

Texas Game and Fish

JANUARY 1953 TEN CENTS



Dallas Public Library
JAN 27 1958
Dallas, Texas





The bobwhite quail, a top ranking figure in popularity with Texas hunters, is the subject of the Game and Fish Commission's latest wildlife movie production. This fellow stole one scene in "The Bobwhite Story," now nearing completion. See story on page 8. (Photo by Lon Fitzgerald.)

Texas Game and Fish

★

EDITOR Townsend Miller
Chief Photographer Lon Fitzgerald
Asst. Photographer Charlie Neal
Circulation Department
 Louise H. Hefley

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

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

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

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

TEXAS GAME AND FISH invites republication of material since the articles and other data comprise factual reports on wildlife and other phases of conservation. Credit line appreciated.

★

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

Directors of Divisions: F. M. Cowser, Austin, *Law Enforcement*; Marion Toole, Austin, *Inland Fisheries*; W. C. Glazener, Austin, *Wildlife Restoration*; Joe Marks, Austin, *Engineering*; V. E. Skaggs, Austin, *Chief Clerk*; Cecil W. Reid, *Coastal Fisheries*; Everett T. Dawson, Austin, *Departmental Publications*.

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.

January, 1953

Vol. 11, No. 2

★

In This Issue

★

Hunters, Hounds, and Champions	4
By CHARLIE NEAL When over 500 fox hounds and 4000 hunting enthusiasts get together in the same place, there is bound to be a good time.	
Clash With No Winner	7
The death battle of two strapping big bucks foretold the success of one of the Commission's restocking projects.	
The Bobwhite Story	8
This popular game bird is featured in the Commission's newest movie, soon to be released.	
The Fox Squirrel	10
By EVERETT F. EVANS Second of a series about Texas game squirrels.	
City Dollars Serve the Country	12
By JAY VESSELS How a rural area was enriched and beautified by the owner of a fleet of city taxicabs.	
How Fish Use Coastal Passes	14
By ERNEST G. SIMMONS Third of a series about this subject.	
Memories Last Longer Than Meat	15
By DR. FRED WESTON A hunter remembers his outdoor adventures longer than the bucks he killed.	
Venomous Little Beauties	16
By ADAM WILSON, III These tiny guns no longer than a shotgun shell pack a terrific wallop.	
Coyotes Crave Melons	18
By JACK ARNOLD Are Texas coyotes turning sissy?	
The Mockingbird	23
The state bird can do just about anything other birds can do—and more!	
Texas Game and Fish on Postage Stamps	24
By J. L. BAUGHMAN Texas wildlife is pictured on the stamps of many countries.	
But Ain't Hunting Grand?	26
By OLIVER COX Buck fever wasn't the only misfortune that befell this nimrod.	
Where to Find Your Local Game Warden	27
Lookin' Inside of	20
the Outdoors	2
Letters	31
Books	Inside Back Cover



The Cover

Orville Rice's special talent for painting feathers is pointedly displayed in his cover for this month's *Texas Game and Fish*. His subject, the mockingbird, is well known to every Texan as the official state bird. Rice has pictured the "mock" on a sprig of pokeberry, almost as familiar a sight in Texas as the mockingbird itself.

Lookin' In on the Outdoors

With the Editor

Antler Growth

We received quite a few letters concerning the question of deer antler growth as brought up in the November issue.

You will remember that two pictures were published. One showed nine sets of antlers, taken from the same buck nine years in succession. The other illustrated a similar series of seven sets. Little development, either in growth or number of points, was evident. The largest was a weak six-pointer.

The question thrown up for campfire discussion was "Now just where do those 14-point bucks come from?"

Among letters received was one from Bob Reynolds of Austin. He said in part:

"I have been in some heated discussion on antler development and would like to share some ideas.

. . . Antler growth is initiated by hormones, whose secretion is influenced by the age and physical condition of each individual buck. A good healthy specimen in his prime will have greater hormone activity and will start secretion earlier in the year than a buck in a poor physical state."

Reynolds adds that, "An animal in poor condition due to a faulty diet or a physical mishap may have irregular hormone activity, causing deformed or stunted antlers."

B. K. Miller (no relation) of Alice got artistic on us and sent in a sketch to present his ideas.

Two deer were shown.

One buck wore a baby's bib and was holding a milk bottle complete with nipple. But its antlers had more branches than a Christmas tree.

The other buck had a long white beard and wore specs. Its antlers were about as long as a 30-30 rifle

shell and showed only four points.

The grizzled old deer was saying, "Yep, by cracky, grandson—you sure do have lots of points on your antlers, even though you are only two years old. Here I am 102, and I only have a few points."

Below was an explanation, "Number of points doesn't necessarily indicate the age of a buck. The virility of the particular individual has a direct correlation with the number of points and antler size."

Examples Cited

Then there was a fine letter from a lady, Mrs. George H. Zinsmeyer of La Coste. We particularly enjoyed this one, because Mrs. Zinsmeyer without a doubt got all her information just from watching deer closely over many years. She didn't miss a trick and was able to offer actual examples to illustrate her points.

She says, "If a buck is kept fat and in top shape from birth, his first set of horns sometimes will have as high as six points."

Mrs. Zinsmeyer goes on to say that if he has a tough time in his early years, he may go as long as five seasons with just spikes.

Then she tells of one such buck which often came up to feed and water with her cows and which she watched over a period of years until "some hunter bagged him." He got a slow start, and at the end of five years still was wearing only spikes. Then a good acorn crop came along, he had plenty of food, and he suddenly sprouted antlers 18 inches high and having eight points.

"Then I've seen a 10-point buck come down to six points no more than eight inches high when a bad year hit.

". . . If a buck gets wounded, he may not have as many points afterward, or if he was hurt badly, the following year he may come down to a spike. And if a buck gets wounded badly or gets sick with a fever, he will lose his antlers within 21 days."

All three letters are hitting right at the bullseye. It all boils down to the physical state of the deer. If he is healthy, unhurt, is in the prime years of his life, and has had plenty of food and the right vitamins, minerals, and other food essentials, he will have a good set of antlers. If not, the antlers will show it.

Old age often will increase the DIAMETER of the antler but has little relation to the number of points.

One good example of how little age has to do with the number of points was given in TEXAS GAME AND FISH magazine way back in May, 1943.

A. J. Nicholson tells of 10 buck fawns which the Game and Fish Commission released in Robertson County for restocking purposes in 1939.

He wrote, "The following fall, five of these bucks were checked. Two of them had five points, one had six points, one had eight points, and one had 10 points. None of them were over one and one-half years old at the time."

So that's that.

New Quail Enemy

It seems that there is no end to the enemies of the popular little bobwhite quail.

For instance, biologists of the U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service recently discovered in Florida that ants actually were competing with quail for the same food.

It has long been recognized that this troublesome little insect destroyed many quail chicks early in life. They catch the chick just after he has pipped his shell but hasn't yet emerged. The ants crawl inside the shell, sting the little fellow to death, and eat what they can.

But these particular Florida ants were caught in the act of gobbling up seeds from the quail. Studies revealed that the average colony of ants ate enough seeds each day to feed eight to ten quail!

All of which means another meal missed by Mr. Bobwhite, a few less quail for the hunter, and another headache for the wildlife biologist.

Fishing Champs Crowned

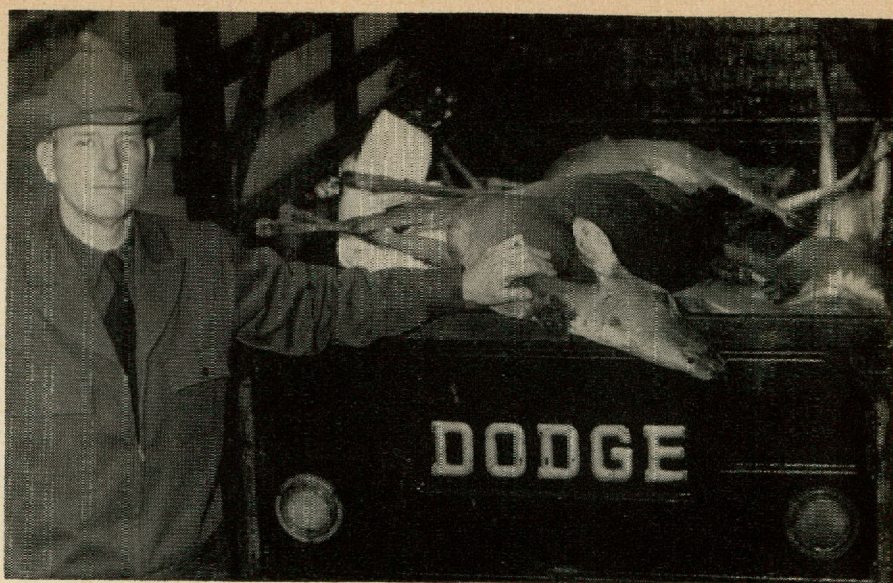
Kids all over the nation are made happy each year because of an organization descriptively called Better Fishing, Inc. BFI sponsors annual fishing rodeos for youngsters all over the nation each summer. It now is beginning to work into year-around fishing activity.

The rodeos are co-sponsored by BFI and the individual cities. Last summer 448 cities in the nation gave their kids a break with at least one big day of fishing.

Included were nine in Texas—Fort Worth (see TEXAS GAME AND FISH, September, 1952), Amarillo, Denison, Greenville, Marshall, Mineral Wells, Paris, San Benito, and Stamford.

BFI now has announced the state's Junior Better Fishing King and Queen. The king of Texas' angling youngsters for 1952 is Alvin Dumal of San Benito, who landed a 5-pound, 14-ounce redbfish, and the queen is Alice Gibson of Amarillo, who brought in a 5-pound carp. These fish were caught in actual rodeo competition.

Better Fishing, Inc., which is a non-profit organization, stands ready to help any city or civic body sponsor



Load of 14 deer illegally killed.

a local rodeo and fishing program for youngsters. BFI will even donate a complete fishing outfit for each boy and girl winner in your town.

