

Texas Game and Fish

JULY 1943

TEXAS GAME AND FISH



DECEMBER, 1942

First Issue
DECEMBER, 1942

TEN CENTS

TEXAS Game and Fish
DECEMBER 1944



1944

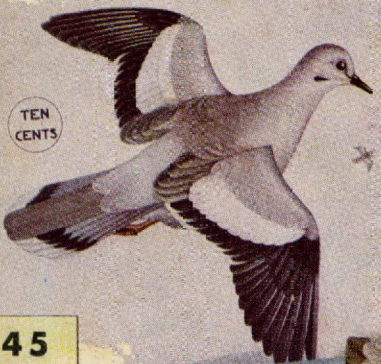
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1943



TEN CENTS

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1945

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1946

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1949

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1950

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1951

10th ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

DECEMBER 1952



Quail on Toast

Pete, the famous coffee-drinking quail of Paris, Texas, still is alive and happy after more than a year of life in the sheltering confines of Joe Caldwell's household.

That a wild bobwhite should live in captivity for so long a period is somewhat remarkable in itself. Introduced to domesticity as a fledgling when only a couple of months old, Pete for over a year has had the run of the Caldwell house.

His principal fame, however, has come from his antics at the breakfast table.

After an early-morning flight around the kitchen, he joins his master at the table. Pete carefully wipes his bill on the tablecloth, takes a few pecks at a piece of toast,

and is ready for his coffee. Caldwell gives Pete his coffee—with cream and sugar, please—from a teaspoon.

Pete's usual quota is two teaspoonsful, but Caldwell says Pete demands an extra measure to quiet his nerves during the open quail season!

He finishes off with more toast and dessert from the sugar bowl.

One of the favorite games of this remarkable bird is to steal a cigarette from Caldwell's pack and scamper through the house with his master in laughing pursuit.

Caldwell lays down a rigid "no smoking" rule, however. With Pete's fondness for coffee in mind, Caldwell says, "He might get the habit!"—(Courtesy Bill Thompson, *The Paris News*).

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(See Insert Next
to Back Cover)

Texas Game and Fish

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE PROTECTION AND CONSERVATION OF OUR NATIVE GAME AND FISH; AND TO THE IMPROVEMENT OF HUNTING AND FISHING IN TEXAS.

December, 1952 • Vol. 11, No. 1

★
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★
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10th Anniversary Issue

This special Anniversary Issue helps Texas Game and Fish celebrate the conclusion of its 10th year of publication.

Most of the material for this edition has been selected from previous issues. At least one story or feature has been taken from each one of the previous 10 years, with the exception of 1952.

In many cases, the original illustrations have been located and re-run, and none of the titles have been changed. Some new material has been added to launch the 11th year.

The cover this month pictures representative covers from the past. We hope you enjoy remembering.

Lookin' In on the Outdoors

With the Editor

*Clear is the sky;
The storm has passed.
The ducks fly high
And too d---d fast.
But what can a hunter do?*

*Just sit in a blind
On his wet behind
And curse his luck
As he misses a duck
Two thousand feet in the blue.*

—A. Phimister Proctor

That little verse, entitled "Hunter's Lament," helped launch TEXAS GAME AND FISH. It appeared in the first issue ten years ago.

In thumbing through issues of the past, we have found a lot of interesting things. It seems only appropriate in this anniversary issue to share some of them with others.

Some are humorous. Some help trace the history of the magazine, others the history of fish and wildlife management. Some are simply entertaining.

Here are excerpts and comments:

The first number appeared in December, 1942. The magazine was established as one means of carrying out one of the duties assigned to the Texas Game and Fish Commission, that of providing Texans with information about the fish and wildlife of their state.

In the foreword, William J. Tucker, at that time executive secretary, said ". . . there is nothing that will promote the cause of wildlife conservation more than a supply of adequate information to the public." That, then, has always been the purpose of this magazine.

The first issue contained such articles as "Prying Secrets from Wildlife" by Ernest G. Marsh, now assistant director of wildlife restoration; "Hit 'Em Right, Dress 'Em Right," an article about killing, dressing, and

butchering deer properly, and "Concentrated T N T," wherein Marion Toole, at present chief of inland fisheries, described the black bass.

In "Getting 'Em Alive," A. J. Nicholson told about the beginnings of the Commission's deer restocking program, which since has transplanted an average of nearly 1,000 deer each year to underpopulated areas.

And Val W. Lehman in "Sow, That You Also May Reap" hits straight from the shoulder regarding quail management when he said that "food and cover are the needed factors and can be had and NOT necessarily to the detriment of agriculture." The Commission's wildlife technicians still are trying to convince farmers and ranchers of that.

The original subscription price was 50 cents per year, half the present price. It also had less than half the number of pages.

Roger M. Busfield conceived and edited that first edition.

Actually, the magazine was the offspring of a *Monthly Bulletin*, which had been founded five years earlier in December, 1937, by Ray Osborne. Osborne edited the *Bulletin*, published in tabloid newspaper format, until he joined the Dallas News in 1941.

In the second issue of the magazine, January, 1943, Fred D. Thompson reminds us that the Commission's first fish hatchery was established at Barton Springs, Austin, in 1881 to meet the demand for stocking Texas streams with European carp! Although this move was made at the request of the legislature, Texas sportsmen later became so indignant that the Commission was disbanded for a number of years.

A short in October, 1943, quoted an Iranian publication as giving the following method of hunting ducks in

the United States: Go out at night, turn on a flashlight, bang on a dishpan with a club, and when the ducks fly at your light, scoop them up with a net. The article in all seriousness stated that it was "more fun than banging away with a gun."

In April, 1944, the subscription price was increased to \$1 per year, and in June the page size of the magazine was reduced from 12 by 9 inches to its present 11 x 8 inches.

As far back as the March, 1945, issue Dan W. Lay, wildlife biologist, was pointing to the periodic deer die-offs and urging controlled shooting of excess does. He quoted a recommendation made at the North American Wildlife Conference in 1944 which told of benefits realized in other states and indicating that even that long ago almost half the states permitted legal doe hunting as a control measure.

Announcement that the closed season on game fish was being abandoned came in the April, 1945, issue.

The September issue of that year bore the first of the long and popular series of original paintings done by Orville O. Rice for TEXAS GAME AND FISH covers. It was of a whitewing and is one of those on this month's anniversary cover.

That issue also announced the resignation of Tucker as executive secretary of the Commission and of Clyde R. Rudasill as assistant executive secretary and the appointment of Howard D. Dodgen and H. E. Faubian to fill the vacancies.

The last photos appeared on issues of 1946. Since that time only paintings have been used, most of them by Rice.

In March, 1947, a Virginian, seeking a solution to the problem of deer raids on garden crops, suggested that perhaps if old shoes were hung in the garden, the human odor might repel the deer. There is no mention of whether it was successful or even tried.

In the edition of May, 1947, a quotation from "Outdoor Guide" tells of a 201-pound catfish which reportedly was found in a Mississippi cotton field drainage ditch and killed with a pitchfork.

"Go hunting *with* your boy—then you won't have to go hunting *for* him"

is a bit of wisdom suggested in November.

In December, 1947, Albert M. Day, director of the U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service, points out that for the ducks, the shooting season lasts, not 60 days, but from late summer to spring—almost six months. He urges hunters to remember that ducks are the targets of guns from Canada into Central America and that at that time (1947), there were three times as many hunters as when the "great decline" of ducks began in the late '20s and early '30s.

The August, 1948, issue announced plans of Robert P. Allen of the National Audubon Society and Robert M. Smith of the U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service to follow the migration of the whooping cranes from Texas to the far north by airplane in an effort to locate their unknown breeding grounds. (Not until last summer were the first whoopers actually found in their Canadian nesting area. Smith was one of the discoverers. See TEXAS GAME AND FISH, October, 1952, p. 8.)

The September, 1948, edition announced the first jigs made of nylon, now found on almost any fishing tackle counter. There also appeared the story of Judge H. S. Wilson of Florida, who sentenced three deer poachers to replace the deer they killed. It cost them \$810 to import nine deer from Wisconsin for release in Florida.

An announcement that the number of fishermen had doubled in the previous 10 years was made in December, 1948.

In that same issue, the national Wildlife Management Institute listed factors most detrimental to attempts to maintain adequate game and fish populations. Pointed up as the Number One stumbling block was the practice of giving state legislatures the power to set game laws and regulations rather than granting this power to the state game and fish agencies. Unfortunately, Texas still is listed among those states where this situation exists.

In the January, 1949, edition, J. G. Burr, who contributed many excellent articles to the magazine for many years, voiced his bewilderment that the javelina was not more popular as a game animal. This still bewilders many.

The story of three Baytown men who chased down a seven-point buck on bicycles and killed him with a hammer is told in February.

The following short, entitled "What Cats Are," appeared in March, 1949:

"Cats and people are funny animals. Cats have four paws but only one ma. People have forefathers but only one mother.

"When a cat smells a rat he gets excited; so do people.

"Cats carry tails, and a lot of people carry tales, too.

"All cats have fur coats. Some people have fur coats, and the ones who don't have fur coats say catty things about the ones who do have them."

The April, 1949, edition first bore the "Texas Game and Fish" title designed as it appears on the cover today.

An announcement in July told of Texas' first big game license with tags and the abolishment of "special" lake fishing licenses.

The same issue tells of a California man who was fined \$2,500 and given a 2½-year term for trying to sell 829 ducks. His accomplices were fined between \$350 and \$1,800 in federal court under the Migratory Bird Treaty Act.

Announcement of purchase of the 60,000-acre Black Gap Refuge in Texas' Big Bend by the Commission was made in August.

In January, 1950, Dr. William Elder, University of Missouri, reported that studies revealed that 40 per cent of waterfowl carry shotgun pellets in their bodies, some ducks and geese as many as 30 shots.

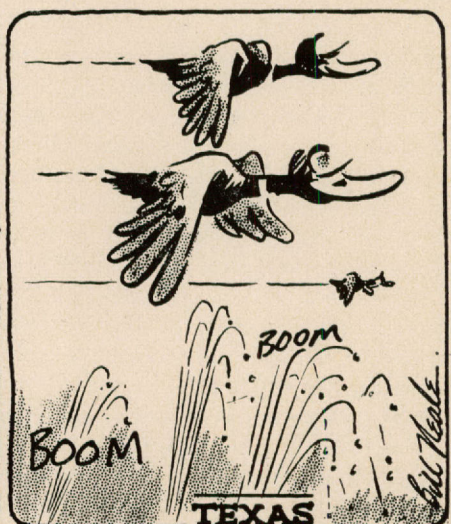
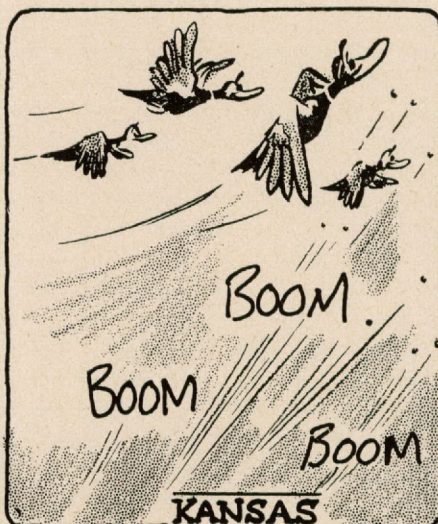
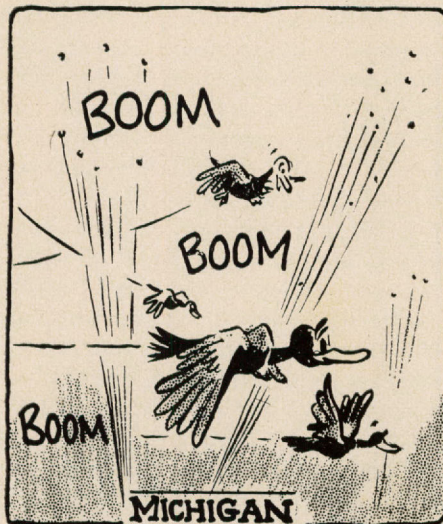
The February issue of that year featured an article, "The Poisonous Snakes of Texas and the First Aid Treatment of Their Bites," by John E. Werler of the San Antonio Zoological Society. This lengthy and highly-illustrated article later was reprinted in bulletin form and is one of the most popular available without charge from the Game and Fish Commission.

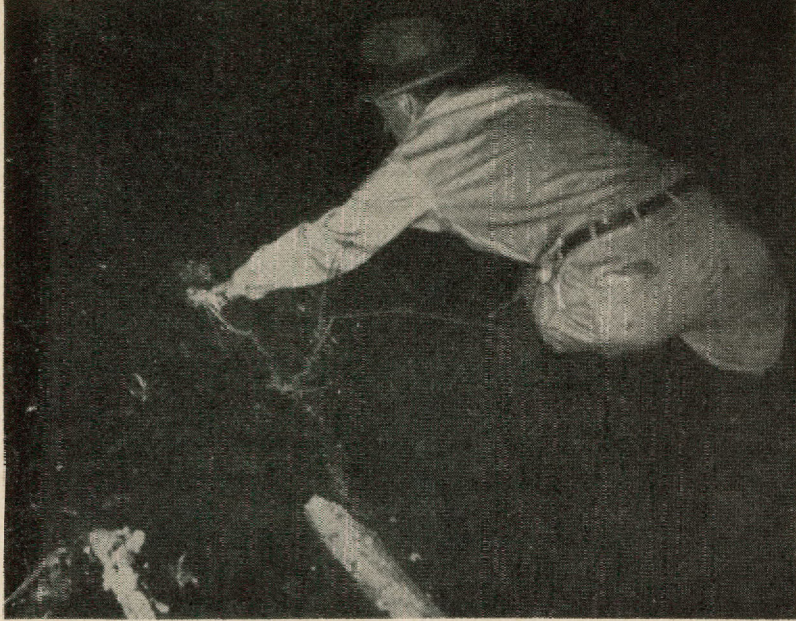
Robert G. Mauermann first was listed as the magazine's new editor in the March, 1950, issue.

Sid Wooldridge drew the first of his popular back covers also for that issue. He hasn't missed a month since.

By April, 1950, the full-page feature photo on the inside of the front cover had become a regular feature of the magazine.

● Concluded on Page 31





SNAKE HUNTER Joe Johnson reaches into the murky darkness for a snake in the water.



A MOMENT LATER Johnson, knee deep in water, stands up with a fine specimen in his left hand.

From the Issue



Of June 1949

By R. W. IRWIN

WE HAVE been accused of everything from insanity, to being habitual drunkards in kahoots with the devil. None of these rash accusations are true. We merely like to hunt snakes, and bring them back alive.

In virtually every community, there is a Rattlesnake Bill, a Cottonmouth Joe, or some other equally "infamous" character. They are usually referred to in hushed tones, and their names used to frighten delinquent children into obedience. It was my fate to fall in with the local fang and venom fiend.

Snake hunting is like chewing mesquite berries or smoking opium. Somebody has got to get you started; you don't do it by yourself. After the first trip, you are an incurable addict. The man who brought about my downfall was Ed Johnson, my next door neighbor, city comptroller, taxidermist, and snake hunter extraordinary.

When I was 17 years old, my family bought and moved into a house across town. The first thing I heard was a series of long tales concerning Ed Johnson and the 500 live snakes he kept in his back yard. Being a curious and growing youngster, I decided to investigate. The stories were untrue, he only had 473 of them. For the next four years, I lived next door to Ed Johnson and his snake pit, always managing to have an engagement of some sort when he extended an invitation to accompany him on

one of his hunts. Finally, the day came when my curiosity had the last word in an argument with my better judgment, and I consented to go.

It was a crisp spring evening when the truck pulled up to Ed's house. I was somewhat shocked to see one of my cousins driving it and two of my uncles riding in the rear. For obvious reasons, they had, for a number of years, concealed the fact that they were snake hunters. I ran back to the house, fortified my courage in the accepted manner, and went forth endowed with enough self-confi-

Wooing *Death*

dence to do battle with half the serpents in the State of Texas.

Our objective, water snakes. Our hunting grounds, a series of small gravel pits about 14 miles south of the town that is the "Heart of Texas." The methods of hunting, the same as those employed in bull frog hunting, only the hands are used in place of a frog gig.

We arrived at our destination just before dusk, and were greeted by a number of negro share croppers who were working the surrounding fields. After telling them what we were after, it took quite a bit of fast talk and a considerable amount of money to hire two of them as porters. The rest of them decided to trail along at a safe distance to see who was "gonna git bit fast."

We walked down to the first pond just in time to hear the first frogs creaking. It was a dirty pool of water, about 150 yards long and averaging 30 yards in width. Most of the water along the bank was choked with cattails and willows. The water was down about four inches, which made it necessary to walk in about a foot of slimy mud which the darkies called "loblolly." It must have been an unholy sight to see eight full grown men, walking along the edge of that pond in pitch darkness, staring into the water as if they were possessed by demons.

In a few minutes, I heard a mild burst of profanity



THE SNAKE refused to play docile, and a moment after Johnson took him from the water the snake sank its fangs into the back of Johnson's left hand.

from up front of the line, followed by a wild thrashing in the water. I ran up front in time to see the beginning of a truly memorable fight. Ed Johnson was about knee deep in water, and had hold of a common water snake about two feet long. When Ed grabbed the snake, he grabbed it about four inches behind the head. As a result of this mistake, which could have been a dangerous one, the snake was trying his best to chew Ed's hand off. Ed was having a pretty tough time trying to get hold of the snake's head and for a few minutes, it looked as if the

at Night

snake was going to win the decision all the way. Ed finally pulled the snake up on dry land and continued the battle in his own element. It was only a few minutes until he had the snake pinned down under his boot, and then it was a simple matter to work him into a sack. We coaxed our porters down out of a tree. Ed moved to the rear of the line, and we were on our way looking for another scrap.

