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JUNE 1945

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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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## ☆ In This Issue ☆

June 1945 • Vol. 3, No. 7

<b>Retriever a Big Hunting Asset</b> .....	5
By BOB BECKER <i>Noted outdoor writer recommends greater use of hunting dogs to make cripples count in game bag and to aid in conserving supply of game.</i>	
<b>There's Only One Right Way</b> .....	9
By JOE MARKS <i>A fish culturist tells you why your tank or pond is not a prolific producer of fish year after year.</i>	
<b>A Texan Hunts in Iran</b> .....	10
By MAJOR J. H. BLACKALLER <i>Shooting and roping gazelles in the Near East is no sport for a man with a weak heart and a weaker back.</i>	
<b>Selecting a Camp Site</b> .....	11
<i>Observe these few "do's and don'ts" and you will make your next camping trip one to be long remembered.</i>	
<b>Arms and Ammunition</b> .....	12
By ADAM WILSON <i>A gun expert takes you down memory lane and tells you some of the twists and quirks of the old shooting irons of pioneer days.</i>	
<b>Freak Occurrences in Law Enforcement</b> .....	14
By J. G. BURR <i>Instances do occur where the ingenuity and courage of the game warden is put to a severe test especially in the more sparsely populated areas of the state.</i>	
<b>Your Boy and Mine</b> .....	15
By J. ALLEN BARRETT <i>Why not take that boy on your next fishing or hunting trip. He'll like it and Mr. Barrett tells you why.</i>	
<b>Too Many Gadgets</b> .....	17
By THE OLD TIMER <i>Here's a man who flips up a scornful nose at the angler who goes after his bass loaded down with expensive equipment.</i>	

**ROGER M. BUSFIELD**  
Editor

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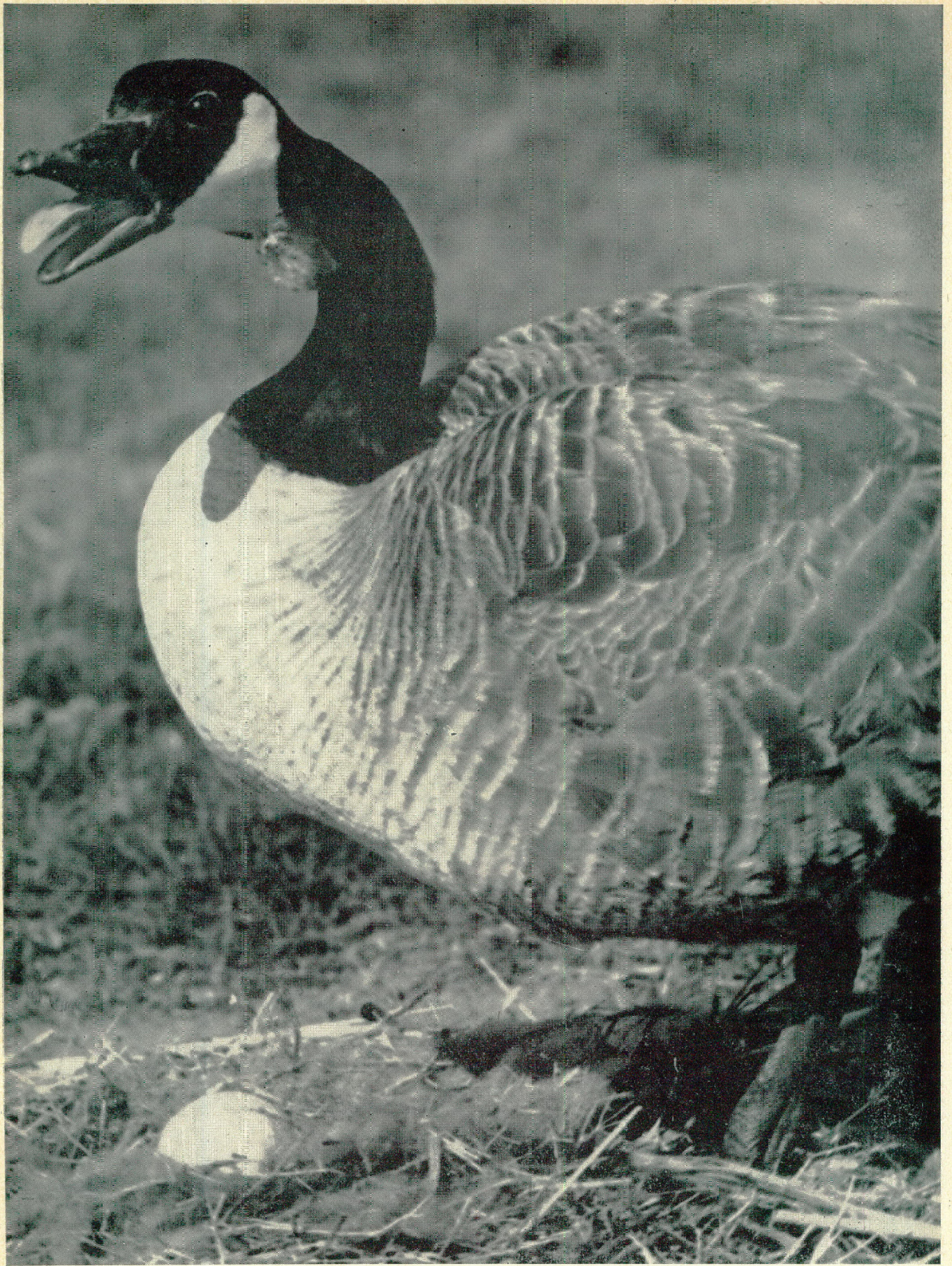
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***"A Canada Honker Speaks Her Mind—"***

# Retriever a Big Hunting Asset

by Bob Becker



A STYLISH pointer or setter pointing a covey of quail in a weed thicket; an eager spaniel making a swell retrieve of a crippled pheasant; a merry beagle bounding across a field in pursuit of a rabbit; and a line crashing Chesapeake or Labrador retriever swimming toward a blind with a wounded mallard drake—these are some of the memories that all hunters have at this time of the year. The bird seasons are over. In most cases the hunter can lay aside his gun and then start counting the days until the next open season. This is not easy for either the hunter or the dogs that eagerly go afield each fall to hunt with their bosses.

Hunting dogs play a leading role in the lives of many sportsmen. This is an encouraging fact both from the standpoint of the sport itself and the viewpoint of the conservationist. Unfortunately, however, not enough dogs are put to work to help all American hunters have more fun in the field, and reduce the tremendous losses of crippled birds each season. These losses run into millions of ducks which not only are not brought home and used for food, but in many cases die a slow death in the marshes. And the loss of pheasants due to long range shooting and no dog to pick up the cripples is another cause of concern to the upland game hunter. In fact, even if most of us didn't like dogs we should be inclined to use one in the field if for no other reason than the humane angle of recovering game birds that are fatally nicked with shot.

We have been hunting over various breeds for many years. And down through the years we've been carrying the torch for any dog that will go out and search for a wing tipped bird and thus reduce losses due to crippling. But, in our estimation, the most potent reason for using a hunting dog, aside from the humane angle of finding wounded birds, is the FUN of getting your game with the aid of a devoted canine partner. And he doesn't have to be a purebred with pedigree a mile long to give the owner a lot of fun in the hunting field. If the pooch has a nose and will get those cripples he can't help but add a

lot of fun to any hunt. In fact, a hunter who doesn't use a dog misses about 80 per cent of the fun of a hunt because the companionship of a dog and the way they perform in the field keep you amused all the time.

Last fall we checked one party of novice pheasant hunters to see what luck they were having. One fellow in this dogless party admitted that of 3 pheasants he had downed during the first hour, he'd recovered just one. Then he shot at another and missed it. Came another chance and this one he killed

**Noted Outdoor Editor Recommends Greater Use of Hunting Dogs — Makes Cripples count in game bag.**

stone dead in a heavy slough, he said. Couldn't find it. So he finally shot another bird and recovered it.

This hunter had taken 5 birds from Illinois' stock of wild game. Of this number he got his limit of two. That makes 3 wasted which adds up to about \$6 worth of pheasants left in the field to get a limit of two. The above case may represent the extreme of bird losses. However, we do not have to guess at the average game bird losses of hunters. Actual studies of pheasant hunting and hunters made in several states tell us exactly the number of birds a dogless hunter manages to find and the number they do not recover.

For example, a study of hunting in Iowa shows that in quail shooting the use of good dogs showed a loss of only 4.3 per cent of the birds shot, whereas hunters who shot quails without a good retrieving dog, or those who shot quail as incidental to rabbit hunting (without any dogs) lost 50 per cent of their birds.

The scientists who checked game bird losses probed the experiences of hun-

**ONE OF THE most useful breeds for the hunter who likes a mixed bag is the English springer spaniel, a gay bird finder and retriever. It flushes its game and saves many a cripple every year, because it's a good retriever. This well trained springer has just picked up a pheasant.**

dreds of pheasant hunters, too. Here are some facts they uncovered which none of us can laugh off: experienced pheasant hunters with good setters, pointers, spaniels, retrievers or other breeds lost zero number of birds up to 19 per cent of those shot. Hunters without dogs lost from 33 per cent up to better than 50 per cent of the ringnecks they dropped.