If your city isn't participating, the program is well worth looking into. And who knows, one of your youngsters might be crowned state or even national champion.

Confiscated Game

Ever wonder what happens to illegal game when it is confiscated by a game warden?

When a game law violator is found with a doe deer, too many ducks, or a bag of quail out of season, the game is kept in cold storage until the trial, when it may be needed as evidence.

Then it is turned over to some charitable organization. It may be an orphanage, a charity hospital or perhaps a local welfare agency, which in turn distributes it to the needy.

The load of 14 illegally-killed deer pictured on this page caused quite a stir on Austin streets recently when brought in by Game Warden W. F. Sumbling, whose territory is nearby Comal County and who headquarters in New Braunfels.

The question most frequently asked by passersby was what would be done with them.

This particular load was given to a number of the state institutions in and around Austin.

The deer season is a busy time for

wardens in deer country. And Warden Sumbling had been a busy man, indeed. That load contained 14 confiscated deer—three bucks and 11 does and fawns—which had cost their murderers from \$50 to \$425 each in fines. The charges had ranged from headlighting deer at night to killing a fawn.

Sumbling had brought in 12 more a couple of weeks earlier, making a total of 26 from that one county alone in as many days.

Sumbling is not alone. Other wardens are working just as hard, day and night, with just as good results.

The slaughter goes on just the same. If it's not deer, it's ducks, quail, antelope, or doves.

They are YOUR deer, and ducks, and quail and doves. And while you are helping to pay for them, the violator is stealing them from you out your own back door.

Yet many times you sit calmly by and watch him do it with your own eyes.

Remember who the game violator is stealing from the next time you see or hear of an illegal kill and fail to help your game warden by telling him about it.

Wildlife Painting

We'd give half interest in our favorite automatic if all our readers



Texas King-Fisher

Photos and Story

By CHARLIE NEAL

Assistant Photographer

"Where's the fox?"

That's what some 350 fox hounds were barking as they were herded into Camp Tonkawa for the 57th Annual Texas State Fox Hunters meet. Entries for the bench show competition swelled the total of hounds to 533.

For two and a half days some of the best hound dogs in Texas searched the drouth-dry thickets of the Boy Scout Camp 15 miles from Nacogdoches without any luck whatsoever. It was not until minutes before the end of the meet that a fox was found to save the day.

The hunters and officials blamed it on the drouth that had spread over East Texas, making it just too dry for the hounds to pick up and hold a trail. Several foxes were spotted during the hunt, but all were foxy enough to give the dogs the slip in the dry weather until the last-hour catch on the final day.

However, the hundreds of hounds and some 4,000 human hunt enthusiasts had a fine camping trip and a barrel of fun in the wooded areas of

Camp Tonkawa. Leroy Phillips, retiring president of the fox hunters association, said the goal of 1,000 members had been reached and that it was one of the greatest hunts in history from the standpoint of entries, attendance, and enthusiasm.

There was entertainment by the Texas Prison System band Tuesday, and thousands turned out to see Ken Beegle, a professional shooting artist of

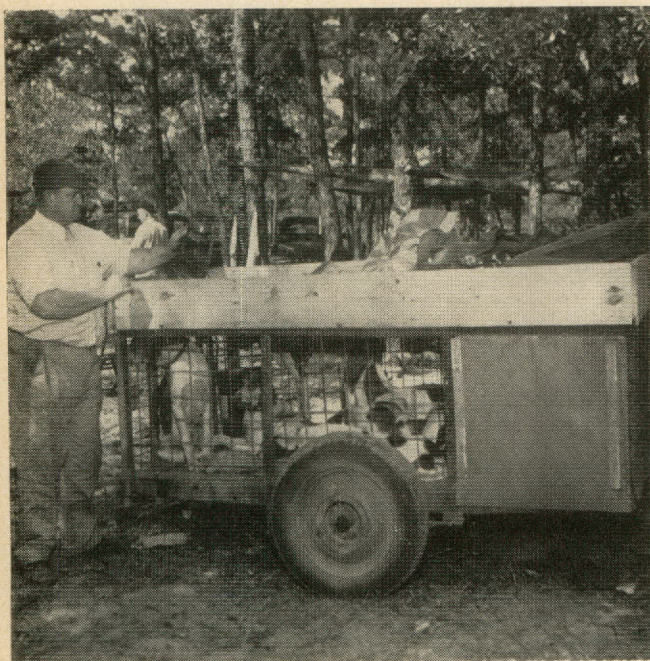
Remington Arms, Inc., put on a two-hour shooting exhibition.

Wednesday night John Lightfoot, Nacogdoches, was elected president of the association, succeeding Phillips. Lightfoot had served the past year as secretary-treasurer. Glenn H. Fisk, Tomball, was elected vice-president and Allen Burch, Port Arthur, secretary-treasurer.

The bench show started off the

Hunters, Hounds And Champions

When the Texas State Fox Hunters Association held its annual meet near Nacogdoches, 533 hounds were entered in bench and field competition. Officials estimated that 4,000 enthusiasts attended the four-day session.



These hounds, owned by H. G. Hart, Tyler, were part of the 533 which arrived by various means of transportation for the competition held at Camp Tonkawa, a Boy Scout camp 15 miles from Nacogdoches. The



bench show, wherein dogs were judged for physical perfection, was won by Waco Scotta Walker. The hound, owned by Jeff Walker, Waco, won the grand championship in a field of over 100 competitors. The year before he won top honors at the Central Texas show.



Clyde Smith

daybreak Tuesday morning. Out of the hunt was to come the Texas Field Champion.

The hunters, all hepped up for the opening day hunt, were up with the dogs at 4 a. m. The less excited wives and womenfolks tucked their heads under the blankets to escape the biting cold of the norther that made the opening hunt a chiller.

But sleep was not to be had as the dogs howled and whined with the excitement characteristic of the beginning of a hunt. The eager hounds pulled at their chains and clawed the ground.

Roll call and picture making delayed the proceedings the first day of the hunt 'till a bit after daybreak, making the dogs even more fox hungry, but at last the great moment arrived. Yelps of glee and roars of determination filled the air as the horn sounded, and the pack of hounds, 350 strong, thundered into the woods.

The dogs rocketed through the trees for a few minutes, then settled down to the serious business of sniffing a trail. The tension grew among the hunters gathered along the roadside to await the outcome. Periodically the hounds darted across the road.

But gradually the hounds began to break into smaller groups, trying to

locate the trails that the drouth had killed out. The sniffing became more vigorous as the hounds hunted in vain for a lead.

At 11 a. m. the dismal conclusion was reached—there was no fox. It was just too dry. And unless a rain ended the drouth the fox seemed likely to stay in the woods untreed and untouched long after the meet was over.

The trucks were rolled out and the dogs picked up and carried to a central pen where the owners could come up and claim their hounds. Each had been marked with paint on his side for identification. Tired and weary, the hounds flopped on the ground and got down to figuring out how to catch a fox in the dry weather.

But the formula for a successful hunt was not found for the second day hunt, and Wednesday afternoon many of the hunters packed up their duds and dogs and departed for home.

Thursday morning's cast of the hounds found them only 75 strong, for the enthusiasm of the first two days had died down. The hounds' hearts were low as the final day slowly crept to its end.

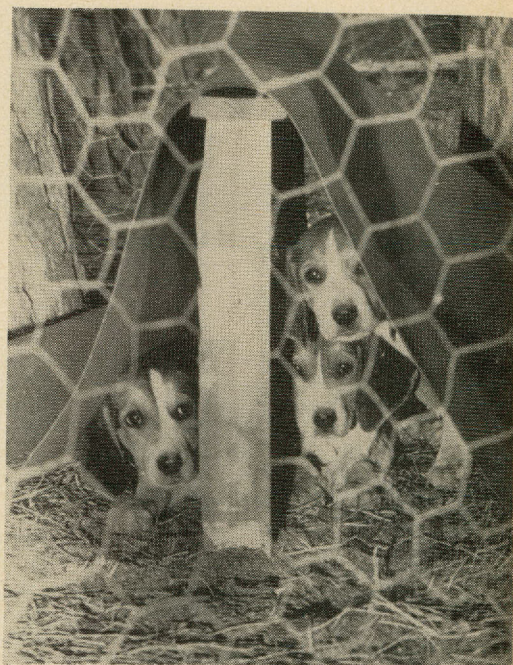
Then it happened. Ears perked up. A blast of yells filled the air. It was a fox, and the hounds were off in pursuit.

proceedings in fancy style Menday as the hounds pranced across the floor to show their stuff. Wacc Scotta Walker, a dog owned by Jeff Walker of Wacc, finally prised off with the top honors, while Dude, owned by C. A. Hoogland of May, La., was judged the best female.

Then the big event arrived, the opening of the three day hunt which was scheduled to get under way at



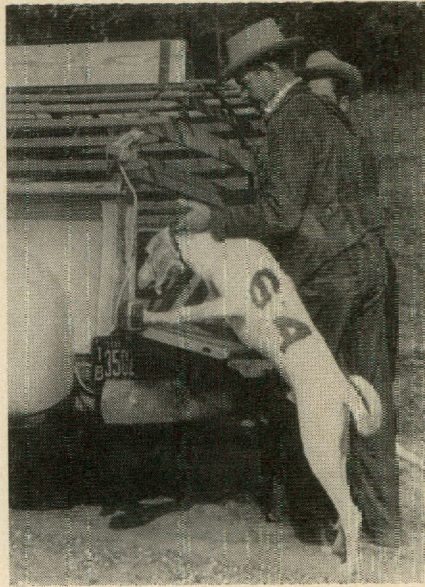
Dry weather made it almost impossible for the hounds to trail. But there was nothing dry about the fireside conversation. Left to right are J. F. Collins, Kilgore; A. C. Craig, Kilgore; A. R. Neyland, Jewett; and Hart.



These prize two-month-old pups seem to be pleading, "We want to hunt, too." Their mother, owned by Craig, was Princess Winn, winner of the 1951 East Texas Boles Field Hunt.