It is customary for the man at the front of the line to move to the rear as soon as he has caught a snake. That gives the man behind him a chance. I started out at the end of the line, and now I moved up to number seven. I said a silent but powerful prayer that there weren't seven more snakes in the entire country. But, prayers were no good that night. Before I knew it, I was number one. A man would have had to be in a pretty bad shape for me to have refused to trade places with him that night.

I trudged along in that "loblolly" for about five minutes, when all of a sudden my heart skipped a few beats, and then started stomping all over my stomach. There my opponent lay in front of me. Three and a half feet long, black as the ace of spades, and looking meaner than a cotton sack full of wild cats.

I stooped down to the edge of the water. He stared at me. I stared at him. He stuck his tongue out at me. For

some stupid idiotic reason, I stuck my tongue out at him. I was stiff as a plank; I couldn't move an inch. Ed walked up behind me, put his foot in the middle of my back, and told me to grab the snake or he was going to kick me in on top of him. I had no alternative, so I grabbed. Luckily, I grabbed him around the neck. The snake immediately wrapped himself around my arm. I went into an Indian fire dance and we both put the squeeze play on each other.

The tighter I choked him, the tighter he squeezed me. I knew that pretty soon something was going to have to give, and I knew that it was not going to be me because I was too scared to turn loose. After what seemed like ages, my two uncles got me calmed down enough to pull the snake off me and put him in a sack.

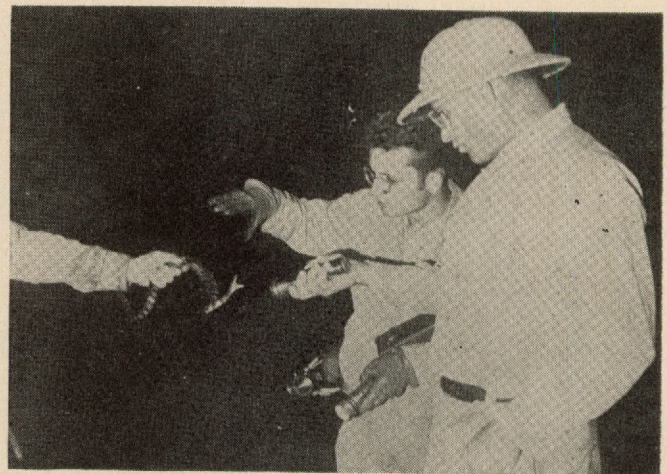
Fifteen minutes, a clean change of underwear, and five cigarettes later, I was ready to go again. Much to my surprise, I was looking forward to occupying number one position again. When the honor of occupying this position had fallen to me two more times, we decided to divide up into small parties and each take a small tank.

I paired off with Jack Martin, my cousin, and we found a small hole of water that was teeming with all sorts of reptile life. With a diabolical gleam in our eyes, we started scooping them out and sacking them up. in no time at all, we had run up a tally of thirty-seven snakes, venomous and non venomous. We were having a field day when bedlam broke loose.

Someone came forth with a loud, ear piercing, unearthly howl. This was followed by more howls and the unmistakable noise of a heavy body crashing through the underbrush. Fearing that someone had been fatally bitten, Jack and I ran over to the pond where the rest of the party had congregated to find out what had happened.

It seemed as though someone had grabbed one of the negro porters on the leg with a spring type frog gig. The negro, fearing that he had been "snake bit," went into a series of screaming, tree-climbing conniptions until he got his directions, and then made a hasty departure for home. This was a signal for the rest of us to go home.

When we counted up at the truck, we had 183 snakes to show for four hours of the most thrilling and invigorating sport of all—snake hunting.



IT'S BAD BUSINESS when someone makes a poor grab, leaving a snake's head free to turn on the arm that holds it. Who wants the second grab?

The History Of Fox Hunting

By T. H. McGREGOR

THE STORY of the Chase is older than the recorded history of man. It finds evidence in paintings, carving and stones exhumed from the tombs and graves of kings and emperors whose activities still challenge the wonder and curiosity of man.

The dog was man's first domesticated animal and his devotion and loyalty finds expression in Homer's account of the wanderings of Ulysses. He was man's first friend among animals wild by nature and man and his dog together trod all the paths of pain and pleasure, of sorrow and play through all the tide of time. He has been the source of pride and pleasure to the great and the friend, benefactor and source of comfort of those who have toiled and labored along life's highway in every clime and with every people.

His courage and loyalty have been

the theme of poets everywhere and the subject of essays and orations in every language which men have spoken.

Nature has supplied every essential to the accomplishment of a natural need. Man had to eat to live and whether the injunction "in the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread" was or was not divine, it was true. And to eat man had to subdue nature which had spread before him a banquet.

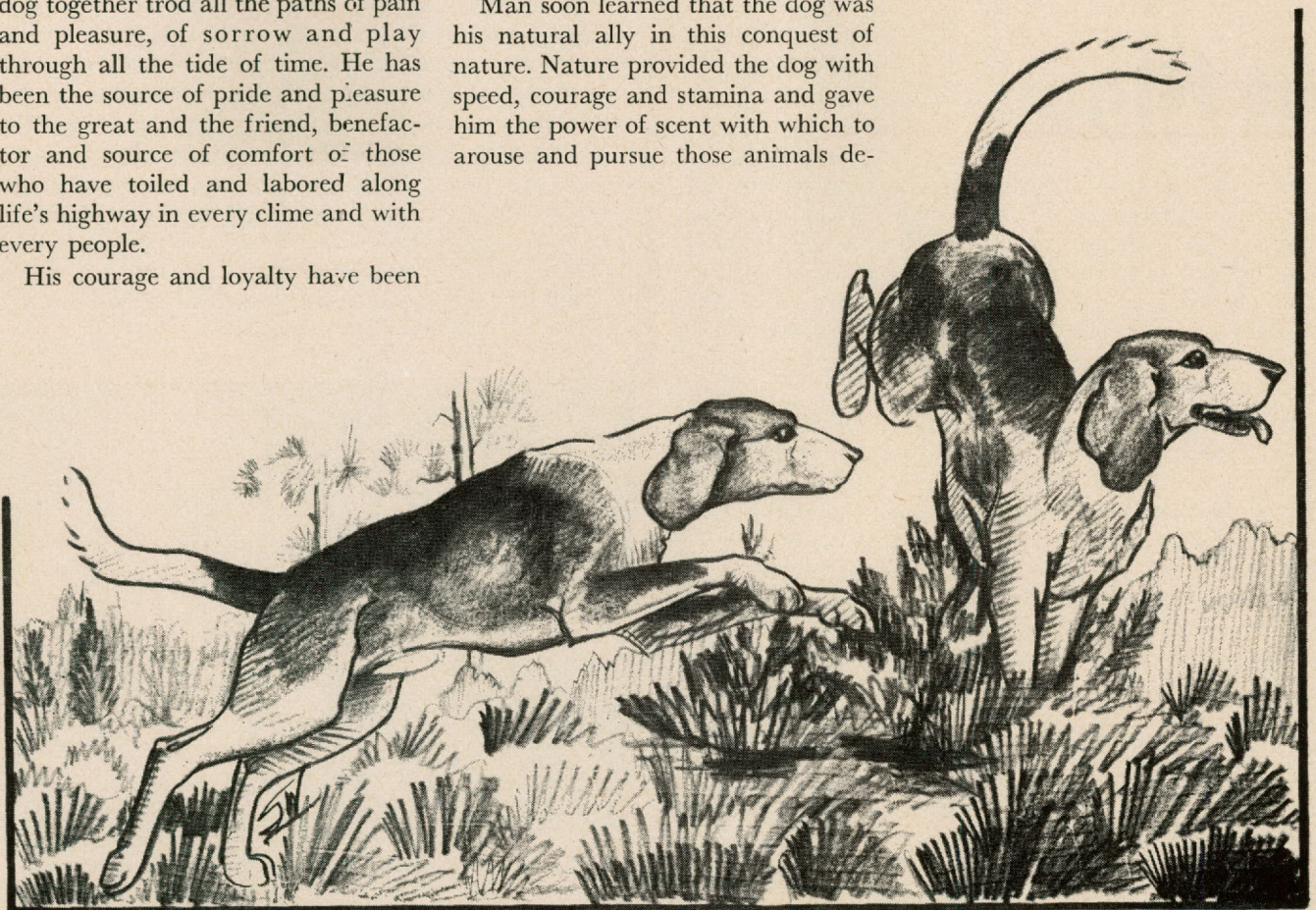
Man soon learned that the dog was his natural ally in this conquest of nature. Nature provided the dog with speed, courage and stamina and gave him the power of scent with which to arouse and pursue those animals de-

sirable by man for food and raiment, and gave to him the marvelous melody of the deep-mouthed cry that man might follow him from the start to the capture and the kill.

Thus the Chase originated out of man's necessity. It was first an occupation and a pursuit in man's progress and the development and subjugation of nature to supply his wants and to provide for his necessities.

Thus the Chase became one of the first and most important of all occupations, universal in its nature and followed everywhere. So important, so necessary was this occupation to man's well-being and survival that it became involved in and was recognized in the religious ceremonies of historic and pre-historic peoples.

The Polytheistic Greek among his multitude of Gods and Goddesses, in his poetic imagination created the Goddess of the Chase and builded to her shrines, dedicated to her songs and stories and gave to her an exalted and outstanding position in their



Greek Heaven on Towering Olympus. To illustrate her immortal powers and mastery of the Chase the Greeks made Actaeon the greatest of all stag hunters of all time and gave him a marvelous pack of stag hounds. Then they fabricated the fiction that Actaeon secretly watched Artemis, the Goddess of the Chase, while she was taking a bath and that when she found it out she changed him into a stag and he was destroyed by his hounds.

Another great mythological hunter was Orion. He was not only a sportsman but it seems he was a sport, and he undertook to get fresh with Artemis and she slew him and he became a constellation and was placed in the firmament where he shines brightest in November each year, and which is the ideal hunting month. The vivid Greek mind thus compensated him by placing him where on November nights he could hear the horn of the hunter on the hill, and listen to the melody of the Chase as it reverberates through hill and valley.

This incident of Orion justifies the suggestion that there is a marked difference between the sport who shoots craps, follows the races and shuffles cards for a living and amusement, and the sportsman who rides well a good horse, loves the beauty of nature, breathes her pure fresh air and is thrilled by the melody of a good pack of fox hounds.

Then who can forget that the Bible records the fact that Nimrod was a mighty hunter before the Lord?

In the course of the development of the Chase men began to pursue it for sport and pleasure as well as for a livelihood.

Caesar tells us that he found that one of the tribes against whom he went in his Gallic wars followed the Chase for sport rather than for gain.

And so the Chase was developed, and as it developed its followers under a crude process of natural selection evolved the present day fox hound. The original purpose in this process obtains today—which is for a hound of looks, strength, speed, courage, stamina, loyalty, nose and cry.

The French over-bred for size, and the English for looks. The early chases in France were for stags, hence their

breeding for size. They, however, as early as Louis the 14th were devotees of the Chase and developed a good hound.

Lafayette after his return to France sent some of these dogs to General Washington and their bloodlines yet run through the veins of the Virginia hounds which are among the finest in the world. Washington was not only a devotee of the Chase and loved hounds but he was a methodical man and kept a diary of his daily doings and in this diary is recorded the actions and quality of these hounds.

There is a story of Washington and one of his favorite hounds which is not found in this diary but which seems to be sustained by tradition. This hound he called Vulcan and the tradition is that Mrs. Washington

From the Issue



Of February 1944

gave a dinner and the servant put the turkey on the table and went to the kitchen for some other part of the dinner and while so gone, Vulcan, finding himself alone with that turkey, took possession of it and hit for the timber along the Potomac.

Tradition does not record what Mrs. Washington said to George when she learned the fate of her turkey—but we married men can guess.

I assume that the hounds which Lafayette sent to Washington were of the St. Huberts breed as developed by the priest of that name in France.

Scott, in one of the sweetest as well as one of the greatest poems ever written, "The Lady of the Lake," begins it with a description of a Chase in which he says the two dogs which stayed in until the finish were of this St. Huberts breed.

Charles Carroll of Carrollton said to Light Horse Harry Lee of Virginia,

that the Chase afforded the greatest thrill and gave the most pleasure of any form of recreation.

Lee said: "Yes, unless your horse is poor and your hounds are slow."

Carroll said: "But I was talking about Maryland horses and hounds."

This was the first expression of state pride in a hound dog of which I know.

But the great Marylander was entitled to take pride in the fact that at that time the hounds of Maryland were among the best in the world. They had been imported from Europe and trained and acclimated to the new conditions of this country. From these hounds, with new importations, was bred the present American fox hound which is the best in the world.

* * *

BREEDING of all animals increases and develops natural tendencies. This has been made manifest and demonstrated in horses, cattle, hogs and in all kinds of animals.

There are and have been in the United States three noted breeds of fox hounds, although the blood lines of each of them are similar if not identical.

About 1830 Dr. Bolton Jackson imported two hounds from Ireland, Mountain and Muse. Mountain and Muse, after passing through the hands of distinguished owners, were given to Charles Carroll of Carrollton from whom, through a Dr. Buchanan, Dr. T. Y. Henry, a grandson of the great Virginia orator, secured a son of Mountain and named him Captain. This Captain became the head of Dr. Henry's pack which was famous in Virginia.

Dr. Henry, on account of his health, left Virginia and went to Florida, taking his hounds with him. There he ran deer, but the deer would swim the bayous and lagoons and the alligators would kill the dogs, so the Doctor disposed of the dogs by giving them to George L. F. Birdsong of Thomaston, Georgia. This is the origin of the Birdsong, or July dogs, which were descended from Dr. Henry's Captain and a dog named July imported to Georgia from Maryland in 1861.

Mr. Trigg says this July dog traced

to Mountain who sired the Captain.

The Trigg hounds, bred by Haiden C. Trigg, show five crosses of the Henry dog Captain, through the celebrated dog Longstreet and direct descent from him through their original dam.

Mr. Trigg said:

"In the early fifties, General Maupin and his friends imported many dogs from South Carolina, Virginia, and Maryland, sparing no expense to improve their stock. In 1857 they imported from England, I think, three dogs, Fox, Rifle, and Marth. About this time, General Maupin got from East Tennessee the dog, Tennessee Lead, which he, Maupin, thought the best dog he ever owned. The cross of the English dogs, especially the 'Lead' cross on their previous importations, produced a dog which has justly become famous, and was known as the Maupin dog. This strain has been preserved and bred with great care by W. S. Walker & Brothers, of Garrard County, Kentucky, and are known today as the Walker dogs."

The English hound has lost prestige in America. He has been bred for shape and color to the detriment of the better qualities of a fox hound. He has all but lost his cry, and has a foot which cannot sustain a hard drive in the rugged terrain of America. The result is that the American hound in the fields and woods of Maryland, Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, and Texas are the best fox hounds in the world.

* * *

THE essential qualities of a fox hound are nose — scent, cry, drive, or speed, determination, loyalty, honesty and stamina or the power to hold the line until the race is over.

Bad hounds have many bad qualities and some good hounds have some bad qualities such as running mute, skirting, babbling, jealousy, and some are really dishonest.

I have often marked the similarity of characteristics of an average lot of hounds and a body of men dealing with public affairs—politicians.

In every pack of hounds there is the strike dog which trails and jumps the fox and runs true to form from start to finish. The man like this dog

is not a politician, he is a statesman. He originates issues in the interest of the people and stays with them until they become the law, or until they are defeated—he stays with the line and runs through life by scent or sight.

Then there are men in public life who, like the hound, skirt the line—take a short cut to accomplish their ends and to consummate their purposes.

Then there is the fellow who just wants to talk regardless of what the subject may be or the time or place. All he wants to do is talk. He's the noisy, babbling hound, a nuisance to any pack.

Then there is the jealous man who is against anything which he did not start and will break up any race which he can't lead.

Then there is the fellow in public life who gets on both sides of every question with which he is confronted. He has his counterpart in hound life.

Riding in the foothills west of Austin near sundown I came upon a clearing and saw an old negro leaning upon a post. He seemed to be unconscious of my presence and I said to him: "Old man, what are you doing?"

He said: "Listen, boss, jess listen at dat houn'."

I listened and I could hear the marvelous melody of a deep mouthed fox hound as it seemed to rise and fall in the cliffs and crags of the hills. Closer and closer it came when suddenly a magnificent hound swung into the clearing and with a tremendous burst of speed he reached the timber on the other side and "passed in music out of sight." Then he seemed to turn and here he came again with the same witchery of sound, and with the same tremendous speed he again passed through the clearing and again the hills and valleys rang with the melody of mingled mouth and echo, and I said, "Look here, old man, that fox did not come back through there."

And he said, "No, boss, no dat dog runs 'em both ways. Dat's de reason he don't catch 'em."

That's one of the troubles with this country—we have too many men in

public life running public questions "both ways." Such men are not statesmen, they are demagogues.

The trained and tried fox hound—the strike dog — never heels a fox, When he strikes a trail he knows which way that fox went and he follows the line he leaves. To do this requires two qualities—nose—scent, and honesty.

Then there are those who, incapable of comprehending the vital interests of the State, are constantly bringing forward small and unimportant matters and taking charge of affairs, dominate the proceedings to the injury and detriment of the State. These are the puppies of the pack—the rabbit runners. The only trouble is that when they shall have grown old and have learned what it is all about, there will be a new crop of puppies on hand.

Nearly all hounds and a great many politicians suck eggs—but the hounds don't hide the shells!

* * *

IHAVE been writing of a lot of hounds rather than a pack of hounds. A lot of hounds is made up of all sorts of hounds of different scents and speed, of different manners and mouths and dispositions. A pack of hounds not only suggests but assumes uniformity. Their mouths match like bells of different tones and power blending a beauty of sound and harmony which gives us a thrill experienced from no other source.

It is this unity of action, the existence and recognition of individual responsibility, which adds a charm and an effectiveness to a pack of hounds. They demonstrate as a truism the statement of Sallust that by concord small things are made great, by discord great things are made small.