One paragraph of the report is of especial interest to all of us who like to hunt. It said:

"It is plain that a good dog is of inestimable value in holding down the percentage of cripples escaping. In duck hunting the utility of special breeds of dogs that are able to navigate soupy mud or cold water scarcely needs to be mentioned."

The sportsmen's code requires him to search diligently for an injured bird. It's a known fact that a good retrieving dog greatly increases the chances of finding a cripple. Thus a good dog will bring the hunter increased satisfaction in hunting. The big point is this: any kind of a retrieving dog will bring in more cripples than a hunter can find, and hence the sportsman need not take shots at as many birds to reach a bag limit. In other words, a hunting dog is not only a game saver but also helps a hunter conserve ammunition.

Of course, not every hunter can afford a highly trained, expensive setter, pointer, spaniel, retriever or other dog trained to find game and retrieve cripples. We're well aware of this fact because we've always wanted to own one of those \$1000 super-doopers. But we can't afford one like that. However, many a hunter who feels he can't invest in some kind of a hunting dog will be surprised how much he can buy with some of his luxury or "good time" money. And thousands of sportsmen who can't afford to buy a dog trained for months by a professional can get a young dog and put

enough time on it to make it at least a fair bird finder.

We've been wondering if after the war sportsmen's clubs would not find it worth while to sponsor amateur training classes for bird dog owners to give more hunters the fundamentals of dog work and perhaps sell them on the use of a sporting breed. A spaniel club of which I was president for many years used to conduct one of these schools for the average hunter and field trial enthusiast. The basic idea was this: many springer owners preferred to do their own training, so the club got a good springer man to act as coach and teacher of a class.

Every other Sunday or once a month the boys brought their dogs to the open air dog training school. The men (and ladies, too) lined up with their dogs on leash and were told about the lesson. Perhaps it was to teach the dog to sit, or drop to the word "Hup" and the hand signal that goes with it. Everybody was put through the lesson. Then each person was given a small mimeo sheet with the lesson and told to work with the dog at home. At the next open air meeting the instructor checked the progress of each owner and his dog, advised on mistakes being made, and straightened out problems. Then on to another lesson. Motion pictures of sound spaniel work on game supplemented the lessons.

This type of school was conducted for several seasons. Of course, no one can expect a well trained dog from this routine UNLESS the owner will work conscientiously and spend some time with his dog. But you'd be surprised that this open air school did to educate dog owners on the proper work of springers, the meaning of obedience and control, how a dog should quarter its ground, etc.



**THE CHESAPEAKE BAY** retriever is one of America's favorite gun dogs. The dog either lies down in front of the blind where it blends perfectly with the vegetation or sits just inside where it can mark the fall of ducks.



**THEY'VE GOT A COVEY.** This pair of English setters go on point.

This same system of group instruction has been in use to teach simple obedience training for many years. We are wondering if clubs in this state would not have a lot of fun with such a class, which could be a popular, worth while project and do much to teach shooters the advantages of different breeds. The fundamental training work is about the same for all breeds because every hunting dog needs to be taught to walk at heel, sit down when told, come when called and take hand signals. This obedience work is one of the most important things in the education of any hunting dog.

Fortunately there is a wide choice of hunting breeds which will not only find game for us on a hunting trip but also pick up the crippled and wounded birds. For the man who wants a dog to stop and point when he locates a covey of quail or pheasant, the ever popular pointer and the setters head the list with the German short haired pointer and the Brittany spaniel, the only pointing spaniel, also doing a good job of pointing their birds and retrieving.

The next classification of gun dogs that seek game and retrieve is the spaniel group. These dogs spring or flush game. There are many kinds of spaniels with the springer the best known in the hunting fields. We used a springer for years to "spring" pheasants for the gun and to retrieve birds shot. They also worked on fur (rabbits), retrieved jacksnipe, and did some duck retrieving for us. A few years ago we sent to England for a Clumber spaniel, the largest spaniel known, to see how it compared to the springer. The Clumber is a 60 to 65-pound dog, a beautiful dog with his white coat and orange markings, but slower than the springer.

Spaniels do not point their game so

they are not adapted for quail, but they are wonderful "rough shooting" dogs for ringnecks and furred game. If a hunter has no use for a pointing breed, does little upland game shooting, or expects to spend most of his time duck hunting, he can use one of those big, rugged retrievers like the Chesapeake, Labrador, or golden. Smaller retriever breeds are the Irish water spaniel and American water spaniel. The Chesapeake, Labrador and golden are the "canine tanks" of the marshes. They have the power and weight to get through the

**ALTHOUGH IT'S A fine retriever and loves water work, the Irish water spaniel is not nearly as well known to hunters as it should be. This Irish water spaniel has a partridge in its mouth.**





**THESE TWO ENGLISH setters typify the beauty of the English setter, a breed that is a bird finder and a bird saver for the sportsman.**

worst cover and how they can take it! The American water spaniel may not be hefty but he's a dandy. He loves to hunt and will handle anything from ducks to pheasants. We've had some great shooting over this breed which will retrieve anything.

We have used Labradors for years. The one we have now was trained primarily as a pick-up dog. That is, to walk at heel and retrieve on command. But we decided she could be taught to quarter the ground near us like a spaniel and flush pheasants for us so we had her trained to do that. If we are hunting thick pheasant cover without our setter, we can send this Labrador into it and keep her moving in any direction with a hand signal. She "beats" the cover to flush the birds. We know a springer spaniel does this work faster and better. But there have been hunts when having neither setter or spaniel with us this Labrador did the whole job of crashing heavy weed thickets and brush to rout pheasants and also retrieve for us.

It's amazing what certain dogs like to do in their work of finding cripples and saving game. Some of them go beyond their regular routine to help us. For example, one of the finest duck retrievers we ever saw work in heavy grass and weeds was an English setter. This dog would run a block or two across the grassy prairie to get cripples that soared away from us. The setter is not primarily a duck dog, yet here was one that loved it.

Although springers will go to water eagerly they are not water retrievers in a class with the big rugged retrievers which are bred for the toughest water work. Yet we once worked a springer (Horsford Hereunto, the dog with the funny name) that would crack ice on Illinois river hunts to bring in mallards. And just a year ago when we were shooting pheasants on a licensed preserve in January, our setter made eleven

water retrieves in the icy water, sometimes running out on the ice and then dropping into the pond. (This spectacle gave us a chill every ten minutes!) Here was a pointing dog not expected to work in ice water like a well protected Chesapeake or Labrador, yet it retrieved as eagerly as any retriever

If you are thinking about a hunting dog in the near future (and we hope you are!) and you haven't decided on the breed, better figure out which types of hunting you need your dog for, talk to some of the boys in your town who own dogs, and rely on their advice, always keeping this point in mind: most of us dog owners are awfully "sot" in our ways. Talk to a dyed-in-the-wool pointer man about a setter you want to get and he'll go to work on you to sell the pointer to you. Chat with a Chesapeake Bay retriever enthusiast about a Golden

or Labrador pup—and then look out. You know what will happen!

Let someone suggest you look for an Irish setter or a springer for your pheasant hunting and should a Brittany man overhear it—you are in for some arguments.

We have hunted over and like so many different breeds that frankly we have no great favorites. At this time we own a Labrador but last fall some of our best duck hunting fun was over Chesapeakes and goldens. We can be happy with any retriever that's obedient and has a good nose. We are keen about spaniels. That's evident or we would not have been president of a spaniel club for seven years. For years we have alternated between setters and pointers in quail hunting down south. German short haired pointers, trained cockers, water spaniels, Irish setters—we've tried 'em all and we like 'em.

But the big point about any dog you get is this: if your pup has average intelligence and is obedient, he has a chance to knock the socks off the dog that may be much faster than yours but won't mind in the field, because the disobedient dog hunts mostly for itself and takes most of your time keeping up with him or trying to find him. The obedient dog that answers a whistle and hunts for you thus has a mighty good chance to find as many birds near you, as the wild disobedient dog will locate for himself two or three hills or a mile away.

In looking at the whole hunting dog picture today you'll notice that dog clubs, conservation departments, and professional conservationists haven't been able to do much about the millions of birds lost by dogless hunters each fall, except call attention to the lamentable situation and urge hunters to be

**A NICE RETRIEVER. This pointer delivers a quail to his master.**



more careful with their long range shooting. Moreover, we as hunters have been asking for guns that shot harder, shells that kill at longer distances and repeating shotguns so we can get at least three shots into a flock. Yes, there are even Magnum guns to reach out and extend the killing range of the 12 gauge. All the emphasis has been on methods to increase our game kills, and drop birds at greater distances.

If we devoted just one fraction of the interest exhibited in better guns and long range shells to the cause of saving game with hunting dogs, millions of birds would be recovered each fall and go into the game bags instead of being wasted. The job waiting for the duck dogs is a tremendous one in itself, with a chance for the retrievers to cut down an annual loss that is somewhere in excess of 6,000,000 birds.

After the war we are expecting a big boom in dogs due to the wonderful work that certain breeds are doing on the battlefronts. How about all of us getting together in the postwar period and tackling this humane job of getting those cripples by putting more dogs to work in the field and marshes?



**A great favorite with bird hunters all over the United States and particularly in the South, the pointer is a stylish beautiful upland game dog. Note the tenseness of this' dog's point.**

## Missouri Quail Take Increases

According to Dr. Rudolph Bennett, who has directed the cooperative quail study inaugurated at the University of Missouri in 1938, Missouri quail hunters averaged 1.59 birds per man-hour in 1944. This figure is nine points above the seven-year average, and three per cent better than in 1943. It was exceeded by thirteen points in the peak year of 1939 when, according to Doctor Bennett, better weather rather than more birds was responsible for the better showing.