Hunters, Hounds, and Champions

• Continued From Preceding Page



Getting hundreds of hounds back to their owners after they have scattered over half a county can be quite a task. But the hunters have devised a workable system. At the end of the day's hunt the dogs are picked up, at times unwilling to give up the fun of the chase, and are loaded into transporting trucks. John Thornton, Hutto, at left, gets

an argument from a hound owned by J. P. Smith of Alligator, Mississippi. Clyde Smith, Wills Point, center, loads a hound which can be identified by its owner by the number painted on each dog before the hunt. The dogs are taken to a central pen, where their owners gather to claim them, below.

When it was all over, the hounds had their fox—they had at last beaten the drouth—and the hunters already had had their fun.

Points were added up in the field competition. Based on hunting, trailing, speed and drive, and endurance, the grand champion winner in the all-age division and 1952 Texas Field Champion was Ginger, by Blue Boy out of Ginny, owned by Earl Higgins, Tomball. Runner-up was Kasco Johnnie, by Rowdy Wing out of Little Patches, owned by Flynn Thomas, Houston.

Patsy, by Wheeler out of Flying Ona, owned by Sims Brothers of Houston, took the title in the derby field, with Mitzy, by Duke Carnell out of Addie Gail, owned by J. P. Smith, Alligator, Miss., finishing second.

No one blamed the hounds for the many hours of fruitless search for game. The parched terrain was good enough excuse. But that one little fox made an awful lot of dogs and fox-hunting enthusiasts mighty happy.



CLASH WITH NO WINNER



There was no winner when these two fine bucks clashed. Death gained the decision over both in this mortal combat, staged in nature's private arena without witnesses or cheers, without judges or referees.

In one grinding crash, their antlers were locked together forever. Later, perhaps days later, the two great bucks sank from exhaustion for the last time.

They were found shortly afterward on a farm 12 miles south of Fairfield in Freestone County.

The battle served as a spectacular overture to the re-opening of the deer season in that area for the first time in five years.

During this period, the Game and Fish Commission, in cooperation with local landowners, had restocked the county and given white-tailed deer a new start.*

News of the combat between the two big bucks, coming just prior to

the opening date, heightened anticipation. Hunters were not disappointed, according to Game Warden Brent E. Bergstrom. During the first two weeks an estimated 150 bucks were bagged. Included were many fine specimens, some weighing over 140 pounds and none less than 70. Credited partially with the good size range were a good food supply and the probability that some of the bucks killed were older deer used in the restocking program.

The restocking program also included turkey, and an estimated 40 gobblers were harvested those same first two weeks.

The gladiators, whose battle preceded the opening, both were big bucks, according to Bergstrom. One weighed about 150 pounds, the other nearly 140. When found, one was still warm. Both bodies were limp, leading to the belief they had been dead only a few hours.



* P-R Project 28-D.



Coming Soon - - A New

THE BOBWHITE STORY

Visit almost any sportsmen's group, and invariably the discussions turn eventually to bobwhite quail.

"I had a bumper crop of bobwhites on my ranch last year, but this year I haven't seen a single covey," bemoans one sportsman-landowner. "Can't understand where they went."

A hunter voices a guess. "It's those blasted armadillos. I've never seen so many of the critters. They eat the eggs. Sure. I wouldn't be surprised if they wouldn't eat the young, too, if they got a chance. What I'd like to know is why the game department doesn't eradicate all those varmints."

Another chimes in, "And why doesn't the game department release grown quail where there aren't many anymore. That sure would help!"

Those are just a few of the questions the Texas Game and Fish Commission must answer about quail and a few of the problems with which it must deal.



Game and Fish Commission Wildlife Movie

At present, no game department anywhere has all the answers. But biologists of the Game and Fish Commission have worked for years on bobwhite quail research, and gradually the picture is clearing. Food requirements, protective cover, effects of weather extremes, damage from predators, the effects of ranching and farming, and hunting pressures all have shared the attention of wildlife technicians.

Information concerning their findings has appeared in various bulletins and in **TEXAS GAME AND FISH**.

Now, after more than a year in the making, a movie entitled "The Bobwhite Story" is nearing completion by the Game and Fish Commission's motion picture unit as an additional source of public information.

Presentation of all the information available about the life of a bobwhite quail and his problems would be an impossibility in any one movie. However, "The Bobwhite Story" should fill a need in illustrating in a general way the overall picture of the difficulties Texas quail face in holding their own against shrinking habitat and increased hunting pressure and the steps that can be taken to insure their survival.

Of particular interest to the hunter will be a sequence showing some of the best quail dogs in the state at work in the field.

A habitat sequence will show coveys in winter, in spring during the mating season, and through the summer as the young hatch, grow, and mature. Included is a rare scene showing quail chicks as they break out of their shells to begin the first minutes of their lives.

Other scenes, including raids by a skunk and a snake on quail nests, point up the many enemies of the bobwhite.

In piecing the story together, hours and days often were required to photograph the exact climactic moment in a single scene lasting only seconds or minutes on the screen.

Special recording equipment was used to synchronize on-the-scenes sounds with the moving picture.

For instance, one beautiful shot shows an unmated cock, sitting on a fence post and whistling the familiar "bob white" call. His actual call is faithfully reproduced in sound for the scene.

The filming of that particular portion of the picture is typical of the difficulties encountered in presenting a complete story, part by part.

The sight of a bobwhite cock whistling atop a fence post is a familiar one to farmers and hunters. Getting

close enough to record it on film and sound was another matter.

The camera was mounted on the side of Game Warden Joe Brower's car near Greenville. Riding slowly through some of the best quail country in Hunt County, Joe would whistle the call of an unmated cock as accurately as possible. Cameraman Lon Fitzgerald sat ready behind the camera.

Many attempts were made. Several quail were called within camera range, but attempts to photograph them failed because of obstructions such as high weeds, brush, or fences.

Late in the afternoon, a final try was made. The car pulled to a stop at the side of a dusty road, lined on both sides by fence posts.

"It's only a long shot," remarked Brower, "but I have seen quite a few quail along this line."

Fitzgerald agreed, observing that even if a quail could be lured to the call, he would have a choice of a hundred fence posts from whence to answer. The camera must be focused properly in advance on just one.

● Concluded on Page 32



Photos by Lon Fitzgerald
From "The Bobwhite Story"

Game Squirrels of Texas

The Fox Squirrel

By EVERETT F. EVANS

Scientists have given this little bushy tail the fancy name of *Sciurus niger rufiventer*, but to most of us he is just a plain fox squirrel.

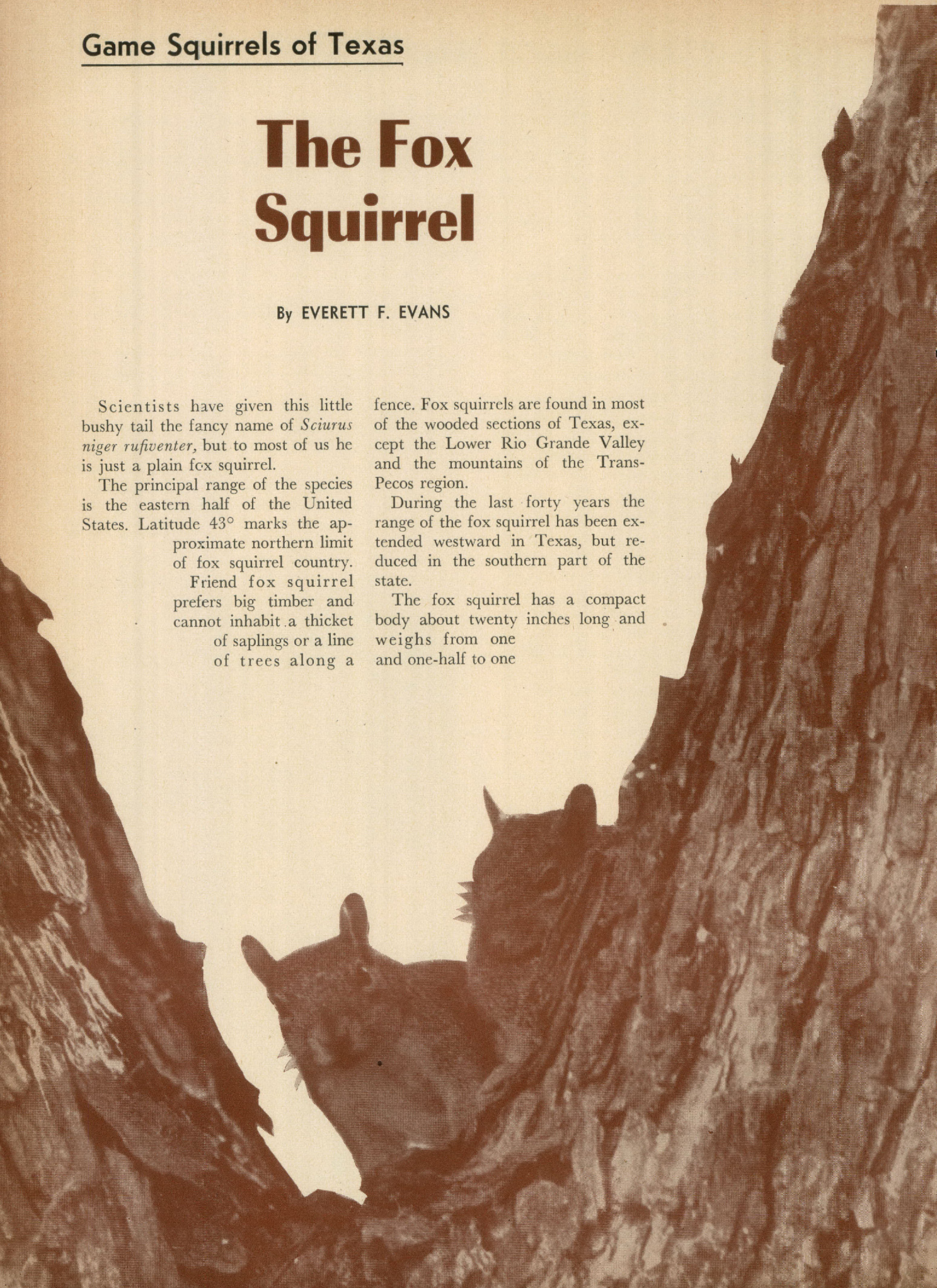
The principal range of the species is the eastern half of the United States. Latitude 43° marks the approximate northern limit of fox squirrel country.

