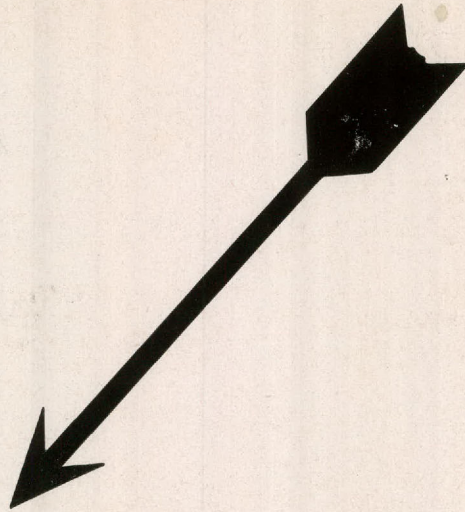


TEXAS Game AND Fish

FEBRUARY 1949 TEN CENTS



O. Rice



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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.

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ROGER M. BUSFIELD
Editor

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Don't Let 'Em Fool You— They Aint No Such Animal

By J. G. Burr

THAT is what the old farmer told his wife when they first saw a giraffe. It is natural to be skeptical about the strange and unusual, and some people go so far as to question a sworn statement even by a fisherman. An affidavit certainly carries a lot of weight if administered in the right way, but if the respondent says yes to an oath such as: "Do you solemnly swear to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, so help you Izaak Walton," the oath has no more value than when one swears "by Jupiter."

What brought the matter up and gave it more than passing importance was a story that somewhere in the region of the Rio Grande a fish, a large fish with horns was seen. Tequila and mescal are popular drinks, and could have been at the bottom of the story, or it could have been simple dementia praecox that inspired the story. Nine miles from the river at Olmito Lake is where the strange fish was said to have been seen. If the story had reference to the river there might have been more plausibility, for it is no uncommon thing for horned animals to swim the Rio Bravo. But a horned animal in Lake Olmito, even if a cow was wading around, would not be mistaken for a fish. The only fish that could lay claim to horns is the bullhead of Texas which, in the East, is called horned pout, but it has no horns. The rhinoceros has one or two horns on his snout, but is native to Asia and Africa; nor is it a water animal.

The writer was not interested in such drivel; rather he was more interested in learning what manner of man it was that peddled such a preposterous yarn. The lake itself is interesting enough without any adornment of things unthinkable, and I rarely fail to visit it when in that section. It is a long, winding body of water fringed with trees and other vegetation. The water is usually clear; boating and fishing are popular pastimes. It was on one of these visits that I ran into the horned fish story. Being immune to such hallucinations, and thanking my stars that I was not as other men who have distorted imaginations, I was motoring over a bridge that spans the lake when, what should meet the eye but something that seemed to be the size of a yearling swimming at some distance away. I knew it would not be a year-

ling swimming under water, but there, *mirabile dictu!* was that horn projecting above the water. I never did any bull-dogging, and was never very expert with a lariat, but I pulled my car over to one side, took some long cord from my car for a lasso and hurried along the shore line. Here let me explain that I am a votary of Volstead.

The beast, or whatever it was, swam in the deep water some distance from the bank. Tying a stick to the cord I threw it in the direction of the animal and managed to entangle the cord with the horn, then I began to pull. The object was drawn toward me for a few feet, and then broke away and swam out of range and out of sight. I rubbed my eyes for a moment and then went into a huddle with myself. How I wished for a motor

"No Hunting" Signs Down in Oklahoma

"No hunting" signs of the "this-means-you" variety, which have dotted the landscape in its county, are being replaced rapidly by the Cleveland County Sportsman's Club of Norman, Oklahoma. In their places on fence posts and periphery trees are going neatly printed placards bearing the words "Hunting or Fishing by Permission Only."

The club offers a \$25 fine for information leading to the arrest and conviction of any one destroying a farmer's property while hunting and fishing and another \$25 for information leading to the apprehension of any one violating the state fish and game laws.

Such action by a sportsman's club is to be commended as an extremely progressive step toward improving farmer-sportsman relations. The system employed by the Cleveland County Sportsman's Club increases the acreage available to the law-abiding sportsman for his hunting and fishing, assures him of a hearty welcome from the farmer, and protects the landowner, the sportsman, and the game from the criminally thoughtless and the vandal. Other clubs in all other states could employ the same method to good effect.

boat with which to run the quarry down!

Mr. L. E. Merryman lived on the lake and had boats. I had been out with him at night when he giggered the long-snouted gar with a skill and precision most astonishing. So remarkable were his feats that a few weeks ago I had arranged a night trip for the benefit of a friend who was anxious to witness such a show.

Luckily, in my search for help I found Merryman at home and told him of the strange object I had seen, asking his aid in running the animal down. I knew right where to look for the dolphin or whatever it was, so we took off in a hurry.

When we arrived at the spot the strange navigator had submerged, and not even the periscope was in sight. If it had not submerged it had sped away to some hiding place. We motored from end to end of the lake and saw nothing of the fish. I was in a jam with a prospect of becoming a faker in the eyes of the world. How the world hates a faker! And yet people are very generous to fishermen who misjudge the size of fishes and the size of those that got away. But I had not been fishing. As an apostle of the truth I had been trying to discourage irresponsible stories, and now I was into it neck deep. Merryman was inclined to accept my statements, but I could hardly afford to leave the lake without having a show-down with what was beginning to have the appearance of a phantom apparition.

Merryman had reason to believe that I had seen something other than an illusion or phantom. He suspected that the mysterious object was explainable as a natural phenomenon.

Then he asked if that periscope had the appearance of a broken gig handle sticking in the back of a fish. He and others, on the night above mentioned, had run into a monster alligator gar. Merryman had slammed his gig into the animal which dashed under the boat, breaking off the gig handle. The mystery was solved! The gar could not last much longer and could not be far away. Pulling over to the shallows we found him, his nose resting on the bank, and his gill covers dilating in a final struggle for breath.

As we rolled the great fish into the boat Merryman began to pull at the broken gig, saying that he had been hoping to get it back for some time. "Don't pull that out yet," I said, "I want a picture with the gig in the gar's back."

Merryman undertook to lift the fish for the snap shot but it was too heavy to hold up, so he laid it across the side of the boat. It was a five foot alligator gar. In the yearbook of the Game, Fish and Oyster Commission of 1930 on page 85 you will find the picture of the gar, the gig and Mr. Merryman himself.

Beginners have the Best Luck

By W. A. Todd

LAST summer while in Llano, Texas, I looked up a cousin of mine, Eugene Fisher, who owns and operates the Buck Horn Cafe. I asked him how deer hunting was in Llano County. He said it was O. K. if you could get in the right ranch. I asked him to see if he could get another man and myself a two or three day hunting trip during the first part of the season. He promised that he would do his best, and let me know later.

On midnight, December the 14th my phone rang. I finally was awake enough to answer. It was my cousin, Fisher, who said that he had a good place for me and four other fellows for a five day hunt beginning the next day. By now I was fully awake. I asked him to give me until noon to let him know, to which he said that he would give me until 9:00 a.m.

Two of my best hunting buddies were in New Mexico hunting black tail. The only reason that I was not with them was due to a heart attack I had while hunting in New Mexico two years previous which nearly proved fatal. I didn't see how I could leave for five days on so short a notice, let alone find four other fellows. I went back to bed but no more sleep for me. I kept thinking about who I could get to go and whether I should go myself.

The next morning I kept my phone busy for two hours. Almost everyone gave me the same answer, "I need two or three days to get things ready before going". But no, we had to leave that day and travel four hundred miles to reach the hunting lease. Finally I got my four men. One, an old hunting partner, Leonard Johnson, the mayor of Alamo, Texas, Andy Kessler, who operates a canning plant, Merle Farnsworth, an automobile dealer, and Don Sheldon, who owns and operates a garage. The last three fellows had never killed a deer and one of them had never been deer hunting.

I called Fisher at 9:30 a.m. and told him we were coming. He said, "we had a cabin on the place and that it was 12 miles from town.

We left home at 4:00 p.m. and were



The beginners and their bag. From left to right they are Leonard Johnson, Mayor of Alamo, Merle Farnsworth, W. A. Todd, Don Sheldon, and Andy Kessler, all of Alamo, Texas.

there at 12:30 a.m. Fisher telephoned the man that owned the ranch we were to hunt in. He came in and showed us the way to our cabin.

Mr. Williams, the owner, was out early the next morning and explained the lay of the ranch to us. I asked him if he knew where there was a good tree or stand close by. I told him I had a weak heart and was afraid to climb too many hills. He took me to a good tree not far from camp. The other boys took my car and went about two miles from camp. From my perch I could see across a canyon for about two thousand yards with the use of my eight power glasses.

About 3:30 a.m. I saw a nice eight point buck approximately two hundred fifty yards away. Not a bad shot with my 270 model 70 Winchester, but the wind was blowing pretty hard, making it very difficult to stay on the target. I finally shot but knew I had missed.

I could hear plenty of shooting that morning and figured everyone had killed their deer but me. When I went to camp for lunch I found that everyone else was thinking the same thing. Two of them had shot and missed but no one had a buck.

That afternoon I went back to the same place. A short while after climbing my tree I saw a nice buck about four hundred yards away but he disappeared before I had a chance to shoot. It was about 5:00 p.m. before I saw another buck. He was on the same ridge I was. A doe came from behind me on the run. The buck was

running her and before I could turn around to shoot they disappeared in the brush. The doe showed up again about 50 yards away. I got ready for the buck. As the buck came by I eased the trigger off, but he kept going down the canyon. I thought I had missed again so I changed my position to be ready when he came up on the other side of the canyon. Instead of two deer there were six but none with antlers.

As I started to camp late that afternoon I remembered that the buck had not shown his flag. Back I went to where I last saw the buck. It was getting dark now and I couldn't follow his trail. As I started to turn back there in the trail lay a nice eight point buck about 75 yards from where I shot him. It was a perfect heart shot. I dressed him and went to get help.

Everyone was in camp. Don Sheldon had killed a nine point buck, his first, so we had to cut his shirt tail off up to his shoulders to initiate him properly.

The next morning we were up bright and early. I went back to the same tree I was in the evening before. About 8:00 a.m. I spotted a fine buck. He was eating acorns under a tree. It was a long shot but it was calm so I decided to take a chance. As I decided to squeeze the trigger he stood up on his hind legs reaching for the acorns in the tree. I aimed again, this time at his neck. I wounded him but he got up and went

• Continued on Page 28

**Valley Sportsmen Get Real Thrill on First Hunt
With Cooperation of Obliging Hill Country Deer**

Cooperation Needed To Improve Fishing

By J. L. Baughman

The Creel Census instituted by the Marine Laboratory as an aid to the fishing and tourist industry of the coast has been making considerable progress, although not so much as it would have if it was possible to obtain the whole hearted cooperation of the very people it is designed to help, namely the fishermen.

Day after day people come into my office asking, "where have the fish gone? What can we do to bring them back?"

No fish or fishery can be aided until you know enough about it to tell what is wrong with it. The mere statement that there are not any fish any more won't bring them back. No farmer can raise cattle unless he knows what they eat, where to get such food for them, or what diseases kill them.

No farmer could raise cattle either, unless he knew how much of a calf crop to expect and how many cows he could safely sell and still keep up his herd.

Just as a farmer must know these things about cows, so too must the biologist know them about fish and other animals if he hopes to increase the crop.

It is to the interest of everyone along the coast for this to be found out and the only way we can discover these facts is by the examination of not one, but thousands of fish.

By such examination we can determine what they eat, what diseases and parasites kill them, how old they are, where and when they spawn, and all other things we must know in order intelligently conserve our fish.

No biologist that ever lived can look at one fish and tell you all of these things, yet when we ask the very people who should be most interested in these things to help by bringing their fish to the lab so that we can clean, measure and examine them, it is too much trouble for some people to help us even this little, to do the thing that they want us to do while others suspect us of a deep plan to limit the fishers.

There are too many laws now. Bay after bay has been closed to various types of fishing because some one

get more shrimp or more fish or more oysters, and I'll bet \$10 against a wooden nickle that you can't show me one place that fishing has been made better by it.

There is only one fishing law on the books of the State of Texas made because of actual knowledge and that is the old trout and red fish law, based on actual biological work done by Pearson of the U. S. Bureau of Fisheries in 1929. All the rest of them have been made by guess work or by trail and error or because someone wanted their favorite fishing ground protected. Because 99 per cent of them did not take into consideration the actual needs of the fish themselves, they did no good, and the result is that the Texas coast is reaping the benefit of the whirlwind we have sowed by catching fewer and fewer fish every year.

Various ill informed and ill advised

Save Some For Seed

One good way to contribute to your chance for good shooting next season is to save some seed stock from this season's game supply.

In other words, don't shoot a covey down to the last bird. Don't set the limit as a MUST every time you go hunting; stop when you've had a fair amount of sport and don't return time and again to the same section just because you had good shooting there "yesterday."

Wild game is a natural renewable crop. All crops, whether they spring from the soil or are hatched from eggs, have to be planted and cultivated if the harvest is to be successful. Holding your fire when the covey is down to four or five birds is one way of planting next year's crop. Protecting it through the closed season from both human and other predators is one important form of cultivating it.

members of the fishing fraternity in this area are of the opinion that the creel census is a deep laid plan to limit the catch of the sports fisherman. This is not so, nor is it a plan to place any further limits on any fisherman, sports or commercial until we know what we are doing.

Moreover, until we begin to take care of our bays, the nursery ground of our fish and shrimp, we are not apt to have any more fish than we have at present. For 50 or 60 years, we have done everything in the world we could in the way of damaging these bays, and no law we pass is going to clear the thing up over night. If restrictions would do any good Galveston Bay would be a fisherman's paradise, but despite all the laws that have been passed you are lucky if you get a decent string of fish from those waters.

Everyone wants something done about it, but what? Biologists are no magicians. They are men who have special training which enables them through hard work and the patient accumulation of data, to work out the actual facts necessary to properly conserve shrimp, fish and oysters, and they can do it—more quickly if they have understanding help than if they have to go it alone.

To refuse to face the facts and to expect to pull miracles out of a hat so that the Texas Coast will once again have great masses of fish is merely wishful thinking and short sightedness.

We have a tremendous raw resource in our bays that will over a period of time bring millions into the state. Under our old know-nothing, guess work policy, this resource has steadily been diminishing in value. If we are to preserve it and to take care of it so that we can get the greatest possible use out of it, it is time we found out something about it and looking into a fish's belly is one way to do it.

