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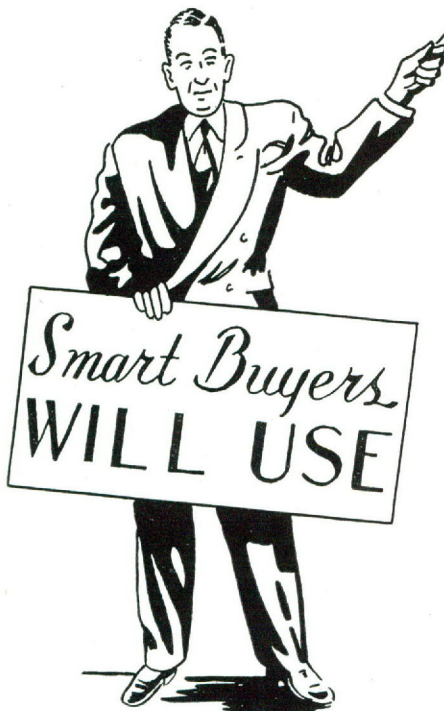
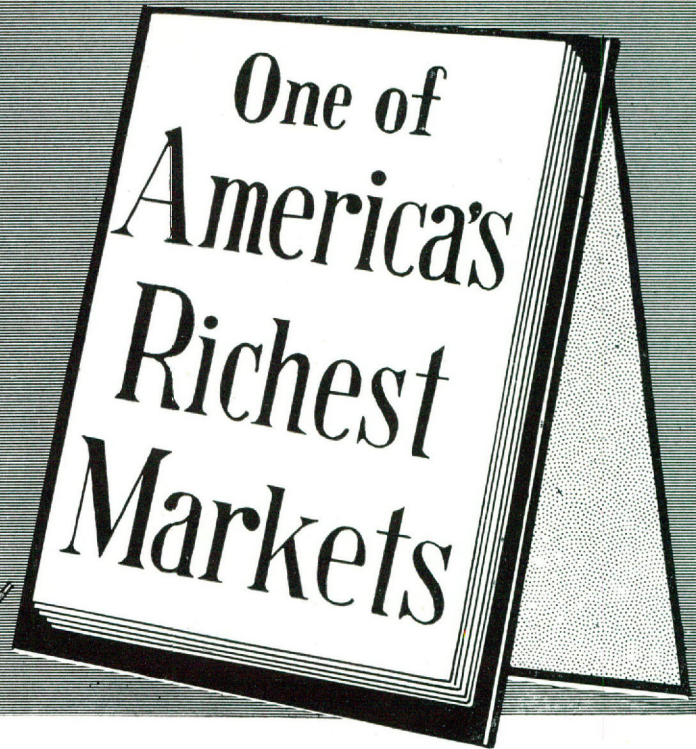
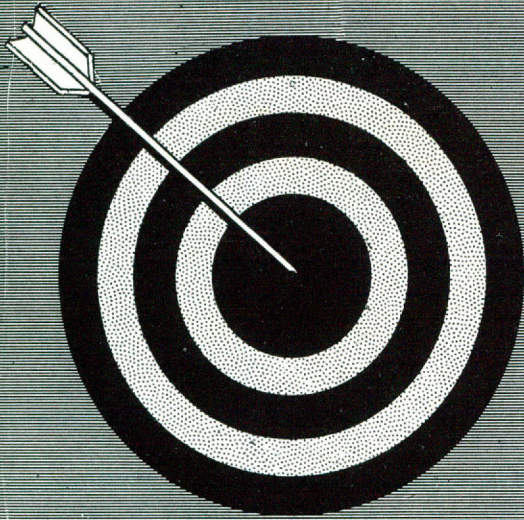
TEXAS
Game AND Fish

OCTOBER 1947 TEN CENTS



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TEXAS Game AND Fish

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



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ROGER M. BUSFIELD
Editor

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Texas Game Is Rough

By J. G. BURR



"NO SIR, I will not give the story to the press; I don't want to be called a d— liar! I have a reputation for sobriety and truth. I may run for public office some day and I can't afford to have them drag that out on me, although it is as true as anything in the beatitudes; but they just wouldn't believe it."

He referred to a report that he had killed a deer with a rock. The story is so plausible that I may yet let you in on it. Then there is another story of a hunter who said he saw a deer climb a tree. Preposterous! yelled the crowd. "Come with me," said the hunter, "I'll show you the very tree."

Your credulity may be at the breaking point, but do not be hasty. There is a well authenticated case of a buck taking to a tree top when hard pressed by the hounds. And that isn't all. Hear how Captain Marcy lured a panther almost into his arms by a deer-bleat, and how Captain Taylor rode a wild buffalo on the high plains.

If such tales seem to be too tall, don't blame the writer. Some one put him up to it. But as we expect to deal in nothing but facts let us hope that no modern Diogenese with his lantern will be out hunting for an honest man. Now as to the deer that was killed by a rock, cut out the grin and get ready to be convinced.

The identity of the hunter is still further clouded by the reluctance of the petrological Nimrod to even name the county where the incident occurred. But full freedom is granted to say that it happened somewhere in the Edwards Plateau where most of the deer are killed in Texas. We will call the gentleman John Doe.

Now Mr. Doe was an orthodox hunter. He carried an orthodox gun and plenty of ammunition, but no rocks. A buck was located and he opened fire. After a few shots, which presumably were fired in rapid succession, the buck scampered away. Mr. Doe had taken good aim and being a fairly good shot he felt sure that the animal was wounded. He followed cautiously in the direction of a cove where he believed the buck to be hiding. Following a trail which led into a dense thicket, he went right up to the animal which was browsing on leaves, unmindful of the hunter's presence. Not wishing to fire at the rump end next to him he tried to crease the deer by shooting him in the neck. Startled by the shot the buck whirled to extricate himself from the dense growth and went head-on against

the hunter, or so near that he instinctively grabbed the antlers. Then ensued a scuffle as the hunter twisted the neck of the deer until both were down on the ground. The animal was large enough to make the enterprise extremely hazardous, and as they writhed on the ground Mr. Doe reached for a rock and began to pound its head until the buck lay insensible. In relating the story Mr. Doe said he would not again undertake such a job for a hundred dollars. The deer was in fighting trim and had not been harmed by any of the bullets.

The report of another hunter that he saw a deer climb a tree is without adequate proof and may be brushed aside. But another story that a deer took to a tree top when chased by hounds is susceptible of proof; a deer can not climb but he can jump to great heights and is would not be hard to believe that one jumped into the branches of a small tree. But the tree in question was a tall tree and about as hard to climb as

a telegraph pole. Here again your credulity is staggered, and maybe I had better let some one else tell the story.

The writer got the story from Mr. O. P. Crimm, a possible kinsman of Crimm the famous preacher and fox hunter of East Texas. O. P. Crimm is an assistant at the fish hatchery near Huntsville. His long association with fishes has not warped his integrity. He can and does tell the truth. Not so long ago, he said, they were cutting timber for saw logs, not far from the hatchery. The ground, from the felling of trees, was covered with tree tops. As the hounds came nearer and nearer to the deer it plunged into the branches of a tree top, and thus barricaded, the nearly exhausted animal fought the dogs back with his hoofs. But the hunter soon appeared and ended the combat with a rifle shot. The season on deer was closed and the hunter was assessed the usual fine when apprehended by Warden McKay.

There was an old ranger, Drew K. Taylor, at one time a ranger captain, who served during the administrations of Governors Hobby and Neff. He had more fire in him at the age of 70 than any other man I have known. Governor

★ Continued on page 27

1947 Hunting Prospects

By W. C. GLAZENER

OVERALL hunting prospects for the State of Texas ordinarily vary little from year to year, but local conditions for different species frequently show great change. On the whole, an increase in hunters is certain, and fairly constant. Occasionally, great losses result from catastrophic weather conditions, or from changed land use practices. Diseases probably have had little effect on game in Texas, at least during recent years.

Appraisal of 1947 hunting on the basis of the current crop of young is not entirely dependable. For deer, it is not even possible, since young of the year are not legal game. However, reproduction and survival of young do supply a good index to the potential harvest of doves, quail, turkey, and waterfowl. To be reliable, such information on survival must represent conditions late in the summer, after the time of heavy losses has passed.

Hunting prospects based on above mentioned information as supplied by

wardens, biologists, and other observers are stated briefly.

(1) Bobwhite quail—good in northern and eastern Texas from the Lower Plains eastward to the Arkansas line, and southward to Piney Woods; also good from the mid-Coastal Prairie southward, and extending inland almost to San Antonio.

(2) Turkey—as good or better than in 1945 and 1946, throughout most of the turkey range.

(3) Doves—as good as for last year.

(4) Deer—probably as numerous as in 1946, but with further decreases in the number and size of Hill Country bucks.

(5) Waterfowl—reflected in the smaller bag limit and shortened season announced by the Fish and Wildlife Service following their census work in the nesting range.

(6) Places to hunt—further restricted and more expensive.

They Die Young

WHY are the bucks we kill in some sections of the Hill Country so small as compared to those in other sections? Do you think that the deer will be larger this fall than last if the acorn crop is good? These questions are frequently asked by experienced hunters who have walked hundreds of miles over the oak covered hills of Texas in pursuit of the wily buck.

To tell you the truth, Mister, they will not be any larger this year than they were last year because *they die young*. As a matter of fact, they will never get any larger if our present system of hunting and our mis-use of the land is continued. We cannot continue to harvest 70 to 90 per cent of our half starved buck crop and ever hope to improve the size and quality of deer herds.

Shooting preserve records on 1,107,245 acres in Mason, Kerr, Gillespie and Llano Counties show that 5,477 bucks were killed in 1938 by 8,111 registered hunters. In 1946, however, only 6,579 bucks were harvested by 10,082 hunters on the same area. These records indicate that the number of hunters is steadily increasing but the number of bucks produced for them to harvest is not increasing proportionately. Why? In the first place, much of the Hill Country range is stocked to its carrying capacity with domestic livestock and there is not a surplus of range forage throughout the year to support additional deer; secondly, the reproductive rate among the doe population seldom exceeds 50 per cent as a result of their undernourished condition.

To maintain an adequate stock of deer on overstocked range with increased hunting, we need new methods of management. The general assumption that if deer are given ample protection from illegal hunting *all will be well* is no longer applicable to some sections of the Hill Country. Protection afforded the deer by the people of the Hill Country has been responsible for the come back of the

deer, but protection alone will not remedy the deer problems now existing in several areas.

Records obtained in the four key counties of the Edwards Plateau (Mason, Gillespie, Kerr and Llano) which produce the most deer in the State, reveal that the average buck weight has not varied more than nine pounds since 1938. The average dressed weight of the bucks killed in 1938 was 73.5 pounds. In 1941 the bucks dressed 78.1 pounds, and in 1942 and 1943 it was 72.2 pounds and 74.5 pounds, respectively. The highest average deer weight of 79.1 pounds occurred in 1944 while the lowest



By HENRY C. HAHN, JR.



average weight of 70.2 pounds was recorded in 1945. Last year the average buck weighed 72.6 pounds.

There is a direct correlation between the weight and age of deer. Therefore, in view of low average weights of deer killed in the Hill Country, we might suspect that a high percentage of the bucks harvested are young deer. This was found to be true in the case of 371 deer killed dur-

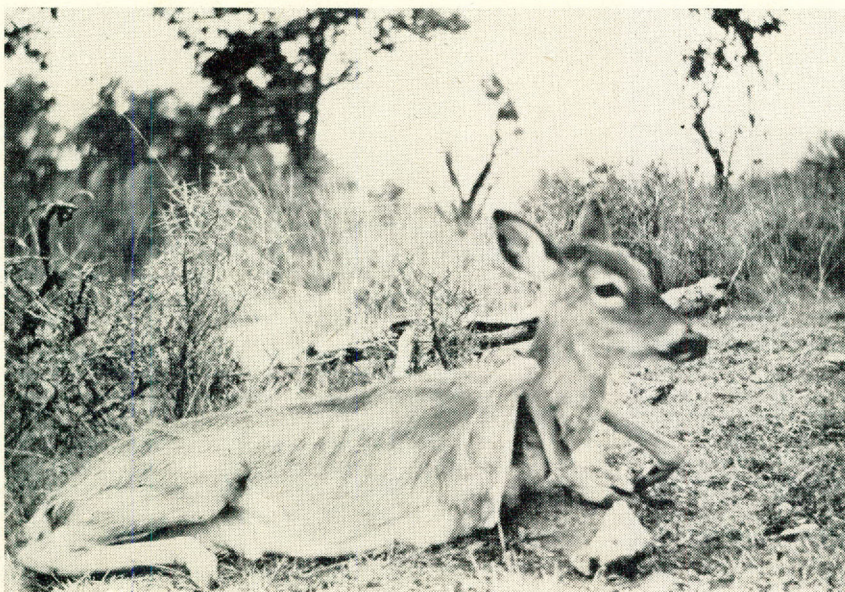
ing 1946. These deer were divided into age groups on a basis of body measurements. Age determination was accomplished by the method devised by Victor H. Cahalane in Michigan, who found that the measurement of antler beam diameter about one-half inch above the burr is a useful index to the age of white-tailed deer. The correlation between beam diameter and the age of deer found by Cahalane is also applicable to Texas deer. Cahalane's method is assigning deer of known antler beam diameters to age classes is expressed as follows:

| Diameter Class (Measurements are inclusive) | Age Class Years |
|--|--------------------|
| Up to 19.9 mm. | 1½ |
| 20-25.9 mm. 20% | 1½ |
| 80% | 2½ |
| 26-27.9 mm. 66% | 2½ |
| 33 1/3% | 3½ - 4½ |
| 28-33.9 mm. | 3½ - 4½ |
| 34-37.9 mm. 50% | 3½ - 4½ |
| 50% | 5½ |
| 38 mm. | 5½ |

Deer were checked at cold storage vaults throughout the area and an equal number were weighed and measured in Mason, Llano, Kerr and Gillespie Counties. As the hunting season progressed, the general size of the bucks brought in by hunters increased. The average out of town hunter does not have but two or three days to hunt, so to be certain of his bag limit he often takes the first two bucks that he lines his sights on regardless of size or condition.

After the first two weeks of the season, about 75 per cent of the bucks have been harvested on many of the shooting preserves and the bucks remaining are usually the older and wiser deer which have eluded the eager hunter. In view of this situation, an equal number of deer were weighed and measured each week of the open season to obtain a true representation of the kill. Body measurements were obtained on 371 bucks during the 1946 open season. These measurements included total length, height at shoulder,

THIS YOUNG HILL COUNTRY BUCK, too weak to stand up, soon passed on to greener pastures. Malnutrition takes a heavy toll of deer during prolonged droughts.



★ Continued on page 25

Duke

The Story of a Bird Dog

By W. E. ANDERSON

Photographs By the Author



Duke was my choice from a litter of ten . . .



He turned and kissed his nearest brother goodbye . . .



I caught him making his first point at a mocking bird in the back yard . . .



I had him retrieving a clothespin wrapped in some old quail wings—his first bird . . .

YES, this is a bird hunting story, but it is different because it is *also* the story of Duke (and, in lesser degree, his famous Daddy, Boomer). It is the story of a pure bred pointer for which I was offered \$500.00 by a hunting companion after we had some grand shooting from among two coveys and nine "singles" that Duke found in only one afternoon.

Duke was my choice from a litter of ten and I selected him when he was six weeks old. As my wife picked him up to take him home with us, he turned and kissed his nearest brother goodbye!

Through the veins of his Daddy, Boomer, whose fame as a shooting dog has travelled far, flows the blood of sixteen champions and his Mother boasts of fifteen champs in her last six generations.

The day after I brought Duke home, I caught him making his first point—at a mocking bird in the back yard—and in two weeks (at age two months) I had him retrieving a clothes pin wrapped in some old quail wings, his first "bird." Like most puppies, he loved to eat and I saw that he received as careful a diet as a human baby. As a result, he grew rapidly and waxed strong and happy.

Most dogs don't like water thrown on them, but Duke took to water like a duck when I turned the garden hose on him, he proved he liked to take a bath. I kept a foot tub for him to drink from but he kept the water dirty from taking baths.

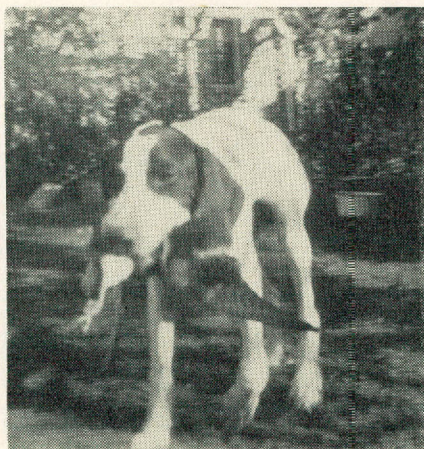
As the months rolled by I taught Duke

many things a bird dog should know. He first learned to obey perfectly, but, through love, and *not* through fear. By the time he was four and a half months, I could say "Whoa, Duke" and he would "freeze" like stone! If I said "fetch" he would retrieve our "clothes-pin bird" and when I said "dead" he immediately began to search the grass until he found where the "bird" was hidden and returned it to me. Naturally he amazed many of my friends who were almost unable to believe that a puppy under five months could be so well trained.

To be sure, I took a great pride in my protege and one day when he was five months old, I brought home a small hawk I had killed and hid it in the grass in a corner of the back yard. When I said "dead" Duke started looking for his "clothes-pin bird." Imagine his surprise when he smelled a *real bird* and fresh blood! At first he backed off a foot or two; then, when I insisted on "fetch", Duke picked up the smelly thing and brought it to me.

At age seven months, November 1, 1944, Duke was sent to a professional trainer but he was injured soon thereafter and did not get to hunt during his first bird season. He recovered, however, and was ready for his first real hunt December 1, 1945. His development was rapid from then on and by December 1, 1946, with a season's experience in his wake, I had great hopes for him, which brings me up to the story of a great bird hunt!

Duke picked up the smelly thing and brought it to me . . .



The bright rays of the early morning sun cast myriad shadows on his tense frame, as Virgil moved up to flush the covey . . .





Boomer came to an abrupt halt with his head pointing to the left, into the hedge . . .



Duke spied his Daddy "on point" and immediately "backed" to a standstill . . .



