

Texas Game and Fish

OCTOBER 1952 TEN CENTS



WOOLDRIDGE



HAPLESS COOT—This coot may have thought he had an easy meal when he stuck his bill into the open shell of this mussel—but the mussel hit back! Here, J. A. Green, who found the unwilling companions near his lakeshore home, displays the re-

sult. It happened early this year when Lake Nasworthy, near San Angelo, had receded far below its normal shoreline. Green is vice president of the West Texas Game and Fish Association. (Courtesy Grady Hill, *San Angelo Standard-Times*.)

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.

★

TEXAS GAME AND FISH is published monthly by the Texas Game and Fish Commission. Subscription price \$1.00 per year. Single copies 10 cents each.

TEXAS GAME AND FISH regrets that it cannot continue subscriptions beyond date of expiration. Checks and money orders should be made payable to STATE GAME AND FISH COMMISSION, Editorial and Advertising Offices, Walton Building, Austin, Texas. Entered as second-class matter May 19, 1943, at the postoffice at Austin, Texas, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Postmaster: If undeliverable, please notify TEXAS GAME AND FISH on form 3578-P at the Walton Building, Austin, Texas.

Members of the Game and Fish Commission: V. F. Neuhaus, Mission, *Chairman*; Shelby Kritser, Amarillo; W. Scott Schreiner, Kerrville; Walter Lechner, Fort Worth; Richard M. Kleberg, Kingsville; Herman Heep, Buda; Frank Wood, Wichita Falls; W. T. Scarborough, Kenedy; J. W. Elliott, Mexia; H. D. Dodgen, *Executive Secretary*; W. J. Cutbirth, Jr., *Assistant Executive Secretary*.

Directors of Divisions: F. M. Cowsert, Austin, *Law Enforcement*; Marion Toole, Austin, *Inland Fisheries*; W. C. Glazener, Austin, *Wildlife Restoration*; Joe Marks, Austin, *Hatcheries and Engineering*; V. E. Skaggs, Austin, *Chief Clerk*; J. L. Baughman, *Marine Biologist*; Everett T. Dawson, Austin, *Departmental Publications*.

Manuscripts should be addressed to Editor, TEXAS GAME AND FISH, Walton Building, Austin, Texas. All manuscripts should be accompanied by photographs. TEXAS GAME AND FISH always is interested in pictures of game and fish catches, unusual hunting and fishing scenes, bird dogs, and in group pictures of hunting and fishing organizations. Photographs used in TEXAS GAME AND FISH will be returned after publication.

EDITOR Townsend Miller
Chief Photographer Lon Fitzgerald
Associate Photographer . Gene Plummer
Circulation Department

Louise H. Hefley

COVER Sidney A. Wooldridge
 TEXAS GAME AND FISH invites republication of material since the articles and other data comprise factual reports on wildlife and other phases of conservation.

★

In This Issue

★

October, 1952 • Vol. 10, No. 11

CONTENTS

Poor Boy Decoy	2
By THERON D. CARROLL Full directions showing how two Beaumont hunters make their own inexpensive decoys.	
Texas Bait Farm	4
By JACK ARNOLD This successful enterprise, born by accident and nursed on hard work, is helping ease the state's minnow shortage.	
The Coot	6
By W. C. GLAZENEER The story of this month's cover subject.	
Texas Plays Host to Game and Fish Chiefs	7
Aransas Refuge—Arsenal of Wildlife	8
By STEVE HAMLIN This Texas refuge, winter home of the last of the Whooping Cranes, again is ready to receive the seasonal influx of migrating waterfowl and human visitors.	
Deer Skins: \$15 Per Hundred	10
First of a series about earlier days when Texas game was hunted for profit and sold on the market.	
They Start Fishin' Young	12
By TOWNSEND MILLER Fort Worth gives the kids a break.	
South Texas Brushland	14
Seventh in the series about Texas game regions.	
You May Set a Record!	15
Plans are underway to record prize Texas game and fish each year.	
Trophy Time in Texas	16
Texas Tracks	18
By JAY VESSELS Notes from here and there on the wildlife front.	
Big Bend Boy	20
By JAY VESSELS A pictorial account of how Sul Ross College and students like C. W. Cox are rebuilding our wildlife and agricultural resources.	
How Fish Use Coastal Passes	26
By ERNEST G. SIMMONS A Game and Fish Commission marine biologist reports on experimental trapping operations. First of a series.	
Fighting Phew With Phew	27
Letters	30
Books	32



The Cover

The coot is known by many names in Texas, two of the more popular being mudhen and puldoo. With the approach of winter it is beginning to fill Texas waters, particularly the more shallow mossy areas, with hundreds of its kind, and before the season is over more than one unhappy hunter will discover he has mistaken a coot for a duck. The cover is by Sidney A. Wooldridge. The story is on page 6.



Watt Ford, left, and Pat Hogan of Beaumont already are anticipating the coming waterfowl season. Here they are busy turning out the simple homemade snow goose decoys they invented.

POOR BOY SNOW GOOSE DECOY

Your own variations will produce duck decoys, too

By THERON D. CARROLL

Supervisor Conservation Education

This closeup shows how the body is cut from the edge and end of a corrugated box.



Watt Ford and Pat Hogan of Beaumont are two of the most ardent waterfowl hunters you will find along the Texas Coast. Since they live within a few minutes drive of some of the largest winter concentrations of snow geese found in the United States, it seems only natural that they should spend at least a part of the waterfowl shooting season in quest of these fine game birds.

Watt and Pat have tried the well-known ruse of using folded newspapers to lure the snows in range, and, in the early days of the season, they often got good results. After a week or so, though, when fields of discarded newspaper-decoys leave many of the shooting areas looking like confetti-strewn parade sites, it takes something a bit sturdier and a little more life-like to attract these flying grazers.

In a pre-season session of planning for that big opening day and talking over the hunts of past seasons, Pat and Watt put their heads together and came up with a simple, inexpensive decoy they could make themselves.

They gave it a thorough testing in the field and found it to be easy to pack and carry; sturdy and heavy enough to stay anchored (so that the slightest breeze doesn't send you chasing your decoys all over the country); and very effective for snow goose shooting.

Of course, if you have the artistic ability you may want to try some variations in color, size and form and use these home-made decoys for other species of field-feeding geese and ducks.

Like the good sports that they are, Pat and Watt are happy to share their idea with other sportsmen. So here is your "blueprint" for the "poor boy" snow goose decoy.

Directions for Assembling Decoy

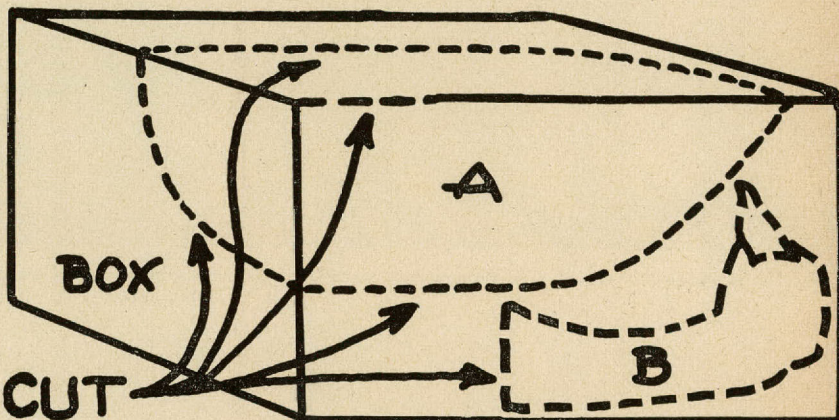
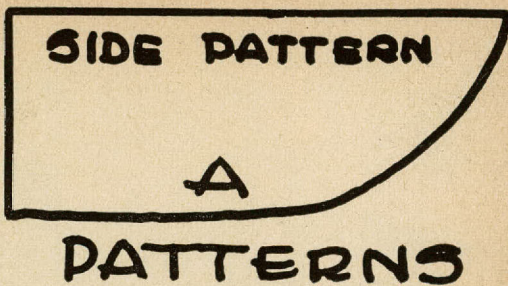
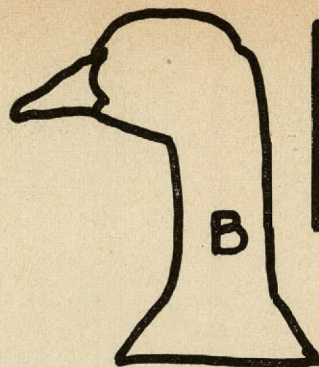
MATERIALS—

1. Corrugated cardboard boxes.
2. Sharp knife.
3. Paint: black, white, and red.
4. Paint brushes.

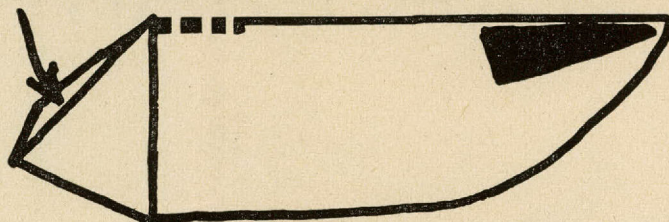
INSTRUCTIONS—

1. Make patterns A and B of cardboard. These patterns are used to trace cut-outs onto the corrugated boxes.
2. Trace pattern A on edge and end of box as shown to form decoy body. Pattern B may be traced on any convenient flat surface of the box.
3. Make cuts as indicated by dotted lines.
4. Crease body form at front as indicated, so that body of decoy may be folded flat for carrying.
5. Paint body, head, and neck white. Paint bill pink (mix white and red for desired color). Use black for eye spot and wing tips as shown.

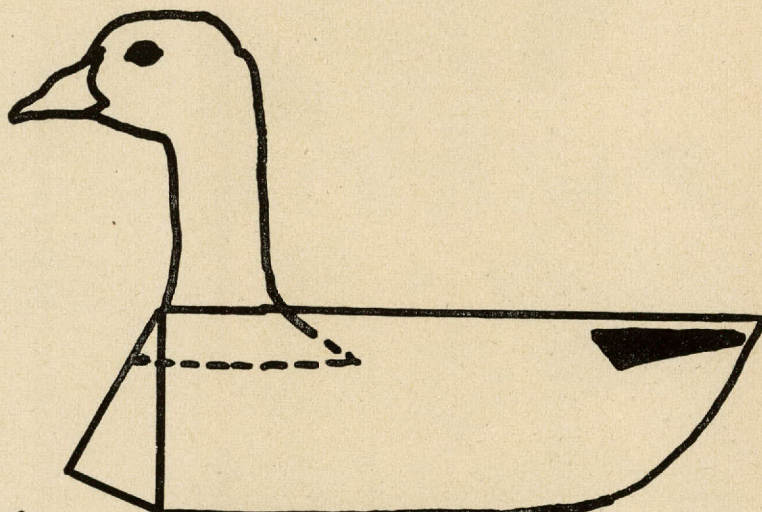
FIELD ASSEMBLY—unfold body and insert head-and-neck piece in body slot. That's it!



CREASE - FOLD FLAT

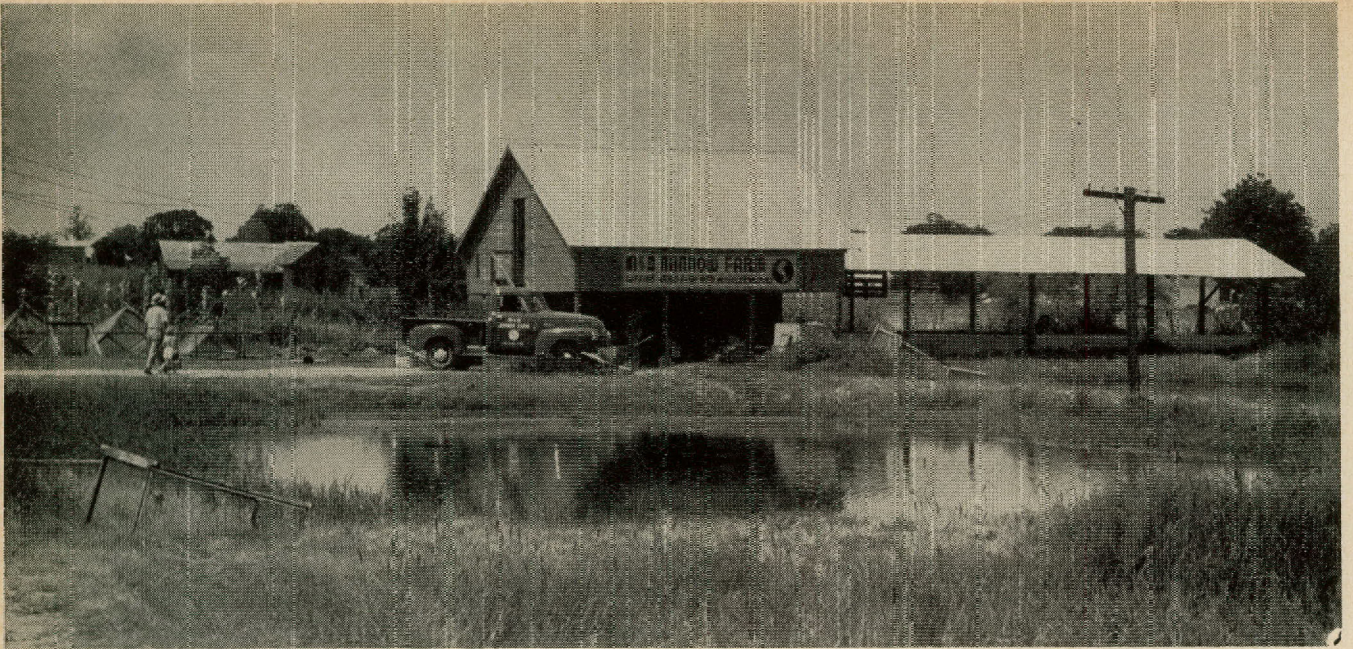


**PAINT BLACK
WING TIPS**



S.W.

ASSEMBLED



The main plant of the M & N Minnow Farm near Rockdale. Red Wiggler worms are packed on the first floor. A storage pond is in the foreground.

TEXAS BAIT FARM

By JACK ARNOLD



Jessie Lackey, four-year-old granddaughter of Part-owner E. L. McGuyer, impassively holds up an unwilling Red Wiggler.

A little accident a couple of years ago may lead up to a big development—in the minnow raising field.

The accident occurred when E. L. McGuyer and J. B. Newton, ardent Rockdale fishermen, left their personal minnow stocks in a small tank too long. They stayed there so long that one day the men found the waters teeming with baby minnows.