It was of such a pack of hounds Sommerville sang, Shakespeare wrote, and Scott immortalized "The Lady of the Lake."

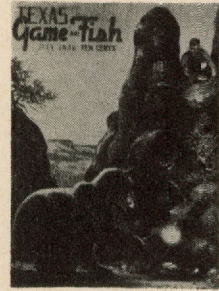
The hound has been the aristocrat and companion of the rich and the Royal, the pet and plaything in palace and mansion; the Democrat with the poor and the humble, in hut and in tractless forest.

● Concluded on Page 32

My First Tarpon

By WILLIAM G. STERRETT

From the Issue



Of July 1946

When this story was published in TEXAS GAME AND FISH in July, 1946, it was introduced by the following: "Although this story first appeared in the Dallas Morning News in 1902, it is still one of the greatest ever written about tarpon and tarpon fishing. The sentiments expressed by the author, W. G. Sterrett, one of the truly great Texas newspapermen and a former member of the state Game and Fish Commission, are just as true today as when the story was written 44 years ago."

How true!

Whether you worship or scorn the tarpon, you'll find your interest mounting as you read toward the climax and an ending as clever as the mighty warrior about which he writes.

IT IS that season of the year when fishermen of mountain streams, of placid lakes or of tempestuous salt waters send greetings through the newspapers and magazines to their brothers, seething hot in their offices at home.

Hence it is that season when marvelous stories fly fast and the world stands with mouth agape in interest and idiocy.

The student of fish stories about this time of the year revels indeed. For it is his glad time—his glad time when he sees further into the resourcefulness, the initiative and the abandon, as the French call it, of his fellowmen.

To the fisherman, the true type of that class, it is not the mere taking of one of the finny tribe that excites either interest, admiration or wonder. "I caught five fish on one hook by the mere swallowing of the first by the second and so on to the fifth," simply

raises a sneer to the true fisherman's lips.

What he wants to know is, how large was the first, second, third, fourth and fifth; what kind of bait was used; the conduct of the first fish when hooked; how such conduct varied from the conduct of the second; how the conduct of the third varied from that of the fourth, and so on till the line of action of each victim was clearly shown. And in connection with this, the character of reel, line, hook and rod would have to be given to arouse an interest, together with what was done with the fish and the remarks of the boatman.

In other words, the interest of the sure-enough fisherman can only be elicited by details. The unadorned fact of catching is as nothing. For in the angling sport many things which contemplation would decide to be impossible are common.

The experienced angler, by which

I mean an angler who has angled, has long since expunged the miraculous from happenings. If a fish were to swallow him and his boat his first reflection (after looking about him for his bait bucket or feeling in his pocket for his book of flies) would be, not as to the character of the fish which was housing him, or as to the probability of his advent into the world once more, but as to whether his fish swallowed him and his boat at one gulp, or whether he nibbled . . .

I have concluded that something is due what the politicians call "the great masses." And what I mean by "due" here, is a truthful unvarnished story, void of the technicalities of the fishing game and one that a man can hand over to his innocent offspring and say to it, "Go my son and become informed. Go learn how to avoid exaggeration in fish stories. Go and learn in part from what you read how much of truth is in what I termed the true enjoyment of certain kinds of angling."

I received a note from an eminent surgeon at Fort Worth on one occasion and it read thus:

"Dear Bill: I saw a man this morning from Los Angeles, and he said the fish were biting. Come over tomorrow and let us hurry out there before they quit."

Now, this surgeon friend is a true fisherman. His note to me shows it.

He had no legs to saw off that day. That fact and the further one that the fish were biting several thousand miles away so completely filled him that he forgot that I was working for a newspaper and that it would hardly be possible for me to walk the

distance before the school of fish, which he had heard of, had passed on, or even if I were able to walk the trip, I would be forced to eat something on the route.

It requires at least a day or two for the newspaperman to raise a thousand dollars for a fishing trip. But as I have said, my friend is a true angler, and true anglers never think of such small things as money to pay traveling expenses, or of the obligation of an employee to the employer, or, in fact, about anything else except to get where the fish are biting and do it in the most expeditious way.

I mention this incident first to throw light on the character of the fisherman and secondly, because as a tarpon fisherman he did more than all other persons or things to make me essay the task of taking one of these fish and consequently of lowering me in my own estimation.

"You can never know; you can never even have the remotest conception of the sensation of delight which a sportsman feels till you are telegraphed to down your line by a tarpon that he is at the other end of it. And when the click-click whirr of the reel sounds, then and only then can you say that you understand what true ecstasy is."

And this was in response to a simple recital of a delightful outing I had engaged in after bass with line and fly. I had told him a truthful story of a five-pound bass on a four and one-half ounce rod—had told it to him, I am afraid, with something of a boast in the tone, though I carefully cut out all self-laudation in the recital. I may have done this to make the greatness of my performance greater, since I have observed that modesty sometimes boasts louder and more effectively than impertinence or ostentation.

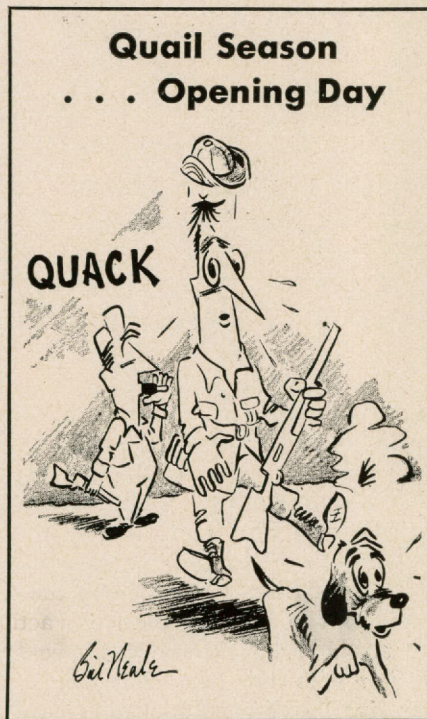
And his reply was what I got for my story. Had it come from another I should have flipped my fingers under his nose and laughed a stage laugh, because I have not fished all my life and remained unacquainted with fishermen. But coming from a surgeon, coming from a man who saws off legs and plays tailor with needle and thread on lacerated and torn humanity—coming from a man who can look his dearest friend in the face and

while doing so count up the muscles like he could a stack of chips and calculate how deep he would have to cut him in order to get in a good lock stitch that would not tear away—coming from a man in whom by education and naturally there should be no ecstasy of agony or pleasure—his words had an impression on me and made me feel that in the warfare of fishing I was a new recruit.

And I resolved to catch a tarpon.

I was not unacquainted with the fish. In younger days I knew him at Port Lavaca. But I did not want to catch him then. In the early mornings of those younger days seated on the wharf and surrounded by the whole Afro-American population of the town, the mentioned population and myself being wholly absorbed in taking redfish, trout, croaker, pigfish, angelfish, with here and there a flounder, he in schools would make his appearance.

The clatter and patter of the mullet



as they fairly sheeted the water in their frantic flight told of his presence. Then every line would be drawn up and laid on the wharf. Hooks and lines cost more than they do now.

He would leap and play—here one moment and a hundred yards away the next moment. They called him a fish devil—a delusion and a snare. They said he didn't eat, but killed

just through murderous instinct.

They said if he had an appetite at all it was purely for hooks which he swallowed as delicious morsels, tapering off on lines with that gusto that an Italian eats a hank of macaroni. But above all things, they said, no one should ever catch him, for it was then that he really became indignant.

One grandmammy told me that a white man came to Port Lavaca before the war and had a line on a spool and the spool was tied to a fishing pole. She said he wound up the spool with a little crank.

He threw his line away out in the water and one of the monsters tackled it. As soon as it did so the fisherman started down the wharf toward shore unrolling his spool as she called it, as he ran. He jumped off the wharf on the beach and commenced to roll up his spool.

According to the aged Afro-Port Lavacan, it must have been a great fight. She said that this stranger was sometimes up to his armpits in the water and then he was out on land and the fish right up on the beach. But according to her story, "De stranger," as she called him, finally had his game flopping on the dry sand.

"Den what you s'pose it done to him?" she asked.

I would not venture a suggestion as to the probable conduct of such a fish.

"Well, suh," she said, "hit flopped dere morn' a minit, just as if it was fitin' mad. Den it got up on its tail and jumped in de air. Ebery time it rose it jist spanked him wid its tail. Deed it looked like it was kicking him. You see whar dat pilin' is down dar about two hundred yards? Well, right dar it gin him de last kick and knocked him a somerset. Den it jumped about fifty yards out in de bay."

She had told that a hundred times and believed it. Being revered among her kind, and that kind, either through fear of loss of tackle or through fear of being spanked along the beach by this monster, always pulled up its lines when it was in the neighborhood.

After my ambition had been aroused by my surgeon friend, I began to select tackle.

I was advised to get a Hall 27, a Hall 30, a Hall this and t'other. Hooks of all kinds were suggested and reels of every size and make indorsed.

I wanted to win and I was careful to select weapons, and unfortunately for me I finally got the best. I borrowed a rod with strength enough to pry up a house. I read in Job, "Canst thou draw out the leviathan with a hook, or his tongue, with a cord which thou lettest down?" and I went out to get a hook and line, so that when my work was done I could write in my Bible at the end of the interrogation, "Yea, I not only can do it, but have done it, and it was easy."

Thus panoplied, and this is the proper word because it is a sort of war term, and later on I found I had been in war, I repaired to the scene of what I supposed would be my triumph, that is, Aransas Pass.

Fortunately I secured the services of a life-saver as my boatman. He belonged to the life-saving station at Galveston, is named Johnny Holmes, and I take pleasure in recommending him to all persons who are either wrecked at sea, hooked up with a tarpon, or in other kinds of distress consequent of foolishly having anything to do with salt water.

Johnny went through the Galveston storm in the bottom of a life boat after the life-saving station was washed away.

As the members of the life-saving service are laid off in the summer months, he had repaired to Aransas Pass for that "much needed rest" and employed the time in rowing people around seeking tarpon and rescuing them after a tarpon was found.

He placed me in the chair in the boat much after the manner, I imagine, the officers in New York and Ohio place a felon in the electric chair. It was an uncanny kind of act or ceremony and I began to feel just a bit nervous. He told me to brace my feet well, to hold my rod firmly, to keep my thumb on the leather brake on the reel and then to watch out. This last admonition was unnecessary as I was doing it, for I had become deeply interested in my personal welfare.

He hooked a mullet on the hook, cast it over, directed me to let out line, told me when to stop letting it

out, bent to his oars and we were out in the playgrounds of the denizens of the Gulf.

There were other boats containing other foolish people all about us. They were lucky. Tarpon after tarpon rose in the air, lines were quickly drawn up and the unfortunate who had hooked one was given a chance by the neighboring boats scurrying out of reach.

Tarpon after tarpon was dragged up on the beach, measured and then dragged back to his freedom. But I got no strikes for awhile. My cheerful spirits came again. I released the death grip I held on my rod. I even let it rest on the stern of the boat. Why, I got so much of my nerve back that my boatman could hear me when I spoke to him.

Indeed, I became somewhat dapper, so to speak, and suggested to many of those who were in agonies, by which I mean when they were hooked up, that they ought to let out more line; that they ought to reel up; that they should hold their nerve; that the way to take tarpon was to throw the hook into them, break their hearts, pull them up by the side of the boat, get the boatman to stroke them down the back and then make them follow them ashore.

I offered advice to every one and I fancy that I had not been on the fishing grounds more than an hour before I made an impression and had excited deep hatred in every man who had been blessed or cursed, as the case may be, by a strike.

I finally got one, just as I was hilariously commenting on the lack

Special Rate Discontinued

The special subscription rate of 50 cents per year for TEXAS GAME AND FISH which in the past has been granted wildlife organizations and schools no longer is in effect.

The nine-member panel of Game and Fish Commissioners voted to discontinue the rate at their last quarterly meeting. Beginning November 1 and henceforth the subscription price is \$1 per year to everyone.

of polish in a neighbor handling his rod.

What I was about to say, was not said. I could distinctly feel my heart fall four inches, and then it felt heavy, as if the fall had hurt it.

The reel did not whirr. It just clicked off a few clicks. I made a wild dive with my right hand then for the leather brake, only to jab it between the spool of the reel and the rod.

My luck was great, for the fish, feeling the foreign substance in his mouth, the hook perhaps having pricked him, came out in the air where the resistance to his contortions would be less than in the water, and threw the hook forty feet away.

"You didn't strike him," said Johnny. An explanation on my part was in order. But I tried to look as if I scorned to make one. The truth was that my voice was dead. Several times I had the same experience. But I was getting in shape, as shown by the fact that I finally arrived at the point where I had strength enough to feebly lift the rod in a lazy imitation of striking when the fish struck.

Johnny was getting discouraged. The other boatmen were making him look like a pair of deuces, as he remarked. But the delay was good for me. It was making me bold. In fact I was, I felt, just training for the great act. And it came.

The reel went click, click, for a few feet as if the fish at the other end was perfectly at ease and was rather willing for anything that came. He did not seize the bait and run like a thief. He took it as if it belonged to him and as if he were willing to fight for it. But I was better poised mentally at that moment than I had been and I threw my whole strength into one side-sweep with the rod.

He telegraphed down the line he was there and perhaps fearing I might not read the telegram came out of the water, six feet if an inch, to show me.

He came as a six-foot bolt of beaten silver—came shimmering, a ray of light even under an August sun—came the epitome of beauty and rage. And when his native element received him, it received him speeding.

The reel did not click or whirr now. It hummed—like a top.

"Put the brake on," Johnny said. I

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Stocking?

Strict Regulation?

Changing Concepts Of Wildlife Management

Habitat
Improvement?

Refuges?

By DR. IRA N. GABRIELSON

*President, Wildlife Management Institute
Former Chief, U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service*

The relatively young science of game management has hit its share of stumbling blocks but is rapidly getting on its feet. Here Dr. Ira N. Gabrielson explains the ABCs of the modern approach to good hunting. No sportsman who missed this short, concise article in 1947 should skip it now.

THE management of the wildlife resources has been successively based on different ideas. Each had its enthusiastic proponents who were sure that their concept provided the method to insure every hunter's and every fisherman's dreams of endless sport.

One after another the believer in regulated hunting, in artificial propagation and stocking, and in refuges—to mention only three of the more important—have had their innings.

Yet no one of these methods for increasing stocks of wildlife have proved to be the answer. All remain and probably will remain useful tools of proper management.

Certainly no thinking sportsman can seriously believe that it will ever be possible to go without some restriction on the human harvest of these natural resources. The type and degree of regulation may change from year to year but regulations will always be a part of the management program.

Likewise few successful management programs and no successful restoration program has to date been put into operation without furnishing

sanctuary for necessary breeding stocks by some method or other. It may have been by permanent or temporary refuges, by refuges that were provided primarily for that purpose, or by either public or private lands that were closed to hunting or fishing for other than wildlife conservation reasons but that nevertheless did furnish the necessary protection provided by refuges. There is little doubt that refuges both formal and otherwise, which are refuges in fact though not in name, will always be used in management programs.

Neither is there much doubt that restocking will always remain a useful and, under some circumstances, a mighty important tool in management.

The latest and, so far as it's been tried, the most effective method for producing game and fish is restoration of proper living conditions for them. Along with this must go vigorous efforts to preserve such good environment as may still exist. Obviously no gain is achieved if an acre of productive land or water is destroyed for each new acre that may be restored. All that has been accom-

plished has been a shifting of population to conform to the changing conditions.

The development of suitable environment has demonstrated that this method will produce more game and fish annually at a cheaper unit cost than any other method yet found. It is nature's way of producing wildlife and it has the enormous additional advantage of fitting in well with the vitally important program of soil conservation and management.

It cannot produce indefinitely expanding quantities of wildlife for there is a definite limit to the amount of life that can be produced even on the best and most suitable land.

The idea of producing unlimited supplies of wildlife on any area of land, however good it may be, is as absurd as the idea of producing 1000 bushels of corn to the acre would be if a farmer expected to do it on land now producing 70 bushels with the very best farming practices. It is said that nothing is impossible. Some day the 1000 bushels of corn per acre may be done but it will take revolutionary changes in present knowledge and methods to bring it about.

If the understanding that only a limited amount of life can be produced on any area is applied to quail—a widely-loved upland game bird in Missouri—the limitation becomes clear. There have been cases where careful management has maintained a breeding population of a bird to the acre. On good average quail land, however, the natural ceiling is a bird to from 5 to 10 acres—a population

which rapidly thins out as land becomes less suited for quail use.

The living requirements of bobwhite are better known than those of any other upland game bird and, therefore, an application of this knowledge is surer to produce results than in other species that have been less intensively studied.

What should be done to produce the greatest annual crop of quail on a given area? Or as one man put it to me recently, what would you do if given 10,000 acres of land and plenty of money to produce a crop of quail?

The answer to me is clear. The first job undertaken would be to provide the best living conditions for the greatest number of pairs of breeding birds, and fall and winter feed and cover for the greatest number of covies. These food and cover requirements are well known and equally well known is the necessity of the two being in the proper relation with each other.

In other words I'd spend my first money and efforts in providing the necessary living conditions over as large an area as the character of the land and its other uses would permit. This would be the sensible thing for two reasons: First, that with little or no annual expense, these suitable sites would produce and shelter a new crop of quail each year while others were being developed; and secondly, they would provide the cheapest birds over a term of years.

Once the maximum suitable cover and food had been attained, I'd spend annually the necessary money to keep it in top condition, in order to get the continuing benefit of this natural production.

Next—if the money still held out I'd provide for restocking in very bad seasons, or in areas that for irremediable reasons remained with populations below carrying capacity.

This stock might be obtained by trapping wild birds in areas where populations were high. In fact, wild trapping would be first preference if on the area under control an uneven distribution of birds in suitable coverts remained after the shooting season. . . .