You can pass any law you want to, but unless that law is based on knowledge of the kind that we are trying to get, you won't have any more fish. thought that by doing so, you might

Winter - Tackle Repair Time

by Donald S. Shiner

NOW that the angling season has developed into history, the many winter evenings finds us roaming unrestfully about the house. It's an excellent time to dig the well-used tackle from the closet or corner and set about checking for minor repairs, and getting the tackle ready again for spring and next season's use.

Checking the equipment at this time of year not only brings forth the idea that a line should be replaced, or a few different plugs or spoons, or even a reel should be added to the already overflowing assortment, but checking and doing minor repairs undoubtedly prolongs the life of every single tackle item and is definitely an economical gesture.

Tackle repair shops do a flourishing business year around, but even the rankest amateur can do small repair jobs of his own, thus becoming more familiar with his own equipment as well as developing a habit of being more careful with his equipment in the future.

The fly and casting rods usually are the items which should be checked frequently. It is estimated that an average sportsman fishes 30 days a year. A thousand casts might be a rough estimate of the average angler's day. Viewing the terrific figures of 30,000 one can get a fairly clear picture of how often a rod is flexed and the great strain the glued bamboo rod is subjected to each season. Only the best of rods will withstand many seasons of this heavy work, hence, it can be clearly seen that a good rod is a necessity. However, both good rods as well as cheap and poorly constructed rods need repairs eventually. Thread wrappings at guides come loose, guides become grooved and worn, ferrules become loose from their station on the rod, and occasionally a reel seat becomes loose.

All this should be checked thoroughly before a new season begins, and as stated, pays dividends, both in longer use, and more efficiency.

Unless the silk or nylon thread windings at the guides become loose or cut, it is not necessary to rewrap the rod each year. Chip marks or spots where the varnish has been bumped or chipped, can be touched with a good quality rod varnish. Three coats of varnish at any one time or over a period of time is generally all that a rod can stand. Excess varnish is detrimental, as it causes the rod to become sluggish and retards its action. It is far better to merely touch the chipped places with varnish or scrape off the varnish entirely and revarnish the rod.

When rewinding the thread on the rod at the guides, and later varnishing, the silk thread usually becomes much darker unless a color fixative or preserver is used. Using this color fix solution retains the thread's color, but it is not as lasting as when the varnish is placed directly on the thread.

It is wise to check each ferrule and

slide (commonly termed male and female ferrule). They have a habit of drying out. Fishing with a rod with loose, wobbly or "cracking" ferrules, is most annoying. They can sometimes be repaired by merely heating the ferrule over a small flame, or if it still persists, it should be recemented.

If any of the guides or tip tops are grooved, they should be replaced with new ones. This will prolong the life of any line used on the rod.

Today, there is an ever growing number of anglers who are constructing and assembling their own rods. Tackle supply houses feature rod building material, and a fairly good rod or rods can be constructed through the long winter months. Not only is there a great deal of pleasure building one's own rod, but there is a ready market for rods turned out by the amateur who puts sincere and honest workmanship in his products.

Reels should be kept well oiled and periodically throughout the season, taken apart and all sand, dirt and moisture removed from the gears; and other moving parts. For winter storage, oil should be applied to all moving parts of the reel, and the reel placed in a bag or box. Stored this way, the next season will find the reels in good condition.

Spinners, spoons, and the many metal lures, are affected by use and age. The reflecting surfaces of the spinner and spoon lures become tarnished and very often rust from dampness. These should be polished and the luster renewed. Any metal or silver polish does this job very nicely. However, unless properly cared for, by spring they will be tarnished again. Once cleaned and polished, coat each blade or reflecting surface with a thin coat of clear lacquer (clear finger nail lacquer will do). This preserves the mirror finish for an indefinite length of time.

The hooks on the variety of lures become dull and rusty. Each point should be sharpened and straightened if bent. The reward is often a hooked fish where otherwise it might mean a miss. In the case of small popper bugs and the like, after the hooks are checked, the points can be forced into a small cork for protection until the time for use is at hand.

After checking over hooks on plugs, the plug's finish can be gone over, and any chips in the paint can be touched up. However, do not paint lacquer over enamels or vice versa. The result would be that the undercoat will shrivel and peel.

The hardware on plugs (hooks, gram-mets, screw-eyes, mouth plate, propeller, etc.) should be checked and if found loose, tightened or renewed.

Dry, wet, and streamer flies should be steamed to renew them. One method of steaming flies is by holding them over a steaming teakettle, the steam will fluff out the hackle and unmatt the

• Continued on Page 26

When Ducks Cannot Fly

By J. R. Singleton

Wildlife Biologist

WHILE the accompanying pictures may not be exactly rare, they are most unusual. They give views of conditions rarely seen, although in frequent occurrence each year all along the wide coastal prairies of Texas.

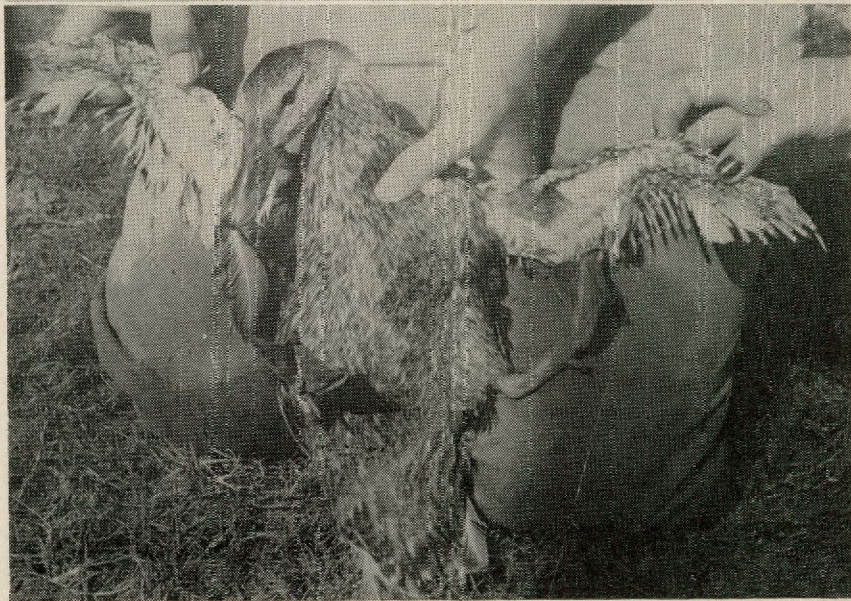
The only resident game duck of the Texas Coastal prairies is but little known to most people of the area. Hunters, farmers, and fishermen refer to it variously as the summer duck, rice duck, black duck, or black mallard. In the late fall and early winter, small flocks of mottled ducks may be found together, but most of the time they range in pairs, widely scattered over marshes, potholes, bayous, and small lakes.

Nesting of the mottled duck falls largely between March and June. Occasionally, hunters or ranch hands find early nests in February, and late ones in July, or even August.

Mottled ducks are experts at concealment. They select heavy grassy cover for nests, and lay a nest full of white eggs. Sharp eyes are needed to locate a nest such as shown in Figure 1.

At some time in July or August, mottled ducks disappear from sight. Many people believe that they migrate, but not so. Actually, the birds are flightless because they are molting.

Nest of mottled duck in the prairie grass of Fort Bend county.



There is one period during the year when ducks cannot fly and these photographs graphically tell why. It is during the molting season when the ducks lose their flight feathers, as shown in the lower photo. The upper photo is a dorsal view of a female mottled duck in molt. Photos by G. A. Engeling, Assistant Wildlife Biologist.

Since they are practically without feathers (Figures 2 and 3) and cannot fly, their only protection is concealment in dense cover, preferably on or around a small pond.

For about two weeks, molting ducks must secure food, sleep and rest afoot.

If ponds go dry, they are further handicapped. In the event that vegetation on molting grounds is burned over or grazed down, the duck mortality is high.

**Federal Aid Project 29-R.*

THE COVER

A Javelina hunt in the rugged brush country of South Texas always produces thrills. The Javelina is one of the meanest and most dangerous adversaries a hunter can encounter in Texas. He is fearless and even when mortally wounded will attack. In the cover picture Orville Rice has captured the thrill of a Javelina hunt in South Texas. The hounds have brought the dangerous animals to bay and the hunter is approaching on horseback for the kill.

What's New In Game Management

By Henry S. Mosby

ATTENTION is being focused on our wildlife problems and practices by individuals who are trained specifically for that purpose and who propose to make the care and administration of our wildlife their life's work. It is only natural, therefore, that such a corps of workers should, and have, developed a number of techniques which have had a profound impact on the handling of our wildlife. It is probable, however, that the greatest contribution of these professional wildlife workers has been their influence upon the general thinking of the sportsmen about various perplexing wildlife problems. Therefore, let us look a moment at the changed thoughts which have done more to place wildlife management on an intelligent basis than has any specific technique or administrative manipulation.

The professional wildlife worker must approach all problems which confront him from a purely factual point of view. The information he collects and uses must be measurable; it must be precise and above all, it must be as complete as possible, with all sides of the problem being considered. Such an approach to many phases of the wildlife management field has produced answers which were at considerable variance with popular opinion. For this reason many of the answers which

have been obtained may not be acceptable to the sportsmen and the general public for several years. For example, investigations throughout most of America place a heavy question mark on the financial and biological desirability of liberating such game as quail, rabbits, squirrels and similar species. Successful stocking has been demonstrated with deer, beaver and wild trapped turkeys. Stocking of fish for the creel, and game for the hunter's bag, of whatever species, makes this practice extremely expensive, and in most instances unwise, unless the agency doing such stocking is seeking to meet an extremely uncommon situation. It should be evident, therefore, that restocking with fish and game is not a yes or no matter, but depends upon the species involved, the habitat in which the wildlife is to be released and many other factors. It may be stated that the stocking of both game and fish is the

last, not the first, tool of wildlife management and should be resorted to only if no other course of action is possible. Restocking may be compared to the surgeon's knife; the scalpel is used only if no other form of therapy is satisfactory.

Various systems of bounty payments to control undesirable species have almost without exception been unsuccessful. Investigations have shown that such bounty payments make a very serious drain upon the financial resources of many conservation agencies even though they result in practically no wildlife management benefits. The benefits derived from bounty payments to control undesirable wildlife are seldom, if ever, commensurate with the expenses involved. Needless to say, many sportsmen, both hunters and fisherman, still think that payment for "predator" control should be included in the program of their conservation agency.

There is a growing sportsman realization that the quantity of of game and fish that may be produced on a given area of land or water depends upon the amount of food, cover, nesting sites and other similar factors which we generally call "habitat". In other words, we are beginning to accept the fact that only a limited number of quail and rabbits can

be produced and harvested by sportsmen from a field where cattle graze all of the food and cover normally used by the quail and rabbits. This will be true even if we devote considerable time, energy and money, to raising quail and rabbits for release on this field and then kill every possible "predator" of these two species. When the game manager is able to demonstrate this well established fact to more of the harvesters of both game and fish, then and only then, will the game manager be permitted to devote most of his time to activities which will produce more game and fish. In other words, he can devote his time to the production of more desirable habitat for game and not be handicapped with the responsibility of undertaking activities, such as restocking and predator control, which requires more time and attention than is warranted by the results they

Great Strides
Have Been
Taken
In Science of
Wildlife
Restoration

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Trapping Tips

When fleshing pelts use a small pair of scissors instead of a knife and there will be less danger of cutting or damaging the hide.

* * *

Skunks have a habit of blundering into traps set for other animals. To remove the skunk odor from traps, before resetting them, boil them in water to which common household lye has been added.

* * *

To color traps black or brown so they will be less noticeable when set, boil them an hour in either walnut shucks (hulls), soft maple bark, cypress bark, small tamarack roots and shredded bark, mesquite or creosote brush. Let them remain in the solution overnight.

* * *

To prevent cutting or otherwise damaging pelts when scraping the fat from them use the inside edge of a large metal spoon, the side of an old file or a metal fruit jar lid.

* * *

Don't overstretch pelts to make them wider or longer as this will thin the fur and means lower grading and prices when the fur is sold.

* * *

Use an old fashioned clothes pin to remove the tail bones from animals when skinning them. The clothes pin works better than split sticks or other makeshifts and can be carried in the pocket or pack where it is always handy.

* * *

Rust can be removed from old traps by boiling them in a strong lye solution to loosen the rust and then using a stiff wire brush or steel wool and plenty of elbow grease to finish the job.

* * *

To keep traps from rusting when stored put them in a box or barrel of chaff or oats in a dry place.

* * *

Most of the odor of skunk pelts can be removed by soaking the entire fur in strong cider vinegar for an hour. (From the hands, too.) Dry the fur thoroughly in the air before stretching.

* * *

Burrs in fur can be removed easily with the fingers if a little vaseline is rubbed into the tangle. Comb and brush the fur "slick" before stretching the pelt. Dirty furs should be washed in mild soap-suds and rinsed in clear water before stretching them.

—Louisiana Conservationist

Determination + Work = Good Hunting

ONCE in a while we encounter an individual, or a small group, with sufficient interest in good hunting to devote some expenditure of time and effort to get it, and in each instance we are surprised by the results.

A few years ago while duck hunting we talked with another gunner who was convinced that, unless things took a rapid turn for the better, public hunting was on its way out. He announced that he was going to do something about it, and today we looked over the fruits of his efforts and found it good.

This man, we shall call him John, could not afford preserve shooting, so he decided to create what he termed the "poor man's preserve." With three other men, all with a real interest in hunting but possessed of limited means, he scouted around the back areas for an old deserted farm. A county tax map

helped, and finally they located a 134-acre area that had not been farmed in fifty years, and the fields had gone back to dwarf pines, cedar and waist-high broomstraw.

The farm was taxed as woodland, and the owner was glad to lease it for the few dollars a year necessary to cover taxes. The four were told they could do anything they wished with an old barn, and what they did was amazing. From the old timbers they created an 18-by-30 lodge, with a large fireplace and pine paneling.

Other than their week-end carpentry and mason work, the cost of building their lodge was exactly \$26, most of which went for nails, hinges and ce-

ment. Old furniture from home attics and a few odds and ends finished their lodge in comfort. Then they began on the land.

The first year they spent a week-end helping the farmer with his harvest, for which he gave them six days' use of his tractor, and two loads of fertilizer. At a score of points scattered over their "preserve" they ploughed strips, harrowed them, fertilized them and sowed food-cover seed.

This seed included such grains as rape, flax, kaffir corn and rye, and cost them \$18. It offered not only a feeding ground but a sanctuary and cover for pheasant, quail and rabbits. That spring they invested \$20 in pheasant eggs and three pairs of quail. Rabbits they trapped in their home garden and released

By Raymond R. Camp

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Seed Shortage Slows Restoration

So great is the current demand by farmers for seedlings of multiflora rose and seed and seedlings of bicolor lespedeza that the progress of many state game habitat-restoration projects is limited by the short supply of such material.