Data, based on reports from volunteer hunter cooperators throughout the state, also indicated that the average quail hunter in 1944 managed to make about ten trips of a little over four hours each, flushed three or four coveys per trip, bagged about 62 birds, and lost four or five birds which he shot down. This average hunter had better shooting in regions where young birds were most plentiful, found his dogs could not work well in November, and that neither he nor his dogs could function most effectively during the coldest December in 20 years.

## New York Grounds Deer Hunters

New York's Governor Dewey has signed a bill which prohibits New York hunters from using aircraft to hunt deer. This legislation was the result of protests by Western New York sportsmen over use of a plane by a group of hunters last fall to spot deer concentrations.

### In One Ear

Good old St. Anthony preached to the fishes, according to a legend which recounted in metrical style how eloquently the saint addressed them and how well they all listened to him.

He explained to the pickerel that they ought not to eat each other; he told the trout they ought not to steal each other's food, and he said the eel ought to go reeling around miscellaneously, getting into all manner of mischief.

It is recorded that the fishes heard him with raptures but the pickerel remained unchanged, and in the final verse it is said:

"The trout went on stealing,  
The eels went on eeling,  
Much delighted were they,  
But preferred the old way."

## A Record, Maybe

What appears to be something of a record for an individual fox hunter is credited to Floyd Babcock of Canton, Pennsylvania. While hunting in that state recently, he is reported to have killed three foxes without moving out of his tracks. The next day he killed two on the same watch, then accounted for another nearby within the hour.



Although the busy beaver has been known to reach a weight of 68 pounds, he belongs to the same family as the squirrel and the mouse. Fossil remains indicate that the same animal, in prehistoric days, weighed as much as 400 pounds.

## Fishing for Wounded Vets

The U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service announces it has embarked on a program to supply fish for stocking waters under the control of the Veterans' Administration and the War and Navy Departments, to provide angling for convalescent soldiers, sailors and marines.

During the first 11 months of 1944, 385,820 game fish of nine varieties were stocked in suitable waters in twenty states located near veterans' hospitals and military areas. These included rainbow, brook and Loch Leven trout, largemouth and smallmouth black bass, bluegill and red-eared sunfish, catfish, and crappies—many of them "keepers."

Conservation departments of the states in which the hospitals are located are cooperating with the government agencies in this activity, which will bring the healing effects of angling within reach of numerous convalescent servicemen.



One of the strangest mammals in the world is the dormouse, famed in legend and story. He is not a mouse at all, but more closely related to the squirrel family. He is the only mammal that can shed his tail like a lizard in order to make his escape from capture. And he soon grows another tail!



Frequently when snakes are handled, they exude a vile-smelling secretion from the anal scent glands. Garter snakes and water snakes are the chief offenders in this respect.



# There's Only *One* Right Way

by Joe Marks

SEVERAL years ago, little was known about fish pond stocking and fish pond management, a problem that has the continuous study of the Texas Game, Fish and Oyster Commission. The following are simply a series of events that took place concerning stocking of fish ponds over a period of years of which the writer has knowledge.

About 1937 during the fish distribution season a hatchery visitor called on the superintendent and introduced himself as Mr. Best (fictitious). "I have just completed a lake of about ten acres in size and would like to have a million fish of different kinds to place in it." The superintendent advised him that overstocking was worse than understocking a lake and suggested 1500 bass, and 15,000 of other mixed varieties as more than ample stocking. Mr. Best protested vigorously that such numbers were not enough. Regardless of the superintendent's opinion he wanted more fish. However, being of a firm nature the superintendent finally delivered his recommended amount for Mr. Best's lake.

Mr. Best, not being satisfied went to the main office of the Game, Fish and Oyster Commission, his state senator and a newly appointed member of the Game Commission and was rewarded for his efforts by another load of fish for his lake. In addition he applied for and received some fish from the Federal Government's Division of Fisheries. Finally he built some rearing ponds to rear small fish into larger ones to further stock his lake to numbers that he felt were desired.

Mr. Best did not fish in his lake for over a year after the first planting. He then invited a number of friends to open his lake with him. The results of the fishing trip were more than sad to relate as not one keeper bass was caught. All of the other fish that were hooked were small and poor. Mr. Best was sorely disappointed in his lake and coming to the Game, Fish and Oyster Commission for advice was told that the only solution was to drain it and restock it properly. In order to show what he thought of the advice, he promptly filled out an application for more fish instead of draining his lake. (This story is not exaggerated.) His lake still stands today as a monument to overstocking and runty, poor fish although Mr. Best is a prosperous and successful merchant.

In the spring of 1941, Mr. Lewis came to the Game, Fish and Oyster Commission for advice on building and stocking a lake on his property in the Hill Country. He was told to build his lake with a proper drain; to provide spawning grounds and brush shelters before filling

his lake. He proceeded according to this plan and asked that the lake should be stocked according to the best known practice of the Game, Fish and Oyster Commission. The lake of about 17 acres was stocked with 800 bass, 400 crappie, 5000 bream and 400 catfish in the fall of 1941. Twelve inch bass and large bream were caught out of the lake in the summer of 1942 and although the lake now shows signs of being overstocked with bream it is still a wonderful fishing lake, undoubtedly one of the best in Texas for its size. This lake was fertilized with a cubic yard of barnyard manure and 800 pounds of 20 per cent superphosphate during its first year.

Farmer John Brown had a government

to get his tank fixed up, "And rid it of all the small crappie in the country." What happened was that Brown caught out the original fish that were stocked, which showed splendid growth while there was no competition for food and then the tank became super charged with thousands of small crappie each managing to get enough to live on but not enough to grow on. He finally cut his dam in 1944 to drain his tank to get a fresh start.

In 1941, in a central Texas state hatchery, during distribution season Sam Jones came by carrying a 14 quart bucket and the desire to get a few catfish to place in his acre pond which had recently been completed. Although he was advised to try other fish mixture all he would take was catfish. The superintendent loaded him up with 60 fingerling

**One sure way of having a good and lasting supply of fish in your tank or pond is to stock it with fish recommended for that particular body of water by a man who knows his fish and ponds. It's a dividend payer.**

built tank which he wanted stocked and went to the state hatchery to ask for fish in 1942. He said that he was a crappie fisherman and wanted nothing but crappie. The superintendent advised him that stocking with crappie alone was improper. He told Brown that bass should be included in the stocking. However Brown said, "I don't want any of those damned bass to eat up all my good crappie," and insisted on nothing but crappie. He received 100 crappie in the fall of 1942 and carefully placed them in his tank. He fertilized his tank with barnyard manure, which the superintendent recommended, and sat back and watched his crappie grow. They grew rapidly and spawned in the spring of 1942. In the fall of 1942 he started fishing. His initial effort was so good that he took eight crappie to town to show his friends what he had. Those eight crappie weighed better than 13 pounds and Brown remarked about "That blankety blank fish hatchery superintendent who doesn't know anything about his business trying to keep me from stocking with crappie!" Several more fishing efforts showed similar or even better results. Brown became increasingly satisfied with his own knowledge of fish stocking and more vehement in his denunciation of the hatchery superintendent. To make a long story short Brown finally came to the hatchery superintendent and frantically begged for help

catfish which was all he thought Sam Jones could carry to his lake successfully. Sam took his catfish home, placed them in his pond and promptly forgot all about them, until he saw a big fish one day during the fall of 1943. He remembered his catfish and set out a line that night and caught four ten pounders. The ponds in that section of the state were suffering from drought that year and Sam called the hatchery superintendent and told him that his lake was going dry and invited him to seine it for some brood catfish telling him what he had caught. Although not believing the story the superintendent decided to investigate for his own information. The pond at that time was quite low and was easily and cleanly seined. Forty nine catfish averaging ten pounds each were removed from the pond and no other fish of any kind were present. This acre pond really taught the Game, Fish and Oyster Commission something about catfish stocking.

Stocking of small ponds and tanks is one of the management problems confronting the Game, Fish and Oyster Commission at the present time. It has been given continuous study over the years. Bulletin No. 24 "Utilizing Stock Tanks and Farm Ponds for Fish" by Marion Toole published in 1943 recommends amounts of fish to stock in bodies of waters. At the present time this bulletin

★ Continued on page 13

# A TEXAN HUNTS IN IRAN

*The following is taken from a letter written to Mr. William J. Tucker, executive secretary of the Game, Fish and Oyster Commission, by Maj. J. H. Blackaller, a San Antonio engineer, who is serving in the Middle East.—Editor's Note.*

by MAJ. J. H. BLACKALLER



MY HUNTING experiences in Iran have been numerous and I hardly know where to start. Gazelle are plentiful and have been a source of very delicious fresh meat since U. S. troops have been in this country. I would estimate that I have personally killed about a hundred during the past year. On one of my recent hunts, I got six nice bucks with eight shots from the .30 caliber carbine. The method of hunting the gazelle is not very sporting, but is certainly productive of delicious broiled steaks. Two vehicles (jeep, command car, or, weapons carrier) cruise over the desert until a herd is sighted. Herds run from six or eight to possibly a thousand with usual size ranging from 20 to 50 animals. One car follows the herd to keep them running straight and to pick up possible cripples, and the other car pulls alongside at about 50 yards with one person driving and another shooting. After six or eight are killed, the cars backtrack, pick up the kill, and dress them. The performance is repeated until the desired number are killed. They are then brought in, skinned and placed in cold storage pending the delicious meal that is sure to follow. The .30 caliber carbine is usually the weapon used, however, the 30-06 is preferred by some. I have killed several with the .45 caliber automatic pistol. The desert is just rough enough to make accurate shooting difficult. The speed of these animals is amazing; they seem to be able to run at 35 to 40 miles per hour indefinitely. On a cool morning they go several miles at 50 miles per hour and I saw one young buck who was pulling away from a car doing 60 miles per hour until a bullet caught him just behind the ear. He must have turned flips for a hundred yards. I feel sure that the animal would suffer the same fate as our pronghorn were such unrestricted hunting prolonged for a few years. The gazelle population is noticeably depleted after two years hunting by the American soldier in this area.