Friend fox squirrel prefers big timber and cannot inhabit a thicket of saplings or a line of trees along a

fence. Fox squirrels are found in most of the wooded sections of Texas, except the Lower Rio Grande Valley and the mountains of the Trans-Pecos region.

During the last forty years the range of the fox squirrel has been extended westward in Texas, but reduced in the southern part of the state.

The fox squirrel has a compact body about twenty inches long and weighs from one and one-half to one



and three-fourths pounds. This weight is about one-half pound greater than that of the gray squirrel.

The flat, bushy tail is about twelve inches long. A squirrel apparently uses the tail as a rudder when running up or down a tree or along a branch or vine. The tail also helps the squirrel to maintain its balance when jumping. In addition, the tail may be a signal by which squirrels keep in contact with each other or warn of approaching danger.

Some observers believe that a squirrel may expose its bushy tail to confuse hawks and other predators that may be tempted to grab for the tail, thus missing the body of the squirrel. However, no one has been able to get a hawk to comment on this point.

Slender toes and sharp claws are adaptations which fit the squirrel to live in trees. The adult fox squirrel has four cheek-teeth on each side of the upper jaw. The lower incisor teeth are very sharp and adapted to gnawing. This adaptation is closely related to the food habits.

The usual color of the fox squirrel in Texas is orange buff with a mixture of yellow and gray mingled with black. The underparts are cinnamon or buff. The back is pepper-and-salt gray. The upper part of the tail is also sprinkled with black and brown.

Another color phase of the fox squirrel is melanistic or black. Some individuals are completely black. Occasionally a pine woods fox squirrel is almost white. Squirrels of these different color phases are sometimes mistakenly considered different species.

The fox squirrel prefers a den in a hollow tree. An opening three inches in diameter is just right for a squirrel but too small for an owl, opossum, or other natural enemies. A fox squirrel may use a hole made by a flicker or red-headed woodpecker, or a hole may be dug in rotten trees. Removal of den trees during logging operations is very harmful to squirrels.

The fox squirrel sometimes builds nests of twigs, sticks and leaves. This kind of nest may be only a rough platform, without roof, placed in a tree fork not more than twenty feet above the ground. A more elaborate nest is sometimes built, with central cavity protected by a sturdy weather-

proof roof. The small entrance is at one side. This kind of nest is usually built in a high tree. Fox squirrels generally produce two litters of young each year in the southern states. In Texas most of the young are born in February or August. There are some litters of young in January and September, and perhaps several other months.

The young are usually born in hollow trees, if such trees are available, but may be born in leafy nests.

Each litter contains two to four young, with three being the typical number. Litters of five have been recorded in the United States, but this number probably is rare.

The little squirrels are born without hair and with their eyes closed. They are very helpless at first and depend entirely on their mother for milk, as domestic kittens do. The young squirrels are usually confined to the nest for at least four or five weeks.

At the age of ten or twelve weeks the young begin to venture out of the nest. They run around the home tree and sample different foods. Perhaps they select the foods by smell.

When the young squirrels are about three months old, they can take care of themselves. Before they are a year old they build nests and are ready to have families of their own.

Acorns are the principal food of the fox squirrel in fall and winter. Pecans, hickory nuts, and walnuts are also preferred foods where they occur in squirrel range. Pine seeds are a source of food for the pine woods fox squirrel in East Texas. Winter foods also include corn, grubs, and beetles.

The fox squirrel buries nuts in the ground, usually one in a place, but does not store up a large supply of nuts in hollow trees. Apparently this thrifty little animal is able to locate buried food by smell. Some of the hidden nuts are never found, and perhaps some of them are discovered by other squirrels.

By the end of winter, nuts and most other foods are usually scarce. Then the squirrels eat buds, leaves, and tender shoots. Sometimes the animals girdle trees to get sap. Damage caused by this food habit is ordinarily unimportant.

Summer foods include fruits, such

as the plum and wild cherry, berries, and the seeds of elm, ash, and maple.

The fox squirrel occasionally eats on the ground, but usually prefers to carry food to a stump, log, or low tree. Fox squirrels feed at any hour of the day. They tend to be more active during the warmer hours of winter days and to avoid the hottest part of summer days.

A fox squirrel has a small home range, spending much of its time within two hundred yards of a home tree. If food is readily available, an individual may spend its entire life on twenty acres.

Once a home range is established, a fox squirrel tries to defend it against other squirrels.

It is probable that a fox squirrel rarely moves more than half a mile. Squirrels sometimes make short local migrations to an area which affords a better food supply.

The fox squirrel adapts itself to the presence of people and often lives near dwellings. This species is also frequently seen in parks and playgrounds and on school campuses.

Fox squirrels do not hibernate in winter, although they may sleep several days without food in cold weather. This behavior apparently is an adaptation to conserve energy when food is scarce.

The principal enemies of tree squirrels are hawks, owls, and snakes. Climbing snakes may kill young squirrels in nests, and non-climbing species pursue squirrels on the ground. Timber rattlers have been known to swallow squirrels. Some observers believe that hawks work in pairs to catch squirrels, but this kind of teamwork probably is exceptional.

The best protection against enemies is good cover and a dependable food supply near cover. As in the case of other prey species, the individuals most likely to be taken by predators are those affected by starvation, disease, parasites, old age, or injury.

External parasites of the fox squirrel include the chigger or red bug, fleas, and wood ticks. Nematodes, tapeworms, and pinworms are occasionally found in squirrel stomachs. Diseases probably are of minor importance in the wild except in areas

● Concluded on Page 22

City

Dollars

Serve

Country

BY JAY VESSELS

Assistant Director, Publications



Here's a small piece of the natural beauty centering around a chain of clear-water ponds on the Harris place. Great hns lurk in the deep holes, cattle feed on lush grass in the Rebecca Creek bottom clearings, deer, turkey and other game abound.



These fat white-face cattle, bracketed with Foreman W. W. Gourley, beautify this peaceful setting, and show the physical relation of the water to carefully nurtured grazing land.



The supreme solitude of the stairstepped ponds is inviting the year around, especially in the summer when swimming is superb. Here Betty Rust, pretty blonde wife of Harris' assistant foreman, picks a secluded spot to catch a mess of panfish for supper.

J. M. Harris has started a second career at an age when most men call it a day. He says this career is going to be better than the first, even though he accumulated a sizeable fortune in dollars in his first. This is because he is devoting his latest endeavor to making things better for his fellow man and for wildlife.

Harris, who began his first career in San Antonio in 1927 with \$24.30 in his pockets, certainly is going to eat better during his new regime. That was pointedly indicated at the mid-day meal, the minor meal, at the Harris home on Rebecca Creek near Spring Branch. And Harris, at the age when most men fuss about their diet, ate like the hired hand (one sat at his right elbow). He had seconds of the pot roast, brown potatoes and gravy, the fresh string beans, hot biscuits, pickled beets and blackeyed peas. Then he ate a large piece of lemon pie.

Harris and his wife decided eight years ago they wanted a place where there was running water (beyond the faucet variety) and a view, and where they could do just as they wished. Life had been pretty high spirited in San Antonio where Harris specialized in transportation through cab lines and majored in business through insurance.

They spent fifteen years seeking the right place. That turned out to be a site, now expanded to 870 acres on Rebecca Creek, which was concentrated around beautiful spring fed pools. Rebecca Creek is in the Harris zone between the Guadalupe and Blanco Rivers. The creek finally empties into the Guadalupe at Demijohn Bend.

The strange thing about this new adjustment for the Harris family was that they had never fished or hunted and had never lived on a farm. Yet what they finally acquired was an area famed for its supreme wilderness. The Rebecca Creek area on the water level was matted with undergrowth of every description so thick that a person had to get down on hands and knees to penetrate it.

Now, with a quarter of a million dollars invested and more to be spent, grasses have been restored so that the animal-unit carrying capacity of the land already has been quadrupled.

It has been a battle of bulldozers and draglines against the rugged terrain, of modern irrigation methods, and of \$100-per-ton fertilizers to conquer the stubborn soil. This full-blown renovation has created a treasureland. Sky blue waters, stored in tree studded ponds ranging

up to a mile long and 25 feet deep, feed the irrigation pumps and decorate the verdant creek bottom.

Nature has resisted doggedly. Harris has just spent \$10,000 in restoring dams and clearing brush caused by the September flood.

So has begun a man's second career. But this truly is the labor of love for big, congenial Harris. He takes a man's hand in some of the labor. He likes that personal part. A favorite remark, setting up some anecdote, is: "We were working down along the creek." He does know the meaning of that word "work."

But this is strictly the relaxed phase of Harris' life. While he is proud of his country development and the progress he has shown alone in grass research, he would rather be serving with one of his working crews. He's definitely afraid somebody will consider him a braggart.

Harris patiently described his new venture and conducted a painstaking tour around the area. Traversing roadways cut through the rock and muck, he pointed to a stately cypress tree, now leafless in death, and said softly, almost mournfully, "That old cypress was five years in dying."

Those cypress trees, stamping the creek bed for its imperishable moisture, range up to an estimated 2000 years in age. Some of the larger ones have several hundred dollars worth of marketable lumber in the sky-high trunks.

Harris has a great penchant for safeguarding trees and cautioned his workmen in creating trails and picnic grounds to save every tree possible. Trees, in a sense, are a source of considerable revenue, because some of his 1600 bearing pecan trees bear the super-size products which demand a fancy price.