Lastly, if money were available after these programs had been carried out and the suppliers of these funds

wanted a greater harvest than the land would produce, I'd fall back on the system used in England and on some of the great shooting preserves in this country. I'd hatch birds and release them ahead of the guns. However, I would not do this until after the other measures had assured the best possible production of birds by working with Mother Nature.

In the average state—working on limited budgets—the best long-time program would undoubtedly follow the same general pattern. Because of their historical sequence and sportsman pressure, however, many states have spent and often wasted much of their limited funds raising or buying and releasing birds in areas totally unsuited for them.

From the Issue



Of January 1947

Good quail land, in suitable quail country, normally will have an adequate breeding stock.

Occasional exceptions may be areas under too heavy gunning pressure or areas subjected to several successive poor breeding seasons or extraordinarily adverse weather conditions.

The quail naturally produced on these lands must of necessity furnish the backbone of the huntable population.

There will inevitably be good, mediocre and poor years, the frequency of each type depending upon cumulative effects of good and bad factors operating upon the quail population. These ups and downs would inevitably occur even if there were no shooting. Too much shooting in poor years or too little shooting in good years may make these swings more pronounced but shooting pressure alone is seldom entirely responsible for the swing; sometimes it is a negligible factor.

Whenever a stocking program is un-

dertaken the individual cost *per quail* to state game funds begins to go up. When stocking ahead of the guns comes into the picture, the cost in terms of return in the harvest begins to skyrocket.

Any sportsman can figure for himself by computing the cost per quail or pheasant (the two upland game birds that so far are successfully bred on a mass production basis) and figuring the number his annual license fee would cover, even if the entire sum went into quail production with nothing for protection or any other necessary elements in management. (*Editor's Note*—Current market price for game-farm quail ranges from \$2 per bird up.)

The inevitable conclusion under present conditions must be that bag limits and seasons will be drastically reduced, or the cost of licenses will go up and up if extensive stocking ahead of the guns is to be carried out.

The plain truth is that under the American concept of public hunting for a nominal fee to all who care to buy a license, it is economically impossible.

The equally inevitable conclusion is that restoration and maintenance of environment will, with present knowledge, produce the greatest number of quail over a five-year period for the money available for quail production for public hunting.

Only where cost becomes a secondary consideration can extensive propagation and release ahead of the guns become feasible. Perchance it will not always be so. The experience of shooting preserves indicates definitely that additional shooting can be provided at a cost.

It also indicates definitely that natural production even on the most intensively managed areas is the basis of a population big enough to furnish sport shooting. Get it first before indulging in the higher cost projects and remember that there is a definite limit beyond which land cannot produce more of any kind of life. At some future time that production may be raised by new knowledge, new methods, or the expenditures of greater and greater sums of money, but it is not possible now.

I don't insist on the impossible, but

● Concluded on Next Page



Too Many Deer Mean Death

White-tailed deer, which had died of malnutrition, provided a shocking illustration for an article by the late Henry C. Hahn, Jr., and Walter P. Taylor in the November, 1950, issue.

They told of counting the deaths of 116 undernourished deer on a single 640-acre section of land during the winter of 1947. This die-off occurred in the over-populated Hill Country where cattle, sheep, and goats have reduced the food supply.

The article was part of the long fight on the part of the nation's game management experts for the introduction of controlled hunting of excess doe deer.

Similar die-offs occur in Texas annually, and many states now permit the killing of does in areas where the food supply is insufficient. When properly regulated, this amounts simply to harvesting doe deer which otherwise would die on the range.

When and if the hunters of Texas become convinced of the merits of this program, plans would call for legal shooting of does on a limited basis only in localized areas where there was proof of the need.

Changing Concepts

• Continued from Preceding Page

I do expect the greatest possible wildlife population for the amount of money available might be a good motto for every hunter. After all, the price of his annual license is the sole contribution the average hunter or fisherman expends for production and protection of wildlife; the balance expended in pursuing his favorite recreation is for harvesting the crop.

It is a badly unbalanced picture which only the basic, cheap, *natural production* of game and fish makes possible.

It would seem only good sense to build that natural production to the highest possible level and spend the necessary money and effort to keep it there . . .

The average hunter ought to get behind such work—knowing that it is surely working toward the greatest

possible production of game from land which must necessarily be used primarily for other purposes.

Such work does not produce spectacular results. It is hard to build big ballyhoo publicity around such simple things as planting patches of feed-crop, of filling a gully with growing plants, of preventing bad soil erosion by stopping runoff on the land where the rain falls. But when these things are properly done, each covert and food patch will go on each year producing its tiny quota of quail, pheasants, rabbits and other life—something that all the publicity in the world cannot accomplish.

Isn't it time that those of us who like to hunt and fish quit looking for a quick, easy and painless way of producing game and get to work on a sound fundamental program?

Fish Reports Field Data

HERE'S AN ANGLE

Some of the "local" hunters wondering why they cannot get deer hunting leases conveniently near their homes might consider this. It seems some ranchers hesitate about opening up their lands to the home towners. The reason is that they find it difficult to confine the harvest to the limitations specified by the lease. That is, they find that a ten-gun lease sometimes stretches to 15 and even 20 guns. The answer appears to have been found in leasing to persons from distant places who theoretically have more difficulty in bringing in "ringers."

EMILY POST NOTE

And there was the duck hunter down on the Gulf coast who was caught by the motel owner picking a duck in the middle of the kitchen floor, and without even paper for the feathers. He got the sharp-toed boot on the scene. But another fellow the same harassed proprietor caught soon after wiping his wet rusty gun barrel on a bed sheet (and ruining it) only got a bill. And he paid, too.

FAMILY MATTER

Game Warden Supervisor Tom Waddell of Eagle Lake observed when he arrested a young man for killing a deer: "Didn't I arrest your father once?" The man said yes. Waddell still thought the name was familiar. Before his questioning had ended, he found that he not only had arrested the man's father but also had arrested an uncle and two cousins—all for shooting deer out of season.

SEA FOOD? PHOOEY!

The fellow who runs the Game and Fish Commission laboratory at Rockport, the fellow who has access to every edible species of marine life in the Gulf—the shrimp, the flounder and all those luscious types—that fel-

Texas Tracks

By JAY VESSELS

Press Views

Game Notes

low is Jack Baughman, and he cares not at all for sea food! Might be tempted to partake of crab meat, that's all. What a shame when all the landlubbers yearn for the stuff.

FLIER'S FANCY

Game Warden Supervisor Claude Keller of Victoria, was not impressed when some duck hunters were screaming about the blackbird concentration. The complaint was sharper because duck shooting was poor. "Get a limit of the black birds," offered Keller. "Somebody cooked up a blackbird stew a while back; well done, lots of gravy, and it tasted mighty good."

EXPLODING A MYTH

Managing editor's are not supposed to be like other people; too cynical; dulled by the daily parade of callous events about their fellow men. It could be that the Texas journalistic breed is different. The report is out that Managing Editor Al Parker, head news man of the *Wichita Falls Times*, got a good bang out of his home town paper at Pine Bluff, Arkansas, when it picked up the article about Fisherman Parker from the August issue of *TEXAS GAME & FISH* magazine. You remember—Parker is one of the rare members of the ivory tower clan who personally covers the outdoor field.

LION REPORT

They had a short flareup from mountain lions in South Texas. State Trappers responded and caught eight on the Briscoe Ranch southwest of Catarina in six weeks. But hunters combing Texas for big game shouldn't worry about meeting a big bad lion in the woods. Here's why:

John E. Hearn, Chief of Predator Control for the Game and Fish Commission, has been in the department

for 23 years and estimates he has traveled 3,000,000 miles. "And yet," said Hearn, "I've only seen one lion in that time, while I was in motion."

Hearn went on to say that once he tried to get up close to a lion, and really got within ten feet of him. "There I was armed with a cocked 30-30 rifle and there he was with just his natural weapons," explained Hearn. "But he had more than I had. Why, I could hear that lion popping fleas, snapping his jaws. I was down wind of him and he wasn't supposed to smell me. But they can smell, hear, and see better than anything. He sniffed me finally and took off."

STATISTICAL STORY

Gene Walker, a wildlife biologist for the Game and Fish Commission, passed along these shooting preserve figures on big game harvests in Gillespie county as typical data:

Year	Deer	Turkey
1941-42	1787	859
1942-43	1311	659
1943-44	1094	303
1944-45	1365	363
1945-46	2183	647
1946-47	2324	558
1947-48	2252	519
1948-49	1618	340
1949-50	1858	538
1950-51	2459	387
1951-52	1711	230

NEW ROLE FOR FISH

UP Dispatch from Toronto, Canada, carried in *Dallas Times-Herald*:

"The president of the Canadian Aquaria Society says he has a sure cure for jangled nerves. Keep fish. "I can't think of anything more relaxing than watching fish swim gently through cool water," said W. L. Whitern, sighing peacefully. "I've kept fish for 20 years. I have 300 and

I live in a small apartment. You don't see me having nervous troubles. I watch my fish."

RUGGED ROAD TEST

Travelers driving the lone West Texas stretches at night and hoping to escape trouble have Big Ed Lacy's word that it's tough. Game Warden Ed, after an all-night cruise on duty out of his Sanderson headquarters, wrecked his car about 10 miles south of Fort Stockton on the Marathon road. His collar bone and four ribs were broken, he had internal injuries, two badly bruised and twisted knees, and he suffered from shock. Lacy got to the nearest ranch house four miles away but needed two hours for the agonizing walk. The car was a complete wreck but husky Lacy expects to be back on duty by the first of the year.

PAUL BUNYAN STUFF

Associated Press dispatch from Cow Island, Montana, in the *San Antonio Express*:

"Joe Sage Hen, a Gros Ventre Indian, scared up a giant 15½ pound jack rabbit and promptly blasted the critter with a buffalo gun. Joe said it was the biggest rabbit ever shot in Montana. "Squaw boil him and make stew dumplings," Joe said.

KEEP YOUR POWDER DRY

The *Texarkana News Digest* told how a wolf followed John A. Dugger's dog out of the woods while he was hunting. At first, Dugger thought it was another dog until the strange animal did not respond to his call. Meanwhile, another wolf came out of the brush and seemed determined to head off Dugger's dog but got away while Dugger was slaying the first one. Arkansas Game Warden E. E. Patillo identified the animal as a timber wolf.



MASTER WHITE-TAIL all decked out in Nature's camouflage which enables him to blend in with his surroundings.

in his place of concealment and stay perfectly still. He has obeyed her. It is the instinct of wild ones to obey. Now his mother is softly calling to him a new order:

"Get up! Come! Follow me!"

Master White-Tail struggles to his feet, wobbling a little on his heart-shaped pointed hoofs. He stares through the underbrush to see which way he must go.

The tail of a Texas deer is rather busy. When held downward, pressed against the body, it shows only an inconspicuous brown, the color of the rest of the deer's coat. But when it is raised it shows the flashing white of the underside. It becomes a signal-flag. The fawn is watching for that signal—the flashing white of the underside of his mother's tail. Presently, he sees it, a quick white glimmer among the tree trunks. Instantly he gives a little bound forward, and trots out from his cover to follow where his mother leads.

She brings him through the woods to where a trail winds and twists gradually along a downward slope, coming at last to a little stream or pool or low marshy meadow. The way of deer in summertime is to come

THIS is the story of Master White-Tail who weights about five pounds at birth but who grows rapidly into a fine buck.

Master White-Tail comes into the world in the spring of the year when the earth gives off the smell of rain-wet-leaf-mould and green growing things. His first home is in a hallowed form of grasses. His dappled body is not more than sixteen inches high. A fox could carry him off.

While his mother is away feeding, he lies extremely still in his hiding place. His spotted infant-coat has been given him for good reason. His dappled hide blends with the sun-flecked pattern of the leaves, and he is almost invisible when motionless. And, motionless, he does not give off a scent.

Presently, as Master White-Tail lies quietly with slim legs tucked under him and great dark eyes watch-

Master

White-Tail

ing the wonder of the green world, a sound comes to him. It is a faint little sound—soft, whispered bleating. To Master White-Tail it is instantly meaningful. He cocks his head, turns the hearing-funnel of his velvety little ears. Again the soft bleating comes. It is the special sound of a doe, speaking to her little one.

When his mother left Master White-Tail in his form, she conveyed to him that he must flatten himself

down to the low ground to feed and drink in the evenings and early dawns, retiring for noonday to the deep and cool recesses of the woods. As the shadows of late afternoon lengthen now, the doe crops the cool damp grasses at the water's edge, and Master White-Tail, wobbling under her and nuzzling her warm belly, suckles and is content.

As dusk settles over the woods, the doe is off up the trail again. Stiff-

legged, weary, Master White-Tail follows the glimmer of her white banner in the deeping twilight. It leads him to his "form" again, and there, almost instantly, he falls asleep. He does not feel the doe licking him and smoothing his spotted coat, as a mother cat tends a kitten. He does not know that all during the night she is only half asleep, her tawny ears cocking in the darkness for the sound of a twig snapping, her dark soft nose raised again and again to test the night air.

During succeeding days, Master White-Tail learns many things. At first, while his legs are still uncertain, his mother makes him stay in his form, coming out only when she summons him to follow; but in a little while he is going almost everywhere with her. The first thing a white-tail must learn, as must most other animals, is how to use his legs. His must become expert in the special gaits of deer.

In addition to walking, deer have three gaits; a trot, a gallop and a run. The run is Master White-Tail's gait when he has been suddenly startled, close-up; he just streaks through the woods as quickly as his little legs will take him. The trot is a brisk and dainty prancing. When the white-tail trots he holds his head stiffly erect, and throws out his legs with a proud free swing. The gallop is deer's gait when they have caught sight or scent

of danger that is not close enough to demand that they "run like deer." It is the gait man most often sees deer using.

Master White-Tail learns, in the gallop, to progress in a rhythm of three or four more bounds and then another high curving leap. Master White-Tail must practice. The hoof-movement of deer is not that of "diagonal" runners, like horses, but is "rotary." That is, the white-tail's hoofs strike the earth in this order: right forefoot, left forefoot, left hind-foot, right hindfoot, right forefoot again. It is the same gait used by foxes.

While Master White-Tail is perfecting the art of motion, he is learning many other things. Before he is very old he meets the other members of the herd, and thereafter lives most of his life with them, for it is in his blood to be gregarious. He is initiated into signals and stratagems which the deer-herd uses for its protection.

There is the urgent danger-cry. It is a cry something like a cough, or like a gruff little bark. The deer makes it by blowing air with violence through his nostrils. When Master White-Tail begins uttering the sound himself, his fawn-noise is a kind of feeble woofle. As he grows older he attains the grown-up quality of gruffness. He is learning many other deer-ways, how to distinguish different

From the Issue



Of March 1945

kinds of twig-snapping when he hears them, how to confuse the scent of his tracks, and the necessary modern-day craft of crossing highways safely. Not all deer make a highway crossing safely. Hundreds are killed every year in Texas by speeding automobiles. But the common way of crossing a road, Master White-Tail learns, is for one member of the herd, usually a doe, to advance to within about a rod of the roadside while the others stand back. The scouting doe stops, looks and listens. If all seems well, she flirts her tail vigorously, showing the white signal flag. Then she walks slowly and alertly forward to the edge of the road. The rest of the herd advances to where the doe was previously standing. At the roadside, the doe

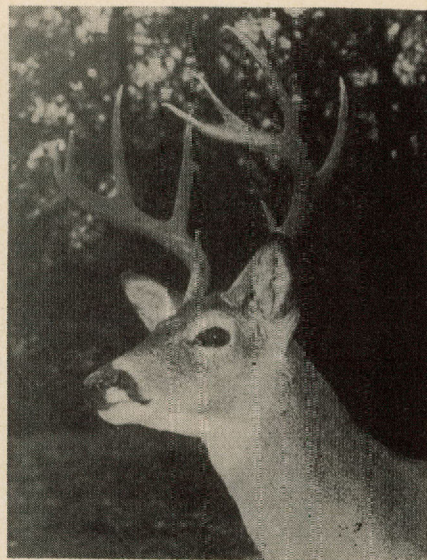
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MASTER WHITE-TAIL is now a grown boy, and he is beginning to sprout his first set of antlers. Note the two bulges just below the ears where the bone tissue is starting to grow.



IN SUMMERTIME the antlers of the white-tail are covered with a furry skin. At this time of the year the deer is said to be in "velvet."



IN EARLY FALL white-tailed deer shed the furry velvet on the antlers by rubbing it off on tree trunks. The mature hardened antlers are what you see if your are lucky during the open season.

again pauses, looks carefully both ways raises her signal-flag, then vaults across the road. Reaching the far side, she makes one final reconnoiter. Then she gives her white flag a last triumphant flip, to say "All's well," and the herd goes trooping across the road.

By September of his first year, Master White-Tail has learned the basic wood-lore he must know, and he has begun to undergo a change in appearance and temperament. Deer change to a winter coat in autumn, and in the process Master White-Tail loses his fawn-spots. He has grown to be about half the size of his mother, and his coat is the winter coat which all deer wear; a heavy grayish brown, replacing the light reddish brown of the short summer coat. His throat and underpants are white, and the cartilage of his nose, the tips of his ears, and a penciled rim around each of his dark eyes, are black. With the taking on of his adult dress he has taken on also a new attitude toward his mother. Gradually, Master White-Tail ceases to follow her, to regard her white signal-flag as a guide which must be obeyed. He comes to nuzzle less often at her warm belly. The taste of milk loses its charm for him. Master Fawn is half a year old now, and he has been weaned.

His diet grows comprehensive. He finds he likes almost every kind of leaves, grass, moss, buds, berries, fruit, nuts and mushrooms. Lichens, discoverable on the rocks, have a good taste, and so does cedar, and so do the fleshy lily-pads that he finds in his drinking pool. He comes to wander considerable distances, as all deer do, in search of fallen acorns.

