

Ducks Unlimited

LEADER
IN WETLANDS
CONSERVATION

Waterfowl
Guns & Loads
for 2003



SPECIAL REPORT

Ducks and Winter Wheat

Jump-Shooting Tactics
A Day at Duck Camp

10

76

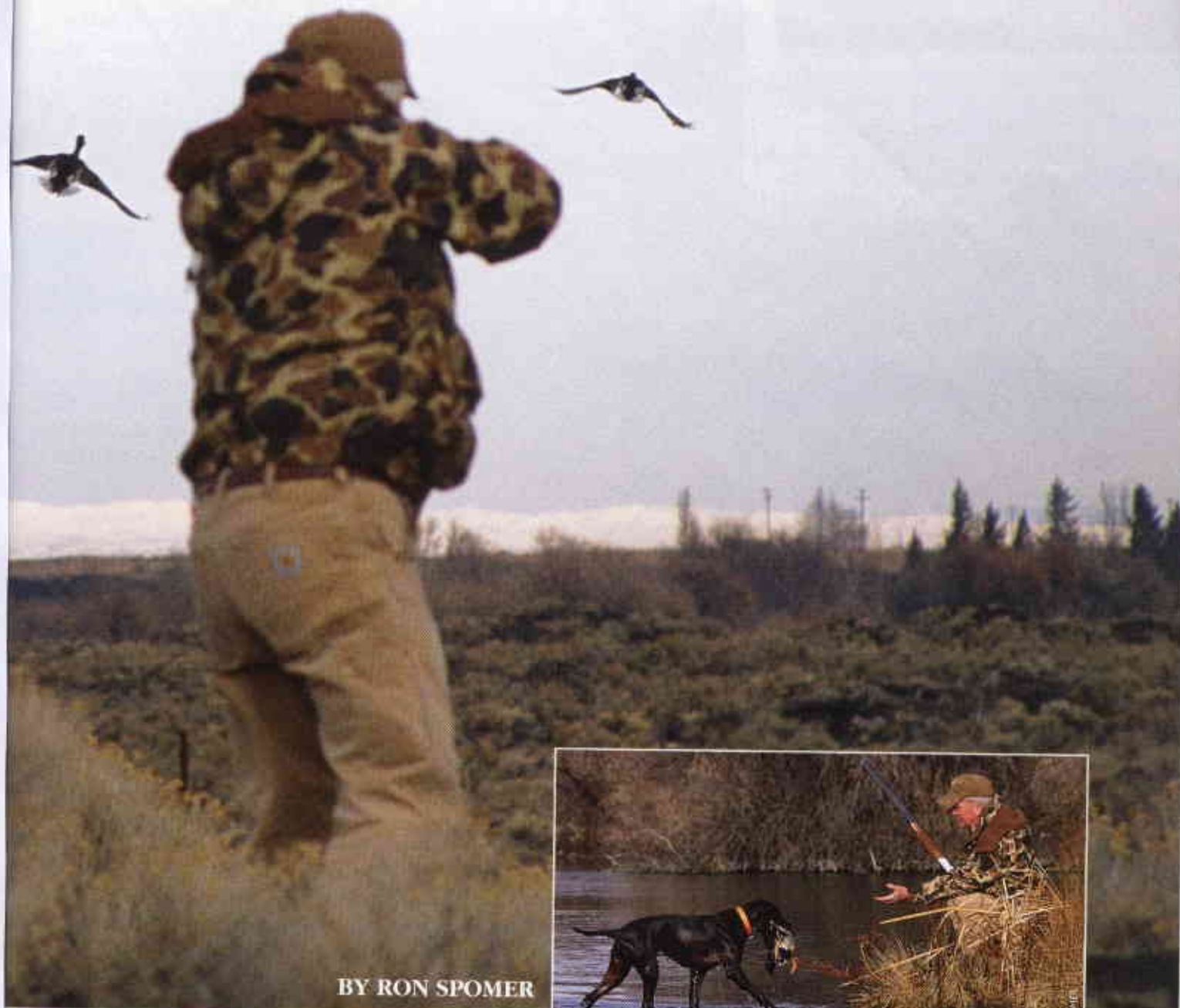




©2003 SPICHER

GO AHEAD AND JUMP

*When the ducks won't come to you, it may
be time to go and find them*



BY RON SPOMER



When I was a kid there was never a shortage of prairie potholes in South Dakota, but sometimes water was scarce. That's when we abandoned our decoys and crawled up to isolated stock ponds, often little more than rectangular holes dug 10 or 12 feet deep in pastures and sloughs. Texans call them tanks. These collected what little rain we got—and sometimes ducks.

"Okay, you guys ready?" Richard would whisper. We'd nod, double check our actions

and safeties. "Keep those barrels pointing ahead and nobody stand until I say so. And keep your butts down!" Then we'd walk, bent double until our mentor began duck walking, then crawling on all fours. Finally, we'd be bellying like snakes in the grass, four abreast until Richard held his palm out. He'd ease his head up, then back down. Sometimes he'd grin and point right or left, indicating in which corner of the pond our quarry was floating. Then we'd all scramble up shooting.