

Texas Game and Fish

DECEMBER

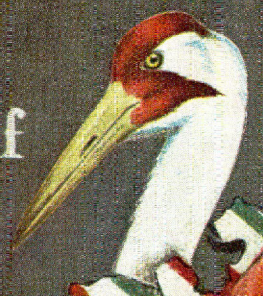
1960

20 CENTS



MAMMALS

A FIELD GUIDE
to the
BIRDS of
TEXAS



Merry
Christmas

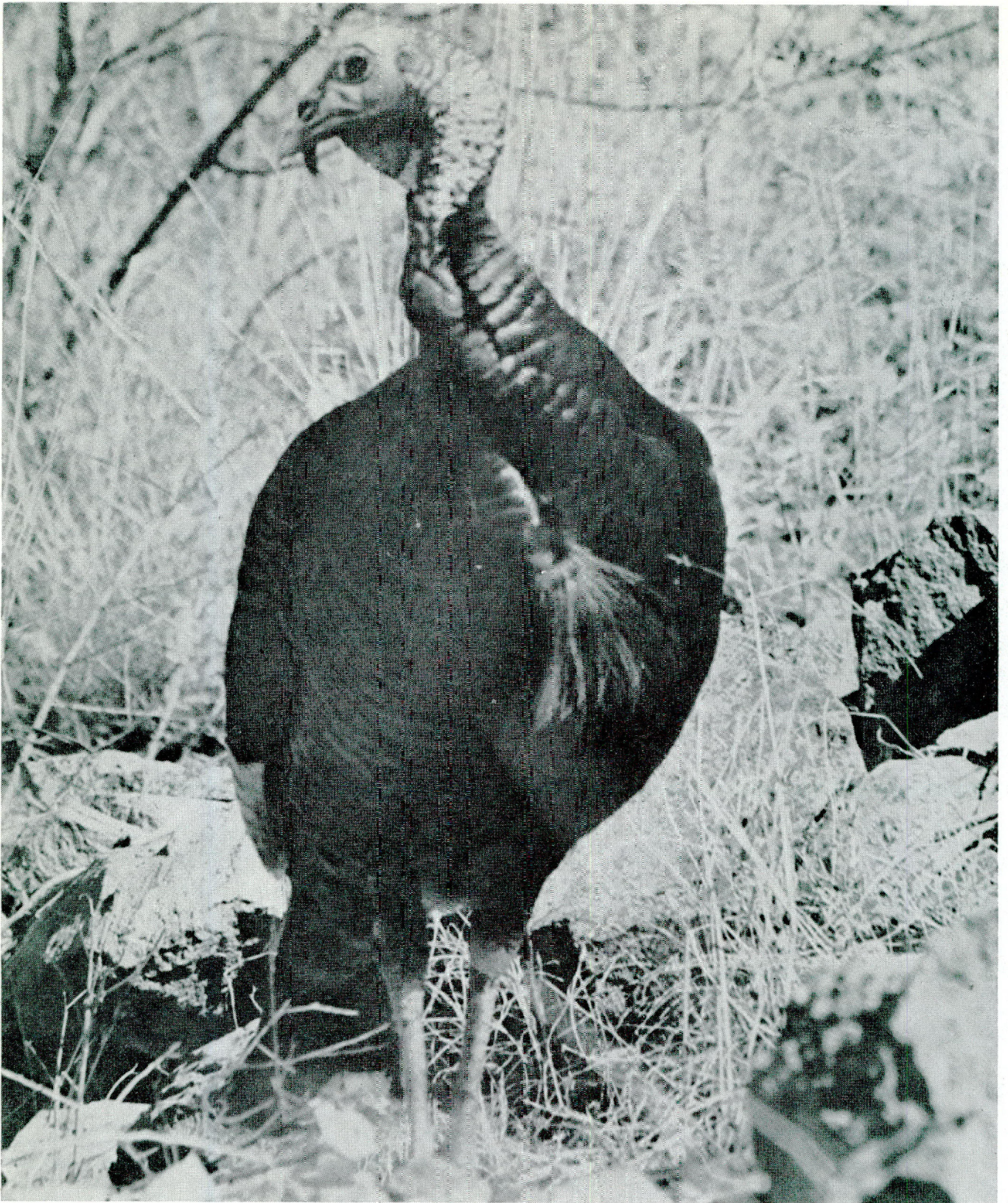
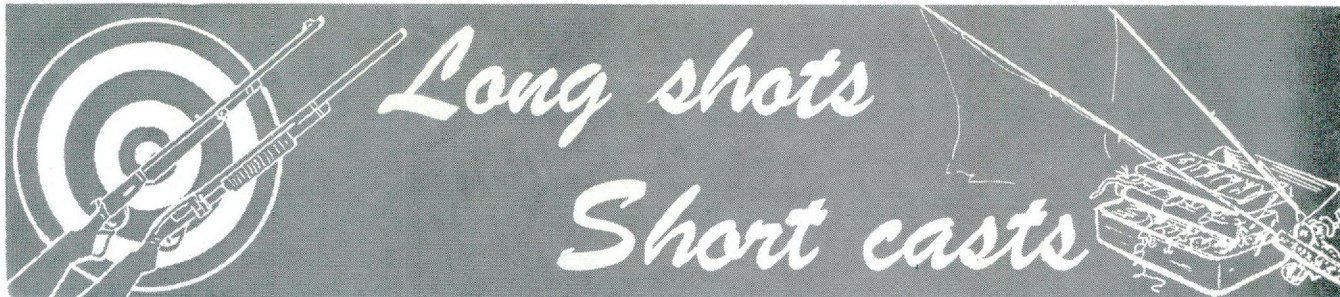


Photo by L. A. Wilke

WHAT A SIGHT this would be through a rifle scope. Right now, this Rio Grande (*Meleagris gallopavo silvestris*) turkey probably isn't feeling as safe as it did when this photo was taken. Although quite domestic looking, this gobbler is far from being tame. With one quick thrust of

wings and legs he could take off with a rocket's speed. To bag a wild turkey on the wing is the dream of most hunters. However, only a very small per cent of adult Texans have ever seen a wild turkey and an even smaller number have had an opportunity to shoot at one.



HELP ASKED FROM HUNTERS: All waterfowl hunters who have received registration cards with the purchase of their Federal duck stamps are urged to cooperate with the Fish and Wildlife Service by filling out and returning the indicated portion of the form. This year more than 1,400 post offices have been furnished with these double postcard forms, to hand to purchasers of duck stamps. One half is for the hunter to fill out and return, and the other is to be retained as a sort of scorecard. They will receive questionnaires at the end of the hunting season, to report their seasonal hunting success.

WELCOME WHOOPERS: The first whooping crane arrived at the Aransas National Wildlife Refuge October 19. Early this spring, 31 whooping cranes left Aransas for their nesting grounds in Canada, and they are expected to return by mid-December. U.S. Fish and Wildlife personnel from Montana and North Dakota to Texas are alerted to help log the progress of the whooping cranes on their southward migration. A close tally will be maintained to determine the number of baby birds which return with the adults. Those which winter at Aransas are the only wild whooping cranes known to exist.

POINTING THE WAY: The great American wilderness has almost limitless opportunities for hunting, fishing and camping. Last year nearly 90,000,000 people visited our national forests and parks; approximately 22,000,000 bought fishing licenses; and nearly 18,000,000 were issued hunting permits. A substantial increase is predicted for 1960. With this in mind, Doubleday will inaugurate in January its Outdoor Bible Series, well-written handbooks for all devotees of the out-of-doors. Each will be specially written by a recognized expert in its field, and each will be big, heavily illustrated, and inexpensive, at \$1.95.

DUCK STAMP SLUMP: Sales of duck stamps for the 1959-60 hunting season totaled 1,628,365. This is 537,197 below the sales of the previous year when 2,165,562 stamps were sold. The record year was 1955-56, with its all-time high of 2,369,940. The drop in sales is partly because of the increase in price from \$2 to \$3, and because unfavorable conditions on the breeding grounds have resulted in poorer flights and poorer hunting.

SAFE AND STYLISH: Vision and color experts from American Optical Company and the U.S. Army have found that fluorescent blaze-orange is the best color to wear to prevent being mistaken for a deer, and to be most visible to other hunters. Tests have proved that red is one of the poorest colors for visibility in dim light such as hunters often hunt in, and yellow can easily be mistaken for white, which can be a fatal mistake in white-tail country. So now blaze-orange is the best color to mark aircraft, survival equipment, and hunters.

RICH RETURN: The public domain, managed by the Bureau of Land Management, produced more than \$371 million of revenue to the U.S. Treasury in the fiscal year 1960. This is an all-time record for a single year.

CARE FOR A CORAL REEF: The nation's first national park entirely under water was established in March, 1960, after more than 30 years of effort. Key Largo Coral Reef Preserve is a natural coral reef off the southern tip of Florida. Regulations were recently approved to put an end to "blasting, dredging, and otherwise defacing or destroying the underwater scenic beauties of the area."

Texas Game and Fish

THE OFFICIAL MAGAZINE OF THE GAME AND FISH COMMISSION DEDICATED TO THE PROTECTION AND CONSERVATION OF OUR NATURAL RESOURCES; AND TO THE IMPROVEMENT OF HUNTING AND FISHING IN TEXAS.

December, 1960

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L. A. WILKE.....Editor
 CURTIS CARPENTER.....Associate Editor
 BILL HAYDEN.....Circulation
 JOAN PEARSALL.....Editorial Secretary
 CAROLYN McWILLIAMS.....Edit'l Ass't.
 NANCY MCGOWAN.....Artist

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INFORMATION AND EDUCATION DIVISION
 T. D. CARROLL.....Director
 L. A. WILKE.....Ass't. Director
 LON FITZGERALD.....Chief Photographer
 TOM DILTZ.....Photographer
 BOB WALDROP.....Photographer
 LOUISE KREIDEL.....Business Assistant

The Cover



Chipmunks have gained fame in the last few years in song and story. One of the three on this month's cover by Nancy McGowan, staff artist, could be mischievous Alvin, depending on whether Alvin is a gray-collared chipmunk. The gray-collared is the only chipmunk found in Texas and it can be seen only in the Sierra Diablo and Guadalupe Mountains.

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Price Daniel, Governor of Texas

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Give to Receive

An Editorial

WE ARE THANKFUL, Lord, for the true meaning of "Merry Christmas," the renewal of hope, and the opportunity for rededication of ourselves in the New Year.

We thank Thee for the many material blessings bestowed so richly upon us, and the spirit at this season of wanting to do something for others.

We are most grateful for the natural bounties; for the sportsmanship in the hearts of men; for the well-placed shots; for eyes and ears to appreciate the beauty in the rebirth of spring; the warmth of summer; the moonrise and sunset; the enjoyment of a well-bent rod; the flight of a swift arrow; the exhilaration of the first norther, and the renewal of faith when southbound birds fill the Texas skies.

We offer our thanks for the privilege of working with the wonders of wildlife, for the secrets uncovered and the challenge of the unknown. We are glad for the dedication felt each day in the hearts of those who strive throughout this land to conserve our natural bounties and use them wisely; for all who give time and interest to further the welfare of natural resources.

We pray, Lord, that those who share in the love of the natural wonders will, throughout the coming year, pass on to others some knowledge and appreciation of these gifts. And that, just as the Wise Men were guided by the Star, we of the Game and Fish Commission might continue to seek the same guidance to direct our stewardship of Thy abundant natural gifts. This not for our benefit alone, but for our fellowmen now and in time to come.

We pray in the Name of Him Whose living example taught that only by giving do we receive.

Staff

VIGIL on the RIMROCK

by CON MIMS

NESTLED BESIDE a large boulder, I was fully relaxed and comfortable, with my pack at my feet and my rifle across my knees. It was still dark, and as I waited I became more and more sensitive to the signs around me. My position, at the top of that Uvalde rimrock, commanded an almost unlimited view of the surrounding country. A pale, pink hue across the eastern horizon barely topped the neighboring hills. The heavens above were filled to their capacity with the most beautiful and brilliant stars. They became brighter and brighter and seemed to fairly dance and play in their vast playground. Then the sky became paler and the eastern horizon lighter; the stars slowly disappeared. A light north breeze drifted down the canyon and whipped across my face. Slowly the whole country started to show signs of life, and I could begin to make out forms in the valley below me.

As the sun rose and the land became lighter, I found myself looking across a large flat valley with motts of oak trees dotting its basin. To the north, separated from me by a small ravine, was a cone-shaped hill strewn with rocks, small shrubs, and cactus. To the south, the rimrock I was on gently sloped upward for about 200 yards until it came to a fence line, where it then started to slope downward. All around me in the scrub brush of that country, small birds twittered and flew about. Once in a while a rodent would be seen scampering from rock to rock. From the stillness of the valley came the shrill cry of a hawk, whose gliding form,

tinted with silver and gold streaks from the early morning sun, soared gracefully through the crisp, wintry air.

This fresh mountain air filled my lungs, lashed my face, and made the hunting blood tingle and race through my veins. The birds played about me, and the trees, hills, and animals kept me company.

This morning was no different from any other, though it might have been more beautiful. The exception was that I was there. It appeared as though the animals knew why. For two weeks they had heard commotion throughout their valley and, fearfully peering from behind trees and rocks, they had witnessed their two-legged enemies with rifles, shattering the peace and stillness of the land. The pulses of the deer were quickened, their senses and nerves developed to the highest peak of acuteness, for their annual match against man.

To the animals, that rimrock was their home. They could tell of the coming of a new-born fawn into the valley a few years back. As the years passed, this fawn grew bigger and stronger. He became the biggest and most powerful buck in the valley. Now he knew that there was someone who dared to trespass into his territory and he was confused. He had reigned for many years and had challenged, been challenged, fought and bled, but now there was someone different waiting for him.