Game technicians all report a far greater demand for multiflora rose "living fences" and lespedeza field borders than can be established from state nursery stock. Soil conservation districts, with whom state game technicians work closely in farm-wildlife programs, are unable to keep up with the demand for these products, which are used in replacing barbed wire and for erosion control.

Missouri is attempting to solve its shortage of multiflora rose stock by harvesting rose hips, the seed pods of the plant, from farms where hedges already are established. The seeds, picked by students hired through the state employment service, are transferred to state nurseries for development to the proper size for transplanting. After development, seedlings are sold to farmers throughout the state at cost.

The wide demand and short supply of these plants, both of rose and lespedeza, should suggest a lucrative side line to enterprising farmers. Neither plant is exacting in soil requirements where climatically adaptable, and the farmer with the proper strain of plant for his particular locality should be able to cultivate a profitable crop of seedlings, provided he has an established hedge or field border from which to obtain seed.

Strange Things Do Happen

R. W. Harper and two other employees of the Humble Oil and Refining Company got their deer while riding bicycles in the 2600 acre plant grounds of the Humble refinery at Baytown. It was a seven pointer. They "rounded up" the 127-pound buck—still on their bikes. Then Harper leaped off and killed the animal—with a claw hammer. Said the proud and beaming Harper, "I have a hunting license, too."

Using a gun isn't the only way to bag ducks, but the unusual method of Dr. Sam Fertitta, Jr., and Harold Reynolds, of Beaumont, in getting their duck during the past season was a bit expensive.

The two men were flying near Anahuac enroute to a duck hunt when their plane, piloted by Reynolds, ran into a flock of ducks. One quacker struck the propellor, and the two hunters started looking for an emergency landing spot. They found one and landed in the marshes.

Dr. Fertitta, Jr., and Reynolds trudged eight miles to an oil derrick where workers returned them to Beaumont in the wee hours of the morning.

P. S. They brought home the duck.

Hunters uncover the strangest things—besides ducks—and George Reeg, of Galveston, can prove it after a foray for the feathered knights of the air.

Reeg paused for a moment near

the Galveston Skeet Club, midway between 70th Street and Offats Bayou, as a flight of ducks swept by. He wasn't in a position to shoot and as he watched the quackers fly away he noticed water breaking over several suitcases. The suitcases were filled with knives and scissors. Scooping up what he could of the knives and scissors, Reeg sped to the sheriff's office where he learned that the suitcases had been stolen from a car on October 23.

Reeg didn't get any ducks but he won't have to worry about knives and scissors for some time to come.

Three dogs owned by Mrs. J. C. Knight, of Teague, have discovered that Brer Fox is not so foxy as some people claim. In fact, the dogs learned the hard way that some fox don't know when they have had enough.

Recently a fox ventured into the Knight yard. Coot, a fox terrier, went on the attack. Rex, a larger dog, was chained but he gave Coot plenty of moral support. The third dog, a puppy, dashed into the house where he could witness the fight from safer quarters.

Coot, bloodied but undaunted, emerged victorious from the battle, but—the battle had only started.

Another fox, larger and bolder than the first, loped into the yard. The fox, apparently, didn't know that Rex had been unchained right after Coot's battle and he ventured

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What's New In Game Management

• Continued from Page 9

produce. After all, the wildlife manager and the sportsmen are interested in the same thing: the production of more game and fish for harvesting by sportsmen. It should be obvious, therefore, that when the wildlife manager can devote his attention to those management practices which will produce more game and fish and not be forced to undertake less productive practices this will be a very forward step in the field of wildlife management.

The following example might be cited to illustrate this point. In one of the western states, wildlife managers were deeply concerned with the rapid rate of

increase of the deer herd. In order to head off an irruption of this herd, with its detrimental influence both on the range and the deer, the wildlife managers recommended that some of the antlerless deer, including females, be removed. Sportsmen of that region still labored under the old fallacy that shooting bucks was the panacea for all ills besetting the deer herds of the nation and they objected violently to removing any does. Only after taking representatives of the sportsmen's groups on the annual deer herd inventory for a period of several years could the wildlife managers show the sportsmen that

killing a larger portion of the deer herd was wise management and that this step was necessary to keep the herd in healthy condition. Thus, one of the main problems of the wildlife managers concerned with the welfare of this herd of deer was one of public relations, not biology.

Some of the greatest advances in wildlife management in recent years have been made in the field of public relations, or conservation education if you would prefer to call it that. When the wildlife manager can get the intelligent understanding of the hunter and fisherman in what he is doing, when the sportsmen understand why the wildlife manager is tackling his wildlife problem in that particular way, the job of producing more game is much simpler. Thus, one of the most important advances in wildlife management in recent years has been better working relation-

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Wild Fur Catch Decreasing

FUR is perhaps the oldest international commodity produced by wild animals. It is also an important part of our agricultural development and our natural wealth. For more than 300 years the quest for furs in North America has pushed forward from one side of the Continent to the other. Untold wealth has come to peoples and nations from this great natural resource, and since the supply has always appeared to be abundant, little thought has been given to that day when nature would show signs of exhaustion.

Although the stocks of wild fur animals in the United States have been greatly depleted, they are still quite large. The more common fur animals are not in immediate danger of extinction, but the finer fur animals have been reduced so low that commercial quantities are negligible and some species are in danger of extinction. Nevertheless, furs are taken in all the States and in the Territory of Alaska. Even in the outskirts of such cities as New York, Chicago, and St. Louis some fur is taken.

During the past five or ten years the estimated annual catch of fur animals in the United States has been exceedingly large. The muskrat take ranges from 18,000,000 to 20,000,000 pelts; the opos-

sum, 2,500,000 to 3,000,000; the skunk, 2,000,000 to 2,500,000; raccoon, 1,000,000 to 1,500,000; fox, 900,000 to 1,000,000; mink, 700,000 to 800,000, and so on. The data suggest that domestic production of raw fur at the present time is at least 25,000,000 to 30,000,000 fur animal skins per year. After the domestic crop of raw furs and those imported for 1947, we processed, manufactured into fur garments and sold, the turnover was \$425,600,000.

Everyone generally agrees that the supply of wild fur has decreased greatly since 1910. The shrinkage is estimated at 20 to 50 per cent during the past 10 or 15 years. A review of fur sales recently held in the United States

shows that the pelts disposed of were brought from all parts of the world to supply the American trade. Manufactured furs cost much more than the same grade of furs did 10 or 15 years ago. All this indicated that the demand for fur is far greater than ever before. Evidently the time is overdue when steps should be taken to increase and improve the fur supply. Trappers, dealers, manufacturers, and wearers, possessing in the aggregate a tremendous moral and financial influence, want more and better furs.

It should be understood that the natural and ordinary food of fur animals consists mainly of materials for which has little or no use, and that certain of these animals render the farmer a positive service by ridding his orchards, field and pastures of some of the worst pests infesting them. Generally speaking, therefore, the project to increase and improve fur animals would result in turning useless or harmful organisms into valuable peltries. It would also enable the farmer, when the regular duties of his farm are at their lowest ebb, to reap a self-raised harvest of fur which has cost him nothing and which probably has been developed in his service.

Texas Fur Production

Species	1941*	1944	1945	1946*	1947*	1948
Badger.....	1,019	266	167	846	368	94
Beaver.....	127	85	77	187	185	60
Fox:						17,402
Red.....						
Gray.....	44,692	23,378	7,940	56,244	21,829	
Kit or swift.....			6	9	2	
Mink.....	17,317	2,848	1,172	35,592	32,624	41,820
Mountain lion.....						
Muskrat.....	107,908	59,432	30,400	417,339	583,236	148,830
Opossum.....	393,146	52,312	22,960	330,066	210,679	123,711
Raccoon.....	80,218	26,586	9,078	164,327	108,298	94,994
Ringtail cat.....	83,707	55,114	13,823	122,829	38,145	58,021
Skunk:						21,799
Common, large.....	140,943	26,668	8,510	121,573	57,657	
Spotted.....	9,963	2,179	1,272	13,785	5,055	
Texas lynx.....	3,607	1,293	136	1,508	152	90
Weasel.....	44		21	1		
Wolf.....	6,626	1,628	455	42	39	11
Miscellaneous.....		111	274	409	17	87
Total.....	889,317	192,468	96,291	1,264,707	1,058,236	506,919

* The 1941 figures represent about 50% of the dealers; about 80% in 1946. Texas records are not representative due to incomplete fur dealers returns (only 10% reporting some years). Reports are not required of trappers, and the law requiring fur dealers to report has not proven practicable of enforcement, under Texas conditions. Figures shown are for the dealers reporting, no attempt being made to estimate numbers for the dealers not reporting.

ARMS AND AMMUNITION

By ADAM WILSON III
Gun Editor



A Departing Friend

AMONG the going-but-won't-be-forgotten-when-it's-gone is the famous Winchester Model 1895. Even though Winchester discontinued this fine old model in 1936—after one-half million had been sold—the rifle still holds its popularity with hunters, guides, and range riders, who are lever-action lovers, and who want more punch than can be had in other arms of the lever-action type.

The Model '95, being one of the most highly praised and widely used sporting pieces ever turned out by Winchester, achieved extreme popularity as a hunting rifle not only in America, but in Africa, India, and Asia where the rough, tough, and ferocious babies roam. Of course they were used for sporting purposes, but the Russian government received from the United States several hundred thousand military-type '95's chambered for their 7.63mm. service cartridge; and I was told recently by some fellows who served in that land that they saw quite a number of those old bayonet-equipped Winchesters still seeing action in the hands of Russian troops and home guards.

The majority of the Model 1895's remaining in this country are chambered for the .30-04 Krag, or .30-06 Gov't. cartridge. However, when the piece made its debut into the gunner's world back in the year 1895, it was available in ten calibers. Besides the two numbers already mentioned, barrels were bored in calibers .303 British, .30-03 Gov't., .35 Win., .38-72 Win., .405 Win.,

.40-72 Win., 7.62mm. Russian, and 6mm. Lee Navy. Naturally, this wide range of calibers help to put the '95 in the possession of many shooters, but the fact remains that it was most popular in the heavier and more potent calibers, proving that lever-action riflemen wanted more killing power. And they really got extra knock-down effect with the .30-06, .303, and .30-40 for longer range work, and with the .33, .35, and

ground on to the obsolete list.

Let's look at the ballistics, and a few sidelights of some of the less familiar (to most modern gunners, anyway) loads of the Model '95. The .35 caliber's 250-grain bullet leaves the muzzle at 2200 feet per second, drops eight inches at 200 yards with a 100-yard sight-in. This number was highly esteemed by elk, moose, and grizzle hunters before the war and scarcity of the load. At 200

yards the .38-72 caliber's 275-grain bullet drops sixteen inches, traveling at 1480 feet per second, muzzle velocity. The big .40-72 caliber's 330-grain ball at 1410 feet per second drops slightly more than the .38 caliber lighter and faster bullet. Dropping approximately two inches at 200 yards with a 175-yard sight in, the 6mm. caliber's long, keen, 112-grain missile drifts along at 2570 feet per second. Being only a .236 caliber, the former Navy load never received much attention from the

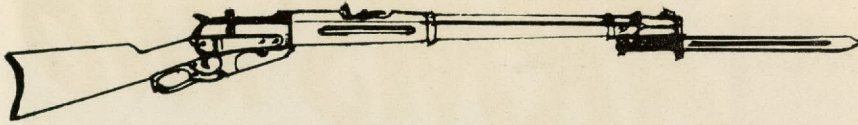


A fine buck, a .30-06 caliber Winchester Model '95, and gunner Robert R. Ramsey—a man who has "killed everything with his '95 except the sheriff of his home town." (Note palmated antlers of this deer.)

.405 for medium range shooting. Calibers .38-72 and .40-72 were deadly dolies around the 100-yard mark, while the 6mm. was known for its high penetrating qualities, and mild recoil. Had Russia not placed such a large order for the Model '95, it never would have been chambered for the 7.62mm.; consequently, that caliber is rare in the United States today. Shortly after World War I, however, Russian war surplus rifles chambering the cartridge were encountered quite frequently. Rare, also, are the .38-72 and .40-72 calibers, which have been shoved into the back-

hunting crowd, despite the fact that it has been used successfully on elk by a limited number of riflemen.

Most deer hunters are familiar with the effect that a 170-grain .30-30 bullet, with its 2200 f.p.s. muzzle velocity, has on a squarely hit buck. Then it should not be too difficult to imagine the smashing power delivered by the .405 caliber's 300-grain slug—traveling at a speed identical to that of the little .30-30. The bullet drops between seven and eight inches at 200 yards, sighted in to hit center at 100 yards. It was Theodore Roosevelt who brought this number into the dazzling lime light. I



A military version of the Winchester Model 1895.—Sketched by Wilson.

believe that it can be said that he did for the .405 caliber, Model 1895 Winchester, what present day celebrities have done for tooth paste and cigarettes. On Roosevelt's famous expedition to Africa, he found the lever-action Winchester very effective on all animals found on that continent—excepting the ponderously constructed elephant, hippopotamus, and rhinoceros. Because of the hunting President's widely published success with the arm and load, a great many other gun batteries headed for African jungles have contained .405 Winchesters, Model 1895.

Winchester supplied their '95 in 20, 24, 26, 28, and 30-inch barrel lengths—the shorter tube being the only length available today. The non-removable magazine held four, five, or six rounds of ammunition—according to the caliber. Sporting models weighed from eight to eight and one-half pounds, while the military types pressed the scales around to approximately ten pounds.

When Winchester announced a few years ago that they would no longer repair their Model '95, owners of the model began to worry since it appeared that faithful ol' Betsy would soon be forced to find her place on the souvenir rack. However, custom gun builders and repairmen came to the lever-action fan's rescue.

The last time I was in Ad Forky's place—San Antonio's custom gun maker—there were literally stacks of '95s being completely overhauled from muzzle to butt plate. Stocks were being checkered and refinished, new barrels were being screw into reblued and adjusted receivers.

After being properly rejuvenated, and proof fired, the Winchester '95 is practically as good as new, and—as was true when it was first manufactured—is perfectly safe and reliable when fired with regular factory loads. Some of the boys got into trouble with lever-action .30-06's by chocking 8mm. Mauser ammunition down them, and by feeding them souped-up fodder. The wrong brand of vitamins just ain't healthy even for Betsys with much stronger mechanisms.

I owned a Model 1895 Winchester, .30-40 Krag caliber, for several years which I used as a saddle gun, and as a "loaning out" rifle during the deer season. More than once I plowed up much real estate across canyons with its 150, 180, and 220 grain bullets as white-tail bucks whipped themselves toward safer territories. And before the .30-40 left me, I cut quite a row of notches on its brush-marred stock. My

experience with the Model '95 in the other calibers has been on target ranges, and when guiding hunters who carried the Winchester in the various calibers.