That little accident gave McGuyer and Newton the idea that maybe they should try the minnow business. They realized that it would not be as easy as all that—having the little fish multiply like mad without any effort by their sponsors.

The men visited minnow hatcheries all over the country and surveyed the minnow needs and the bait field generally in Texas. That was three years ago.

Now the minnow farm is well established. It handled minnows on a

jobbing basis until last year when it began producing its own. In 1951 it raised one and one half million minnows. This year it will double that, and next year it hopes to almost double this year's production.

Howard A. Crockett, 28-year-old minnow farm manager, reported that, in all, thirty-four acres are under development. Now about one-third of this is in use, being devoted to seven hatching ponds and five storage ponds. New ponds are being dug.

Crockett pointed out that water is one of the most important factors in the success of the farms since it must be fresh, untreated water. Water in which chemicals have been placed for human consumption is deadly for minnows.

The original phase was simple for the operators of this business. They are in the dirt moving line and they had machinery handy to gouge out that original tank when they needed a place for their own personal bait.

Now, when the M & N Minnow Farm needs a new hole in the ground, the proprietors simply crank up their own equipment.

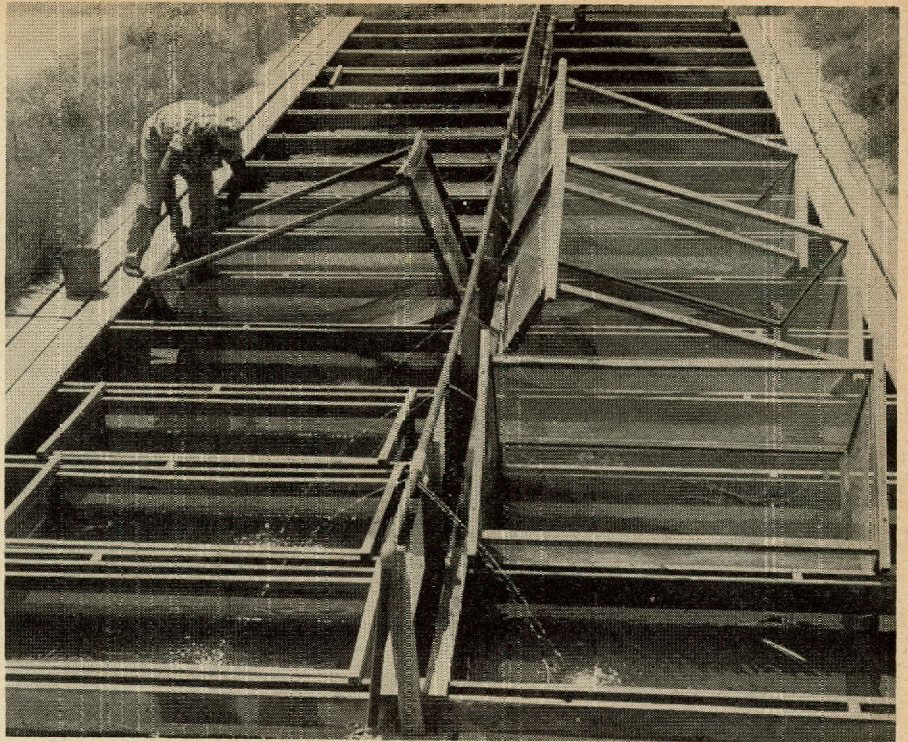
Crockett, pleasant, business-like native of Alabama, was foreman of an Alabama minnow farm when the Rockdale promoters contacted him.

He is a career man in the minnow business, having entered the field seven years ago when he was discharged from the Armed Forces. He said he was interested in coming to Texas because of the ample opportunities in the business. Texas, it seems, is short on minnow hatcheries and long on fishermen.

Crockett is specializing in a distinctive breed of minnows. He calls them black heads, with the trade name "Tuffies."

The Rockdale firm sells in wholesale lots, ranging from one thousand to twenty-five thousand minnows. And they are shipped in all directions. The firm has its own outlet at Burnet for the Highland Lakes trade.

The minnow business requires great care and endless work, said Crockett. The water temperature has to be watched constantly. The minnows' diet has to be watched. Their health is a problem. Parasites like the anchor worm and fish lice are the more common ailments.



Manager Howard A. Crockett lifts a pen in a minnow storage tank.

"Have to keep a close watch," said Crockett. "You could lose an entire pond of minnows if the sick minnows are not eliminated promptly

Crockett dips bait from a seine while his daughter, Ruby Lee, 13, watches attentively.

He continued. "Running a minnow farm is just like running a regular farm. Always something to do. You certainly never get bored."

Crockett uses a special foot diet for the minnows but it's strictly top secret. "Everybody in the minnow farm business has their own diet, and they all think theirs is the best, I suppose. It's

● Continued on Next Page



THE COOT

By W. C. GLAZENER

Director of
Wildlife Restoration

This dark, white-billed bird with the clumsy takeoff is a familiar sight to Texas duck hunters

On the land or on the water, this member of the rail family remains a head bobbing individual. Every step and every swimming paddle is accompanied by a rhythmic bobble of its head.

The coot is known variously as mud hen, "puldo" (Poule 'd eau), "blue peter," and crow duck. Under any name, it is an able swimmer, an excellent diver and a rather ill-tempered specimen.

To duck hunters, coots are something of a nuisance. They compete with ducks for food, but are rated as poor game themselves, either as targets or as food. Many a solitary beginning hunter has proudly drug himself into camp with a full bag of "ducks," only to have his pride deflated by experienced hunters who identified his birds as coots.

As a species, coots are readily distinguished. They are rather uniformly slate colored, and have a white, chicken-like beak. The base of the beak merges into a white frontal plate of toughened skin. The three "front" toes are fitted with membranous lobes or flaps that are great swimming aids.

Unlike rails and gallinules, coots commonly raft up in relatively open water. Again, they take readily to heavy stands of bulrushes, cattails, or other marsh vegetation. At times their staccato-voiced calls of "yuk-yuk-yuk-yuk-

yuk" startle hunters or fishermen who did not dream of their near presence.

Coots have a wide range, both in summer and winter. In the course of the two seasonal ranges, they reach all the way from north-central Canada to Central America. They apparently nest at points from the Gulf of Mexico to central Canada. For nesting sites they prefer marshes. Many nests are floating ones, anchored to marsh plants as a guard against washing away.

There usually are 8 to 12 eggs in a clutch. They are incubated jointly by the male and female, for about three weeks.

At birth young coots take to the water quite readily. With scattered feathers of yellow, orange or red, and a black-tipped scarlet beak, they are somewhat more colorful than their parents.

While the coot is a strong flier, only a little slower than ducks, it apparently would rather swim than fly. Only when closely crowded will they leave water and take to the air. Some reports indicate that they may even do some of their migrating by land—on foot, in fact.

A coot has difficulty getting into flight. The take off consists of a long-drawn-out flapping, paddling effort, preferably into the wind. As the bird gains momentum, it "runs" on the water with less and less splashing, until it finally lifts uncertainly into the air.

Once flight is attained, the greenish feet are trailed behind, rather than being folded under the bird's body.

Except for possible food competition with game ducks, there seldom is any complaint against coots. In a few instances they are accused of damaging rice and alfalfa crops. Again, they have been credited with cleaning up cull onions left in fields after harvest.

Texas Bait Farm

• Continued from Preceding Page

generally based on special antibiotics and minnow supplements."

The precocious minnows—that is the brood version of them—get to be three to four inches long. The male, which dies after the hatch, is unusually reliable and may fertilize eggs from as many as six females, all the while faithfully fanning his tail to keep the water circulating over the nest.

Not the least phase of this minnow farm business is the traffic in plain fishin' worms. The Rockdale establishment ships worms all over the country and reports a particularly

good demand from Colorado.

Crockett said his firm sells about three hundred thousand worms a year. The trade name for these is Red Wiggler.

The worms are packed in peat moss and sawdust and shipped in cardboard boxes, via parcel post.

The prices are \$4 per thousand in ten thousand worm lots on up to \$5 per thousand for smaller lots.

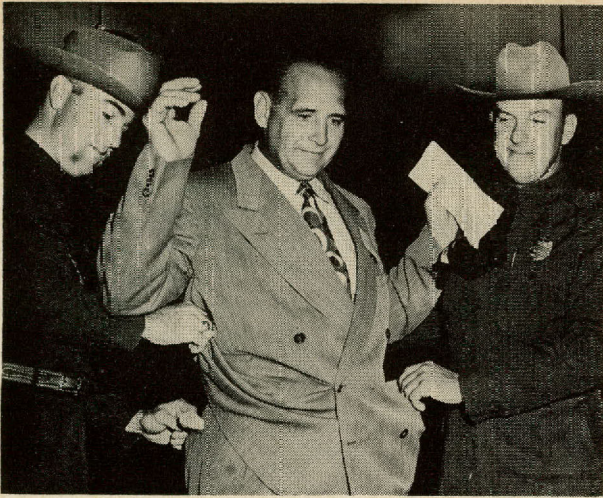
Crockett explained that handling worms is not as unpleasant as some folks might imagine. He also pointed out that Texas Red Wigglers were not offensive in transit and that there was

no odor from the boxes.

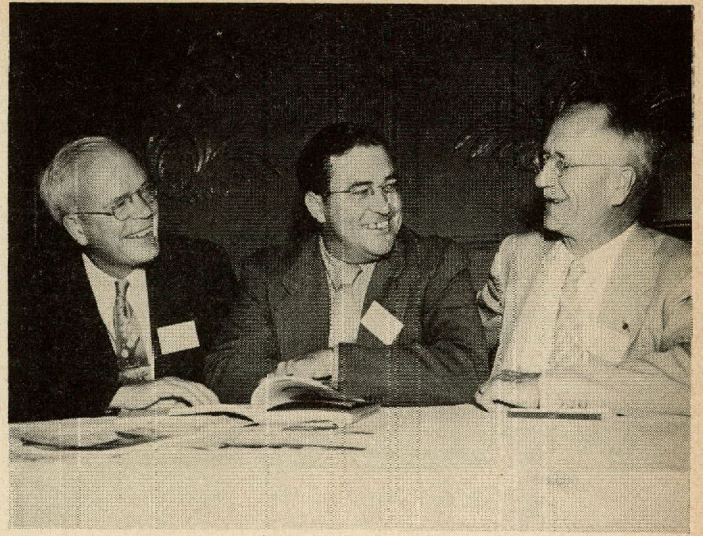
The pleasant young minnow magnate was afraid he was making the business sound too simple. He wanted to make it plain that minnow prices are below standard in Texas.

But prospects seemed bright for the new Rockdale undertaking. The owners have the tools to dig new ponds and Crockett has the talent to make things grow in the water.

So, while Rockdale is known for the moment for its booming new aluminum industry, the Texas Tuffies and Red Wigglers promise to make a showing in their own field.



Game Wardens Tom Daniel, Grapevine, left, and Joe Brower, Greenville, got a "tip" from Seattle that Clarence T. Pautzke, chief of fisheries for Washington state, was smuggling two-headed fish into Texas. The tip was all a gag, of course. Pautzke, who helped bring 16,000 fish back from the Bikini atom bomb tests for radiation studies, was attending the American Fisheries Society convention at Dallas.



Elections always create interest at any convention. Dr. Harrison F. Lewis, left, former chief of the Canadian Wildlife Service, and George W. Davis, center, director of Vermont's Fish and Game Service, congratulate Chester Wilson upon his election as the new president of the International Association of Game, Fish, and Conservation Commissioners. Wilson is Commissioner of the Minnesota Department of Conservation. Dr. Lewis made one of the convention's highlight speeches concerning the role of international treaties in wildlife management.

TEXAS PLAYS HOST TO GAME AND FISH CHIEFS

The most talented men in the business of maintaining good hunting and fishing visited Texas in September. They were members of two groups, the International Association of Game, Fish, and Conservation Commissioners and the American Fisheries Society, who met in Dallas for annual conventions.

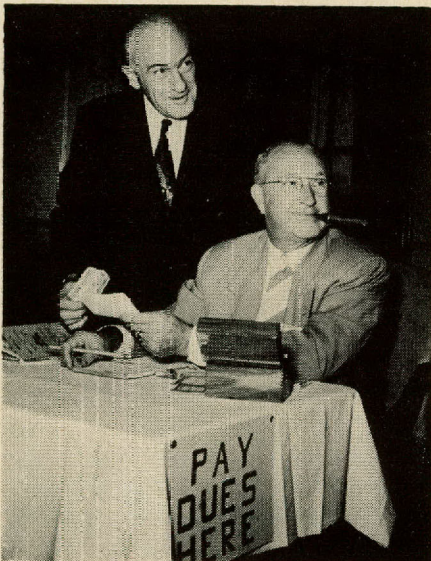
The top experts in the fisheries field gathered first, Sept. 8-10, for three days of discussions and reports concerning all phases of fish culture and management. The emphasis was on the improvement of sports fishing.

Members of the International Association, those who head state and national organizations dealing with the

overall fish and wildlife picture, moved in for sessions Sept. 11-13. Their discussions ranged from local state problems, through nationwide policies, and on into the need for international cooperation.

Personnel of the Texas Game and Fish Commission were to host still a third convention, a meeting of the National Association for Conservation Education and Publicity at Galveston Sept. 21-24.

Walter W. Lechner, center, member of the Texas Game and Fish Commission from Fort Worth, tries to convince Clarence Cottam, right, assistant director of the U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service, that the biggest fish grow in Texas. Lechner doesn't seem to be making much of an impression on Harold W. Glassen, chairman, Michigan Conservation Commission, standing behind him. During the convention, Lechner headed a discussion session of the nation's various state commissioners, who, like himself, serve without pay in the interest of better hunting and fishing.



Verne Joslin of Minnesota's Department of Conservation set up shop for the all-important duties of collecting individual dues for 1953. Joslin is secretary of the International Association. Stepping up for his turn is Howard D. Dodgen, executive secretary of the Texas Game and Fish Commission and chairman of the executive committee of the International.



Aransas Refuge—

ARSENAL OF WILDLIFE

By STEVE HAMLIN

During the weeks preceding the fall migration season, Julian Howard was as fussy as a carnival hawker running out of cold drinks on a hot afternoon. Howard manages Aransas National Wildlife Refuge down on the Texas coast.

He seemed embarrassed that anyone would inquire about this wonderland for wildlife when the principal types—the migratory birds—were away on summer vacation.

"There's nothing to write about now," suggested Howard, as he produced up-to-date file reports on refuge population, past and present.

"Come back in December," wrote Howard later, still fretting about his barren cupboards.