That frosty morning brought no sign of the buck's coming, but as the day waned and the shadows lengthened, the animals suddenly became quiet. Even the breeze stopped. The

sun gave everything a golden-pink tinge. The rocks and leaves glistened in their lush bath of gilded sunlight. All was deathly still and beautiful. Then from the ridge of the hill behind me came a loud and challenging snort which echoed down into the valley and bounced off the surrounding hills. I slowly turned, knowing well what it was, and as I raised my eyes, there, standing on the skyline, was the most beautiful and lordly buck I had ever seen.

He stood not more than a hundred yards away, in all his splendor. The sunlight bounced off his gleaming antlers and his sleek hide. The buck had challenged. I slowly and smoothly raised my rifle to my shoulder and held him in my sights. As the deer took one last look over his valley, with a deafening crash a messenger of death found its mark in the shoulder of this animal. Two more shots followed as the monarch fought for his life. With his last spurt of life, he ran and jumped the fence at the top of the hill. A fourth shot rang out over the hill tops. The buck hit the ground on the other side of the fence and rolled down the hill. As the last of the shots died out so did the king of the valley.

For a while, the whole countryside was filled with a deep silence. Then a bird began to chirp, the wind whipped up, and off in the distance the lonesome wail of a coyote drifted through the canyons, gathering in pitch and ending in a series of quick, shrill yaps and barks, as I slowly walked across the rimrock and came to a stop at the feet of my trophy. **

DOCUMENTS DEPARTMENT

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Bench and Brush Champs



BUCK II, FIELD OR HUNTING CHAMP
shown by Sid Davidson, Weslaco

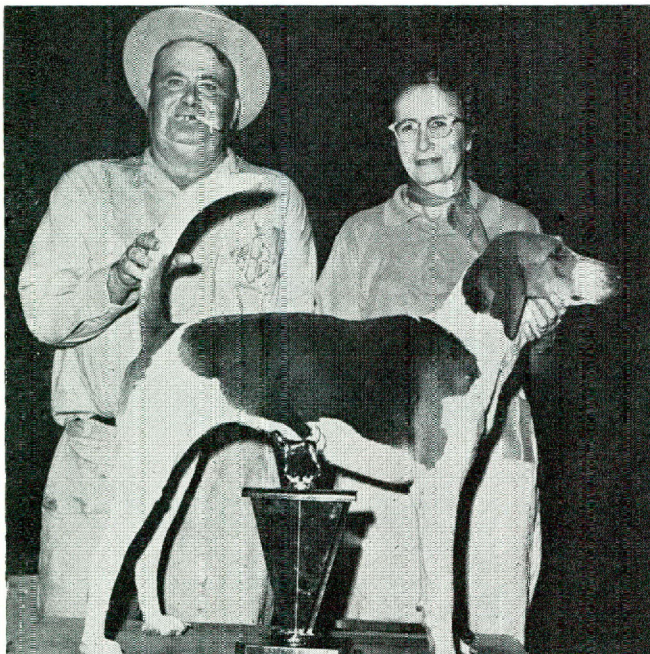
FIRST YOU PAT 'EM on the belly, then you pat 'em on the head, and finally you turn 'em loose in this cactus and thorny brush. They don't know what the heck's happening. Such was the comment of an onlooker during Monday night's bench show opening the annual South Texas Wolf Hunt and Bench Show held October 17-20.

Some 400 hounds were turned loose to run coyotes during the three days of casting and at least 50 were entered in two bench shows.

Old Man Weather, always dogging this hound spectacular, almost missed this time. The grounds were barely damp from weekend rains and hardly a drop fell throughout the event even though much of South Texas was drenched. Only the final day of the casts, when a brand new norther whipped into the country, wasn't ideal.

At the Monday night bench show, opened to hounds whether they hunted or not, Doug Bell of Palestine copped top honors with his Imco Big Boy, also the derby male champ.

Best of opposite sex, judged by J. F. Talbert of Corpus Christi, was Fightin' Fanny owned by R. B. Beard and Sons of Taft. She also was the all-age female show winner and then, during the dual purpose show for dogs entered in the hunt, Fightin' Fanny was the bench champion.



FIGHTIN' FANNY, DUAL PURPOSE TOP
shown by Mr. and Mrs. Beard, Taft



NANCY, DERBY FEMALE CHAMP
shown by O. F. Poling, Aransas Pass

**A report on the
South Texas Wolf Hunt**
by **ROY SWANN**
Corpus Christi Caller-Times

Bell completed a domination of the bench show with Imco Fan Door, the 3-6-month puppy champ while T. J. Kyle of Tanglewood showed Jeanie Kay, the 6-12-month female puppy champ and then won first with the same hound in less than a year class for either sex.

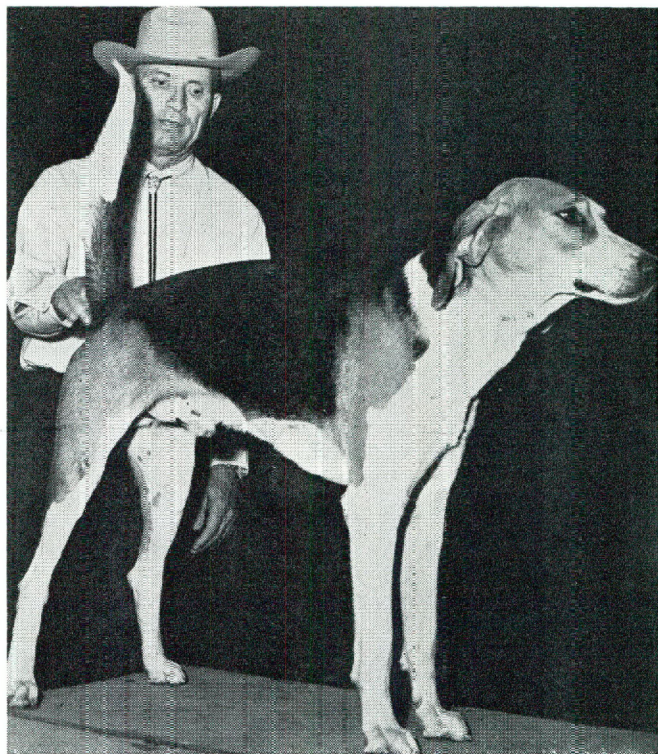
Leslie Riedle of Weesatche showed the top all-dog puppy, 6-12 months old, in Groutchie and O. F. Poling of Aransas Pass took the all-age female award with Cannon Ball and the derby female trophy with Nancy.

When it came time to decide the top hunting dogs of the field trials, Sid Davidson of Weslaco, showed them all how the hound hunts the howlers. His Buck II was judged the all-age champ and Lady came in second. Davidson had no hounds in the bench show.

J. M. Tidwell of Austin saw his Black Jack take derby class field honors for its hunting ability, with Crook, belonging to Norman Davidson of Weslaco taking second and Casey, owned by Calvin Owens of Rockdale, copping third.

The remainder of the all-age field ran like this: 3. Mack, owned by Bill Stulting of Waelder; 4. Tiger, owned by Leslie Riedle, Weesatche; 5. Patsy, owned by O. F. Afford of Gause; 6. Spike, owned by Chub Schroeder of George West; 7. Jiggs, owned by Earl Needham of Flatonia; 8. Ike, owned by Leo Huseman of Lyford; 9. Shorty Dreher, owned by Herbert Boenig of Seguin; 10. Andy Brock Boenig, owned by Boenig.

R. Williams of Alice was elected president during the Tuesday night election, Ely Haydon of Alice was elected first vice president, Earl Needham of Flatonia to second vice president, and Jerry Bacon of San Antonio, to third



IMCO BIG BOY, BEST OF BENCH SHOW
shown by **Doug Bell, Palestine**

vice president. Carl Bridges of Palacios will continue as secretary-treasurer.

Many things were accomplished on the Perez Ranch between San Diego and Freer. Hounds were released, dogs were shown on the benches, champions were named and officers for the association were elected.

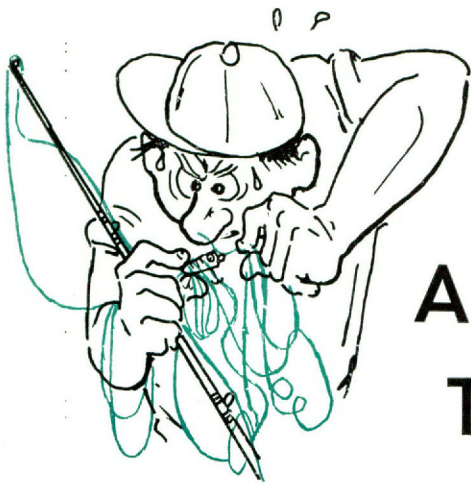
Hunters still will be telling stories about the 1960 South Texas Wolf Hunt, which stacks up as one of the best ever held. **



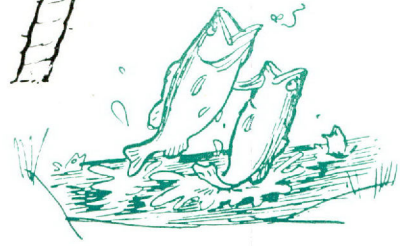
GROUTCHIE, BEST ALL-AGE PUPPY
shown by **Leslie Riedle, Weesatche**



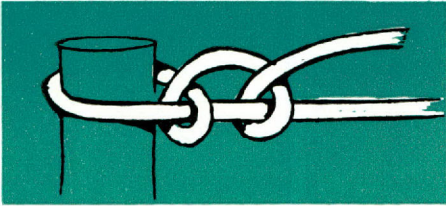
JEANIE KAY, FEMALE PUPPY CHAMP
shown by **T. J. Kyle. Judge J. F. Talbert with cigar, watches.**



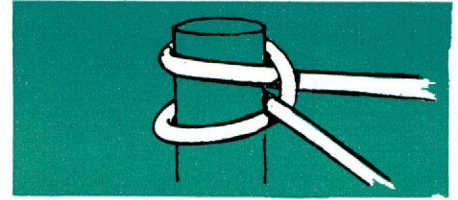
A KNOT TO REMEMBER



Art by Nancy McGowan

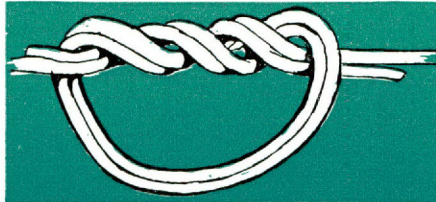


At left is the double half hitch, a very useful knot for boatman and one of the easiest to tie.



At right is the clove hitch, usually used to secure a boat to the dock pilings.

Below is the bowline, probably one of the most popular knots of all. It fits when there's a need for a loop that won't slip, such as in the end of a line used for some leaders.



The fisherman's bend below is often called an anchor knot and is used to fasten a line to anchor and other rings. It is very easy to tie, will hold securely and can be used to tie a line to a hook, but weakens line at bends.



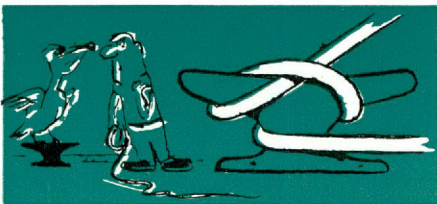
Above, the double surgeon's knot is most often used to tie two pieces of monofilament line together. This is just two simple knots with an extra twist or two on each end, to prevent possible slipping and loss of line strength.



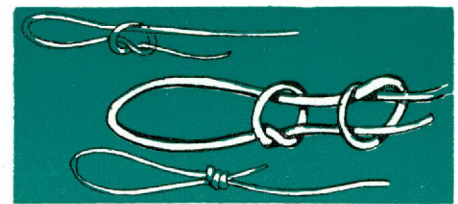
Below is a half hitch around a cleat, a common sight along the coast. It's easy to tie and it'll hold the boat. As can be seen, the more pull on the line, the tighter the grip on the cleat.



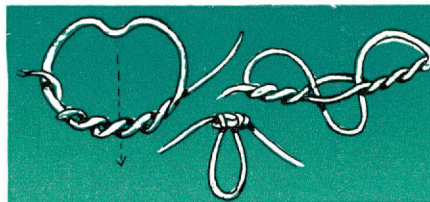
The Flemish loop below is an end-of-the-line loop used for fastening leaders to a line. It is not too satisfactory with nylon and monofilament unless an extra knot is tied at the end.



The sheet bend knot, above is used to temporarily fasten a rope to the bight of another rope or to an eye. It is similar to the square knot but does not serve the same purpose.



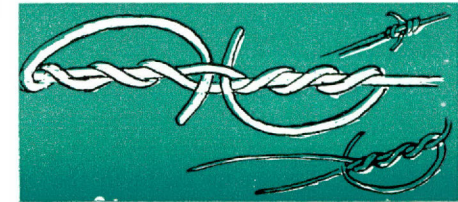
The clinch knot, below, is a favorite for tying line to a hook. With a twist of the hook and a threading of the line you have a knot that will hold, with little loss of line strength.



The blood knot, bottom, is one of the best knots for tying two pieces of nylon or monofilament together. It leaves a small lump in line which normally doesn't interfere with retrieve.



Above is the very popular blood dropper loop knot, a very useful tie when using nylon leaders. It can be tied in a line above the end, making it possible to keep a hook off the bottom. It is simple and serves its purpose well.



EAGLE INVENTORY

THE NATIONAL Audubon Society has announced it will undertake an inventory of the bald eagle numbers in North America.

The bald eagle (*Haliaeetus leucocephalus*), national bird whose likeness appears on the seal of the United States, is a scarce resident of Texas. It has been known to breed along the rivers of East and Central Texas. In fact several times in recent years bald eagles have been noted in that area. It has been a casual visitor in the Texas Panhandle and in the Trans-Pecos area.

For several years Texas game wardens have been on the lookout for bald eagle nests. Persons knowing of these nests are asked to contact their game warden.

The study is prompted, Society President Carl W. Buchheister told members of the organization in a recent Washington convention, by widespread reports of a serious downward trend in the population of the great, white-headed bird that serves the United States as its national emblem.

