

William Burnett's father was a good hunter and he thought that if he kept his son out in the country hunting instead of in the city that he would be a better man. Burnett always believed he was brought up as good as a boy could have been. He was sorry, though, since it kept him from school a good deal.

In his later years, Burnett didn't hunt as much, but he did keep his gun collection in excellent shape and his love for wild game remained the same. For a number of years he kept coveys of quail in his back yard by preserving the natural brush growth. Every winter he would see that his birds were well fed and sheltered.

Through Burnett's story it is easy to see how much hunting has changed in the past 80 years. Though the Skunk River bottom has been drained, prairie chickens have disappeared from Iowa's prairies, and game isn't as plentiful, the spirit of hunting is the same among hunters today as it was then and will undoubtedly remain so.

Picture courtesy *Des Moines Register and Tribune*.

Stolen Nonsense

FROM THE *Journal*, KNOXVILLE, IOWA

"Look here boy! I don't see you at Sunday School anymore. Don't you want to go to Heaven?"

"Aw, not yet!"

Mr. McQuire (to hospital attendant)—"Phwat did you say the doctor's name was?"

Attendant—"Dr. Kilpatrick."

Mr. McQuire—"Thot settles it. No doctor wid thot cog-nomen will git a chance to operate on me—not if I know it."

Attendant—"Why not?"

Mr. McQuire—"Well, ye see, my name is Patrick."

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