Duke came forth from the heavy cover where it had flown, bringing a very live "dead" bird with only a broken wing . . .



Duke was "down" in a grass covered pasture as Morris slowly moved up to flush the covey . . .

For many weeks my friend, Virgil Moore (Manager of the gun department of Thurman Randall Sporting Goods Store), and I had planned a hunt on the South Texas farm of my close friend, Dr. George Hurt. We arrived at the place with Boomer and Duke the night prior to the planned two-day hunt and received a hearty greeting from Morris Mitchell, who manages one part of the farm and who is also a bird hunter himself. Next morning, after a country breakfast of good hot biscuits, ham and eggs, and coffee, Virgil and I started out alone as Morris had chores to attend to for a while.

It was a cold, bright morning with a heavy dew and, as we started out, I recalled the lines to a poem, "The Hunter's Dream", which I had written sometime before:

"You call to mind the morning—
When dawn broke cold and clear;
The dew was on each blade of grass,
And the 'bob-white's' call you hear.

"You feel a tingling up your spine
As you release your tether;
Your lips breathe words of silent
prayer,
'Thanks Father, for such weather.'

"Your bird dog, pal of many a hunt—
Now's working out the cover,
Then all at once he stops dead still—
And seems almost to hover!"

But, wait—There it was, even as in my dream! Duke was "down," on as sturdy a point as a man could ask for and the bright rays of the early morning sun cast myriad shadows on his tense frame! As Virgil moved up to flush the covey, I moved in too and, again, the lines of the poem came to my mind:

"It seems your heart leaps to your
throat,
All o'er you feel the 'thrill,'
As up you step to flush those birds
And 'try' to make' a 'kill!"

"A whir-r-r a boom-m a running
dog,
To get the fallen bird!
Between you is complete accord
Without a spoken word.
'When he retrieves, with a doggish
grin,
There's a word of praise from you,
Then you wave him off with a
friendly pat,
Toward where the covey flew"

We had fast action while it lasted, both proudly scoring a "double" that kept both dogs busy retrieving for a minute. Virgil had marked the covey down and we headed in the direction of a brushy hedge along the edge of the pasture. The dogs, Boomer and Duke, were ranging far up ahead and moving fast. Suddenly, Boomer, who had been making a cast down the above-mentioned hedge, came to an abrupt halt with his head pointing to the left into the hedge!



The dogs retrieved nicely . . .



I snapped a picture of Duke, head-on, tensely pointing to his right, with Boomer on a perfect point in the background . . .



There's game in your bag, and a song in your heart—'tis the end of a "hunter's day."

★ Continued on page 26

Pollution . . . A Measure of Civilization

By **KARL E. MUNDT**

NEXT to the weather, there has probably been more talk and less action on the subject of the pollution problem than on any other problem which has concerned both private citizens and public officials since the turn of the century.

Pollution has been discussed, debated, diagnosed, surveyed, studied, analyzed, condemned, investigated, and criticized but nothing—positively and completely nothing—has been done to provide effective Federal controls to reduce its menace or to eliminate its sources. The time has now come when Congress as well as our state and local authorities can ill afford to postpone any longer taking constructive and compulsory action to correct the evils of pollution.

Water pollution is virtually the last important uncontrolled, unregulated, and unchecked pagan practice continuing in the United States. We have provided Federal protection for our forests; we have Federal protection against the waste and misuse of our soil resources; we have Federal protection for our game, fish, and migratory waterfowl; we have Federal protection against the misuse of the water flowing down our navigable waters although we do conspicuously nothing to protect this water against the poisonous streams of pollution emptying into them; we have Federal protection against crime, fraud, epidemics and many other vices and evils which push out beyond the borders of a single state including such necessary and practical items as protection against the Japanese corn borer and the hoof and mouth disease. However, up to this very minute we have done nothing effective on a Federal scale to protect the people of America against the destructive and dangerous results of water pollution.

As a consequence, many of our public waters have become unfit for either fish, animal, or human life. They have virtually degenerated into slow-flowing cesspools bearing mute testimony to the callous disregard which our

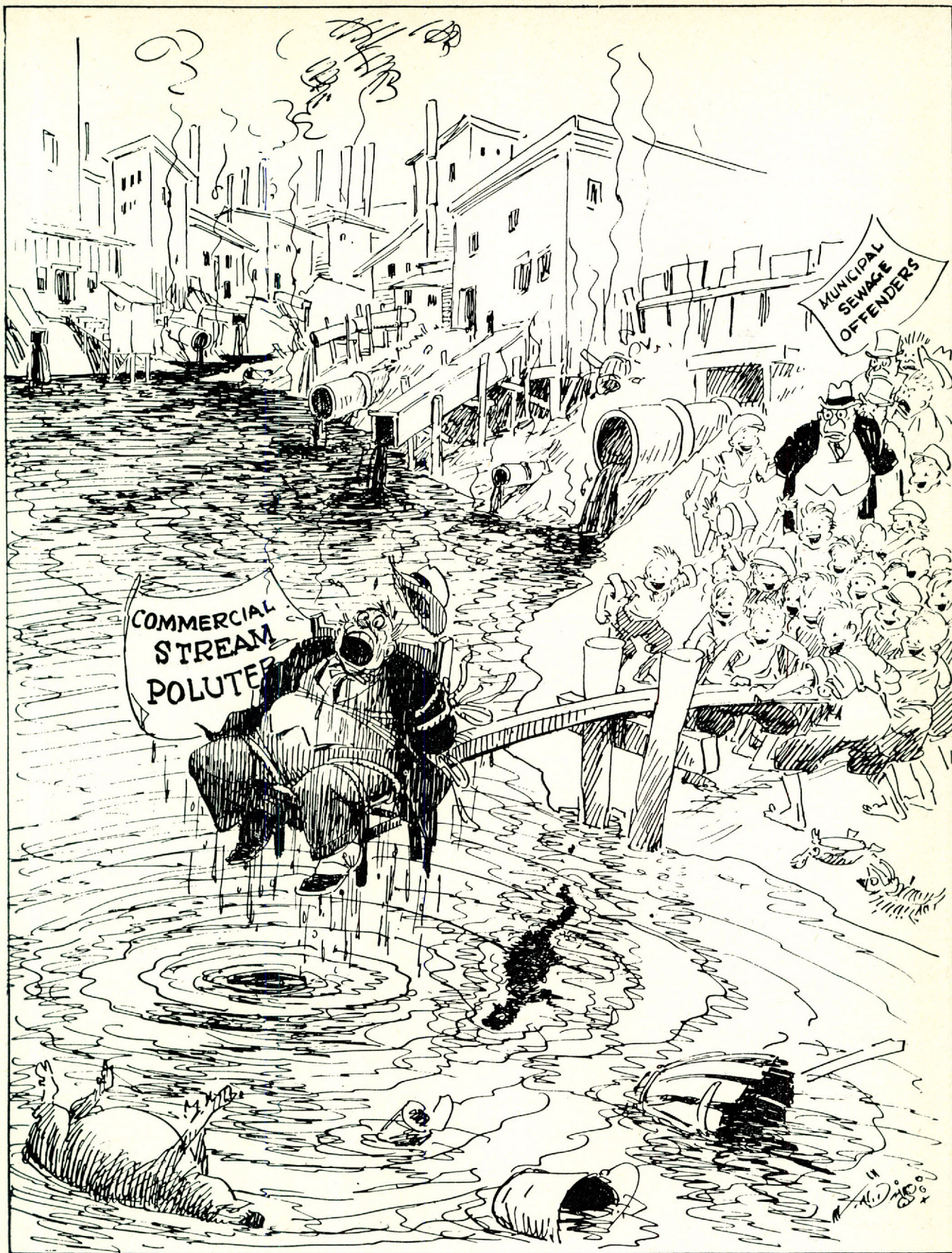
civilization has paid to the safeguarding of its public waters despite the fact that water is the most basic of all our natural resources. As Ding Darling's cartoon in this paper so vividly points out, many of our once noble rivers have become obnoxious open sewers.

Selfish industries, careless individuals, and indifferent towns and cities continue to dump sewage and industrial wastes into the drinking water of people living down the stream with reckless abandon and with complete contempt for either proper hygiene, civilized human behavior, or a decent consideration for the rights of others. Voluntary steps to correct pollution have failed dismally for more than a century; state laws and regulations alone have demonstrated that they cannot do the job; the time has come when we must have Federal legislation establishing minimum standards of water cleanliness in all the public waters of America. Either that or "America the Beautiful" will become a mere phrase in an historical reference book instead of a living reality for each and all to admire and enjoy.

The two main sources of water pollution in the United States are (1) Municipal—sewage and public wastes dumped into streams, lakes, and rivers without being put through a modern and effective treatment plant, and (2) Industrial—toxins and injurious fluids and solids of various types discharged into the public waters without adequate treatment to reduce their poisonous effects. Modern science has developed successful and effective treatment plants and processes to correct both major types of pollution. Only the easy habit of industries and communities to follow the lines of least resistance plus the greedy desire of some to save money and hold down expenditures even though it means ruining forever some of the most attractive and useful public waters in the world causes the pollution problem to continue and to grow.

KARL E. MUNDT is a member of Congress from South Dakota. Mr. Mundt was one time National Vice President of the Izaak Walton League of America and in four different congresses he has sponsored legislation to correct pollution. One of his measures once passed the House but was never approved in the Senate. He is currently the author of H.R. 123, commonly known as the Water Pollution Control Act, and he believes there is a reasonably good chance that this legislation will be approved by the 80th Congress before it expires late in 1948.

★ Continued on page 24



Why Not Put Everything We Want To Get Rid Of In The River

One Plus One--Equals One

By W. O. NAGEL

"BALANCED Farming" and **"Wildlife Conservation."** These are two new phrases about two old ideas. Twenty years ago, how many of us had heard about Balanced Farming? How many had heard of Wildlife Conservation? Even more new is using the two together, in a way that shows they are coupled. How many of use are doing that, today?

As far back as we know history, a few men and a few nations have been preaching and practicing both ideas. Lessons were plainly there for a young America to read. But in America man's abuse of the land and its products is today's top story, because it was yesterday's biggest crime. The gangster tactics used to wrest quick riches from the tortured land are now paying off in misery, poverty and illness—the inevitable products of a dying soil. These symptoms are all around us. They show themselves in many ways. They show in the fields that once grew 60-bushel corn and now produce 20 in a good year. They show in the pastures that once grazed fat cattle, and now support mice and weeds. They show in yellow soil and blowing sand, in thin livestock and broomsedge, in draft rejections and in a flood of synthetic vitamins.

These symptoms show in less wildlife and more rodents, in less game and greater predator damage; in dried lakes and muddy streams, in fewer bass and more gar. They show in the changing kind and quality of crops and creatures, for all living things depend on the soil, and no living thing is better than the soil from which it draws its livelihood.

As history goes, these changes have come upon us fast. Where most of the older nations have taken centuries to impoverish their soil and wildlife, we have done it in decades. Where it takes Europeans many generations to wear out a farm, an American can do it in ten years. Nowhere on earth has a nation had such magnificent resources of soil and water and timber and game to draw upon, and nowhere have these been spent so recklessly and so fast.

And yet this very speed with which we have spent has in it our chief ray of hope. These changes have taken place within our own lifetime. We can still remember the 60-bushel corn and the fat cattle, the wild turkey and the fine timber, the deer and the deep grass. These are not old folk's tales, to be doubted and laughed at. They are things of our own knowledge, and we can take

warning from the fact that the picture doesn't look anything like that today.

We are lucky because in the same short span it took to do the damage we could see it happen and find the remedy. A quick illness can be followed with a quick cure, if we will take our medicine, which comes in two bottles, one labelled "Balanced Farming," the other "Wildlife Conservation." You buy the bottle your own particular Doctor prescribes.

And right there—when we go to the doctor to get our prescription—is where a peculiar thing happens. We discover

and both are guaranteed to do the job.

Let's examine this strange new idea. Is it as good as it looks? If it is, we've really got something. We said in the first paragraph that balanced farming and wildlife conservation belong together. Now, we say they are really the same thing. The truth is you cannot do a good job of land use without getting wildlife conservation as a by-product; likewise, you can't do a good job of wildlife conservation without practicing sound land use—things like erosion control, building up soil fertility, managing woods and fencerows, and creating a permanent water supply. The tools are the same.

What is balanced farming but putting every acre to the use for which it is best fitted, and keeping the soil on that acre at the highest level of quality production? To have high quality wildlife in abundance requires the same thing—land husbanded to grow the kind of plant cover it can best produce. Better still; balanced land use is the best way to crowd out undesirable wildlife—the pests we don't want.

The cheapest and most permanently efficient method of predator control is good land use. Take a worn-out field at timber edge for example. Topsoil washed off, fertility gone, too poor to grow even good weeds, it goes to broomsedge and brush and persimmon sprouts. It doesn't make pasture for livestock, and its wildlife is mostly the kind we don't want—mice and other rodents, and insect pests. True, these furnish food for snakes and foxes, coyotes and roving house-cats, and for shrikes, hawks, owls and other meat eaters. These are, honestly, fine to have around in moderation. But where their natural food becomes too plentiful, predators are likely to become too plentiful also. Then, all of a sudden—why we don't know—the mouse population almost disappears and the predator population is faced with a sudden and severe food shortage. What are they going to do—starve? Usually, no; because the mouse population begins to recover quickly. But there's hunger before this happens, and to satisfy that hunger, the larger meat eaters are going to get anything they can, including game and chickens, even lambs and young pigs.

More worn-out land equals more broomsedge and more mice. More mice bring more predators which, with more frequent mouse cycles, bring more predator damage. *Somebody* abused that farm

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AUNT WHO

Do ants converse with their antennae?

Yes, ants seem to use their antennae in communication. The antennae are thought to combine hearing, smelling, and touch senses.

Do ants grow wedding wings?

Yes, they have mass marriages and fly together on their honeymoon flight.

Do ants practice chemical warfare?

Yes, in battle they expel formic acid at their enemies.

Do ants have cows?

Yes, they milk aphids for honey dew and herd them like any human dairy farmer.

Do ants build stables for their cows?

Yes, they build tiny shelters of mud and vegetable material for their aphid cows in the crotches of shrubs.

Does temperature affect the ant's speed?

Yes, the lower the temperature, the slower the ant.

Do ants have toilet aids?

Yes, they have tiny combs on their elbows and other toilet helps.

Do ants flout a federal law?

Yes, they are notorious kidnapers and think nothing of raiding the nurseries of a neighboring ant hill.

—Canadian Nature

a new idea so simple it is startling: we find out it makes no great difference which brand of medicine we buy, because they're both the same mixture

Sharks, Sawfishes and Rays

Fishes Exercise Never Ending Fascination Upon
Sea-faring Populations of the Earth and as a
Result There Is a Mass of History and Legend

By J. L. BAUGHMAN

EVER since the time of early man, sharks, sawfishes and rays have exercised a never ending fascination upon the sea-faring populations of the earth. The result is that a vast mass of history and legend has grown up around these fishes; a folk-lore from every sea and every land; tales that have had their inception with men as widely separated as a primitive islander of Torres strait and a cultured author of the western world; tales that reach from the beginning of man down till now.

Oppian, in sonorous Greek, sings of the blue shark, Glaucus, "which loves its young beyond all other fishes." It and other species of sharks are supposed to offer their young a refuge in time of trouble, taking them into their mouths or wombs to hide, and ejecting them again, once the danger is past.

Pliny (who makes the profound statement that there are no less than 74 species of fish) is our authority for the story that the sponge divers of the Mediterranean were often attacked by dogfish, which occurred in "clouds" or schools. Moreover, he gives at some length the medicinal properties of the torpedo or electric ray, detailing, among other things, a large number of remedies that could be prepared from this fish, all of which could be used as specifics for many of the ills of the human race.

In More recent times, sailors of the Caucasian races, equally as credulous as the Greeks or Romans, perpetuated upon the world another fable, that of the sword fish and thresher shark acting in collusion to destroy a whale. The fallacy of this belief was shown by Townsend a few years ago, but that such a denial should be necessary at this late date shows the persistence of such folk tales even among civilized peoples.

Among the Bavili, a West African tribe living about the mouth of the Congo, sharks have a semi-religious significance, and Nquimbike Ku Vuka, the shark that devours, is represented by a fin placed in the sacred grove.

In the New World, among the Indians of South and Central America, references to any of these fishes are not numerous. In northern Honduras, Gann

unearthed the pottery image of a shark, and he states that about Santa Rita (where pottery figurines of animals, with human heads projecting from their widely opened jaws, are common) sharks are evidently favorite models. Shark's teeth have been found in the ruins of Holmul, Guatemala, as have stingray spines. These latter have also been un-

A Glimpse into the Past

IN a book written in 1849, Edward Smith gives an account of a journey through northeastern Texas which has a number of interesting references to game conditions.

The region covered by Smith included Collins, Fannin, Lamar, Hopkins, Titus, Cass, Harrison, Upshur, Van Zandt, Kaufman and Dallas Counties.

Wrote Smith:

"Skins and pelts were not important articles of commerce since cattle were usually slaughtered out of the country, and sheep were rarely killed. The buffalo is driven farther west; and therefore deer and bear skins, with a few ox skins, are the only kinds exported. There is a ready sale for them in New Orleans.

"Bears have been very plentiful in Texas but are now found only in the river bottoms. They were very valuable to the early settlers, by supplying the place of bacon, and furnishing oil valuable for domestic purposes."

At the time he wrote, bears were still found in the cane-breaks along the river. Smith purchased the skin of one bear out of 44 killed in a single bottom in the season of 1847-48. Smith said bears were fast disappearing, a fact much regretted by many of the settlers.

Continuing, Smith wrote:

Panthers have existed in northeast Texas in great numbers. More than 60 were reported shot in a single year by Judge English, an early pioneer. Now panthers are scarce. These creatures have been most useful to the country, in joining with wolves, buzzards, and other scavengers, in devouring animals about to die from age, injury, or disease. Wolves formerly annoyed the settler by stealing his sheep, lambs, calves,

earthed at UAXACTUN, and were probably used in religious ceremonies as sacrificial knives, although there is no evidence that they were regarded as of religious significance themselves.