It will be the first continent-wide survey of eagle numbers and distribution ever attempted. The Society's research department, headed by Biologist Alexander Sprunt IV, will seek the cooperation of federal, state and provincial wildlife officials and conservation officers throughout the United States and Canada. Local

Audubon Societies will help, and the observations of skilled bird watchers as well as professional ornithologists will be sifted and tabulated.

"Inventory is the essential first step in keeping the eagle from becoming an endangered species," Mr. Buchheister said. "Once its numbers have been closely estimated and its nesting and wintering concentrations and migration patterns mapped, future checks will then disclose population trends."

Intensive research into the eagle's biology and habitat requirements probably will follow the extensive survey. The Audubon Society head said a five-year study costing up to \$50,000 is envisioned.

The young of the bald eagle leave the nest when they are about 13 weeks old.

Average weight of the adult bald eagle is about 11 pounds. This species does not develop its white head plumage until nearly three years old. They mate and use the same nest for life.

The nest or eyrie of bald eagles is made up of sticks located on a pinnacle or tall tree. The eyrie may be as much as 20 feet high and from 4 to 6 feet in diameter. Incubation period for the eggs of the bald eagle is approximately 35 days, and both the male and female eagle help to incubate the eggs.

Some experts feel the species may already be in deep trouble because of water pollution, drainage, cutting of

nest trees and other factors that destroy its habitat. Known to range from Alaska to Florida, the bald eagle prefers coastal areas and inland bodies of water, as it feeds heavily on fish and other aquatic animals.

A survey of the golden eagle, a related species that is found in Europe, Asia and Africa as well as in America, may be undertaken along with the bald eagle study. The two birds are difficult to tell apart in the juvenile stage. The golden eagle, a bird of the uplands and plains, is often persecuted—mistakenly, the National Audubon Society believes—as a detrimental predator or "varmint." **





Art by Nancy McGowan

My eyes shifted just in time to see a large chicken snake crawl out!

SEVERAL YEARS AGO, while squirrel hunting one morning, I witnessed a most unusual wildlife episode. My partner and I had gone into the Neches River bottom that morning in the southern part of Angelina County, to still hunt. It was one of those perfect days for such a hunt, not a cloud in the sky, nor any breeze stirring.

About an hour later, after I had killed three squirrels, I was easing cautiously along through the underbrush looking for another when I heard a sort of wail. As I listened, I tried to identify it. It was not very loud, and at first it was hard to tell from which direction it came. I finally decided that the sounds were coming from some distance almost directly ahead of me.

As I walked slowly forward, the wail ceased. In a few moments, the chilling screams began again. By now, I had my directions a little clearer and proceeded at a faster pace. Again

the cry ceased, then began once more.

Finally, I spotted a tree which seemed to produce the sounds. Once I was in a position to get a good look at the large oak, I was a bit puzzled at what I saw. A grey squirrel was literally racing from limb to limb faster than any grey I had ever seen before. At the same time, she was giving out with that unusual, almost weird cry. No squirrel I had ever seen had acted like this.

My first impression, as I pondered the antics of this little animal, was that surely she must have rabies, or perhaps a serious case of ulcers.

After a few moments she calmed down a bit, stopped crying and very cautiously approached a hole in the body of the tree. She peeked in, then began tearing that tree apart again. Suddenly a tiny baby squirrel not larger than a mouse came tumbling out of the hole, and fell to the ground some 20 feet below.

In less time than it takes to tell

about it, the mother squirrel ran down the tree, picked up her baby by the nape of the neck (like a cat does her kittens), and in a flash disappeared into the woods. As I stood there still puzzled and looking in the direction the mother had gone, I saw what I thought was another squirrel speeding directly towards this same oak tree.

I raised my gun and started to fire, before realizing it was the same squirrel returning for another baby. When up the tree, she began wailing, crying and jumping from limb to limb.

Finally, after a few moments of these antics, she again started down a limb toward the hole from which the tiny squirrel had fallen a short time before. This time when she was only about halfway there, she suddenly turned and fled to the topmost branches of the tree.

went a'huntin' and what did I see?

A MAMA DRAMA

up in a tree

by C. E. RUSSELL

My eyes shifted back to the hole just in time to see a large chicken snake come crawling out. It had a tiny squirrel in its mouth.

When the snake had crawled out on a limb a few feet from the hole, still holding the tiny squirrel in his mouth, I decided to take a shot at it. I wanted to knock him off the limb or, perhaps, make him drop his victim.

The moment I fired, the snake dropped the little squirrel which fell to the ground. Again the mother raced down the tree in a flash, picked up her baby and disappeared into the woods in the same direction she had gone the first time.

While she was gone, I finished off the snake with another shot, then stepped back and waited to see if she might return for another. To me, one of the oddest parts about this whole episode was the fact that this mother

squirrel paid no attention to the noise of my gun, and none whatsoever to me.

All who hunt grey squirrels know this is very unusual. Greys are very shy creatures, and once they spot you, hear a gun blast, or suspect intruders, they're gone. But not this daring little mother.

In a moment, she was back, and for a third time, up the oak she went. This time she went directly to the den hole, without all the previous fanfare. She paused only for a moment at the door of her home, then dived in like a woodpecker. Out she came with a third baby, and climbed very cautiously down the tree with it.

A person needs to see a mother squirrel carry a baby down a tree before he can believe any description of it. Off she went once more in the direction as before.

I stood there watching this drama

and wondered if she might return for another. Soon she was back, and up the tree she went like an arrow and, without a pause, into the hole. She came out with a fourth baby, and down and away she scampered.

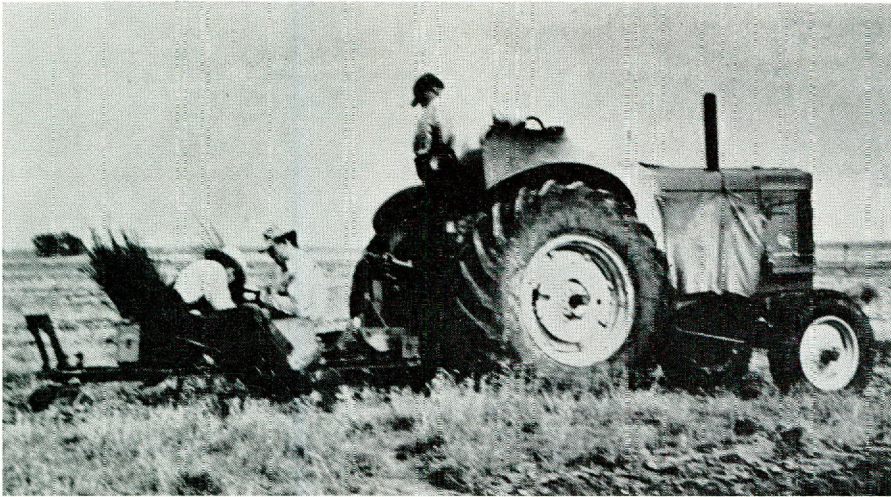
That was the last time I saw the faithful mother. Four babies were all, of that I am sure. If there had been more she would have been back.

As I continued hunting, I wondered how this grey squirrel knew where to go when she come down that tree the first time and picked up the first baby. It was evident that she didn't have to look for a new home, because she was gone only a minute or so. This mother squirrel must have known that it was possible for enemies to seek and destroy her little family and was prepared for such a crisis.

I'm glad that I had a part in lending her a helping hand. It is an experience I shall never forget. **

In a flash, she picked up her baby and disappeared into the woods!





This tractor and planter were used this spring to plant cover for game birds.

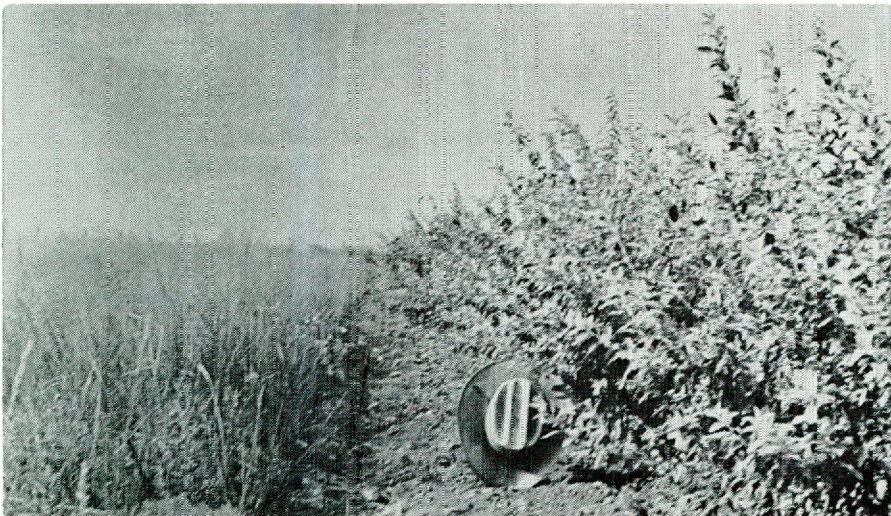
Partnership Project

AHABITAT improvement project located in the north Panhandle may bring a bountiful supply of game to an area about thirty miles north-west of Dalhart on what is now National Grass Lands. It isn't a very large venture at this time, but quite a lot of hard work and sweat has gone into it. The first couple of years, dry weather, big weeds, hailstorms, rabbits cutting the seedlings and other factors made the going rough.

But, luck finally changed for the better; most of the rabbits died, it

rained a time or two, we started plowing regularly, the weeds began to die off, and the trees came to life.

We naturally wanted other people to take a look at the plantings so when the director of the Wildlife Restoration Division came up, we showed him around and then sat back and waited for a good word. The director explained, "It's such a fine thing you're doing, Jack and Bill, that I think it should be taken out of the wraps, written up, and presented to the public, so they'll know what you



This Russian olive was planted in the spring. This July photo shows the progress it has made.

are doing up here."

This came as quite a jolt, because neither of us could be described as accomplished writers.

A couple of months later we gathered up our courage and sat down one evening to do some serious writing; but because of mental blanks and the TV set, only a bunch of doodles was on paper when we hit the hay about 2 a.m.

The next evening, after a hard day's labor trying to kill a few weeds out of the tree rows, we were heading back to town when a familiar looking car approached. On looking closer we saw that it was an old friend. We waved him down. As we pulled up beside him, we struck on an idea. If we could explain all about the workings of the project to this fellow we just might be able to put it down on paper. Anyway it was worth a try, so we crawled out of the pickup, shook hands, and started right in.

"Hello, Bruce," we said. "What are you doing way up here? You lost?"

"Naw," he replied. "Just thought I would come up and try my luck at shooting a few birds."

"Have you found a place to hunt?"

"Well, yes," he replied. "I thought that I would try some of this Government land around here. I hear that it is open to hunting."

"That's right, most of it is open."

"How can you tell where it is located?" Bruce asked.

"It's well marked with black and yellow signs, reading: NATIONAL FOREST LANDS—Open to the Public—Hunting and Fishing Permitted under State Game and Fish Regulations, spaced at intervals around the entire boundary. Then there is another type of sign around parts of the lands which reads: WILDLIFE MANAGEMENT AREA—Game and Fish Commission—Federal Aid Project. These mark the lands upon which the Game and Fish Commission is working on Quail habitat improvement."

"I have never quite understood about the ownership of these lands," Bruce said. "Does the State of Texas own part of it?"

"No, the State does not own any of the land. You see, the land was originally all cultivated and was under

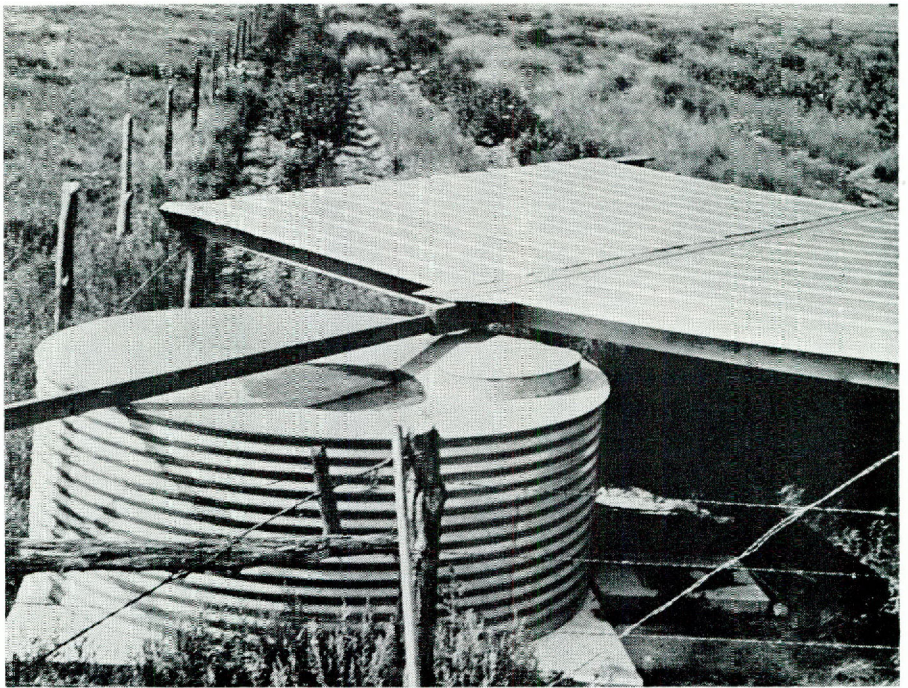
private ownership, but during the drought of the 1930's things were so bad that many people abandoned their farms and moved away. Others did stay, but they nearly starved. The land was literally blowing away and no crops could be grown. Crops that were produced brought in no profit because of the low prices received for them. So under the Bankhead-Jones act of the early 1930's, the Federal Government started buying up land from the owners. This continued until the early 1940's, at which time approximately 78,000 acres had been acquired in Dallam County. This land was turned over to the Soil Conservation Service, and they in turn started the long process of turning it into productive lands again. This they accomplished by seeding the lands with native grasses. By 1954, the once blown out farm lands were tied down with good stands of grasses and were producing good grazing for cattle. In January, 1954, the lands were turned over to the United States Forest Service and were operated as a unit of the Ciabola National Forest. In 1960 this was changed to National Grass Lands, U. S. Department of Agriculture. At the present time they are trying to put the lands to multi-purpose uses which are: grazing, through leases to adjacent land owners; grass seed harvest; recreation; and wildlife."