The biggest thrill of gazelle hunting is the ride; at 50 miles an hour in a jeep, anything can happen; a rough spot, or, a sand dune and "one sails through the air with the greatest of ease."

I also tried an experiment which I believe has much promise. I speculated

that roping a gazelle would be a rare sport, so tried it and roped one after two misses. I sat astride the hood of a carryall with my toes under the headlights for security and had the driver put me as close as he could to a gazelle. After catching him, I had to shoot him in order to turn him loose. They are worse than a white-tail deer in being handy with their feet. I have had quite a tussle with several gazelle I thought were dead. One thing I learned about roping gazelle is that the best condition is running them down wind as it is impossible to throw a rope into the wind at the speed a gazelle runs. I also think that three cars could be used to advantage with two cars flanking the gazelle to prevent turning and the third following directly with the roper.

The gazelle has more vitality than any animal I have ever seen and sometimes just refuse to die. On one occasion, I had wounded a nice buck with my last round of ammunition. I permitted the buck to lie down and then slipped up on him with a hunting knife. I managed to catch him by the horns, but not before he had gained his feet. I got kicked up quite a bit, but still could not get him down. Finally, I forced his head to the ground and got one foot on it and he was still standing and kicking with all four feet. In this position, I reached around and cut his throat, getting a couple of nice wallops on the hand during the operation, and then turned him loose. He ran over a hundred yards with his windpipe and jugular vein cut and his throat laid open to the neck bone.

There are also numerous wild boar in this area. A ferocious looking beast who attains a weight up to 500 pounds and who is hard to stop. I have killed several with the carbine, but the .30-06 is definitely to be preferred for this animal as he can pack a lot of lead. I have only seen one of these animals charge a hunter and he had been wounded through the lower jaw, however, occasionally, someone gets slashed by tusks. Hunting boar is done on foot usually in swampy areas where cover is heavy and often in water from ankle to waist deep. Their meat is delicious, sweet and tender and tasting more like beef than pork. They are considered pests by the natives who are very pleased to have them killed.

The Chukar partridge hunting is by far my favorite hunting and I do not think very many had been killed by the Americans before I came here in March, 1944. Soon after my arrival, I went on a boar hunt and in the area hunted, the Chukar were quite plentiful. My observation of the bird convinced me it belonged to the pheasant family and should be good eating. Finally, I shot

at one with the .30-06 and accidentally hit him in the top of the head. Examination of the bird convinced me further that its table qualities were promising and when it was dressed and broiled, I was thoroughly sold on the Chukar.

There were no shotguns here (except short barreled Military Police riot guns) and no bird shot loads. Remembering my boyhood days in South Texas, I toyed with the idea of trapping them and even went so far as to make a sling-shot, but about that time I procured a 12-gauge Italian double barrel shotgun, full choke in both barrels, which probably had been captured in the North African campaign. Now the only problem was ammunition. That feature was solved at first by homemade shot (I assure you, untrue as to size and shape) which went into cases from which 00 buckshot had been removed. Major Ben Wyatt from San Antonio, my constant hunting partner in Persia, and I sallied forth with the one foreign make gun and the homemade ammunition. We tried walking them up with very little success. They were either sticking very tight or running ahead of us (I suspect the latter) as we saw very few and these got up out of range. After about three hours, we had only killed two birds. We then got into a command car and drove around through the short cover. From the increased height we could see the birds running through the short brush. Due to our shortage of shells, we shot them running through the brush from the car, or, jumped out of the car and charged them into flight and then shot them on the wing. Another hour's hunting brought a total of 18 fine birds to bag.

Finally, after much manipulation, we wound up with two (2) 12-gauge, full choke featherweight Ithica pump guns and two whole cases of skeet loads which works fine on these birds and furnished many hours of excellent hunting. The method of hunting has remained pretty much the same except in some areas where the cover is very heavy and about waist high. In such areas we plow through the brush in a command car or carryall and shoot from the car as the birds flush from the heavy brush.

I have often wished for a good dog so that I could observe the Chukars action and get sportier shooting. The Chukar appears to stick tight in the heavy short cover, but runs badly when the cover is brush. He usually runs after flight, even when wounded rarely hides where he first hits the ground. When wounded, he will hide anywhere, even crawl into a hole. He has lots of vitality, flies fast and strong, but prefers to run if the hunter is not too close.

I have formed several conclusions

from observation during hunting as to the habits of the Chukar. During the dry summer they feed in the early morning and late afternoon and during remainder of the day stay in cool shady spots, usually in thick brush. In the winter, they feed whenever the dew or rain disappears from the grass and weeds. The birds appear to dislike dampness and are hard to find on damp days. This would probably make ideal hunting behind a dog.

The birds seem to congregate in certain areas, usually about ten to twenty acres in extent. These areas are generally low medium cover where the birds feed adjacent to heavy brush where they apparently roost and hide.

They always fly to the heavy cover when flushed. These populous areas are usually two or three miles apart and in the intervening area, few birds are found. Although I have never seen the bird drink water, the areas of dense population are always near a place where water is available throughout the year. I have observed two cocks fighting during December, much in the same manner as domestic chicken cocks. I presume they nest in the early spring. I may determine this fact this spring.

I consider the Persian species of the Chukar partridge one of the finest game birds I have ever seen. I believe there is enough variety in his action to make for interesting shooting. Quite often

after shot, he will continue to rise at a sharp angle and fall stone dead from a hundred feet up. I also believe it would take a smart bird dog to handle them. I doubt seriously if heavy shooting would kill them out in their native habitat as they would get wild and smart in a short time.

My recipe for cooking them is as follows: salt and pepper whole birds and broil in hot butter until golden brown. Add dry wine, cover and simmer for two hours. Remove birds and make gravy from butter and wine stock. Serve with rice and potato chips. And, believe me, that's a delicious meal!

## Selecting a Campsite

CAMP sites are always important because a poor one can double your work and cause unnecessary discomfort. Under certain conditions a poor site is even dangerous. Your choice of the spot to set a tent will naturally be influenced by the kind of camping you follow, and by the season of the year. But in most cases here are the points to watch, in the order of their importance: Safety and protection against preventable risks; protection from storms and insects; and near-by supplies of water and fuel.

The last named are not always so important as some campers think. An abundance of wood and water at any site should never blind you to other conditions which might cause greater hardship than merely packing the fuel and water a few hundred feet farther.

The hiker or camper should begin to watch for a camp site rather early in the afternoon. Don't wait until a setting sun compels you to accept an inferior place. Better lose an hour's travel than spend an uncomfortable night. When you've chosen a site, check it against other places where you've camped, and appraise the good and bad points. This practice will train your eye to reject or accept sites almost instantly.

Large supplies of fuel are more vital in cold weather, when you need warmth, than in summer when fuel is needed only for cooking. The summer camper can use inferior wood and carry it farther in order to enjoy more important advantages. But the winter camper should set his tent near plenty of sound dead timber, such as trees killed by lightning or fire, and which are still standing, whenever it is possible to do so. Windfalls are also good, and fallen logs and tree tops are often sound under the outside bark because some branches may have held the rest clear of the ground.

Since the absence of small straight saplings to use as tent poles might compel you to reject too many otherwise

splendid sites, it is wise to fit your tent with a rope ridge. Then it can be suspended between two trees or, better still, between two shears which may be built of poles or limbs too rough and crooked to use inside the tent as regular supports.

Have your tent exposed to the sun for at least a part of the morning. Early sunlight warms camp and dries the tent so it can be packed more quickly. (Tents well treated with special waterproofing material can be packed quite damp without damage if they are completely dried at two or three-day intervals.) An open spot behind a windbreak of timber or brush is a good location for coldweather camping. Arrange the summer tent so it stands east of trees which will shade it during the heat of midday. Face tents south or southeast, for much bad weather originates in the western quarters and storms cause less trouble when they strike the back or side.

Thick growths of small timber give the greatest protection against storms. However, the tent should never be pitched directly under a tree of any size. Big timber often contains dead or brittle limbs which may break off in a high wind and cause serious damage or injury below. Small trees are safer from blow-downs, but any timber hanging over the tent will drip water on it from dew, fog, and rain. Limbs drooping over the camp fire will spoil its draft and send smoke in every direction but up. Usually it finds the campers' eyes.

Never camp close to a single large tree or small group of big trees out in an open field, or near any large tree which stands well above its neighbors. They are good targets for lightning. Tall trees on the bank of a lake or river should also be avoided. The safest place for a tent during a thunderstorm is beside a stand of brush or small growing timber. Some woodsmen claim that tall pines are frequently struck by lightning while birch and beech are practically immune. The truth of such beliefs has

never been satisfactorily proved, and campers are advised to pay more attention to the size and location of the tree rather than its kind.