However, like many primitive peoples, the Maya occasionally identified their Gods with some animal, fish or bird; and in the Tzimim manuscript there is mention of Chac-uyab-xoc, the red, or great demon, shark, and of Ah-kak-nexoc, the fisherman's god, whose name meant the "fire-tailed shark."

Among the modern Maya no folk tales concerning these fish have been reported, but among their successors on the Honduran coast, i.e., the Miskito Indians, the children of the tribe play a game which is entitled "playing at shark." The game is played in the water, and the boy who is "it" represents the shark. He stealthily dives among the others, and pinches or bites them under water. This is a favorite game, which fun and fear combine to make very exciting.

Among the Tlingit Indians of northeastern America "Tus hit!" and "Q a tqu hit," both meaning "shark house," were names of two of the subdivisions

★ Continued on page 18

and young hogs."

Smith regarded the wildcat as neither important nor abundant. However, he said the raccoon stole the fowls of farmers but that the dogs kept up a continuous watch against him.

Game of every variety was said to exist in countless numbers, Smith wrote, adding:

"Deer, in herds, occupy every wood, and at dawn of day and at night, may be seen browsing on the open prairie. Their number is much diminished, but even now the huntsman needs never to return without his game. Wild turkeys, weighing 30 pounds, frequently crossed our path. Ducks and geese are said to be innumerable. Partridges exist everywhere and were constantly running in front of our horses. The prairie hen is very abundant, and is about the size of a common fowl, but much more delicious. Woodcocks, snipes, and every known variety of game are met with on all hands. Squirrels are very numerous, and are accounted a great luxury, and to my untutored taste, the flesh is very rich. I shot six of these creatures in a very short time; and the large fox-tailed squirrel, the gray and the black squirrel are equally prized. Game has long ceased to be profitable to the settler, since more useful occupations than hunting have presented themselves; and it is still too abundant to be valued as a luxury."

The foregoing quotations from Smith's book are interesting from several different angles, but perhaps principally for their reference to the prairie hen which quite evidently refers to the greater prairie chicken, now extinct in Texas, although still found in a limited area in Oklahoma.—Walter P. Taylor.

Gourmet Magic

THE ducks and geese are heading southward. They are coming down the three major flyways. Already some have reached the marshes and rice fields along the Texas Coast. And on November 4 the age old battle of wits between man and ducks gets underway. This year the Federal Laws have cut down your bag limit to four ducks per day and your possession limit is down to 8 in the aggregate.

Gripping about the bag and possession limits won't help. Only through the grace and persistence of some gray-beards are you allowed to shoot at all. The expense of getting your duck this year is higher—ammunition, accommodations, food and equipment have not lagged in the general rise in prices. If you get your entire limit, your ducks will cost you approximately \$15 each—more than that if you don't. There we have it. Less birds this year and they cost more. We can't afford to waste one duck through carelessness. When you bag that duck, start proceeding in the field to insure its being the delicious entree you've dreamed about when it is placed on your table.

Since the duck bag limit is so small, turn some of your attention to that grand little waterfowl, the coot. You are allowed to hunt more of them, 25 per day being the bag limit, and they make a flavorful dish for family and friends. Here are some tips that will help you handle wild ducks and coots in the field and kitchen for best results in eating pleasure.

As soon as you shoot that duck or coot, the preparation of your wild fowl dinner begins:

1. By breaking its neck or cutting the throat, bleed each bird as you pick it up.

2. Don't wait until the bird is cold to remove the entrails. Pluck a strip of feathers from the end of the breastbone to the vent, make an incision and cut around the vent. Remove all entrails carefully, clean the giblets. Remove crop and windpipe by making an incision along the back of the neck. Wipe the inside of the bird with clean cloth or paper. Stuff the inside with waxed paper and wrap the giblets separately in waxed paper.

3. Cool as rapidly as possible by carrying the birds outside of the bag.

4. By hanging the birds outside at camp, the free circulation of air will keep them as cold as possible. The

feathers are protection against dust, insects, etc.

5. To express ducks or coots, eviscerate but do not pluck the birds. Ice thoroughly. To freeze at once, eviscerate and pluck the birds, or take the birds to your locker plant to be "oven-dressed."

The actual cooking of wild ducks and coots is much the same as for poultry. The method of cooking is determined largely by the age of the birds. Young birds less than one year are tender, older birds are tougher. Sort your ducks accordingly. Pluck wild ducks dry, not scalded, and follow the method used for plucking a tame duck. Under running water, wash and clean the cavity thoroughly; remove all loose tissue; drain and dry.

There is one difference in the preparation of coots. Skin them. They are full of pinfeathers. Then, too, by skinning them much of the fat under the skin is removed making the flesh less gamy.

Most people find their birds are gamy enough when the ducks are aged from 18 to 48 hours. For well-ripened or "high" game, the birds can be aged longer depending on the individual taste. To diminish the game flavor, soak birds in a salt or acid solution, or parboil them. Either of these three methods lessen the fishy taste of ducks and coots that feed largely on crustacean life.

Check the carcass for "sour" or tainted spots that may have come in contact with the entrails. Cut these away. The quality of the duck or coot depends on its weight, plumpness, amount of fat, firmness and color of muscle and its age. The fat in "strong" or fishy birds should be removed.

Add fat generously during the cooking process. Butter, bacon or salt pork strips or drippings, or a neutral fat will do. These wild birds are much less juicy than domestic fowl. Young, tender ducks and coots can be broiled, grilled, fried, or roasted thereby preserving the natural and distinctive game flavor. Older and less tender ducks should be cooked by moist heat or a combination of dry and moist heat such as braising, pot roasting or covered baking. With few exceptions, all wild game meat should be cooked medium well done, flavorful, tender, and not dry, tasteless and tough. In roasting ducks and coots, cover with a greased cloth and baste frequently to keep the skin moist. By basting often

with fat and sprinkling flour after each basting, the skin will be crisp.

A wide choice of condiments, sauces, spices and herbs will enhance or modify the game flavor. Allow additional time for thawing when cooking a frozen oven-dressed fowl. Cook already thawed game at once as it deteriorates more rapidly than fresh game.

You can judge the number of servings by the weight of the bird or birds. For a small serving, $\frac{1}{2}$ pound should be allowed, a medium serving, $\frac{3}{4}$ pound or more. If the duck is a large one, split along the breastbone and backbone and serve halves or quarters. A pair of sturdy kitchen shears simplifies this procedure. Small ducks should be served whole.

The crowning point of the hunt is the duck or coot dinner. An attractive centerpiece suggestive of the out-doors will be enjoyed by all. Here are a few hints that will help you plan your meal.

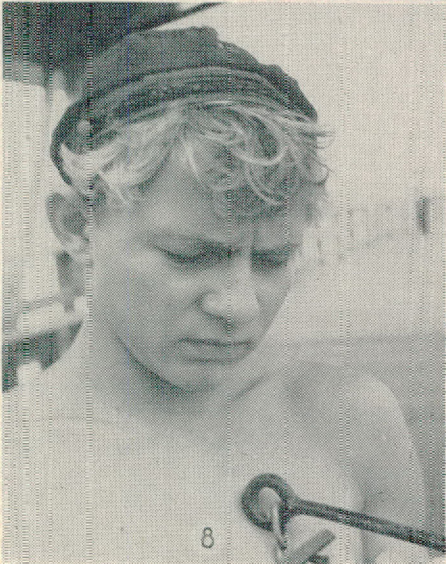
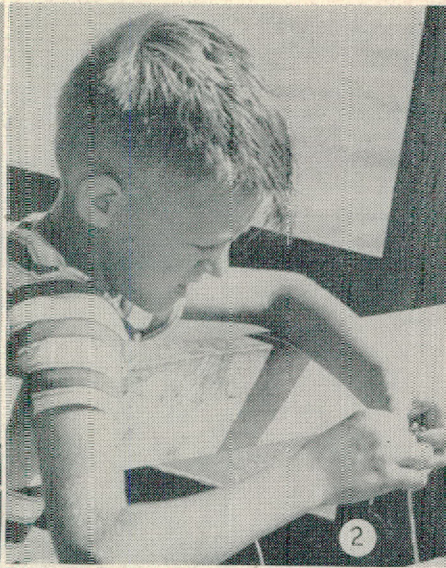
Taste your carefully seasoned game dish before serving. Garnish simply. Accompanying foods should be chosen to bring out the delicate game flavor—not to

★ *Continued on page 14*

FISHING is serious business down on the Gulf coast as these character studies by Jack Blackwell, Rockport photographer, show. —>

1. J. L. Henry, U. S. Naval Hospital, Corpus Christi, has no time to think about anything except landing that red fish he hooked at Port Aransas.
2. Rex Rambo, Corpus Christi, appears a bit puzzled as to the best way to bait his hook.
3. Prophetic words are those on the blouse worn by Mrs. C. B. Robertson, Gonzales, as she ponders a backlash at Port Aransas.
4. Wishful waiting is expressed by Mrs. J. M. Kirkland, of Randolph Field, as she waits for a strike at Port Aransas.
5. Every fisherman knows patience is the number one rule in fishing and W. H. Morrison, of Rockport, is showing more than ordinary patience as he attaches a new plug to his line.
6. W. C. Biddle of Houston wears the smile of victory as he places his catch on a stringer at Rockport.
7. George Sulzer of Aransas Pass apparently is having a little trouble getting his sinker set just right and there is a bit of impatience expressed on his tanned face.
8. Tousled haired Bill Cobb of Aransas Pass has got himself all snarled up in a problem and he doesn't seem to be too happy about it, either.
9. Baiting a hook is serious work for Miss Ida Louise Mahler of Gonzales but her efforts were rewarded a few moments later when she landed a mackerel at Port Aransas.

Fishing Is Serious Business



overpower it. More gamey birds require the stronger flavored foods. For an attractive dinner plate, choose condiments, salads and vegetables for contrast in color, but do not serve the same type of food in different forms at the same meal—for example, corn and cornbread, potatoes and rice. To add to the zest of the meal, serve hot foods hot and cold dishes cold. In the following recipes we have made suggestions on food combinations to serve with wild duck and coot entrees. They may aid the cook in varying the combinations to even better advantage, according to the taste requirements of the family.

Broiled Wild Ducks or Coots

1 large, 2 medium, or 4 small ducks or 2 to 4 coots

Garlic or onion, or

½ lemon or lime

¼ to 1/3 cup fat equal parts butter and other fat

Salt, pepper, paprika

Butter

Chives or parsley, minced.

Use only young ducks or coots, fresh and in prime condition. Split dressed bird in half, flatten breastbone; leave small ducks whole. Rub the pieces with garlic or onion, lemon or lime juice, and brush with melted fat 30 minutes before broiling. Preheat broiler to 350° F. (moderate). Lay pieces skin or skinned side down (whole duck—breast down) on greased rack in broiler pan 2 or 3 inches below heating unit. Broil 20 to 35 minutes basting every 5 minutes with drippings. When browned on surface, sprinkle meat with salt, pepper and paprika. Turn and brown other side. Serve on heated platter, brush meat with melted butter and sprinkle minced chives or parsley. Garnish.

Suggested food combination: Fluffy rice, buttered peas and carrots, grapefruit salad, corn sticks and wild plum or any tart jelly.

Barbecued Wild Ducks or Coots

Prepare young ducks or coots for broiling and follow directions given in recipe for broiling wildfowl. Baste frequently with a barbecue sauce instead of melted fat. Use your favorite barbecue sauce or prepare a sauce as follows:

½ cup butter

2 tablespoons lemon juice or vinegar

¼ cup tomato ketchup

1 teaspoon granulated sugar

2 teaspoons Worcestershire sauce

A dash of each celery seed and garlic sauce

Salt, black pepper and paprika to taste.

Mix all ingredients into melted butter. Simmer five minutes.

Suggested food combination: Baked

potatoes on the half shell, green tossed salad with tart french dressing, herb bread and grape jelly or jam.

Baked Wild Ducks or Coots

1. Older ducks or coots may be used. Prepare as for roasting. Place on trivet in chicken fryer or Dutch oven and add ½ cup hot water.

2. Bake, covered, 2 hours, then remove cover, spread surface with currant or plum jelly beaten until partially broken up. Leave fowl uncovered and continue baking ½ hour, basting frequently with pan drippings. Garnish and serve.

Suggested food combination: Crisp celery curls, radish roses, curly endive will serve as garnish and relish. Buttered green peas and carrots, baked potatoes (these can be baked alongside the fowl), hot Parker House rolls, and the pan drippings from your baked duck will serve as a zestful sauce unless you prefer a different jelly than was used in baking.

Roast Wild Ducks or Coots

(2 to 4 servings)

1 large, 2 medium or 4 small ducks

2 to 4 coots

Onion or garlic

Salt, pepper, paprika

Bacon or salt pork

3 to 5 cups stuffing (your own recipe) or

Oranges and celery

or

Apples and onion

Butter

1. Use young ducks or coots in prime condition, not too "gamey." Rub cavities of oven-dressed fowl with freshly cut onion or garlic and season with salt, pepper and paprika.

2. Fill the cavities with the chosen stuffing, sew and truss. Rub bird generously with butter; place on greased rack in shallow pan (breast side down) and cover with greased cloth.

3. Roast, uncovered, in slow oven (325° F.) for 1½ to 2 hours, basting several times with pan drippings or additional fat. When half done, remove cloth and turn. Place the strips of bacon or salt pork over breasts and continue roasting. Remove the birds, keep hot until served. Gravy can be made from pan drippings, stock and milk.

4. Place birds on heated platter, garnish and serve.

Suggested food combination: Broiled mushroom caps and pineapple slices; wild rice or fluffy rice; asparagus tips, buttered or fried in onion rings; crisp relishes; Loganberry or cranberry jelly, and corn sticks.

Receipes

QUAIL ON TOAST

Rub dressed whole birds inside and out with butter, salt and pepper. Truss legs and wings with slices of bacon. Put in roasting pan with 1 tablespoonful butter and 2 tablespoonfuls water for each bird; cook in a hot oven until done. Have buttered slices of toast ready. Place a bird on each slice. Put a little more butter, a little water, and the juice of 1 lemon (for 4 quail) in the roasting pan, simmer 3 minutes, and pour over breasts of quail as they lie on toast. Garnish with parsley and serve quickly while hot.—B30.

BARBECUED QUAIL

1 cup of tomato catsup or chili sauce

1 cup vinegar

juice from 4 lemons

4 teaspons Worcestershire sauce

1 teaspoon meat extract

1 pound butter

red pepper and salt to taste

If no pit is available, the quail may be barbecued inside of oven. Melt butter and add other ingredients. Let simmer over fire few minutes. Use hardwood, oak, or charcoal in pit, and let the fire burn down to red coal. Lay birds on wire rack placed over the pit. Turn constantly until they are slightly browned. Have sauce in large pan. With long-handled fork, remove birds from fire, dip in sauce, and return to fire. Continue this process until birds are done. Place in steamer, pour remainder of sauce over them. Allow to steam until ready to serve, turning occasionally in sauce.—B2.

ROAST QUAIL

6 quail

6 large oysters

strips of bacon

flour

salt and pepper

butter or other fat

Dress, clean and truss the birds. Stuff each with one large oyster. Lard breast and legs with strips of bacon. Bake in hot oven (500° F.) 15 to 25 minutes then reduce heat to 350° and bake until tender and brown, basting often with butter or other fat or water. Make gravy with the drippings and pour it over the birds. Serve with bread sauce.

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Write For Information

Raise Your Own Wildlife

By JACK PATTON, JR.

TO A motorist traveling a back country road in East Texas, the 126-acre farm of Jack Langston, Sr., president of the Langston Manufacturing Company of Dallas, would not seem any different from the other 418,000 farms scattered over the Lone Star State.

But to the outdoorsman, after a brief investigation, this tract of land would appear as a sportsman's paradise overflowing with fish and game developments, developments which can be easily adapted to suit almost any section.

Langston purchased this plot two years ago and inaugurated what he terms "a five-year plan" which will prove whether 100 acres can provide a living for a family of three and a hired man and pay 4 per cent of the investment. And at the same time provide the family and its friends with a sufficient stock of wildlife for hunting and fishing.

Surrounding the two-story white frame house is an acre-orchard which produces an abundance of Texas fruits for the Langstons. Another forty-five acres are used for the cultivation of cotton, sweet potatoes, oats, peanuts, corn, peas and hay crops. The remaining acreage is devoted to grazing for twenty head of White Face cattle and to the raising of game and fish by the latest scientific methods.

Although the farm sports five lakes, only one is used for the production of fish. This is the largest and is on the tail end of a stream which passes through a three-quarter and then a half-acre tank, used for filtration before flowing into the fishing reservoir. The other two tanks on the farm's east side are used for watering the stock while also furnishing a large supply of minnows for bait.

Since March the large lake has

been stocked with 500 channel cat secured from the state hatchery at Lake Dallas; 100 big mouth bass bought from a private source in Calhoun, Ga.; and twenty-four bullfrogs which furnish the farm with nightly music.

The process followed in raising the fish is simple and economical enough to be put into practice on any small lake. Once a week "fish vitamin" is spread over the water. Eight pounds of the 4-8-4 mixture—consisting of protein, nitrate of soda, phosphoric acid, nitrogen and a balance of dirt and crushed rock—are required for each acre. This fertilizer will increase the growth of the fish one-third.

Of course, the bass are the pride and joy of the farm. Fishing will not be permitted until the middle of next summer when the fish should average twelve inches in length. The progress of growth of the bass, which can be seen swimming in schools of five to twelve near the bank, is observed by the way they strike at insects and bugs on top of the water. As they grow the bass strike harder and faster.

The frogs were put into the pond while in the tadpole stage. But in three months time they grew into giant size.

In addition to the native wildlife Langston has added ring-necked pheasants, northern bobwhites and fox squirrels. These animals have been imported from other localities, and the extent of their multiplication is still in the experimental stage.

During the early spring he obtained eight pheasant hens and two cocks from South Dakota. He now has approximately 100 chicks. The grown birds are kept in specially constructed pens while the eggs are hatched by a chicken hen which also mothers the little ones.

Langston has sold, traded and given away pheasant eggs, hoping to stock the entire area surrounding the farm.

"Pheasants grow just as well in Texas as they do in the Dakotas," he declared, "and they are just as much at home. The only reason the state is not stocked with them is that the people haven't taken interest in trying to raise the birds."

Twenty-four northern bobwhites from Virginia were released in March. They are now nesting on adjoining farms for miles around.

