



Story of the Bloomer Snipe

- Around the camp there was a rumor
- That a snipie known as “Bloomer”
- Was out strutting thru the wood
- Just as proudly as he could

- In his pretty bright panties
- He was going to his auntie’s
- Walking thru flower and P.I.
- Trying to look coy and shy.

- But his bloomers began sagging
- Just as campers started bagging
- And with them down around his ankle
- He got in an awful tangle.

- As he shrieked and hid his face
- Campers ran from every place.
- They caught and cooked him....
 Ev’n made broth....
- And used his bloomers for the table cloth!

Miffing Mysteries
of
Snipe Lore
by
The Doctors of Brainless Surgery
and
The Drama

Preface

You have never heard of Snipe?
Who hasn't heard of Snipe
Has never heard!
You'll love these little creatures.

It is the purpose of this little volume to introduce the peculiar snipe family to all lovers of the bird. "pprrff"

The sequence of the plates here presented is not according to standard classification, the authors feel that these rare species must have a classification of their own.

The series of sketches which supplement the text should please those already familiar with our common birds. And because of the accurate observation of minute characteristics should help anyone to recognize the specimens when seen in the field

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Introduction

In a secluded spot on the rugged shores of Grand Traverse Bay, The Doctors of Brainless Surgery and The Drama have discovered several new species of Snipe.

Ornithologically these birds are unique. From a scientific point of view their study is time-consuming. The Doctors of Brainless Surgery advocate the study of snipe to the exclusion of all else for many scientists.

However, as Doctors of The Drama, we humbly present our discoveries purely for enjoyment and sport. What boy has not been on a snipe hunt? What grown-up has not held the bag? These new snipe are for you to capture, mount, place among your trophies of the field, and enjoy.

Snowshoe Snipe

Long, long ago in the far-off northland lived a happy family of snipe. It was a large family. One day all the snipe gathered on a great plain of snow and ice for a festival. This was during the great thaw. Gleefully the whole family puddled around and flapped their wings.

Night fell.

The snipe slept peacefully ankle-deep in water on the great plain.

When morning came, the sun hid behind a great, black cloud.

With mighty pulls and tugs they tried to free themselves. They pulled and tugged and tugged and pulled to no avail. Finally the leader of the snipes commanded all to listen to his words of wisdom. He made it clear that if all pulled and tugged in unison, instead of each snipe tugging and pulling, pulling and tugging by himself, they would get freedom. And so they all pulled and tugged at the same time. This went on for two days. On the morning of the third day they were free. But lo! their feet had stretched out like snowshoes.

The snipe were unhappy and decided to migrate south due to the depression. The following spring found them in the beautiful Leelenau peninsula. That same spring and each spring after that every last snipe that hatched to healthy babyhood came with snowshoe feet. And that is the reason it is so easy to track snowshoe snipe in the snow or sand.

Mooseface Snipe

Now, Mooseface Snipe are the funniest birds. By his picture you can tell he's a queer fellow. He came by the pelt around his neck by accident.

One day as he was flying around looking for a warm place to land in the dead of winter, he spied a red opening near a tree. In he flew. The opening closed. It was the mouth of a great moose.

Now, Mooseface--he wasn't called that then--was never much for being afraid, so he kept going. He landed in the moose's stomach.

"No fun here", says he, and turning around picked up so much speed on the way out that because the moose had his mouth closed at the time, Mooseface was flying around with the Moose's head. Of course, the rest of the body was left standing there. And so Mooseface came by the pelt around his neck, and of course, the face he wears. Now, the pelt of the Mooseface Snipe is worth \$50,000 if it is skinned off right. This last is providing you can catch a Mooseface Snipe first. Mooseface Snipe are fine pets also.

Fiddleface Snipe

Fiddleface Snipe are artistic birds. They fiddle around all the time. By looking at the fiddle you can tell it has been fiddled with aplenty.

Fiddleface Snipe got started fiddling very abrupt-like. Now, Injun Joe, he's a spirit who has a home on an island, was a great fiddler.

One day some snipe got to pestering Injun Joe by sitting on the lower end of the fiddle string which were on the violin that Joe was playing. Joe asked them to depart in a soft and gentle voice. The snipe did not hear, or pretended not to hear. Joe, being a very temperamental fiddler, bashed the fiddle over the heads of the snipe, and when the young ones came next season, they all had fiddle faces.

Now, these Fiddleface Snipe all play differently. One plays high, the other plays low, and all the others play medium of each other. That makes fine music. If you can catch some Fiddleface Snipe you must stop to listen to them play. It's fun to try to catch Fiddleface Snipe.

Drunken Snipe

Most snipe are very sober creatures. We could say that they are all sober, but for an occurrence long, long ago on the shores of Grand Traverse Bay.

Indian Joe, who lived on an island had the secret of making a healing medicine. One day the great, great grandfather of "Drunken Snipe" was very ill. He crept into Joe's tepee and with his bill tried to twist the wooden cork out of the skin container which Indian Joe used for his medicine. He twisted and spun and whirled and twisted. Finally the cork came out. In the process the great, great grandfather turned his bill into the shape of a corkscrew.

He drank the medicine, and pigeon-toed out of the tepee. His head spun, his wings drooped, and his eyelids were heavy. This is the reason, due to heredity, the "Drunken Snipe" are as they are.

The best way to catch drunken snipe is to attach a cork to their corkscrew bill.

Propellerface Snipe

One day a young snipe flew high, high up above the tall pine trees. He gazed here and there, and felt carefree. Unmindful of where he was flying he stubbed his beak into the propeller of an airplane. The airplane dropped, but the spinning propeller pushed the snipe backward with terrific speed. Round and round it went until the poor snipe didn't know which way was up. Finally, a large stone stopped the onward flight of the unfortunate snipe.

He was miserable. Each time he took to flight in search of food or even for pleasure, the propeller began to whirl and push him backward. Thus he lived his whole life through. Spring after spring the eggs of the propellerface snipe can be identified by their shape. Each brown-speckled egg looks like a small monoplane. When the young ones hatch they all have propeller faces and fly backward.

The best way to catch propellerface snipe is to get behind them.

Ski-footed Whee Snipe

Why this snipe has ski-feet is not yet known. He is called a Ski-footed Whee Snipe because he likes to get up into a tree, hook his ski-feet under a branch and go loop-the-loop. Each time he loops, he yells "whee". On a bright summer's night Ski-footed can be heard all night long. They sound like this--"whee-whee-whee".

In the winter this snipe delights in looping-the-loop from the tallest branch of a tree on a hillside, and coasting down along the snow. The trails can be seen by the most inexperienced eye on most hills with trees at the top. These trails are caused by the Ski-footed Whee Snipe sliding, sometimes on one, and sometimes on two skis.

The way to catch Ski-footed Whee Snipe is to wait at the bottom of a hill.

Note: There are several more varieties in the snipe family, but the Doctors of Brainless Surgery and The Drama cannot publish anything at this time due to the fact that all branches of research have not yet been completed on them