"I guess the wildlife part is where you fellows come into the picture," Bruce said.

"That's correct. In 1956 the Game and Fish Commission entered into an agreement with the Forest Service whereby we could enter these lands and carry out projects in an effort to produce better hunting. The primary species involved at the present is the Scaled Quail. We would like to see the population on the lands raised to the point where there would be good hunting for many people."

"Looks like a pretty tough situation," said Bruce. "How do you plan to do this?"

"We have to admit that at first glance the possibilities look pretty slim, but there are quite a few birds around in spots for seed stock, and there seems to be plenty of food plants available. The limiting factor is the lack of cover. About the only



Squawbush in the background was planted in early 1957. This July photo shows the fast growth of the plants. Catchment in foreground supplies water for wildlife in the area.

by J. K. PARSONS and B. D. HUDGINS
Wildlife Biologists

cover available is old post piles, junk yards, abandoned buildings, cattle-guards, etc.; and you will find that these are heavily used by quail. However, there just isn't enough of these to afford room for many quail. Our plan was to produce tracts or motts of living cover in the form of shrubs and trees. So in March of 1956 we fenced ten plots of from one to three acres each and planted these plots to Russian olive and squawbush. These two plants were selected because of their resistance to drought and also because they furnish quail food. Several different sites were selected so we could determine which soils were best suited for the plants. We also placed these plants in several different patterns so we could determine which furnished the best shelter. Some plants were planted outside the fenced areas so damage to the plants from cattle could be estimated. The sites also were selected because they were devoid of yearlong populations of quail. The plots were plowed so a strip of grass approximately 12 feet wide was left between the rows of trees. This was done to cut down on wind and water erosion, since all tree rows were clean tilled until the plants became too large to cultivate with

regular equipment. We also installed two rainwater catchments in the vicinity of some of the plots to check the value of water in attracting and holding quail.

"Since the first plantings in 1956 we have planted approximately 150,000 seedlings in thirty-four plots, containing a total of 60 acres. These plots are spaced over about 7,000 acres located in the western portion of the National Grass Lands in Dallam County.

"The plantings as a whole are looking good. But, it takes time to grow trees and shrubs. And for the most part, they are still too small to afford shelter and food for quail. Portions of the first year's plantings are becoming large enough to attract some quail, but these still need another few years growth before they can be classed as adequate shelter."

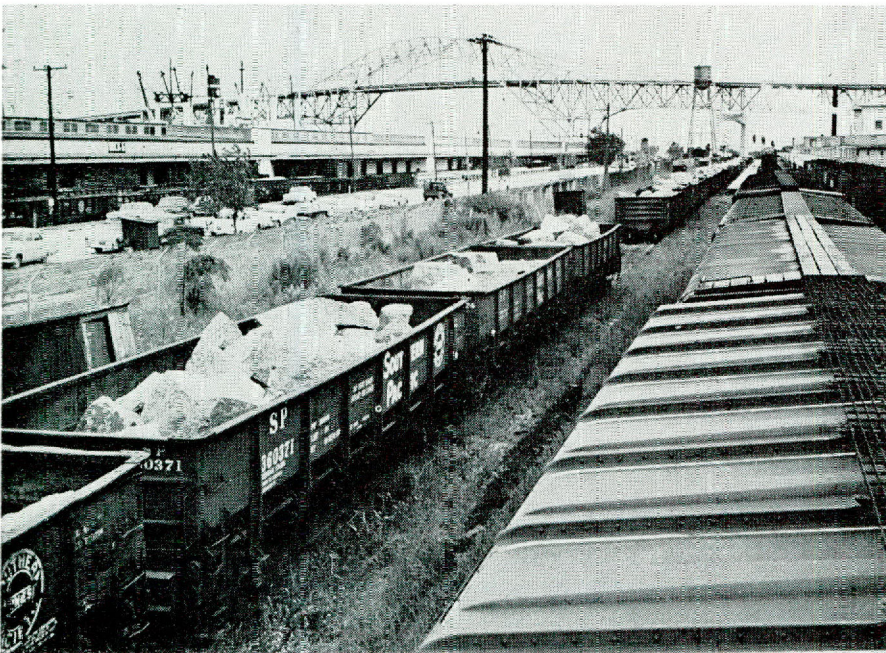
"Since quail are in some plots, I suppose these would be good places to hunt, wouldn't they?" asked Bruce.

"Yes, you probably could find a few quail around the plots this fall, but those lands which have the Game and Fish Commission signs around them are closed to hunting temporarily. The problem does not stop

• continued on page 27

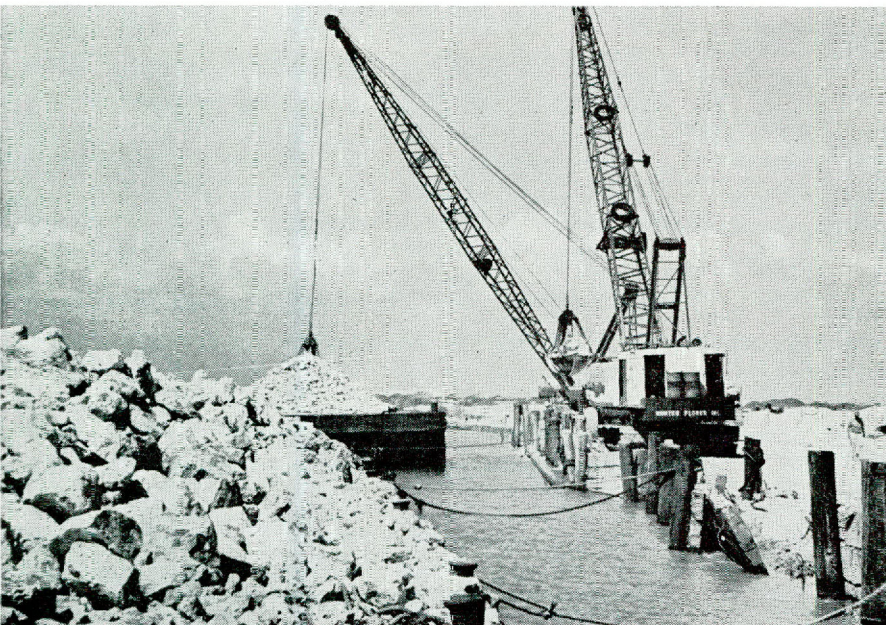


Huge boulders are blasted from the walls of this granite quarry north of Marble Falls, and loaded on gondolas for shipment to Port Mansfield. Some 300,000 tons of rock will be used on the jetties.



At Corpus, the rocks are transferred from the gondolas to barges for their trip to the jettie location on Padre Island opposite Port Mansfield. The barges are then towed down the intracoastal.

Huge cranes remove the rocks from the barges for their trucking across the island, where they are unloaded. Many tons will be dumped for the jetties before they can be built up above water.



In Defense of a Channel

QUARRIES in the vicinity of Marble Falls will provide some 300,000 tons of rock material for the new Port Mansfield Jetties now under construction. The stone is taken from the quarries to Corpus Christi by gondolas. There it is unloaded onto barges and hauled down the intra-coastal canal to Port Mansfield where it is transported across the island via heavy trucks.

Jetties are being built outward from Padre Island to prevent sand from re-filling the ship channel to be dredged through the island.

The contract calls for 86,000 tons of stone blanket; 117,000 tons of large cone stone; 16,000 tons of filler for the center and 81,000 tons of large granite stone for the cover. All material except the granite will be limestone.

Port Mansfield is on the Texas coast, 25 miles east of Raymondville. The waters of Laguna Madre in that area are famous for great catches of trout and red fish. In addition to providing a throughway for big boats, the cut also will allow fishermen to get into the gulf waters from that area.

According to reports, an excellent snapper bank is located about seven miles from the mouth of the cut. This could mean that party boat and other offshore fishing activity will be improved in the area because of the short cut to the fishing bank.

The Port Mansfield project presently is under the direction of the U.S. Corps of Engineers. Victor C. Kee-secker of Brownsville, is resident engineer.

The contract for the stone work has been in the hands of Richards & Associates. The work now is approximately 25 percent completed and slightly ahead of schedule, according to the engineers. Weather permitting, the job will be finished before contract date in the fall of 1961. **

FLEDGLING FIELDERS

by
CLARENCE
BEEZLEY



Houston Naturalist Little Leaguers

ASK ANY CITIZEN about the merits of little league and teenage baseball and the chances are pretty good that you will get several sound reasons extolling the value of the program. Ask the same citizen about the merits of promoting natural science programs for children and he probably will agree that it is a good idea. But there are fairly good odds that the "off-the-cuff" reasons will not be as sound or basic as those concerning baseball. This does not mean the average citizen is a "ninny-hammered nincompop" who is more interested in good baseball teams during the coming generations than he is in what happens to our water, soil and air.

The fact is that baseball is infinitely simpler than nature.

It took the greatest of all scientists somewhere between seven days and several billion years to put this planet together and we, as humans, are going to be a little longer in learning how He did it and how to properly use all the heritage that He put here for us. A simple answer to the question might be "that our lives depend upon the manner in which we use our resources." The reasons for this are

much more complex, therefore it is very important that our future citizens begin adult life with as much knowledge as possible about what really makes the world go around.

Fortunately, there are people who recognize this problem and are doing something about it. The Houston Museum of Natural History Science Club is one of these groups. For this reason employees of The Game and Fish Commission are glad to take some time off from routine duties and lend a hand when W. T. Smith and his group visit the Sheldon Area.

The schedule is set up over a five-year program with new topics each week. Groups meet once each week during the summer and once a month during the winter. Because of the five-year plan there is a constant source of new material for the student. Topics include: Planting Gardens, Poison Snakes of Texas, Fossil Plants, Birds of the Grasslands, Rocks and Minerals, The Seashore, Indians of the Northwest, The Monarch Butterfly and others. Museum specimens are used for lectures and the students are permitted to handle the specimens. During the summer, field trips are made each Friday and it is on these

trips that Game and Fish employees sometimes are able to assist these "Naturalist Little Leaguers."

On one trip to the Sheldon Area, a junior group, which happened to be all boys, caught some crayfish, snakes, lizards, managed to catch one adult gallinule (which Mr. Smith had them release), adopted an abandoned house cat, and found a dead bull-frog (to feed the cat). These are activities which would be natural pleasure to any boy who is fortunate enough to live in the country. The important aspect of this situation, which even a country boy would not have, is an extremely qualified instructor present to answer questions which are the natural out-growth of such activities and to make sure that "it" really is a scarlet-king-snake that junior is after and not a coral-snake. One group visited while netting samples were being taken and got to handle fish and play with them. At the same time the members learned the names of specimens and something about their habits. A teen-age group who visited the area were interested enough to walk about two miles in the rain through the marsh to learn something about the habits of wildlife found there.

These boys and girls will be doctors, lawyers, merchants, and chiefs in a few years. No matter what occupation is chosen, the chances are that wildlife and other resources will benefit from what they are enjoying and learning now. The doctor is already preparing for his work, the future law-maker and lawyer will be more qualified to formulate laws which are true conservation measures, the merchant will know "why" insecticides and herbicides should not be sold indiscriminately, and the chief of the corporation will be able to explain to his stockholders why in the long-run there is more profit in properly treated effluent than would be if improperly treated waste was released into the streams.

No matter what profession these students enter, both they and our resources will be better off tomorrow because of what they are learning today. The naturalist "Little Leaguer" of to-day will be our "Big Leaguers" of tomorrow. **

They found lots of *Cactus Blues*

BLUE QUAIL hunting began early in Crockett County, east of the Pecos River this year. The season opened along with Trans-Pecos counties on Nov. 1 and will continue until Dec. 31.

Biologists who had been working in the area recommended the early opening because of the abundance of blue quail on both sides of the Pecos River.

Hunting pressure on the birds in Crockett County generally is not too

heavy. The county is made up of many large ranches where little hunting is permitted.

On opening day a party of six hunters took their limit of 72 birds. Their wings were clipped and aged by Biologist Jack Thomas, project leader for the area. Only a half-dozen were old birds. The remainder, according to the wing check, were birds of the year. All were in excellent condition.

Most of the birds killed by this

group of hunters were found in fairly large covies. Despite the fact that they had never before heard a gunshot they were extremely wild. They flushed quicker than most blues, perhaps because of the extremely rough terrain. Running for them was almost as difficult as walking was for the hunters in the canyon areas.

Most of the hunters for the opening day were from Ozona, the county seat of Crockett County. Practically all who went out reported bagging the limit. **

By L. A. WILKE

Steve Simmons left, and Walter Yates of Austin got their limit in the rock and prickly pears.





Game Warden Bun Carpenter of Ozona, checks Simmon's shotgun for shell capacity.



D. M. Curbello, Oil Field Route, Big Lake, cleans his limit of Crockett County blues.

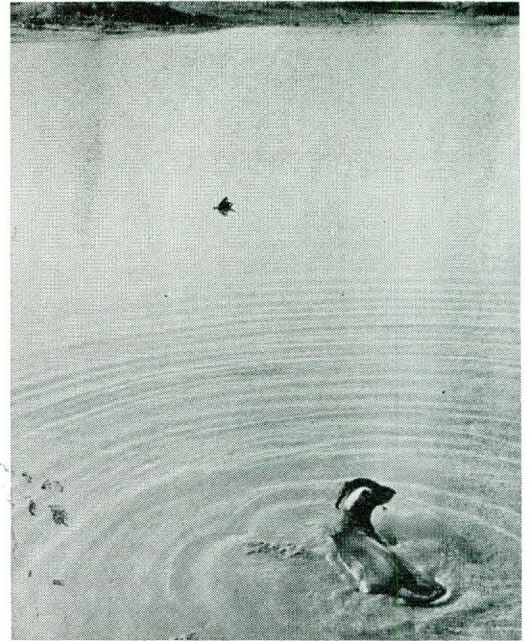


Biologist Jack Thomas shows Yates how to age quail by wing feathers.