"When first released, these birds, which are larger than the Texas quail, would stay close to the house and eat with the chickens. But after a few experiences with dogs, cats and hawks, they became as wild as any other game," Langston explained.

As the quail became wilder they changed their nesting areas to other nearby farms. But with the briar and blackberry patches that grow along the farm's fence rows, the bobwhites remember the Langston's as home.

Many of the neighbor-boys have been appointed by Langston as unofficial game wardens of that section. Their jobs are to protect the quail nests from any roaming predators.

The fox squirrels find the oak, elm and hickory trees of the Langston place very suitable for homes. Langston has provided several box nests to serve as squirrel homes which have been placed in the trees over the farm.

"It will be two years before we have an abundance of fox squirrels," Langston estimated. The bushy tails migrate from place to place when times are bad or when hunters are about. For these reasons Langston has given them the run of the farm—prohibiting shooting until the land is well stocked.

Langston is banking on this philosophy for the success of his game and fish projects: "Wildlife is just like people. It will go where it is invited and it will stay where it is well treated."

Fish Rodeos

A perfect rash of fishing rodeos and roundups is breaking out all over Old Man Texas. Some have been run off already, some are under way and some are scheduled. The AP cites a fairly typical example, the Possum Kingdom bass and crappie rodeo. Four hundred fish, each bearing a number, were turned loose in the lake. Fifty thousand dollars in prizes will be awarded the lucky ones, top prize being \$1000.

It's a lottery, of course, and lotteries are contrary to United States postal regulations. You can't mention a lottery in any printed matter, and send that printed

matter through the mails, without violating the law.

A lottery has three elements—chance, prize and consideration. Where all three are present you have a lottery. Chance? If one person out of several thousand catches a fish bearing a certain number, that's certainly pure luck. Consideration? Merely taking time off to take part in a fish rodeo could constitute a "consideration," though no entry fee were charged. Prize? That one answers itself.

Last year the Abilene Reporter-News launched a statewide bass-catching contest. This year it will be repeated, but on a smaller territorial scale. No numbered fish were involved. No entry fees.

The person who caught the biggest bass was rewarded for his skill with certain gifts and prizes. It takes skill to land a big fish, even after you've hooked 'im. This, therefore, was a game of skill, not a game of chance.

Of course, nobody is likely to make a point of the fish rodeos as long as they are promoted in behalf of sportsmanship, good clean fun, and by non-profit clubs and organizations. But if they are ever taken over by promoters in search of cash profits, Uncle Sam may start looking down his long nose at them.

Many another good and innocent thing has been run in the ground by over-emphasis.—(Abilene Reporter-News.)



Wrong Way Plugging

IS THE shoe on the right foot? Could a right-handed man do a more efficient job of plug fishing if he used a left-handed casting reel? For instance, could I, a right-handed old dog, learn a new trick? That is, could I learn to use a left-handed reel?

Scene I opens by a placid bass pool along my creek. It is a beautiful afternoon in midsummer. I sit lazily on the bank as cottony clouds drift across a brilliant sky. It is very still, with the murmuring drone of a million summer insects broken only by the quiet whirrs of a well-oiled casting reel.

An eager young man is methodically covering the pool with his casts. He is a good caster. His plug darts to its mark with the swift precision of a hummingbird in full flight.

I study the boy's technique. He is a better caster than I ever hope to be. He's quick as lightning on the retrieve. Then I sit up a little straighter. I see how he works it. He is left-handed.

He handles the rod entirely with his left hand; casts, thumbs the reel, and brings the rod tip up and back while his right hand finds the reel handles and winds in the retrieve.

If a straight line is the shortest distance between two points, it is no more direct and to the point than this lad's system of casting and retrieving.

He makes no fumbling motions at the finish of each cast, as I do, changing the

rod from right to left hand. His reel is never unguarded, even for an instant, as mine is while I shift the rod from hand to hand.

I recall some embarrassing moments in my fishing career, when certain bass, now possessing unprintable nicknames, chose that particular split second to lunge at the bait.

This young fisherman's equipment is orthodox, the same right-hand-drive reel, the same rod and line that nearly all of us use.

When he had finished casting the pool I engaged him in conversation, but briefly.


Yes, he had heard they made left-handed reels for fellows like him, but he had never seen one. He had heard that they were specially made and higher priced, but since he got along O. K. with the standard model, why be fussy? And that is about all the information I got out of him, for then he started pumping me about the fish and the fishing along this creek.

Scene II is in midwinter, eight months later. Snowflakes are flying, deep drifts block the roads, and the whole landscape is white as - - snow. So, just when the bass season is at its very lowest ebb, the postman brings a fishing tackle catalogue. And the catalogue is the spark to rekindle interest in left-handed reels for right-handed fishermen.

I decide the only way to put my mind at ease on the subject is to buy a left-handed reel and try to master it next summer.

But there are no left-handed winches listed. I order another catalogue. They don't make one, either. I compose several letters. Nothing develops. Everybody I know is too busy manufacturing standard tackle to make me a left-handed reel for plugging.

A couple of weeks later I am standing by the window. There is still plenty of snow outside, but it is sooty gray and dirty now. Beyond and through the snow I see a water-beaten stump near the lily-pads. The silver water shimmers around it as our boat eases silently closer. I cast the tiny plunker, and check it exactly in the shadow of the stump. The water boils. Thumb on silk, I set the hooks. He is a whopper! I crank furiously with



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my left hand. He is coming up. He jumps!

Boy, what a bass!

I bring the rod around sidewise to throw him off balance—and see with the corner of an eye a neighbor woman eyeing me sharply as she visits my wife in the kitchen. I stuff my hands in my pockets, jingle my keys, and step down cellar to poke up the furnace!

Scene III shows a cluttered work bench. Small tools and casting reel parts make a jumbled pattern on the bench. But the work proceeds, and there finally emerges from the clutter a serviceable casting reel.

The job was not so difficult as I had feared. In fact, I feel sure that any man familiar with the necessary tools could turn out a similar reel provided he wanted one as badly as I did.

The risk was not very great, for I chose a reel that had seen its best days. It was in line for retirement. And if the operation had failed, and the reel gone into the trash can, no great loss would have been incurred.

A standard model was chosen for alteration, one that evidently enjoyed a wide sale before the war. Originally it was intended that exact detail drawings be made to show each step in the alteration, but investigation later showed that this particular reel was made in several different designs, so actual dimensional drawing would perhaps be more confusing than helpful.

Actually the change-over involved only the marking out and drilling of several new holes in the end plates and a lengthening of the line guide. The unused holes were plugged with small chunks of aluminum, riveted in place. Perhaps the principal danger to guard against in a job like this would be the accidental bending of any of the reel parts as they are held in a vise for drilling.

It is suggested that the reel be dismantled, each part studied, and the necessary alteration mapped carefully before any work is begun. The parts not

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altered, spool, gears, etc., can be laid by in a little box until the drilling work on the end plates is completed. Note that a bent spool shaft or bearing means a useless reel. The reel pictured is labeled Shakespeare "Criterion" 1960 Model HD.

Scene IV develops naturally. Winter has given way to something resembling spring. I fasten the left-handed reel to a casting rod, remove the hooks from a battered plug for practice purposes, and adjourn to the backyard. But first I check to make sure the aforementioned neighbor lady cannot see me casting for bass in the backyard, as she did in the parlor!

I am a little rusty, of course, but after a few casts my thumb falls into the old groove, and I cast right along. A spaniel puppy comes across lots to investigate, and is very much interested in the old plug as I retrieve it across the lawn.

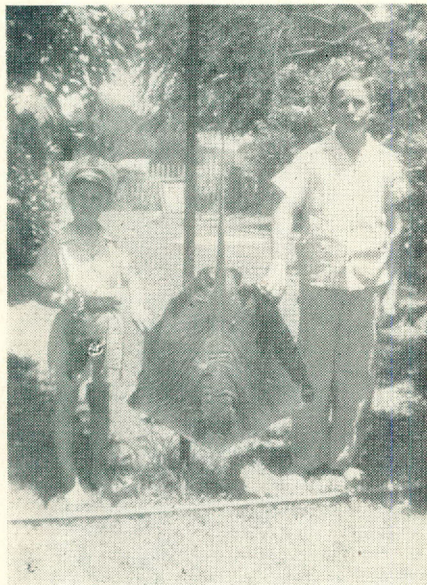
He is a good substitute for a bass. He pounces on the plug, shakes it viciously, and tries to carry it under the porch. We have a swell workout. I have not the slightest difficulty in winding the reel with my left hand once I get the knack.

As I put up my tackle, I have a feeling that bass season holds some brand-new thrills for me this year, and I am impatient for the time to roll around.

Scene V cannot be described until the present season is over. What will happen is hidden in the future. This much I can tell—I have a good right-hand reel laid away, just in case of emergency.—DON BLAIR in *Pennsylvania Angler*.

They Catch Fish's Eye

Natural foods that attract the attention of fish are struggling insects and crippled minnows. Therefore, anglers try to imitate them when fishing with flies and other artificial lures.



W. W. BARTH of Mercedes, Texas, and Charles Voelters of Temple, Texas, caught this 50-pound sting ray in the ship canal below Brownsville. The two boys in the picture are Billie and Charles Voelters, Jr.

Outdoor Writers Adopt Fish Nomenclature List

SOME years ago the Outdoor Writers Association of America appointed a committee to work on the development of a single common name for American sport fishes. Later it was learned that the American Fisheries Society was working on the same task. The war came on and work on the list stopped. About a year ago the committee resumed its work under the leadership of Bill Ackerman of Miami, Fla., and Lou Craine of Dowagiac, Mich.

At the recent meeting of the Outdoor Writers Association of America held at St. Petersburg, Fla., the members of the committee brought together the results of their individual efforts and finally produced the following list. The committee's report was adopted by the conference with the provision that it remain a tentative list for a period of one year. During this period it is hoped that any and all who may object or agree will make known their objections or any other suggestions they may care to make.

The need for a commonly accepted list of names for American game fishes has been recognized and the committee hopes that by publishing the list which they have prepared and letting it stand

for a period of one year that the present unsatisfactory muddle with regard to the common names of our salt and fresh water game fishes will disappear. It is not expected that the list as finally adopted by the OWAA will receive unanimous support in all particulars, however it is hoped that most of the disagreements will have been ironed out in the period of waiting.

These tentative lists are arranged alphabetically for more easy reference.

Following the common name selected for each fish will be found the accepted scientific name. After the scientific name of each fish will be found the name of the man who first described it. If there has been a change in the scientific name since its first description, the original man's name will be placed in parentheses.

In keeping with recommendations of scientists and authorities, the following suggestions are made to apply to the common names of fishes:

1. Hyphens should be dispensed with: i.e., largemouth bass, not large-mouth bass.
2. The suffix "ed" should be deleted from adjectival modifiers: i.e., longear sunfish, not longeared sunfish.

FRESH-WATER FISHES

| Common Name of Fish | Scientific Name of Fish |
|-------------------------------|--|
| *BASS, LARGEMOUTH..... | Huro salmoides (Lacepede) |
| *BASS, ROCK..... | Ambloplites rupestris (Rafinesque) |
| *BASS, SMALLMOUTH..... | Micropterus dolomieu Lacepede |
| *BASS, SPOTTED..... | Micropterus punctulatus (Rafinesque) |
| *BASS, WHITE..... | Lepibema chrysops (Rafinesque) |
| *BASS, YELLOW..... | Morone interrupta Gill |
| *BLUEGILL..... | Lepomis macrochirus Rafinesque |
| *BOWFIN..... | Amia calva Linnaeus |
| *BULLHEAD, BLACK..... | Ameiurus melas (Rafinesque) |
| *BULLHEAD, BROWN..... | Ameiurus nebulosus (Le Sueur) |
| *BULLHEAD, YELLOW..... | Ameiurus natalis (Le Sueur) |
| *CARP..... | Cyprinus carpio Linnaeus |
| *CATFISH, BLUE..... | Ictalurus furcatus (Cuvier & Valenciennes) |
| *CATFISH, CHANNEL..... | Ictalurus lacustris (Walbaum) |
| *CATFISH, FLATHEAD..... | Pilodietis olivaris (Rafinesque) |
| *CATFISH, WHITE..... | Ictalurus catus (Linnaeus) |
| *CISCO..... | Leucichthys arctedi (Le Sueur) |
| *CRAPPIE, BLACK..... | Pomoxis nigro-maculatus (Le Sueur) |
| *CRAPPIE, WHITE..... | Pomoxis annularis Rafinesque |
| *DRUM, FRESH WATER..... | Aplodinotus grunniens Rafinesque |
| *FALLFISH..... | Semotilus corporalis (Mitchell) |
| *GRAYLING, MONTANA..... | Thymallus signifer tricolor Cope |
| *GRAYLING, ARCTIC..... | Thymallus signifer (Richardson) |
| *MUSKELLUNGE..... | Esox masquinongy masquinongy Mitchell |
| *MUSKELLUNGE, CHAUTAUQUA..... | Esox masquinongy ohioensis Kirtland |
| *MUSKELLUNGE, NORTHERN..... | Esox masquinongy immaculatus Garrard |
| *OUANANICHE..... | Salmo salar ouananiche McCarthy |

(While some scientists disagree, this species has been differentiated from the landlock salmon [sebago], which is also listed.)

| | |
|-------------------------|---|
| PERCH, WHITE..... | Morone american Gmelin |
| PERCH, YELLOW..... | Perca flavescens (Mitchell) |
| PICKEREL, BARRED..... | Esox americanus Gmelin |
| *PICKEREL, EASTERN..... | Esox niger Le Sueur |
| *PICKEREL, MUD..... | Esox vermiculatus Le Sueur |
| PIKE, NORTHERN..... | Esox lucius Linnaeus |
| PUMPKINSEED..... | Lepomis gibbosus (Linnaeus) |
| SALMON, ATLANTIC..... | Salmo salar Linnaeus |
| SALMON, CHINOOK..... | Oncorhynchus tshawytscha (Walbaum) |
| SALMON, COHO..... | Oncorhynchus kisutch (Walbaum) |
| SALMON, DOG..... | Oncorhynchus keta (Walbaum) |
| SALMON, HUMPBACK..... | Oncorhynchus gorbuscha (Walbaum) |
| SALMON, LANDLOCKED..... | Salmo salar sebago Girard |
| SALMON, SOCKEYE..... | Oncorhynchus nerka (Walbaum) |
| SAUGER..... | Stizostedion canadense (Smith) |
| *SHELLCRACKER..... | Lepomis microlophus (Günther) |
| *STUMPKNCKER..... | Lepomis punctatus (Cuvier & Valenciennes) |
| *SUNFISH, GREEN..... | Lepomis cyanellus Rafinesque |

★ Continued on next page

| Common Name of Fish | Scientific Name of Fish |
|--------------------------|------------------------------------|
| *SUNFISH, LONGEAR..... | Lepomis megalotis (Rafinesque) |
| SUNFISH, REDBREAST..... | Lepomis auritus (Linnaeus) |
| TROUT, BROOK..... | Salvelinus fontinalis (Mitchell) |
| TROUT, BROWN..... | Salmo trutta Linnaeus |
| TROUT, CUTTHROAT..... | Salmo clarkii Richardson |
| TROUT, DOLLY VARDEN..... | Salvelinus malma (Walbaum) |
| TROUT, GOLDEN..... | Salmo agua-bonita Jordan |
| TROUT, KAMLOOPS..... | Salmo gairdnerii kamloops (Jordan) |
| TROUT, LAKE..... | Cristivomer namaycush (Walbaum) |
| TROUT, RAINBOW..... | Salmo gairdnerii Richardson |

(The steelhead trout is not listed, because it is now universally held by scientists that it is simply a sea run rainbow trout.)

| | |
|-------------------------------|------------------------------------|
| *WALLEYE..... | Stizostedion vitreum (Mitchell) |
| *WARMOUTH..... | Chaenobryttus coronarius (Bartram) |
| WARMOUTH, ROCKY MOUNTAIN..... | Prosopium williamsoni (Girard) |

*Species native to Mississippi waters—

Sharks, Sawfishes and Rays

★ Continued from page 11

of the tribe, while the chief of still a third rejoiced in the name of "Ha yeak!", the Indian term for the hollow left in shallow water by a rapidly swimming shark. The carved emblem of the Nanyaa yi and Ka glwantan clans was a shark crest, accompanied, in the case of the Ka glwantans, by face paintings representing the devil-fish. Such crests were utilized in shows put on at tribal gatherings of potlaches. Gambling sticks used by the tribe instead of our more modern (?) dice, were named after various animals, and among these was one known as "tus," the Tlingit word for shark. This tribe called one of the skates, "the canoe of the land otter."

In South America, while there are doubtless others, I have found few evidences of any of these fish in folklore. However, Roth has collected several tales from among the Guiana Indians wherein various members of the family occur. Among the Warrau there is a tale wherein the under-water people, or Oriyu, keep sharks as humans keep dogs. Moreover, with a view to their becoming good huntings dogs, this tribe names their canine friends after those animals which are known to hunt well, among them the shark.

In the story of Nohi-Abassi, another Warrau tale, he induces a shark to eat up his mother-in-law, thus relieving him from a hateful bondage. However, he was caught and his leg cut off by his sister-in-law in revenge for her mother's death. Today Nohi-bassu, his wife, and leg, may be seen among the stars, he as the constellation known as the Hyades, the missing leg as Orion's Belt, while his wife is represented by the Seven Sisters of our Plains Indians, the Pleiades of the Greeks.

Interesting as these cases may be, they are isolated occurrences when we compare them with the great mass of material from the peoples of the southern and western Pacific.

Among the Gilbert Islanders one of their tutelary deities, Tabaruaki, occasionally assumed the form of a shark. Nei de Tuahine was a goddess who lived in the sea and swam about in the form of a sting-ray, while Taufu of the

sea, a deity of the Tongans, often appeared to his worshippers in the form of a shark.