Wild turkey and deer benefit from Harris' grass-garnished cuisine and from the water and the shade. They mingle with the white-faced cattle and the small herd of goats maintained to police up the premises. But Harris never hunts, that is for ordinary game.

One day he put his varmint gun in his car for a swing along the creek bed. "It's those turtles," he explained. "Doggone foreigners came in here with the flood. Eating up my fish."

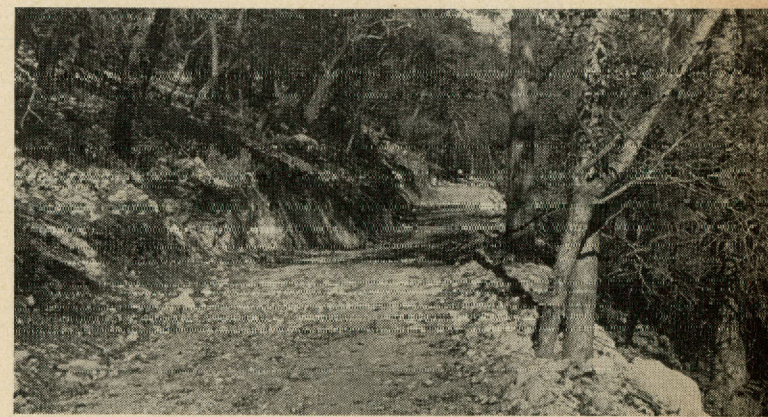
He patted the rifle butt. Harris takes care of his own personal creatures like that.

And he's just a little fastidious about some other things. Driving over a narrow trail connecting two ponds, Harris muttered:

● Concluded on Page 22



A little jackrabbit that lost its happy home found a new one with Michael, son of Foreman Gourley. The jack, found by an assistant, Clarence Rust, was nourished into robust health by original use of an eye dropper.



Visitors, sightseeing on the rambling Harris acreage, can probe the hidden recesses via such as the Alpine Drive.



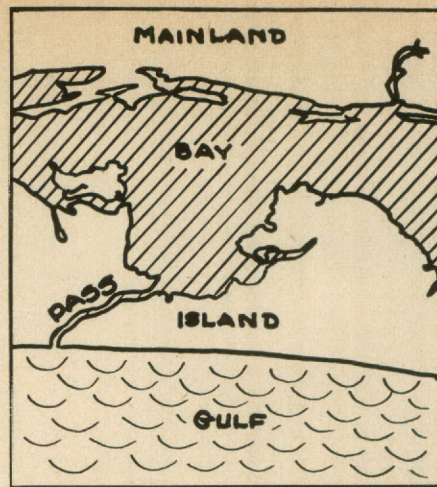
The historic September flood ravaged some of the ponds. This cut was slashed into the wall of pond Number Two.

Coastal Passes

Third of a Series

By ERNEST G. SIMMONS

Marine Biologist



In previous articles, the use of coastal passes between the Gulf and the bay areas by speckled sea trout and redfish was discussed. These articles were based on observations and data gathered during day and night fish-trapping operations over an 18 month period in Cedar Bayou pass.

This third in the series will deal with southern flounder, sand trout, and black drum.

Flounder

The commercial flounder spawns in deep (100-150 feet) Gulf waters in November, December, and January and possibly in April or May. Some few may spawn in bay waters, or at least remain in these bays during winter months, but most remain in the Gulf during cold weather.

Young flounder, one to two inches long, enter bays through passes in March and April. Others enter in July along with the adults. Most adults enter bays through passes in May and June, although in 1951 the greatest inward movement took place in July. Those fish which wintered in bay areas often went out to Gulf waters in February and March.

Little movement occurs during the months of July, August and September, except for short migrations into deeper water during outward tides or during daylight hours. If food is present these fish will remain in one location several months, feeding in shallow water at night and moving back to deep water during the day.

In November and December great numbers of roe-laden flounder went through Cedar Bayou to the Gulf to spawn. During every sharp drop in water temperature this pass contained

many of these fish traveling to Gulf waters.

It may be seen that:

1. Flounders move through passes to Gulf water to spawn in November, December, and January. Some remain in bay areas. These may spawn in Gulf waters in May.

2. This spawning occurs in water 100-150 feet deep.

3. Young flounder enter bays through passes in March and April and in July. They are then one to two inches long.

4. Adults move into bays through passes in May, June, and July.

5. These fish move very little during summer months except to feed.

6. Colder water temperatures cause massive outward movements.

Sand Trout

Sand trout differ from sea trout in many ways. Very few moved

through Cedar Bayou in January, February, March, or even April, but in May more than 3,000 were taken in the north fish trap as they moved out to the Gulf to spawn. (Remember that spotted sea trout moved INTO bays for this purpose.) Several weeks later, in June, many very small sand trout, one-half to two inches long, moved back through this pass going into bay areas.

During June, July, and August, other ripe adults went out, and thousands of young and their spent parents returned to bay waters through Cedar Bayou. In summary, it may be seen that:

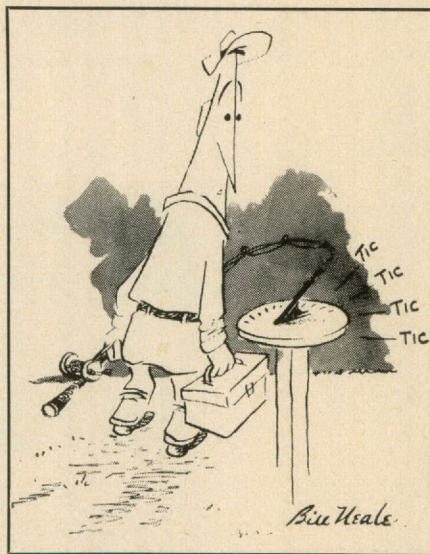
1. Sand trout move through passes to Gulf waters in May, June, July, and August.

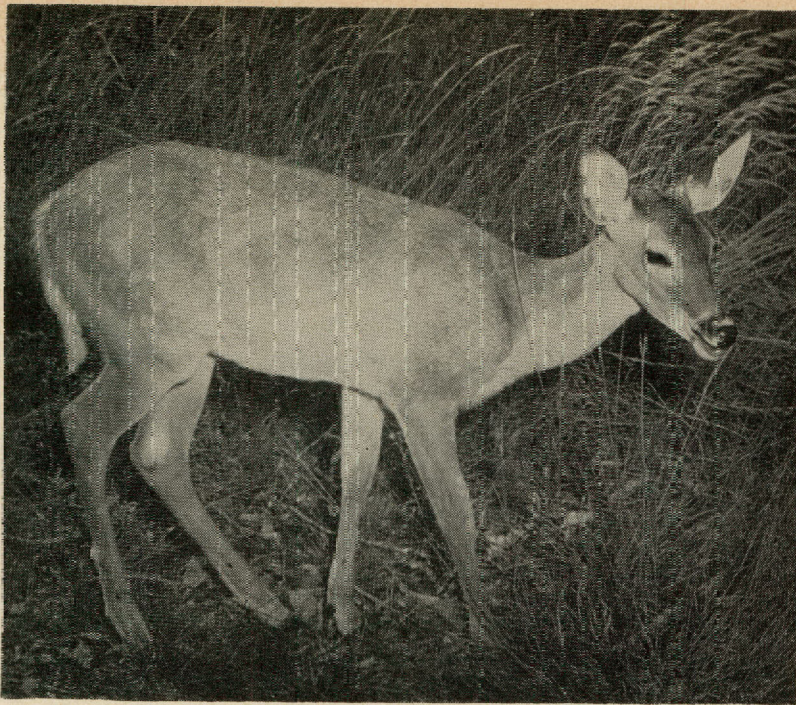
2. They spawn in the Gulf of Mexico near passes at this time.

3. Young and spent adults then return to bays through these same passes in June, July, and August.

Black Drum

Contrary to popular opinion, drum do not move through Cedar Bayou Pass a great deal. They may go through Aransas Pass and Brazos Santiago Pass at Port Isabel in a heavier migration, but outside of a few spawning adults in January and February and a few more in July, movement through Cedar Bayou is nil. Other investigations have shown that this fish spawns in coastal lagoons and bays as well as in Gulf waters, a direct departure from the previous line of thought. Large drum appear to spawn, to some extent, in Gulf waters and travel outward through passes to reach these waters.





... I remember well the little doe I startled from a trail and caught ...

A deer hunter recalls among other adventures the buck with antlers ensnared in a grapevine and a romantic one who couldn't see his lady love

By DR. FRED WESTON

In September when the first break came in the summer heat, those strange symptoms which can be diagnosed as nothing else except hunting fever became apparent among these of my friends in that foolish group who are entranced by deer hunting.

It grew worse as the November 16th opening date came nearer.

Anticipation was mixed with doubt. They recalled that the drouth of 1951 had curtailed their hunting success somewhat last season. They wondered after another dry year if there would be even less success.

However, the "success" of a hunt can be measured in more than one way. Some hunters consider their hunt successful only if their locker is filled to the legal limit with venison. Others are happy if they can look back on the experiences and pleasing incidents of the past season and feel that they enjoyed the time spent in the outdoors.

For the former, this season probably was no more successful than the last. The latter will have a good hunt every year.

Peculiarly enough, the memories of incidental experiences encountered in the outdoors often live longer than the memories of how a deer was killed.

Only faintly can I recall the bucks which fell before my gun last season, and try as I might I can't recall a single one of the year before last.

I do remember well, however, the little doe of two years ago, which I startled from a trail into thick shin oak and then caught.

Of last year, I am sure to recall the six-point buck which moved off a ridge in back of me into the canyon bottom where I was sitting and started rubbing his antlers on a sapling not twenty feet away. That was quite a sight in itself, but it was not enough. A grapevine entwined the sapling beginning about a foot from the ground, and periodically, the vigorous young buck would get his antlers caught. At that time, a frantic and funny struggle would begin as he tried to free himself. When free, he would strut, paw around the sapling, then get down on his knees and start

MEMORIES LAST LONGER THAN MEAT

all over again. When man's scent was finally wafted to him, he snorted but did not run. Rather, he moved in stiff-legged bounds to a point about sixty yards away where he remained until dark snorting and stamping his feet in curiosity.