Duke waits for a dove to crash into the water, and then plunges in after it, right.



Water Sprite

by HAL SWIGGETT

DACHSHUND means "badger dog." This dog was bred and used for going into holes after its namesake. It has a very fine sense of smell and is a rugged little K-9. It is sometimes referred to as "half a dog high and a dog and a half long," and is lovable, good-natured and makes a fine companion.

These dogs have been used for trail dogs on rabbits, deer and believe it or not, the author knows of one that is doing a fine job in a 'coon hound pack. Even though short-legged, they are a strong, hardy breed and can hold their own with many larger hounds where stamina, intelligence and courage are placed ahead of speed. Nearly everyone who has been around one of these little dogs will vouch for these facts. But, few people know about their love for water, and their swimming abilities.

Duke Swiggett, as our dachshund is called, is accepted as one of the family and is treated nearly the same as my two sons. He loves the water and never misses a chance for a swim. If we are near the surf on the Texas coast, he cries until someone takes him far out in the waves and dumps him overboard.

He then swims back with the waves and once on the beach, sets off a howl to do it over again. He isn't big enough to get out there by himself.

In fresh water, he chases frogs and if I'm fishing, he will give me fits when a fish is being landed. He even jumps in the water and tries to catch it.

During the dove season, his fondness for making like a fish comes in very handy. One of his favorite pastimes is sitting beside a pond waiting for someone to kill a dove. His very

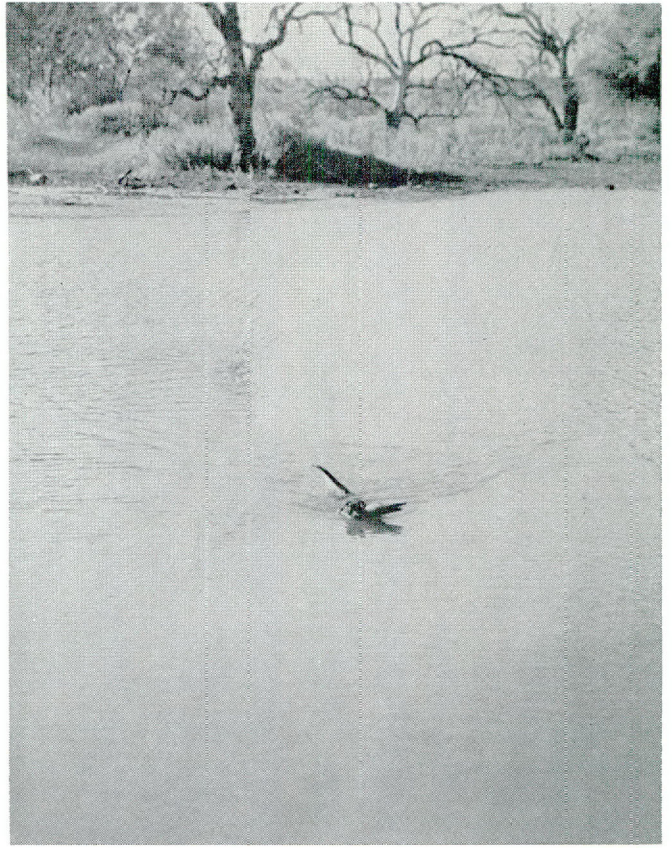
fine sense of smell helps him to find the bird should it fall on the ground. However, unlike most hunting dogs, he will not pick a live bird up but holds it with his forefeet until the hunter gets to it. When a bird falls in the water, Duke is off with a splash. He stops at the water's edge for a last look around then out he goes. He'll pick doves up either by the head or wing and bring them to the bank where he entered and drops them.

Duke cannot swim as fast as a recognized retriever and, needless to say, not as far. He resembles a drowned rat when he climbs out on the bank after a trip. But, with a shake or two, he is ready for another bird even though he was never trained to go in or retrieve from the water.

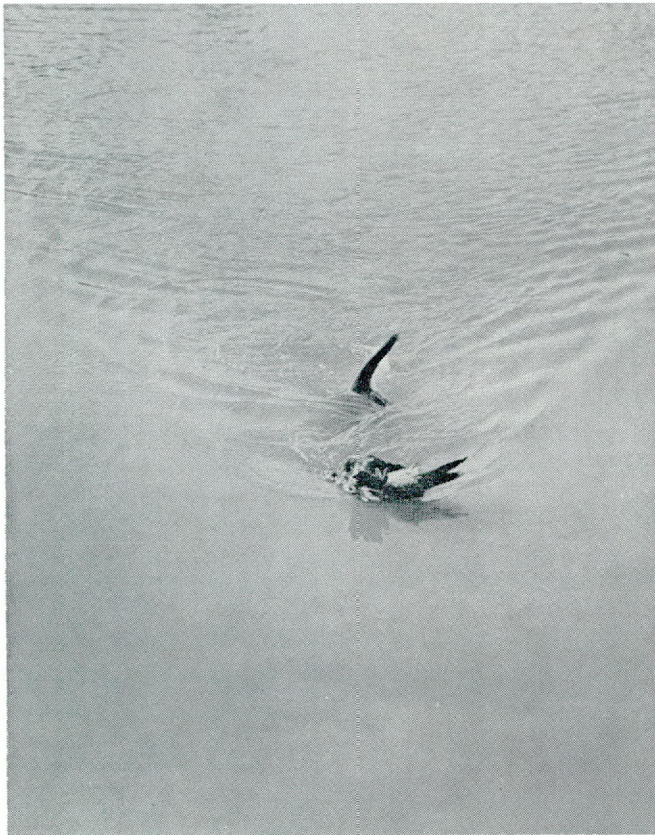
This is just another undiscovered talent of the sausage dog, the dachshund. **



Duke can't swim as fast nor as far as some retrievers but he's not afraid of water. In fact, he loves to swim anytime.



With the dove by the neck, Duke returns to the shore. The dog has never been trained to retrieve on land or on the water.



Nearing shore with his tail pointing skyward like a flagpole, Duke the dachshund is bringing home the bacon for his master.



Tired but not worried, the stub-legged Duke marches up on the shore and proudly drops his package. And, he's raring to go again.

whopping whooper



MANY PEOPLE visited the Arkansas National Wildlife Refuge at Austwell in February, 1960. Like thousands of others, Dale N. Randolph was visiting the Refuge that month to view the surviving non-captive whooping cranes which, each winter, share this Bureau of Sports Fisheries and Wildlife Refuge on the Texas Gulf Coast with thousands of migratory ducks and geese.

Unlike the other visitors, however, Mr. Randolph had experiences with a whooping crane to relate. In the 1880's, he and his brother had a whooper for a pet.

Subsequent to his visit, Mr. Randolph provided the Refuge Manager with as much detail as he could remember. The following is Mr. Randolph's story:

"In the 1880's, E. L. Combs (of Sweeney & Combs, Jewelers, now J. J. Sweeney Jewelry Co.), Houston, Texas, owned a place on Washington Avenue next to and east of Glenwood Cemetery. He had a sort of private zoo in which he had a full grown whooping crane, about five feet tall. The outer joint of one wing was broken and it turned at different angle from that of the other wing. When the crane attempted to fly, it tilted to the side of the broken wing and became off balance. As further hindrance to its flying, the feathers of the bad wing were usually cropped. How long he had the crane, I do not know. I was only eight and it did not interest me to know how, when, or where he got it.

"At this time (1889), there were four brothers in our family; ages, eight to eighteen. So far as I know, there were no game laws in the State of Texas then and since every male large enough to carry a gun was a hunter and trapper, wild animals were easily obtainable. We four boys also had a private zoo, consisting of reptiles, birds and animals, all of which we were constantly trying to domesticate. If anybody wanted to study wildlife at that time, they did not need a U. S. Game Refuge; they needed only come to our home, 170 (now numbered 1214) Washington Street.

"Mr. Combs finally disposed of his animals, and he gave the crane to my brother, age 11, and me. We didn't know the sex of the bird, but we always named our pets so we called it Bob. We had quite a time getting Bob to our home, about a mile away. It was no simple task. He had the range of a large, fenced place at Combs' and was not accustomed to being handled. When we each took a wing and tried to lead him, he raised strenuous objection. The five foot bird with two huge wings, two very long legs and a sharp, lengthy bill, all moving in every direction at the same time, posed quite a problem. We put a sack over his head to keep him from pecking us but even with the pecking eliminated and his being unable to see, it was still an ordeal to get that "live helicopter" to walk a mile down the middle of Washington Street, to the consternation and fright of horses and dogs, and the amusement of the people. When we finally got him home, the three of us were pretty well worn out.

"Our place was surrounded by a fence about 4 feet high and as Bob couldn't get out, he soon became reconciled to his new home.

"We noticed that Bob would pick up things with his bill, throw them in the air and emit several whoops and

dance around before they landed. We made a ball of lightly wound yarn about the size of a baseball and Bob made a plaything of it, throwing it in the air and dancing and whooping.

"We kept a large bucket under the hydrant in each yard, for the animals' drinking water. One day, we heard an unusual amount of whooping and went to see what it was all about. A hen and her brood of chicks had gotten through the fence from the "chicken yard" into the yard where Bob ranged and he was having a Roman Holiday throwing the chicks in the air, whooping and dancing, then sousing them in the water. He killed a half-dozen or more before we could stop him.

"I found two alligators about 12 inches long which I kept in the reptile cage. One day I thought they would enjoy a swim so I put them in the bathtub (the bathroom was on the second floor). My mother found them and not liking the idea, put them out on the second floor perch. They crawled under the banister and fell down on the front lawn. Bob found them. Again we heard an unusual amount of whooping and by the time I got there, he had picked out their eyes and half the hide off their heads and backs, was throwing them in the air, whooping and dancing and dunking them in the water. He mutilated the little gators so badly I had to destroy them.

"Bob was a stately looking bird and was admired by the whole neighborhood. He spent a great deal of his time in the front yard; whether he was attracted by the people and horses and wagons passing, I cannot say. Our only objection to his being in the front yard was that boys and some men would tease him, mostly by waving their hats at him.

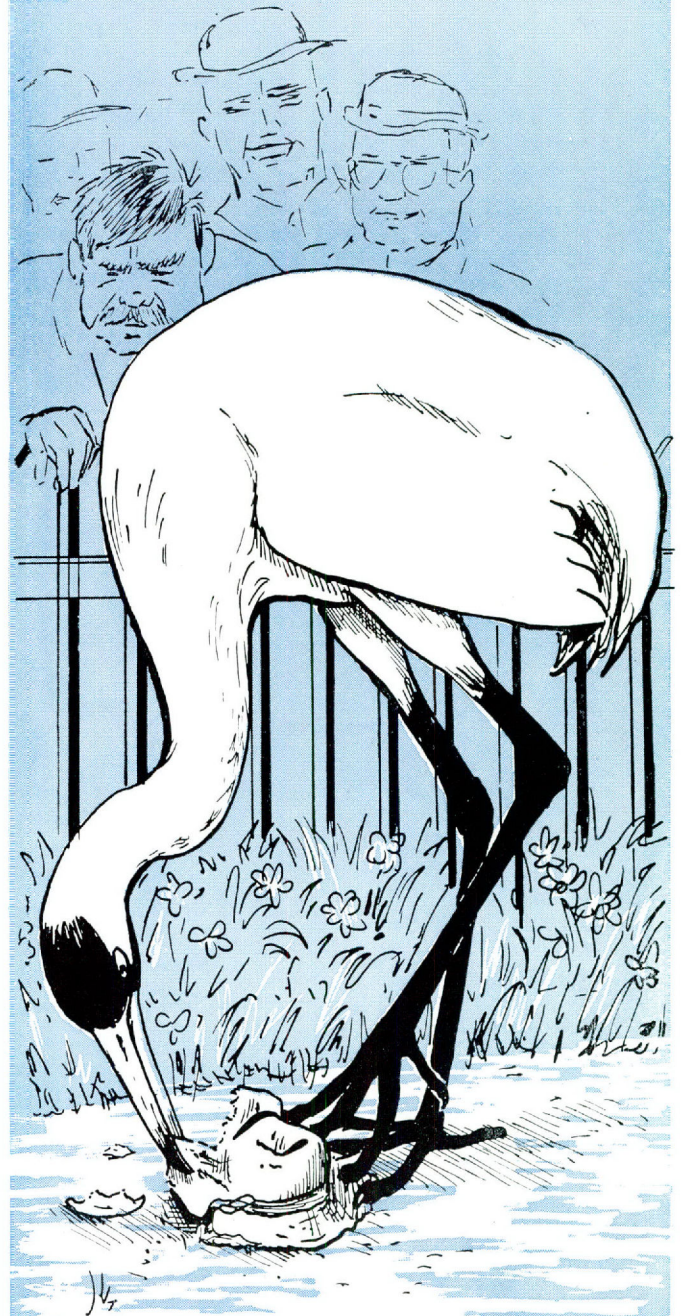
"One Sunday afternoon, several men, who had been hunters in their earlier days, stopped by our house to watch Bob cavort and strut, head high in the air and defying anything that came in range of his rapier-like bill. Most of them stayed out of range except Mr. Jacob Weiss, who was wearing a derby hat which was quite the style those days. Bob made one thrust and seized the derby. Then he began to toss it in the air, catch it on descent, stomp on it and peck it to pieces, occasionally dipping parts of it in his water bucket. All men wore hats then, so Mr. Weiss had to borrow one of my father's hats to wear home.

"I had seen pictures of ostriches hitched to gigs, so I thought maybe Bob could pull my express wagon. I made a harness of heavily padded cloth; Bob did not raise any objection to being harnessed, but he just didn't get the idea of being driven and wouldn't cooperate.