The idea was to picture the refuge, in advance of the rush season, as a sort of pre-season promotion for this winter showplace.

Obviously, the throngs did not surge toward this vaunted animal kingdom corral during the summer months. The crowds in that area occur during the winter months. They comprise mainly the tourists from the ice-bound northland, who are attracted to the mild Gulf coast climate.

Certainly the traffic was light at the particular time Howard was bemoaning the off-season slump. The trail leading to his place reflected that. One spot in the road was so chewed up that the ditch was smooth by comparison.

But come fall, the road will be repaired, the refuge will be seething, and Howard will be his old self again.

Here's the management's own thumb nail sketch of the refuge:

"The Aransas National Wildlife Refuge, located in Aransas and Refu-

gio Counties on Blackjack Peninsula and containing 47,261 acres, was established December 31, 1937, as one of more than 290 National Wildlife Refuges administered by the Fish and Wildlife Service of the United States Department of the Interior.

"Of interest historically as the home of the apparently cannibalistic Caranchua Indians, the peninsula was homesteaded early in the Eighteenth century by various European nationals. Homes and townsites were established along the San Antonio and St. Charles Bays. Agriculture was none too successfully followed for many years, and cattle raising became the primary usage.

"Established for the production and protection of all forms of wildlife, the Aransas Refuge is an important link in the chain of waterfowl wintering areas along the Gulf Coast.

"It is the ancestral home and the only remaining wintering site of the almost extinct Whooping Crane. Here, under complete protection and encouragement, the flock has increased to almost thirty from only 14 in 1940. Here they spend the months from October to April before flying northward to unknown breeding grounds in Canada.

"Canadian, White-fronted, and Snow Geese are common winter residents together with many duck species including Pintail, Gadwall, Baldpate, Mallard and others. Shorebirds, wading birds (including the rare Roseate Spoonbill), songbirds, birds of prey, and others bring the total list of birds found on the refuge in various seasons to 300 species.

"White-tail deer have flourished and thousands have been live-trapped for restocking in Texas and other

southern states. The native javelina, or peccary, wild turkey, and bobwhite quail together with armadillos, raccoon, skunk, squirrels, and an occasional red wolf constitute the major upland species. The grazing of cattle is permitted when no conflict with wildlife results."

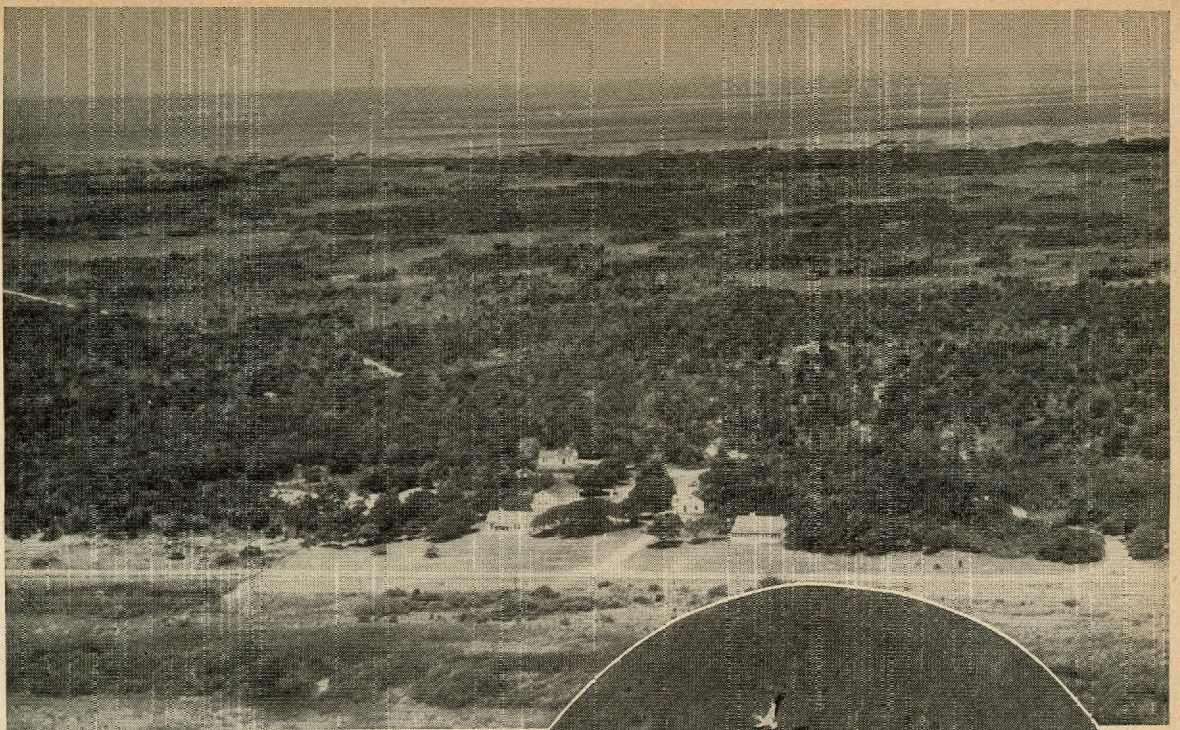
Manager Howard could be feeling slightly lonesome since they removed the pair of Whooping Cranes to a New Orleans zoo. He had worked painstakingly to make the extraordinary pair happy and contented.

But there's new Whooper news of late. A pair of flying scientists of the U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service recently reported they had sighted what apparently was a pair of nesting Whoopers in the Great Slave Lake area of Canada. Until this discovery by Robert Smith and Everett L. Sutton, the actual nesting spot of the Whoopers was one of Nature's better kept secrets.

With or without the royal birds, the refuge tempo is picking up nowadays as flocks of birds, big and little, swirl around Howard's precious grounds.

Yes, and an occasional wayward citizen wanders into the refuge, which, as they invariably find out, is pretty well booby trapped against human intrusion.

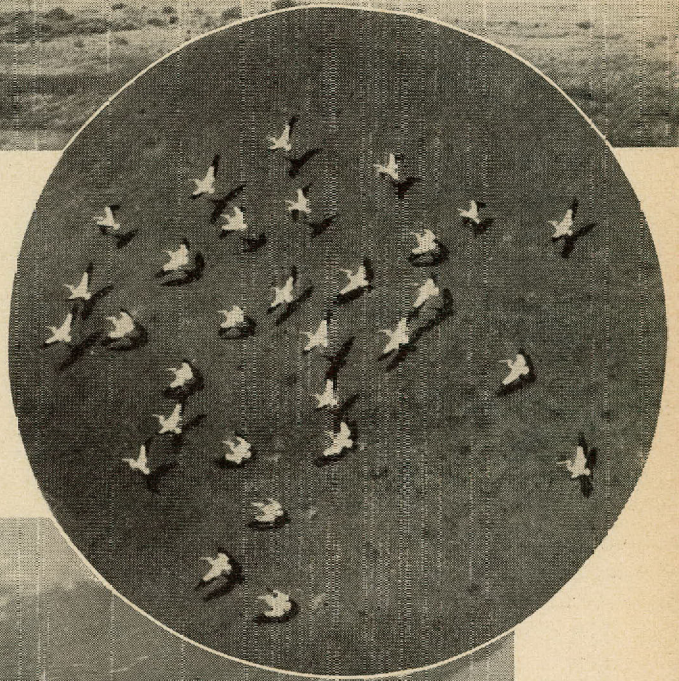
Especially pinpointed was the man who drove into the sanctuary, on past headquarters, and into the wildlife range. He got out of his car and loaded up a rifle. But before he could execute anything he was intercepted. The poor fellow, a comparative stranger in Texas, had misunderstood. He thought the place was a public hunting ground instead of a wildlife refuge.



Here is a bird's view of the famed Aransas National Wildlife Refuge, located on the Texas Gulf Coast. This primitive area offers refuge to some of the rare bird species, including the almost extinct Whooping Crane.

Another large and graceful bird—the White Pelican, black wing tips and all—stole this aerial photographic show (center photo). The aerial view minimizes their real size, since they usually measure between eight and nine feet from wing tip to wing tip. The big birds were shot from 300 feet by Ketter Studios of Victoria from a Stinson two-seater piloted by Flying Game Warden Claude Keller of the Texas Game and Fish Commission staff.

The overall refuge shot (below) was made from 9,000 feet. The photo showing the headquarters building (above) was made from 500 feet. In the lower left hand corner of the headquarters shot is the area where futile efforts were made some time ago to rear a Whooping Crane from birth.





DEER SKINS:

\$15 per Hundred

First in an intriguing series of articles about the early days of market hunters in Texas

The following is the first in a series of articles concerning the marketing of game during the earlier years when Texas game was far more abundant.

The story in this issue is about George Barnard, who is credited with being the "father" of Waco. His records show that in one three-year period he shipped from one of his trading posts alone over 33,000 deer hides. Many of these, sold in the "rough" state, brought less than 15 cents each.

This article, and others to follow, are presented solely as chronicles of an interesting phase in the history of Texas hunting. Their publication is not for the purpose of either criticizing or of justifying the former practice of killing game for the market.

The reader should remember that, during those years, market hunting was approved and endorsed by the general public. Those who killed and marketed game were no more criticized than the modern sardine or tuna fisherman.

The reader also should bear in mind that wildlife technicians in general agree that the spread of farming and ranching, which has destroyed so much of the natural habitat of our game, had far more influence on the decline in hunting opportunities than the kills of the market hunters, enormous as they were.

This first article, written by the late Dr. John K. Strecker of Baylor University, originally was published in 1927. It is presented as it appeared in the *Journal of Mammology*, vol. 8 (2): pp. 106-110.—Editor.

In Texas, in frontier days, the deer skin was a medium of exchange between whites, as well as the "currency" par-excellence between red men and white. As custodian of the special collection of material relating to Texas in Baylor University Library, I recently came into possession of a large number of records and papers which once belonged to George Barnard, who established a number of Indian trading posts in central Texas when

that section of the state was still in the hands of the aborigines.

Barnard was a Connecticut Yankee born in Hartford, a man of considerable education and refinement. He came to Texas about 1838, three years later joined the Texan Santa Fe expedition, suffered captivity in Mexico, and afterward returned to Houston, where he became identified with the Torreys in trading relations with the Indians. He was, therefore, one of the

pioneer Texans and a veteran of the wars of the Republic.

The Torrey brothers, David, John, James, and Thomas, were also Hartford men—boyhood school-mates of Barnard.

James was one of the Mier expedition prisoners and was killed by the Mexicans for overpowering a guard and attempting to escape.

Thomas, who was a survivor of the Santa Fe expedition, died of a fever while he and Barnard were locating sites for trading stations, between the present site of Waco and the falls of the Brazos River.

Capt. John F. Torrey finally settled near Torrey's peak in what is now Hood County, Texas, dying there in the late eighties.

David remained in Houston, but I am unable to find any record of his later life.

David and John F. were the chief organizers of the frontier trade with the Texas Indians. In accordance with a treaty entered into with the Republic of Texas, the Indians were to permit the establishment of a number of trading posts in the central and southwestern sections of the state, which at that time were really in Indian country.

Barnard established trading posts at a number of different points. First, on the "Navasot" (Navasota River), between that stream and the Brazos River; second, on Trading House Creek, eight miles southeast of Waco; third, near the falls of the Brazos

River, not far from the present town of Marlin; and fourth, in Hood County, near Weatherford.

As a member of the Torrey company, he also was interested in trading stores at New Braunfels and Fredericksburg. We have papers which indicate that he was also interested, either as principal or backer, in enterprises at Fort Belknap, Fort Graham, and other places, but these were later ventures, doubtless engaged in long after he served his business relations with the Torreys (1848).

Torrey and company maintained stores at Houston, Austin, and San Antonio during the forties. To what extent Barnard was interested in these branches, the papers and documents at hand fail to furnish a clue. Many prominent Texans of this time were financially interested in the Torreys' trading ventures. Among these were Gen. Sam Houston, who was one of the presidents of the Texas Republic, later governor of the state, and afterwards United States senator for many years. We have receipts, acknowledging the delivery of bundles of deer skins, which were signed by him.

From 1844 to 1847 Barnard was almost alone in the Indian country at Trading House Creek, and during this time his shipments of skins were rather infrequent. L. H. Williams conducted a freight line between the trading house, the last outpost of civilization, and Houston, carrying goods by means of ox wagons. About once every sixty days, he hauled Barnard's skins to Houston and on the return trip brought provisions and trade goods.

When the Indian trader was alone, he filled in his time by preparing his skins for the market. He arrayed himself in a single garment, usually a long-tailed shirt, and went after the task of beating out insects in true aboriginal fashion.

Commencing with the year 1848, after the country had become more thickly settled as a result of the influx from other states, he often made a good-sized shipment of skins every thirty days. His shipments consisted for the most part of deer skins, both rough and dressed, but he also handled buffalo hides, bear, beaver, coon, and fox skins.

* Several sheets, covering more than a half a year, are missing.

Judging from the records still extant, he must have shipped during the period from 1844 to 1853, from the Trading House Creek post alone, not less than 75,000 deer skins! In the three years from 1851 to 1853, the number amounted to 33,891 (actual figures furnished by his invoices), so that there is no question but that I have underestimated, rather than overestimated, the figures for the ten-year total.

The deer of the central portion of the great state of Texas was the small Texas deer. This animal must have been excessively abundant before the country was settled by the whites. The early traders speak of great herds of deer and antelope numbering into the thousands, something that we moderns can hardly conceive of.

Maj. George B. Erath, one of the pioneers of Waco, in his memoirs published by the Texas State Historical Association, says that in former years it was a common thing to encounter small herds of antelopes in the region now comprised in McLennan, Falls and Robertson counties, but he asserts that this animal was never found in this section in as great numbers as in the Staked Plains region. However, he and other authorities agree that buffaloes and deer were very abundant in central Texas.

Probably the earlier shipments of skins from Trading House Creek were at Houston combined with those from other trading houses; but after Barnard set up in business for himself, his bales were sold at auction in New York by Messrs. Grant and Barton, commission furriers.

During the early '50s, the trader received from fourteen to sixteen cents per pound for good rough skins, but worm-riddled skins were hardly worth the expense of shipping. Dressed skins brought from seventy-five cents to one dollar each, the cheaper grade being baled, while the "number ones" were sold by the dozen.

There was not a very great profit in rough skins, for the Cherokee, Delaware, Waco, and Tehuacana Indians (these being the tribes which did most of the business at Trading House Creek) received an allowance of from twelve to fifteen cents per pound in trade for them.

