I could leave the university in the afternoon, drive 20 miles down to the Florence bench and shoot a limit of pheasants. Phil would never take a day off during the week because he was too conscientious. If I wanted to take a day off, I did. I would go two or three times a week. Often I got a limit of blue grouse behind my house. You could go anywhere around Missoula and get wonderful grouse hunting. The best blue grouse hunting was on Marshall Mountain. You could start at the top and as you flushed birds the birds would fly down hill and then walk back up

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giving you another chance for a shot when you climbed back up the mountain. While hunting on Marshall Mountain you could hear the traffic noise in Missoula. Now you can't do it anymore in all these wonderful places where Phil and I hunted. I took good care of my department and had a great faculty who have all done very, very well in their careers. Pheasant season opened on Sunday. I would go out on Saturday and shoot a big buck so I didn't have to mess around with deer anymore. There was so much big game that I didn't have to worry about whether I could get a deer or an elk."

Bob described a deer hunt with Phil Wright on Rock Creek in a place Phil called "Flander's Field" from the World War I poem. The place on Rock Creek was called Flander's Field because Phil said, "If we put a cross everywhere we shot a deer in this meadow it would look like Flanders Field." It was here where Phil and Bob witnessed a phenomenon which Phil recently asked Bob to write up for Phil's Montana bird records. Bob described the occasion. "It was here that the trees were full of hundreds of blue grouse, sitting close together in the trees...so many that they were crowded on every limb. As Bob described the incident he noted, "They were not sitting on the ends of the conifer branches like they usually do. There were so many that they were all gathered together. There were hundreds and hundreds of blue grouse....over a thousand grouse were in this spot."

Bob summarized his years of friendship and hunting adventures with Phil Wright by simply saying, "We had some dandy adventures....."

Maurice Hornocker was a student of Phil Wright and Bert Pfeiffer at the University of Montana when Bob was at the University of Montana. Bob noted, "It was Bert who showed Maurice his first cougar." Bob returned to WSU in 1970 to become the chair of the WSU

Department of Economics. Maurice was then the head of the federal cooperative wildlife unit at the University of Idaho. "Maurice was a great English pointer man. We hunted together often and became great friends," noted Bob as his Katie, Bob's current dog from Maurice's line of pointers, moved over on the bed so Bob could get more comfortable while talking to me.

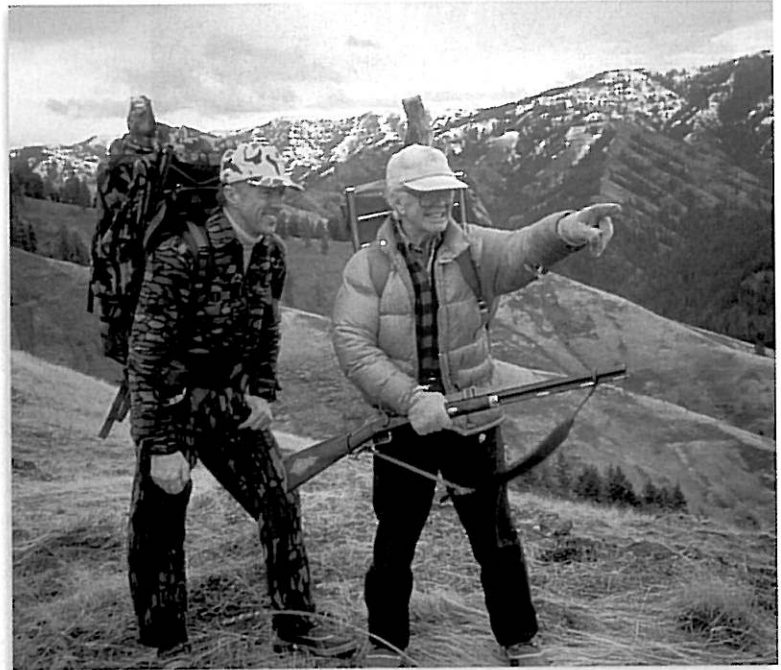
In addition to more than 50 years of hunting North American big game Bob also hunted tiger in India while he was teaching economics at the University of Punjab in Lahore, West Pakistan from 1956-60. When I asked Bob how he got to Pakistan he explained that Washington State University had a contract under President Truman's 4-Point plan which enabled him to go to Pakistan to teach. While teaching in Lahore, Bob took his holidays and made 7 different hunts in India bagging 4 tigers, leopard, and other game. In order to do so, essentially on his own, he learned the Hindustani language so he could go out into the bush, go to a village and talk with the native people. Using a jeep for transportation he went to villages, became acquainted with the people and hunted tiger and other game. While recalling his tiger hunts Bob noted, "I spent at least 30 days sitting alone in trees at night. I just loved it." Bob described his tiger hunts in India in an article in the December 1967 issue of the *American Rifleman*.