Master White-Tail has no front teeth in his upper jaw, and only eight front ones in his lower. Deer crop and nibble their food, and then chop it up with the strong grinders at the back of their mouths. Master White-Tail's way of eating is like a cow's. When he has cropped a mouthful of leaves or wood moss, he chews and re-chews it as a cud.

In Master White-Tail's second spring, there swell upon his forehead two little knobs. They are the beginning of his antlers. They are brown-

ish, covered with a soft velvety substance, warm to the touch. Deer-horn is true bone, as hard as any other, when in maturity; but during growth it is soft and tender and fed by blood-vessels. It has the same temperature as the deer's body, and is part of his flesh. In the second summer of a buck's life, into which Master White-Tail has now entered, the antlers grow from little velvety knobs, in May or June, until they have reached, about August, the full development of "first antlers." These are single spikes of curving horn, making their wearer what is called a spike-horn. By his third summer a buck has developed one tine on each antler and becomes a "Y" buck; and additional years bring additional tines.

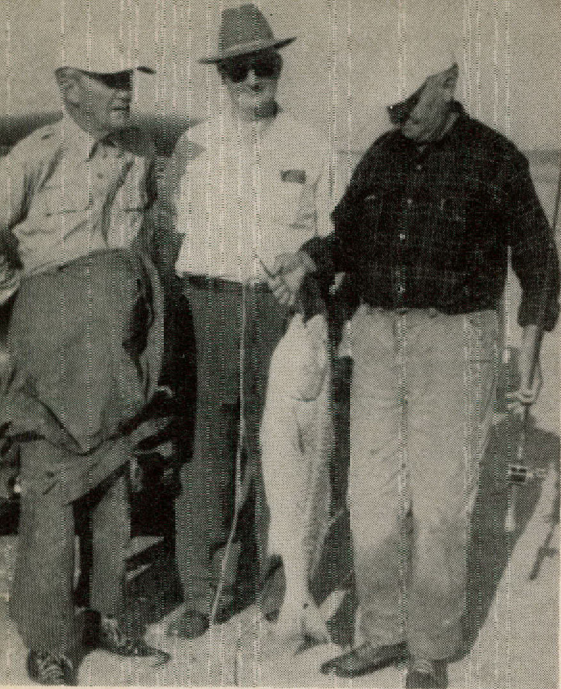
Deer antlers are developed, matured, dropped off and then replaced with new growths, almost like leaves of a tree. The growth starts afresh each spring, from a little bony plate on the forehead. Until September the horns grow rapidly, in the soft fur-covered skin which is their "velvet," and during growth they remain warm, pulsing with blood. In September they begin to harden. They begin to become solid bone. The buck rubs them against the trunks of saplings, scraping off the furry velvet. By October the antlers are hard and insensitive, the nerves withered in them, the blood supply withdrawn, the bone polished from rubbing against trees. For three or four months the buck wears the mature set of antlers. Then, between the first of January and the first of March, the antlers become brittle; they loosen from their foundations on the skull. There comes a day when, brushed against a branch, they are knocked off.

In his second summer now Master White-Tail, spikily antlered as evidence that he is coming into maturity, lives much as he lived the year before, after he had grown out of early fawnhood, but with new expertness and sureness. He has forgotten by now who his mother is, and he is as adept at snorting a gruff alarm-cry or sailing in a great arc over a brush fence as any of his elders. He grows wise, on the daily dawn and dusk excursions along the trail to the

lowlands, and in his stray wanderings away from the rest of the herd into the dim green solitudes of the woods at noonday. He learns, during the hot days of midsummer, to keep cool and escape mosquitoes by swimming far out into a pool, and immersing himself until only the tip of his nose and the top of his head are exposed. He lies there blissfully like a submerged hippopotamus. Master White-Tail acquires the technique of killing a snake, which he dreads as most wild animals do. When he comes upon one in his path, he makes a high leap almost straight in the air, and as he leaps he bunches his four hoofs together, with their sharp fore-edges pointed downward. They come down compactly, with the weight of his 75 or 80 pounds behind them, and the snake, unprepared to strike straight upwards, is cut to pieces. Master White-Tail learns many a woods-prudence, not least the wisdom of taking his noonday nap on the highest hilltop in the countryside, that he may watch for danger from a vantage point.

There comes a time in October when Master White-Tail feels a change come over him. Until now the dominant note in his spirit has been peacefulness. He has wanted no more than to browse, to sleep, to lie chewing his cud placidly in the green lush of the noonday woods. But now, as the leaves begin to fall in his second autumn, he feels a strange combativeness steal over him, and there is a new attitude toward his fellow-members of the herd. The bucks have been his friends. Suddenly he feels them to be rivals. The does have been his friends. Suddenly he feels them to be his possible mates. Master White-Tail's neck is swollen far beyond its normal size. On a day in late fall, Master White-Tail hears in the woods the sound of the clashing of antlers, and suddenly for the first time it is meaningful and exciting to him. He gallops to the scene of the sound, and, meeting a buck, paws the earth and snorts and lowers his spiked head.

Master White-Tail, his primary deerlore learned, his fawnhood put behind him, has come to the moment of maturity. He is now Mr. Buck.



Roy Rowell, right, and the redfish that didn't know when to quit. With them are Harry Wakefield, left, and Vernon Traylor.

A real champion was this redfish. He battled on and on for nearly six hours while a Texas angler wondered how long his 12-pound test line would hold.

Light Tackle and Long Hours

By TOWNSEND MILLER

Editor

Like any other veteran angler, Houston's Roy Rowell has experienced his share of fishing thrills in his hundreds of jaunts to the nearby coast.

He was looking for more of them that morning last October, but he hardly dared hope for the heart-pounding experience he found.

Rowell is one of the state's pioneers in tournament casting competition, and he long has been an advocate of light tackle. As he and Harry Wakefield, a fishing partner, waded into the surf near San Luis Pass, he was equipped with freshwater bass tackle—a lightweight Heddon rod and Shakespeare reel and sporting 12-pound test line hand-braided by Bob Skeltor.

Rowell began casting cut bait in quest of whiting and was having fair luck. The time was around 10 a.m.

Then, like the first sudden thunder

bolt of an approaching storm it struck, did this angling experience that comes to few in a lifetime of fishing. And it struck just as unexpectedly.

Rowell slammed his hook into something that refused to be stopped. The big fish headed for deep water. Rowell exerted all the pressure he dared on the light tackle and 12-pound line; the fish just kept moving away from shore. With spare line almost exhausted, Rowell, forced to give ground, waded out until the water reached his arm pits.

For several long, long minutes the decision teetered in balance, and it seemed Rowell surely would lose the battle almost before it began.

Finally the fish began to yield slightly and at the same time headed down the beach.

Man and fish, evenly matched, struggled for a timeless hour, inching their way a full mile down the beach. The see-saw battle progressed still a second hour and another mile from the starting point.

Spectators gathered to clog the beach behind the surfside arena. The beach road was jammed with cars.

The handle of Rowell's reel began to wobble, and to his dismay, he discovered that the nut was loose. In the fury of the struggle, he was unable to tighten it, and eventually it fell into the water.

For another hour, Rowell frantically fought to control his prize with the malfunctioning tackle. Again he was forced into deep water.

Finally, he managed to inch the fish in close enough to shore that a helpful spectator could hand him a replacement for the lost nut.

A third heart-gripping hour had passed. Still the stubborn battler showed no signs of weakening.

A fourth and fifth hour crawled by in the deadlocked struggle, and by this time the tireless fish had worked its way almost five miles down the beach.

In and out he battled, sometimes close to shore, at other times with Rowell holding his rod over his head to keep it above the water.

As the sixth hour wore away, Rowell gradually began to gain the upper hand. The contest neared the Old Boilers, where a seining party was working, and unfortunately, or fortunately, whichever you choose, the tiring fish accidentally swam into the net.

The time was 3:45 p.m.

The heroic scrapper was a big redfish, measuring 37½ inches in length and weighing 16½ pounds. He had fought an almost unbelievable five hours and forty-five minutes.

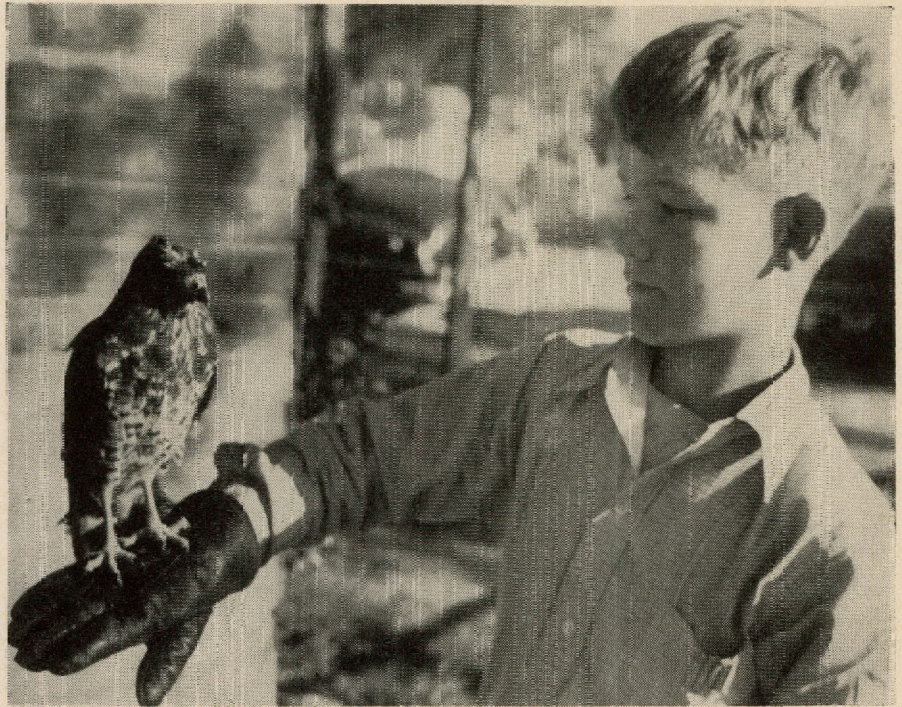
As Rowell gazed at his prize, the great respect he held for the stamina, courage, and unyielding heart of this gallant gamester was reflected in his eyes even more brightly than the glow of victory.

Rowell wanted to release the great red, but by the time spectators had finished picture taking, the fish, weakened by his long exertion, was far too near death.

Today, tomorrow, and many more tomorrows, hundreds of fishermen will go forth, seeking not so much a string of fish as a memory—the memory of one such fabulous experience which they, too, may find worthy of holding dear the rest of their days.

Rowell has his.

A Child Shall Lead Them



The fellow townsmen of Jimmy Burrows, 14-year-old homespun naturalist, were trying hard to do the right thing—but Jimmy's heart and head told him they were wrong.

By JAY VESSELS

This is the time for Christmas season stories about children and the impact on their peers. Certainly it is the time for the story about Jimmy Burrows, a 14-year-old Texas lad whose natural talents salvaged a mighty moral from an unfortunate incident.

Jimmy's experience, helping bring traditional new hope through emphasis on youth, is timely because it provides fresh inspiration to the friends of wildlife.

With all of that, Jimmy Burrows realized probably less than anyone his contribution that late September day when he walked apprehensively to the nearby forest where aroused townsmen had massacred hundreds of migrating hawks.

The forest, littered that day with dead and dying Little Broadwings, had long been Jimmy's laboratory. He spent all his spare time there. What a disillusionment, now, this mass extermination of his feathered friends!

Jimmy had heard the shooting during the fateful day, even as he struggled to concentrate on his seventh grade studies. With school out in the late afternoon, he hurried to the woods to do what he could.

He found his pine-studded fairland converted into a virtual abattoir. Wild hogs, such ravenous scavengers that they even have been known to eat human flesh, had moved in to complete the carnage.

Jimmy strode sadly through the sordid scene. Some of the birds fluttered shattered wings. When he returned home just before dark, he carried eleven hawks; all that he could find that were still alive.

In the end, two of the beautifully marked birds survived. One, recovering from a rifle slug through a foot, was released. The other, the end of a wing blown off by a shotgun blast, was kept in captivity. Jimmy had saved its life temporarily with crude

but effective surgery and application of sulfa drugs, but it could never fly again.

The setting for this never-to-be-forgotten lesson came when the townsmen mistakenly believed the hawks had come to devour chickens and quail. Many of the residents of the little town, which is ringed with sawmills, kept chickens as standard family facilities. Many others appreciated the significance of the quail comeback. This protective attitude certainly was commendable in this part of the Big Thicket, which has not always distinguished itself for safeguarding wildlife although its major source of livelihood comes from the timberland.

So when the spiraling hawks came, the call to arms was spontaneous and complete, and in the same spirit which rallied the New England settlers behind the rock fences to repel the invaders at Lexington and Concord.

The slaughter was ghastly. The bewildered birds, apparently driven by weather off their migrating route to Central America and points south, were too exhausted to fly beyond the massed gunfire. Some of the hawks did feebly flee to the protective shelter of the courthouse square.

The Little Broadwing is fully protected by Texas law, because it does

not attack chickens or quail and lives mainly on such as frogs and small snakes.

Yet the community committed an honest mistake, as it now knows better than anyone. It simply was its good fortune to have a Jimmy Burrows with adequate talents to fully capitalize on the tragedy and, above all, to forestall a recurrence.

Who is this youthful symbol of hope for the Animal Kingdom? Who is this young fellow who so poignantly pointed up this tragedy?

When an outsider first saw Jimmy's photo, with a wild hawk balanced on his gloved hand, he exclaimed: "If that isn't Young America!"

Jimmy is the second youngest of a family of eight children who live with their parents in a humble dwelling. He is in the seventh grade in the Kountze school, being about two scholastic years behind most youngsters because of a prolonged attack of rheumatic fever. Young Burrows belongs to the Boy Scouts.

His mother, who has endured many severe tests because of the lad's distinctive customs, smilingly describes him as "a natural born naturalist." With no botanical training whatever, he has an eye for striking plants. And out of it all, he hopes to become a doctor.

Jimmy looks about like any other boy of 14 who is beset by growth in all directions. He has a mop of blonde hair; friendly, intelligent eyes, and a pair of hands to inspire any varsity football coach.

Talking with this fine young chap produces the realization how motherly understanding must have been strained at times, because Jimmy's protective tendencies toward wildlife cover all available species. And he specializes in snakes.

He ignores none of the reptiles; even catches deadly coral snakes and Texas rattlers. All one winter he had seven snakes hibernating in his pens alongside the frame Burrows house.

Under the circumstances, motherly, tolerant Mrs. Burrows does the best she can. "I try to send someone with him when goes out to catch snakes," she explained. She went on to point out that both she and her husband, who is a garage mechanic, give Jimmy maximum freedom with his strange pals.

Jimmy's bird hospital included a badly hurt green heron. He is shown with this bird and a young opossum held by a brother, Willard, plus some of his nature-studying gang.



The injured broad-winged hawk Jimmy rescued is docile in the hands of his benefactor but shows distrust of other humans, including Jimmy's brother, Phillip.



Jimmy and his mother, left, listen as Mrs. Bruce Reid tells about the sparrow hawk recently featured as a cover on *Texas Game and Fish*.



"Nothing to catching 'em," said Jimmy. "Just take a forked stick and set it in the ground back of their head."

This extraordinary youth was equally terse about his technique in treating the hawk which had one of its wings shot off.

"Just used some splints to keep the shattered end from broadening," he

said. "Put some sulphathiazole salve on it to make it mend." Strictly routine according to his own professional appraisal.

While the conversation dwelt on surgery, Jimmy was asked:

"Ever treat a snake?"

He almost snapped the reply.

"Never hurt one."

◆ Concluded on Page 24

The lowly oyster shell has brought more industry to Texas than all the human boosters in the state. Here is the amazing story.

From Oyster Shell To Ice Cream

By J. L. BAUGHMAN
Chief Marine Biologist

PERHAPS a quarter of a million years ago, in the shallow waters of the sea that rolled where Galveston Bay now lies, a little oyster or spat settled down to live, never dreaming of the days to come when he would help cement the mighty skyscrapers of Houston, built by beings he had never seen.

All up and down the coast of Texas his brothers and sisters and aunts and uncles and cousins were doing the same thing, totally unaware that long after they were dead the limy houses in which they lived would appear again on earth as a piece of paper, a fire extinguisher or a dish of ice cream. So all of them, serenely unknowing their fate, did what all good oysters do. They lived out their allotted span and dying, left their shells for other spat to use as a resting place, until with the passage of the centuries what had first been only a few scattered oysters on the floor of a shallow sea became giant reefs of dead shells dotting our coasts and inland bays.

At this point then were our reefs of mudshell (so called because much of it is buried beneath silt), when Captain John Young of Galveston sailed a small sloop up Galveston Bay to Redfish Reef. Beaching his boat at high tide, when the waters fell, his negro crew loaded shell from the top of the reef into barrels by hand. These barrels were then loaded on deck and, on the next high tide, Captain Young sailed home again, selling his shell to roofers to

be used much as gravel is today.

From this tiny beginning came an industry whose annual sales of \$55,378,157 support a \$15,000,000 yearly payroll, and whose 7,000 employees work in plants on our Texas coast which are valued at over \$100,000,000.

Once Captain Young had developed a use for this oyster shell, his active brain would not let the problem rest, and it was not long until he discovered another. In those days he was interested in a company that owned or operated large seagoing tugs which shifted seagoing vessels about Galveston harbor. Due to the inadequacy of the then existing channels these ships could be moved only in the daytime. Consequently, the tugs lay idle from 10 to 14 hours per day. Anxious to utilize this waste time, he persuaded the Galveston City Commissioners to pave Mechanic Street with shell, using his tugs in their spare time to haul bargeloads of shell from Redfish Reef.

This broke the ice, and as the years passed the shell industry grew rapidly. For a long time, however, shell was utilized only for paving and for roofs. At last, however, chemists discovered that oyster shell and limestone are only two different forms of the same thing, namely lime taken from the sea, and that by slight changes in the process, oyster shell might be used for almost anything that limestone could, and in some cases was even better.