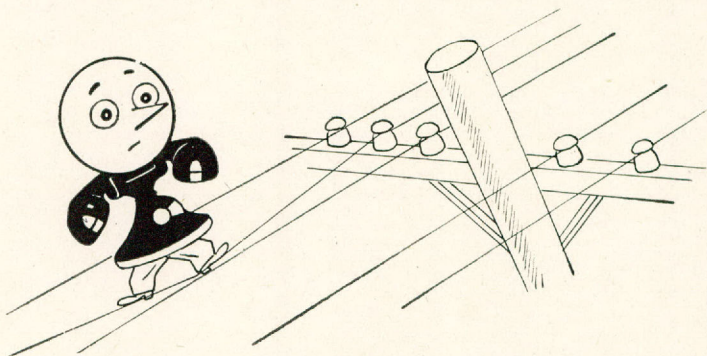
The Marquesan tribe known as the Houmas considered the sting-ray tabu. Not only would they not eat of the flesh, but they fled in horror if it was shown to them. Moso, of Samoa, was one of the gods of the land, as opposed to Tangaloo, god of the heavens, and was, in some families, the household god, incarnated in the form of a sting-ray. These household gods, were among the most numerous of the Samoan deities,

and occasionally, when their worship was extended to an entire district, were the cause of serious trouble. For instance, if people who had a sting-ray or shark as their local object of reverence heard that their neighbors had caught a fish of that sort, they would go there in a body and beg them not to cook and eat it. Should they be refused their request, a fight ensued for the protection of the god. Such beliefs were also common to the Marshall and Peleu Islands.

Offerings were sometimes made to these household deities. In Ponape, the Tipenway clan, whose totem was the sting-ray, whenever they found one stranded on the shore were careful to replace it in the water, and formerly, when a member of the clan died, his friends used to pour coconut milk on the waters, perhaps because they thought that the soul of the deceased had taken up its abode in one of these fish.

Such beliefs, i.e., the transmigration of souls to the bodies of sharks or rays, were not uncommon.

At Saa, in the Solomon Islands, the ghosts of the dead are believed to inhabit various animals, among them sharks. Dying people frequently announce their intention of becoming one of these fish when they have put off their human shape; and if any shark remarkable for its size or color is seen to haunt a certain section of reef or



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shore, it is taken to be someone's ghost, and the name of the deceased person is allotted to it, while certain foods are set aside for such ghost sharks.

Incidentally, a curious parallel may be drawn between these islanders and a people from the other side of the world. Just as the Egyptian queens were sometimes buried in cow-shaped coffins, in order to place them under the protection of Hathor, the cow-headed goddess, so the Solomon Islanders, who worship sharks, deposit the dead bodies of chiefs or the skulls of common men in wooden images of these fish which stand in their temples or tambu houses.

In the Hervey Islands, a deity named Tiaio, said to be a former king of Mangaia, took possession of a large white shark, the terror of these islanders, and he had a small sacred grove set aside for his worship.

Hawaiian shark lore is enormous. There were weresharks, which took the form of a man, but that could be recognized by a shark's mouth which appeared on their human back, between the shoulder blades. There were shark gods, and an old Hawaiian oath was "pau-pele, pau-mano," which means "finished by the goddess of the volcano or by the shark," an invocation corresponding to the Christian's "before God."

Hawaiian gods fell into several categories. Those born of the night held chief place among island deities, but among the lesser gods sharks held a unique position and were quite generally worshipped on all the islands, each one having a special shark as their ancestral god.

On almost every headland temples stood dedicated to the worship of the shark, and if a man had a child still-born, he endeavored, through a set ritual, to lodge its soul in the body of one of these fish, where it would become the guardian deity of his house.

Inevitably when man sets up a god, sacrifices, to appease the wrath or to obtain the favor of the deity, soon become a part of the ritual of worship. We have already noted such sacrifices among the Tipenway of Ponape and the setting aside of special food in the Solomons, as well as the construction

of temples and the reservation of a sacred grove in Hawaii and the Hervey Islands (a custom followed to some extent in the Solomons), but primitive man went even further in his effort to propitiate his deities.

On Malaita a sacrifice of the first fruits was made to various animal deities. In the case of the ghost sharks this consisted of the first flying fish of the season. This was presented either on the altar of a shore-built temple, before the image of the shark, or, if a temple was lacking, the fish must be taken out to sea and shredded into the water as the names of the ghost were called out. Then, and not before, might the fishermen partake of their catch.

A similar offering of the first fruits was made in Hawaii, where the first fish of each kind taken by the fisherman was always carried to the temple and offered to the shark god who was supposed to have driven them toward the shore. In these islands, however, the idea of sacrifice was carried to an extreme. When the king or priests imagined that the sharks wanted food, they sallied forth with their attendants, one of which carried a rope fashioned into a running noose. On coming to a group or crowd of people they threw the noose among them, and whoever happened to be taken in the snare—whether man, woman or child—was immediately strangled and the body, cut into pieces, was flung into the sea to be bolted by the ravenous fish.

Between northern Australia and the island of New Guinea lies an extensive stretch of island-dotted water, known, after Luis Vaez de Torres, its discoverer, as Torres Straits. Here on the islands, as well as on the mainlands of Australia and New Guinea, live numerous tribes whose subsistence comes mainly from the sea. Hence it is little wonder that the sharks and their kin receive much attention from these tribes and occupy a considerable place in their folklore, although there seems to be little evidence of any worship of them as deities.

Perhaps the closest approach to such worship lies in the use of these animals as totems throughout the territory. For instance, among the eastern islanders inhabiting the islands of Uga, Erub, Mer,

Daur and Waier, we find tribal groups denominated as the Wazwaz-le (Wazwaz-shark-men), while members of the group that may formerly have held totemic significance are the beisam (shark), iruapap (hammerheaded shark), the kumazer, a ray, and the tapim or stingray.

While totemism in the eastern islands is of little importance, being perpetuated only by animal names, in the western islands it is a very real and potent influence. A list of the clans with a shark or ray totem is an imposing one. From Mabuiaig we have the Kaigas (Guitar fish), the Baidan (a species of shark), Kursi (hammerhead shark) and the Tapimul (various kinds of ray) clans. In Badu the Tapimul was the chief clan while on Moa the clans were substantially the same as on Mabuiaig. On Muralug the Kutiki (a kind of shark "with a hard skin") clan is added to the list, while on the mainland of New Guinea there is a clan known as the Toppinguros or stingrays.

Sharks and sawfish both are believed to be connected with the fertility of the earth.

On Babud ceremonies were held to insure an abundant crop of yams, bananas, and coconuts. A collection of small stones was so arranged upon the ground of a garden that it formed the image of a shark of beisam. This image was admonished "You take care that we have plenty of food. You must not permit any man to steal from our gardens, nor rats to eat our food, nor birds to do damage. You must prevent all this."

The natives of Waiben, or Thursday island, performed a dance, known as the sawfish dance. This was accompanied by drum music and a chant known as the Song of the Sawfish Dance. The dancers were elaborately masked, and the ritual designed to insure the fertility of their fields and the fullness of their fish-weirs.

On the island of Yaime, in the same group, two totemic animals, the crocodile and the hammer-headed shark, blossomed out into heroes named Maiau and Sigai, and their animal origin was kept a profound secret from women and uninitiated men, though in their sacred shrines the two worshipful beings were still represented by the images of a crocodile and a hammer-headed shark respectively. To these heroes prayers were put up and offerings of food were made, dances were danced and songs sung in their honor. In short, totemism had here passed into a rudimentary religion.

In the far east, only one other instance of religious veneration of sharks has come to my attention.

The Japanese, a sea-faring people, have, as one of their legendary deities, a god of storm, called the shark man. However, there is evidence that they regard some members of the tribe with superstitious awe and terrified fascination. This the famous "Flying Tigers" of Chennault took cognizance of when they painted the noses of their P-40

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Aside from totemism and purely religious worship of these fish, they were often regarded as avengers or ministers of justice.

Among the sea deities of the Tahitian islands were Tuarasti and Ruahatu, commonly known as *atu mao*, or shark gods, not that the gods themselves were incarnated as sharks, but rather because they used these fish as minister of their divine vengeance. Another such agent of the gods was the white shark, which in Samoa, as a representative of Moso, served to guard the coconut trees and gardens of the natives. An image of the shark was plaited from coconut fiber, fins and other external characteristics being added. This image was then suspended in the coconut or breadfruit tree the owner desired to protect, or among the rows of his garden, and was tantamount to the expressed imprecation that the thief might be devoured by a white shark next time he went fishing. So strong was this belief that the tale was told of a Christian who derisively thrust his arm into the maw of such a sham shark and who, on his next trip to the sea, lost both his arms to one of these marauders.

Sharks and rays were not always maleficent, however, for the south seas abound with tales of their helpfulness.

Ulap, the good spirit of the Mortlock islanders, had dominion over the fish and turtles of the sea, and on him, in time of trouble, the islanders were wont to call. On one occasion, so the islanders say, when a canoe capsized and the crew was surrounded by sharks, a prayer to Ulap brought forth an enormous shark with a spotted skin, which drove the others away, thus saving the canoe men's lives.

A Tahitian islander says that his father had been carried on the back of a shark from Raiatea to Huahine, a distance of twenty miles, and Nei de Tuahine, the stingray goddess already mentioned, was believed to take shipwrecked mariners upon her broad back, bearing them safely to shore.

The story of Tawahaki and Rata, which is current throughout the Pacific, perpetuates, in legendary form, the general belief in the helpfulness of some sharks to men, and is reminiscent of the "swan-maiden" tales of the European continent. The Tahitian form of the legend represents Tawahaki as being able, by means of a powerful charm, to ride over the sea on the back of a shark, which carried him whither he listed.

To add still another tale, Hina of Mangaia, beaten by her parents, called upon the fish of the sea to aid her in escaping from a troubled existence. One after another they tried to carry her to the island home of Tinarau, the king of fishes. All were too small for the task until at last a shark appeared which could carry the burden. Hina had with her two coconuts to serve as food and drink upon the way, but when she broke one of them on the head of her fishy companion he became angry and dived.

Fortunately, however, the greatest of all sharks perceived her distress and bore her safely to her journey's end.

As might be expected from the extent of shark worship in Hawaii, the legends of that country are rife with tales of sharks, and one, which might be said to be the Polynesian equivalent of the Ragnarok, has assumed epic proportions. A man-eater, Mikolou, having attacked natives of the island of Oahu was lured by two shark gods of Ewa lagoon, Kaahupahau and her brother, Kahi'uka, to a feast, where he was stupefied by huge quantities of awa, the native drink. While in this condition the people of the surrounding territory captured him, dragging his body ashore and burning it. However, a portion of his tongue was inadvertently dropped into the sea. The spirit of the man-eater, revived again as a tongue, went forth to the coasts of Manuai and Hawaii, pleading with the sharks of those waters for vengeance against the sharks of Ewa lagoon. These, meanwhile, had secured the aid of the shark Kuhaimoana, dean of them all, and other notable sharks from the islands of Kaula, Niihau, Kauai and Oahu. The battle was joined and great deeds of valor were done on both sides. However, the cruel man-eater and his host were at last vanquished, leaving the goddess Kaahupahau and her brother to enjoy the worship and friendship of a grateful people.

The Peleu islanders have combined sharks with the solar myth. These fish are traditionally the guardians of the House of the Sun, to which he retires at the end of the day. At the gates of the sunset stands a denges tree, whose fruit (so the story goes) is relished by the sharks. Each evening, when the sun returns to the gates, he plucks some of the fruit and throws it into the water. Then, while the guardian sharks gobble their meal, he dives down to the bottom of the sea, where he remains until a new day begins.

In another group of tales, sharks and sawfishes figure merely as actors and possess no divine or beneficent attributes.

Everyone remembers the story of Jonah and the whale (which was probably a shark), but few know that this myth is not peculiar to the Mediterranean region, or that it has its counterpart in the story of Mutuk, an islander of Torres strait.

Even the Malays have a sprightly little tale wherein an ape, struggling in the sea as the result of past misdeeds, tricked a hungry shark into rescuing him from drowning and carrying him safely ashore.

The folklore of sharks is not, however, confined to primitive peoples.

Stories and poems abound in the English language, all of which revolve about these fish, and with the relation of two of these, one of them a well authenticated fact, although it reads like the wildest fancy, and the other pure fiction of a Paul Bunyan vintage, I shall bring this story to a close.

The first tale had its inception in the fertile brain of Mark Twain, who tells the story of a shark that swallowed a copy of the London Times while cruising in the Thames, before the time of commercial cables and while communication still depended upon the mail boats. Seized with the wanderlust, our shark headed for Australia, reaching there some time before the steamer. Cecil Rhodes, then in Australia, caught the shark, opened it, and, seeing the paper, read the financial news. As a result of this advance information, he made a killing on the stock market, thus laying the foundation of his fortune, and making possible the addition of Rhodesia to the British Empire.

The second had its setting in the West Indies, off the island of Jamaica. Here, during the war of 1812, an American privateer, the Nancy, was operating to the detriment of his majesty's shipping, until at last the British decided to end the nuisance. Chased by a man-of-war, the captain of the Nancy hurled his papers overboard in order that they might not show him in his true colors. Captured, and placed on trial in Jamaica, the court was about to discharge him and his crew scot-free when, unfortunately for them, a second British ship docked, bringing with in the missing papers which had been taken from the stomach of a shark that had evidently snapped them up when they were thrown overboard. The log of this second ship is on exhibition in London; the papers of the Nancy are in the museum of the Jamaica Institute, and the head of the shark in the British museum. Moreover, there is a sworn statement as to the truth of this tale at the Admiralty in London.



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Letters

Women Chefs

For several years I have enjoyed reading Texas Game and Fish from cover to cover. Its informative articles and obvious "Texas flavor" has made it a must with the whole family. I've noticed the lack of a women's department in your magazine, and though the greater part of your articles are devoted to the masculine interest I still look forward to each monthly issue. But there appeared in your September issue an article which requires an answer—one from the woman's viewpoint! I refer to the article "Women Cannot Cook Outdoors," by Richard L. Neuberger!

Mr. Neuberger explains that we women wash our hands too much, "rushing to the creek" for that purpose and letting the food burn. In his next paragraph, however, he boasts that the best thing he ever ate was "slightly" scorched stew. And there's his little rebuke about our doing our best to keep sand and twigs out of the eggs. . . . Personally, my molars rebel violently at the amount of gravel men usually manage to introduce into a perfectly good batch of fried potatoes!

Men are spoiled to good food, properly and expertly prepared by conscientious women. And yet they hesitate not at all to take the proud stance that they can and women cannot cook outdoors. I say—Bunk!

The majority of our men, though they will not openly refuse to eat, bandy about even a slightly over-toasted pot of beans at home. Mr. Neuberger raved that the best meal he ever ate consisted of scorched stew with fir needles floating on the top. According to him biscuits that were "as heavy as basaltic rocks" were simply delicious on his camping trip. Have you ever heard the last of that batch of tough biscuits you cooked "accidentally" about seven years ago? You have not and that isn't all. It's still your husband's favorite out-to-dinner story. Just you fail to get all the sand out of that fresh spinach you have for dinner—one of his favorite dishes cooked in every detail the way he likes it—one grain of grit hits his teeth and he at once wants to know if you're ever going to learn to cook . . . or didn't you wash this stuff!

Mr. Neuberger makes the statement that our menfolk through long experience in the open have learned to keep cinders out of the potatoes and leaves out of the coffee—Since when? And incidentally, have they ever learned—or will they—to place a pot of coffee any other way than on angle, the lower side of that angle being a stick of burning wood? Yep, when the stick burns into you've got the fire to start all over again—the fish gets greasy because it's not hot and the potatoes become victimized to all the ashes thrown into the air from the fall of the coffee pot. Of

course, coffee must be made again, too.

Seemingly with all the confidence in the world, Mr. Neuberger holds forth that there are two essentials to a pleasant camping trip. The first is technical for any camper. The second he devoted more space to. That "if there are any women on the trip, do not under any condition allow them to do any of the cooking over the campfire."

The one thing we women would like to get settled here and now is this: "Can we depend on that?" And until after all the dishes are washed and put up!

Too many men who take their wives on outing trips find that they are more than convenient. They paint beautiful pictures to the women of the wonderful vacation it is to get into the woods, what fun and relaxation they will have. What we have found is that fishing and camping and hunting trips are simply that—for the men. While the men do the actual fishing, boating and hunting, they expect their wives to cook their food on a campfire for which the girls also have to find wood and carry it to the site; water for coffee and dish washing must be carried from the river and the men are so helpful. They are more than happy to tell you where they last saw the water pail! And, oh yes, since you're going down the river to retrieve the pail, how about bringing back the minnow bucket and knapsack they simply forgot to bring in. And the extreme irony is that they return home refreshed and rested and just can't understand why you haven't enjoyed the trip.

"We had such a marvelous time—for two weeks we have done absolutely nothing but loaf and—" he raves on. Don't glance at his wife just then for if looks could kill—

Many of you men deplore, secretly perhaps, that once bitten your wife is too busy to go fishing with you. Now that charming Mrs. B—— is always eager to accompany her husband on his outdoor trips. You can't understand why your wife doesn't break out all over in goose bumps just anticipating a long camping trip with you. Well—if more of you will stick to Mr. N's advice and not let your womenfolk anywhere near the campfire where the cooking is being done, I guarantee that the percentage of women going on outing trips with their husbands will jump alarmingly!

And if women's tastes are too fastidious for you, why is it that she has to dress up many plain dishes for you at home? Simply because about the third meal she served you of plain French fries and steak, you'd want to know "if she couldn't cook anything else!"

As far as making good coffee goes, I'll put a woman's coffee, perked or camp boiled, up against the coffee-mak-

ing ability of most men I know. . . . And I assure you that a woman would think to get a towel or napkin before grasping the hot handle of a skillet resting in a blazing fire!

Mr. Neuberger praised the cooking ability of women in their own kitchens. Then he quoted proper methods of camp cooking. The thing that amused me was that in our own kitchens we use the same methods and ingredients. Who taught whom? . . . For instance, the coffee subject again—what woman doesn't put a dash of salt in the coffee regardless of the method used to cook it. And his delicious "sheep-herder's potatoes" that he raved so about has been served to him by his wife for years—under the name "lyonnaise potatoes!" And if you fellows will promise to scour the skillet each time we serve this dish, we'll even burn them so you'll really enjoy them.