In addition to his "self guided" hunts in India, Bob made similar hunts for lion in Africa. These hunts were described in an article in the December 1973 issue of the *American Rifleman*.

In January 1992 that I had the privilege of sharing a special big game hunt with Bob Wallace. We

applied for and drew tags for a late muzzleloader elk hunt in southeastern Washington. We had a great hunt and a few months short of his 80th birthday Bob Wallace was there to help me with the chores of butchering the elk and backpacking the quarters down the mountain. As we cleaned the elk and backpacked it out to the pick-up over that afternoon and the next day Bob told story after story. I simply listened. It was wonderful. I have never met a more well-read and knowledgeable person and likely never will. I would have given anything to have had Bob Wallace as a teacher and a mentor during my undergraduate days at the university. His talk ranged from the history of the French and Indian War including the role of the Algonquin Indians, to tiger hunting in India, to quotes of most of the "great books" including Aldo Leopold's *Sand County Almanac*, to Bob's detailed description his eloquent career as a Naval anti-aircraft instructor during World War II. Ad infinitum.

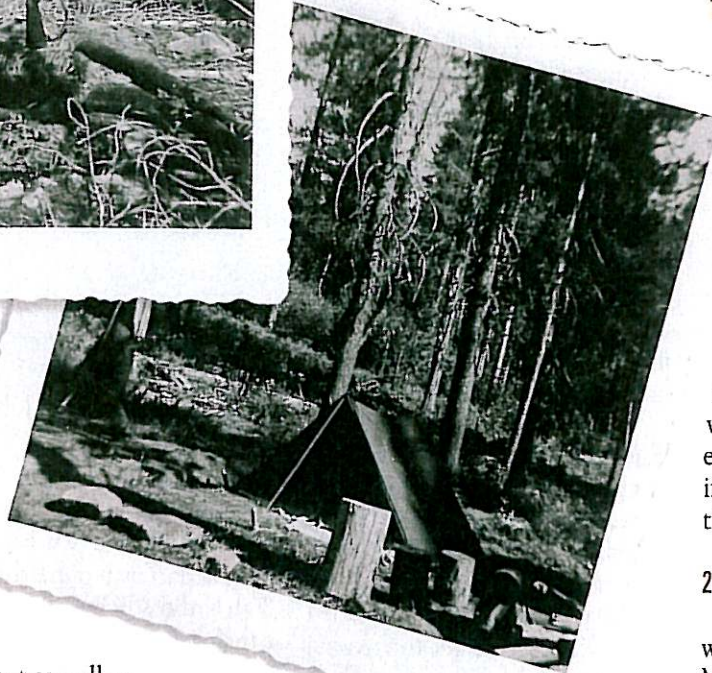
Teddy Roosevelt once described the "ideal" hunter as being a "man of culture and refinement who excels in the crudest of wilderness tasks." Although Bob Wallace doesn't know how to shoe a horse, he certainly makes up for this one minor deficiency with his many other fine attributes and meets this



GEORGE A. BETTAS (LEFT) AND ROBERT F. WALLACE BACKPACKING ELK QUARTERS OUT OF WASHINGTON'S BLUE MOUNTAINS • JANUARY 1992 • JUST A FEW MONTHS SHORT OF BOB'S 80TH BIRTHDAY.