However, I am fortunate in knowing an experienced hunter and enthusiastic rifleman who has been shooting a '95 since he was tail-high to a not too tall Indian. The .30-06 caliber bounced him around a bit in his earlier years, but he hung on to it—just like he is still doing to this very day. That is the reason I thought it very appropriate to ask my very good friend, Robert R. Ramsey, for his colorful contribution to my department this month.

MY '95

By Robert R. Ramsey

In many museum showcases and in collectors' cabinets throughout the world, visitors may see a single-action, frontier model .45 caliber revolver, nestled among relics of the distant past. At the same time, these old guns are worn with pride and confidence by many rangers, peace officers and game wardens throughout the South and West. These men refuse to bow to the later models and their arguments make pretty good listening. As one old retired

county sheriff puts it, "There is something about one of those old 'thumb-busters' that makes a crook feel pretty insignificant when he stares into the business end of it!"

I'm supposed to be telling you about my experience with, and the all-around performance of my model '95, Winchester, lever-action, .30-06 deer rifle. It's not that I am just trying to fill up some paper with aimless writing, but gun experts are trying to place this rifle in the showcase with that single-action .45, and I have a few things to get off my chest before I hand her over.

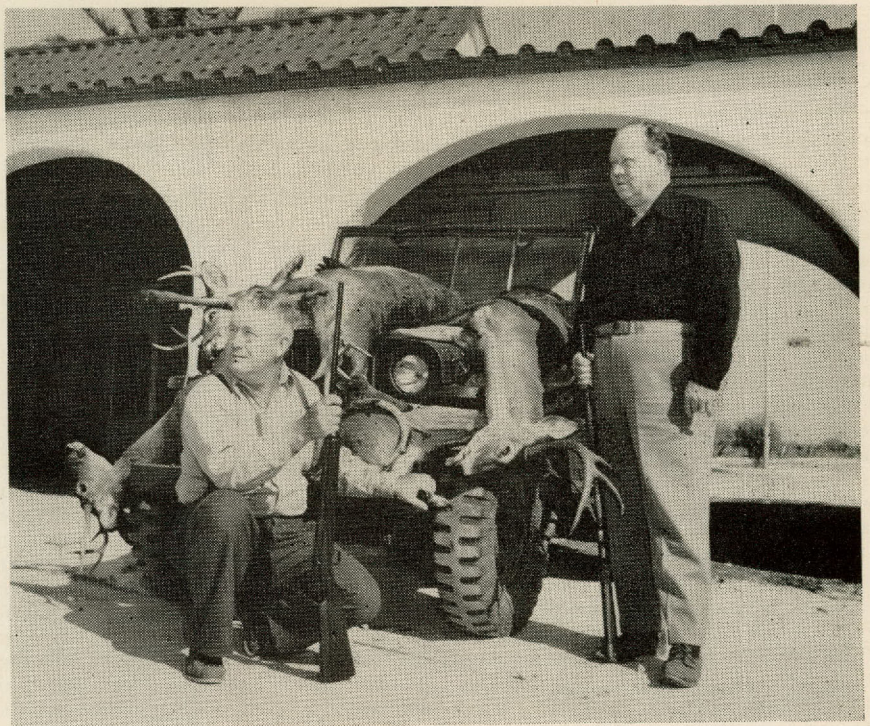
To get underway here, I'd like to get a couple of points clear between us. The first point is that I do not maintain that the model '95, .30-'06 is the best rifle ever made. I'm just saying the one I have is the best deer rifle I will ever own.

Secondly, please remember, as you follow these lines, that you hear only of the bucks that are shot at and hit, and of the fish that get away, as a general rule. Right here I'd like to state that I bagged my first buck when I was seven years old, and since that memorable day, I can recall eleven complete misses at deer standing less than 50 yards away. That's not the sum total of my misses, by any means, but keep these points in mind as we go along.

Now that we understand each other, I'll tell you about his old gun of mine, and maybe you will better understand my feeling toward it.

I bought my '06 from Sam Kelley, an entomologist employed by the Australian

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One day flying trip near Eagle Pass nets good results for I. H. Miller of Dallas, above right, shown with his pilot.



These two bucks were locked in "mortal" combat in a small clearing in the Davis Mountains until State Game Warden W. C. Kountz, of Fort Davis, happened on the scene. Luckily, Kountz had his camera along and he snapped this unusual photograph. Both bucks were so entangled that Kountz had to saw them apart. They left the scene in opposite directions. There wasn't a bit of fight left in either of them. Photo by W. C. Kountz.

government and stationed in Uvalde, in 1935. Sam bought a new model 54 Winchester .30-'06 and let me have his old one, which came to me third-hand, as he did not buy it new. With all due respect to Sam and his 54, I've had several opportunities to do just what he did, but I just couldn't part with this old model '95. You are no doubt wondering if my head and gunstock weren't cut from the same walnut log. Many of my friends would assure you that you were batting 1,000! Be that as it may, maybe the following accounts of the performance of this rifle will explain, in part, why I hate the idea of making a museum relic out of it:

When I got the rifle, I removed the "peep" sight Sam had used and had a semi-buckhorn rear sight installed. The front sight, a removable, white gold affair, I left intact. I haven't touched either sight in the last 13 years. The old gunsmith who mounted the rear sight told me when I picked up the rifle, "If you miss with that gun it's you and

not the sights that will need adjustin'." I haven't forgotten his remark.

Anxious to try out my "new" gun, I rode out into a pasture where dogs had been killing my dad's lambs. Luck was with me, for as I dismounted at a dirt tank to look for tracks, I spied a large, yellow dog going down a wide ravine as if he had just five seconds to live and the nearest tree was four miles down that ravine. I jerked the rifle from the saddle scabbard, levered a 220-grain bullet into the chamber, threw the rifle to my shoulder, saw the dog cart behind the front sight, and squeezed her off. I saw yellow hair jump three feet in the air as the dog swapped ends in mid-air. I took 182 long steps down to where he lay against a boulder. The big slug entered just behind the right scoulder and took his left scoulder completely off except for a little string of hide. He had plenty of wool between his teeth. I think I slept with that old rifle that night.

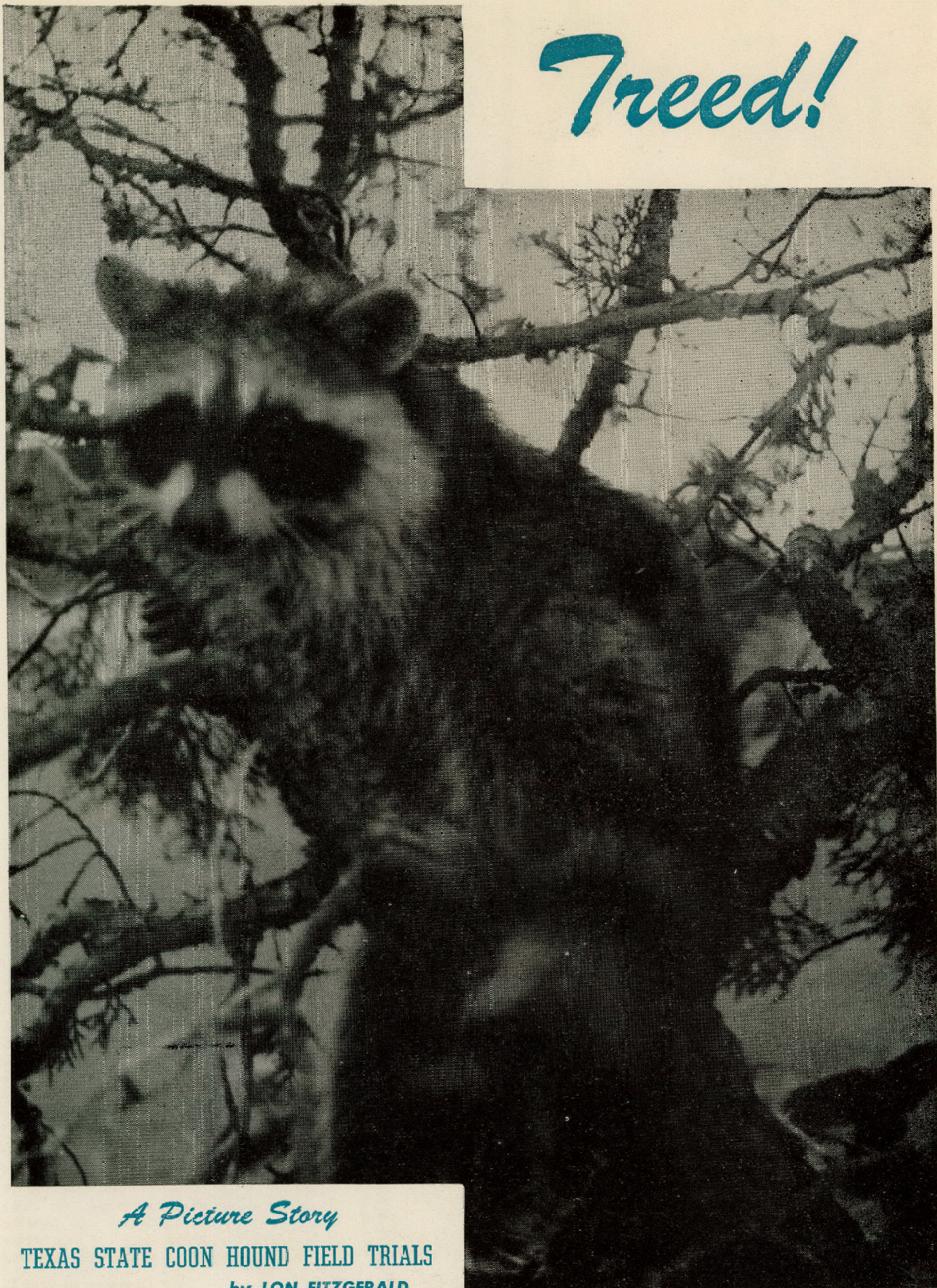
That fall, (1935) using full metal-

cased G. I. ammunition, I fired three shots at game and bagged two large South Texas bucks and a gobbler with a 10-inch beard. All three were running when the bullet struck, and the kills were instantaneous. I had the points filed off the two bullets that killed the bucks and got plenty of expansion. The pointed bullet struck the gobbler across the backbone just above his "oil can" and he was dead when he quit rolling. We won't go into the ballistics of various bullets here, because there's a guy who hangs around these parts who can do a much better job, so we'll just stick to what a bullet does and not why it did this or that.

The hunting season of 1936 will always stick with me. I was a freshman at Texas A. & M. that fall and eagerly awaited the four-day break that came with a side dish of turkey and dressing and all the trimmings. The day before I was to return to Aggie land, I knocked

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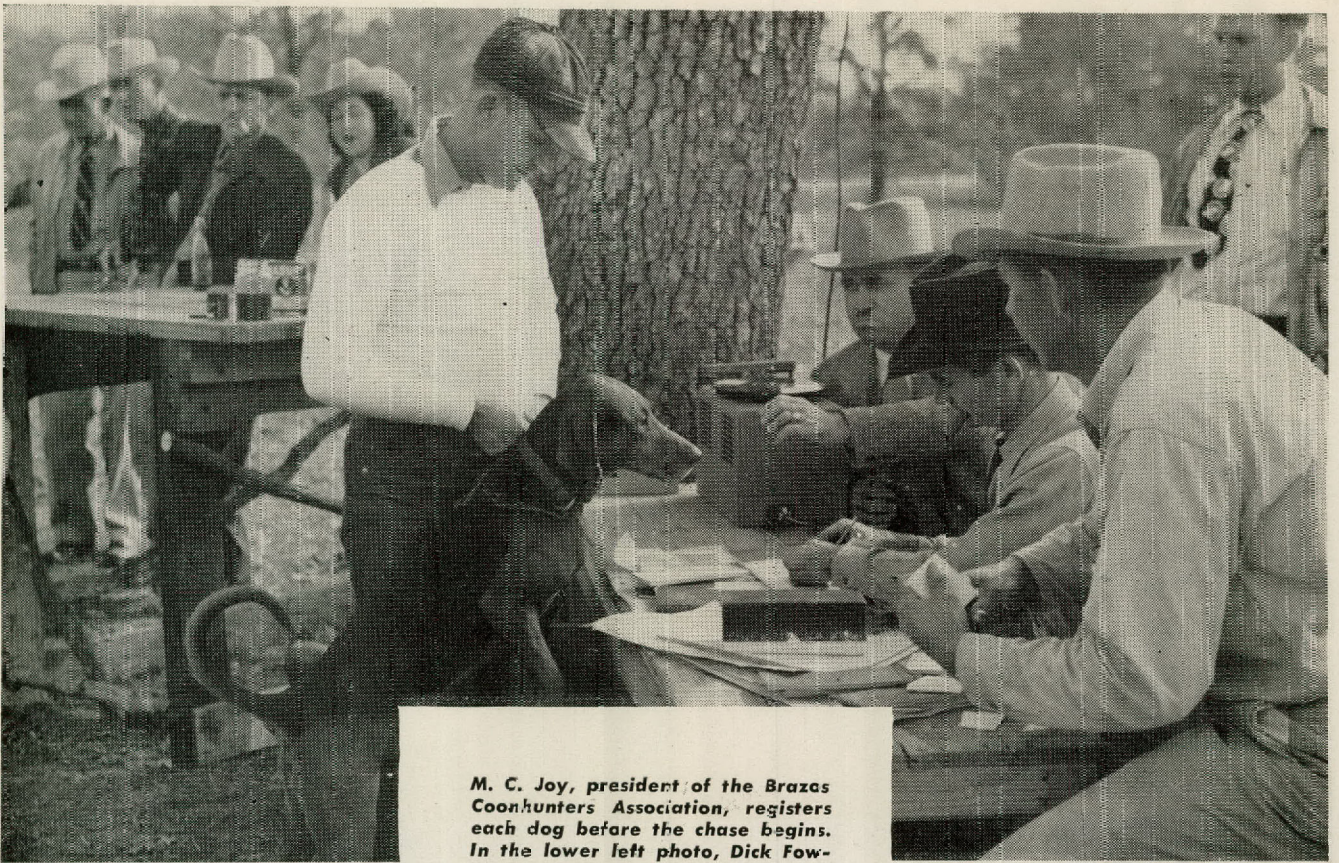
Treed!



A Picture Story

TEXAS STATE COON HOUND FIELD TRIALS

by LON FITZGERALD



M. C. Joy, president of the Brazos Coonhunters Association, registers each dog before the chase begins. In the lower left photo, Dick Fowler is painting a number on one of the contestants. Jimmy Bates, of Houston, lower right, hasn't yet made up his mind about entering his dog.