Yep, the men really "rough" it when they go camping. The list of supplies suggested by Mr. N. (if that list was the real McCoy) sounds like the monthly household list for the first setting-up-housekeeping—or maybe you plan to stay all winter! All you actually need for a short camping trip is bacon, eggs, shortening, coffee, sugar, salt and pepper, condensed milk and plenty of onions and potatoes. Or perhaps you weren't planning on catching a fish or killing any game this trip. The only other thing you need is something to serve for bread. A small sack of flour will give you bread and only enough meal to fry fish in. Baking powder? No, you like 'em tough and heavy, remember?

O. K., so you're far away from a store—a few canned tomatoes will take the place of vegetables, salad or otherwise. And who ever heard of needing dessert on a camping trip? If you want it, though, you wonderful men can go get some of those blackberries growing just all over the place.

And there's absolutely no one who enjoys forgetting there was such a thing as table manners as your wives do. When you say "rough it"—they don't take those words figuratively. You eat with your fingers, wipe your hands on leaves and wash in the river.

Aw, come on, fellas, why don't you admit it? It's not that women can't cook outdoors, it's just that everything you cook tastes so good in the open! **Thed Bourke, Austin, Texas.**

☆

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ARMS AND AMMUNITION

By ADAM WILSON III

Gun Editor

Sight in Your Rifle Now

ON HANDS and knees we crawled up to the top of a little bare knoll and peered over it. There he was—not sixty yards from us—a big old tom turkey, leisurely picking around, with a beard hanging from his chest so long that he almost had to walk spraddle-legged to keep from stepping on it. We had spotted him earlier in the morning from a distant ridge with our binoculars, and now we had worked up to this close range.

Jim carefully eased his .270 Winchester up to his shoulder, and slowly brought his shootin' eye down behind the telescope sight. A low whistle caused the majestic bird to straighten up, listen and look. Of course I was not looking through the glass, but I knew the cross-hair of that Weaver K-4 was resting in the general vicinity of old tom's cerebrum. A turkey's head is a pretty small target, but since a good .270, backed by a better-than-fair marksman (and Jim was), will shoot inside of a two-inch circle at 100 yards, I had already begun to taste fried turkey steak. Wham! Dirt spurted beyond and about a foot to the right of the bird's beak. No attempt was made for a second shot as the surprised gobbler disappeared into the brush.

What Jim said just isn't heard in polite society. Last year he could drill a half dollar three out of five shots with that rifle. Now he could not hit a sack-full of half-bucks.

Back at camp, a couple of shots at a six-inch bull at fifty yards, revealed that

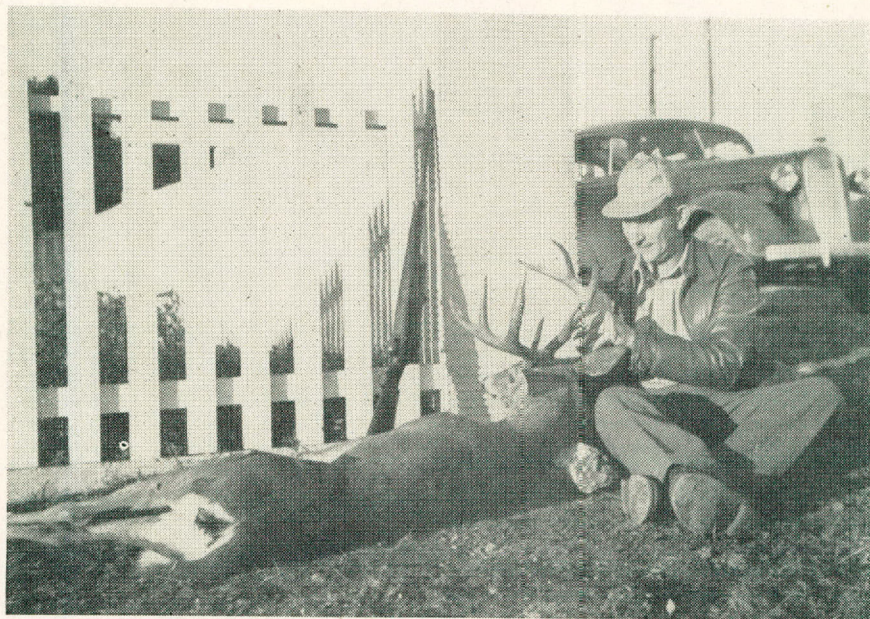
the arm was placing its bullets eight inches to the right of the 7-ring. Somewhere along the way the sight had been moved without Jim's knowledge.

I see incidents similar to the one above occur every year—simply because so many hunters say, "My rifle was 'on the money' last season; why waste ammunition on a paper target this year?" Providing a hunter exercises extreme care at all times with his shootin' iron—has a wife who respects her husband's hunting equipment—employs a maid or

months, and, just as important, see if the ammunition is shooting with the accuracy that is expected. Of course the man who uses his rifle throughout the year knows at all times where to hold; but I am, more or less, aiming this month's literary composition at the once-a-year Nimrod.

It is not seldom that I hear these statements from the said type of hunter: "I don't know how to sight-in a gun, anyway. I got old Ned out at the range to sight in mine, and he says that I

should be able to knock one's eye out with it now." Having somebody else try a rifle is much better than no sighting-in at all, but the *shooter himself*—the man who intends using the arm—is the one who should burn some powder out at the range, and certainly before he sets a foot in the woods. *Maybe* old Ned adjusted the sights as some particular individual would want them; and if the rifle is new, the sights will be fairly close to being set right, as all new guns are at least bore-sighted-in before they leave their makers. But, methods of holding a rifle differ, and ways of aiming also differ—some shoot-



CAUTIOUS OLD "MOSS BACKS," such as this Texas Hill Country buck, are not taken easily. A rifle which is sighted in properly will greatly increase a hunter's chances of bagging one of these wily creatures. O. P. Couch, shown with the deer, fired the fatal 180-gr. Core-Lokt bullet from a .30-06 Springfield. Range was approximately 225 yards.

housekeeper who never dusts around the gun case or closet—is shooting out of the same box of ammunition, then his rifle *may have* the same zero it held the last time he used it. But, why take a chance of missing a prize buck when it takes only a matter of minutes and about two-bits or a dollar's worth of cartridges to find out for sure if the sights have been moved during the last twelve

ers pull to the right, while others pull to the left. Therefore, it is up to the individual gunner to find out exactly where Ol' Betsy's puttin' 'em.

I have always said that if I had only three cartridges for a rifle which I was not positive as to where it was shooting, I would use two of those rounds at a large target before leaving camp. Even if for no other satisfaction, I would

know what to look for with some confidence when drawing a bead on a buck or gobbler.

Let's suppose we want to sight in a rifle right now. First, if we are out in the country, we find a place to shoot that is level and open for a distance of 100 yards with a good backstop. One should always see that a sufficient backstop is located at the end of the range, as a bullet from a high-powered weapon will travel far beyond the target if it is not intercepted by a mountain or similar object.

Second, we have a plentiful supply of the same type of ammunition to be used on the hunt. All of it should be of same brand, same bullet weight, and same bullet type. I sight-in quite a number of rifles every year, and too often a fellow will hand me a box of aged, sometimes corroded, ammunition to use. "I shoot these old cartridges to practice with," he explains, "I want to save my good stuff for game." That is a bit like training one horse then running the big race with another one of uncertain ability.

Third, we have a blanket, quilt, or even a heavy coat, which can be folded to be used as a rest. Of course, a stump, or log, will answer the purpose if the hand is placed between the forearm and the hard surface. Resting a rifle on a solid object will cause it to shoot high. Also, the padded rest helps to eliminate much error on the gunner's part.

Fourth, we have a large target with a five or six-inch black bulls-eye. If an official N.R.A. target is not available, a similar home-made one is sufficient. Some shooters prefer a large black cross painted on a piece of white paper for sighting-in a scope with a cross-hair reticle. The main idea is to choose a target that can be seen without having to strain to hold on it. I have seen fellows attempt to sight-in an arm using a tomato or tobacco can for a target. If they miss it, they don't know any more than before the shot was fired.

Fifth, we place the target only 50 yards away for the first three to five shots. The short range is especially important if one has no idea as to where the rifle is shooting. Never fire less than three rounds in order to get an average group.

Let's say the rifle we are sighting-in is a .300 Savage with regular iron (or open) sights, and the ammunition is Winchester's 180-grain Silvertips. (This is a popular combination in the brush country of Texas). Our first three shots form a group five inches high and six inches to the right of the center of the bull. At 100 yards those bullets would be hitting a foot to the right, and probably miss the entire paper. In order to move the point of impact to the center (vertically), we tap the rear sight, which will slide over in its slot, to the LEFT. If the rear sight is not made for windage adjustment (lateral correction), tap the front sight to the RIGHT. We try another three shots, and the group is in the center of the target, but is still six inches high. Since most open sights are

supplied with stair steps notches for elevation with a value of four to six inches at 100 yards, we LOWER the rear sight one notch. Our bullets should be punching holes about one inch high. Now we place the target at 100 yards: If we have made the proper adjustments, the .300 missles will group themselves squarely in the center of the bull.

Receiver, or peep, and scope sights are adjusted for windage and elevation in minutes of an angle (one inch for each 100 yards), half minutes, or quarter minutes. Some scope sights, however, must be adjusted for windage in the mounts. One click or movement from one mark to the other, on hunting sights of these types, changes the impact one inch per 100 yards; one correction on target-type sights changes the impact $\frac{1}{4}$ or $\frac{1}{2}$ inch at 100 yards.

We have our Savage cutting the 10-ring out of the black at 100 yards. Suppose that old buck makes his appearance at a distance we estimate to be 200 yards. With the .300, we would have to hold six to eight inches (this measurement will vary with different rifles, barrel lengths, bullet weights, brands of ammunition) above the spot where we want the bullet to strike. To be safe, I would hold well above the center of the animal's shoulder. As the average white-tail deer measures 14 to 16 inches from the top of his shoulder to the bottom of his brisket, I believe he would be my meat.

Another excellent practice for this time of year, after a hunter has his favorite weapon shooting where he wants it on paper, is to go hunting out in the country where jack rabbits, hawks, or chucks are abundant. Even though he may know exactly how to hold at measured 100-yard, 200-yard and 250-yard distances, the fact that he can not judge the range of game in the woods, may cause him to come home empty handed. Warming the barrel at such targets as mentioned, will give the shooter a chance to see how accurate he is at connecting at unknown ranges and under unfavorable conditions. If he can explode" three out of four jacks at distances ranging from fifty yards up to, and a few yards beyond, the point at which his rifle is sighted in, I bet a

dollar to a ginger cake that he will bring home something more than an excuse this fall.

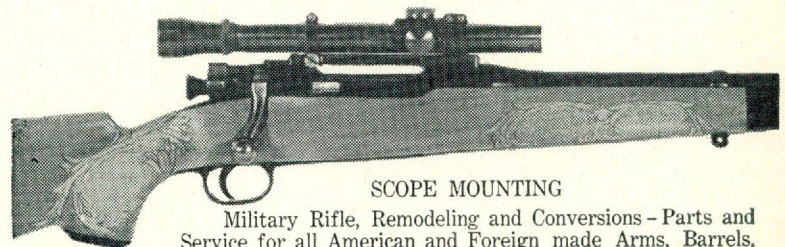
Sight-in now, or at least before the big season next month; and get a little off-hand practice at targets which are moving at the various ranges. Be familiar with Ol' Betsy, Mr. Nimrod, you two can do wonderful work together.

Here they are again—THE TEN COMMANDMENTS OF SAFETY! During the next two months more fire-arms will be handled than all the rest of the year put together. A gun is not loaded with soft pillows! Let's read 'em once more. 1. Treat every gun with the respect due a loaded gun. This is the cardinal rule of gun safety. 2. Carry only empty guns, taken down or with the action open, into your automobile, camp and home. 3. Always be sure that the barrel and action are clear of obstructions. 4. Always carry your gun so that you can control the direction of the muzzle, even if you stumble. 5. Be sure of your target before you pull the trigger. 6. Never point a gun at anything you do not want to shoot. 7. Never leave your gun unattended unless you unload it first. 8. Never climb a tree or a fence with a loaded gun. 9. Never shoot at a flat, hard surface or the surface of water. 10. Do not mix gunpowder and alcohol.

By disobeying any one of these rules, one increases his chances of having that mud thrown in his face early in life or having to buy some pretty flowers for a hunting buddy.

Clay pigeons were the first peacetime targets for the revolutionary wartime development of ball powder. This powder which upset the manufacturing traditions of the explosives industry, first went into full-scale production October, 1940, for the British after their disaster in June of that year at Dunkerque.

Produced under water five times faster than powder made by conventional methods, the new Minimax Ball Powder was loaded into Trap and Skeet shotshells and was available at the National Skeet Shoot at Syracuse, New York, from August 6th through 10th and at the Grand American Trap Shooting Tour-



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namment at Vandalia, Ohio, from August 15th through 23rd.

This announcement was made recently by John M. Olin, president of Olin Industries, Inc., which developed ball powder and is using it for the first time in Super Trap and Super Skeet shotshells produced by its Western Cartridge Company and Winchester Repeating Arms Company divisions.

While supplying shells loaded with new Minimax Ball Powder for these two classic shotgun tournaments, Western-Winchester also supplied shells loaded with other standard powders.

The new powder is claimed to be more stable, clean burning, smokeless and to have a very soft recoil, together with more uniform fast ignition.

The Olin companies are the first in the United States to produce all of the components for shotshells on their own premises and are the first to produce sporting ammunition with all components tailor-made for each other. War-time improvements in Ball Powder are now incorporated in the company's minimax sporting powder.

Although still other improvements in their shotshells are scheduled for later announcement, the Olin companies within the past nine months, have already introduced three new features which culminated fifteen years of research interrupted only by the war. These were the new over-powder, leak-proof Super-Seal Cup Wad which seals all of the power of the expanding powder gases behind the shot pellets. A new Super-Seal Base Wad in the head of the shell seals the powder gases and gives it greater strength.

During the war billions of rounds of

military ammunition were loaded with ball powder for the United States, England, Holland and China. Practically all cartridges loaded for the Army's famous Winchester MI carbine were loaded with ball powder.

The new powder making process, described as the most revolutionary development since the discovery of gun powder, was developed prior to Dunkerque. After that disaster, the Olins built their first full-scale ball powder production line to bring immediate relief to the hard pressed British.

Since 1933 when the process was first put into operation on a small scale, ball powder had been a most closely guarded secret. All operations up to final drying under infra-red lamps, are conducted under water. Even during maximum wartime production, not a single person sustained an injury sufficient to interrupt his work. The only fire that has occurred in the final drying operation was started deliberately to see what would happen. Nothing happened.

In the manufacture of ball powder for use in shotshells the tiny spheres are flattened to give the powder the burning characteristic required for this type of ammunition.

A new plan making it easy for boys and girls, men and women, to qualify as N.R.A. Rangers and wear the Ranger emblem has just been announced by the Sportsmen's Service Bureau of the Sporting Arms and Ammunition Manufacturers' Institute. Membership in an organized rifle club is not required and formal range facilities are not needed.

The Bureau has published four booklets for the new program, each of which contains complete information about Ranger target shooting and they are free for the asking. The booklets are:

Rifle Shooting for Boys and Girls.
Rifle Shooting for Schools and Colleges.

Rifle Shooting for Veterans.
Rifle Shooting for Recreation.

The opportunity for everyone to qualify as Rangers is only a small part of the service to be rendered by the Sportsmen's Service Bureau in making the great American sport of rifle shooting available and interesting to individuals, groups, clubs and other organizations.

There are other booklets in the program such as "Aiming for Sport" which tells how to organize a rifle club and how to install inexpensive but adequate indoor and outdoor ranges. Also available is "Where Do We Shoot," another book illustrating and describing range facilities for industrial concerns or municipalities that are interested in including the popular sport of rifle shooting as one of their recreational activities.

It is the belief of the Bureau that the Ranger program will help guide the tremendous national interest in rifle shooting into safe, well organized channels and at the same time afford the friendly association and relaxation that accompany this popular sport.

Address the Sportsmen's Service Bureau at 343 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Pollution

★ Continued from page 8

An aroused public opinion against the pernicious practice of pollution could eradicate that menace to the health and happiness of America in less than a decade. It is gratifying that I can testify to the fact that during the past decade there has developed an enlightened public opinion against pollution which bids fair to demand the proper legislative correctives in the very early future. Each citizen of America can help hurry the day when such legislation is enacted by writing to his Senators, to his Congressman, and to his Governor demanding that action be taken now before it is too late to save the priceless heritage of pure public waters for America.

Since in most cases the pollution problem involves inter-state streams which frequently carry the pollutions and poisons of one state down to the river pools from which the people of another state derive their drinking water and their recreation, it is obvious that state legislation alone can never correct the pollution problem. Our most offensive and persistent water polluters know this quite well so when legislative proposals are before Congress on the subject of pollution they are quick to testify in pious tones that they are in favor of anti-pollution legislation only—note the sly exception!—"Only it should be handled by the states themselves and the Federal Government should be given no authority to compel the control of pollution."

On the surface that sounds very good but because of the peculiar interstate nature of pollution, in reality "State control of pollution" means no effective control of pollution at all. It is about as senseless to try to clean up the interstate waters of America by state regulations as it would be to try to protect our migratory ducks and geese, by suggesting that each state pass its own laws on hunting seasons and bag limits.

When you write your public officials (and if you really want to help in this crusade to clean up the waters of America you will write them vigorously and often), it is important that you insist that the three minimum essentials of an effective program of pollution control be made a basic part of any corrective legislation which is passed: (1) Federal standards of cleanliness must be established so that industries and communities of enlightened states which control pollution will not be penalized by having to compete with states which disregard the public interest by permitting raw pollutions to be dumped into streams without benefit of corrective treatment; (2) Any law which is passed must outlaw at once the establishment of new

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sources of pollution so that the problem can no longer grow greater while we are trying to correct the evils of a menace already grown hazardously large; (3) An effective pollution control law must have "enough teeth" in it so that the Federal Government can compel reluctant or recalcitrant offenders to correct their abuses wherever feasible so that the public interest can be protected against persistent offenses by private polluters. When Congress has once passed a pollution control act containing these three basic features we shall be well on the road to correcting the pollution evils which now plague and poison our American waters.