ABOVE: ROBERT F. WALLACE WITH THE ELK HE TOOK NEAR LYNX CREEK, IDAHO — SEPTEMBER 1953
RIGHT: LYNX CREEK CAMP — SEPTEMBER 1953



ideal about as well as any hunter I have known.

This past month Bob shared with me some of his hunting diaries. What a wonderful collection of interesting field notes dating back to the early 1950's. Following are just a few excerpts from Bob's hunting diary which recounts his hunts in Washington and Idaho during the fall of 1953. I trust that you will find them as interesting as I did.

13 September 1953

Left home 8:10 a.m. (36972) arrived at Lynx Creek Trail 3:10 p.m. (37193) after 25 minute stop in Elk City, Idaho. Left car 3:45 p.m. arrived at Saddle Camp above meadows about 6:30 p.m.

14 September 1953

Elk bugled and trampled around camp all night. Gardner Shaw came down the trail about 8:15 p.m. I left for vicinity of Neck Shot Springs about 9:20 a.m. Started down the Long Ridge at 9:40 a.m. Reached Lynx Creek at 10:10. Very hot in the sun. Climb from the creek to the saddle took 30 minutes.

15 September 1953

Bull bugling at spring near camp. As I took my time he had moved on up the stream by the time I left camp at 5:30 a.m. Saw no game all day. Worked south and west of camp. Hot and dry. Noisy under foot. Tough conditions.

16 September 1953

Bugling largely stopped. Heard a bull at 1:00 a.m. this morning. Left camp at 5:20 a.m. Circled meadows to west, then back to Neck Shot Spring and over ridge to the east. Found big, very pretty timber in a sort of flat near the top. Cool in woods. Lots of sign. Heading back to camp I heard an animal coming up out of Lynx Creek. Bull came over ridge and fell at my first shot. A second shot later proved unnecessary as first was through the lungs. Time 10:10 a.m. Went down to my camp and met Bayard who helped in dressing bull. Broke camp and headed for car at 5:00 p.m. Arrived

at creek at 5:10 p.m. Reached trail at 6:05 p.m. and car at 7:30 p.m.

17 September 1953

Left twin mule shoe camp and met rocky Larson at trail beginning. Started up trail at 6:50 a.m. Arrived at kill about 9 a.m. Started back at 10:35 and reached car at 1:10 p.m. The horses made the trip in almost exactly the same time as I did last night with my pack. Left trail end about 1:30 p.m. Arrived home about 8:45 p.m. 222 miles. Left water jar hidden in single alder just east of camp site. Should be there if I ever camp there again. A beautiful spot in every way.

2 October 1953

Came to Rackcliff Creek with George Austin and Bayard Milne. Met Gardner Shaw who went up trail 302 with us. About a two to 2 1/2 hour trip up to cross trail with light pack. Dry camp. In bed about midnight.

12 October 1953 (Opening Day of Washington's Hunting Season)

Hunted with Wayne Richardson in big stubble field on the "Lucky 13" area. Got my three birds. None for Wayne. One downed bird lost at 5:00 p.m.

13 October 1953

Hunted near unoccupied house just across the road and south of "plum orchard." One cock. Went north on first side road around hill. Two for me and one for Wayne. I lost one downed bird.

24 October 1953

Camped last night at head of Cottonwood Canyon on Switzer Ridge with Hal and the Buss'. Left camp at 6:00 a.m. Contoured very low on Cottonwood west side. Standing by first big water in heavy cover below Indian Tom Saddle when a big buck came down through the timber. Could not get

sights on him in timber. He stopped about 60 feet above me just over the rise where I could see only the antlers. Shot through ninebark and missed. I moved on down to my old stand and after about 10-15 minutes moved on down the ridge. Hears a shot when I was about 100 yards below my stand and saw a buck running across a clearing to the southwest. Raced up to stand and met the buck which I killed with a shot in the hind end as he ran away. 3 1/2 years old. A small 3-point.