"I mention this to illustrate how tame and domesticated he became. He was never vicious unless teased. He didn't object to being handled or petted and never tried to peck us after we brought him home. He was a perfect clown, a real pet and a pal.

"You asked me what we fed him. As I recall, we fed him raw meat, bread, grain, green vegetables, table scraps, and almost anything that the other animals and birds ate. The diet evidently agreed with him as he lived four or five years after Mr. Combs gave him to us." **

By H. J. JOHNSON
Aransas National Wildlife Refuge



Art by Nancy McGowan

HONKERS FLY HIGH

by L. A. WILKE

THE GEESE were there but good hunting weather wasn't on opening day of the goose season around Lissie Prairie and Eagle Lake. Although many hunters filled the first morning, most of them got only token shots. The days were calm, following

heavy rains and the geese were flying high.

Hunters did get to see a great many geese, however. There were great droves of all species. A week before, a waterfowl census indicated in excess of 100,000 geese in that area. Heavy

concentrations also were reported around both the upper and middle coastline. Hunters in the Anahuac area reported good kills.

There were many young birds bagged with some hunters reporting that most of their birds were juveniles.

Five hunters and 18 geese—that's the record of the second day at Lissie Prairie. Left to right they are F. C. Mengden, San Antonio; L. J. Spanihel, Eagle Lake; Jack Mann, Eagle Lake; Joe Glenner III, Houston. John E. Dullahan of Houston is standing.





Frank Drummond of Dallas, got his snows in the rice stubble.



Three hunters from Dallas didn't get their limit of geese but they had plenty fun. Left to right they are Tom B. Blair, J. E. Drummond and Earl Drummond.



Tom Haley of Smithville got his one spec and then watched as thousands more flew by.



If you don't like to clean your own ducks and geese, take them to Eagle Lake where they are handled on an assembly line basis.

Timber Talk

by BOB WALDROP

LUMBER MEN, foresters, timber ranchers and land owners gathered at the Stephen F. Austin Experimental Forest, October 13, for the 12th Annual Forest Research Field Day. Some 200 persons interested in the lumber business attended the event sponsored by the Nacogdoches Research Center in cooperation with International Paper Company, Texas Forest Service, U. S. Soil Conservation Service, and the Forestry Department of the Stephen F. Austin College.

During the day, visitors were taken

on field trips where they viewed various aspects of the research work being conducted on the area and learned new methods and techniques for more productive timber farming. They were shown seeding beds with thousands of tiny pine seedlings many of which are planted each year on the 2500-acre Experimental Forest.

After tramping around the piney woods on the field trips the guests were treated to a barbecued chicken feast provided by the Southland Paper Mills, Inc., The International Paper

Company, and the Angelina County Lumber Company.

Walter Myers Jr., executive director of the Forest Farmers Association of Atlanta, Georgia, spoke to the group after the lunch. He stated that in 20 or 30 years, the timber producers of East Texas will be largely responsible for supplying the Nation with lumber. He also stressed that more importance should be placed on the small timber farmer because he will be the one supplying a large amount of lumber in the future. **



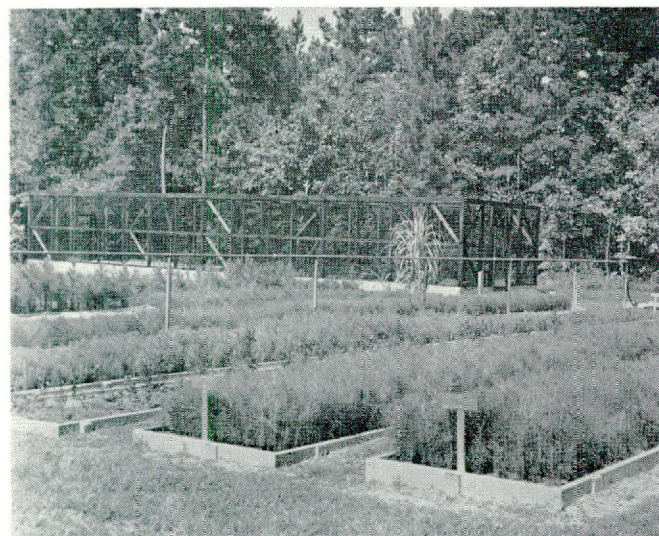
The guests were ready for the table after tramping in the woods.



Walter Myers Jr. spoke to the group after barbecue lunch.



Signs, top, were placed along the road to direct visitors. At left is a lard can rearing unit used to study the habits of bark beetles such as the southern pine beetle.



Seeding beds, below left, contain thousands of tiny pine seedlings used on the 2500-acre forest. Below, Robert Thatcher, with U.S. Forest Service, shows guest various areas of forest.



Wildmeat Recipes



Mrs. Roy Swann

(This is the time of the year when many housewives are asking the best way to cook wild game.

Perhaps there is no group more familiar with game cooking than the wives of outdoors editors. If you get a chance, try them in your own kitchen. The Editor)

VENISON STEW

- 1½-2 lbs. venison stew meat, preferably the lean lower parts with all fat removed
- 1 medium onion, chopped
- 2 stalks celery, diced
- ¼ cup flour
- 4 carrots, sliced
- 5 medium potatoes, cut in small chunks
- 1 bay leaf
- 1 tsp. salt
- ¼ tsp. pepper

Flour stew meat and brown well in hot bacon drippings. Push meat aside and saute onions and celery. Stir in

¼ cup flour. Add six cups water, carrots, potatoes, bay leaf, salt, and pepper. Stir well, cover, and simmer for 1½-2 hours. Serve 4-6 adults. For best flavor, use a heavy, iron pot.—Mrs. Dan (Nancy) Klepper, *San Antonio Express-News*.

DOVES IN WINE GRAVY

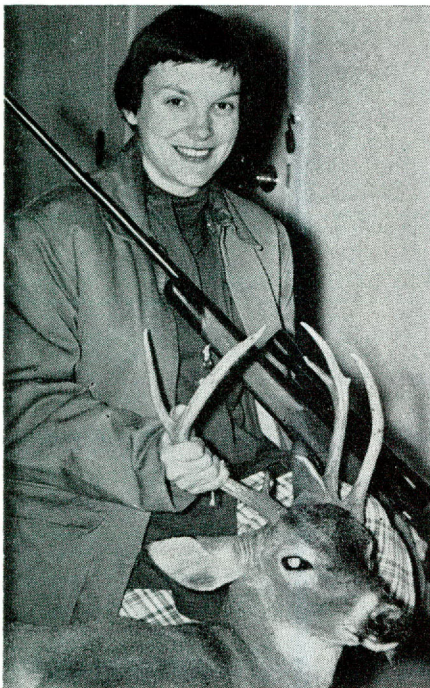
- Six cleaned mourning doves (or breasts only)
- ½ cup sherry wine
- 2 tablespoons flour
- ½ cup cooking oil
- ½ cup milk
- dash of angostura bitters
- salt, pepper to taste

Lightly fry doves in cooking oil until browned. Remove doves and turn off fire. Pour off most of oil, leaving enough to make gravy with flour, milk, wine, condiments and water as

needed to thin. Stir gravy over low flame until it begins to thicken. Put doves into gravy and cover, letting simmer 10-15 minutes and stirring occasionally. Serve with hot biscuits. Serves two.—Susie McCune, *Dallas Times-Herald*.

BROILED DUCK BREASTS

Skin duck breasts by simply running knife blade through the skin along the breastbone and peeling back the skin. Place knife next to breastbone and cut away the flesh. Usually, it will separate from the bone as clean as a whistle. Next, soak duck breasts overnight in brine. When preparing for broiling, simply salt and pepper and use garlic powder if preferred. Place pats of butter over breasts and broil close to the flame. Use high heat so the meat is almost charred on outside in four or five minutes. Turn the pieces over and repeat, cooking two or three minutes or until nearly charred. A charcoal grill is best, but an electric rotisserie or gas broiler will do. Serve as you would filet mignon.—Mrs. Roy (Norma) Swann, *Corpus Christi Caller-Times*.



Nancy Klepper



Susie McCune

CRAB GUMBO

- 1 lb. picked crab meat with a few claws and bodies to taste.
- 4 strips of bacon minced
- 1 large onion minced
- 3 buttons of garlic minced
- 1 tsp. parsley minced
- 1 stalk of celery minced
- 1½ cups of cut okra

• continued on next page

Dr. Cottam Receives South Texas Award

Dr. Clarence Cottam, director of the Welder Wildlife Foundation was honored at Sinton, as the outstanding South Texan in Wildlife for the year recently by the South Texas Chamber of Commerce at its annual convention in Houston. The presentation was made by George Jammers, chairman of the wildlife committee of the chamber.



Dr. Cottam, left, and Jammers

Recipes— from page 26

- 1 tbs. Worcestershire sauce
- 2 tsp. of rice
- 1 can of tomato sauce
- 1 bay leaf
- 2 whole cloves
- Salt and pepper to taste

Render out bacon, add onion, garlic and celery but do not brown. Add tomato sauce, parsley, okra, rice, bay leaf, cloves, sauce and cook over low fire for 10 minutes. Then add three cups of water, crab claws and bodies and cook until okra and rice are tender. Finally, add picked crabmeat and cook for about 15 minutes. Salt and pepper to taste. Be sure picked crabmeat is added last. If added too soon and cooked too long, the meat will shred. Resulting gumbo is enough for six generous bowls. Serve with a tossed salad and garlic bread—Mrs. A. C. Becker. *Galveston Daily News.*

BAKED CRAB

- 1 lb. of picked crab meat
- 2 tbs. of butter



Mrs. A. C. Becker

- 1 onion, minced.
- 1 button of garlic minced
- 1 stalk of celery, minced
- 2 slices of bread (soaked in milk)
- ½ tsp. minced parsley
- Salt and pepper to taste

Melt butter in fry pan with the onion, garlic, celery and parsley. Fry until tender. Then add bread, mixing well, with salt and pepper to taste. Then add crab meat, mix well and cook over small flame for several minutes. Then place the mixture in crab shells or a casserole. Sprinkle with cracker crumbs, dot with pats of butter and bake in 350 degrees oven for 35 to 40 minutes. Serve with tossed green salad and garlic bread.—Mrs. A. C. Becker.

GOOSE GUMBO

- 1 clove garlic, minced
- 1 cup chopped celery
- 1 cup chopped onion
- ½ cup green pepper, chopped
- 1 cup cooking oil or melted shortening
- ½ cup flour
- 2 quarts hot water
- 2 quarts goose broth
- 1 goose
- salt, pepper (red and black) to taste
- ½ cup each, green onion tops and chopped parsley
- 2 tablespoons gumbo filé

Cover goose with water and boil 15 minutes, then simmer 1-2 hours. Skim off waste from water occasionally while cooking. Let cool and remove meat from bones. This can be done day before cooking gumbo and refrigerated, if preferred. Keep broth. Have garlic, celery, onion and pepper chopped before making roux. Make roux by browning flour in hot oil until the color of cocoa. Stir constantly since

flour burns very easily. The browner the roux, the deeper the color of the gumbo. Add celery, garlic, pepper, and onion and saute 3-5 minutes. Add 2 quarts hot water, stirring constantly. Add 2 quarts goose broth and meat of goose. Add salt and peppers to taste and simmer 1½ to 2 hours. Add green onion tops, parsley and filé. Do *not stir!* Cover and set aside for 10 minutes before serving.

Serve over boiled rice. We like to complete the meal with tossed green salad, hot french bread and a few drops of hot sauce, to taste, and a beverage. Serves 6-8. Mrs. Edward M. Holder, *Port Arthur News.*

Partnership— from page 13

with just planting trees and shrubs. We must keep accurate records, as far as is possible, of the quail populations within the area. We need to know whether or not the plantings are attracting and holding the quail. We have to know this in order to determine whether the plantings will be a success or a failure. If hunting is permitted around the plots, you can see how removing some quail and causing others to move to different headquarters would distort the picture. This is why the area must be closed to all hunting. Even the hunting of other game would disturb the quail to an extent that true records could not be compiled. The plantings we made are on an experimental basis. The results of these will determine whether more plantings will be made. If the present plantings are successful in drawing and holding quail, then other plantings will be made; and as soon as a planted area reaches that point of attraction then the area will be opened to hunting.

“Our foremost aim in this project is to furnish more hunting for the public. To do this, we must close the area to hunting for a time; and we would greatly appreciate the cooperation of all sportsmen in helping us by not hunting the area at the present time.”

“Well,” Bruce said, as he scratched his head, “I guess that makes sense. I sure want to know when the hunting is opened again though.”

“It will be well advertised,” we assured him. **

GUNS



... and Shooting

by JOHN MASTERS

This Month: Today's Cartridges

I'M WRITING on a Sunday afternoon. The wife and kids are off to a movie, which freed me to piddle with a few odds and ends I have been putting off in my combination writing room-handloading shop.

First thing I undertook was to make some cases over. Seems like I always come up with the wrong kind of salvaged brass, and have to call sizing and forming dies into operation. I'm taking advantage of a bit of time I can call my own to get my whitetail ammunition ready for the season. And while so engaged, it occurred to me that some of the glamorous new cartridges aren't such a big change after all.

For instance, the new 6mm stuff—.244 Remington, .243 Winchester. While running a flock of 7 x 57 cases I had left over through the die to make them into .257 Roberts, I decided to compare my Roberts to the 6mm just to see how far outclassed I am. What I found surprised me.

Now, don't any of you 6mm boys bust a gusset. I own, and use both of the sixes. I have taken deer with both, and have taken many pleasant shots at varmints with both. My purpose in this piece is to show some of the boys who still rely on the .257 where they stand. Let's just use Vernon Speer's handloader's manual as a guide, since all the dope presented is from *sporting rifles*, not pressure barrels, and all of it is lab-derived with good reliable equipment; a table is the quickest and least painful.

These figures tell me that a man with a .250/3000, a .257, a .244 or a .243 has about an equal chance of bagging a buck. We have all read a lot of giddy stuff about how the 6mm's buck the wind better, retain their velocity better, etc. It just ain't so, gentlemen. The mere reducing a bullet's diameter from .257 to .244 does not endow it with any magical properties.