They Die Young

★ Continued from page 5

tail length, hind leg, number antler points, beam diameter, and antler spread. It was found that a vast majority, 62.5% of the bucks killed in the Hill Country were only 18 months old. One hundred and eight bucks, 29.1%, were found to be 30 months old. The total number of males occurring in the 42 months old age class for all counties was 30 individuals or 8.1 per cent. Only .3 per cent of the bucks harvested in 1946 had reached the age of 5½ years or older. The dressed weights of the 18 months old bucks varied between 44 and 93 pounds for an average of 60.9 pounds. The average weight of the 30 months old class was 79 pounds and the average weight of the 42 months old age class was 83.1 pounds with variations between 77 and 116 pounds. The 4½ to 5½ year old age group showed an average weight of 102.1 pounds and the older deer weighed up to 126 pounds. It is therefore quite evident that the relatively small size of the bucks taken by hunters in the Hill Country is partly due to the early age at which they are harvested.

Another factor which effects the general size of the Hill Country deer is nutrition. The marked growth of deer taken from the Hill Country and released in east central Texas indicates that nutrition is an important factor in the Hill Country. Back in 1936 the Texas Game, Fish and Oyster Commission released 97 fawn and yearling deer in the southwest section of Leon County. In five years the deer became sufficiently numerous to allow hunting. The entire population, with the exception of perhaps a few native deer, was Hill Country breeding stock. During the 1941 open season, State biologists secured 37 deer weights and measurements in Leon County for comparison with data on Hill Country deer. The Leon County deer averaged 109.6 pounds or nearly 32 pounds heavier than the Hill Country deer in 1941 which was 78.1 pounds. There are few sheep and goats in Leon County, consequently, the competition for food between goats, sheep and deer is negligible. It has also been demonstrated throughout the Hill Country that the largest deer are found on those ranches which are properly stocked.

Die-offs among deer are becoming common throughout the Hill Country. Reports were received last year from Llano, Gillespie, Mason, Kerr, Kimble, Edwards and Medina Counties of deer dying. Each year the deer population builds up to a high point in some local area, the carrying capacity of that range becomes saturated and the deer begin to die during the dry seasons. Domestic livestock receive supplemental feed during these critical times consequently they fare much better than the deer.

Range specialists have informed us that range carrying capacity for livestock in central Texas has declined from 300 animal units per section of land (640 acres) before 1900, to 50 or fewer animal units per section in 1947. Range experts recommended not more than 45 to 50 animal units of livestock (including deer) should be placed on one section of 640 acres for the average undepleted range on the Edwards Plateau. However, recent surveys conducted over extensive areas of the Hill Country reveal that much of the range is stocked at the rate of 70 to more than 100 animal units per section of land.

At the present time (August, 1947) a population of 125 deer per section occurs over a large portion of the Hill Country. Sex ratios vary from one male per two females up to one male per 10 females depending on the intensity of hunting in certain areas during the open season. This deer population is in competition with the domestic animals for the available range forage. According to B. Youngblood and A. B. Cox who made an economic study of a typical ranching area on the Edwards Plateau of Texas, a 750-pound cow equals one animal unit and this animal eats 5,591 pounds of dry matter per year. Eight goats or seven sheep will consume as much feed in one year as a 750-pound cow. Six deer are equal to one cow or 7 sheep or 8 goats in feed removal. The amount of food that 125 deer consume each day is equivalent to that consumed by 20 adult cows or 140 sheep or 160 goats. A surplus of deer on the range may be just as serious as overstocking with cattle, sheep or goats, and it should be remembered that such a surplus may threaten the welfare of all animals dependent upon the land.

To illustrate the immediate need for better range management let us consider the conditions which now exist on a 1,280 acre area in Mason County. The conditions found on this area are characteristic of extensive areas in Mason, Kimble, Kerr, Gillespie, Llano and adjacent counties. This particular area is stocked with cattle, sheep and goats at the rate of approximately 71 animal units per section or one unit per 9 acres. At present this area is supporting about 213 deer or an additional 36 animal units, thus making a total of 178 animal units of stock on 1,280 acres or 7.2 acres per animal unit.

The sex ratio among the deer on this area is one male to 6.2 females. If the 1,280 acre area is hunted as intensively this hunting season as it has been in the past, the maximum yield will be about 21 legal bucks, assuming that 50 per cent of

the 1946 male fawns will grow pronged antlers this fall. This will leave the breeding responsibility to 18 months old bucks. The sex ratio during the fall of 1948 will be dependent upon the success of the 1947 breeding season which in all probability will not be too good in view of the high deer density existing on starvation rations.

The 21 bucks harvested this fall will represent about 9 per cent of the total population. What about the other 91 per cent of the deer left on the ranch? You guessed it, Mister, a large number of them will die when their food supply becomes reduced next fall or winter. The number of deer that will die during the next drought or the next severe cold spell will depend on the duration of the bad weather and the condition of the range. A conservative estimate of the mortality which will occur among the deer during the next drought would be about 40 per cent. The rate of mortality usually varies between 30 and 50 per cent every third or fourth year. This means that we will lose between 80 and 100 deer on the 1,280 acre area because of an over-crowded condition. This also means a loss of more venison in one year, than could possibly be harvested on the area under the present buck law in 5 years. Wildlife biologists of the Texas Game, Fish and Oyster Commission have actually counted 70 dead deer per section on check plots over a period of several months and in some areas the rate of mortality was believed to be greater by 20 to 30 per cent. These deer died primarily of starvation.

An increased harvest of the buck crop will not remedy such a situation because sex ratios would become even more unbalanced and other complications would arise. Trapping to remove excess does from extensive areas is also an inadequate measure of control. It is possible to trap a considerable number of deer only under ideal conditions. Such conditions do not exist to any necessary extent in the Hill Country.

Too much emphasis cannot be placed on the fact that our Hill Country deer are dying before they reach maturity. The smallness of the deer is due to their youth and the run down condition of the range on which they live. Over a period of 50 years residents of the Edwards Plateau have observed the range being influenced by overstocking. At one time it was one of the finest cow ranges in the United States but excessive grazing soon reduced it to a stage where cattle could not be maintained in sufficient numbers to support the average landowner. It is now a sheep and goat range and if present trends continue it may soon be depleted to the extent that vast acreages will be necessary for the landowner to sustain his present standard of living.

Under present conditions it appears that the number of deer on the Edwards Plateau range is governed principally by the stocking pressure. Therefore, if livestock numbers are reduced to proper stocking rates, deer will replace the livestock, thus resulting in little or no benefit to the range. On the other hand if the number of deer reduced are replaced by domestic

livestock beyond the recommended stocking rate, the range conditions still would not be improved. Obviously deer herds should be managed like other livestock i.e., the landowner should maintain a population of cattle, sheep, goats, hogs, and deer which will not be of detriment to the range. A successful program of range management on a sustained yield basis cannot be carried out if optimum numbers of each kind of livestock are not determined and maintained. By improving the quality of the herd and wisely harvesting the surplus animals regardless of sex, the landowner can be assured of a substantial economic income from his land. Deer production is also a part of good land use and therefore should be given due consideration.

Until the day arrives when each and every landowner is willing to give his land a rest from overstocking, and until he is willing to harvest his game in the business like way in which he harvests his livestock, then Mister, and only then, can you expect to bring home a deer that you can brag about.

One Plus One

★ Continued from page 10

by taking and never putting back, until nature's last desperate effort to clothe the sterile clay was broomsedge—a crop no man would have, housing a wildlife crop of quality equally low. Wasted lands are the slums of the countryside, and their inhabitants are nature's derelict of children, plant and animal alike.

How different the picture under good land use! Under a balanced farm plan, or through soil conservation or wildlife practice, that broomsedge field would be limed and fertilized and double-disked and put to a legume. This, when plowed under and re-treated, would bring back bluegrass and grazing, fat cattle and cash to replace mice and predator damage. Under any of these programs waterways would be grassed and gullies planted to permanent cover, ponds would be built and fenced, quail and ducks and fish and bullfrogs would use these new homes to add pleasure and profit to living that the old broomsedge field never could yield.

Mice? Sure, but too few to be a pest, and enough of their natural predators to keep them down. Enough predators, too, to cull out the weak and unfit from the game and songbird species, keeping them wild and strong as we like to see them. Damage to poultry and livestock? Not completely eliminated, but cut down to where it would rarely be a problem. And a brand-new pasture with permanent water for livestock, some day another field to produce a grain or hay crop.

A man pays many ways, most of which add up to hard cash, for a worn-out piece of land. He loses money on seed and labor, on predator damage, on pounds that livestock never add, on

crops that burn or drown out. He loses on veterinary and doctor bills for illness in man and beast caused by undernourishment and malnutrition. He loses on just owning something that doesn't produce a crop. Whether he'll admit it or not, a man loses by not having the quail and songbirds, ducks and fish to enjoy, and his kids lose even more by not having the heritage of a rich out of doors.

A man gains, in many ways, by caring for a piece of land. If he puts back a portion of what he takes out—the humus, the nitrates, and the potash, lime, phosphorous — and guards his slopes and clothes the gaps from which the topsoil might escape, his crops flourish and his livestock grow, and his chickens run with songbirds and quail instead of running from coyotes.

Balanced farming and wildlife conservation. These are two phrases that ought to be one. You cannot separate land from wildlife. You cannot deal with wildlife without dealing with the land, nor can you change the pattern of land without changing the pattern of wildlife. You cannot degrade one without lowering the standard of the other, nor improve one without improving both. Both are dependant on the principle that quality and abundance in crops spring only

from quality and abundance in soil. As the soil goes, so goes wildlife, and so also go all other crops of the land.—*Missouri Conservationist*.

Duke

★ Continued from page 7

"There they are, there they are—Boomer's down!" I exclaimed, as a chance glance caught the picture up ahead.

At that instant, Duke, though some one-hundred yards away, spied his Daddy on point and immediately "backed" to a standstill. He always honors another dog on point without command from me, seeming to come to it naturally.

"Andy," Virgil said, "I'll get through the hedge and come up on the other side as they'll probably fool us, otherwise."

I agreed. When I moved up to Boomer, four birds flashed away, one going back of me down the hedge—turning quickly, I nailed him—and Duke ran to retrieve while Virgil was busy on the other three that had gone through the hedge. He made two fine fast shots and accounted for two more "bobs," bringing our total bag from this covey of about sixteen up to seven birds.

The Red Tide Again

THE red tide scourge of Florida waters about which much has been published is a notoriety not calculated to attract tourists. In dealing with the phenomenon and to prove that it is not unique, one observer claimed that Texas had such a visitation 15 years ago. It is not true that Texas Gulf waters lost fish from such a cause. A newspaper report of August 12 which makes the assertion is based on a statement of Professor Clyde Reed of the University of Tampa, Florida, in which he stated that the red tide of Florida waters which destroyed many fish, was the same thing that destroyed fish in Texas 15 years ago. The professor doubtless had in mind the great loss of fish in 1935 or twelve years ago.

The professor himself was on the ground at the time but he made no reference to a red tide. Also, there were four other biologists studying the phenomenon. They were Dr. E. J. Lund of the University of Texas, Dr. A. H. Wiebe and Albert Collier of the Game Department, and Dr. Federighi of the U. S. Bureau of Fisheries. Findings were negative. Dr. Lund furnished a report on the subject which was printed in the department's annual report of 1934-35. He had gathered a large amount of data but his conclusion was summed up as follows: "All examinations on

dying menhaden yielded no evidence of bacterial or fungus disease. The immediate cause of death appears to be purely a problem in the physiology and bio-chemistry of the animal."

A careful study of the assembled data showed clearly that the trouble originated far from shore, probably in the deep water of the Gulf. My analysis of the catastrophe, after a statement of fisherman Bob Crossman, led to the conclusion that a gas explosion in the sea bottom had taken place. In that area, miles east of Padre Island the first dead fish were found floating. My story labeled "Science Tackles a Mystery" is to be found in the August, 1945, issue of TEXAS GAME AND FISH.

In the Florida waters the organism which produced the red tide was identified as *Gymnodinium*. Ward and Whipple's Fresh Water Biology describes the fresh water organism of that name as a ciliate protozoan less than one millimeter in length and about one thirtieth of an inch.

Several years ago some oysters taken from Karankawa Bay, after a few hours turned a bright pink color and people were afraid to eat them. Dr. Lund, after an examination, pronounced them as perfectly good. The color was produced by an organism on which the oysters had been feeding.—J. G. Burr.

We then headed on west, skirting a draw and crossing another hedgerow. A hawk sailed lazily over some thick, grassy cover some three hundred yards away and, upon pointing out this competitor of ours to my friend, he agreed we should work over in that direction. A blast on my whistle and a wave of my arm caused the dogs to swing off toward the place mentioned. This time, the "old timer" found the covey and the hawk wheeled off in disgust as we came closer. Boomer had found them sunning under a little bush surrounded by heavy grass and Duke was "backing" close behind this time.

As I stepped ahead of Boomer, there was an explosion of wings as about twenty feathered beauties burst from cover! They got away fast but we each down our bird and the others sailed off across the open pasture and scattered out in some heavy grass. This was perfect for "singles" and Duke began to demonstrate that he is fast becoming a past master at what is certainly one of the most thrilling phases of bird hunting! As we approached the above-mentioned spot, Duke "froze" and Boomer honored from the right. Virgil took the shot but only winged the bird, but after saying "dead" a few times, Duke came forth from the heavy cover where it had flown bringing a very live "dead" bird with a broken wing. Thankful we were for a good retriever to prevent waste. Then, as before, it had been prevented only because the dogs knew their jobs.

Soon Duke was down again—then again—then AGAIN! Meanwhile, his Daddy was also making a couple of points of his own.

Out of a total of six "singles," we bagged only four, proving that the "bird" is sometimes quicker than the "eye." However, as we unloaded our birds on returning to the farm for dinner, we found that we had thirteen speckled beauties to show as the concrete results of some beautiful dog work and some thrilling sport.

After dinner and a short rest, Morris accompanied us to another section of the farm where, true to his promise, birds proved plentiful. It wasn't long until we found a covey and with Duke "down" in a grass covered pasture near a little draw, I snapped his picture as Morris slowly moved up to flush the covey.

When the shooting was over, we had accounted for five birds, all of which the dogs retrieved nicely.

Then Morris said, "Boy, did you see where they lit—right out in the open!"

The dogs, now rested again, were working feverishly, but suddenly they both came "down" right out in the open, each facing a different direction and only about fifteen feet apart! 'Twas then that each hunter knew the thrill that only such an occasion can produce, and, though taking a chance of flushing the bird prematurely, I snapped a picture of Duke, head-on, tensely pointing to his right, with Boomer on a perfect point in the background as Morris prepared

for action nearby. Each dog had two birds pointed, three of which we bagged, then Boomer swung out on a wide cast only to stop abruptly from a dead run and "freeze" with his head hard around to the right as the breeze wafted the scent of birds to his nostrils. Yes, I took this picture, too, and I thought he had only a "single" but, just as I snapped the picture, five birds burst seemingly out of the ground, and, as the others banged away, I dropped my camera and fired straight up in a wild but unsuccessful attempt to get things under control before the birds were out of range!

We stopped once for a rest and one of the boys snapped the author's picture with old Boomer and the birds we had in our bag, and also one or two other pictures.

And so the day wore on with Boomer "down" here and Duke "down" there. Then, finally, as the sun slipped behind the horizon and we were trudging homeward, tired but happy, I thought again of the words of the poem—

"Now the day is done, and the shadows fall,

As you're treading your homeward way,

But there's game in your bag, and a song

In your heart, 'tis the end of a hunter's day!"

Texas Game Is Rough

★ Continued from page 4

Neff was planning to retire him because of his age, but when he looked at that strong face he was glad to keep Taylor.

Captain Taylor told me stories of Indian fights, and gun fights with bad men, and finally wrote a booklet which he named "Taylor's Thrilling Tales of Texas." When he first showed the manuscript to Mrs. Taylor and she saw how many men he had killed, she balked and told him she did not want the world to know that she was living with a man who had killed so many people. Mrs. Taylor then remarked that he had reduced the number of fatalities. Taylor's last service to the State was as game warden in 1924 to which reference was made in a story some years ago.

His encounter with a wild buffalo is related among others in his "Thrilling Tales." It was in those early days when buffalo hunting was still practiced in the wide open spaces of the west. The circumstances of the hunt are not available at this time but when he brought the buffalo down he leaped from his horse and ran to the animal to finish the job by cutting its throat. He reached for his knife and then in a twinkling the bison sprang to his feet. He had



Rain

OH, LORD, if it just could rain without being cloudy, gloomy and messy underfoot, and if rheumatism never got worse during cold, damp weather. But these things have to be just as they are, I suppose, and it's just as easy to whistle as whine. But when a fellow just naturally feels bad anyhow, it aggravates his condition 100 per cent when the sky is hidden by gloomy clouds and a miserable, greasy, drizzling rain sets in and indications point to the fact that it is going to remain all day, or "for the duration."

I didn't in years that are long past care particularly whether it rained or not, and cold weather didn't bother me much. I have hunted birds when the air was so full of rain or fog that I could scarcely see the birds. I have hunted ducks when it was so cold that I had to blow on my fingers in order to feel the trigger, and yet thought little or nothing of it. I have fished all day in all sorts of weather, and whether the fish were "striking" nicely or not, I always reached home

thoroughly satisfied, though sometimes cold and wringing wet.

But I can't do this any more. It always "irked" me to fish or hunt with some chap who was never satisfied unless he had killed or caught "the limit" or more. My day was always pleasantly spent on the streams or in the woods and fields whether I brought home much or little. It was music to my soul to listen to the croaking of the bullfrogs, the bellowing of the alligator, the "quar-r-rup" of the crane, the shriek of the swamp owl, or the thump, thump, thump of a swamp woodpecker on a dead cypress tree.

I never cared for squirrel shooting especially. It was too much like taking candy from a baby. Anybody can kill a squirrel, but to pick up a quail with your 20-gauge Ithaca, when said quail is going through thick woods and out-speeding a telegram, it requires skill and gives a fellow a thrill to remember.

—LARKIN CLEVELAND

only been stunned. A bison is a dangerous beast when wounded or enraged, and Taylor was in danger of being gored to death. There was no time to reach his horse, so with that rare presence of mind which had served him in many hairbreadth escapes, he leaped upon the buffalo, holding onto the long hair of the shoulders. Away went the buffalo bounding over the prairie.