In shipping to New York there were various expenses to be considered, those things which now would be included as "overhead," such as brokers' commissions, marine insurance, freight charges, health officer permit, cartage, weighing, storage and labor, and fire insurance.

An average bale of rough deer skins weighed about two hundred and ten pounds. A rough skin of the small Texas deer weighed between one and one-half pounds. The skin of an unusually large buck might weigh a fraction more than my maximum estimate. One lot of 972 dressed skins weighed 847 pounds.

Sometimes rough skins were called "hair skins" and dressed skins were often listed as "shaved" skins.

The following items from Barnard's invoices from May 1, 1851, to April 20, 1853, will give some idea of the number of skins he handled at Trading House Creek during this period:*

1851, May 1. For amount of skins bought and shipped since first Jan'y to Mess. Grant and Barton, New York, 12,000 lbs. @ \$.15.....	\$1800.00
1 Bale dressed skins count. 23 doz. @ \$12.....	276.00
1 Bale Bear skins 40 @ \$1..	40.00
1852, May 24. Net proceeds 17 Bales skins acc. sale	
Jan. 12, 1852.....	777.66
Net proceeds 25 Bales skins acc. sale Feb. 5, 1852.....	1091.86
August 1. Net proceeds 6 Bales skins acc. sale June 2, 1852.	231.37
Net proceeds 39 Bales skins acc. sale June 16, 1852.....	1123.00
Net proceeds 11 Bales skins acc. sale April 16, 1852.....	505.35
Bear, Raccoon, etc.....	73.00
Net proceeds 974 dressd. skins acc. sale July 20, 1852.....	706.82
Nov. 1. Net proceeds 1605 dressd. skins acc. sale	
Sept. 7, 1852.....	1252.09
Net proceeds 973 dressd. skins acc. sale Sept. 7, 1852.....	825.73
Bear, Raccoon, and other skins	60.00
1853, March 10. Net proceeds 6139 lbs. deer skins and 972 dressd. skins acc. sale	
Jan. 22, 1853.....	2109.66

A notation under date of April 20, 1853:

Ship to New York	
25 Bales deer skins.....	5000 lbs.
1 Bale Bear skins.....	35 lbs.
1 Bale Coon and Fox.....	175 lbs.
1 Bale Dressd. Deer.....	20 doz.

• Continued on Page 28



Photo by John Cadwallader

They Start Fishin' Young . . .

By TOWNSEND MILLER

Assistant Director, Publications

...IN FORT WORTH, where recently hundreds of youngsters, some of them as young as two years, turned out for the annual summer's-end Boy and Girl Better Fishing Rodeo.

Felix Ankele, president of the Fort Worth Anglers Club, got up early, reached the touney site at Amon G. Carter's White Lake at 6 a. m., was met by a number of eager young fishermen asking how much longer they were going to have to wait.

Five hours after starting time, the youngsters had used up all the 20,000 worms issued to them. The resulting catch: a fabulous 15,000 fish, part of them stocked especially for the event.

They were competing for over 500 prizes donated by

local business firms and Better Fishing, Inc., a non-profit organization which helps sponsor similar events all over the nation. Local sponsors included The Fort Worth Jaycees, the Fort Worth Anglers Club, and the City of Fort Worth.

The Fort Worth fishing rodeo is typical of the ever-growing list of similar events held by other Texas cities each season.

The prizes were big and mighty important in the eyes of the kids. But it seems likely that even more enthusiasm was generated by a spark of that same strange something that often makes dad, smelling of fish and wet with creek water, willing to eat a cold supper late of a summer evening.



Cadwallader

An estimated 3,000 youngsters between two and sixteen years of age spent five rollicking hours just fishing at the Fort Worth rodeo. Girls were in a minority, but one of them, Mary Jane Gann, landed 34 fish. Carolyn Brannon and Helen Copeland each caught a nine-and-one-half-ounce bass to tie for biggest fish among the girls.



Star-Telegram

Grinning Gary Husa, 10, displays his trophy and tackle prizes. His 14½-ounce catfish nosed out one caught by Bobby Jones as biggest of the day. Jimmy Durham and David Bridges tied for the most fish with 46 each.



Star-Telegram

No undersize fish on the string of Stephen Lunceford, 7. Those two sunfish are beauties. Game Warden Harold Bierman, who, along with Warden Bill Sloan, was on hand to help stage the affair, offers congratulations.

South Texas Brushland

This game region corresponds to what is often referred to as the Rio Grande Plain. The region is that part of Texas south of the Edwards Plateau and the San Antonio River. The South Texas Brushland is characterized by a gently-rolling to level topography. Brushy vegetation covers most of the land, except the scattered open prairies in the central portion.

The South Texas Brushland has considerable variation in soils.

* Adapted from *Principal Game Birds and Mammals*, Texas Game and Fish Commission.

In the central part of the Rio Grande Plain there are two areas of dark soil with clay texture, the texture being the result of development from limy clay parent material. Cotton and grain sorghums are grown on the cleared land.

Two other areas of the central Rio Grande Plain have soils which have been formed from soft sandstone and sandy clay. Some of this land is suitable for cotton and grain sorghums, and the areas not in cultivation are used for grazing.

There are two strips of deep sand in the central and lower Rio Grande

Valley. Mixed grasses grow on the yellow sands. These soils shift about with the wind, forming sand dunes in many places.

Desert grasses are the characteristic vegetation of the clay soils along the Rio Grande River in the southwestern part of the state. The land here is used mainly as livestock range. The southern tip of the Rio Grande Valley has alluvial soils which have been deposited by the Rio Grande River. This small area of about eight hundred square miles is used for citrus fruits, truck crops and cotton.

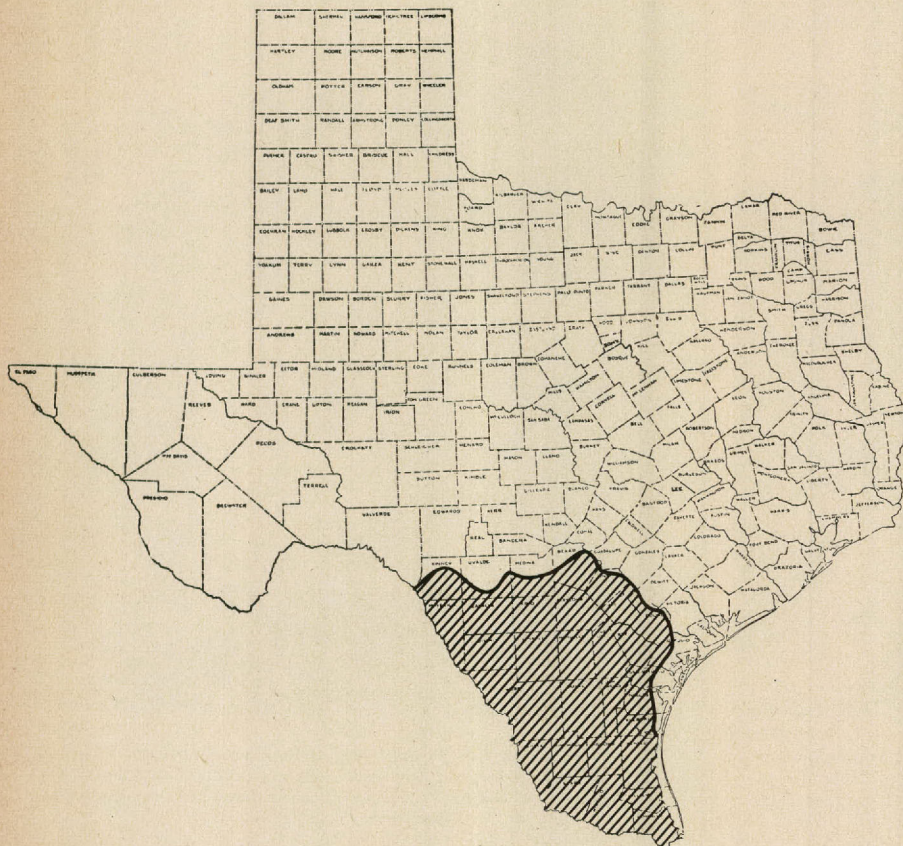
The important brushy species in South Texas are mesquite, small oaks of several species, particularly live oak, catclaw, huisache, prickly pear, blackbrush, guajillo, and others. This area is the "Brush Country" of Texas, famous in the state's folklore.

The annual rainfall varies from about fifteen inches to twenty-seven inches per year. The eastern portion of the South Texas Brushland has a dry subhumid climate favorable to mixed grasses. Most of the western half of the region has a semiarid climate which is associated with short grasses. The Lower Rio Grande Valley, with a mean annual temperature of 74° F., is the warmest section of Texas. This part of the state has a long growing season of approximately three hundred days. Occasionally there is a year in which no killing frost occurs, but in extreme winters there is enough freezing weather to cause serious damage to the fruits and vegetables.

Both dry and irrigation farming are extensively practiced. This is an important livestock section of Texas and supports several of the largest cattle ranches in the world. Sheep and angora goats are also raised in small numbers.

The dense growth of brush in this section of Texas not only contributes to the livestock requirements but also provides excellent conditions for many forms of wildlife. Game populations here are more diverse, and in many cases more abundant, than in any other part of the state. A few native antelope remain in Jim Hogg County. Deer, wild turkey, and the javelina are still abundant in some counties.

The region is a favorite wintering



A white-winged dove, exclusive to far South Texas, nests in an ebony tree.

ground for many species of birds, particularly the mourning dove. Extremely large concentrations of doves are common in the brush country of South Texas during the fall and winter. In addition to having mild winters, this part of the state has a better winter food supply for doves than do the farming sections of the Panhandle and extreme northern Texas. In the latter areas, fall plowing leaves little available food for doves.

The Rio Grande turkey was at one time very abundant in all of the territory in the southern part of the state south of a line from Houston to San Antonio. Most of the best turkey range in the South Texas Brushland is now in the live-oak motts of Kennedy, Brooks, Willacy, and Kleberg counties.

The Lower Rio Grande Valley is considered a part of this region, although there are important differences. The area along the delta of the Rio Grande is densely populated, and the subtropical climate permits intensive agriculture. Citrus fruits and

vegetables are raised in great quantities.

Originally this area was covered with dense brush consisting of huisache, mesquite, ebony, guajillo, and others, many of them subtropical and

tropical in origin. The remaining areas of brush provide the principal nesting grounds in Texas for the white-winged dove, red-billed pigeon, chachalaca, white-fronted dove, and other threatened wildlife species.



Scoreboard Suggested

YOU MAY SET A RECORD!

Texans now will have a chance to prove that the biggest of everything comes from the Lone Star State—if they can.

A plan to keep permanent state records of fish catches and hunting kills is being worked out by the Game and Fish Commission.

Both all-time records and a listing of top catches and kills each year will be filed for reference.

Sportsmen's clubs, newspapers, radio stations, and individuals will be asked to contribute data concerning Texas fish and game of unusual size. Species rare to the state also will be recorded if caught or killed.

Kenneth Foree, outdoor editor of the Dallas News, formally submitted the suggestion to the Commission.

"It will be designed primarily to

provide maximum pleasure for the hunter or fisherman harvesting the biggest trophy," he explained.

Foree points out also that such data may prove useful to fish and wildlife technicians. "We know that some species change over the years. Some become larger; others become smaller. This method may enable us to expand present facilities for keeping tab of periodic changes."

The Commission hopes to chronicle practically every kind of species encountered by hunters and fishermen. For instance, game fish and non-game fish alike would be registered.

It is hoped that some sort of valid system may be worked out to incorporate record catches and kills of the past years into the files.

From that starting point, records

of ensuing years will be added, and new and unusual species will be placed on the lists.

The fisherman and hunter then will have the added pleasure of seeking top trophies of the year, and in addition he may go into the field with the hope that someday he may set a new Texas record or catch some new species.

Forms on which may be recorded the necessary data will be designed and distributed by the Commission for individual species.

Complete plans will be announced as soon as possible.

It is hoped that the system may be formulated in time to include figures for this fall and winter hunting season.

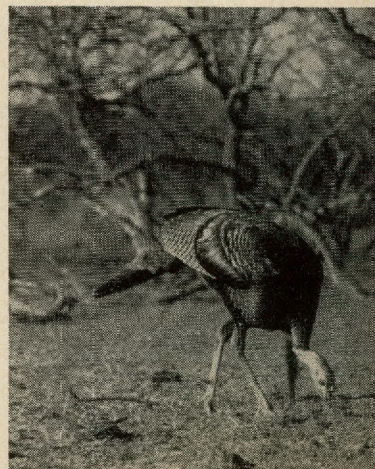


TROPHIES

IN TEXAS

Nowhere is the hunt for trophies followed with more enthusiasm than in Texas. Typical of the hunt are the buck heads providing trophies in a natural setting. They are from a wildlife collection in Austin.

This fall, the mighty quail is a good bag of these doings. The conditions of a particular waterfowl.





Y TIME

KAS

ing of prize hunting
re zeal than in Texas.
d prizes are the pair of
background for this
e extensive and varied
nator A. E. Wood of

ater bids fair to reap a
decorations with pre-
y bountiful supply of



Texas Tracks

By JAY VESSELS

WELCOME WALL-EYES

William J. Weeg in *The Austin Statesman*:

"A fish new to this section of the country will be stocked in Lake Travis next year.

"Kenneth C. Jurgens, aquatic biologist of the Highland Lakes region for the State Game and Fish Commission, told Austin Kiwanis Club mem-

SUDSY SOLUTION

Item from Augusta, Me., in *Dallas Times Herald*—Chief Warden Lester E. Brown of the Fish and Game Department says many of the 140 persons reported lost annually in the Maine woods turn up in "the nearest beer parlor." The woodland veteran says he has spent "too much time" in his 25 years with the department "rammin' through the bush" on false reports or hunting someone who already had been found. "We've had many a wild goose chase in my time," he said. "A lot of those are because some guy tells his wife he's going hunting when actually he adjourns to the nearest beer parlor."

RED ON BLACK

A new color scheme for East Texas squirrels was reported by Game Warden Ray Martin of Lufkin. He said some Livingston men, hunting near Wakefield, scattered a family of squirrels with black bodies and red tails. They bagged at least one. Warden Supervisor E. M. Sprott, also of Lufkin, also observed the strange specimen. He said he had seen several albino squirrels in East Texas but added that the red and black combination was a rarity.

BOTTLE FED SNAKE

Game Warden Audrey Shaw reported how a chicken snake became involved in a fatal triangle involving itself, a soft drink bottle, and a farmer. The farmer noticed the snake around his chicken house. He assumed that it's fat body was from eating his chickens. He killed the reptile, cut it open, and found the bottle. Reptologists said his was a merciful act, since, they explained, the snake would have died, with the bottle blocking all efforts to get nourishment.