Vivid, too, will be the memory of an unusual buck which came my way. I had just settled myself against a tree trunk among a tumble of grapevines when a tiny yearling doe came down the trail I had just left. After she passed, I noted another one standing in the trail about twenty yards away. However, when it moved its head to look at me, it turned out to be a five-point buck with antlers so small they were hidden by his ears. It was a legal buck in miniature.

Two other bucks, bristling yet afraid, put on a comic act for me in mid-season. I was sitting above a brush-filled header which branched out of a huge canyon when three deer came around its contour-like ledge. The group, which included a doe, a fawn, and a six-point buck, stopped in an open space about forty yards below me and stood for some time looking backward along the trail. Finally, the buck turned and started back in the direction from which he

● Concluded on Page 19



This neat 4.25 m/m, 16 caliber, Liliput automatic is considered a large bore in the miniature firearms field. The author found this gun, shooting a bullet little larger than a match stick, deadly on small game. All illustrations show gun's actual size.

Ven Little

BY AD

Capable of expelling missiles potent enough to penetrate a man's brain—so small it easily could be concealed in a watch pocket, in a lady's daintiest compact, or worn inconspicuously as a charm—so brilliantly decorated that it can be mistaken for an expensive piece of jewelry—that's the diminutive, elaborately engraved and inlaid firearm often encountered, especially, during time of war and boomtown days.

Who created the demand for these poison little pretties? Briefly, some people wanted them because they reflected their owner's taste for rare, delicate finery; others found them convenient items for emergencies.

The little gun's popularity was probably more prevalent during the old days "when men were rough and ready, and their women liked 'em that way," or occasionally when the "weaker sex" wanted a protecting agent against rambunctious characters who just hit town.

However, we do not have to flip back the pages of history too far to find the minute weapons playing a part not unfamiliar to us living in this day. During World War II they were frequently discovered—substituting for the popular vial of cyanide—by American soldiers who "shook down" valuable prisoners. Taped securely to the body or sewed into the lining of

clothing, the weapons were to be used as suicide pieces in the event the heat got too hot. They got the job done, too, in numerous reported cases.

"The cute little things" possessed much eye appeal to the fairest of ladies and were a prime favorite of women-about-town carrying out their social obligations in the wilder and woolier era. The tiny guns, sometimes referred to as "garter" or "bosom pistols," could be safely tucked away in secretive but, for their owners, very accessible places.

No doubt the sudden display of one of the midget jobs, no matter how under-sized, had the desired effect on the burliest he-man character who reached the molesting stage. It was an ideal wolf repellent, to be sure.

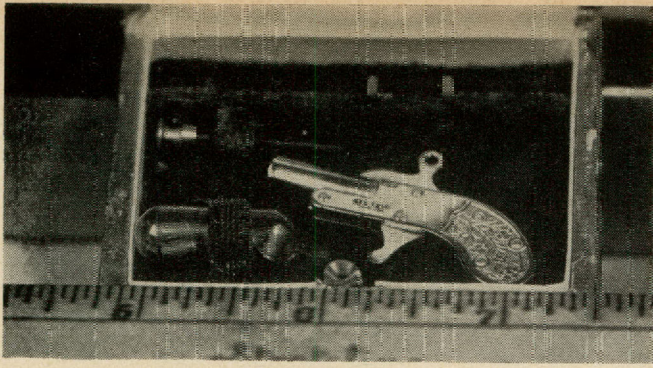
The truly miniature weapons, enriched with gold, silver, mother-of-pearl, jewels, and other precious materials, were, and are, prized possessions of Indian rajahs—a group of the wealthiest people in the world. They were popular gifts from court designers, watchmakers, and goldsmiths who enjoyed the patronage of royal families, top-notch celebrities, and other citizens of name and fame. The skilled and most meticulous craftsmen often combined their artistic abilities in order to produce the finest in beauty and precision.

The 4 m/m to 17 caliber were con-

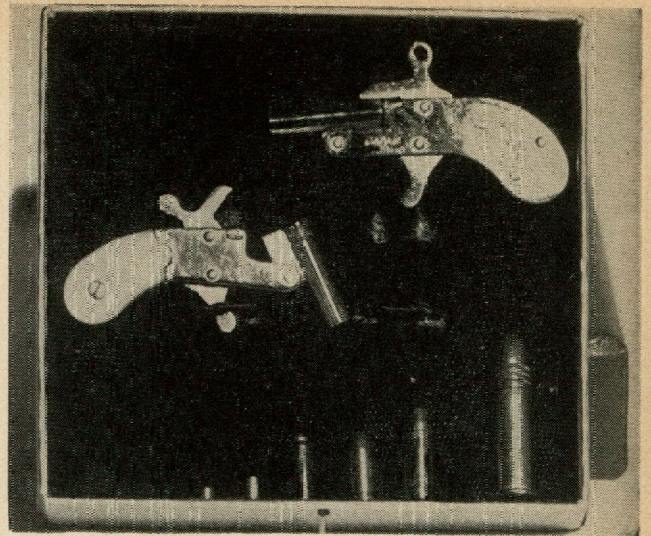
sidered big bores in the miniature firearm family. Other common calibers measured .14, .10, .08, .07, or even .06 inch. Guns were made in single-shots, five-shot revolvers, and seven-shot auto-loaders.

Muzzle-loaders, complete with powder flask or horn, caps, and bullet molds, were fascinating as well as beautiful—being more outstanding as delicate works of art than lethal weapons.

Pin fires, in 2 m/m (.08 caliber), fashioned after the still-used 15 m/m models in South America, were purely in the novelty class, as were the 2 m/m rim fire numbers produced in England and Germany. In the novelty class, true, but I would not recommend either of them as playthings for two-year-old Junior! Loaded with a round lead shot and an over dose of priming compound, the two 2 m/m guns in my possession are capable of opening up a painful flesh wound. If fired into an eye or ear, the results would be far from pleasant.



Half the size of the above gun, this tiny 2 m/m pinfire pistol is more like a piece of jewelry than a dangerous firearm. Less than two inches long, it fires an .08 caliber lead bullet, which is about one-twelfth inch in diameter.



A common 22 caliber long rifle cartridge in the lower right corner indicates the small size of these highly engraved and elaborately decorated miniature weapons. The other cartridges shown are designed for similar midget pistols. Left to right they are the 2 m/m rim fire, 2 m/m pin fire, 2.7 m/m Kolibri, 3 m/m Kolibri, and 4.25 m/m Liliput. The Liliput and Kolibri are center fire cartridges.

ous eauties

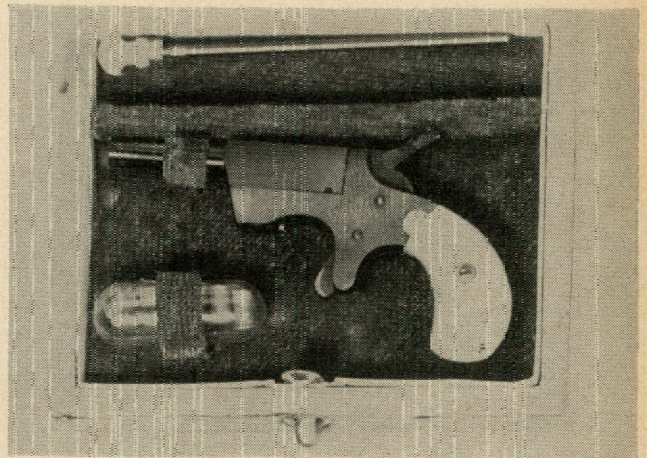
ON, III

Although the stories which came to me describing the deadliness of the wee arms seemed authentic, I decided to perform a few experiments of my own. Compared to some of the available calibers, the first gun I chose really was of a large bore—a 4.25 m/m Liliput. Since this particular seven-shot, German automatic pistol was a present to me from a very dear friend, I wished to add more to its significance by exposing its authority to a live target. I knew it would pop its 12-grain bullet completely through the end of an apple box—the thickness of which is seven-eighths inch.

Before a cattle round-up one morning, I loaded the detachable magazine and dropped the pistol in my shirt pocket. A couple of ridges from headquarters my Border Collie treed a ring-tail cat. About twenty feet from the ground the sly weasel-like cat poked only his head out of a knot-hole in a big post oak.

Riding up close, I cracked down. The Liliput imitated, as near as pos-

This little single shot 4 m/m pistol with pearl handles is just over two inches long. Its ramrod is shown above; ammunition is contained in the capsule at lower left. Note comparative size of fingerprint on gun between hammer and trigger.



sible, some of its big brother's recoil and report. Luckily enough, the metal-cased bullet traveled true to its mark squarely between the eyes. A dying kick forced the varmint's body out of the hole and down to the ground. He was a very dead animal, as the little ball had needled through the brain, neck, and made its exit between the shoulder blades.

Another time, Old Sounder, my coon hound, put one of his favorites up a black oak, fully thirty feet tall, and the animal had used every inch of that height, too.

I took aim over a 16 caliber barrel, one and three-fourths inch long, at the whole form silhouetted against a moonlit sky. My third shot from

the repeater brought the old chicken house raider down to earth with a plcp. An autopsy revealed that the missile had struck in the center of the coon's stomach from the under side and pierced the backbone.

Half a dozen varmints of various kinds met fatal disaster from the unpretextuous-appearing slugs' lethal puncture. Provided the bullets were placed in vital areas, a 38 caliber slug could not have been more deadly.

However, killing small animals was far from proof that these tiny guns could live up to their reputations as protectors or man-killers.

I decided to make a test on a Spanish goat the next time I had

● Concluded on Next Page

one to be butchered for the barbecue pit. I reasoned that he should have vitality at least equal to that of a man.

My opportunity came, and at close quarters I lined up the sights between the horns. As the gun barked with a visible muzzle flash, the cliff-dweller stiffened for a second, then dropped—dead.