I finished loading the .257 cases and moved over to a .270. All I had was some .30-06 cases, which I ran through a .270 die (no, that doesn't harm a .270. That's the way they got the .270 case to start with). While putting the bullets in, it occurred to me to compare the .270 with the new, highly touted .264 Magnum. Again, I found no reason to be ashamed of my favorite hunting rifle caliber in the factory loaded line. Let's take a look.

The .270, with a 130 grain Speer bullet and 57 grains of 4350 starts out at 3171; Winchester says the .264 Magnum starts a 140 grain bullet out at 3180. The .270, with a 100 grain Speer bullet and 53 grains of 4895, gets 3511, while Winchester again says the .264 gets 3700 from a 100 grain bullet. No startling difference really, and the handloading boys report that they cannot get to Winchester's advertised velocities, finding them somewhat high. Maybe Winchester had a better powder—but even so, I'll do anything with a .270 that can be done with the .264 Mag-

num, and so can you. And I might add the same is true of the .280 Remington.

Undeniably, one of the prime pleasures associated with owning a rifle is to have it handle a cartridge that will enable its owner to do a little bragging after a hunt—and it must be admitted that more people are impressed by something new and relatively unheard of. But you .270/.257/.250 men needn't be afraid to go hunting alongside the owners of the newer stuff. You're still very much in the running.

If all of this proves anything, it is perhaps that it is not so much the cartridge as it is the man behind it. Lucian Cary of TRUE MAGAZINE long ago observed that it is bullet placement that counts more than anything else.

I saw 16 head of antelope killed this year in the Trans-Pecos. The most powerful rifles used were the .270 and .30-06. Both killed well—of course. But so did a .244 Remington, a .300 Savage, a .308 Winchester, a .280 Remington, and even one old lever action .30-30.

I had my favorite .250 Curry Magnum along, but I also had a sporterized 6.5 x 55 Swedish Mauser. I couldn't resist trying it after seeing a hunter spill a buck with his similar piece.

To make a long story short, I whacked a 14½ incher at about 150 yards with the 120 grain bullet ahead of 48 grains of 4831, and I had a very dead animal when I got to him. My son took his fat doe with a .222 Remington, using 20 grains of 4198 behind a 55 grain Sisk Express bullet at close to 100 yards.

No one ever had the selection of fine calibers available to the American hunter today, and it is a fine thing

• continued on page 29

bullet	muzzle velocity	200 yard velocity	barrel length	Cartridge	powder charge
87 Speer	3210	2530	prob. 24	.250/3000	38/4064
87 Speer	3355	2638	prob. 24	.257 Rob't	43/4064
90 Speer	3170	2552	26 in.	.244 Rem.	38/4064
90 Speer	3331	2681	26 in.	.244 Rem.	50/4831
90 Speer	3127	2517	22 in.	.243 Win.	38/4064
90 Speer	3200	2576	22 in.	.243 Win.	44/4350

Licensed Hunters Permitted to Hunt In National Forests



SINCE the time we first wet a hook or took up a squirrel gun, most of us have learned to regard a fence as a symbol of restricted access, and we have been taught to respect the rights of landowners.

In the near future, sportsmen may see many new fences on Texas National Forest lands, and they will wonder if this means restricted hunting and fishing. These fences will not interfere with sportsmen who hunt and fish in accordance with State Game and Fish laws.

Future plans call for fencing additional National Forest areas to better control and integrate livestock management with wildlife habitat. Where such fences cross National Forest lands, signs will be posted to notify visitors that they are welcome.

In some places, fences will cross county farm-to-market and forest access roads. Cattleguards will be installed on such roads and gates, which will not be locked, on "woods" roads to provide easy access to interior Forest areas.

Certain special areas are designated for intensive game management and restoration by the Texas Game and Fish Commission in cooperation with the U. S. Forest Service to improve game management and propagation. Hunting is prohibited on some of these areas and boundary fences will be posted accordingly.

National Forest lands in Texas can provide good hunting and fishing

without undue interference with other forest uses. Sportsmen are aware that other valuable products come from these same lands, and, with increasing demands for all forest products, the need for coordinating uses will likewise increase. To avoid conflict, a "give and take" attitude among National Forest users is necessary.

Installing "National Forest Land" signs in areas which are open to lawful hunting and fishing, is one way of saying "the National Forests are managed for everyone." So, when that long-awaited season comes along, you're welcome on the Texas National Forests. **

Guns— from page 28 that the gun people continually experiment and come up with something new and exciting. But your "old timer" can still deliver the goods, and will do so if you learn to put those slugs where they belong. You are in no wise obsolete—but you may need some practice. Think about it. **

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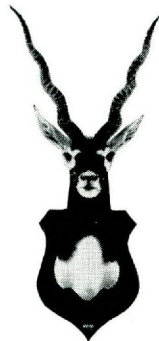
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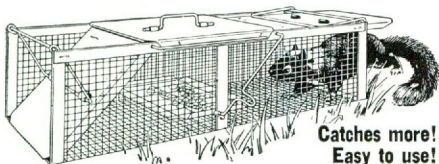
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What Others Are Doing

by JOAN PEARSALL

DRAWING THE LINE: Property owners in Massachusetts who want to keep hunters away from buildings, but still permit hunting on their land, may obtain free "SAFETY ZONE" signs from the state Division of Fisheries and Game. They are placed at a 500-foot radius from houses and farm buildings, and call attention to the safety zone established by law around all occupied dwellings in the state. Hunting is illegal within this radius without permission of the owner.

HOSPITABLE GESTURE: The portions of the Tennessee National Wildlife Refuge on Kentucky Lake which are reserved exclusively for waterfowl use will be expanded this year to encourage more ducks and Canada geese to winter there. Multiple use of most of the refuge still will be permitted. Only 2 percent of the refuge lands will be closed and will have little effect on the over-all recreational use of the area.

NOT FOR SMALL FRY: In Colorado it is illegal for anyone under the age of 14 to hunt big game. Everyone 14 years of age or older who hunts big game must have a big game license, and anyone between the ages of 14 and 18 must be accompanied by a properly licensed adult while doing such hunting.

SHARE AND SHARE ALIKE: To cope with the pheasant problem, a farmer in Pennsylvania planted 12 rows of tomatoes for himself and five rows for the pheasants. He told his local game warden: "By golly, you know somethin', it's working!"

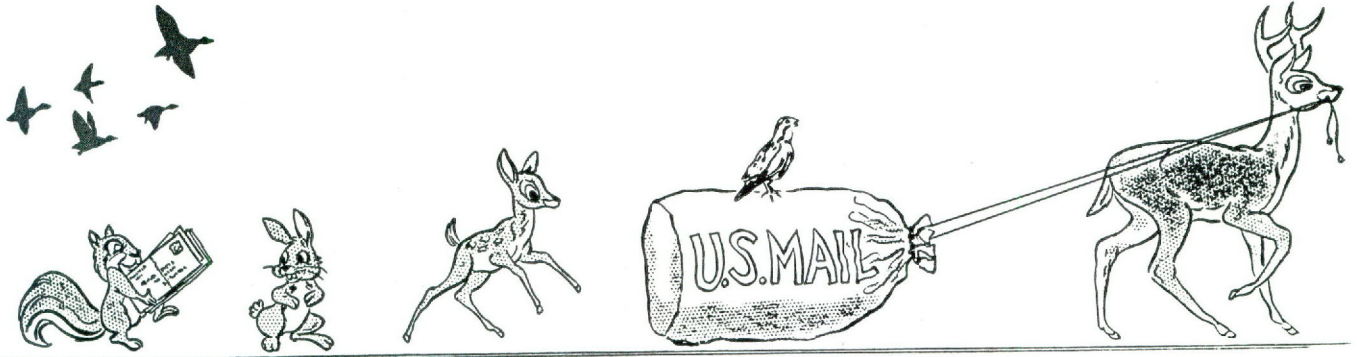
BETTER THAN A BRAND: Registration numbers on a stolen boat in Nebraska led to its recovery before the owner even missed it. By the time the startled owner reported the loss, a commercial fisherman

had discovered the abandoned boat, and the 1960 registration numbers on its bow had already been traced to the rightful owner.

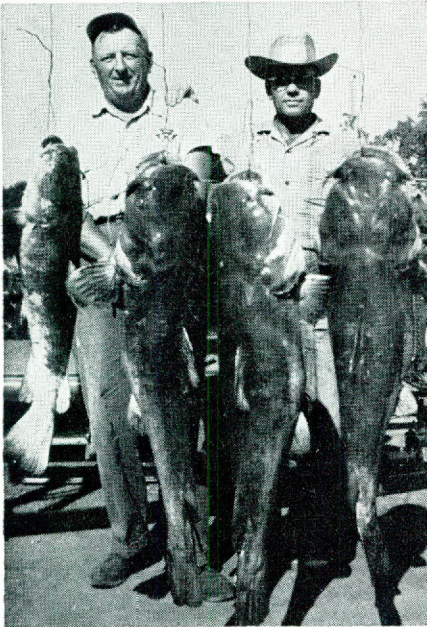
SNAG IN THE BAG: A fisherman who kept a sixth trout in a bag tied to his waist until he quit fishing was judged guilty of having one fish over the limit by a Missouri magistrate. The fisherman had caught three trout and put them on a bank stringer. Wading out into the stream he caught three more and put them in a fish bag tied to his waist. "Though he released the trout after reaching the bank and stopped fishing, he nevertheless had restricted the freedom of the trout by placing it in a fish bag, and thus assumed ownership of the sixth trout," declared the judge.

PURGE NEEDED: Articles in Russian publications indicate that the Soviet Union is becoming alarmed at the pollution of the nation's 225,000 miles of streams. Increased industrialization is accenting the water pollution problem, resulting in the loss of fishery resources and endangering public health. Residents in some Russian cities are warned not to drink the water from streams without boiling it. The Soviet system of fining factories for excessive pollution is regarded as a failure.

TAPROOM TALK TRAPS TRADER: Takers of wild game out of season should keep their voices low or abstain from "tongue loosener." At a bar in Pennsylvania, a thirsty man was overheard attempting to trade venison for beer. The game protector was advised, who searched the man's residence and found parts of deer. Not only was the culprit assessed the usual \$100 fine and costs, but he will be denied the privilege of hunting in Pennsylvania for three years, under a mandatory provision of the game law.



Yellow Catfish



Editor:

This is a picture of an overnight catch of yellow catfish caught in the Brazos River near Brenham by Lonnie W. Tiemann and George Korthauer.

These four fish weighed 93 pounds and were caught on a trot-line using 6-inch carp for bait.

Lonnie W. Tiemann
Brenham

Big Cat Kill

Editor:

I recently read in your paper which I noticed was mailed to Dr. Forest M. Seger of Victoria, regarding Mexican Lions. This may sound fishy.

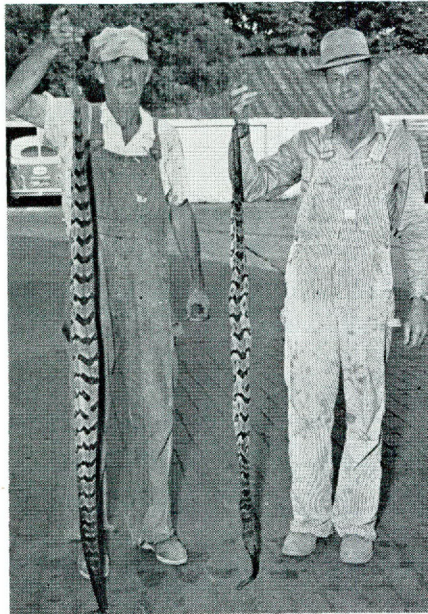
The ranch on which our party hunts is in Brewster County near Big Bend National Park. This last season a lion killed about five goats in line so a Negro who works on the Bud Rorak ranch brought his dogs and joined with the dogs on Lea Ranch and the next morning at 4 a.m. they picked up his trail with the trail dogs and after starting him the Negro let the pack go. He was run 4½ hours, bayed against a cliff, and was shot. From nose to where tail starts 9 feet, 6 inches, weight

267 pounds. This can be verified by two hunting parties.

A. N. Turner
Victoria

(Dr. W. B. Davis in his new Texas mammal bulletin 41 gives the external measurements of a large adult male to be 8 feet 6 inches from tip of tail to tip of nose. The total length of three adult males averaged 7 feet 9 inches. The average weight of the three males was 184 (160-227) pounds. The lion described by Mr. Turner would have to be considered a giant of its species.—Editor.)

Word of Warning



Editor:

Here is a picture which speaks for itself. You people working for the Commission do a wonderful job of spreading the dangers of being in the out-of-doors this time of year. Words often fall on deaf ears, so perhaps this picture will help drive home your point with a little more weight.

The picture of the two rattlers is courtesy of Nacogdoches Daily Sentinel, Vic Fain, editor. Holding the snakes are W. D. Rogers (left) of Looneyville, and J. E. Bobo of Douglass. One of the snakes is 5 feet, 3 inches, with 12 rattles, and the other 5 feet, with 16 rattles.

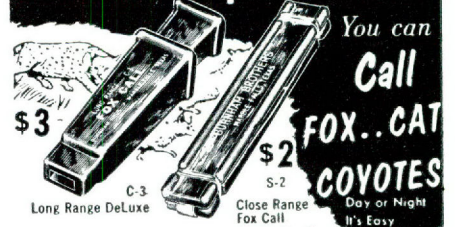
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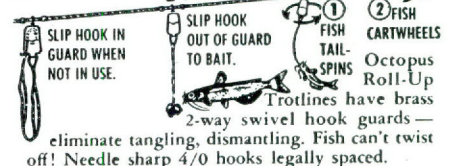
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GUNS AND HUNTING, by Pete Brown. 224 pages including an information appendix, a glossary and an index. Illustrated with line drawings and published by A. S. Barnes & Company, 11 East 36th Street, New York 16, N. Y. \$3.95.