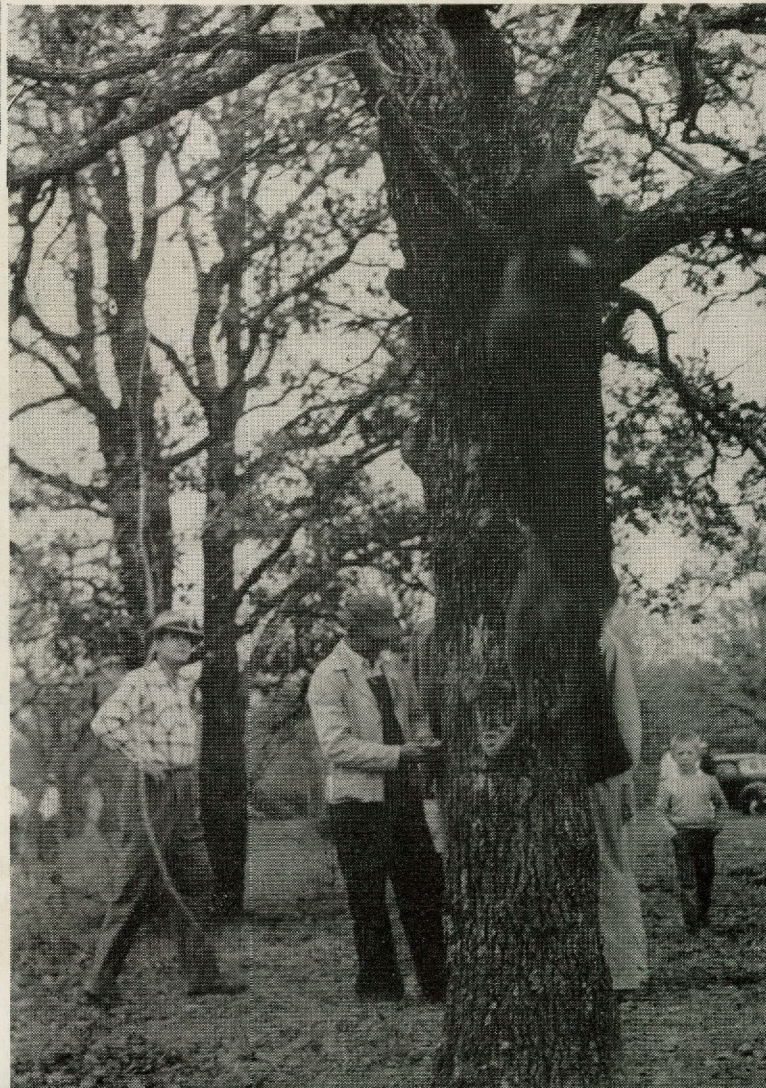
In the top photo the dogs are lined up for the start of the chase. Each dog is held in check by its owner until a

horseman lays a coon scent to a tree about two miles away. When the trail is "set", the starter at the far left in the lower photo drops his hat and the dogs are off to a speedy start and a hard chase.

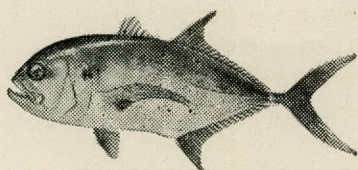


Many of the dogs are eliminated before they finally reach the tree where the caged coon has been securely tied. Judges are careful to pick the proper winners of each heat and although some of the dogs may attempt to climb the tree and reach the coon, they are not considered a winner unless they actually bark.

There's no questioning the intentions of this dog. He is going right up into the tree after the caged coon. He is R. A. Cook's Oklahoma King and he has reached the first limb in his frantic pursuit of the coon scent.



HINTS FOR THE ANGLER



CREVALLE JACK
Caranx hippos (Linnaeus)

Crevalle Jack

PROBABLY one of the most enlightening ways to introduce a freshwater angler to the thrills of saltwater fishing would be to let him hook into a 5 or 10 pound crevalle. Fifteen furious minutes, one sore thumb and two aching arms later he will admit there is nothing quite like it in freshwater.

Actually, there is nothing exactly like it in saltwater for pound-for-pound the crevalle is probably the toughest and strongest of all fish. His bulldog tactics, blunt head, flat body and terrific tenacity add up to a fighting fish capable of tearing up fishing tackle designed for ordinary 5 or 10 pound fish.

NAMES—Cavalla, horse crevalle, jack, toro, ulua (Hawaiian), skipjack and an additional misnomer which is definitely in error, pompano. This is an entirely different fish, *Trachinotus carolinus*, but it is quite similar in general appearance.

CHARACTERISTICS—The crevalle is a schooling fish and usually the angler encounters it by accident, while fishing for other fish. They are constantly on the move and usually on the feed.

The crevalle is light olive on the back, shading off into gray-gold sides and yellow-white on belly. A distinctive black blotch on the gill cover quickly distinguishes this fish from the pompano which does not have this marking. The tail is broad and forked.

RANGE—The warm seas of the world are running grounds of the crevalle. It is found on both coasts of the Americas, from Georgia and the Gulf of California south through the tropics. It is abundant in the West Indies and the Gulf of Mexico.

Primarily an inshore fish, the crevalle is found around shallow rocky reefs and rocky beaches of islands... Also around jetties, pilings and bridges

as well as saltwater inlets and tidal lagoons and rivers.

SIZE—No authentic world's record exists but the largest crevalle taken in American waters will approximate 50 to 60 pounds; the average, however, is taken from 2 to 3 pounds. Very large crevalle are taken in the Gulf of Mexico, particularly around Mobile. Giants of this species have been reported to exceed 100 pounds in Hawaiian waters.

FLAVOR—Just fair.

FOODS—Small fish and minnows, crabs, crawfish and shrimp.

LURES—Spoons, squids, feathered jigs, strip bait and plugs such as zaragossas, sea runts and saltwater torpedoes are effective.

METHODS—Crevalle are taken bait casting, trolling and still fishing.

TACKLE—The ideal rod for this type of casting is the tempered, split bamboo rod known as "Riptide." This is a rod of medium or heavy action, 5 or 5½ feet in length. With this should be used the standard oversize casting reel which holds 100 to 150 yards of 9 to 12 thread linen line. The recommended casting lures are darting zaras, zaragossas, sea runts, saltwater torpedoes, chuggers and vamps.

Offshore in deeper waters where the fish run larger, heavier tackle is necessary. A large crevalle would tear up ordinary casting tackle; therefore a 6/9 outfit is none too heavy.

This means a tip weighing exactly 6 ounces, 5 feet in length, and with this is used a 9-thread linen line. Strip bait, feathered jigs and giant vamps are the preferred lures.

So, for a really rugged tug-of-war,

look up a school of crevalles—they will never let you down without more than the usual amount of thrills. Your baits need not be fancy or beautiful, just sturdy with extra long screws to hold the hooks on.

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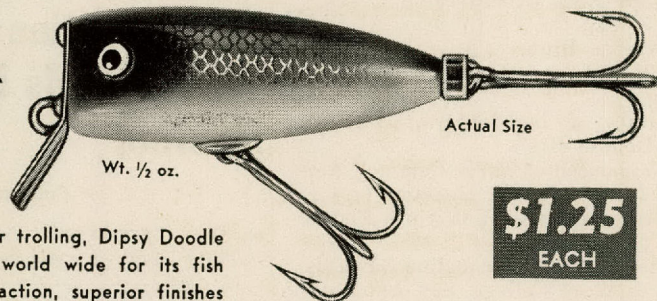
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Juniors Sharp on Science

I have just returned from the meeting of the Texas Academy of Science in San Antonio which convened December 9 to 11. It was a good convention but the most striking feature was the programs by members of the Junior Academy. I know it is a bit unconventional to take time out from discussions of the Russian and Chinese problems and in particular the Hiss-Chambers controversy, but I am loath to pass up an opportunity to put in a word for the Juniors who, indeed, are the hope of the world.

Who are the Juniors? The high school boys and girls of Texas. Miss Greta Oppe, chemistry teacher in the Ball High School at Galveston is the president and Miss Velma Wilson of the Brownsville Junior College is the secretary-treasurer. There are fifteen chapters of the Junior Academy. They have a magazine fund and each chapter has honored the Game, Fish and Oyster Commission by subscribing for the official publication "Texas Game and Fish."

You may be curious to know what these youngsters were talking about at the convention. I know that hard-boiled sportsmen would not read this if it was done by the so-called intelligentsia, but Mom and Dad are always ready with applause when Junior does it. Here were the subjects:

A Study of Texas Clays. Maureen McGinley, Incarnate Word College, San Antonio.

Fossil Elephants of South Texas. Elywn Simons, Lamar High at Houston. Anthropology. Francis Cummings, Baytown.

Plankton of the Goose Creek Stream. Mary Henson, Baytown.

Planaria. Bill Felsing, Austin High. Studies in Protozoology. Robert Anigstein, Ball High at Galveston.

Our Friend the Earthworm. Al Higgins, Austin High.

The Hookworm. Garner Klein, Denton High.

A Study of Lepidoptera. Johnnie Wood, Denton High.

A Comparison of Three Common Amphibia. Dan Redmond, Houston.

Breeding Habits of Labyrinth Fishes. Henry Jisha, Houston.

My Leaf Project. Jacqueline Edwards, Incarnate Word College, San Antonio

Why a High School Student of Science Believes in God. Pat Tanner. Baytown.

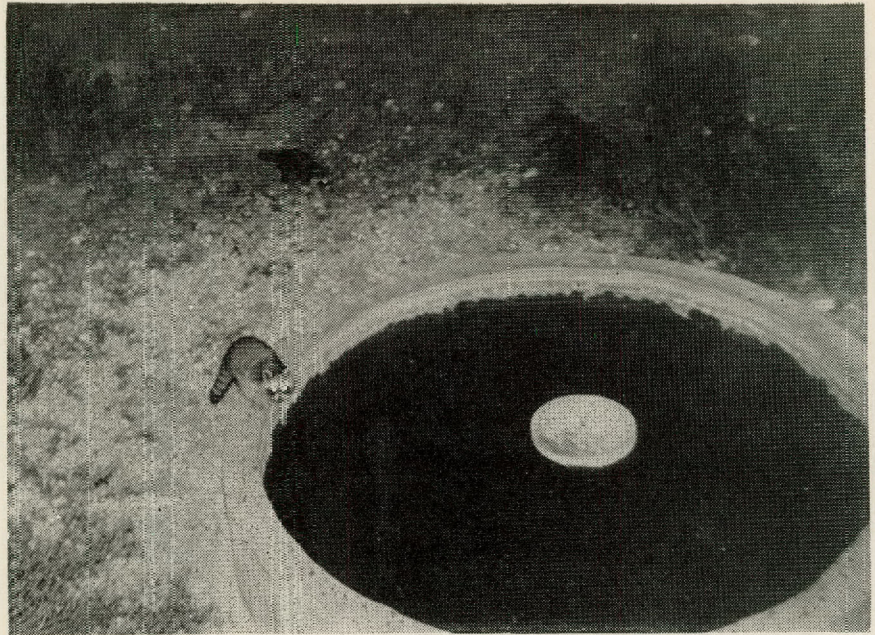
Catalysis. Bert Shoopman and Gene Wiggins, Baytown.

Crania. Bobby Brinkley, Baytown.

Cosmetics. Merle Faught, Denton High.

The Chemistry of Cleaning Fluids. Joan Schriewer, San Antonio.

The Separation of Uranium Isotopes



Caught with a \$10 Camera

GOOD wildlife photographs can be taken with inexpensive equipment. The unusual photo, above, was taken at night by Dr. Joe Doyle, Jr., of San Antonio, with an Ansco 116 box camera with flash unit attached. The camera and flash unit cost less than \$10.

In a letter accompanying the photograph, Dr. Doyle wrote:

"This picture was taken about 9:30 p. m. I was sitting on the edge of a 15-foot cistern about 20 feet away and had had my flashlight off for about 20 minutes. It was dark night but my eyes had become accustomed to the light such that I could see as well as I could have seen ordinarily by the light from a quarter moon.

"I heard the coons come swishing through the grass but expected to see a deer. I saw him for the

first time when he crossed the gravel bar you see in the photo, as this formed a light background. I could not be sure whether he was a coon or possum without a light. As I knew he would be drinking from the tank I made a slight noise and you can see that he has raised his head to look at me and you can see that the water is streaming from his jaws if you look closely enough.

"After taking the picture I turned my pocket flashlight on him and only then did I see that I had taken a picture of the other coon that you see in the picture and if I had waited ten seconds longer I would have gotten a third coon which was traveling just behind these two."

Determination Plus Work Equals Good Hunting

• Continued from Page 10

on their "preserve."

Their land is not posted, for it is

by Gaseous Diffusion. Robert Selle, Ball High, Galveston.

Oil the Breadwinner of Baytown. Betty Pillaert, Baytown.

Science of Cosmetology. Betty Joyce Fairbanks, Milby High, Houston.

My Telescope. Robert Tabony, Milby High, Houston

Conservation. Charles Cross, Milby High, Houston.—J. G. Burr.

so isolated that they have never been troubled by poachers, but they have been able to get fine pheasant, quail and rabbit shooting for the past two years, and all expect to get a buck when the deer season opens. Each spring they plant long lines of field corn, in twisting, single rows back and forth across several fields. In the fall they knock the stalks down and the game seems to find plenty of food to carry through the winter.

Today they added up the total cost for us, and the actual cash outlay came to \$161.35 for the four-year period. Plus, of course, a lot of work which they put under the heading of "fun." Any small group with enough real interest can do the same thing.—New York Times.

Things You May Not Know

The location of the nesting grounds of the whooping crane, North America's rarest and tallest bird, is still a mystery despite intensive search by prominent biologists.

✦
A camel can drink 25 gallons of water in half an hour.

✦
Forest and wood fires annually destroy enough timber to make 5,700,000 tons of newsprint.

✦
Northern pike devour almost 9,000,000 wild ducks annually.

✦
The reddish egret of Florida is one of the most skillful balancers in the world. He can stand on a swaying vine even in a strong wind.

✦
The young of the opossum are born incompletely developed and live constantly in their mother's pouch for nearly two months after birth.

✦
The original home of the honey-bee was southern Asia, probably including the eastern shores of the Mediterranean Sea.

✦
An elephant's trunk contains 40,000 muscles and can perform more services than any other animal part except the human hand.

✦
There are 20,000 living species of fish.

✦
The sting of a bee is located at the tail-end of the abdomen.

✦
The hum of the bee is due to the very rapid vibration of the bee's wings.