Of March 1948

To the Gulf Coast this was a god-send, for its nearest source of lime was Austin and the haul from there was long and expensive.

The first company to take advantage of this fact was the Lone Star Cement Company, who, pioneering in the use of oyster shell for cement, built their plant in its present location on the ship channel in 1915. Today there are three cement plants in Houston, producing over 2,000,000 barrels per year, while a fourth is building at Corpus Christi. During the war the cement was used mainly in the construction of the third lock in the Panama Canal, when we feared that the others would be bombed. Now in peacetime it goes into construction, and into the cementing of oil wells and similar duties, forming a vital part of our life.

If shell could be used for cement, why wouldn't it work as well elsewhere? This question is best answered of course by pointing out that it has.

Shell is used in the production of paper and the Champion Paper and Fiber Company uses nearly 35,000 yards a year, producing in return 1/5 of all the paper used by "Life," hydrogen gas, caustic soda, turpentine and trestol, or talloil, in the production of most of which shell plays a vital part. Interestingly enough, from the talloil are produced emulsifying agents, oils used in soap making and flotation processes in mining, and has even been experimentally and expensively turned into cooking fat.

Even the eggs you eat at breakfast and the beefsteak you wish you could buy for dinner are dependent on shell. Egg-building chicken foods and the carbonate of lime used in stock feeds both come from this source, and the two companies in Houston producing

these things ship them all over the United States as well as to several foreign countries where they furnish shell and bone-building calcium to chickens and stock.

The roads that you drive on are made of shell either straight, mixed with asphalt, or in the form of shell concrete, but how many of you know that the very gasoline you buy, the car you drive, or the airplane you fly are all dependent to a greater or lesser degree on shell?

Nevertheless it is true, for at the Dow Chemical Company in Freeport, where they use a million tons a year of this raw resource, one of their products is ethylene dibromide, or anti-knock, a substance that takes the hammer out of the old jalopy and gives her wings. Speaking of wings, magnesium, another Dow product, because of its strength and lightness is ideal for the building of airplanes and one of its vital ingredients is shell. This metal is also used in the construction of automobiles and streamlined railway coaches which roll smoothly over roadbeds ballasted with shell.

Caustic soda, an important industrial chemical, also comes from this source, and from a byproduct of its manufacture, carbon dioxide, we obtain a number of the conveniences and necessities of life.

This gas, the same given off from the lungs of a human being when he exhales, has become increasingly valuable for use in fire extinguishers. Gasoline or electric fires may be smothered by use of this type extinguisher without danger to the fireman. Another interesting method of utilization is that whereby oil refineries flood pipe lines and units in their plants with this inert gas. Then when work is done there is no fire hazard, even though petroleum hydrocarbons may still be present.

Carbon dioxide is also transformed by modern chemical magic into dry ice, and here again its uses are widely diversified. As a refrigerant it is widely used in maintaining frozen foods at sub-zero temperatures. It is useful in shipping, making it possible to handle less than carload lots, and an increasing number of truckers are using this economical refrigerant in handling many types of perishable goods.

Since the gas has been found bene-

ficial to many commodities, dry ice is now used in handling a vast amount of fresh produce. It acts both as a booster refrigerant and as a source of carbon dioxide. The inert gas, applied in a proper concentration, aids in the preservation of seafoods, poultry, fresh meats, flowers, fruits and vegetables.

The soft drink industry uses dry ice as a source of low-cost carbonation. The product takes a low freight rate and is readily handled in light weight, insulated containers. Heretofore, beverage makers obtained carbon dioxide as a liquid under high pressure in steel cylinders, but now by using dry ice, it can be shipped to them in solid form in cardboard containers. It is then fed into a steel tank where it once more converts itself into a gas, the bubble in your soda water.

Ice cream manufacturers have also expanded their sales by the use of this oyster shell product which keeps the cream in prime condition right up to the time it is delivered to your doorstep by the refrigerated push cart, a modern day offshoot of that quarter of a million year old oyster and his brothers.

Book Wildlife Movies Early

Book your movies well in advance.

That's the good advice from the Game and Fish Commission's moving picture division. Demand for the Commission's wildlife films continues on the increase over last year, and some of the more popular titles already are booked over two months in advance.

Over a dozen prints each of the films most often requested are available, but still there are not enough to meet the demand. Organizations wishing certain movies on specific dates should plan one to three months in advance and make their requests promptly.

A list of wildlife films available without charge from the Commission for showings to schools, civic organizations, and wildlife groups is available from the Game and Fish Commission, Walton Building, Austin, Texas.

tried it and bore down with all my might.

"Catch your left hand on the rod above the reel," Johnny said. I tried it, but touched the line, and a sear marks the place.

Then I got my mad up, I climbed the rod, shinned down the rod, pressed down the brake, let the reel run at will, braced my feet against the stern of the boat, fell out of the chair, got in it again, prayed, swore, burned up and froze.

That message along the line—that message which would tell me what true ecstasy of delight was never came. There was one, to be sure, but it told of true agony. It read thus: "You have often heard of being up against the real thing? Well, you will understand it now. For this is real."

"Give him more line," said Johnny. God knows I was willing. I was never a stingy man. I would have given him all the lines in all the stores in all the world.

"Reel him up now, take in more line, reel up! Reel up!" How simple the words! How easy it would seem from the simple words. And yet there he was now, after having been in the air half a dozen times, tugging like a pair of young mules. I could not have reeled in an inch of line with a well-windlass. Why, he was pulling a thousand pounds to the inch—pulling the boat, though Johnny was tugging a little the other way to add weight to his burden. Then he would turn and make a curve. But all the time his direction was outward from the boat.

And here it occurred to me that I

had at an earlier hour talked too much. Neighbors with whom I had twitted took a deep interest in what I was doing. They reciprocated with suggestions. They asked me why I did not reel him up by the boat and get my boatman to stroke his back. They inquired why I didn't make him follow me to shore. Johnny did not like this. I refused to say anything in reply.

I do not think it unmanly to make confession. In fact, I think they show the right kind of heart.

If Johnny and I had not been surrounded by interested and ribald neighbors, our, or my, troubles would have been speedily settled. But as it was, to have cut the line in the presence of these neighbors would have been an act of cowardice which would have forever disgraced me.

I could not let the fish which was now my enemy, have the rod, and then offer as an excuse that my hands had slipped because the rod and reel did not belong to me. I confessed that this method of escape once suggested itself to me, but I turned it down in contemplation of the price. Unfortunately, I had secured a line and hook, and enough wire on the end of the line to furnish a soul for a piano, and I could not hope for any escape by the breaking route.

Just as I was despairing, Johnny said: "Reel up! You must reel up, or a shark will get your fish."

The water's cool draft never came to the parched mouth in the desert as this came to me.

Talk of "a great rock in a weary land" to the traveler! It seemed to be

my only hope. Would one come? I would welcome him almost by embrace. I have read of the horror sailors have felt when they saw the fins of these monsters cutting the surface of the seas. I have shuddered in reading of how they follow the ships that bear the dead. But now I looked about me for a fin. And I prayed for one without a shudder.

Come, and all my disgust and horror for your kind will be turned into deep affection. Bite a hole in the boat and take a chunk of Johnny's leg, but first cut that tarpon off the line."

But why go on? We got him to the beach at last. Johnny jumped out in the water knee-deep and dragged him up on it.

He was beautiful in all things physical. He was a rainbow lying there upon the sand. Six feet two in length and thirty inches in girth. Did nature ever turn out anything quite so magnificent? He tried his strength. He struck the beach like Thor. His gasping red gill opened and shut as if in spasms. His cow eyes got dim and dim, and dim, and he was dead.

And then I went my way—no better for what I had done. I had fought and won and killed. But it was not a fair fight. I packed my few things. I paid Johnny his stipend. I settled my hotel bill and called for pen and paper, and thus I wrote:

THE STATE OF TEXAS—
County of San Patricio:

For and in consideration of the great love and respect I bear for men who love to work while under the impression that they are enjoying themselves, I hereby sell, transfer and convey to such class as is hereinbefore mentioned all my right, title, and interest to each and every tarpon that may now or hereafter swim in the waters of the Gulf of Mexico or any other waters guaranteeing under my hand to in no wise interfere with any person who seeks to reduce such tarpon to possession.

And it is understood in this bill of sale that all title or claim of whatever character that I may be supposed to be possessed of in any tarpon is by these presents wholly abstracted from me. Witness my hand this 25th day of July, 1902.

W. G. S.

A Child Shall Lead Them

• Continued from Page 21

Mrs. Bruce Reid of nearby Silsbee, an East Texas authority on wildlife, was grateful for the opportunity to convert the case into a powerful propaganda movement.

She said, gravely:

"Why, the way those wonderful birds concentrate to migrate, trusting they will not be ambushed . . . the way they move about, thousands would be wiped out by persons misunderstanding their mission in the out of doors."

Jimmy, the calm and collected member of the community during the bird blitz, quietly discounted some of

the extravagant reports on the number of birds and the extent of the slaughter.

Some estimated 40,000 hawks in the flight.

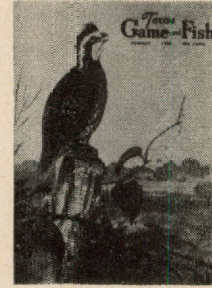
"Maybe three or four thousand," said Jimmy, professionally. He maturely set the number shot at "around 300."

Mrs. Reid, keenly conscious of Jimmy Burrows' characterization of the factors that keep alive Mankind's eternal hope, hopes to develop state-wide interest in a scholarship so that all, and not just one community, may benefit from noble talents of this lad.

How to Identify The Fresh-Water CATFISHES of Texas

By WILLIAM H. BROWN
Aquatic Biologist

From the Issue



of January, 1950

HAVE you ever caught a nice cat and then lost the joy of conquest by engaging in a futile argument over whether or not it was a Channel or Blue, Yellow or Bullhead? A clean, fair, bloodless argumentation is stimulating and probably as much a part of most hunting and fishing trips as the tall stories spun after the evening meal. But, still, it's no fun to enter in a useless argument with your best fishing buddy. This article was written in the hopes that it would give the fishermen of Texas a relatively easy method for identifying the catfishes that he may catch. And, for those of you who know most of the cats already, it may give you a more accurate means of identification and one that you can depend upon as being scientifically correct in almost every case.

Due to erroneous reports of salt-water catfishes being caught in the Colorado River at Marble Falls this year, it might be well worth while to have an easy means of distinguishing between fresh and salt-water catfishes. The salt-water catfishes have only six barbels or whiskers on the head and lack nostril barbels on top of the snout; whereas the fresh-water catfishes have eight barbels on the head, including the pair of nostril barbels on top of the snout.

The Spoonbill Cat or Paddle Fish is not included in this article as it is not a true catfish. The Spoonbill is a primitive type fish belonging to the Family Polyodontidae, whereas the true fresh-water catfishes belong to the Family Ameiuridae.

Before using the fish key accompanying this article it might be well worth while to pick up a limited vocabulary of terms applying to the catfish anatomy. See Fig. 1.

Adipose Fin—Soft, rayless, fleshy fin-like structure on the dorsal or top edge of the body behind dorsal fin.

Anal Fin—Fin on ventral or lower edge of body behind vent or anus.

Barbel—Feeler-like projections or whiskers about mouth, chin or nose.

Caudal Fin—Tail fin or "tail."

Dorsal Fin—Fin on back or top edge of fish, at or near middle of back.

Fin Membrane—Thin tissue connecting fin rays.

Pelvic Fin—The posterior or hind paired fins on lower sides of body.

Pectoral Fin—The anterior or front paired fins on lower sides of body.

Ray—Soft, rod-like structures supporting fin membranes.

Spine—Stiff rays of fin.

In using the key, look under I. and if the fish in question does not meet the qualifications listed there, pass on to II. If the fish meets qualifications of I., look under I. at A. and B. and place fish in correct category and so on until correct identification has been made. The next time that you catch a cat, pull out the key and try it. It takes practice. But, after a few trials, you will find that you are able to use it rather satisfactorily.

The matter of common names usually depends upon the locality. It is always a matter of controversy amongst fishermen; and, in many cases, everyone is referring to the same fish with only a different com-

mon name. Therefore, it is of benefit to the fisherman to have a reference including the scientific as well as the common names of the catfishes, as I have attempted to give in this article.

The matter of habitat, maximum size and food habits are also a matter of controversy among laymen and ichthyologists at times. It might be helpful to the fisherman and of some interest to him to review some of the more pertinent facts from the mass of information collected on catfishes. The common name considered to be the one most widely used will be listed first, followed by the scientific name and some of the other common names given to the fish.

BLUE CAT (*Ictalurus furcatus*), also known as Great Forktail Cat, see Fig. 3. Fish has 30-35 rays in anal fin (including rudiments), tail forked; body slate blue to dark blue and not spotted; belly silvery white. The Blue Cat is our largest catfish with a maximum weight of over 150 pounds. There are two subspecies reported from Texas, the Northern Blue Cat and the Rio Grande Blue Cat which was native to the Rio Grande River and other southwest waters of the state. See key. Due to restocking by both State and Federal Fish Hatcheries, either subspecies may be found throughout Texas. The Blue Cat is typically found in the larger lakes and streams of Texas. The big Blues are usually taken by the trot-line fisherman fishing with whole shad, sunfish, suckers, bullhead cats and carp or cut bait from these fishes. Thousands of pounds of Blue Cat are

caught yearly from large lakes like Texoma and Travis and rivers such as the Colorado and Llano.

CHANNEL CAT (*Ictalurus lacustris*), also known as Spotted Channel Cat, Fiddler Cat and Barbed Trout, see Fig. 4. Fish has 23-39 rays in anal fin (including rudiments); tail forked; color is slate blue, bluish-olive to deep blue in larger fish. Young fish are flecked with small black spots which appear also in larger fish occasionally. Color in the catfishes, as in other fishes, depends primarily upon the color and clarity of the water in which they are found. The belly is silver-white. The maximum weight is about 25 pounds, but few fish over 20 pounds are caught. There are two subspecies of Channel Catfish reported from Texas, the Southern Channel Catfish and the Headwater Channel Catfish. See key. The Headwater Channel Catfish is a much smaller fish and is usually found in the smaller, fast-flowing streams. The Southern Channel Cat is usually found in association with the Blues in the larger rivers and lakes of Texas. Trot-line fishermen net the greater poundage of Channel Cats, but hand-fishing is also very popular. They are caught on the bait used for both Blue and Flathead Cats, but the favorite baits used are minnows, crayfish, frogs, insects and larvae, liver and beef heart.

FLATHEAD CAT (*Pilodictis olivaris*), also known as Yellow Cat, Opelousas Cat, Shovelhead Cat and Mud Cat, see Fig. 6. Fish has 12-15 anal fin rays; tail is round to square and not forked; head is very broad and flat; body rather wedge-shaped. The color is typically yellow or olive, but some large fish are almost black and some of the smaller ones a mottled brown and olive color. The maximum size is over 100 pounds and over 5 feet in length. Many fish over 50 pounds are taken. Flathead Cats are present in practically all of the deep rivers, streams and lakes of Texas. The fish lives and feeds on the bottom and the fisherman has to set his lines near the bottom to get results. Flatheads hide under rocks, undercut banks and in hollow logs. At White Rock Lake in Dallas, one nice Yellow Cat was found in the hull of a sailboat which was raised after being

● Concluded on Page 28

Key to the Fresh-Water Catfishes of Texas

- I. Adipose fin free from caudal or tail fin, Fig. 1.
 - A. Tail rather deeply forked, Fig. 2 Blue and Channel Cats
 1. Anal fin rays (including rudiments) 30-35, Fig. 3 Blue Cats (*Ictalurus furcatus*)
 - a. Anal fin rays 30-34, fin spines shorter Northern Blue Cat (*Ictalurus furcatus furcatus*)
 - b. Anal fin rays 35-36, fin spines longer Rio Grande Blue Cat (*Ictalurus furcatus affinis*)
 2. Anal fin rays (including rudiments) 23-29, Fig. 4 Channel Cats (*Ictalurus lacustris*)
 - a. Anal fin rays 27-29, tail fin more strongly forked, fin spines long Southern Channel Cat (*Ictalurus lacustris punctatus*)
 - b. Anal fin rays 23-25, tail fin less strongly forked, fin spines rather short Headwater Channel Cat (*Ictalurus lacustris lupus*)
 - B. Tail rounded or square, sometimes very slightly indented, Fig. 2 Flathead and Bullhead Cats
 1. Anal fin rays 12-15, very broad, flat head, yellow, brown or mottled brown color, Fig. 6 Flathead Cat (*Pilodictis olivaris*)
 2. Anal fin rays 17-27 Bullhead Cats
 - a. Anal fin rays 23-27, whiskers under chin whitish, Fig. 7 Yellow Bullhead Cat (*Ameiurus natalis*)
 - b. Anal fin rays 17-24 Black and Brown Bullhead Cats
 - (1) Pectoral spine weakly barbed, Fig. 9, whiskers under chin blackish Black Bullhead Cat (*Ameiurus melas*)
 - (2) Pectoral spine strongly barbed, Fig. 8, fin membranes brownish Brown Bullhead Cat (*Ameiurus nebulosus*)
- II. Adipose fin joined to caudal fin or separated from it by only shallow notch (tail looks continuous along back), Fig. 10 Madtoms or Stonecats
 - A. Upper jaw not protruding past lower, fins usually not edged with lighter color Tadpole Madtom Cat (*Schilbeodes gyrinus*)
 - B. Upper jaw protruding past lower, fins usually edged with lighter color, body finely freckled Freckled Madtom Cat (*Schilbeodes nocturnus*)

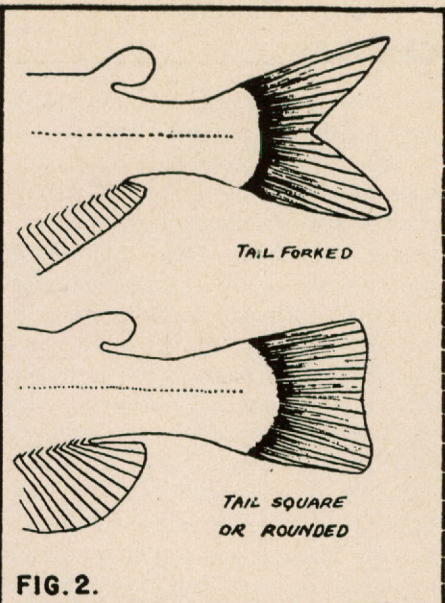
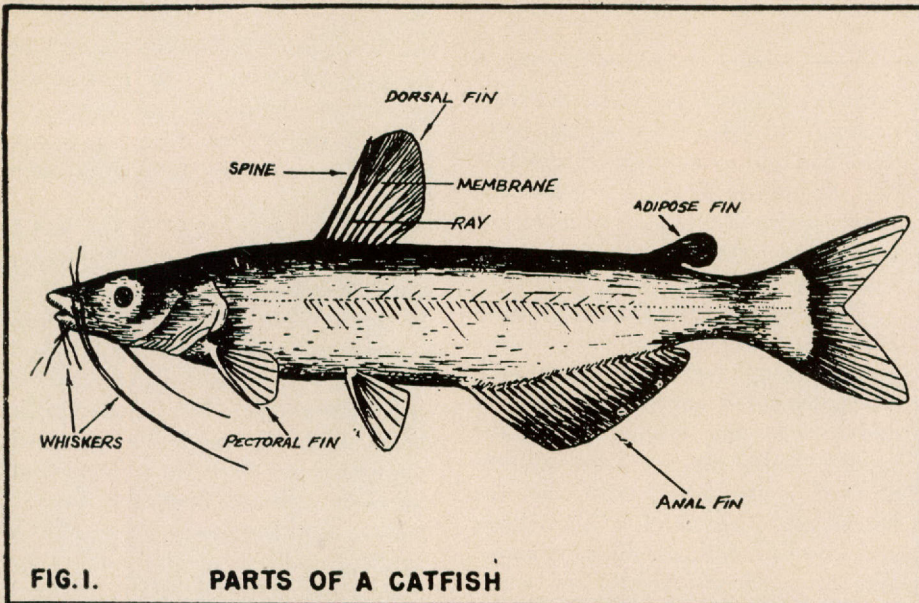


FIG. 1. PARTS OF A CATFISH

FIG. 2.