The value of a gun in this day of rockets and horrible bombs may have decreased in the minds of some Americans. But it remains today as a necessary and wanted tool for sportsmen and an important weapon in the defense of our country. Now, Brown believes strongly that the individual who wants to protect his way of life, family, and himself should learn how to use a gun effectively. And, the way to do this is to take to the field and ranges, just as some 12 to 15 million Americans are doing today.

Brown, gun editor of *Sports Afield*, has based this book on his vast experiences in the field. He has come up with a guide that can help the novice as well as the expert, and will assist all hunters greatly in the selection of their equipment and will show them how to use it more effectively. From the guide they also will learn about all sorts of game from quail to elephants, and how to hunt them successfully.

The average person will have no trouble reading and understanding this very educational book. He'll be much better prepared after he's finished than he was before he began.

—Curtis Carpenter

HUNTING OUR MEDIUM SIZE GAME, by Clyde Ormond. Contains 219 pages, illustrated with black and white and a few line drawings. Published in 1958 by The Stackpole Company, Telegraph Press Bldg., Harrisburg, Penn. \$5.00.

So many hunters head for the field this time of the year to hunt for Texas' medium size game without knowing much about the game they're after nor the methods of hunting best suited for each particular species. They pick up a rifle, some shells, a hunting jacket, and other supplies and head for the car. How the game will be taken is a bridge to cross when they come to it.

This isn't the best way to begin a hunt for any animal or bird, and it's not necessary today for a person to have to enter the field without knowing at least the basic steps to successful hunting.

Several books and guides have been prepared and published in the past few years

which can help the average hunter become almost an expert in the field. One such book is Ormond's **HUNTING OUR MEDIUM SIZE GAME**.

In it you'll learn which rifles and ammo are best for certain game and how to use them. The author digs into his long and active association with the sport of hunting for the valuable information he presents in his book. If the target is to be mule deer, Ormond has a chapter on how to hunt them. He has another which reveals the secrets of hunting whitetails.

Every beginning hunter will certainly want to study **HUNTING OUR MEDIUM SIZE GAME** before heading afield.

—Curtis Carpenter

HOW TO MAKE FISH MOUNTS, by Edward C. Migdalski. 218 pages including the index and one chapter on materials and formulas. Numerous black and white photographs illustrate each step of the more important methods. Published in 1960 by the Ronald Press Company, 15 East 26th Street, New York 10, N. Y. \$5.50.

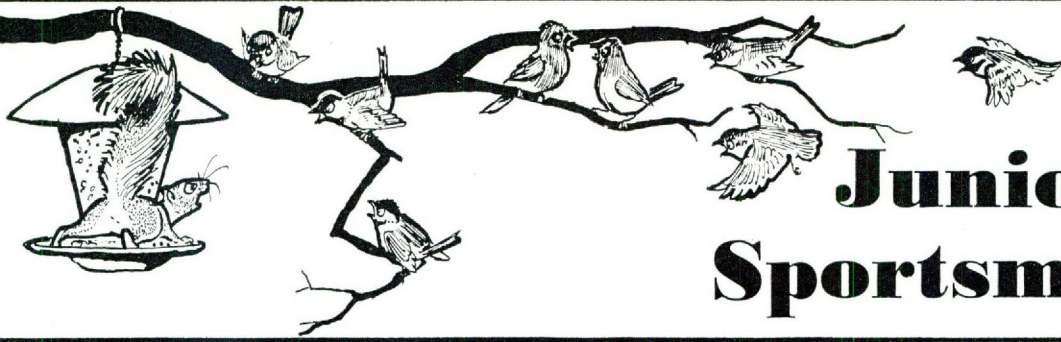
Is there a fisherman who wouldn't love to have his prize catches hanging on the wall in his den? Of course not! Every man, woman, or child that catches fish has at one time or another had a desire to have his or her fish mounted. Migdalski tells and shows you how to do it in his book. According to the author, the average fisherman can go about it cheaply and easily—and have a lot of fun at the same time.

By reading the book completely from the first page to the last just about anyone can learn how to mount fish. Interested persons can learn how to record a fish's natural colors with color photos while it is alive and then protect the specimen from spoilage. They can study procedures for making plaster molds including mixing the plaster and molding the fish. They will discover how easy it is to make casts from molds or skinning and making skin mounts either in the half mold or full mold. And they'll learn how to paint their mounts correctly.

Toward the end of the book, the author discusses preserving fish and organizing fish exhibits.

It's a great manual for the purpose it serves. With it and a day or two in the workshop, most fishermen should be able to mount that big one.

—Curtis Carpenter



Junior Sportsmen

Cold Plate Special By Carolyn McWilliams

WINTER in Texas brings ice, snow, and the famed "blue northers." So birds sometimes are unable to find shelter and food and they suffer. Not much can be done about the weather, but boys and girls can help the birds through the frigid winter months of December, January, and February by building back-yard bird feeders.

One of the easiest feeders to make is the crate feeder. As the name implies, it may be made from any shipping crate—an apple box is fine. A narrow strip should be nailed along one of the box's long sides to keep seed from being knocked out, and a small piece of 1/2-inch wire mesh nailed to the side to hold suet.

Suet is a thick, heavy beef fat that mother can buy from the meat market at a very low price. Birds like to eat it, especially when snow is covering the ground, to keep their body temperatures up to their normal 100-112 degrees.

If you do not have much time or equipment for building a bird feeder, why not nail a mesh wire pocket to a tree and put chunks of suet in it? Be sure, however, not to put such a pocket on any part of your house, for the suet will melt and run down the side making an unsightly stain.

For those who have more time and a little ingenuity, here is a tip. A platform feeder may be made from a base board approximately 3/4 x 12 x 18 inches with 3/4 x 3/4 inch side strips. When the strips are nailed around the edge of the base, the shallow, box-like platform is ready to be mounted from a window sill, or on a wooden or metal post. If a post is used, a cat-guard should be placed around the post about four inches below the platform.

Cat-guards may be made from a funnel-shaped piece of tin or from strands of barbed wire stretched around three iron brackets extending from the pole. Either kind should extend at least 18 inches from the pole. The funnel is nailed with the small end at the top and the bottom flaring out and downward to prevent cats from climbing the pole.

Another feeder that can be made with little effort and equipment is one with a mayonnaise jar hopper. This kind utilizes

the platform feeder described above, with another attraction. The jar hopper prevents seed from being scattered and blown away, and protects it from rain and snow.

Punch three 7/8-inch holes in the lid close to the outer edge and a 1/4-inch hole in the center. Cut the head off a 2-inch bolt that is 1/4-inch in diameter and insert the threaded end through the center hole and secure it with nuts above and below the lid. Drill a 1/4-inch hole through a 1 x 1 inch block of wood and nail the block to the platform.

When the jar is filled with seed and the lid is in place, invert the jar, placing the long end of the bolt in the hole in the block. The seeds will pour freely enough through the 7/8-inch holes in the lid to supply adequate food for birds.

Does your mother throw out old cooking grease? Ask her to save it for the birds. When enough has been collected, mix in rice, oatmeal, raisins, millet, sunflower seed, corn meal, or any other food of this kind. Add a little salt to the soft mass and spread it on the rough bark of trees.

If it is impossible for you to build a feeder for the birds, old pie pans, aluminum pans that frozen foods come in, and coffee cans make excellent substitutes.

Here's a check list of winter foods for birds: millet, suet, sunflower seeds, raisins, corn meal, oatmeal, hempseed, rice, corn, nuts, noodles (cooked), spaghetti (cooked), and wheat.

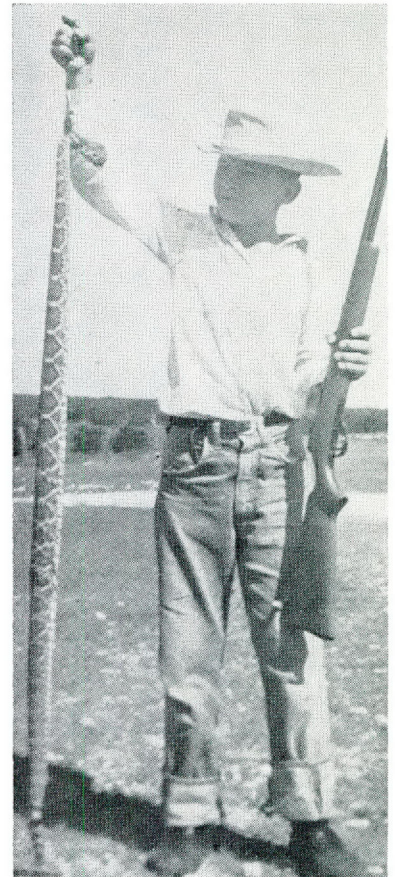
How many of these will you provide for the birds this winter?

... ATTENTION ...

Beginning in this issue, we will select a Junior Sportsman of The Month. If you have had an unusual outdoor experience, write us about it and send a picture along to verify your story. From the letters we receive, we will choose one noteworthy youth as Junior Sportsman of The Month.

Some of you have written to the Game and Fish Commission for pictures and/or information, but you have not given your full name and address. If you seek information, please include a return address with your request.

**Junior Sportsman
of the month
Dalhart Ilse**

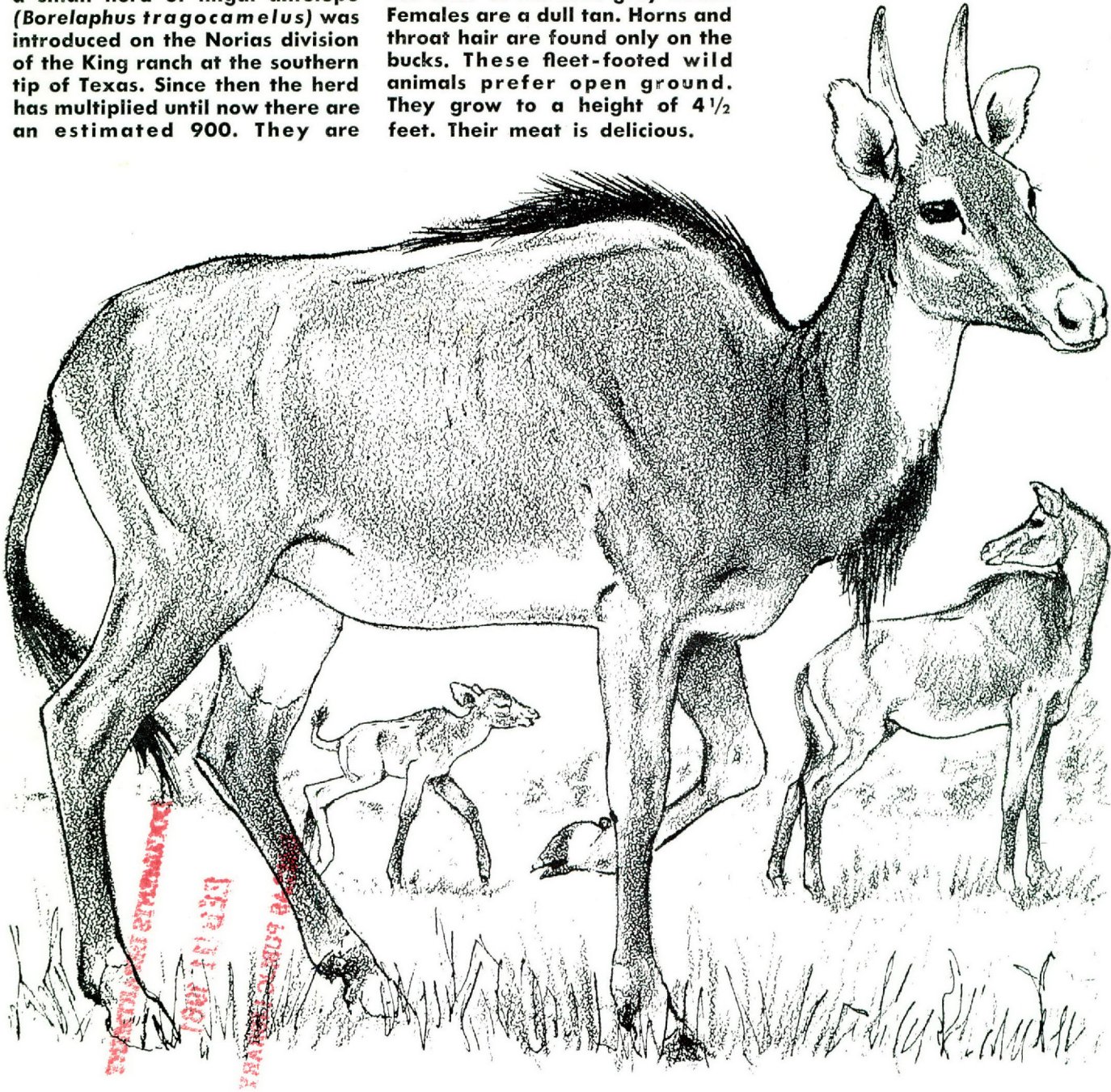


Twelve-year-old Junior Sportsman of The Month—Dalhart Ilse attends the Jarrell school in Georgetown. He and his parents happened on this 4-foot-10-inch diamond back rattler while chopping corn tops for his calves. While his father watched the snake, Dalhart raced to the house, returned with his .22 rifle and shot the snake in the head. It had 11 rattles, 1 button, 9 diamonds on its back and weighed 9 1/2 pounds.

NILGAI

A little more than 30 years ago a small herd of nilgai antelope (*Borelaphus tragocamelus*) was introduced on the Norias division of the King ranch at the southern tip of Texas. Since then the herd has multiplied until now there are an estimated 900. They are

being moved to other divisions of the ranch in a continued experiment with these natives of India. Nilgai means "blue ox," the color of the blue-grey bucks. Females are a dull tan. Horns and throat hair are found only on the bucks. These fleet-footed wild animals prefer open ground. They grow to a height of 4½ feet. Their meat is delicious.



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