Protection from mosquitoes can often be assured in whole or in part by carefully picking the tent site. Mosquitoes breed in stagnant water and are more abundant about ponds, dead pools of streams and bogs. The higher you camp above such water, the less mosquitoes will bother you. They travel with the wind, seldom against it, and a camp that's set to windward of the breeding places is always best. A thick belt of timber also helps. Exposure to a breeze is effective, as mosquitoes dislike any brisk movement of air. When camping along rivers or lakes, avoid low sandy beaches, which often swarm with mosquitoes in warm weather. In contrast, a high bluff, or short, protruding point is often clear of the pests.

Always cross a stream before you camp at night. Otherwise a cloudburst may flood the stream and prevent you from crossing for days. Examine the stream's banks for high water signs left by recent floods—muddy twigs, grass, and leaves lodged in trees, brush, or in crevices of a rock. For safety, camp well above these telltales. Avoid any small island which might be flooded or isolated by heavy rains.

Remember, too, that clay and rich heavy dirt hold water on the surface before absorbing it. Such ground quickly turns to soft mud after a shower. A sandy or gravelly ground is better. Choose a place that is well drained but which will not be flooded by water running down from near-by higher ground. On well-drained sites it is not necessary to dig a ditch around the tent against light showers. The practice, however, is a good one and gives the best guaranty against soaked tent floors. Dig the trench 4 inches deep and 4 inches wide all about the tent's edge, and dig an outlet sloping away from the trench and tent to drain the accumulated water.

Don't pitch a tent near ant hills or rotten wood which may harbor ants. These insects will annoy you during the

★ *Continued on page 18*

# ARMS AND AMMUNITION

By ADAM WILSON



## MEMORIES

**M**EMORIES! Yes, that's just about all we have left of most of these alluring old firearms of yesterday. These old smoke-holes, along with the fodder that feeds them, exist only in private collections, museums, or in a dusty corner of some of our pioneer families. Their day is done—but well done. Their days of conquering, their days of meat-pot filling, and their moments as instruments of persuasion are gone and forgotten. Forgotten by all with the exception of those of us who still love our guns, new or old, and enjoy the smell of burnt powder—black or “white.”

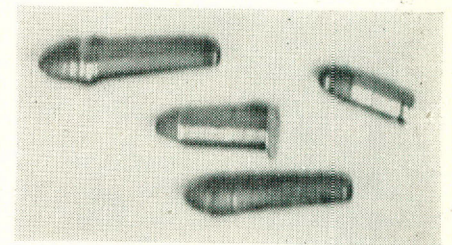
In one way, the ammunition for these old-timers interests me more than the arms themselves. In most cases each gun is chambered for one particular type of load and none other. But one type or caliber cartridge can be chambered

and fired in, not one, but many unique and different makes of guns.

The paper cartridge, the oldest and simplest form of cartridge, came into use during the latter part of the sixteenth century. For many years it warmed the barrels of the matchlock, wheel-lock, flintlock, and percussion-cap muskets, pistol, rifles and in different sporting arms. The paper cartridge is constructed very crudely. It is a charge of powder and a bullet wrapped in a piece of paper, the ends twisted and tied with a string. The loose edges are sealed with paste. In most cases, grease is added to the outside which serves a dual purpose of lubricating the bore and preventing moisture from spoiling the powder charge. The accompanying picture is a typical example of the paper cartridge. However, I have seen many that are loaded with several buck-shots, or with one large ball and three or four smaller ones. The latter is referred to as a “buck and ball” cartridge. In the procedure of loading, the end is torn off, usually by biting, and a small portion of powder is used to prime the pan. The remainder is poured down the barrel followed by the bullet, which is rammed down, paper and all. The bullet diameter is much smaller than the bore diameter so as to make loading easier. This type of load was used up to the general adoption of rifled percussion-cap arms about the middle of the nineteenth century. As for accuracy, this old-timer is not so hot in relation to the super-duper loads of the modern day, but in comparison with other weapons used during this period, it carried a lot of authority. When fired from a musket at a five foot level above the ground, the slug will plow up dirt about 125 yards out. Eight out of twenty shots with a rest at a man size target, at one hundred yards, is considered expert shooting. This doesn't seem very good, but we must remember that battles of its era were fought at 25 to 80 yards; and a soldier never aimed at any single individual—he shot at the whole darn company. Muzzle velocity for the single-ball cartridge is

slightly more than our .45 A. C. P. cartridge.

The conical bullet did not make its appearance until after the rifled arms were generally adopted. One of the greatest problems to be overcome in the use of this bullet in muzzle-loaders, was that of avoiding excessive friction in ramming it down the barrel but still having the bullet fit tight enough to be spun by the rifling. The first to shed



From top to bottom: .54 Cal. Burnside of very soft brass. .50 Cal. Maynard. .54 Cal. converted Burnside made of hard, modern type brass. Right: .45 A.C.P. for benefit of comparison.



.52 caliber linen cartridges for the Sharps Rifle. These are in their original box. Ten cartridges and twelve caps were packed to each box. The paper cartridge (below and left) consists of one round ball and a charge of black powder. King Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden is given credit for the development of the paper cartridge. The bullet weighs approximately 1/2 ounce with various powder weights.

—Photo by Roger Adkins.

light upon this perplexing question was the invention of the Minié bullet by Captain Minié of the French Army. It has a cup in a hollow base and when the powder charge is ignited, the blast expands the base of the bullet to fill the rifling. According to some sources, this cup was made of iron, but all Minié balls I have examined have wooden cups seated in the base. Iron or wood, the purpose is the same—expansion. Because of this expanding, the Minié bullet could be manufactured smaller than bore diameter, which increases rapidly in loading as well as insuring greater accuracy. Many other bullets were copied, more or less, from this form. Some types of the paper form of ammunition—loaded with the Minié bullet are claimed to reach 1000 feet per second with a range of 800 yards.

Two other later characters of the paper cartridge world, that I think worthy of mentioning, are both combustible and self-igniting. (By self-igniting, we mean that the cartridge carries an ignition

★ Continued on page 18

# Fishing Tackle After the War

Browsing around in one of the local sporting goods stores we observed that shelves are growing barer and barer of the items classed as "essential" by every good fisherman. The sad thing about it all is that no remedy for this situation appears near at hand.

Almost every tackle maker is engaged 100 per cent in war work, and in a class of production not soon to be terminated. This means that the tackle makers are not apt to get the green light for civilian production, even though the material might be available.

A tremendous backlog of orders is being built up by the inability to produce wanted items now. There should be no unemployment in the fishing tackle factories for some little time after the war.

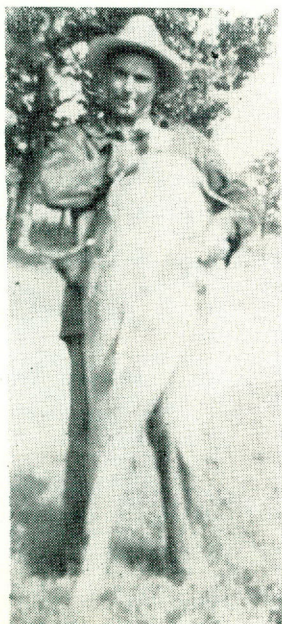
Sometimes we just sit back and let our imagination run a bit. We cannot help but wonder what steel will do to bamboo after the war. It takes years to produce a fine bamboo rod, because the bamboo must be carefully cured and seasoned. On the other hand, a steel rod can be turned out in a matter of days, and with the added knowledge of fine steels gained from the war effort, are the steel makers going to chase the bamboo rods right out of the picture? It is alleged that we shall see steel drawn lighter and finer than ever. Looks bad for bamboo.

What part will plastics play in our tackle picture in the postwar era? Are we going to get plastic reels, plastic baits, plastic rod handles, and other plastic tackle items? This is something to ponder over. How about silk lines? Will nylon production be so stepped up that the silk line will be completely overshadowed by nylon price and quality?

We confess that we do not know the answers. Of one thing we are sure, how-



**THIS EYE-ARRESTING** string of black bass was caught at Dodd City between the magic hours of 8 and 10 o'clock in the morning of March 10 by Drex Turner of Austin. From left to right the beauties weigh  $4\frac{3}{4}$  pounds, 6 pounds,  $6\frac{3}{4}$  pounds,  $8\frac{1}{4}$  pounds, 6 pounds,  $5\frac{3}{4}$  pounds, and  $4\frac{1}{2}$  pounds.



**a 74 pound yellow catfish caught in the Navasota river by Vernon Starkey of New Baden, Texas**

ever, and that is that great changes will occur, and that millions will be spent for new fishing equipment in the postwar period. With customary American ingenuity our makers will produce the best, and the best will be none too good when G. I. Joe comes marching home. —Iowa Conservationist.

## One Right Way

★ Continued from page 9

tin carries an addenda as to revised stocking principles which show a decided tendency toward lighter stocking of all fish with the exception of bass which has been increased. This is due to the fact that black bass has proven to our satisfaction that his reputation as a predator has been highly overrated.

In order to maintain a proper balanced fish population it is necessary to increase the bass and decrease the forage fish. At the present time many experimental ponds are being studied in order that knowledge of stocking ratios can be further improved in order to better serve the fishing public.