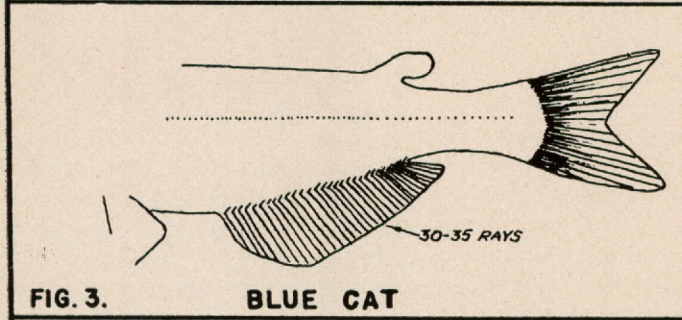


FIG. 3. BLUE CAT

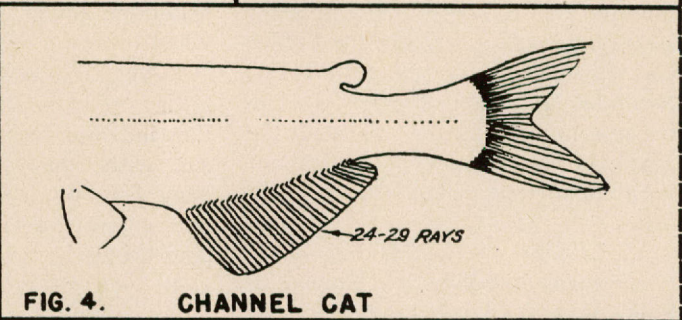


FIG. 4. CHANNEL CAT

APPROXIMATE MAXIMUM SIZES
 Blue-150 lbs.
 Channel-25 lbs.
 Flathead-Over 100 lbs.
 Bullheads-3 to 4 lbs.
 Madtoms-5 inches

FIG. 5.

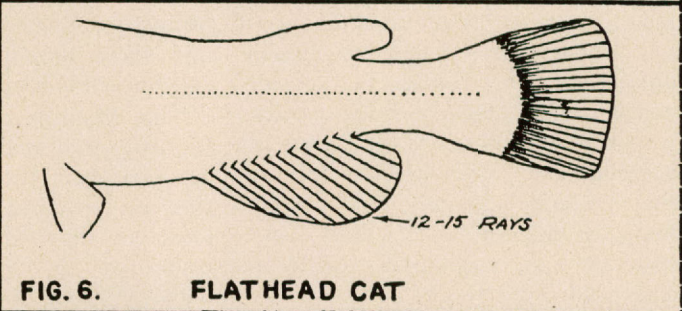


FIG. 6. FLATHEAD CAT

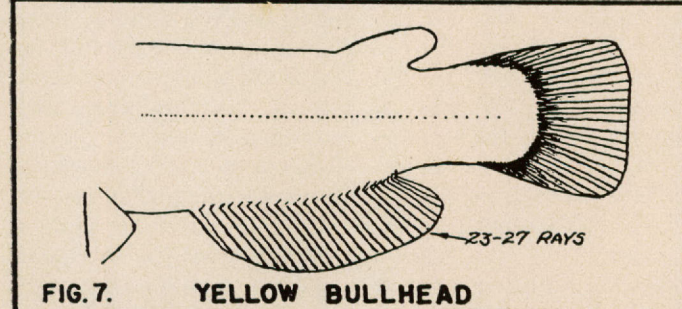


FIG. 7. YELLOW BULLHEAD

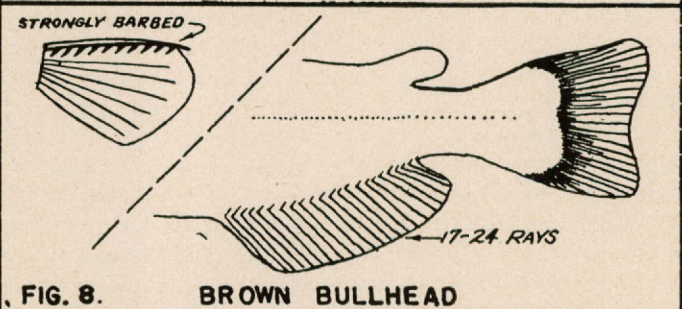


FIG. 8. BROWN BULLHEAD

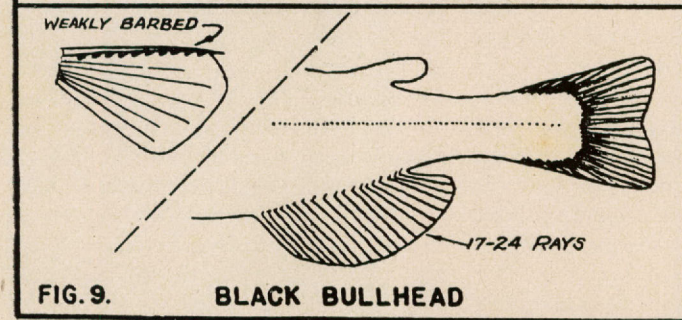


FIG. 9. BLACK BULLHEAD

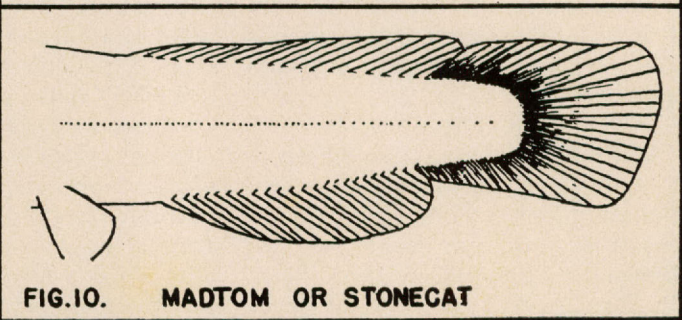


FIG. 10. MADTOM OR STONECAT

Altered and reprinted with permission from Sports Afield, June 1949

under water for quite a while. Whole and cut sunfish are good bait as well as other baits used for Blue and Channel Cats, but nearly all of the river fishermen on the Trinity have a formula for Yellow Cat bait which they usually consider to be highly secretive. Although, nothing possessing such a odor could be very secretive. Some use coagulated beef blood. Others use sponge or cotton tied on the hook and dipped in any number of different "stink" baits. One formula for a very potent "stink" bait calls for cutting up shad or sunfish in a jar of water and forgetting about it until it is "nice and ripe." White laundry soap has been used with some success. Grapling by hand for Yellow Cat was once a great sport but is fast becoming a lost art in Texas. Due to the texture and flavor of the flesh the Flathead Cat is rated as one of our most important fresh-water food fishes.

YELLOW BULLHEAD CAT (*Ameiurus natalis*), also known as Polliwog and Chucklehead Cats, see Fig. 7. Fish has 23-27 anal fin rays; tail is square or rounded; whiskers under chin are whitish; body color yellow to olive above with white belly. The Yellow Bullhead is the largest of our Bullhead Cats with a maximum size of about 4 pounds. It is usually found in sluggish waters, but is not uncommon in vegetative growths in clear and rapid water.

BLACK BULLHEAD CAT (*Ameiurus melas*), also known as Polliwog and Chucklehead Cats, see Fig. 9. Fish has 17-24 anal fin rays; tail rounded or square; whiskers under chin dark grey to black; pectoral fin spines are weakly barbed; fins have jet-black membranes; body color greenish-brown to black above with whitish belly. The Black Bullhead has a maximum size of about 3 pounds. It is typically found in ponds, sloughs and the more sluggish parts of creeks and rivers.

BROWN BULLHEAD CATS (*Ameiurus nebulosus*), also known as Polliwog and Chucklehead Cats, see Fig. 8. Fish has 17-24 anal fin; tail round or square; fin membranes are brownish; distinguished from Black Bullhead in that the pectoral spines are strongly barbed. The color of the

body is yellowish-brown mottled with dark green above with whitish belly. The maximum size is about 3 pounds. The Brown Bullhead is found in the weedy, more deep waters of lakes and rivers. It is the least common of the Bullhead in Texas.

There is very little fishing for Bullheads in Texas although they are readily caught on almost any bait, especially cut sunperch, worms, liver and insects and larvae. Even the smaller Bullheads are tasty morsels of food as the flesh is firm and the flavor fine. The small Bullheads are also excellent bait for Blue, Channel and especially Flathead Cats. Some fishermen prefer to clip off the fins while others use it "as is."

Bullheads in any great numbers are a dire omen in Texas waters, in that they indicate that the waters are overrun with rough fish and that the game fish are on the way out. Whenever a sein drag in a small pond or lake brings in a net-full of Bullhead Cats, then you can bet your "bottom dollar" that there is no successful fishing for game fish in the waters and there never will be until the existing conditions are corrected.

The Madtoms or Stonecats (see Fig. 10) are of no interest to the average fisherman other than the fact that they are occasionally used for bait. However, they may be frequently encountered while collecting bait, and without careful observance they could easily pass as small polliwog cats. They may be quick recognized due to their extremely small size and the appearance of the tail fin which seems to be continuous along the back. See Fig. 10. All of the other fresh-water catfishes have a free adipose fin. See Fig. 1. The Madtoms and Stonecats are rather dangerous to handle as their spines are equipped with poison glands and the wounds inflicted are much more painful than those of the other cats.

TADPOLE MADTOM CAT (*Schilbeodes gyrinus*). The upper jaw does not protrude past the front edge of the lower jaw; color of body is purplish-olive to dark brown, without noticeable speckling; fins are not usually edged with lighter color. The maximum size is about 5 inches, but the largest that the author has seen

was not quite 3 inches in length. The Tadpole Madtom is the most common of our Stonecats and is usually found in rather clear water in weedy patches in moderate to sluggish current.

FRECKLED MADTOM CAT (*Schilbeodes nocturnus*). The upper jaw protrudes past the front edge of the lower jaw; body color is dark brown to blackish, body finely flecked with dark color; fins are usually edged with lighter color. Maximum size is about 3 inches in length. The Freckled Madtom is not common in Texas but has been reported from the Sabine, Trinity and Lampasas rivers. It is usually found in weedy patches or under rocks in riffles in streams and rivers.

Thus we have a key to a brief description of the fresh-water catfishes of Texas. I hope that this article will be of some benefit to the fisherman and possibly stimulate him to try and use the key. I believe that the average fisherman is interested in knowing exactly what he is catching. What else would make him so willing to argue about the name of a fish at the drop of a hat? By knowing your fish you can increase your interest in fishing and possibly improve the fishing in your state. A net or sein census of a body of water gives the fishery biologist a wealth of needed information, but it tells him little about what is actually being caught by the fisherman, which is most essential to complete his knowledge of the water. Thus to complete his data he must have an accurate creel census of the water. And that's where you come in Mr. Fisherman. A well-informed fisherman, interested in answering questions correctly as to exactly what kind of fish he has caught and all of the other needed information, is truly a rare and shining gem. The fisherman can help himself by aiding his state and federal fishery biologist to accurately survey a stream or lake and determine its assets, liabilities and possibilities. This in turn should lead to the betterment of the waters by habitat improvement and stocking of proper fishes which eventually should produce better fishing for the present generation of fishermen as well as their posterity. This is the undying hope of the sincere fishery worker as well as the true sportsman.



Biography Of a Covey

From the Issue of July, 1951

THE day-by-day hazards of life as lived by a quail is graphically described in Aldo Leopold's "Game Management," under "Biography of a Covey."

The narrative follows the birds from one year to the next, showing how this particular covey begins and ends the twelve-month period with the same number—15.

Leopold's description is based on a Southern Wisconsin scene but the covey's problem of survival, even though details vary greatly, are considered typical even in the contrasting climate of Texas.

The first scene of this grim wildlife play is set on a farm where the birds feed on corn shocks inadvertently left in the field. They use several grape tangles as daytime cover and fly to a nearby marsh to roost.

Timed in January, "Change One" finds the ground frozen to permit the farmer to drive into the fields. He belatedly husks out and hauls the corn

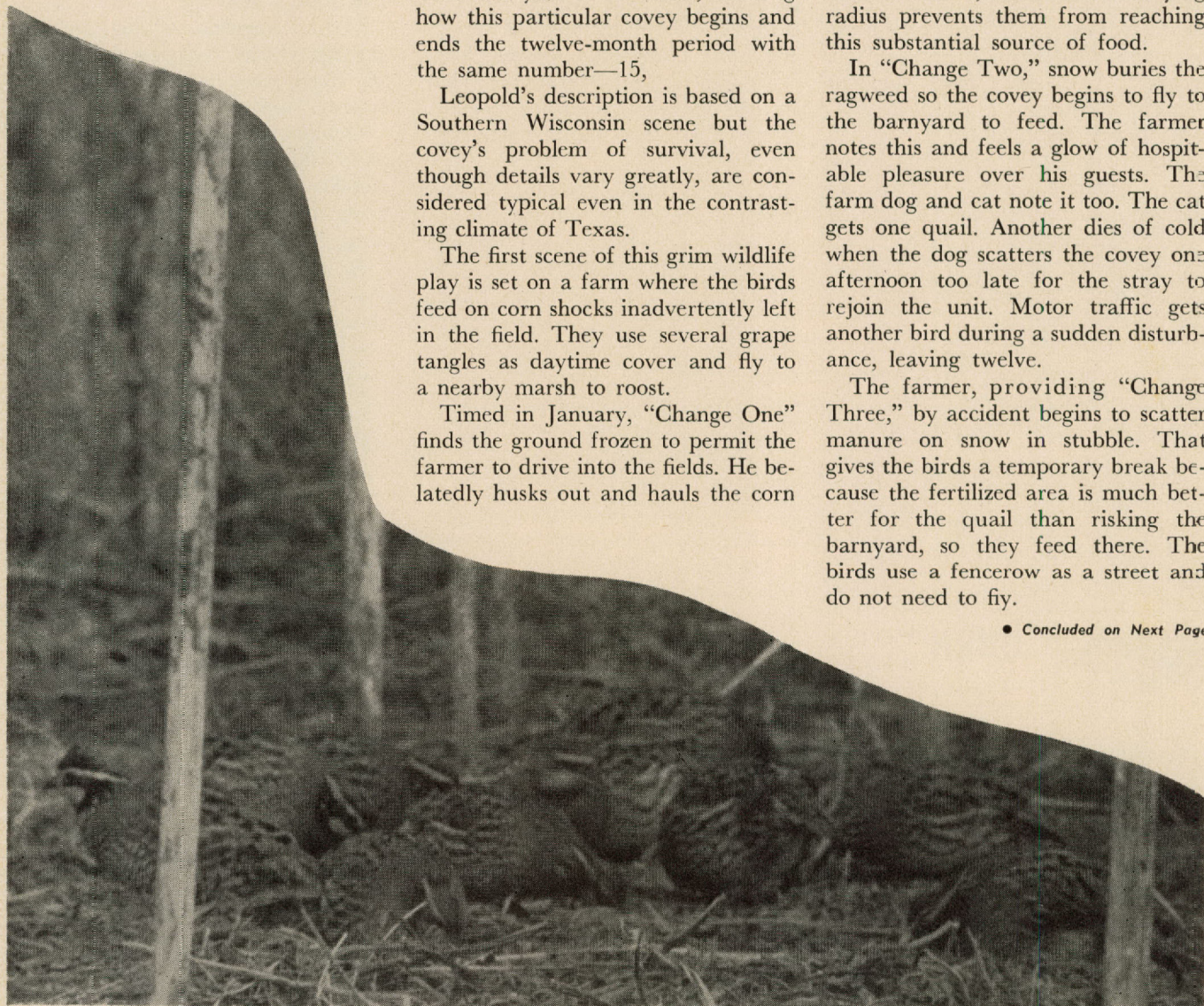
to the barn. His place is posted and he is a quail-lover, but he is unaware that he is jeopardizing his birds.