My Mexican helper, when preparing the carcass for the barbecue pit, located the pellet. It was lodged in the neck area, having drilled completely through the goat's tough skull. The experiment left no doubt in my mind as to the midget gun's ability to destroy human life if called upon!

Of course, extreme close range was essential for accuracy with barrels measuring from one to two inches. Nearness to target was also important in order to obtain adequate penetration.

The smallest center fire cartridge ever manufactured or designed to operate an auto-loading gun is the 2.7 m/m Kolibri. The metal-cased bullet weighs two and one-half grains, and is propelled by one and one-half grains of powder. Being a blowback type of auto-loading weapon, the Kolibri's function on the same principle as a regular heavy caliber auto-loading pistol. The 3 m/m Kolibri, also center fire, being loaded with a lead bullet, lacks only the penetrating qualities of the smaller caliber.

Both of the Kolibris, sometimes made in single-shot, were perfect hide-away weapons. They could be mighty wicked, indeed, if need be! In pine wood they would bury their missiles up to one and one-half inches. Only one-half inch penetration in soft wood is considered equivalent to a dangerous flesh wound!

Truly, beneath the delicate beauty of these little weapons lurks the venomous killing power of the cobra's fang.

* * *

Korean hunting licenses, peace time, that is, carry the following: "Hunting in public streets, shrines and temples is not permitted. Firing at buildings, people, cattle and street cars is not permitted."



COYOTES CRAVE MELONS!

BY JACK ARNOLD

For those old timers who still shave with a blow torch, this disclosure is just another sissy angle.

Straight from the citadel of coyote intelligence comes the shuddering statement that South Texas coyotes have turned to ordinary garden carrots for sustenance. Not only that, but they have been eating watermelons. Yes, and tomatoes and sweet corn, too.

Whatever the significance, John E. Hearn, Chief of Predator Control for the Game and Fish Commission, says the vegetarian habits have been cultivated in keeping with revolutionary trends in South Texas areas.

Specifically, the once tractless brush areas are being gradually cleared and converted to agriculture. The shrinking of the wilderness has shrunk the natural prey of the coyotes and they have turned to farm products.

The new diet may not be too good for the coyote, for his numbers have dropped in recent years, according to Hearn, who long has been noted for his mastery of trapping techniques and, above all, for his skill in trapping mountain lions.

By the way, Hearn says hungry lions have been known to feed on coyotes when they could ambush the

smaller creatures. Also many times it has been double hard luck for the coyotes caught in a trap to be found, ahead of the trapper, by a lion that has missed a meal or two.

In the balancing phase of the jungle, Hearn points out, coyotes also feed on animals smaller than they are, such as bobcats and wild house cats.

This lust for fresh meat provides Hearn and his trappers with tricks now that coyotes are turning to such as the comparatively new crop of watermelons in the newly cleared areas.

Hearn said that after one rancher complained that coyotes were raiding his 70-acre melon patch, and, incidentally were choosing the largest melons, they shot two jackrabbits. They made 16 baits, poisoned them, and left them around the melon patch.

The coyotes ate every one of the baits. Three dead animals attested to effectiveness of the system. Hearn suspected that others died after crawling away.

There's one thing about the carrot pilfering. Hearn said the coyotes at least have to dig for those, whereas in the melon patches they merely skip around and select the good ones without even having to thump them.

had come, and there met another buck of larger size. When the two bucks were opposite each other they stopped, each with head opposite the rump of the other, turned their hair on end and then started milling slowly in a circle. When one stopped, the other one stopped. When one moved the other one moved. They reminded me of two strange dogs trying to bully each other, but each not wanting the other to know how frightened he really was. Finally, the smaller buck failed to turn and kept walking in the direction from which he came. The other one made two more turns then, still stiff-legged and bristling, walked downhill into the header and disappeared. Both probably ran when they got out of sight of each other.

Unforgettable too, will be the startled buck which caught me unawares. I was sitting on a high bluff at noon trying to find out for lease mates when turkeys visited their blind located some two hundred yards away in the bottom of a canyon. I had been there for hours when a flock of sheep descended on the blind and went to work on the feed. Hoping to move

them on their way, I hurled a rock over the rim intending to frighten them into moving on. What it frightened, however, was a huge-horned buck which had somehow slipped in unseen and bedded down on the ledge below. He cleared the rim in one bound and emerged practically in my face. My scramble to get out of his way startled him as much as his emergence did me, and he wheeled and jumped in one motion to disappear below the rim in a din of crashing rocks. I am sure the noise of my thumping heart kept him going long after he was out of sight.

Then there was that usual buck so intent on running a doe, he couldn't see her twenty feet away. I was sitting on a bluff overlooking a fence running through a canyon bottom. A doe, coy like all females, zig-zagged out of the brush, came to the fence, walked up and down it several times over a space of fifty yards or so, then crawled under it and stopped at the edge of the opening on the other side. The buck, head down and tongue

hanging out, came along noisily following her trail. He zigged where she had zigged and zagged where she had zagged. When he came to the fence, he ran up and down it much like a chicken trying to get in the henhouse.

On each of these occasions in past years, I have wanted to shout at the buck to stop and take a look. I wanted to do it again last year, for that buck could have saved himself a lot of running and needless effort by just stopping for a look. He could have seen that doe any time had he done so, but as it turned out, he probably ran for additional hours, for by the time he decided to jump the fence she had moved on her merry way.

Thus there is more to hunting than getting meat. Besides meat is so temporary. Once eaten it is forgotten. A pleasant experience, on the other hand, takes its place in man's memory, and man, it must be said, lives by the light of other days. This season therefore will be successful for those who will recall it for its pleasant incidents, venison in the locker or not.

Lookin' In on the Outdoors

• Continued From Page 3

could get just one look at the original painting of this month's cover.

Orville Rice turned out one of the finest he has done for TEXAS GAME AND FISH since he started his long series back in 1946.

Rice has developed a terrific technique for feathers. And, so help me, you can stand back five feet from this one and you'll swear that Rice has glued real feathers on that mockingbird.

We got a real bang showing it around the office. The reaction of each person was so identical it was a shade ridiculous. They would take one quick look—then every one of them would immediately lean forward to TOUCH those wing "feathers."

Score for Thompson

In reviewing the past history of TEXAS GAME AND FISH in last month's 10th anniversary issue, we

failed to credit adequately one person who had a lot to do with founding the magazine.

We mentioned an article written for an early issue by Fred D. Thompson. What we hadn't learned at the time from talking with oldtimers was that Thompson was the founder of *The Monthly Bulletin* in 1937. Since, as we pointed out in the review, *The Monthly Bulletin* five years later was expanded into TEXAS GAME AND FISH magazine, Thompson certainly could be credited with being one of the founding fathers of the publication.

Author Fishes

Bob Abb, the fly fishing expert who contributed "The Popper and the Fly Rod" to the July issue of TEXAS GAME AND FISH, dropped by for a little fishing trip in the Colorado River recently.

It seems that Wisconsin, Bob's

home state, doesn't have mullet, and he had the biggest time watching them in their repeated long leaps up and down the river. Which should be some sort of a lesson on how often we fail to appreciate the too-familiar things which fascinate others.

Bob had a handful of beautiful little flies which Weber made up on special order for folks around Memphis, Tenn. The fishermen there had been slaying the bream with them.

We caught bream that day in the Colorado. We even picked up a few on small casting lures. We caught them on just about everything—everything that is except the special flies they gobbled so readily around Memphis. Which should be some sort of a lesson, too.

Incidentally, Bob will have another article in the magazine soon about that all-important subject of choosing the proper fly line.

By JAY VESSELS

BEACHCOMBING DE DUXE

John Clift's "I Cover the Lake Front" in the Denison *Herald*:

"Bank walking Texoma duck hunters reported good catches of rods and reels, minnow buckets, and other fishing tackle. Frank Kent and friend of Denison found the low water uncovering one reel, one rod and reel, eight minnow buckets, and about 100 lures and reported at least eight other rods and reels picked up on the receding bank."

TEXAS GAME OF TAG

Aquatic Biologist Ed Bonn of Denison, plans to resume tagging of white bass after the cold winter months and hopes to complete the tagging project by May 1. Bonn's staff has tagged almost 400 white bass. The return of the tags approximates 10 per cent. Bonn will use the data accumulated to chart habits of the fish.

FISHING STRATEGY

The *Texarkana Daily News-Digest* describes how three fishermen refused to give up after a giant catfish snapped their tackle in the Red River. They rigged up a 72-pound test line with a 6/0 hook and snagged a 49-pound blue cat. It took them 20 minutes to land the beauty. They are E. B. Perkins, Fred Kaiser and W. E. Chaney.

OFF TO A GOOD START

As the new year takes over, good news comes from the resource-use education forces, which have been working faithfully to expand school system facilities for teaching conservation. It now is fairly certain that all Texas public school heads will be formally instructed to make resource-use

education a definite part of the educational program.

This long step forward toward helping the youth of Texas learn the vital role played by nature in our basic economy coincides with another progressive development. This concerns the increasing availability of Television for conveying routine reports from the Animal Kingdom. Present plans call for bringing the hinterlands into the home through the medium of televised movies and sound. Thus the new year will mark great strides in general public understanding of the treasured out of doors and of the wildlife, plant-life, soil and water.

PROTECTING WILDLIFE

The Eagle Lake *Headlight*, concluding a news report about six hunters killing deer out of season paying \$936:

"... The local game law enforcement officers are the only protection our birds and animals have. It is your duty to cooperate with the men whenever game laws are being broken to report them immediately. The cooperation of the citizens of this county (Colorado) with their law enforcement officers will bring about a successful hunting season for everyone and still provide the future generations with game to hunt."

SUDDEN DEATH

Wildlife Biologist A. S. Jackson, assigned by the Game and Fish Commission to the Panhandle, got quick reports on some of the 737 doves he banded this year. Of the first ten banded birds reported bagged, four were harvested on one day by one hunter.