31 October 1953

Bayard and I road hunted Johnson Road and thence west and south to Lewiston through Idaho. Lazy hunting in fishing clothes. Got one cock each. I shot three quail out of four shots along the Clearwater River where we went to fish. Fished about 1 1/2 hours. Bayard got a 12 1/2 pounder and I got one about 4 3/4 pounds. It is a beautiful spot to fish. Home for lunch at 1:00 p.m.

14 November 1953

Camped at Frye Point last night with George Austin. A beautiful spot here with Seven Devils clearly visible, the Wallows far off to the southwest and the Salmon River just below us near its confluence with the Snake. Went down the long ridge toward Eagle Creek just east of Wilfong Camp. About 3/4 of the way down I saw two deer ahead and below me probably 500 - 600 yards. Could have tried a shot but decided to try a stalk instead. Went very carefully and slowly. Decided that there was no use hurrying if they were moving out as they could go much faster than I could. When I came over the ridge above the little canyon where they were there was nothing in sight. I sat down and looked over the valley. Suddenly I noticed a nice buck walking along a ledge just across from me about 150-200 yards. I put the crosswires on him and

waited for him to stop. When he did I fired and he started rolling down the cliff. Luckily his antlers turned under and stopped him after about 75 yards. The bullet cut the spine just at the right spot to cut him in two. Time: 9:15 a.m. Started out at 11:00 a.m. Topped out at 12:30 p.m. I went back and carried out the hind quarters. Reached camp about 4:50 p.m. - a two hour trip out. George came in about 15 minutes later and reported no luck.

15 November 1953

George went down into the canyon with me and brought his pack board to help cry out the front half of my deer. On reaching my kill I spotted a doe at very long range across the canyon and George fired five shots without a hit. Then he settled down and with some spotting by me finally hit the deer and killed her with a second hit. He fired 10 shots in all. Time: 9:45 a.m. George brought out his hind quarters and I brought out the front half of mine. We reached camp about 2:00 p.m. Packed out the front half of George's deer that afternoon. Cooked a good dinner and started home. Got home about 6:30 p.m.

21 November 1953

Went alone to area about 6 miles south of Moscow. Found really excellent cover and general pheasant habitat just north of Thorn Creek and lying over toward Bald Butte. Many fine brushy draws and big stubble, abandoned farm houses, orchards, heavy grass, etc. Got two cocks here by 11 a.m. Then cut down to Thorn Creek and saw 7 cocks along willows just across road to south of Catholic church. Got 3rd cock about 11:50 a.m. and came home. This is beautiful country for next year.

22 November 1953

Heavy rain all day today so season ends with 42 birds.

Bob's First Hunt With Phil Wright

Sunday, September 24, 1961

George (Bob's son) and I went with Phil Wright up Petty Creek. I got one bird along main road - a very tough shot in brush. I never saw the bird after I fired. Joe moved ahead pointing and moving alternately Tana hunted but did not seem to smell anything. Following Joe up a steep hill I finally noticed a wing tipped bird walking slowly ahead. Joe retrieved him - good work. Went up first fork to right where George stumbled on a big covey in some thorns. He fired three shots in rapid succession and called out that he got three birds. I got one myself on my way to him as it flew out of a treetop. Joe retrieved it and also one of George's birds. We found only two of his. We then drove up toward a lookout on the right side of the branch. Saw a bear not far above the road. Saw three blue grouse on the roadside and approached them with Phil on one side the tree trunk where they sat on the ground and George and I on the other. Phil asked for the shot as he had no birds so far that day. He killed the first bird but missed with the second barrel. An instant later George and I both fired and got the bird. Joe retrieved both birds before Tana could find them. Phil drove out to the lookout and got one more blue. Lookout road had been heavily disturbed by logging but may be fine next year. Petty Creek is a first class area.

Bob has diaries describing bobwhite hunts from horse-drawn carriages as late as the 1990's dating back to his earliest diaries dating back to the 1950's. What a wonderful collection of anecdotes and history! Bob Wallace is truly a hunter who meets T.R.'s ideal of a hunter who is a man of culture and refinement and who also excels in the crudest of wilderness tasks!