✦
Some lizards incubate their eggs beneath the bark of rotting logs. Because a reptile's body temperature approximates its surroundings, the female leaves her nest periodically to bask in the sun—returning to transmit the warmth to her eggs.

✦
The humps on the camel are masses of fat serving as a reserve store of food. With hard work or bad feeding, the hump dwindles almost to nothing.



J. G. (Gilly) Pfluger, new president of the West Texas Game and Fish Association, San Angelo, and the mountain sheep and goat he killed on a hunt last fall in British Columbia. Ira Green, whom Pfluger succeeded as president of the West Texas sportsmen's group, and Norman McNutt of the First National Bank, San Angelo, accompanied Pfluger on his hunting expedition to British Columbia. Green bagged a mountain sheep and McNutt brought down a goat and a sheep. Other officers of the West Texas Game and Fish Association are Theo Montgomery, vice president; Robert F. Levo, Secretary; and L. D. Giles, Treasurer. Directors include Albert Barth, Leonard Bateman, Harrace Goodson, Ira Green and Thomas Thigpin.

Start Study of Wilderness Areas

At the request of Congressman R. H. Burke of Ohio, chairman of the subcommittee on conservation of wildlife resources, a complete study of wilderness areas in the United States has been inaugurated by the director of the legislative reference service of the Library of Congress.

In asking for the investigation Mr. Burke called attention to the need of a factual basis for setting up a national policy that will tie in with other land uses as much of wilderness preservation as is in the public interest. The information which the investigation seeks to find is: the number, size, and location of wilderness areas now set aside for the benefit of the public; when established and by what agency administered; what is the legal basis for wilderness areas and what legislation is needed to insure their perpetuation; what are the social and economic implications of a national wilderness preservation policy and what sacrifices in other national objectives would be involved; what are the values of wilderness recreation in the American civili-

zation and how can they be appraised for comparison with the public values of the development that destroy them; and other facts.

Predators Pass Up Game Bird Diet

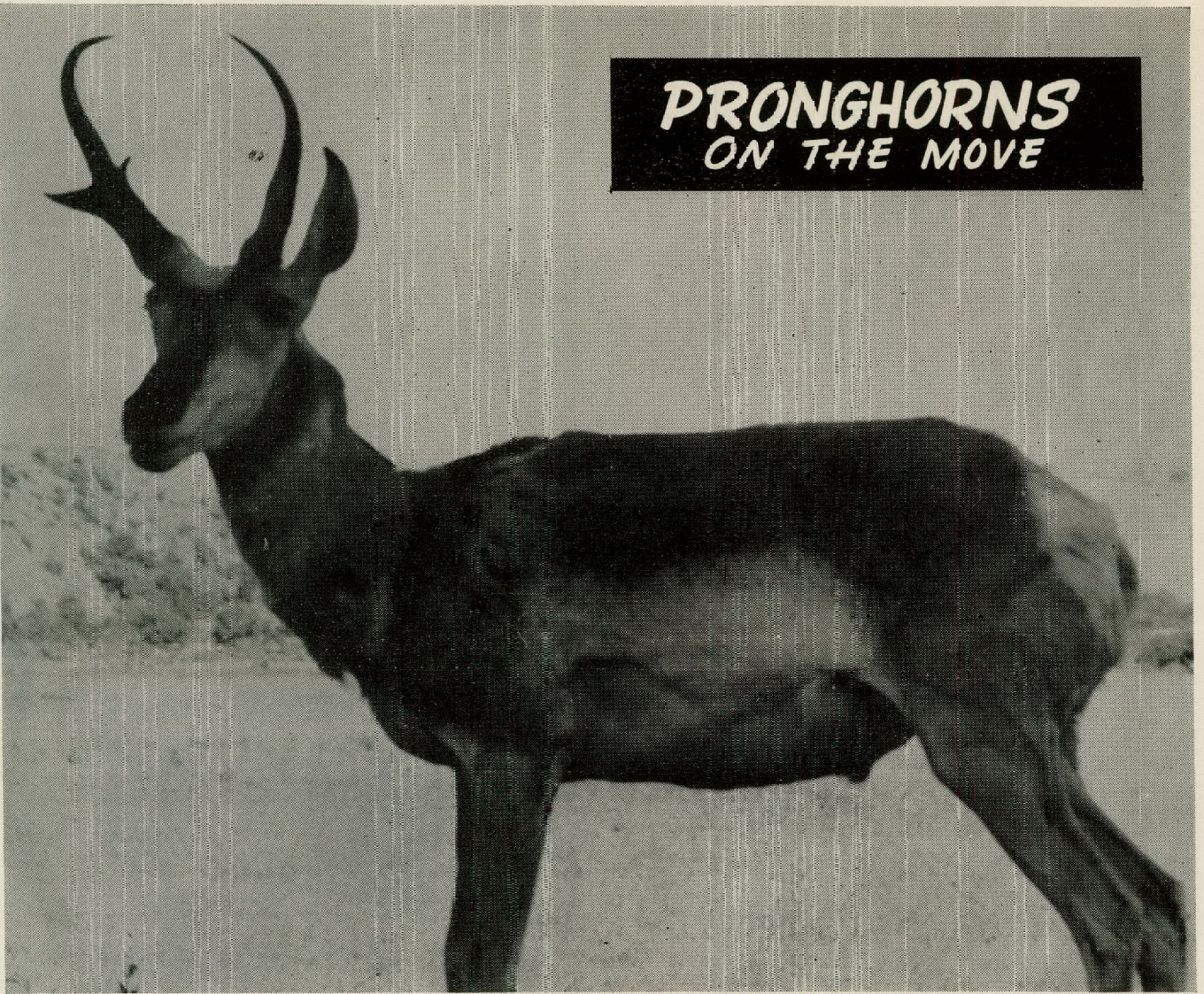
The theory that predatory animals favor a game bird diet—a favorite of sportsmen—has been contradicted by a food habit analysis of these animals by E. A. Barrington of the University of Florida's biology department according to the State Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission says.

O. Earl Frye, the commission's chief wildlife biologist, said that "although the study was comparatively small, the results tie-in with the findings of biologists in other southeastern states where similar programs have been conducted."

Frye said the dissection of the stomachs of 114 predators disclosed the remains of only 11 animals and three birds—all of them non-game. Insects, the report showed, constituted most of the diet of the so-called predators. Only the bobcat proved to be carnivorous to

• Continued on Page 28

PRONGHORNS ON THE MOVE



1948 Antelope Kill by Ranches

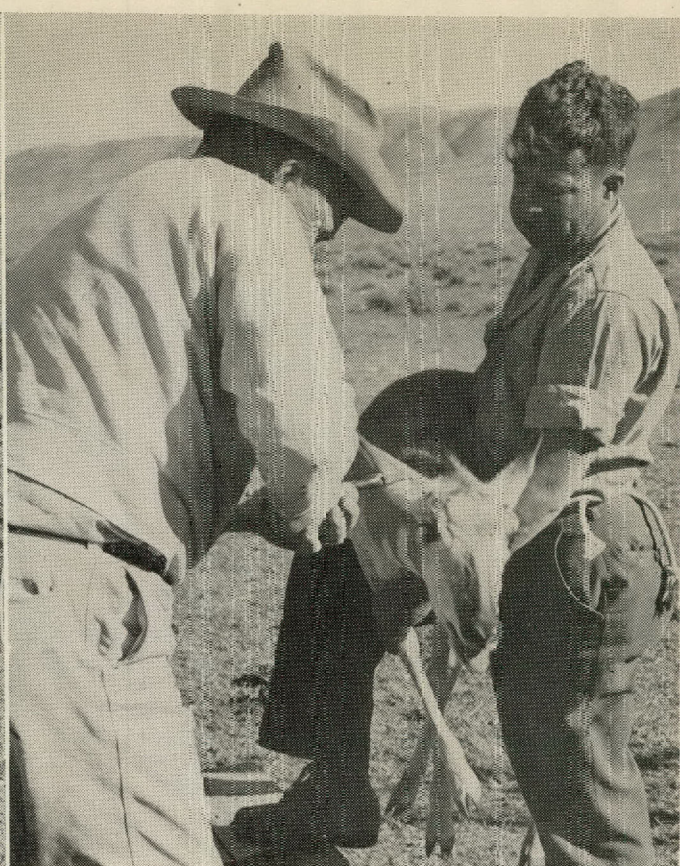
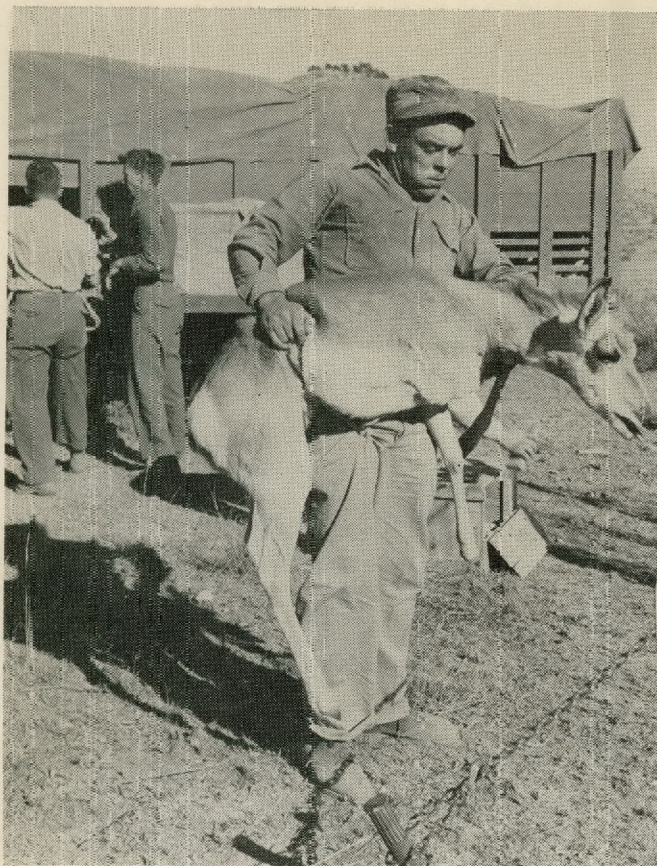
Ranch	HUNT I			
	Hunters Assigned	Hunters Checked In	Antelope Killed	Percent of Success
Cartwright.....	7	7	7	100
Eppenaer.....	11	11	6	55
Gage-Mains.....	85	69	68	99
Gage (Marathon).....	45	33	33	100
Henderson.....	15	15	14	93
Eudspeth (J. F. Koontz).....	12	11	11	100
Kenedy.....	29	20	19	95
Kimball.....	19	9	9	100
Kokerrort.....	50	50	50	100
McIntyre.....	23	19	18	95
Fonder.....	25	20	20	100
101 (Mrs. C. K. Smith).....	10	7	7	100
Stroud.....	30	24	21	88
U Up and Down (Earl Grubb).....	12	11	10	91
	HUNT II			
Eogel.....	5	5	5	100
Erita.....	55	52	52	100
Eryant.....	12	12	11	92
Love.....	15	14	12	86
Peterson.....	45	41	38	93
	HUNT III			
Coffield.....	45	38	35	92
Everett.....	5	4	4	100
Gillett-Jones.....	45	39	38	97
Means.....	10	8	8	100
Medley.....	5	5	5	100
Mirms.....	5	6	6	100
Smith Brothers.....	45	45	45	100
	HUNT IV			
Baylor.....	55	36	36	100
Honeycutt.....	15	6	6	100
Mosley.....	15	5	14	93
Stieglitz.....	15	10	9	90
Totals.....	742	642	617	96



Pronghorns that have been herded across the plains into the holding pen mill nervously in front of the gate leading to the catching pen. After a certain number of antelope are permitted to enter the

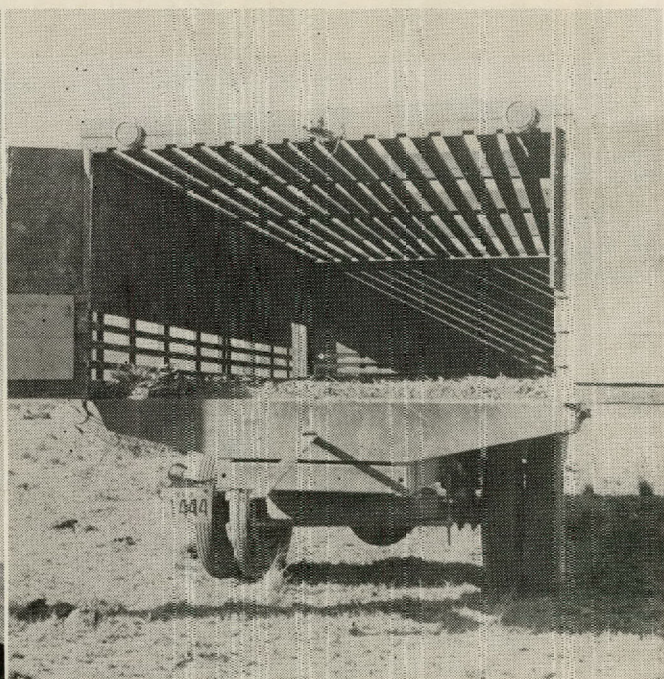
catching pen, trappers enter the pen, pick up an antelope and carry the animal out of the pen to scales for weighing and tagging before being placed in a truck for transplanting to some distant range.





Note the rope tied on the trapper's belt in the upper left photo and wrapped around the pronghorn's flanks. This helps to reduce the kicking power of these high steppers until they are tagged and loaded. In the upper right photo, a young antelope buck is being tagged in the ear prior to being loaded in the specially constructed truck carrying compartment. The heavy tarpaulin which is visi-

ble in the lower left photo eliminates the seepage of light through the slatted top during loading. This darkens the compartment and helps keep the loaded antelope quiet. Antelope are loaded into the truck through a small door at the forward end of the truck. The photo at the lower right shows the details of the truck carrying compartment in which the antelope ride to their new range.





These antelope look a bit bewildered at their new home on a West Texas ranch but in a few days they will be perfectly at home, putting on weight, and preparing themselves for one of the numerous controlled

hunts which are held under the supervision of the State Game Department on selected ranches West of the Pecos.

Junior Clubs Build Future

Conservation clubs for boys of school age are helping to build America's future. One of the most progressive of these state-wide programs is that found in Kentucky.

Started in 1945, the Kentucky Junior Conservation Club program now has 228 local branches throughout the state. Under the over-all direction of Ed Adams of the Division of Game and Fish and his seven assistants, local groups are directed by approximately 110 state conservation officers.

The boys receive membership buttons and cards, the Division magazine, and are furnished with monthly projects upon which to work. With the project

sheets as a basis, the field men give lectures illustrated with color slides to make the work as interesting and as educational as possible. Moving pictures of various phases of conservation are shown regularly.