FISHING TRAGEDY

The tragic death of a Shamrock, Texas, fisherman points up some hazards of ordinary angling. This man was found about 25 feet from shore with his fishing line wrapped around his wrists. He apparently had swum out to dislodge the hook, had become caught in the line, and could not free himself.

Safety authorities have noted the hazards of fishing, especially trot line fishing, and have suggested that handling so many hooks in deep water can become dangerous in rough water or when a fisherman is alone.

TOO MUCH COMPANY

Harmon Henderson, superintendent of the Possum Kingdom fish hatchery, complains about being bothered by illiterate ducks and deer. He says the ducks and whitetails obviously cannot read, since signs around the place state plainly: "Keep Off."

Henderson, a patient man and accustomed to the indiscretions of the Animal Kingdom, protests that the ducks have the poorest etiquette. He says the waterfowl, principally pintails, dive to the bottom of his bass rearing ponds and eat the tender grass roots. This weakens the sod and causes leaks in the levees.

Worst of all, the silly bass, although obviously endangered by dry ponds, don't do a thing about it. Henderson wonders if there's any way to develop a taste for wild duck among the big blacks.

The deer—they hop over the hatchery fences and feast at night on the lush grass around the edges of the pond. But their grass cutting help is not needed because a few nice, docile milk cows are kept handy for that purpose.

Field Data

bers that wall-eyed pike, to be obtained from Minnesota, will be placed in the lake as an experiment.

"Eggs of the new type of fish, Jurgens said, will be placed in the hatchery in San Marcos and then the young fish will be planted in Lake Travis.

"The wall-eyed pike prefers deep open water and attains a weight of 12 to 15 pounds, the speaker asserted. He feeds on rough fish, thus possibly helping solve the problem of the Commission in ridding Lake Travis of rough fish such as carp, gar, carp suckers and buffalo fish."

CHEATERS BEWARE!

Bellville item in *The Houston Post*—A Santa Fe locomotive engineer who takes his fishing seriously has offered \$100 reward to anyone who will turn in fishermen using illegal fishing methods in Austin County. He is Alfred Brugger of Bellville. Brugger expresses great anxiety about conditions in his area. Eugene Hintz of Sealy is offering the same reward.

VET SAVES BIRD

Kerrville item in *The Austin American*—Making a pet of a hummingbird was the recent achievement of Harry Warren, attendant at the Veterans Administration Hospital here (Kerrville). Warren saved the bird after it was found covered with mites and dying in the grass of the hospital grounds. He took it home, wrapped it in cotton that had been sprinkled with DDT powder, and placed it in a cigar box. Within a few hours the small bird, a female of the black chin species, was free of mites and began to perk up.

BEAR ALERT

A black bear crossed the Rio Grande below Dryden a while back, penetrating Texas from its Mexico abode. Game Warden Ed Lacey at Sanderson said the animal was last heard of between Sanderson and Fort Stockton, heading northward. Ranchers reported bruin killed a sheep and goat. Lacey observed that the bear slays for food alone, and that, contrasted with predators like mountain lions, which kill for the sport, the bear ate everything but the hide and feet.

Game Notes

MARINE TRAGEDY SEQUEL

Many things in the Gulf Coast area of Texas date back to the devastating freeze that decimated fish life in January, 1951. The residents come up with some tall tales about that historic cold spell. And Marine Aquatic Biologist Ernest Simmons has confirmed at least some of them. An estimated thirty thousand tons of fish perished. This is ten times the total annual commercial catch in that area. One of the prize fish found after the disaster was a trout almost four feet long. Studies showed that the freeze itself was only a contributory factor in the death of many fish. The cold stunned them, and they sank to the bottom where their gills were fatally fouled by silt.

"UNCLE GEORGE'S" FAN MAIL

Always something new, observes "Uncle George" Walker of Lufkin. He was the subject of an article—"Tenacious Texan"—in the June issue of *TEXAS GAME & FISH*. Whereupon, he promptly got his first fan mail, the first in his 96 years. Two letters came. Both writers wanted to know about the "spleen root," a pioneer day treatment prepared from herbs and "good whisky." Walker emphasized that he doesn't use the stuff himself. At the time he had a slight tummy ache, but he attributed that to eating too many peaches.

JUNGLE JUSTICE

Warden John A. Jackson filed on three men recently and collected sizeable fines and costs for poisoning fish. He didn't have to file on a fourth member of the looting crew. The fourth was bitten by a cottonmouth moccasin and died in a short time.

EXCLUSIVE FOR VETS

John Clift in the *Denison Herald*: "Every day, during the hours from 8 a. m. to 4 p. m., a half dozen men laboriously make their way from their cars to a raised platform that butts up against a concrete railing at the foot of the Denison Dam powerhouse.

"In most cases, these men are aided by both human and mechanical devices. That is, by their family or friends and either crutches or wheel chairs . . .

Fish Reports

"When these men toss their lures into the water, they get a strike more often than not. But more often than not they lose it. You see, their reflexes are not as fast as they used to be. They are the disabled veterans who brought broken bodies back as souvenirs from America's fight for democracy."

TEAMWORK PAYS OFF

Kenneth Foree in his column "Outdoors" in *The Dallas News*:

"Often, humanity being what it is, two branches of the same government snipe at rather than aid the other. But the Highway Patrol and Game and Fish Commission men often seem to aid each other.

"Highway Patrolman Fred Schneider of Lampasas at 1 a.m. of June 17 was checking cars parked at Lampasas cafes. In the back end of a trunk, he found the carcass of a wild doe deer. So he called George T. Miller, game warden.

"Result was two men paid \$113 each and lost their hunting licenses for murdering a doe—and out of season at that."

AWOL BEAVER

Orville Sperry who lives near Follett, is used to seeing assorted creatures scurrying across country roads but he was not quite prepared for what he saw on a farm road north of Follett.

A beaver ran down the road toward his car.

Sperry got out and cooperated by picking up the animal and placing it in his machine. Sperry reported the incident to Game Warden S. V. Whitehorn of Stennitte in Hutchinson County, and then placed the beaver on display at the local school.

Warden Whitehorn took the beaver to the A. L. Bowers Ranch on the Wichita River and released it.

B-Z Z Z Z Z !

That yowling noise from the north was not damyankee static. Definitely not. It was from what went on near Kaufman when Game Warden Murrell B. Hopkins banded a peaceful little mourning dove.

Press Views

Some yellow jackets, no doubt well meaning, tried to defend the area. Hopkins was out to band his thirty-fourth dove and persisted.

From fragmentary returns, it was touch and go, mainly because the intrepid warden had to stand on the top of his slippery car to reach the nest. He thus found the area for footwork limited when the yellow jackets attacked. But he banded the bird and escaped unscathed but slightly jumpy.

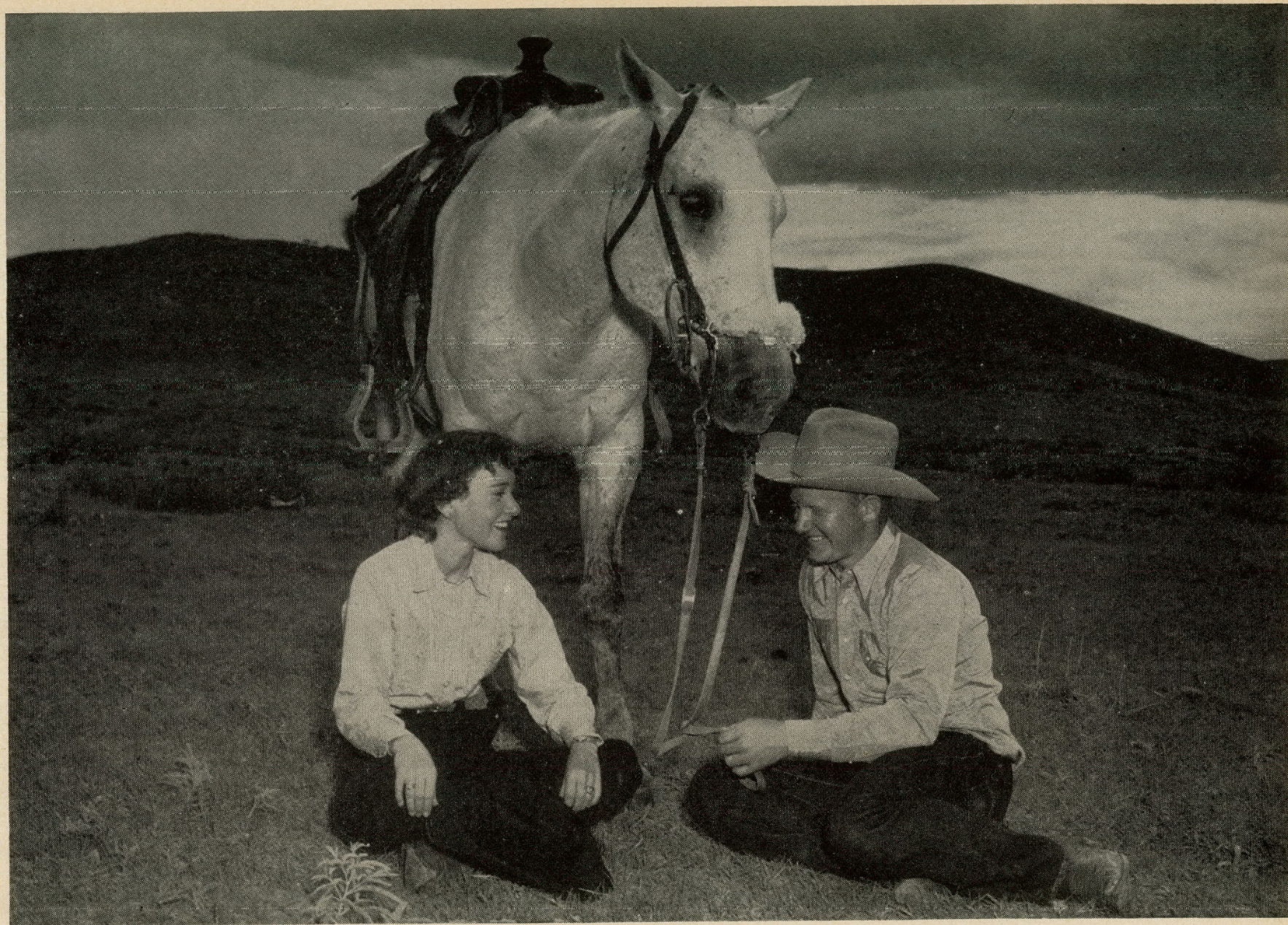
TOURING ARMADILLOS

The old farmer drove up to the Texarkana filling station, hopped out and said:

"Just saw my first armadillo; been run over by a car out by Hickory Corner."

The station operator allowed it was the first such report he had heard in that area.

Game and Fish Commission records show that the armadillos are gradually spreading throughout Texas.



A boy and a girl and a horse and the open range—an old familiar scene in the Big Bend country of Texas. Not so old is the ever-expanding use of modern methods designed to revitalize the soil and restore wildlife. The boy is C. W. Cox, a typical

student at Sul Ross College, Alpine, which is playing an important part in the rejuvenation program. The girl is Mary Katherine Roberds, Sul Ross sophomore.



Prosperity and wildlife go hand in hand. Without wise use of the land, neither can exist. President Eryan Wildenthal of Sul Ross points out to Student Cox that the same good rangeland which produces fat cattle also produces abundant wildlife.

BIG BEND BOY

By JAY VESSELS

Assistant Director, Publications

Photos by Hunter's, Alpine

Out in West Texas, where everybody feels close to the out of doors and close to the soil, they are counting on the young folks to re-conquer the wide open spaces and to help along with the restoration of indispensables such as wildlife.

Reconquering and restoration are urgently needed because of the common mistake made over the years—the mistake of over grazing.

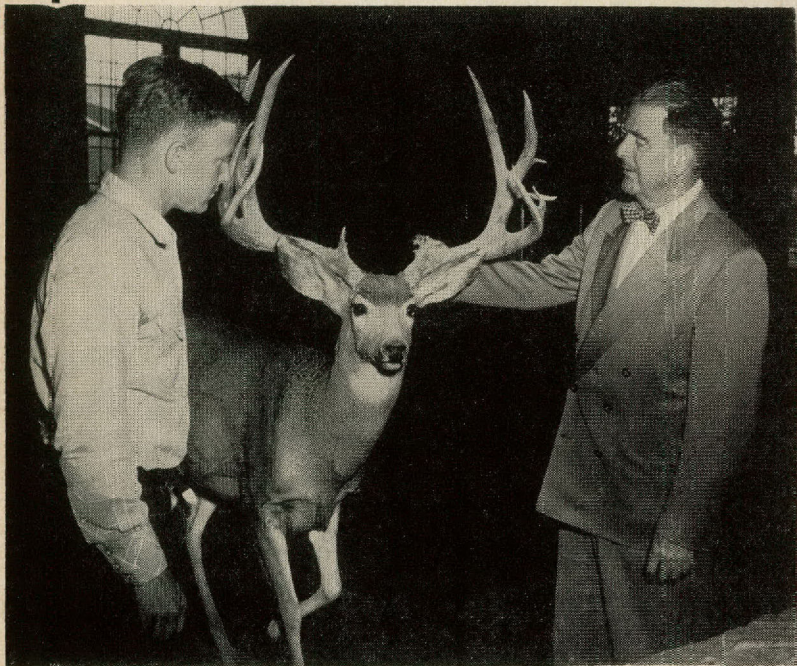
One of the spearheads of the reconstruction movement is Sul Ross College of Alpine. Here the new generation is being thoroughly schooled in the background of the area. Techniques taught blend into the modernizing customs on the range. New grasses are being developed; carrying ca-

capacity of the land increased. Soil is being rigidly conserved, water tanks are being stocked with fish, and wildlife, often neglected, is being given a new place in the overall pattern.

Typical of the youngsters helping assure the future of this vast and mighty area is C. W. Cox, square-jawed 19-year-old junior at Sul Ross, an honor student and recent recipient of the highest degree awarded by the National Board of the Future Farmers of America.

The pictures on the following pages depict some of the many activities in the busy life of this and other forward-looking students of Sul Ross College and the Big Bend country.

Cox visits with his Brewster County Soil Conservation Service Board of Supervisors, an important and helpful group in any community. One member is his father, C. F. Cox, extreme right. Others, left to right, are Nevill Haynes, Jimmy Pate, and George Mills.