The fact that the porcupine has a particular yen to eat synthetic rubber tires has had wide publicity. But now another "synthetic appetite" comes into view. Stray dogs in the West are said to be eating auto license plates—the plates are made from a soybean base. Hunters who park in secluded spots are taking a lot of chances these days.

# Freak Occurrences in Law Enforcement

by J. G. Burr

**A** GEM of speech, easily understood and crystal clear to any one, but shocking to the advocate of good grammar, was found in the collection of oddities of this writer: "I seen him when he done it and I taken in after him and caught him."

That was the enlivening statement of a man somewhere in the Edwards Plateau. Whether some game warden was guilty of the rhetorical butchery or whether it was a ranchman who found a hunter poaching on his premises we are not informed. Ranchmen of the plateau region do not hesitate to grab the poachers and especially in the "Hill Country" it has become a custom, so we are told, to consider a man guilty until his innocence is proved.

Few people are anxious to pay a fine when guilt has been established. Sometimes there are extenuating circumstances favoring the offender such as "I saw him through the dead limbs of a tree and mistook them for buck horns of legal size." Or, "I shot at a buck and a doe dashed in between just as I pulled the trigger." Some such things can and do happen. As a rule the warden is anxious for the hunter or fisherman to keep out of trouble and will provide him with all the information needed to prevent violations. It is far better to warn potential offenders than to win convictions where men were not properly informed. Out of his own experience former warden Alf Gardner recently remarked that the harder a man worked, the fewer his convictions. His explanation was that if a man is on the job the violators are more cautious. If he is not often seen, when he *does* come around he is apt to make more arrests. As an outstanding freak occurrence a certain warden of former years took a vacation and announced the fact in his local newspaper. What happened to game can easily be imagined.

Law observance now-a-days is becoming a habit among sportsmen in wide contrast with their attitude 30 years ago when Will Wood was Commissioner. He relates that one day he was tramping along the banks of the Sabine when he spied a suspicious looking character paddling a flat bottom boat. Wood called to the man and asked what he was doing. The boatman turned to Wood and said, "who be ye?" Said Wood, "I am the Game, Fish and Oyster Commissioner. I enforce the game and fish laws."

The boatman reached for a rifle that was lying on the bottom of the boat. Wood stepped behind a pine tree as a

bullet whizzed by. Said Wood, "I drew a white handkerchief and waved it at the side of the tree, asking the man to come ashore and talk it over." The man pulled in and came ashore. "I wasn't shooting at you but at a squirrel in the tree above you," he said.

"That is possibly true, said Wood, the ring of the bullet still ringing in his ears, "but you should have so stated sooner, I might have shot you in self defense."

The man wore a straw hat which was little more than a brim, leaving the hair to project outward and upward. His trousers were liberally patched behind and before and his undershirt was a bit tattered.

"Do you live around here?" asked Wood.

The man pointed to a shack nearby and said, "I'd invite you to dinner but I caught no fish and I missed the squirrel and there's nothing to eat but corn bread, greens and sow belly."

An opportunity to get better acquainted and gain local information meant more to Wood than greens and sow belly, so he accepted the somewhat equivocal invitation and learned a lot about how the other half lives. When the meal was ended and the commissioner was ready to leave he said: "Pardner, I came out here to protect game and fish but I believe you are the one that needs protection. From here on I will never bother you again even if you violate all the laws on the Sabine River. I wish you luck and good fishing."

In past years, and not too far in the past, there was much dynamiting in the back woods of rivers by outlaw fishermen. Running down these culprits was a specialty of one of the game wardens of that time. He did much patrol work at night and his wife, a little woman of spare build, often went with him. If she did not accompany him she would be left at home alone in a remote spot where a woman was none too safe. But in order to be safe wherever she might be she had practiced shooting and had become one of the "pistol packin' mammas" that you read about.

Whether she over-acted on a certain occasion the reader is left to judge for himself. There had been rumors of dynamiting and the warden and his wife were on the road. In a dense woodland in a river bottom they took their stand to await developments. It was about midnight when a blast not far away broke the stillness of the night. I say stillness of the night but the woodland is never perfectly silent at night when there are

**Game and Fish law violators are more cautious when game wardens are on the job and really work.**

hoot owls around. But now the owls didn't give out with a hoot. The wardens made their way cautiously toward the location of the noise. A bobbing lantern appeared over the river bank and four men or their shadowy outlines were approaching. The warden turned on his searchlight and called to the men to come forward which they did with evident reluctance. As they neared the car one of the men, with an air of bravado, said: "I suppose you are a game warden come out here to meddle with our affairs. There are four of us and we are armed."

Said the Warden, "I take that threat as an admission that you are guilty and I'm going to run you in for dynamiting fish."

The men circled about the car to get a better view of the warden and his wife. In the darkness it was impossible to observe any weapons they might have, and they might have been bluffing, but it looked like a time to be cautious. Why risk one's life over a misdemeanor! The warden was disposed to use the soft pedal but friend wife began to speak defiantly. The warden nudged her as a signal to go easy but she would not be quieted. She sailed at them in no uncertain terms: "I guess you are a bunch of thugs that ought to be in the penitentiary but my husband is not afraid of you! He has run in many a bunch like you and you can't bluff *him!*"

By this time the warden was scared stiff, as he afterward admitted to me, and had pinched his wife black and blue trying to stop her.

Continuing, she said: "You say you are armed. We are armed too and we know how to shoot when the time comes."

Her voice was raspy and convincing, and the men began to cast glances around as if losing interest in what was going on. As she continued to harangue the men, it became evident that their will to resist was fading out. Said she, "You are a fine bunch of loafers, too lazy to get out and make an honest living. Maybe you have heard this before as your wives tongue-lashed you for being worthless."

Men of that kind are not apt to be home lovers, and this scolding may have had a familiar sound to the men who prefer the solitudes of night to their own homes.

Here the warden began to recover from his daze and to do something to placate the men. He said: "Now you fellows gather up the fish, come with me and I will make it as easy on you as possible but you've got to go to court!" These were healing words and the men agreed, only too glad to es-

★ Continued on page 16

TEXAS GAME AND FISH

# Your Boy and Mine

by J. ALLEN BARRETT

**I**F YOU are a fisherman and fortunate enough to be the father of a son but inconsiderate enough never to have taken him along fishing, then you have failed, yes failed miserably, in an important responsibility you owe him. Would you deliberately cause or allow your child to suffer the bitter pangs of disappointment and base denial if it were easy for you to effectively prevent it? No, of course you wouldn't! Yet how many men are doing that very thing every day. Sad little hearts made sadder, hurt and bleeding for the companionship of a father.

Remember, there is no man bigger, no hero greater, no admiration more sincere and I sometimes suspect that no love supersedes the love that reposes in the heart of a little boy for his dad.

Did you ever allow your enthusiasm, your anxiety, your fishing fever to get the best of you long before the opening day of the season? Sure you have, we all have. You get the old tackle box out and begin checking it over. A rod needs a few new wrappings or a coat of varnish, a line needs to be oiled or some new leaders tied. Reels to be fixed, flies to be tied! You yearn to get into the feel again. You are in the kitchen of your home, maybe the den or perhaps out in the garage and you're all wrapped up in things of sport. Up to your chin in a job the likes of which is greater than all else at the moment. And standing there beside you, watching you, is your boy. His eyes bright with admiration, his pulse is rapid and the blood races through his little body, as he envisions his first trip "out fishing" with dad. Listening attentively and affectionately to every last word as you perhaps relate some of the experiences you have had with this or with that and before you know it, he too can hardly wait for the opening day of the season.

Can you remember, perhaps a day long since gone—a day when as a little fellow you crawled up on the back of a swell guy and clinching your heels into his belly while you held aloft a rod in each hand, your dad negotiated the slippery bed of a swift stream and carefully and gently placed you on the other side—Well, this little fellow unconsciously is longing for that very same experience.

Comes the day, the appointed hour arrives. The tackle and equipment together with the lunch is placed in the car and you dash out around the block to pick up your companions. Returning to the house teeming with the excitement and hilarity that only we fishermen can know, you hurriedly rush in for that last item and to say goodbye. Crawling back into the car you suddenly realize a void, something wrong, you look back and there he stands, your boy or little girl

## Gentlemen in the Field

You will always have the use of a dependable quail dog and the company of a good shooting companion in the field if you will observe these simple courtesies:

Don't attempt to control or direct the other fellow's dog.  
Always compliment the good; do not make any reference to any faults you see in his dog.

Man's best friend is his dog . . . criticize only upon invitation to do so.

Ask your companion from which side he prefers to shoot.

Don't shoot at birds going his way.

Don't rush out to retrieve a dead bird; let his dog do the retrieving.

Don't claim you killed every bird that fell on the covey rise.

The real sportsman will ignore the "bird dog" during only one hunting trip; afterwards he will seek the company of another hunting companion.

Take alternate shots on singles.

At the end of the hunt, observe the Golden Rule of unselfishness while dividing the game.

One who observes these simple but necessary considerations, kindles a lasting friendship regardless of financial, educational, social or vocational differences.—A sportsman's creed printed on the back of Denton County Pointer & Setter Club membership cards.

for that matter. There he stands on the porch with his mother. His little eyes no longer gleaming with excited happiness are clouded with welling tears, tears that betray his disappointment. Hurt and forsaken he suddenly realizes that he cannot go along and he wanted so much to go along, he believed that he had been counted in. There he stands, cheated and betrayed by his own father! The greatest man in all the world, of all persons, has thus so abruptly smashed his fondest dream.