Now, the covey falls back on the ragweed in the oat stubble. There is plenty of corn one-half mile away but no cover. Thus, the birds' short flying radius prevents them from reaching this substantial source of food.

In "Change Two," snow buries the ragweed so the covey begins to fly to the barnyard to feed. The farmer notes this and feels a glow of hospitable pleasure over his guests. The farm dog and cat note it too. The cat gets one quail. Another dies of cold when the dog scatters the covey one afternoon too late for the stray to rejoin the unit. Motor traffic gets another bird during a sudden disturbance, leaving twelve.

The farmer, providing "Change Three," by accident begins to scatter manure on snow in stubble. That gives the birds a temporary break because the fertilized area is much better for the quail than risking the barnyard, so they feed there. The birds use a fencerow as a street and do not need to fly.

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Trespass Law Still Important

The November, 1949, issue of TEXAS GAME AND FISH called attention to the "new" state trespass law under the apt heading "New Trespass Law Has Teeth in It."

Since this important law remains in effect and is being enforced, it is still pertinent to those who hunt and fish or camp.

The passage of this law by the Legislature marked an important milestone in enforcement history. The game wardens were assigned the duty of enforcing it, and the law was designed to protect the landowner from the inroads of un-

invited, inconsiderate, or law-violating hunters, fishermen, and campers.

The law simply provides punishment for anyone trespassing upon the land of another without consent, regardless of whether or not the land is posted.

The 1949 article, in quoting the text of the law, said in part:

"Section 1. It shall be unlawful for any person to enter upon the inclosed land of another without consent . . . and therein hunt with firearms . . . or attempt to catch or take any fish . . . or therein camp,

or any manner depredate upon the same . . ."

The law further provides that punishment for the first conviction shall be a fine of up to \$200 and forfeiture of the hunting license for one year. A second conviction is punishable by a fine of \$500 to \$1,000 and forfeiture of license for two years, and a third conviction is punishable with a mandatory jail sentence of 30 days to one year, a fine of from \$500 to \$1,000, and forfeiture of hunting license for three years.

Biography of a Covey

• Continued from Preceding Page

Comes February and every day the manure spreader moves farther from the fence, while snow covers the nearby manure. This sets the stage for a tragedy. A Cooper's hawk happens along and catches the covey in mid-field. It gets one bird, leaving eleven.

This new hazard, under "Change Four," prompts the covey to give up the manure covered range. Shadowed by the hawk, the covey holes up all day under the grapes. It is foodless for two days. All quail lose heavily in speed and strength.

"Change Five" finds the birds staying in the marsh where they roosted. They find they can scratch up enough seed to live. The hawk gives up and leaves.

But now comes a very deep snow, hiding all the marsh food. The quail, in "Change Six," sally forth, forced by hunger, to the locust trees within flying range. The food is poor and the

effort burns up almost as much energy as it develops. The average weight is now 160 grams. One night, a wandering mink flushes the roosting birds, which scatter in the dark. One alights in the open where a horned owl picks it up. Two others die of cold. Eight are left.

A March thaw, marking "Change Seven," exposes the old manure near the fence. The covey remnant eagerly resumes feeding there. But now, the farmer burns over the marsh, forcing the birds to roost under the grape. Here a passerby flushes them one evening so late the owl scores. Seven left; weight going up. Many migrant Cooper's hawks this month, but on the snowless ground, with the educated birds, they fail to score.

Comes April and comes spring, definitely. Feeding on green alfalfa and waste corn, the birds begin to pair on warm days and to look for nesting territories. The unmated cock whistles his disappointment.

Three pair begin nesting in May, one in the alfalfa, one in the greening marsh, another on the ditch.

Romance yields to tragedy as May gives way to June. A rain gets the marsh nest; the haymower gets the alfalfa nest. Both bereaved pairs try again, one nesting in the oats and the other in the ditch.

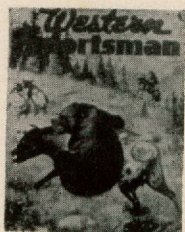
In July, the mower gets the oats nest, but the early ditch nest brings off a dozen young (total 14) and the late ditch nest produces all but four

chicks which were killed by the cat. The total is now 24.

During August, cats, dogs and cars get four chicks, reducing the total to 20. There were no losses during September.

October finds the birds eating ragweed and foxtail in corn and oat stubble. A pheasant hunter pots four birds; total 16. In November, a rabbit hunter pots one; total 15.

So the intrepid new covey, represented the complete new cycle, gets through December without new losses and the balance in January is the same as last year.



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Letters to the Editor

Editor:

In your October issue you ran a picture of three small girls with fishing poles in hand in conjunction with the story "They Start Fishing Young . . ."

Under this picture, the credit line should have read by "John Lee."

. . . It was pleasant to find my photos in your magazine, even if one was mis-credited.

John Lee
Fort Worth Star-Telegram
Fort Worth, Texas

By John Lee



(To which we say, ouch! But Lee's picture arrived at the editor's desk with a notation attached, crediting the picture to another person. How were we to know? It was a truly excellent photo and for that reason was used as the feature picture of the story. We hereby compliment Lee and ask his forgiveness.)

Editor:

I enjoyed the article about my namesake, *Siren intermedia nettingi*, in the September issue . . . just received by our library.

I would appreciate a copy of this number for our herpetological reprint file if you can spare one.

Dr. M. Graham Netting
Asst. Dir., Carnegie Museum
Pittsburgh, Pa.

(Dr. Netting refers to the article "Silent Siren" by Theron D. Carroll. *Texas Game and Fish* appreciates the interest shown by the man for whom the lizard-like amphibian frequently found in Texas waters was named.)

Editor:

A game warden's life, like the life of an ambulance driver, can be most interesting. Take Warden Jack Gregory of Kerr-



Antlered Doe

ville. Gregory was enjoying the warming after-effects of meeting a fine, cooperative group of sportsmen hunting deer on the Gus Sproul ranch.

Then the phone rang. It was the Sproul ranch. A man's voice said, "Obear shot a doe."

Gregory's pleasant glow disappeared. "But," the voice continued, "it has horns."

Enclosed is a picture of Gregory and the freak horned doe which was shot by Will F. Obear, St. Louis.

Steve Hamlin,
Austin, Texas

Editor:

How about a good story about buffalo and carp fishing? This should be real sport if we knew how to go about catching them. There are secrets to the art, so how about passing them on.

H. G. Lessing
730 Gulf
San Antonio, Texas

(Good idea! Many Texans have found fishing for big carp and buffalo with hook and line to be exciting sport. We'll have an article on this subject some time next spring. Any of you experts care to volunteer to write it? *Texas Game and Fish* always welcomes stories by its readers.)

Lookin' In on the Outdoors

Continued from Page 3

The May, 1951, issue recorded the tragic winter freeze in the bays of the Texas Gulf Coast when thousands of fish were killed.

Dorothy Minten was listed as the magazine's editor in June, 1951, replacing Mauermann, who was recalled to service as a reserve officer.

That issue also recalls the repeated attempts by the Commission to gain a zoned waterfowl season for the big state of Texas and the repeated refusals on the part of federal authorities down through the years.

So the magazine is brought down to the present year of 1952, the year which perhaps will best be remembered for Rice's startlingly realistic cover painting of a rattlesnake on the August issue.

And this "happy birthday" issue marks the beginning of a second ten years of life for TEXAS GAME AND FISH. In looking back over the years, it would seem that there should be no reason for lament even if the next ten years do no better than equal the accomplishments of the first.

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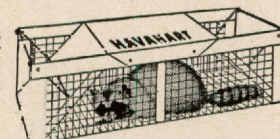
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TAKE THEM ALIVE AND UNHURT

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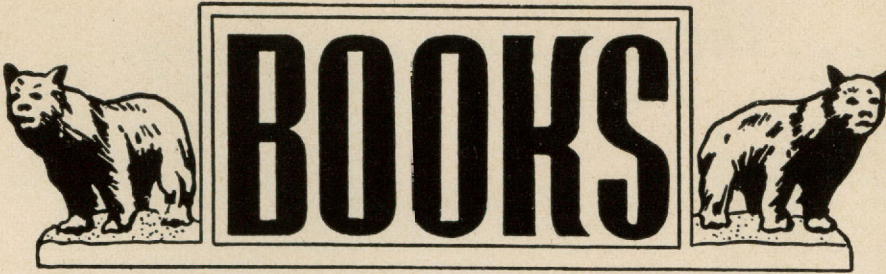


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BOOKS

FRESH AND SALT WATER SPINNING by Eugene Burns and Clyde Childress. 96 pages illustrated with 24 photographs. Published 1951 by A. S. Barnes and Company, 232 Madison Ave., New York 16, New York. \$1.50.

Just in case you aren't a spinning enthusiast or haven't even reached the curious stage, don't turn this one down because of the title. There's more to it, a lot more, than just spinning.

You can read this one in an evening and have time left to try some of its valuable ideas, but it's still worth a buck and a half to any fisherman.

The information offered is practical in every sense of the word. It is obvious that Burns, who did the writing, got his information from experience and not from someone else's book. And Childress' superbly-staged photos are more than art—they really SHOW you.

If you need a thorough introduction to spin fishing, we haven't run across a better book. If you already are spinning and are ready for the special fish-producing tricks that spinning alone can offer, here they are.

If you still want to snub spinning, you'll find valuable information for any kind of fishing in Burns' chapters about "reading" a stream, lake, or salt water, about the special habits of lunker fish, or about rod building.

BOB WHITE by R. W. Eschmeyer, 50 pages, over 50 sketches. Published 1952 by Fisherman Press, Oxford, Ohio. Paper bound, 50 cents; deluxe edition, \$1.50.

Another of the series for youngsters by Dr. Eschmeyer, telling about our country's fish and wild animals. This one, as the title implies, is the story of a bobwhite quail.

Dr. Eschmeyer's success as one of the nation's leading wildlife authorities as well as one of the talented who can tell interestingly and simply of the things he knows best is recommendation enough for this book.

A fine Christmas gift for that out-

door-minded youngster along with others in the series, *Billy Bass*, *Tommy Trout*, *Bobby Bluegill*, *Freddy Fox Squirrel*, or *Charley Cottontail*. All are available in either edition.

WILD WINGS by Frank S. Stuart, 222 pages, not illustrated. Published by McGraw Hill Book Co., 330 West 42nd St., New York 18. 1952. Price \$3.50.

Stuart, author of *City of the Bees*, uses the fictional story of a white

The History of Fox Hunting

• Continued from Page 8

IT TOOK three pioneers to subdue this country of ours and change its far-flung frontiers into busy cities and happy homes—man, his horse and his hound.

The American horse, as a pioneer, has been cast in bronze and chiseled in stone and placed in the busy marts of crowded cities as testimonials to the part he took in the development of this wonderful country, while the story of the pioneer hound is embalmed in our literature, traced upon immortal canvas, and finds expression in the hearts of our people.

In the Texas Capitol, at the right of the Speaker's stand in the hall of the House of Representatives, there is a picture in which genius touched to life the calm and resolute face and features of Stephen F. Austin. The artist himself was a pioneer and he painted things as they were. In that picture Austin stands erect beside his long cap and ball rifle, his clothes are buckskin, in his belt is a small axe, while his bullet pouch and powder horn swing lightly and gracefully by his side. Then, to add an authentic and natural effect to the painting, a fox hound sits tranquilly serene at his feet. These two will be remembered and cherished by the people of Texas while the enduring canvas lasts.

The pioneers, the man, the horse and the hound who came to Texas, came from the Southern States. Their

mallard and a flock of pintails as an interesting background for unfolding scientifically-correct observations of the dangers and adventures that beset migrating waterfowl between their northern nesting grounds and winter haunts.

The day-to-day life story of a duck as unfolded by Stuart is extremely fascinating. His handling of the material in narrative form and its organization into logical sequence is well above average. That to some readers he may seem to have used too many words is forgivable.

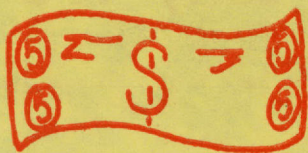
The book definitely has a place for the layman who seeks information about waterfowl migrations or for anyone who simply finds ducks entertaining.

ancestors had come from the Cavalier of England and here in this Southern country Knighthood was once more in flower and chivalry was indigenous to our soil.

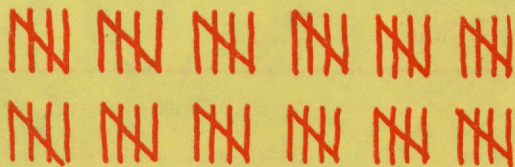
The Southerner of Antebellum days was the rarest race of men and women who have blessed and graced this earth. He was as cultured as the Greek without his paganism; as rugged as the Roman without his bestiality; as proud as the Hidalgo who stood clad in purple and gold in the courts of Castile and Aragon without his cruelty.

These men and women with their horses and hounds came West and most of them, enchanted by the charm and beauty of East Texas, where they found a soil as fruitful as God's goodness and a climate gorgeous in its tropical beauty, builded for themselves here in this new West, their cabins, unleashed their hounds and harnessed their horses and set about building a state.

You and your horses and hounds are the descendants of those men and their horses and hounds, and you have each proved worthy of your illustrious ancestors. Let us indulge the hope that plenty will continue to sit in peace at hospitality's board here in Texas; that your horses will continue to be the best, and that your hounds will be the keenest and the best while the Chase shall never fail.



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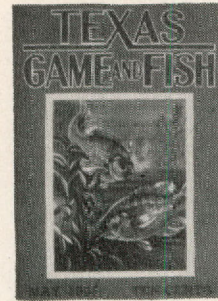
The extra dollar is for an additional year on my own subscription.

Antelope Bucks

Battle to Death

This startling picture series appeared in the May, 1943, issue of Texas Game and Fish. No clue as to the source of the remarkable photos was given. They are reproduced here as an Anniversary Issue bonus, exactly as they appeared then. Even the wording of the cutlines is the same.

From the Issue



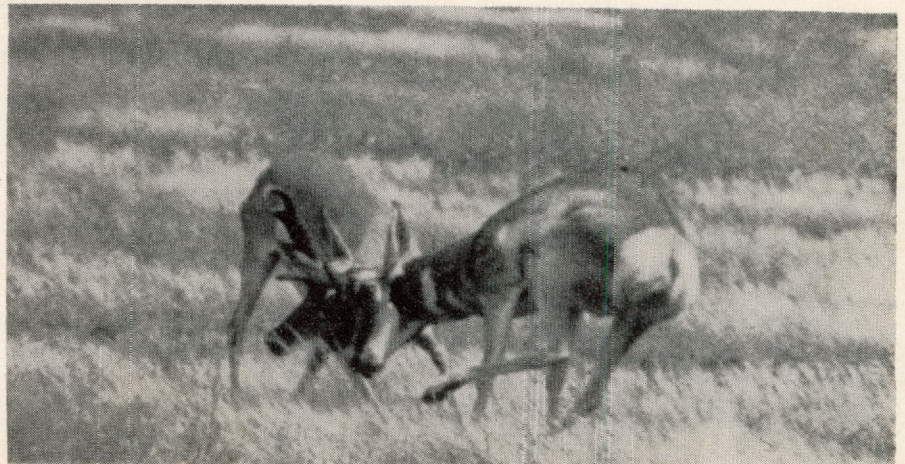
Of May 1943

**The duel starts
as one
antelope buck
takes after
another buck**



**The dueling ground
has been selected
and the bucks
spar
for an opening**

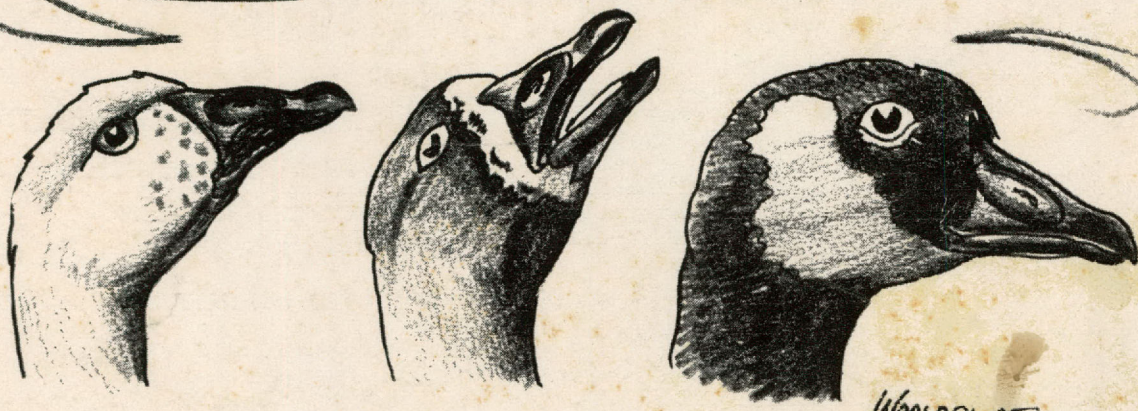
**The battle ends
as the neck
of the buck
at left
is broken**



THE GEESE of TEXAS



THERE ARE SIX VARIETIES OF GEESE THAT VISIT TEXAS EACH YEAR. MANY SPEND AS MUCH TIME HERE AS IN THEIR SUMMER NESTING GROUNDS, OCTOBER TO MARCH. ONE OF THE WARIEST OF WILD GAME AND POSSIBLY THE MOST INTELLIGENT OF ALL BIRDS HE PROVIDES A THRILL THAT RANKS HIM AS ONE OF OUR MOST MAJESTIC BIRDS.



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