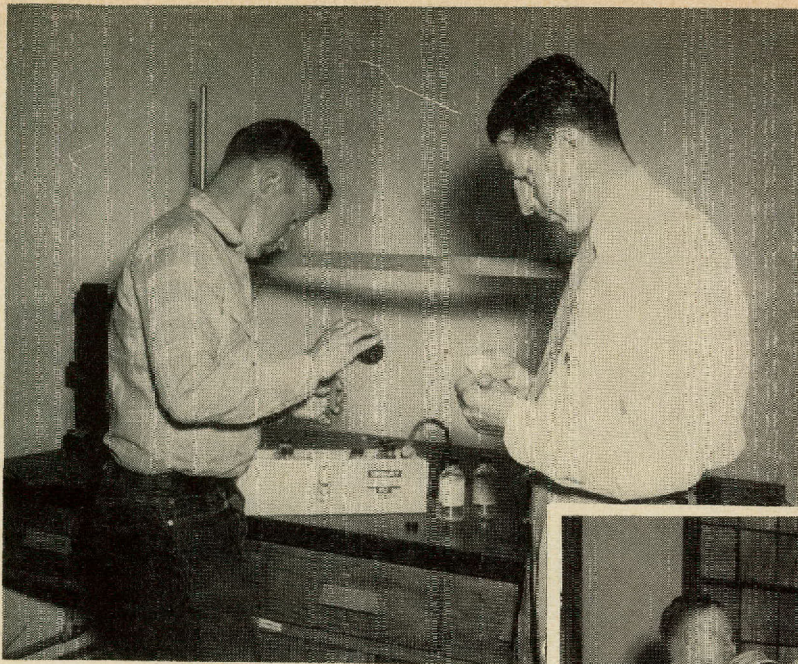


W. E. (Bill) Williams, director of Sul Ross division of vocations, tells Cox how Dean S. C. Robinson bagged this handsome native mule deer.

A. J. Bierschwale, head of the range animal husbandry department, shows Cox the fine points of this prize ram.

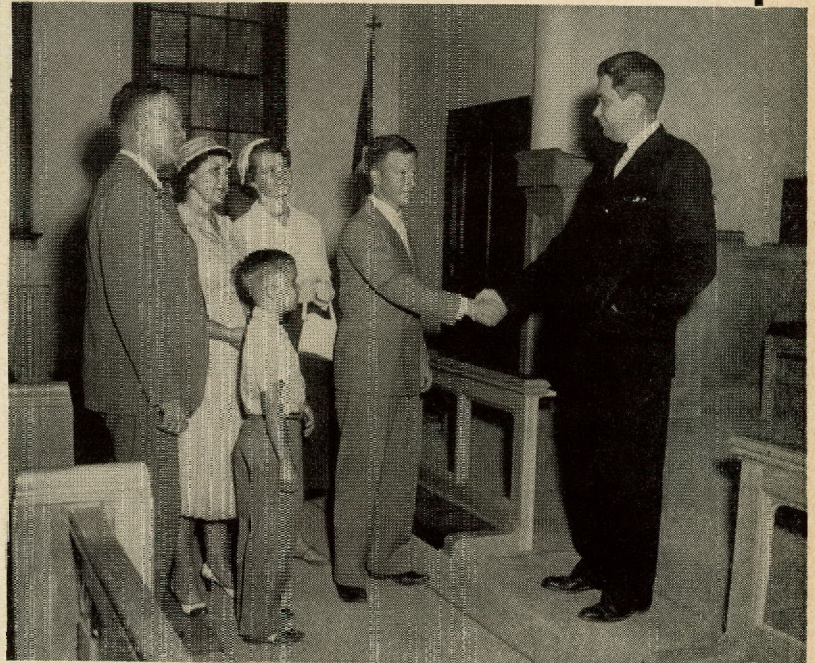


BIG B



The life of any region is its soil. Sul Ross College and E. E. Turner, assistant professor of range animal husbandry, introduce soil analysis to Cox.

D BOY

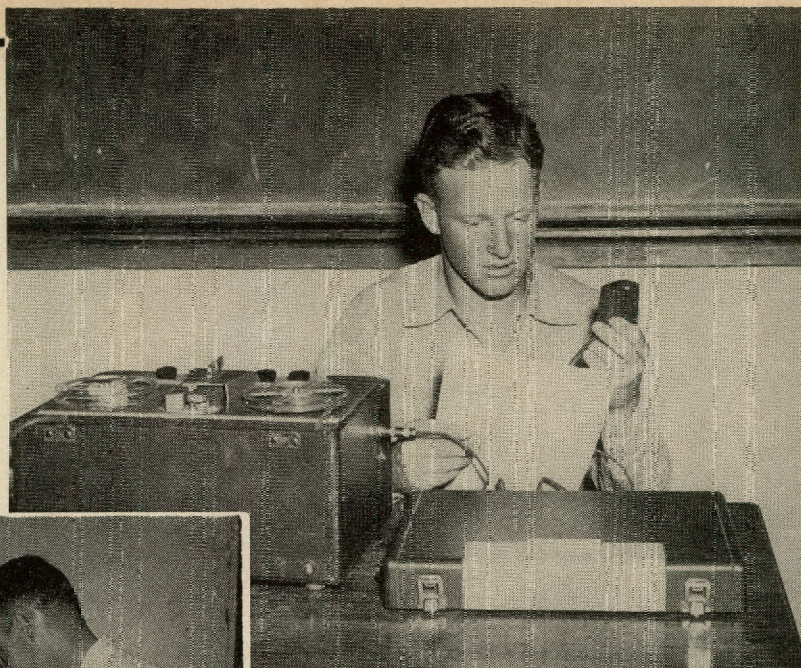


Sunday to Cox means church. Here C. W. shakes hands with Reverend LeRoy Sewell, pastor of the Alpine Methodist Church. With them are Mr. and Mrs. Cox and their daughter and other son, Maudie Lou and Foster.



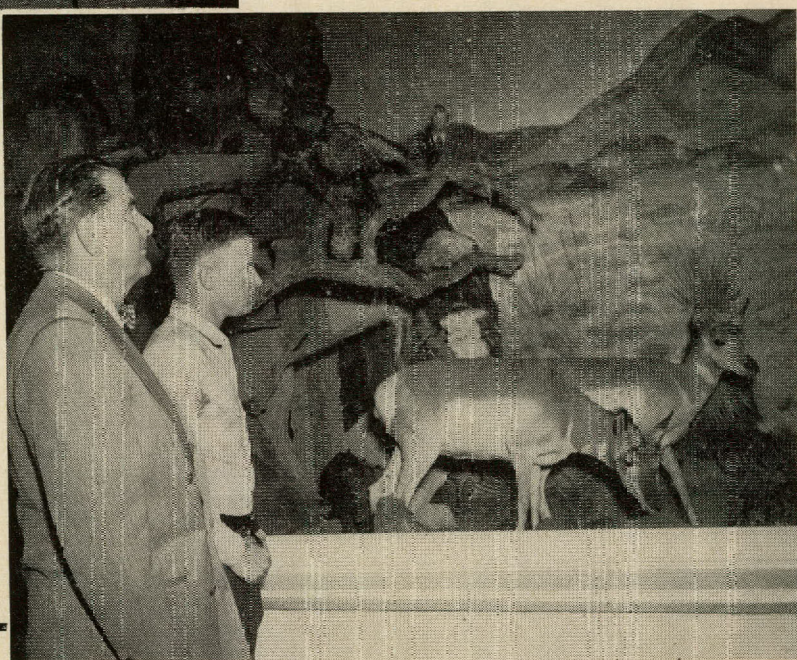
Young Cox and Mary Katherine relax in the saddle, but C. W. seems to be wondering if the grass can be replaced on this stretch of depleted rangeland.

Young Cox, always ready to try anything, handles his part of a Clip and Brand Society radio broadcast.

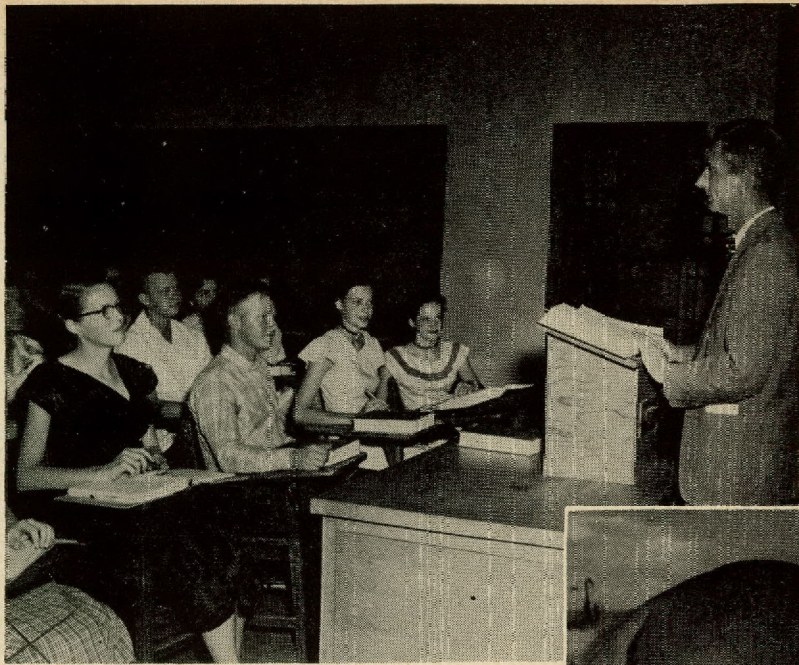


Dr. B. N. Warnock, head of Sul Ross' biology department, explains how small animals and varmints fit into the wildlife picture.

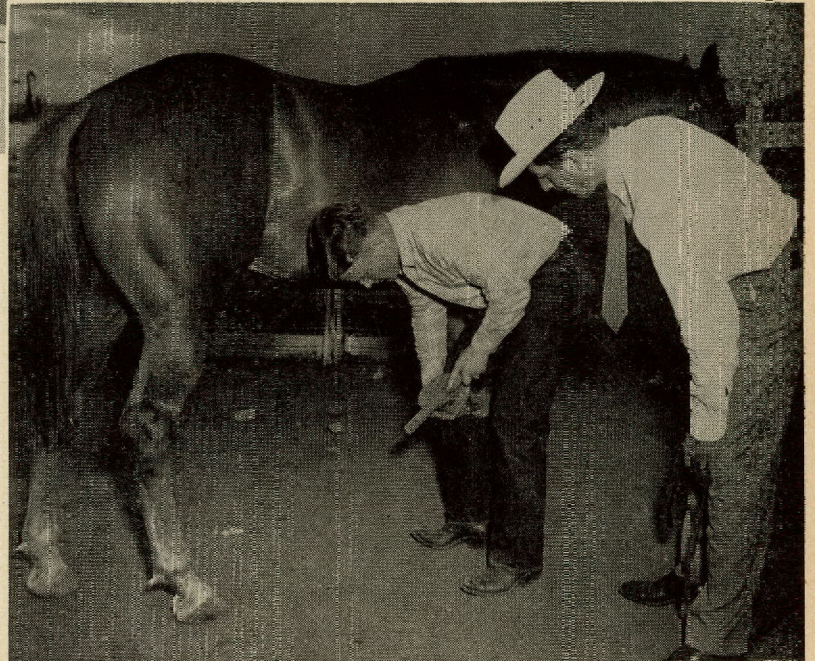
The Big Bend range harbors a good proportion of Texas' pronghorned antelope. The importance of wildlife is emphasized by Sul Ross in its museum, which features mounted birds and animals in a setting of typical local habitat.



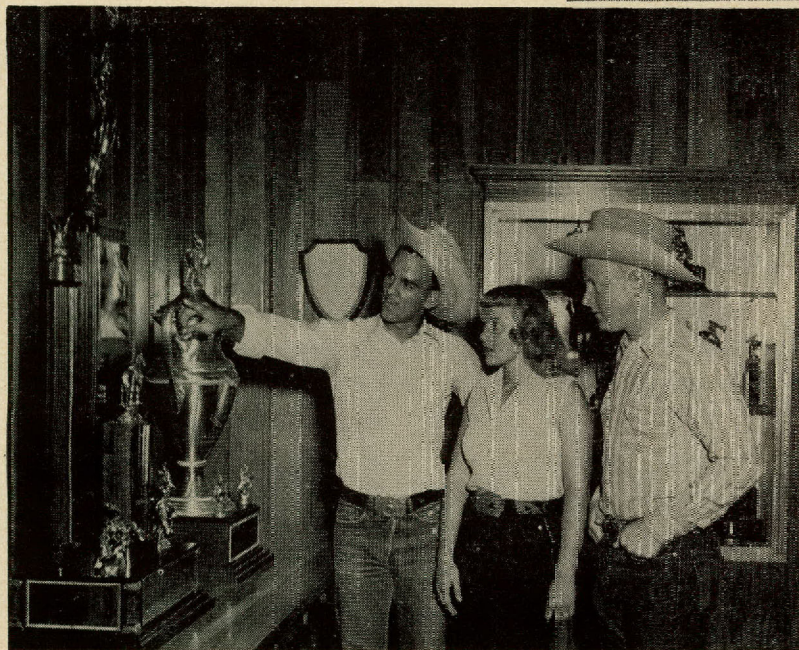
BIG B



English, too, is an important part in the education of a student majoring in animal husbandry. Cox listens to Dr. E. C. Miles, head of the English department.



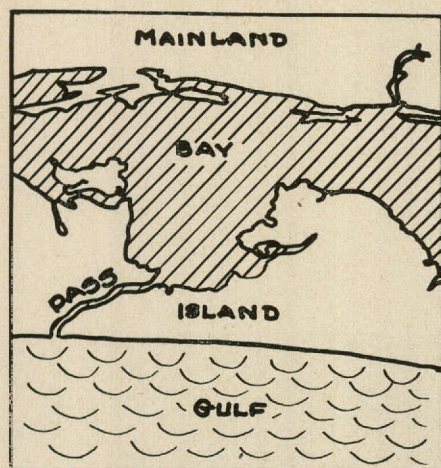
D BOY



Then, it's outside again for a vital lesson in hoof care under the supervision of Professor Turner. The horse is a prize Sul Ross quarterhorse.

It is only fitting that Sul Ross should rank high in intercollegiate rodeo competition. George (Tex) Martin tells Cox and his sister, Mrs. Charlotte Martin, how these trophies were won in national meets.

How Fish Use



Coastal Passes

Sea trout were trapped moving through Cedar Bayou Pass day and night for 17 months. Here are the results.