The motor starts and you begin to drive away. Somehow, something is pulling, something you just can't explain compels you to look back once more to see your little boy trembling with convulsive misunderstanding as he buries his face in the bosom of his mommy to cry his very soul out. Cries because he couldn't go along, because there wasn't room. No room in Dad's car! Room for strangers but no room for your own boy!

Make room! Be the companion he wants you to be and take him along fishing. If you do this I assure you, you'll never be sorry; who knows how soon you may have tragic reason to be mighty glad that you did.

If there is to be any solution to the many perplexing problems of conservation, I say, we need to take our boys and girls along out fishing. They are entitled to share and enjoy this birthright, their own heritage, the natural resources of our great outdoors. Take them along, out there in the same environment where a courageous and determined ancestry fought for and cradled this great nation of free men. Make your child, your boy or your neighbor's boy an everlasting integral part of it. Take time to point out and instruct them into the many phases of woodcraftsmanship, the countless essentials so important to the conservation of our forests, the trees, the streams, animals, birds, our fish, the flowers and plants. Set the proper example and you will produce a conservationist. A rising generation of understanding, clean, hon-

est citizens imbued with the will to preserve. I know of no other medium or environment wherein can be created and molded real red-blooded Americanism as compares with the noble and rather sacred laboratory of our own outdoors.

So I say to you, take your child along, be his companion, chum up with your own boy. Let his hurts be your hurts. Your hurts, whether you know it or not, are already his hurts and in his faithfulness he is constantly willing and ready to fight to the very death if necessary, in your defense. As a small tree is nourished so it grows to maturity, either a straight asset or a twisted liability. Don't cheat him, don't deny and neglect him and don't wait until it may be too late, do it NOW!

It has been said and wisely so "the greatest legacy a man can leave to the world is a well educated family."

Sportsmen's groups would do well and accomplish much if they too displayed a more pronounced and decided interest in our boys and girls. Especially the underprivileged children and the orphaned who are so helplessly alone. Outdoor recreation centers and fishing-pond facilities in the more congested areas will certainly go a long way in the right direction. Such a program should likewise hold a comprehensive appeal to civic bodies, service clubs, municipal authorities and educational organizations. Here is a field of great endeavor, our children truly need us and make no mistake, WE NEED THEM. The revamping and ultimate reclamation of our natural resources cannot possibly be accomplished by the present generation. We can however if we will, at least get started with the projection of a program designed to educate our children. To make them conservation minded.

The present condition of our outdoors is, without any doubt, the result of a rather extravagant and wasteful timbering program of some ninety to one hundred years ago. The present erosion and emaciation is of no fault of the men and women and children of today. It is, how-

ever, of immediate concern to us all. It is our job to halt it and set in immediate motion, action which will serve to reclaim and restore the splendor and resources of outdoor America and we must get started NOW . . . The floor of our very state and nation is slowly but surely slipping away. The top soil shrinkage offers a most serious threat and a condition which required these hundred years to reveal itself will require a like number of years and many more to rebuild it. No matter what the program, hand in hand with any program must be the intelligent cooperation of the citizen of tomorrow.

Nothing contributes more nor serves to better invoke that sort of education and interest than the direct contact, the resourcefulness, self-reliance, the character building environment, the patience, the hope and the fun and experience gained and loved by a boy "out fish'n."

Help smash and rip out that negligence which today is swiftly converting our homes into just "stopping-off-places" when our children have no other place to go!

He the pal your boy would have his dad be!

Help preserve our great outdoors for posterity!

Make room!

Make room for *your* boy and take him along.—*Pennsylvania Angler.*



**TOMMY LASTINGER, of Austin, with a fine catch of black bass caught in the shortest river in the world—the Comal—at New Braunfels. That beauty on the right weighs six and one-half pounds.**

## Occurrences

★ *Continued from page 14*

cape from the scourge of words that had rained over their heads. The men in their own car preceded the warden to the nearest Justice of the Peace where a minimum sentence was assessed.

This pioneer pistol packin' mamma may have been a forerunner forecasting political trends indicating that women are going to take a firmer stand than ever, and that some husbands may soon be doing things they never before had the courage to tackle.

Many persons have the belief that a game warden's life is just one long holiday. All he has to do is ride around and meet the sportsmen. A moment's reflection would correct that belief, but nevertheless an acquaintance of mine, whose work was too confining, applied for a job as boat captain at Galveston. He said: "I think it would just suit me to lie around those fishing 'bunks'." He had heard something of the New England fishing banks. Well, Texas has some fishing banks, red snapper banks out in the Gulf but no warden has any business out there as there is no bag limit or length limit on red snappers which often arrive in boat loads at Galveston. Anyway, the job was given to the applicant back in 1922; he remained one month and left in disgust, probably because his idea of an easy time had been debunked. The romance with the fishing "bunks" was over.

But said another aspirant, who had

no doubt killed his share of game and was therefore qualified to know game, "I'd like to be a game warden." What could be finer than living out in the wide open spaces, so carefree and happy "where the deer and the antelope play." That was some years ago when T. A. Harris was the warden at Center, a deep eastern Texas town. Living in the cramped woodland with that most natural of yearnings "don't fence me in," the aspirant asked Harris what was the chance to land a job as game warden.

"Fine," said Harris. "It's dead easy. They are on the lookout for a man right now."

"What does it pay," said the man.

"Two hundred and fifty dollars a month," said Harris.

"I'll take that, but where will they send me?"

"Out west."

"Fine! That's where I wanted to go."

"You see," said Harris, "they killed the game warden out there—it's a tough place, and they haven't been able to find any one to take his place."

"Uh oh, I was afraid there was a catch in it somewhere. You can just keep on hunting for a man."

There is, of course, no scarcity of courageous men, and some years ago one warden in particular served the Department in the Big Bend area with rare distinction. It was Dud Barker. His reputation for bravery had been

built up over a long period as a peace officer and as sheriff. Barker brought to his work a pleasing personality which doubtless had its value in outwitting the law breakers. At any rate he had the reputation of "getting his man." It was during the hey-day of this reputation that the writer returned from a trip in the Big Bend where he had heard a great deal about Barker as the man who was absolutely fearless. It seemed a kind of pastime out there to sing the praises of Dud Barker. Naturally, I came home full of it and began relaying it to others.

The occasion was breakfast and some friends were at the table. I opened up with a paean for Barker.

Our cook at the time was a 275-pound colored mammy who "sho' loved her morning coffee." She stood around sipping coffee while the conversation went on.

"Yes, sir," said I, "Barker was a man who knew no fear."

Mammy stared at me defiantly and set her coffee down. "Wait a minute," she said. "I has seen Dud Barker plenty scared."

Then she explained that she had cooked for Barker when he was sheriff at Fort Stockton and her husband was employed at the jail.

Said she, "A colored woman was in town drunk and raising—and raising a disturbance and some one had to get her off the streets, so they phoned Barker. He came in his car and asked her to get in. She refused and called him ugly names. Finally he coaxed her to get on the running board and away they went, she waving her hands and shouting insults at the astonished bystanders.

When they reached the jail, Dud pushed her in and slammed the door. Then she told him a plenty, said Mammy. This is what she said:

"Dud Barker, I dare you to come inside. I'll whoop you till your wife won't know who you are."

"That woman was so mad that she foamed at the mouth. Then Dud thought a minute and said: 'I'll turn you out of here if you will agree to leave town in 24 hours.' It was a deal and she did leave town. But that woman was sho' mad and if he had gone into that jail she'd a et 'im up."

I saw Barker in a barber shop at Alpine some time later and told him the story. He was ready to admit that he could be frightened but, said he, "I always tried to keep the other fellow from finding it out."



Only two of the 3,000 kinds of lizards that inhabit the world are poisonous. These two are the Gila monster and the Mexican bearded lizard.



The ginkgo tree is the only living plant which exists today in the same form as it did in prehistoric days.



# HINTS FOR THE ANGLER

## Too Many Gadgets by The Old Timer

OH, FOR the good old days, when men were fishermen instead of anglers, before science intruded into the sport of catching fish!

Yes, those good old days when grandpa didn't bother to look at the barometer on the back porch (he didn't even own one) and could sally forth to his favorite bass stream or lake without a tide table in his hip pocket and a stream thermometer in his vest.

And when it was no disgrace to fish with a cane pole to which was attached a battered and well-worn reel carrying a length of any old kind of line; when a can of worms was part of every fisherman's kit, and when dry flies and cobweb leaders were oddities.

When a man fished in his shirt sleeves, or in no shirt at all, instead of sweating inside a vest sagging under the weight of gadgets crammed into half a dozen pockets, and just donned an old pair of pants and walked out into the water instead of torturing himself with boots or waders.

And when men didn't know much about water except that it is wet and a place where they could catch plenty of fish.

All right, maybe I am an unreconstructed rebel. But I can prove that the sport of fishing is cluttered up with entirely too many gadgets and that many fishermen are missing the real joy of the sport because they are trying to be modern and scientific.

I know a certain fellow who when he ventures forth on a bass fishing expedition loads himself down with at least a

hundred dollars worth of equipment attached to convenient straps and in sagging pockets all over his person.