Monthly projects are diverse. The boys are furnished day-old quail to raise for release; they are given seeds and seedlings to establish food and cover patches; and are supplied fish for restocking farm ponds.

During the summer months when the boys are out of school, summer camps are held at Dale Hollow Lake and Kentucky Lake. There, the youngsters are given a full week of camping at a cost of only seven dollars with all other expenses furnished by the Division of Game and Fish. At camp they receive instructions in swimming, water safety, casting, motor boat handling, marks-

manship with both rifle and light shotgun, archery, nature study, and general woodcraft. State rifle and Moskeet meets are held annually, with two age groups; those under 13 years of age, and those 13 and over. Most of the boys have built their own rifle ranges and have become affiliated with the National Rifle Association.

The program hopes to add at least 100 new clubs during the coming year. Program Supervisor Adams states: "It is our aim to make our future citizens conservation minded so that their generation will have a more abundant supply of game, fish, minerals, trees, and soil to furnish them with a better means of recreation and food supply."

Winter-Tackle Repair Time

• Continued from Page 7

wings and tails. The patterns can be checked over as well as the hook's point. The fly box may need a few new patterns to replenish the stock. For the angler who is fortunate enough to tie his own flies, it is a simple matter for restocking his box. However, for those anglers who do not, a list can be made of needed flies, this greatly facilitates the pre-season shopping. Buying fishing tackle is a very pleasing hobby, but a headache if items purchased are already duplicated in the tackle box, or when the prospective shopper does not know his immediate needs.

Lines should be taken from the reels and coiled loosely in an envelope. This chore will prevent the line from kinking or taking a 'set' or curl from being tightly coiled on the reel. Upon checking the line, it can be tested for strength and the finish can be looked over and an estimate made as to whether it will suffice the coming season or a new line is needed.

Creels are touchy items unless properly cared for. At the end of each successful fishing trip, the creel should be washed by a hose or merely by rinsing out under a faucet. Fish odors are very displeasing, not to mention that fact that it encourages bacteria and rots the basket quickly. Winter time is the time to clean and either varnish or shellac the willow creel.

Many leaders are generally left over from the season. These should be checked over for frayed and weak places.

A notation can be made on the spring shopping list for new leaders of a certain length and test which are needed.

Waders and boots cause many headaches for the average angler. A small puncture can be patched and repaired, as well as the entire boot gone over to find any age checks or cracks. The three most damaging agents to rubber boots are sunlight, heat and age. While all three play 'hob' with rubber products, each can be successfully coped with. For winter storage, hang boots in a cool, dry, airy place. Be sure they are hung either by the straps or on a boot holder. Throwing them in a corner so they are humped on a pile is only asking for cracks, folds and trouble. A good formula to help preserve rubber boots and other rubber products is glycerine. The boots should be rubbed with this chemical periodically, as it will prolong the life of rubber boots many years.

While there are many other chores the angler can do; such as assemble his angling photographs and bring his angling notes up to date, those already mentioned will generally take care of the average angler's equipment. Some odd jobs will always be brought to

mind when repairing and checking the worthy equipment.

Doing these tasks is a worthy job for any angling enthusiast, and come spring and a new angling season, every single item is in tip-top condition. It is a pastime for the long winter evenings, and shows economy since proper care renders the equipment found in the tackle box serviceable for many extra years.—Pennsylvania Angler.

A Departing Friend

• Continued from Page 14

over a fat four-point buck on the John Moos ranch north of Uvalde. That held me over until the longer Christmas vacation when I made the longest shot of my life, and killed the biggest white-tailed buck of my career, at the same time. That shot was made on the McFatter Ranch south of Cline, on Christmas Eve day. Perry Witt of San Antonio and Sam Barkley, of Uvalde, witnessed this piece of luck. Sam was off to our right and jumped the buck out of a black brush thicket. Sam didn't have a chance for a shot and neither did we, until the buck began to cross a series of ridges and canyons which ran off from the larger hill we were hunting along. When he finally broke into the clear, we decided he was too far off. Then Perry suggested, since I had been wanting to try out my rifle for distance, I see if it would hold up. He didn't have to twist my arm. I waited until the buck turned and started straight away, then shot at his head. The bullet broke his neck—we found out ten minutes later—about fifteen inches below his head. When he hit the ground, he was out of sight over the hill. One more jump and his horns wouldn't be tacked up over the saddle house door today. We weren't sure I had connected until we walked up to him. We had quite an argument concerning the distance that 180 grain Silvertip bullet traveled, but all three of us agreed it was better than 400 yards. A 15-inch drop in 400 yards is a pretty flat trajectory for any rifle.

That night, sitting by the stocking-hung mantel board with a big fire crackling, I took out my pocket knife and cut my name in letters half an inch high across the beautiful dark walnut stock. No one would want to buy a rifle with another guy's name whittled on the stock, and I wanted to insure against a moment of weakness in later years.

During the three seasons of 1937, '38 and '39, I pulled that trigger six times and killed six bucks. Some were walking, some were running, others standing, and the distances varied from 50 yards up to 250 steps. All of these shots were with 180 grain bullets, for I had settled on that weight of bullet for best results, but I'm not sure of

the brands, as one make seemed to perform as well as the next in this old gun.

I didn't get to make a hunt in 1940, but in 1941, I bagged one 10-point buck after missing four standing shots, that same day, with a perfectly good 300 Savage belonging to Adam Wilson, Jr., prominent Kerr County rancher-sportsman and father of the editor of these columns.

In 1942, my bag was two bucks with three shots, one running and one standing. The miss has a little story connected with it which I think is a bit on the unusual side. After killing my first buck, an eleven-pointer in poor condition, I made up my mind to try to locate a very large fourteen-pointer with a massive beam I had seen during the summer while he was in velvet. After several unsuccessful hunts, I walked up within 75 feet of him one day. He was facing me in a small flat, with his head down, grazing. I froze in my tracks, counted his points to be sure it was him, and then sank slowly to a sitting position. He continued to graze until he finally turned broadside. I took a quick bead on his neck (the only place I will shoot at a deer under 100 yards) and pulled. I over-shot by a scant inch or so, and up a hillside he tore, finally stopping at the summit, 200 yards away, behind a dead cedar top 6 feet across and 5 feet high. I moved from side to side trying to see him behind his screen of cedar twigs. Finally, I located the white spot on his throat, saw an antler gleam above it, and snapped a shot at the spot. A deer fell and began thrashing around behind the cedar top, but my big buck darted out from behind there like he had seen a bear, and came straight toward me. He stopped about twenty feet away and look-d back over his shoulder at that cedar top, upon the hill I could see he wasn't scratched and still carried that huge head of horns, with all 14 long points intact. He looked around, saw me, and bounded off around the hillside. I knew I had to go up and take a peek behind that cedar top, but it was like pulling teeth to do so. When I got there, I sucked in a deep breath and walked around the brush pile. There lay a very fat buck with an 8-inch spread and 8 points about the size of soda straws! I didn't bemoan the fact that, as a buck, he was a poor trophy, because I fully expected to find "nary" a horn. I couldn't keep from patting the stock of that old gun for upholding my good luck streak. This was my last hunt until December, 1944, as I entered the Army in February of '43.

I got a leave from Paine Field, Everett, Washington, and got to hunt one day with my daddy-in-law, Will Auld, on December 10, 1944. We were out in a pasture on his ranch 50 miles west of Kerrville, he seated on the rear bumper of a Buick sedan, and I sitting on the ground about 10 feet from the car. We were listening to a swing band on the car radio and Will was rattling

a pair of deer horns. Suddenly a sleek, flat-horned buck burst out of the cedars about 100 yards off and came straight toward that shining automobile. He didn't come far before he slammed on the brakes to size up the situation more clearly. I broke his neck—Silvertip, 180 again. I'm not trying to suggest that a hunter must have a Buick, a swing band, and a pair of rattling horns to connect with a wary whitetailed buck. I have never actually decided just what is the best procedure to follow in deer hunting. I've about decided it's just a case of being where you are when you are.

During 1945, I was stationed in Washington and didn't get a buck. I took one mule deer hunt up there in the Methow Valley in Central Washington. I was having a wonderful hunt until I noticed that each brilliant splash of autumn color across the canyon was packing a powerful deer rifle! I decided right there that I was a born fisherman and hightailed it out of those hills. There was a 7-day open season on does in this valley in 1945, just preceding the buck season. A game warden told me 1,100 does were bagged, and countless others crippled, in a 10-mile stretch of the Methow Valley. He counted 25 huge bucks killed and left where they fell on the opening day of the doe season. That's hunting as it exists in our National Forests—the Public Domain.

The 1946 season was a repetition of the '42 season, as my '06 brought down two bucks with three shots. The miss was at a five-point buck standing 22 feet away. His neck was about the size of a cull grapefruit and I overshot it. My wife, watching, got quite tickled at me. He galloped off 125 steps and wheeled around. This time I broke his neck and the little lady uttered one word, "Lucky!" The other buck took the third 180 grain Silvertip at the back of his head and it lifted out the entire forehead as it passed out. He didn't even quiver when he hit the ground, naturally.

At the close of the '46 season, I became conscious of a certain rumbling going on in the columns of sporting magazines devoted to guns and ammunition. I realized that many of these noises were directed at the model '95, lever-action .30-'06 rifle. "Junk it, will blow up in your face," "Excessive headspace," "Beware of handloads," "50,000 pounds of pressure," "Don't use 8-mm. in Model '95," were some of the terms used to tear my air castles down. Here I had been firing a rifle for eleven years, using practically every weight, type and brand of commercial ammunition I could buy, and a bunch of fellers start telling me to junk my rifle. Why, that old gun figured in almost every hunting experience I've ever had.

It stood in my gun closet during the '47 season and I killed a 7-point muley in New Mexico's Black Range with a borrowed gun. Took three shots, all hits, to finish that old boy. They were

'06 slugs, but I just couldn't make them hit where I aimed.

I bought an 8-mm. Mauser sporting rifle in May, 1948, and took it to the Davis Mountains last November, again leaving the lever-action behind in the closet. I got a 200-pound, 9-point "black-tail" with one 170 grain Remington Hi-Speed bullet behind the shoulder at 40 steps. Rankin Linn, of Mountain Home, was by my side when I pulled the trigger. A few minutes later, I broke the neck of an 8-point white or "flagtail" as they are called out there. He was running around the rim of a mountain about 200 yards off across a deep canyon. He flopped all the way to the bottom of the canyon, but his floundering did no damage to meat or antlers. Linn, and Felix Klein, of Hurt, saw that shot. However, they weren't along the day before when I burst 8 caps at a running flagtail, and then missed an enormous "blacktail," standing and eating oak leaves from a branch over his head, at 30 steps!

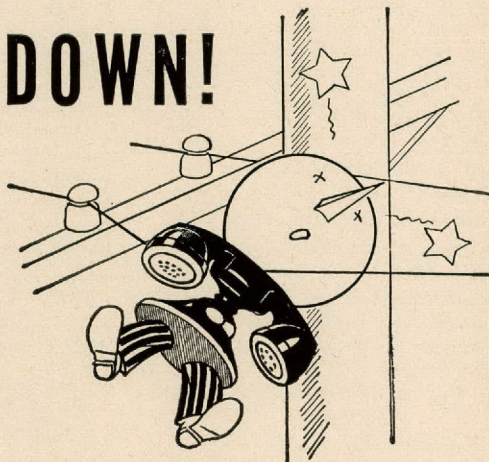
Yes, I can get by without the Model '95, but so far, the old feeling of confidence and well-being just aren't there. I feel like a near-sighted man who has lost his specs.

In summary, I have attempted to show that this particular model '95 .30-'06 is deadly at both short and long ranges, regardless of the weight or

make of bullet used. I take the same "bead" at 50 yards as I do at 200 yards, and see no noticeable difference in its performance. I've never consciously taken into consideration such factors as wind direction and velocity, distance to target, amount of lead to take, bullet weight and size of target. If such factors ever entered my mind it was while I was dressing out a buck, and not before I pulled the trigger. It has always been just a matter of seeing a buck, raising the rifle and pulling off a shot. Most of my misses have been under 40 yards. I'm sure this was because I didn't notch her down quite far enough to clip a buck's neck. Then there's this matter of "buck fever" which always hovers around me when there's a buck up close. If we hunters will take stock, I'm sure we will find that we get more of a kick out of a miss than a hit.

Now that I have learned that a new barrel may correct my excessive headspace problem, I'm looking forward to the 1949 hunting season, when I can catfoot down some game trail with my '06 under my arm and the reassurance that this rifle will reach out there and make a quick, clean kill. A man owns only one such rifle in his lifetime, and now the gun experts say it should stay in that closet. I'll have the new barrel fitted with the same sights installed, and if the gun doctor gives the old rifle

SHOT DOWN!



Last hunting season 2,500 telephone wires were broken by stray bullets. That's why we say: Hunters, please don't shoot at birds on telephone wires.

One shot may break an important long distance wire.

SOUTHWESTERN BELL TELEPHONE CO.



a new bill of health, we'll make that hunt together next year and try to pack some more venison steaks in the deep freeze—if I don't miss because of a combination of "buck and rifle fever!"

Your gun editor adds: Knowing Bob, and of his ability with his ol' Winchester '95, I would like to bet a pretty penny that the deep freeze will be chock-full of prime buck steaks by the end of next year's season.—A. W. III.

Predators Pass Up Game Bird Diet

• Continued from Page 21

a large degree.

Of the 17 bobcat stomachs examined, none contained birds and seven contained mammal remains. These were pig, cotton rat and rabbit. Out of 30 fox stomachs analyzed, only three contained animal remains. Three of 36 possum bellies contained non-game bird feathers, and one held the remains of a pocket gopher. Thirty-one skunk stomachs were examined and none had a trace of birds or mammals.

What's New In Game Management

• Continued from Page 11

ship between wildlife managers and the sportsmen they serve. More and more sportsmen are beginning to appreciate the fact that it is senseless to employ technically trained individuals to uncover scientific facts about wildlife if no use is made of these facts. It is a pleasure to report, therefore, that in most states this closer wildlife manager-sportsmen relationship is one of the most promising recent developments in the field of wildlife management.

Assuming that intelligent use will be made of the facts uncovered by wildlife manager, it might be well to list some of the more recent advances made in the techniques of obtaining these data and in the practice of putting them to work for the production of more wildlife.