One of the most common topics of conversation among fishermen along the Texas coast is fish passes. By this term is meant any strip of water between or through barrier islands which fish may use as a passageway between the Gulf and the bays.

It is the general opinion of the public that more of such passes are needed if fishing is to improve.

This is the first of a series of articles. It is not their intent to take either side of the argument nor to set forth the relative merit of passes. The purpose of the series is to report to the public the biological facts as determined from fish trapping operations in a typical fish pass.

This first article relates how sea trout made use of Cedar Bayou Pass near Rockport. Others to follow will deal with other species.

A two-way fish trap was constructed in Cedar Bayou Pass for the purpose of determining actual total movements of all fish through a pass to and from the Gulf of Mexico. This trap was in operation day and night from March, 1950, to July, 1951. Movements of all fish were checked and were correlated with changes in temperature, tide, salinity and season.

The following paragraphs are a condensation of results pertaining to the common spotted sea trout.

In 1950 sea trout first entered

By **ERNEST G. SIMMONS**

Marine Biologist

Cedar Bayou Pass in late March. From that time until late June these fish moved through the pass into bay areas. All were ready to spawn and returns from the tagging program substantiate the fact that they spawned in shallow, grassy secondary bays at this time.

It was observed that the first sea trout to enter bay areas were males, ranging in size from 7 to 12 inches. Females, which moved in a few weeks later, were larger and heavier. This early migration of males held true only in 1950.

One very important fact discovered was that no sea trout entered this pass until a water temperature of 68 F. was reached and that migration would cease whenever water temperature dropped below this point.

Early spring migrations were usually accompanied by high inward flood tides.

Very little actual migration occurred during the hot summer months of July and August. Many sea trout were present in Cedar Bayou Pass but these were there only for feeding purposes. Whenever commercial shrimp

were present in the pass sea trout also could be found. Several tagged fish were recaptured three or more times and others did not move from the site of tagging.

In September and October numerous sea trout were captured as they moved out toward Gulf waters. In November and December several sharp drops in temperature caused outward migrations to occur.

The big freeze in January, 1951, had its effect on fish movements the following spring. No sea trout appeared in Cedar Bayou until April 20 at which time hundreds moved into bay waters. In contrast to 1950, these fish were large, 17- to 26-inch, mature females. It was apparent that a large percentage of the smaller fish had been killed by the freeze. From early May until late June sea trout were fewer in number and were smaller.

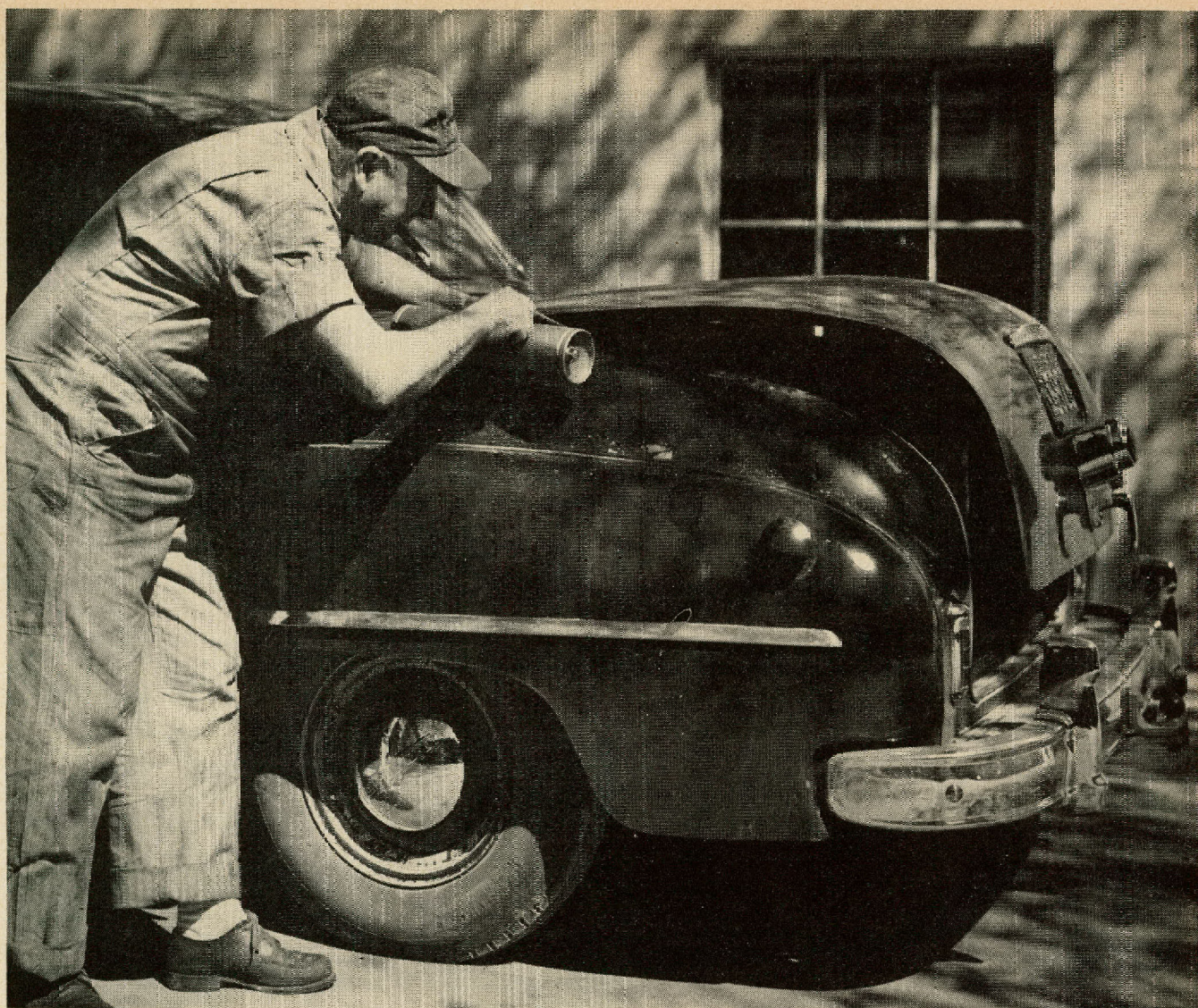
A brief summary of these movements shows that this is the usual pattern of the travels of sea trout:

They enter bay areas in early spring during flood tides when water temperature reaches 68 F.

Their purpose is to spawn in shallow, grassy secondary bays.

After spawning most mill around in bays and passes feeding on shrimp.

In September and October they move out into the Gulf and in cold weather this movement intensifies.



Fighting Phew With Phew

Roger Schieffer, Austin garage owner, is telling an amusing story about what happened to one of his mechanics, Al Thomason, when a skunk invaded the trunk of his car.

Schieffer writes:

"Thomason, being a resourceful fellow, recently pulled one out of his hat (car) to oust a skunk that took possession of the fishing groceries he had cached in his auto trunk. Just in case others leave their trunk top open slightly to provide air for their provisions and get in the same predicament—

"Thomason wanted to rout the animal without enough provocation to stimulate stink, so he took apart his gasoline stove, pumped it up good, and

then manipulated the valve so that a fine gasoline spray was fed into the trunk (see photo).

"After several treatments, the skunk got the idea and took off. Miraculously, the only odor on the Thomason victuals was gasoline, which, he observed, was sweet to what it could have been.

"He advises—(a) do not leave trunk tops open on fishing trips or (b) go prepared to evict varmints competing for the chow."

Schieffer, as Thomason's boss, adds that his employee has a right to be grateful that his resourcefulness enabled him to report for work the next day smelling of gasoline instead of the more pungent odor to which garagemen are far less accustomed.

These figures indicate that in twenty-eight months, Barnard shipped approximately 43,910 pounds of rough deer skins, 4,800 dressed deer skins, nearly a hundred bear, and a miscellaneous lot of raccoon and gray fox skins. And all of these were shipped from one of his establishments, and he is known to have been financially interested in a dozen or more at different times.

In the forties he handled a number of beaver skins for which he received \$1.00 each in the New York market. Bear skins ranged in price from \$1.00 to \$3.00 each at this time. He also sold a few antelope, bobcat, leopard cat (ocelot), and opossum skins.

George Barnard died at Waco, March 6, 1883, universally respected and beloved. He was undoubtedly the first man to settle in what is now known as McLennan County and can be called, without danger of contra-

National Wildlife Group Announces Cartoon Contest

The National Wildlife Federation has asked the high school students of America to create a cartoon character which can be used to tell the story of conservation. Prizes totaling \$700 are being offered in the nationwide contest.

The cartoon contest will take the place of the annual conservation poster contest which the Federation has sponsored for 15 years. Entries must be submitted by next Jan. 31 and

diction, the father of the thriving city of Waco. He was one of the wealthiest men in central Texas at the time of his death, and the foundation of his fortune was trade in the skins of deer and other wild animals while the Indians still held sway in the fertile valleys of the Brazos and Bosque rivers.

winners will be announced during National Wildlife Week in March, 1953.

As in the previous poster contests, the cartoon competition will be divided into junior-high and senior-high groups. Students anywhere in the United States, from the seventh grade through the last year in high school, are eligible.

First prize in the Junior division—grades 7, 8 and 9—is \$100. The second best entry will win \$50; third, \$25; the next ten best, \$10 each.

Top winner in the Senior division—grades 10, 11 and 12—will get \$250. Second prize is \$50; third, \$25; next ten, \$10 each.

The wildlife organization hopes to find a cartoon symbol which can be used to urge Americans to take care of their natural resources.

The Federation had these suggestions for young artists:

Entries may be a caricature of an animal or person, or the personification of an animal in the manner of a Disney character. In order to win an entry must be original in design.

The cartoon character may be depicted in an action or pose suggestive of some conservation problem or practice and should be accompanied by an appropriate legend or slogan. The theme may be soil conservation, forestry, water pollution control, flood prevention, protection of wildlife or plant life, or another phase of natural resource management.

The drawing should be done in pen and ink, pencil, charcoal, scratch-board, water color, or other standard medium suitable for reproduction in a newspaper or magazine.

For a copy of the contest rules and other information, write to the Cartoon Contest, National Wildlife Federation, 3308 Fourteenth Street, N.W., Washington 10, D. C.



“Let 'em come a little closer . . . THEN let's scare the fool out of 'em!”

Outdoor Cartoon Books Published

Young or old, if you are both a cartoon fan and a sportsman, two cartoon booklets now available should prove interesting reading.

One contains a 16-page adventure of the well-known outdoor character, Mark Trail. It tells the story of polluted waters and what one community did to lick the problem.

The Mark Trail booklet is published by the U. S. Public Health Service.

The other is titled "How to Shoot." Of 12 pages and also in full color, this booklet is directed particularly to boys and girls, but parents will enjoy it, too.

It pictures safety methods, shooting positions, how to align sights, how to make targets, and describes various games and contests which can be easily organized and conducted among small or large groups. Full instructions are given for the building of safe indoor and outdoor rifle ranges.

This free booklet is being distributed through sporting goods and hardware stores. Copies also may be obtained from the Advertising Division, Remington Arms Company, Inc., Bridgeport, Conn.

**SET 100 DECOYS
IN 7 MINUTES**
with Amazing, New
**DECOY SETTER
INVENTION!**



Sets and retrieves 5 decoys in one operation, using only one line and anchor for each unit. Rust-resistant metal. Light, easy to carry.
Spread out - 57 x 42 in.
Folded - 2 x 28 in.



ASK YOUR DEALER! \$2.50 Complete
He has it or can get it for you
with Hooks and Snaps

GREGG TOOL CO., Dept. 00, GLADEWATER, TEXAS

DAL BLAKE 5 IN 1 DECOY SETTER

Mallards Find a Home

No relation to the non-migratory habits of Texas' famed mottled ducks is the report on a pair of greenhead mallards that have taken up their permanent home at the Huntsville State Fish Hatchery.

These beautifully marked birds were brought to the hatchery in the fall of 1950. A hunter had found them wounded, near Angleton. They recovered and

can fly but they do not leave the hatchery area.

In the fall when the big southward migration occurs and in the spring on the swing northward the greenheads mingle with visiting flocks that stop to rest on the hatchery ponds, but they are content to stay. Maybe it is because Pete Crimm of the hatchery staff sees to it that the big ducks get a daily handout of food.

No Prairie Chicken Season

There will be no open season on the prairie chicken in Texas this year.

The Texas Game and Fish Commission had considered the possibility of a short, carefully controlled period of legal shooting in the 28 Panhandle counties over which it has regulatory power. However, in view of available information, it did not appear safe to permit hunting of the remnant flocks this season.

Texas has had no open season on prairie chickens since 1937.

These regal game birds, which attain the size of a small fryer, once ranged widely over the state in staggering numbers. Over-zealous hunters and the spread of civilization, however, have left only scattered flocks of the Attwater species along the Texas

Coast and the Lesser variety in the Panhandle.

The unusually dry conditions existing in the Panhandle this summer made it particularly hard to predict the survival rate of this spring's hatch. Since the law requires an early announcement of the proposed reopening date, in this case so early that definite estimates could not be made, the Commission declined to consider an open season for this year.

Plans are to conduct another population count next spring and summer in hopes that more suitable conditions may warrant a short season in 1953.

DOG PAD

Guaranteed Foot Conditioner



(Reg. U. S. Pat. Office)

HELP TOUGHEN YOUR VALUABLE DOG'S FEET WITH DOG PAD. A proven toughening remedy, guaranteed to help WORN, CUT, BRUISED, BLISTERED, TIRED and SWOLLEN feet, joints and muscles. Before and after running, apply to their feet, using handy cotton dauber attached to bottle cap.

8 OZ. BOTTLE, POSTPAID, \$3.00

DOG PAD COMPANY, ALBANY, TEXAS

The smallest known insect is a tiny wasp about one ten thousandth the size of the common housefly. Yet it is equipped with six articulated legs, complete nervous, respiratory and blood systems, and compound eyes composed of hundreds of faceted lenses.

The nuthatch builds its nest in the decayed trunks of trees, so that its young may eat the insects that flourish in this habitat.

Letters to . . .

Editor:

What is a game warden supposed to do when his son catches his first fish—and it turns out to be an undersized bass, which he legally can't keep?

I guess every fisherman who is a father looks forward to the time when his offspring can land his first fish. I know I did.

Then came the big day for my son, Joel, two and one-half years old, and me. He landed the first fish of his young life amid the usual excited noises and the justifiable pride.

Then my heart fell. How could I, a game warden, tell him he must throw back the little illegal four-inch black bass of which he was so proud? It was tough to enforce the laws of grown men on this little tyke.