He went with a couple of friends to a certain bass stream one day last summer. Included in the party was one chap who never before had fished for the small-mouths.

Well, the chap with all the equipment had a dickens of a time. His fly and spinner failed to produce, and with miserable reluctance he finally turned to live bait. And then he got fast on the rocks, he broke his leader a couple of times, and he lost his temper.

And all the while the fellow who never had fished before stood up to his middle in the creek, a battered old rod in his hands and a tin can of bait in his water-soaked hip pocket.

And he set the hooks in one leaping bass after another. He whooped with delight. And he kept putting bass after bass back into the water while the well-equipped angler nearby sweated and cursed.

Poetic justice, in my opinion.

The novice was just a plain fisherman.

There's a little booklet on the market telling the time when fish are most likely to bite and cards which are supposed to indicate the days of the month when fishing will be best. And there are some fellows who plan their fishing trips by such schedules.

But the old-timers never did, and they did all right!

A skeptic friend of mine once boiled down this business of scientific fishing this way:

"We know all the scientific angles of fishing; what makes fish bite, and when, and on what. But I often wonder if the fish also know the rules and regulations. The way they act sometimes, they never heard of feeding schedules and thermometers and barometers. Maybe somebody ought to write a book to tell fish how to bite for fishermen!"

Meanwhile, I'll do my fishing plain—the old fashioned way.



FLY-TYING has been added to the list of crafts taught in the occupational therapy program of army hospitals—and the fascinating work of making artificial lures to catch trout, bass, and pickerel is helping to restore hundreds of disabled war veterans to health and strength.

About a year ago, at the suggestion of George Quinn, of Washington, D. C., an authority on fishing and fishing lures, the surgeon general's office of the War Department organized a class in fly-tying in Walter Reed Hospital in Washington. The innovation proved so popular and so beneficial to the convalescent service men that today it is being set up in some of the largest hospitals the government operates.

Fly-tying had a two-fold effect.

First, it helped to restore a wounded man's coordination of mind and muscle to a remarkable degree, and at the same time it did much to restore movement and strength to disabled hands and fingers.

Secondly, it had a psychological effect—for it soothed taut nerves and eased worried minds by inducing the veterans to think about fishing, a sport that is healthful, normal, and full of fun.

Among the army hospitals now using the program are Walter Reed in Washington; Ashford General in White Sulphur Springs, W. Va.; Percy Jones in Battle Creek, Mich.; Lawson General near Atlanta, Ga.; Borden General at Chickasha, Okla., and Bushnell General at Brigham City, Utah.

Occupational therapists, usually young women, are assigned to the various hospitals to instruct the veterans in fly-tying.

Flies of simple construction are made first by the soldiers. The streamer types are popular for beginners. Flies of a bit more complex patterns come later, and the soldier progresses in his work until he is able to turn out perfect lures of the most detailed types.

What do the soldiers do with their flies?

Most of them hope some day to use them for catching fish in the streams and lakes back home. Others send flies to members of their families, and a few look forward to careers as professional fly-tiers.

Kits supplied for use in the army hospitals are huge affairs, for they must contain materials to make all types of lures. In a single hospital may be a soldier from Pennsylvania, where trout fishing is the No. 1 sport; another from Texas,

where the large-mouth black bass is the favorite game fish; still another from the West, where the rainbow trout ranks first on the angler's list.

There is a lot of difference between a trout lure and a bass lure, and the kit is designed so that the soldier, no matter where the hospital is located, is able to make the types of lures which he has used and some day will use again in his home waters.

Each kit is designed to provide 2,400 man-hours of work, and when it is considered that many veterans are able to construct flies at the rate of four an hour, the huge quantities of materials that are necessary is obvious.

## Campsite

★ Continued from page 11

night and overrun your food. Clear the ground under the tent and around it, removing brush, sticks, and stones. Cut away any poison ivy and poison oak, nettles, and briars and drag them to a safe distance with a forked stick. Chop out sharp or knobby roots which might trip you or punch holes in the tent floor. The ground around the fire should be carefully smoothed, so the cook won't stumble and burn or scald himself.

Locate your fire far enough from the tent to prevent sparks from burning it. Clear a space 6 feet wide for the fire, scraping off all leaves and forest mold. If a strong wind is blowing, either throw up dirt banks on two sides of the fire or built it in a shallow pit. Either plan minimizes the danger of sparks igniting adjacent trees.

## Memories

★ Continued from page 12

system in part of the cartridge itself.) Notable examples of these are the German *Zundnadelgewehr* or "needle gun" cartridge, and the French Chasspot. Modern shooters think of the ignition for the powder charge as being located at the rear of the cartridge. With the needle cartridge, a firing pin penetrates the entire charge of powder to contact the priming compound at the base of the bullet. The French Chasspot is primed at the base of the cartridge. Incidentally, the weapons that fire these types of ammunition are bolt-action breech-loading. They were used by France and Germany about 1850.

Next comes the development of the Sharps linen. This is similar to the paper cartridge except, instead of paper, the cartridge is wrapped in linen with the bullet exposed—a much smoother looking job. They can stand more rough handling than the paper variety and proved extremely popular in the Sharps .52 caliber breech-loader. This load comes in the smaller pistol sizes also. Loading procedure in the Sharps rifle is rather interesting with this number. The "falling" breech block allows the cartridge to be shoved into the

chamber. Closing of the breech, which rises vertically with a sharp device on the leading edge, shears the linen off the base of the cartridge—thus exposing the powder charge to the percussion cap form of ignition. Since the linen material is nitrated, there is no trace of it left in the barrel after firing.

Maynard patented his famous brass cartridge, containing a conical bullet, in the year 1851. This number is recognized by its large base, pierced by a small pin hole through the center. Through this hole the propellant is ignited by either Maynard's tape primer, or the regular percussion cap. The base, or head, is used as an easier means of extraction after firing; however, a slope on the Maynard rifle breech aids to some extent in the matter of extraction. No guns of this period have regular extractors. All I have seen and experimented with have to have the empty cases punched or pried out. If you shoot at a man and *miss*—brother, the best thing for you to do then, is to drop all excess weight and shout, "Feet do ya' stuff!" The Maynard case is among the first, if not the very first, to be reloaded successfully a great number of times. Various single-shot pistols, rifles, and carbines were chambered for this cartridge. I have a note stating that President Jefferson Davis bought several hundred of these carbines at the beginning of the Civil War. Sporting rifles for this number were produced in .35, .40 and .50 caliber.

Another early and well known cartridge is the famous Burnside, invented by General Burnside of the United States Army. Most of these kind of cartridges that I have handled are made of very soft brass—soft enough to be mashed out of shape with the fingers. The rear of the case is pierced with a small hole to admit fire from a regular percussion cap. However, I have a specimen in my collection made of hard brass, having a large bulging ring around the neck, and having *no* hole in the base for ignition. I am told that this is a converted number with the detonating compound of fulminate located in the bulge. Even though this conception is contrary to all information I have received and read on Burnside Ammunition, I am inclined to believe this as being right, as it seems the only logical solution. Among the many old arms I have the pleasure of examining and firing, the Burnside is one of the few requiring its cartridge to be "Backed In." The breech tips backward to allow the cartridge to be pushed butt first into the chamber. As the action is closed, the bullet is forced into the barrel. This number can not readily be reloaded, as the case is usually badly damaged at the time of firing. I understand that bullets have been found with brass rings around them. In other words, the brass crimped around the neck is torn off from the main body of the case when the cartridge is discharged. This load was used in tre-

mendous quantities prior to and during the Civil War.

I have not given many figures concerning velocities and accuracy at long ranges. To me, in most statements that have been recorded, the velocity seems a bit low for the given range. However, I do know that extreme accuracy can be and has been achieved with some of these romantic old loose-loaders. Twentieth Century experiment has proven that these guns with their crude forms of ammunition are deadly on game, and give excellent performance on the target range.

My mind is usually filled with statistics on modern and future rifles and handguns, but I would not take anything for my experiences with our great and great-great grandsires' weapons. Through the courtesy of Mr. Ed. Paradowski, and other friend gun enthusiasts, I have the opportunity to handle, and feel the firm pounding of several of these old firearms' butts against my shoulder. The day when their performance was completely relied upon has passed. In this modern day of speed and precision, they have no practical obligation, but thanks to the more than a thousand dyed-in-the-wool black powder burners, who still make these bulky bores smoke in an effort to keep the memories of their adventurous past alive.

## Embattled Fox Loses Head

The fox problem is really getting tough! If you don't believe it, ask farmer Bill Trippett who lives on the Hughes River in Wood County, West Virginia. Bill heard a racket in his front yard the other night. He investigated and found his two dogs, a German Shepherd and a fox terrier, tangled in combat with a big gray fox. Grabbing his gun, he kicked the animals apart and fired both barrels, missing the fox, which disappeared into the darkness.

Later the racket broke out again, this time on the back porch. As Bill opened the kitchen door, a maelstrom of slashing fangs and flying fur bowled him over as the fight moved indoors. He again grabbed his gun, which stood in a nearby corner, and finally managed to kick the fox free from the dogs for a brief moment—long enough to give him a snap shot at Reynard. This time he didn't miss!

The battle over, Bill relaxed and took stock of the situation. He saw a headless gray fox, two badly bitten dogs, a kitchen littered with pots, pans and overturned chairs, and a ragged shotgun hole in the floor. The dogs were placed under observation, in view of the probability that the fox was afflicted with rabies.

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