The use of the airplane for censusing big game herds, in tabulating beaver colonies, in estimating waterfowl numbers, in more efficient law enforcement and in many other ways is receiving increasing emphasis each year. The use of poisons for the control of aquatic weeds in farm ponds, the use of insecticides and herbicides for the control of plants and animals, and other war-sponsored uses of chemicals are exerting their influence, both for and against, upon the wildlife populations. The search for plants such as bicolor lespedeza and multiflora rose that will serve both the land owner and wildlife continues from year to year. For ex-

ample, rather extensive tests are now underway to develop early maturing forms of perennial lespedeza that will supply food for wildlife in those sections of the United States which do not have sufficient frost-free seasons to permit *Lespedeza bicolor* to set its seed. Recent investigations indicate that habitat improvements of any nature cannot be expected to increase wildlife populations equally; therefore, if you are primarily interested in quail, for example, your wildlife improvements should be directed toward producing the best possible quail habitat, not the best possible wildlife habitat. Fisheries work in certain areas of the southeastern United States has questioned the value of a closed fishing season as a practical management practice since, in these specific areas, the closed season occurs at a time when the harvestable fish may be taking most easily by angling. Both in fisheries investigations and in game studies it is becoming increasingly apparent that the harvestable crop of both fish and game must be removed or it will be lost. Consequently investigations now underway on controlled hunting and fishing areas, usually publicly owned, are seeking practical methods of controlling the fishing and hunting public in such a manner as to have the sportsmen remove all of the harvestable wildlife crop without injury to the breeding stock which must be maintained to produce another crop in the succeeding years.

Basic research in wildlife management has always been a debatable point in the mind of many sportsmen, but there is good reason to think that outstanding basic research on the biology of the ring-necked pheasant will be required before the wildlife manager can, if possible at all, halt the general decline in the pheasant population in northern United States. Further, basic wildlife research is now concerned with such vital questions as the vitamin content of the various wild foods used by game and fish, the quantity and quality of wildlife foods produced on different soils, methods of reducing wildlife losses due to poisoning by chemicals used in treating seed wheat and other farm seed crops, increased fish production by fertilization and chemical control of pond weeds, rapid methods of measuring the biological productivity and vigor of our various wildlife populations and in many, many other fields.

It is abundantly evident that the field of wildlife management will move forward as rapidly as the sportsmen and the general public wish and will it to do so. May we all take full advantage of every technique, every practice and every administrative procedure which will produce more wildlife and maintain this wildlife in a position where it will serve mankind to best advantage.—Virginia Wildlife.

Beginners have The Best Luck

• Continued from Page 5

into a little mott of brush. I watched for one hour then I went in to see about him. I was sure I had hit him but where and how hard I didn't know. When I reached the spot I found a trail of blood leading into the brush. I jumped him but did not have a chance for a shot. Where he had been lying I found a piece of rib bone. I was sure I would get him now. After trailing him for a short distance I found that he had crossed the fence into another ranch. As is customary I left my rifle on the fence line and continued after the buck. In a short while I jumped him again. He was badly crippled but I did not stand a chance without a gun. I then decided to go to camp, eat lunch, and try again.

Upon returning to the fence line I picked up the trail of my wounded buck. After a while I jumped him again. By now he was in pretty bad shape but was still able to stay ahead of me. Just as I thought I was about to get my buck—two shots rang out—I saw my buck go down. Since I was not on my lease and did not wish to argue I returned to my tree with out my buck. I didn't see any thing the rest of the evening.

This had been a bad day for us. Johnson shot at one buck and missed, no one else got a shot.

The third day was Farnsworth's day. That afternoon a blustry norther came in. Farnsworth went down in the bottom of a canyon to get out of the wind. He said he was smoking a cigarette and killing time when a four point buck walked within thirty-five yards of him. He shot at the deer's throat. He went down but got up and went back down the canyon. While he was looking for the wounded deer another buck showed up about seventy-five yards away. He shot at him but missed. The deer turned and went back down the canyon. As he started to look for the first buck a third buck showed up about one hundred yards away. He shot and the buck went down to stay. Farnsworth then tried to dress the deer. He only had a pocket knife. After he had slit the deer's stomach open he decided that he did not know how to dress a deer, and came back to camp for help. When he arrived in camp he was so excited he could hardly tell us what happened. One deer down, one crippled, and one missed all within thirty minutes. This was his first hunt. He was using my restocked Springfield with a Weaver K25 scope. He wanted to buy it then and there but I said, "no".

We went back to get his buck that night. Farnsworth did not find the deer so we had to scout around for him. I finally found him, a six point buck. When I walked up to the deer he got up on his feet, but could not run due

to his stomach being cut open. We did not have a gun so we had to finish him with a hunting knife. While I was cutting his throat he almost got me with his hind feet. We found that he had only been stunned.

The next morning I went with Farnsworth to help him look for the first buck he had shot. We finally picked up his trail. I told Farnsworth that he had shot his deer low in the left flank and ham. He said, "no", but later I proved I was right. He was dragging his left foot which helped trail him. After trailing the deer for about three hours we found him dead. He had traveled over a mile from where Farnsworth shot him the evening before.

This was Kessler's lucky day. He found a hole in a huge rock which made a good blind. He killed both his deer that day from the rock blind.

Johnson finally got one deer the last day. He was supposed to be the best hunter in the group. I have seen him score several times when it was really hard hunting. I really think that he hunted too hard on this trip.

I saw my largest buck the last afternoon. He was about two hundred fifty yards from my tree. I could only see his head and the wind was blowing so hard that I could not keep the cross on him. I eased down out of my tree to the ground. When I brought my rifle up he vanished into the brush. This was my last chance.

This was really the best hunting trip I was ever on and I have been on several and have killed several deer. I was the cook but had four good dishwashers. Oh yes, Farnsworth now has a brand new model 70 Winchester in 270 caliber with a Lyman Alaskan scope on Stith mounts. He states that he is prepared for next season.

New Deer Refuge

A deer refuge comprising 37,000 acres has been created by landowners in Anderson and Henderson counties. The State Game Department will spend between \$10,000 and \$20,000 in restocking the area with between 400 and 500 deer. The area will be closed to hunting for five years.

Strange Things Do Happen

• Continued from Page 10

a bit too close to the big dog. Rex swept into battle. He was joined by Coot. A moment later the pup who had watched the first battle from a window inside the house, waded in. Brer Fox stood his ground against the three dogs and put up a magnificent battle against the dogs before he went down.

Fox are now giving the Knight yard a wide berth.

Winter Care for Fishing Lines

A little care now will preserve usable lines for future use. Fly lines should never be left on the reel during the winter months, while bait-casting lines should never be dressed for winter storage.

Linen lines or any other type that has been used in salt water should be thoroughly rinsed in cool, plain water. At least three changes are recommended. Linen lines should be soaked for several hours, then placed on a dryer or spread out where warm, dry air can circulate. They should not be stretched or wound around nails or objects with sharp edges.

After drying completely, the line may be spooled loosely on a reel and put away in a cool dry place. This treatment preserves the fine linen fibers and prevents rot and mildew, both insidious allies, of the big ones that get away.

All fly lines, tapered or level, silk or nylon, have several coats of finish that must be protected. If left on a reel over the winter months or for any length of time they take a "set" and lose a great deal of their usefulness.

They may be cleaned with a 25 per cent solution of ethyl alcohol and water and then dried with a soft cotton cloth. They should not be greased before being put away. Some insect repellents will remove fly line finishes and precautions should be taken accordingly.

Fly lines may be best stored by coiling loosely on a newspaper or similar dry base. Large, wide coils are preferred. If hung on pegs (wooden—never metallic) the coils should be well spread so they do not overlap.

Silk or nylon bait casting lines should never be dressed before being put away. If they have been used solely in fresh water they need only be dried completely.—Pennsylvania Angler.

When Man Is Tall

Someone has said that a man is never taller than when he stoops low to help a small boy.

By the same token, an angler or a gunner is never so much a sportsman as when he persistently keeps well within the bounty of Old Mother Nature.

Waterfowl Need Local Aid

Ever since passage of the Migratory Bird Act placed the major responsibility for waterfowl management in the hands of the Federal Government, sportsmen and individual states have depended heavily upon the federal agencies to take care of the ducks. The public now is beginning to realize that the problem of restoration and conservation of our waterfowl resources is too vast for the Government to handle unassisted.

In the past few years the U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service has done an excellent job with the facilities and manpower at its command. The Service, however, needs the support and cooperation of the individual states, of private organizations, and of the individual duck hunter. At the recent meeting of the International Association of Game, Fish and Conservation Commissioners in Atlantic City, an entire discussion panel was devoted to the part the provinces and states can play in waterfowl restoration. Representatives of Canada, the individual states, and private organizations presented papers pertaining to waterfowl, and emphasis was directed to the role the states and individuals can and should play in the broad program.

In recent years the need for local help in managing the duck crop has become more evident. Realization of this need recently spurred the formation of the Joint Black Duck Committee in the east as it instigated the formation of Ducks Unlimited a few years back. Ways in which the individual or small organization can assist are told in a booklet entitled "Waterfowl Management on Small Areas" by C. E. Ady and L. G. MacNamara, which may be obtained free upon individual request from the Wildlife Management Institute, Washington 5, D. C.

Hyacinth Often Aids the Gar

The gar is one of the worst enemies of game fish in the South. The spread of hyacinth, which is destructive to game and pan fish, often favors the survival of the gar.

As a lake fills with hyacinth, the game and pan fish gather in the remaining open water where there is sufficient dissolved oxygen. About these openings the gar destroy all game and pan fish except the small fingerlings that can hide in the hyacinth mats. As gars are able to breathe air, they are the last fish to be hurt by encroaching hyacinth.



BOOKS



TRAINING GROUSE AND WOODCOCK DOGS by Logan J. Bennett. 146 xi pages. Illustrated with 14 half-tones of photographs and a line drawing by Ross T. Mitchell. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York City, New York; 1948. Price \$3.00.

Dr. Logan J. Bennett undoubtedly knows more about training grouse and woodcock hunting dogs than any other living individual. The techniques he uses were developed over ten years of continuous study of the Northeast's two prize game birds while leader of the Maine and Pennsylvania Cooperative Wildlife Research Units. The work of censusing nesting woodcock and grouse with dogs is exacting work that requires a degree of perfection which has never been so essential in a bird dog since the days of market shooting. Dr. Bennett, in fact, has developed his training methods to a point where he can produce a working dog which would be the envy of an old-time meat hunter.

This book contains step-by-step instructions on training a grouse and woodcock dog from the selection of the pup from his litter mates through to the final polishing of staunchness on point and steadiness to shot. There are instructions on how to save dogs from hazards of the hunt in the form of porcupines and skunks, and the training and handling of field trial entries is covered fully. The final chapter, perhaps one of the most important, is entitled "Training the Owner."

The reviewer has hunted with the author and has watched the famous Pat, owned by Dr. Bennett and referred to constantly in the book, operate under extremely difficult conditions. He can attest to the soundness of Dr. Bennett's methods and to his superb skill in training dogs. The same methods and techniques outlined in this treatise were those used in training his champion working setter.

WYOMING HAWKS by Ralph B. Williams and Clyde P. Matteson, Jr. 84 xiii pages. Copiously illustrated with many photographs and drawings. Published by the Wyoming Game and Fish Department, Cheyenne, Wyoming; 1948. Heavy paper cover. Price \$1.00.

This is a book which will be of great interest and value to naturalists and nature students both in and out of Wyom-

ing. Practically all of the species covered by the authors are found over the entire West and most have representative sub-species distributed throughout the rest of the nation as well. The volume is a collection of reprints from the excellent monthly publication of the Wyoming Game and Fish Department, *Wyoming Wildlife*. The decision of the editors to collect and preserve this series in permanent form will be applauded by all who see this collection.

The authors have handled their subject factually and yet in a popular style that in no way detracts from the value of the work as a scientific treatise. Illustrations, mostly in the form of half-tones of photographs, appear on nearly every page and depict most species in all phases of development from young to maturity. Life histories, habits, and habitat are covered briefly but adequately.

BIRDS OVER AMERICA—by Roger Tory Peterson. 342 xiii pages. Illustrated with 80 pages of photographs by the author. Published by Dodd, Mead, and Company, 432 Fourth Ave., New York 16, New York. Price \$6.00.

Most noted for his justly much-praised Field Guides, Roger Tory Peterson in the pages of this book proves that he knows the art of writing as well as those of ornithology and painting. This volume tells the entertaining, interesting and informative story of the wanderings and adventures of one of America's greatest living ornithologists. Mr. Peterson's travels in a quarter-century of bird study have carried him the length and breadth of the American continent, and preserved within the pages of his book are the highlights of his studies.

The photographs, all taken by the author and many of which are reproduced for the first time, are magnificent. In a "Photographic Postscript" the author states: "The important thing to me is not simply to record a bird on film, but to be an artist about it." A glance at any of the 80 full pages of photographic art in this book will show how well he has succeeded in his aim.

This volume will enable the reader to view his country through the eyes of one of its master ornithologists. For any one who enjoys the study of nature its pages offer an unparalleled vantage point.

A New Way To Fry Fish

"Here is a new taste to accent the thrill of catching your fish and then frying them over a wood fire.

"The chef at the Hotel Washington in the nation's capital decided that most fishermen get tired of always having to fry their fish in bacon, bacon drippings, or butter and getting the same taste. So he decided to do something about it.

"Next time you are starting out on that fishing trip just replace your usual supplies for your fish fry with one small jar of mayonnaise and sufficient flour for the number of fish you hope to put away.

"Here is Chef Pierre Mendendou's simple recipe for the new taste for your pan fried fish:

(Prepare your fish for frying. Roll in flour, spread with mayonnaise, re-roll in flour, and pop into your greased skillet.)

"And that's all there is to it. You will find the mayonnaise, because of all the seasonings that are in it, gives the fish a new tang. The mayonnaise also makes a 'dry' fish much more appetizing because it provides a certain moisture to the meat."

Bamboo Shortage

Fishermen who favor the bamboo type casting or fly rod are expected to face a shortage of their prized equipment during the next few years due to the fact that the Communist guerrillas have swept across Kwangsi province and have overrun the area where much of the bamboo exported to the United States and Europe comes from.

Cane pole fishermen, however, need not fear a shortage in the common bamboo poles since only the top quality bamboo used in the manufacture of split bamboo equipment comes from China, with the large portion of the cane pole supply coming from Arkansas, Louisiana and Mississippi.

Fish Check List

To bring order into the confusion that now exists among fishermen as to the names of American sport fishes, the Outdoor Writers Association of America has prepared a check list of the common names of these fishes and this list in pamphlet form will be distributed free.

This check list, which is the work of acknowledged authorities, is the first of three such lists projected under the supervision of the OWAA nomenclature committee. Game birds and game mammals will follow.

The list of fishes may be secured by writing to the OWAA Headquarters, 10 East Lexington Street, Baltimore 2, Maryland.

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