His smile faded when I explained that he must turn his fish back into the water.

But I solved the problem when I told him it would grow bigger and that we could come back next year and catch it again.

I snapped the enclosed picture as Joel looked forward, renewed smile and all, to catching a bigger fish next summer.

Joe Matlock,
Game Warden
Box 702
Junction, Texas



Warden's worry, Joel Matlock.

Editor:

I have told the following story to two San Antonio organizations, the Medina Wildlife Association and the Sertoma Club. Each time it has generated a lot of interest, and I thought others might enjoy it, also.

That vast portion of brush country known as South Texas is as fascinating as its inhabitants are hospitable. This is known to those who have visited the area to fish, to hunt, or just to visit. It is known to them for they have been exposed to unusual experiences which enrich the life of man when he worships in the temple of the great outdoors. Foreigners are included.

For example, the Hobbs ranch house in Kinney County near Brackettville is hosted by a foreigner. Known as Kiki to her many friends, she is a titled and talented lady from England who met Colonel Louis A. Hobbs there during the late war, then left her castle to marry him in America and settle down with him to establish a ranch home in the vast brushlands of Kinney County.

Kiki's graciousness fitted her naturally into the hospitable living of South Texas, but she had to learn a lot about carrying water, Coleman lanterns, varmints, and living in the rugged outdoors. She learned well, however, and came to know and love the flora and fauna of her new land. Those who visit the Hobbs ranch thus leave with enriched experiences.

In June, for instance, I peered through

her kitchen window to watch five gaping mouths in a bird's nest woven neatly in the corner of a window awning. Baby birds were no novelty to me, but the nest was. It was made of nylon fishing line, thanks to Kiki's observations some months before.

This unusual nest came about because it is customary at the Hobbs ranch to lean fishing rods against the fence when one returns from fishing in one of the rangeland tanks. On this occasion, Kiki was sitting on the front porch when she noted a female oriole tugging at one of the lines. Sensing the intent, Kiki went out and cut the line in 18 inch lengths and hung them on the fence.

Within minutes, Mrs. Oriole was busy weaving them into her nest. The five youngsters I saw in it, Kiki said, were from the second hatch of the year. Five others had already flown away.

Later, as I drove homeward, the picture of an orange and black bird packing food into gaping mouths kept appearing before my eyes. I had gone fishing, yet I did not think of the fish I had caught. Somehow or other that oriole incident kept reminding me of the hospitality and fascination there in South Texas for those who seek in it the tonic of the outdoors.

Dr. Fred Weston
115 Broadway
San Antonio, Texas

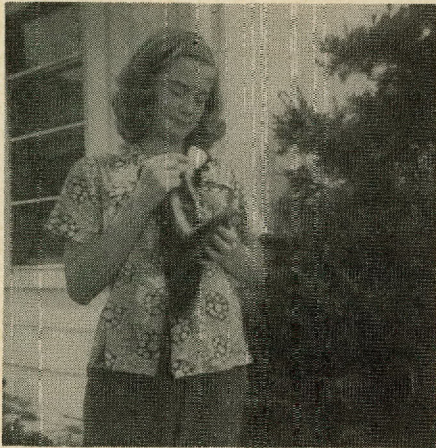
Editor:

. . . I am enclosing a picture of my four-year-old daughter, Kyra Joan, who likes to fish almost as well as her dad does.

John Clift,
Outdoor Editor
The Denison Herald
Denison, Texas



Kyra Joan Clift and Texoma white bass.



Betty Blanche Rike . . .

Editor:

My brother is a recent subscriber to TEXAS GAME AND FISH, and I note that you ask for pictures from readers.

I am enclosing some pictures of my pet skunk, Gardenia. I raised her from a two-day-old kitten. I fed her canned milk and water from a doll baby bottle. Later I gave her canned dog food.

Now, as you see by the pictures, she eats anything the cats and dogs eat. She plays with the cats, and the dog will play with her, but he gets too rough. Needless to say, Gardenia has been deoderized. She is three months old.

Betty Blanche Rike
Farmersville, Texas



Editor:

On our farm in Matagorda County, a pair of Audubon's Caracaras (Polyborus cheriway) nest each year.

My father, Jesse Ryman, found one that was crippled. He captured it for me to take pictures of. We released it after I had taken several. I am enclosing one of the pictures.

The Audubon's Caracara's diet consists of carrion, reptiles, and rodents, though when these animals are scarce they will catch domestic animals.

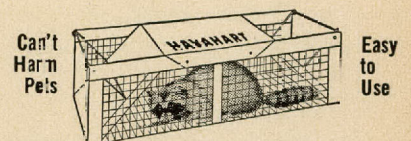
We have taken TEXAS GAME AND FISH for almost a year. We must soon renew our subscription or we might miss an issue.

Sarah Ryman
Route 2, Box 185
Bay City, Texas



. . . and pets.

TAKE THEM ALIVE AND UNHURT



Trap for fun, profit, or rodent riddance. Guaranteed HAVAHART trap catches them alive, protects pelts. No springs or jaws. Rustproof. Sizes for all needs. For free booklet, mail coupon today.

HAVAHART, 49F Water St., Ossining, N.Y.
Please let me in on your trapping secrets.

Name _____
Address _____



Sarah Ryman's
Caracara
near the
Texas coast.

HAVE YOU CHANGED YOUR ADDRESS?

Then please fill out the following form and send to TEXAS GAME AND FISH, Walton Bldg., Austin, Texas, so that you will continue to receive your copies of the magazine.

Name

Old Address

City, State

New Address

City, State



BOOKS



LADY ANGLER by Harriet Wheatley, 192 xiv pages. Illustrated with 51 halftones and numerous line drawings. Published by the Naylor Company, San Antonio, Texas; 1952. Price \$5.00.

This book, published in San Antonio, records in entertaining prose, the ramblings in search of fish and game of a sports lady and her sportsman husband. Over a period of 34 years, Mr. and Mrs. Wheatley have fished and hunted nearly all of the major waters and hunting grounds of North America. Many of their experiences, recorded in this interesting volume, are not likely to be duplicated again, what with recent inroads of civilization into the haunts of salmon, bear, and moose.

Vicariously, the reader is carried to the spruce-lined bogs of northern Quebec, the home of the regal moose; to the deep-cut streams of the Pacific Northwest, noted for salmon and a dozen species of trout; to the great lakes and wilderness areas of northern Montana and Idaho; and from the mountain streams of New Mexico to the salmon rivers of New Brunswick.

Mrs. Wheatley, in the pages of her book, proves herself a competent observer of the habits of game animals as well as an able writer. The book is filled with interesting observations and notes on the type of habitat in which each species is found and on the habits of the game. The fishing and hunting experiences recorded are sometimes humorous and universally interesting. There is a particularly humorous incident revolving about an attempt to photograph an Indian tribe in New Mexico.

Although there are many feminine touches in this volume, this phase of the writing, unlike many books authored by women, is not overdone. Male sportsmen as well as those of the opposite sex will find this an entertaining and interesting book.

THE UNVANQUISHED BUFFALO by Henry H. Collins, Jr., 15 pages. Illustrated with two color plates, four halftones, and three drawings. Published by the Blue Heron Press, Box 236, Bronxville 8, New York; 1952. Price 25 cents.

This is, in many ways, the story of the American wildlife conservation movement embodied in one species. The American buffalo, after suffering under the worst orgy of slaughter ever seen in North America, received the first attention from official agencies of any American mammal and under wise management has since been restored to optimum numbers consistent with the economic needs of the nation. Restoration activities began barely in time to prevent extermination. Although this is a short publication, the work is beautifully and authoritatively written.

In addition to this booklet, the publisher also distributes the 1951 CENSUS OF AMERICAN BISON, a mimeographed publication also written by Dr. Collins, giving a complete record of the distribution and numbers of wild and captive American buffalo throughout the world. To-

gether these publications provide a graphic picture of the history and present status of a unique American mammal. The price of the "Census" is \$1.00. Both publications will be of great interest to naturalists and wildlife management specialists.

THE SHRUBS OF PENNSYLVANIA by William C. Grimm. 522 xv pages. Illustrated with a photographic frontispiece and more than 150 line drawings. Published by The Stackpole Company, Telegraph Press Building, Harrisburg, Pennsylvania; 1952. Price \$5.00.

This is a companion volume, in size, binding, and format, to Mr. Grimm's earlier book "The Trees of Pennsylvania." Those who have the first work undoubtedly will want this second book which will give them a complete descriptive library of all woody plants of temperate eastern America. Aside from its value to foresters, wildlife technicians, game managers, landscape gardeners, and other specialists whose professions require them to be posted on the identity and attributes of various plants, the book is ideally suited for use by the amateur naturalist.

The book is handsomely bound and printed on good paper. The illustrations, drawn by the author, are excellent in their simplicity, making the identification of specimens from them an easy matter. Although written specifically for Pennsylvania, the scope of the book actually embraces all of eastern North America except for the semi-tropical region of southern Florida and the Gulf Coast.

FIVE WHOLE YEARS

or

ONE YEAR

\$5.00

Subscribe
Now!

\$1.00

Clip and Mail This Blank Today!

TEXAS GAME AND FISH, Publications Department
Walton Building, Austin, Texas

I enclose \$_____ ; Send TEXAS GAME and FISH
for _____ years, starting with your next issue, to:

Name _____

Street and Number _____

City and State _____

New _____, Renewal _____

This is a gift subscription. Please send one of your special gift announcement cards with my compliments. Sent in by _____

(You may expect to receive your first copy of *Texas Game and Fish* approximately six weeks after sending in remittance.)

The Lust to Kill

The hunting season is with us.

It's a good, a welcome time of year for many of us. There is no reason to try to explain why a hunter likes to hunt. It would be just as senseless as trying to explain why a kid takes to candy.

We like to hunt, and this despite the fact that, frankly, we are more than a little "chicken hearted." Still, we never have lost any sleep over killing a skilletful of doves or a brace of geese. From the beginning it was Man's lot to hunt and kill the creatures placed on this earth to nourish him.

However, we have lost, maybe not sleep, but a lot of time wondering about those individuals who seem to want to kill everything that moves. What is the force that persuades them without reason or need to end the stay on this good earth of so many harmless creatures?

Buckshot Lane, Wharton County's famous sheriff, had some interesting things to say about this recently in his column in *The Houston Post*. Here it is in his own style:

I was on the highway yesterday—up ahead of me a short ways I saw an old turtle slowly creeping across the road; no doubt the old thing was doing his best, but his best wasn't fast enough.

I, too, saw an old model car coming, had it come on and made no effort to hit the old turtle certainly by a foot it would have missed the turtle. But the driver of that car evidently had murder in his heart, he ran his right wheel off the pavement so that he could run his left wheel over the old turtle.

I don't know that the old turtle was worth anything to any person, but my guess is he was put here for some purpose—the good Lord made this old world and He put everything here for some purpose so I believe.

That poor old thing was doing its level best to get hurriedly across that highway, in no way could he have hurt or bothered a living soul. Still the driver of that auto went completely out of his way to kill him.

Why it is hard for me to conceive of—why is it a person would want to just for the fun of it run over any living thing like the old turtle. Those type of turtles live in the weeds and grass, they, I am sure, live off insects, certain kind of insects, what kind I don't know. But there is no reason to believe that each animal is not put here for some purpose.

And what is the percentage in deliberately killing something of that kind, I personally cannot understand.

The guy got the turtle all right. Last I saw of him he was high-tailing it on down the highway. I reckon he never for once gave it a thought—I took a life just for the fun of it—but then it was the life of only an old defenseless turtle.

Certainly the fellow would lose no sleep over it. But people could think this: Maybe so the old turtle loved to live just the same as any person. What is in the brain or heart of a turtle we shall never know, but this we do know. They are bound to hold life dear too.

We in the United States, unlike some who live in other parts of the world, value human life highly. It seems inconsistent that some Americans should place so little value on the lives of the wild creatures of our land.

The often-heard phrase "lust to kill" kind of rubs those of us who like to hunt the wrong way. But "lust"—truly an ugly word—seems just about the only term which explains the senseless kind of killing that too often dirties and brings shame to the great sport of hunting.

TOWNSEND MILLER, *Editor*

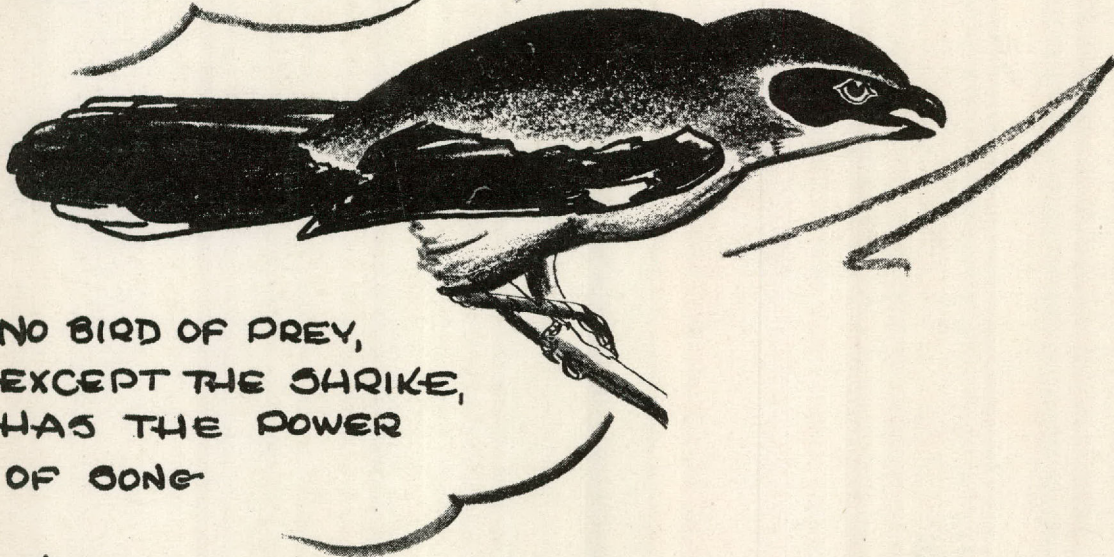
ODDITIES OF NATURE



THE ORANGE LENSES OF PRAIRIE DOG'S EYES ACT AS FILTERS AGAINST THE SUN'S INTENSE GLARE



THE SCREECH OWL IS OFTEN CALLED THE "FEATHERED CAT" AS IT IS A GREAT FOE TO MICE



NO BIRD OF PREY, EXCEPT THE SHRIKE, HAS THE POWER OF SONG