That was when Taylor finished the job. Drawing his hunting knife from the scabbard he began to jab in the direction of the jugular vein. He did not say how many jabs it required or how long he was astride the ferocious mount. He probably forgot to count, but that was not material in such a life and death struggle. Gradually the animal began to stagger and then slumped to the ground.

The bison was becoming scarce at that time and the closing chapter of its career in Texas may be summed up in a quotation from our game department year book of 1929:

"Landlord Holman of the Monahan Hotel, who is an old timer here informs me that the last buffalo in the Sandhill region east of Pecos was killed in the winter of 1885 by a professional hunter, George Cansey, who is credited with having killed more buffalo than any other man in Texas. In the fall and summer of 1884 Cansey killed several near the southeast corner of New Mexico and finally, in January, 1885, while riding to Midland, came up with the last two remaining animals, a cow and a calf, near the water holes. Cansey shot the

cow and roped the calf which he finally turned over to Mr. C. C. Slaughter of Fort Worth, who eventually had it killed for a large barbecue. From the same source I learned that the last bull buffalo in the San Angelo region was killed in the fall of 1883, in the southern part of Tom Green County by a Mr. Mertz of San Angelo.

"A small number estimated at 25 were in the northwest corner of the Panhandle as late as 1889, and Oberholser was told by local ranchmen that buffalo were seen that late in the Devils River country. Published reports of buffalo seen in Valverde and Presidio counties as late as 1894 were investigated by H. P. Attwater, then of San Antonio, and declared to be wholly fictitious. This fictitious herd, old newspaper readers may recall, moved from place to place along the Rio Grande, even increasing in size from 40 to 60 to give the story a new angle; and, to ease down the intensity of the search that was being made, and possible exposure of the hoax, the herd, in dramatic fashion, was cleverly crossed into Mexico where it disappeared from the imagination of the reporters."

The buffalo at one time roamed over most of Texas from the north to the south, excepting, of course, heavily wooded areas. Eighteen buffalo creeks are named for the animal and the most famous of them all is the Houston bayou which bears the name "Buffalo."

Buffalo populations were beyond computation before the coming of the railroads; after that they began to be slaughtered for their hides. In the

middle of the last century buffalo hunting was good and there was good hunting anywhere in Texas for any kind of game. Of this we have quite a bit of official information with particular reference to the Red River area.

In 1852 Jefferson Davis was Secretary of War in the cabinet of President Pierce. Davis ordered an exploration of the upper reaches of the Red River and placed Captain Randolph B. Marcy in charge. Marcy's report is in the archives of the State Library at Austin. With Marcy there were many competent observers including zoologists, geologists, botanists and engineers. At least a dozen wagons were in the train and a small herd of beeves was driven along to provide meat for the commissariat. After many weeks of travel, said the report, wild game was abundant and none of the beeves had yet been slaughtered.

The expedition started some distance below the confluence of the North and South Forks of the Red River. The junction of the two forks is located just north of the town of Vernon in Wilbarger County. Below that junction the water was exceedingly bitter and unpalatable most of the time. On passing the gypsum range of country they found good water. They had passed the Salt Fork and come in sight of the Wichita Mountains. Potable water was found at Beaver and Otter Creeks. The month was July and the intense heat made it necessary to begin the daily march at one or two o'clock in the morning. This left the afternoon open for rest or for sports such as hunting the various species that were so abundant.

That was 95 years ago when most people could do as they pleased respecting game. Naturally, the party had hounds to aid in the capture of game and to run down lions, wolves and any of the fauna of that untamed wilderness. In this connection Captain Marcy showed his love of the chase, saying, "The sport is most intensely exciting, and he who would not become interested in it would hardly be entitled to claim consanguinity with the great family of Nimrod."

The greyhounds were swift enough to overtake and kill deer and the prairie rabbits, but were never able to capture the prong-horned antelope. The hounds tried this repeatedly but the longer they ran, the greater the distance grew between dog and antelope. It is the fleetest of North American wild animals. Only a trained race horse can match their speed. The antelope is an animal of the open country and places its safety in flight. The deer is swift too, but prefers to hide. The deer has survived while the open defiance of the antelope nearly brought about its destruction as a species.

Delaware Indians served as guides and were good deer hunters. They used extensively the deer-bleat to lure the doe to within range. John Bushman, the interpreter, was much surprised one day, said Marsy, "On calling a deer to him with a deer-bleat, to see a small fawn

following after its mother; but imagine his astonishment when immediately behind the fawn came a huge panther bounding rapidly, and in a twinkling he fastened his claws in the vitals of his victim. The panther, however, in this instance, caught a tartar, and paid dearly for his temerity, as John, with a spirit of indignation that would have done credit to the better feelings of any man, raised his rifle and instead of killing the deer, which was entirely at his mercy, planted the contents in the side of the panther.

"The Delawares used the deer-bleat most successfully during the months of June and July before the does have weaned their young. Riding along near the copse of trees where they suppose the deer to be lying, they sound their bleats, which can be heard for half a mile; and as the deer never remains near her fawn longer than is necessary to give it food, when she retires to an adjoining thicket and makes her bed alone, she immediately takes alarm at what she conceives to be a cry of distress from her helpless off-spring, and in the intensity of her maternal affection, she makes at full speed in the direction of the cry and frequently comes within a few yards of the hunter who stands ready to give her a death wound. This is an unsportsmanlike way of hunting deer and only admissible when provisions are scarce." How true! Yet, after nearly a hundred years there are still a few hunters who would revert to the methods of the Delaware Indian.

It was either Captain Marcy or one of his party that undertook to try out the deer-bleat lure while sitting in the tall grass that once covered the western prairies. Imagine his consternation when a lion came bounding to within ten feet of him. His quick aim brought the animal rolling down at his feet.

"The bear, the wolf and the panther (cougar) often come at the call of the bleat, supposing that they are to feast upon the tender flesh of the fawn. It might be supposed that in a country where there are so many carnivorous

animals, the greater portion of the deer would be killed by them while young; but Nature, in the wisdom of its arrangements, has provided the helpless little quadruped with the means of safety against their attacks, which is truly wonderful. It is a well-known fact among hunters that the deer deposit a much stronger scent upon their trails than any other animal, inasmuch as a dog can without difficulty follow them long after they have passed at a distance of many yards from the track. Notwithstanding this, the fawns, until they are sufficiently grown to be able to make good running, give out no scent whatever upon their tracks, and a dog of the best nose can not follow them except by sight. I have often seen the experiment made, and I am perfectly satisfied that such is the case. . . . This protects them from the wild animals of the country."

John Bull who rode a fractious horse was a bear and buffalo hunter and could never get his horse to approach near to a bear. It must be said that the horse displayed good horse sense. Also the bear is an animal of rare instincts. This hunters says that a bear, before making his bed to lie down, invariably goes several hundred yards with the wind, at a distance from his track. Should an enemy then come upon his track he must approach him with the wind, and with the bear's keen sense of smell he is aware of the presence of an enemy in time to make his escape.

Bear of the Red River are long since gone. A few may be found in the Big Bend, and in the Big Thicket of southeastern Texas. Also the panther has been pushed back from the Red River on the north to the Rio Grande on the south. They still cross the river from Mexico into Texas border counties where they prey on game and small livestock. Whenever one is known to be around he is hunted down relentlessly. The writer passed through Dimmit County a few days ago and learned of a panther hunt then in progress. He did not join the hunt, preferring to

leave that to such men as Bob and Luther Snow.

In these stories we have gone back a long way, and the further one goes, the more desperate the adventure. Our admiration is, of course, greatly aroused at the mythological performance of Hercules who, we are told, slew the Nemean lion. He scorned to use a *rock* or any of the ancient weapons of his day. With his bare hands he grasped the lion's throat and strangled him to death.

Don't Hit Telephone Wires

With 2500 telephone wires shot out of commission last year, the Southwestern Bell Telephone Company is urging hunters to use care in shooting at or near its pole lines in the coming hunting season.

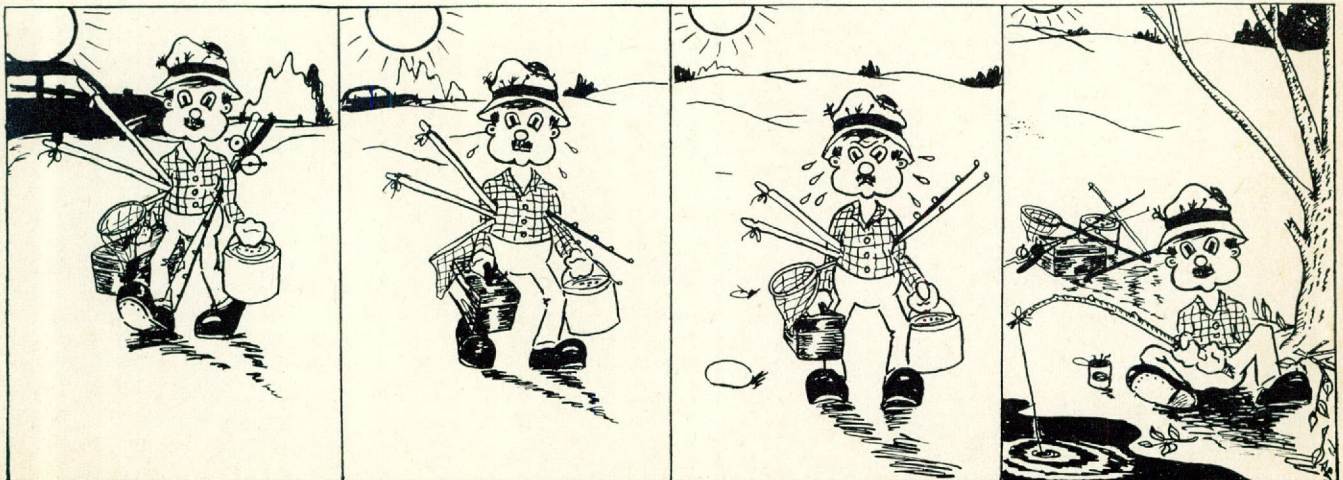
About one-third of all cases of trouble on open wire long distance telephone lines last year was traced to gunshot damage, according to telephone company spokesman who said:

"Even good shots miss occasionally and a shot at a bird on a telephone line, or flying in front of it, may cut a wire and interrupt telephone service between towns until we can get men out there to repair it. Some important messages could be delayed."

Admitting that it might take a lot of will power to pass up a "fat" shot, the telephone company spokesman said, "Care and thoughtfulness on the part of hunters now will go a long way toward protecting the community's vital telephone service."

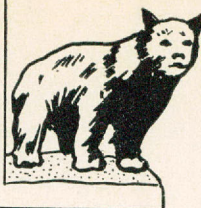
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The longest flight on record for any banded bird is that of an Arctic Tern banded at Turnevik Bay, Labrador, and found on the beach at Margate on the east coast of South Africa. The shortest possible distance between points is 8000 miles and the probable course would be around 9000 miles.





BOOKS



SILENT WINGS—A MEMORIAL TO THE PASSENGER PIGEON—Edited by Walter E. Scott. Published by the Wisconsin Society for Ornithology, c/o Walter E. Scott, Mendota Beach Heights, Madison 5, Wisconsin, 44 pages, illustrated. Price \$1.00.

The Wisconsin Society for Ornithology has brought together here in a well-illustrated booklet a great amount of the most authentic information available regarding the passenger pigeon, which became extinct with the death of the last bird in the Cincinnati Zoological Gardens on September 1, 1914. The occasion for the publication of this booklet was the unveiling of a monument erected to the memory of the passenger pigeon at Wyalusing State Park on May 11, 1947. The publication itself is an extension of the meaning of this monument to all those who are interested in the preservation of our wildlife in its native habitat.

Professor Aldo Leopold of the Department of Wildlife Management at the University of Wisconsin here contributes in prose poetry a picture story "On a Monument to the Pigeon."

Dr. A. W. Schorger of Madison, one of the leading authorities on this extinct bird, offers two authoritative articles which answer many of the questions regarding the "Wild Pigeons" as they were known and hunted for the market in the early days. Although his subjects center around Wisconsin, where the greatest nesting ever known received his thorough study, his analysis of the reasons for the disappearance of this most prolific bird, once seen in the millions, applies to all parts of the country. His subject titles are: "The Passenger Pigeon in Wisconsin and the Problems in Its History" and "The Great Wisconsin Passenger Pigeon Nesting of 1871."

Dr. Hartley H. T. Jackson, Chief of the Section of Biological Surveys, Division of Wildlife Research of the U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service, Washington, D. C., gave the monument dedication address at Wyalusing State Park and his statements on "Attitude in Conservation" are printed here because of their important bearing on the need for a reasonable attitude in consideration of conservation problems today. Dr. Jackson explains some of the factors which cause the extinction of wildlife species in local areas as well as throughout the entire range and states that action to preserve this wildlife for posterity de-

pends upon five major factors: 1—Adequate organization; 2—legal protection; 3—permanent refuges, sanctuaries, parks, primitive or wildlife areas; 4—improvement of habitat; 5—elimination or control of exotic species. He cites cases of radical action for conservation which harm the cause more than they help and urges a level-headed type of conservation based upon education.

The booklet is well illustrated with a frontispiece in color of the male passenger pigeon, some of the only photographs ever taken of these birds, early date sketches showing methods of hunting and trapping, a reproduction of Audubon's passenger pigeon painting, as well as a picture of the monument and a photograph of the habitat group on exhibit in the Chicago Natural History Museum. Also featured is a photograph of "Martha," the last living passenger pigeon, and authentic notes selected from scientific journals regarding the attempts to propagate these birds in captivity shortly before they disappeared.

STRIPED BASS—by O. H. P. Rodman; 96 vii pages. Profusely illustrated with half-tones from photographs and line drawings explaining and depicting important parts of the text. Published by A. S. Barnes and Company, 67 West 44th Street, New York 18, New York, 1947. Price \$1.50.

Here is a low-priced revised edition of one of the truly outstanding salt-water fishing books. It is a gold mine of information on when, where, and how to catch striped bass, but the many rather novel tricks of persuasion and the time-tested hints on tackle and on bait are of as much interest to the fresh-water fishermen as to surf enthusiasts. In this concise treatise the author, Mr. Rodman, publisher of the national magazine "Outdoors" and a past master in the art of fishing, tells the beginner the things that he should know to get full enjoyment out of the sport of fishing.

This new edition of the Striped Bass contains an additional chapter on plug casting comments. The other chapters, written in a charming fashion, include Meeting the Stripper, Surf Casting, Trolling, Fly Fishing, and a list of "kinks and tips" that will help even the expert to increase his skill. This celebrated "know-how" book has been added to The Barnes Sports Library.

WILDWOOD WISDOM—by Ellsworth Jaeger; 491 xix pages.

Profusely illustrated with line drawings on an extraordinary diversification of outdoor subjects and woods lore. Published by The Macmillan Company, New York. Price \$2.95.

A simple, exceedingly practical guide and reference for all those who enjoy camping, hiking, canoeing, hunting, fishing, picnicking or a mere jaunt in the woods. The author has succeeded in cramming an inconceivable amount of helpful and useful information into this volume, in a well-organized, orderly manner. It is a veritable encyclopedia on nature and the out-of-doors. The comprehensive and detailed index provides instant reference to hundreds of things that will increase the pleasure of any trip afield.

This book affords delightful and enlightening reading. It was written for the experienced woodsman, as well as the amateur and the youngsters, particularly Boy Scouts will have a fascination for this handbook. There are 20 chapters on such things as outdoor clothing, packs, beds, shelters, fire making, sanitation and health, camp cookery, useful animals and birds, edible, poisonous, and useful plants and trees, portaging, trailcraft, stalking animals, camp furnishings, and Indian lore. Wildwood Wisdom is a fitting title.

COOKING WILD GAME—by Frank G. Ashbrook and Edna N. Sater; 358 xix pages. Illustrated with numerous half-tones of photographs, and reproductions of line drawings. Foreword by J. N. "Ding" Darling. Published by Orange Judd Publishing Company, Inc., New York, Price \$4.00.

Wise hunters and fishermen will procure a copy of this book for themselves and, after having learned a bit more about proper methods of preparing game and fish for cooking, will put it in a conspicuous and convenient place for the "little woman" or for the camp cook. Thumb the pages of this cook book, which includes prudent comments of conservation, and you will discover many tricks-of-the-trade that will ease the task of cleaning and handling your quarry. Scan some of the 432 recipes then offer a few timid and diplomatic suggestions to the chef when delectable morsels are presented for table use.

This praiseworthy three-purpose guide—for housewives, hunters and anglers, and conservationists—explains how to field-dress the daily bag, cut up the carcass and how to utilize hides. It discusses the evisceration and skinning of small animals (step-by-step method illustrated), and the time required for seasoning and aging. Under cookery, detailed information is given on how to overcome wild or gamey flavor, how to quick-pluck feathered game, remove musk or scent glands in small animals, and the way and time to cook most kinds of wild game.

Duck Hunters!

The United States Fish and Wildlife Service is again inviting you to join them in the big job of getting the facts about migratory waterfowl hunting conditions throughout the country during the 1947 season. We want from you the same kind of frank, informative, and helpful information which you sent in to use for the 1946 season. We want reports—purely voluntary reports—again on the results of your shooting. Your views on the waterfowl situation are invaluable to us in our job of working out fair hunting regulations.

Texas Game and Fish is glad to donate this space to help gather this vitally needed information.

Here's How YOU Can Help

- 1. Keep tally of the birds you bag, cripple, and observe this fall.**
- 2. At the end of the season, send completed scorecard to the United States Fish and Wildlife Service, Washington 25, D. C.**

SCORECARD

How Many, What Kinds of
Ducks, Geese Bagged

How Many Cripples
Lost

Compared with Last Year
Waterfowl Numbers were

| More | Less | Same |
|----------------------|----------------------|----------------------|
| <input type="text"/> | <input type="text"/> | <input type="text"/> |

Shooting Grounds (Check One)

Public

Commercial

Private

Where you hunted _____ (State) _____ (County) _____ How many days _____

Comments:

Date _____

Name _____

Address _____

The Most Unusual

BOOK ABOUT TEXAS GAME BIRDS AND MAMMALS EVER WRITTEN!

PRINCIPAL GAME BIRDS and MAMMALS OF TEXAS

Staff Written

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