TEACH THEM YOUNG

Bill Walker writing in the *Houston Post*.

"Seldom a day passes since the opening of the hunting season that the newspapers don't carry stories of persons accidentally killed in their pursuit of shooting fun. Naturally, it's bad for anyone to be shot accidentally but it is especially so when those involved are just youngsters.

"In many cases where youngsters are involved in shooting accidents it is because they have not been taught to handle firearms and to hunt. It's almost criminal for parents or friends to place dangerous arms, sporting or otherwise, in the hands of children without going to the trouble of accompanying them on their forays into the field and woods...

"... If you give that boy a gun, it is your responsibility to teach him how to handle it carefully. Show him how and what to shoot and when to do it. Guns can be fun, but they are dangerous, loaded or otherwise, and should be treated with the utmost respect."

DROUTH BENEFIT

Al Parker writing in the *Wichita Falls Daily Times*:

"Strictly from a fisherman's viewpoint, there is a silver lining, be it ever so dim, in the present low water levels on the fishing lakes hereabouts. Leo Lewis, aquatic biologist of the Texas Game and Fish Commission, took one look at Lake Wichita's many acres of dry lake bed recently and commented on the advantage it would be in reconditioning the bottom of the lake once these acres were water covered.

"Miles of shoreline on Lake Wichita, Lake Kemp, Lake Kickapoo and Possum Kingdom have been high and dry long enough that substantial vegetation growths have appeared, and it is

Press Views

Game Notes

this factor that makes for more food and more cover for fish, young and old, once the lake levels start rising. When one considers that lack of vegetation is a serious matter in most of these fishing holes, the importance of the changing water lines is not to be minimized . . .”

GRAPEVINE DE LUXE

The benefits of two-way radio as a means of guiding game wardens toward better law enforcement has been demonstrated in many ways during the 1952 big game season. But there still are some bugs which the elements stubbornly scatter into the procedure.

Warden Malcolm T. Reinhardt out at Rock Springs, knows about some of these pesky gremlins. In that elevated area, Reinhardt sometimes can get Canada on his set but cannot contact a warden patrolling in the next county. He gets around this obstacle by the paradoxical expedient of relaying messages via a podner in Mississippi, who passes it back to Texas!

It all depends on the location of the mobile unit, reported Reinhardt. He gets his long-range contact from the elevated areas and finds the blind spots in the low areas.

“Something like being down in the bottom of the well,” observed the warden.

LADY LUCK SCORES

Paul Timmons writing under “Fins and Feathers” in the Amarillo Sunday *News-Globe*.

“Luckiest man I know is an Amarillo hunter who blew up a good shotgun accidentally, getting a 20 gauge shell mixed with his 12 gauge ammunition. When fired, the gun had a 20 gauge shell in the barrel ahead of the 12 gauge shell. He’s lucky because he still has both hands and both eyes. If you are fortunate enough to own both a 12

and a 20, which is the finest possible combination, be particularly careful every time you pick up the 12 gauge. Go through your pockets carefully to be sure a stray 20 gauge shell isn’t hidden in a corner somewhere before putting the big shells in the pockets.

“And don’t let anybody tell you a 20 gauge shell won’t feed through the action of a 12 gauge pump or automatic. It sure will. It will feed in but won’t eject, which make a perfect setup for getting a 12 in behind a 20. Three times out of four, when that happens, both shells will fire, wrecking the gun and injuring the hunter.”

CANADIAN CAPERS

Word of Texas Game and Fish Commission progress in resource-use education has brought a twin reaction from Canada. The Director of Conservation Education for the Province of Saskatchewan wrote for “any assistance or advice that you can give me in regard to program planning.”

In a letter dated the day before his peers wrote, a lad named Barry Kidd scrawled a longhand letter from Winnipeg, Manitoba, saying his sixth grade class in the Lord Roberts School was studying about Texas and needed more data. He got it.

PECOS PUSH

Game Warden Supervisor Ray Williams reported from his Alpine command post that some of the folks really had to go back into the hills to get their black tailed bucks.

“It was hard going but those who went way up into the brush did okay,” said Williams. “Frankly, the big deer played an effective game of hide and seek with the pre-season field men who were pessimistic about the prospects. The hunters benefited by some later observations and took off for the high country where the deer had concentrated to seek food.”

LONG HAUL

Al Parker’s outdoor column in the Wichita Falls *Times*:

“Game Warden Bill Cave has received a report of the kill of a banded dove in faraway Mexico. His records showed the bird, taken in the state of Nichoacan in the southwest part of Mexico, was banded in a nest on the Orville Bullington farm south of Lake Wichita last June 14.

“The dove was killed October 3, after having traveled something like 1,700 miles in three months and 19 days. Records are not available here, but Bill is wondering if the distance might be a record.

“Records or not, that little dove really covered the territory.

“Of the 75 doves Cave banded last spring and summer, only two have been heard from so far. The other dove was killed only a few miles from the point where it was banded.

“The dove banding program has been in operation only a few years but eventually the men of science expect to accumulate considerable knowledge of the habits of this bird through the medium of the banding operation.”

“HE AIN’T HEAVY . . .”

Just to show that duck hunters are all the same—they have their own copyright on screwy things—please absorb this stirring little drama enacted in the Colorado River bottoms near Austin.

When the present editor of this magazine was outdoors editor of the *Marshall News Messenger*, he and Bob Kemp, Caddo Lake aquatic biologist, were fishing and hunting partners. They decided to renew their hunting routine this fall when Kemp spent a week end in Austin.

Off they went to the river. A short stretch of water separated the shore from the small island housing their blind. Kemp had no waders.

Sure, the lanky 145-pound editor would carry over six-foot, 185-pound Kemp. In the best tradition of that famous welfare cartoon—“He ain’t heavy; he’s me brudder”—the editor started wading with gangling Kemp piggyback.

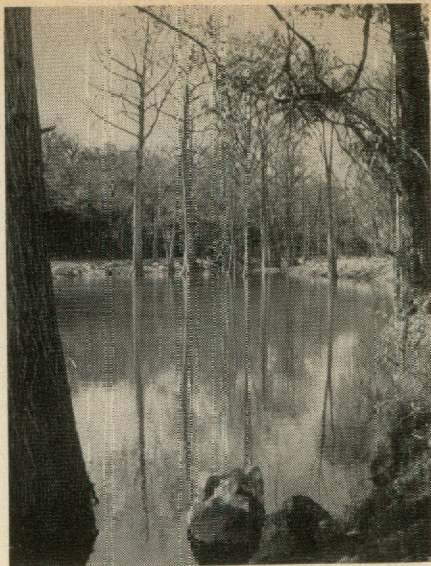
Their undoing was a sink-hole of soft mud, unseen along the bottom. Without even time to jettison part of the cargo, Editor Miller ditched Biologist Kemp and himself into the muck. Guns, shells, and bodies were dunked.

Soaked with the chill water and with the temperature near freezing, the two proceeded to their destination, set out their decoys without a quiver, and got in some shooting.

Yep, only duck hunters are like that.



In the Harris program of scattering special grasses by the thousands of pounds, this worker is the veritable man in motion—as one of a three-man seeding crew. His name is Tioviro Calderon.



A sylvan setting, mirroring the huge cypress trees, capturing the shimmering shadows—one of the countless scenic gems on the Harris estate.



Super-pecans from Harris' 1600 pecan trees are gleefully displayed by Foreman W. W. Gourley.

City Dollars Serve the Country

"Have to get that fixed."

He had glanced back where the car tracks stirred the shallow water trickling from one pond into another. The traffic disturbance soiled the crystal clear water in the lower pool.

"Need to concrete the roadway surface," he repeated laconically.

A little later a cement truck rumbled up to the back drive of the palatial Harris home. And the ex-city man with the calloused hands of a production-conscious country squire smilingly signed for another reinforce-

ment for his beloved Nature.

He doesn't find the time to orate too much, but he struck a stern note while sitting in his multi-windowed living room.

"Our country was founded by people who knew the value of land and water and trees. So the roots of the soil are in every American home. By heritage, everyone has the right to own a piece of land. And if a lot of the money wasted in the night clubs could be devoted to conserving our natural resources and into beauti-

fying the countryside, our country really would be a showplace."

He went on:

"My wife and I are doing here what our soil and wildlife authorities have been pleading with the people to do. We are impounding and utilizing water. We are increasing the productivity of the soil."

Harris got up from his chair and put on his weather-beaten jacket and battered hat. It was time to rejoin the workmen down in the creek bottoms.

The Fox Squirrel

where the squirrel population greatly exceeds food supply.

Both species of tree squirrels in Texas need a forest habitat in which many trees are mature and most are old enough to produce heavy seed crops and extensive foliage. Logging practices in the hardwood forests have reduced the squirrel range in East Texas. Clear cutting has denuded some areas so that squirrels cannot inhabit them.

The growing tendency to manage the East Texas forests for permanent production of timber is encouraging. The leaving of several mature seed trees per acre is generally recognized as the best method of reforestation. Such trees provide both food and cover for squirrels.

One additional point of interest is the amount of food that squirrels eat. If each squirrel eats its own weight of food per week, each acre of range that averages one squirrel to three acres must produce about twenty-two pounds of food for the squirrels in addition to supporting other wildlife and livestock. More than thirty million pounds, or fifteen thousand tons, of food are required to produce the six hundred thousand squirrels that are harvested annually in Texas.

It was noted previously that during the last forty years the range of the fox squirrel has been extended westward in Texas but reduced in the southern part of the state.

Mention might be made that fox squirrels were reported in western

Webb County and parts of Jim Hogg County by Vernon Bailey about 1905. During a survey by a Texas Game and Fish Commission biologist about ten years ago, no tree squirrels were found in these counties.

A game warden and a biologist reported seeing fox squirrels in northeastern Brooks County in the summer of 1942. These may have been the progeny of a few squirrels that were released in Kenedy County several years before. However, Vernon Bailey found fox squirrels in Brooks and Kenedy Counties during his survey of 1900 to 1905. It is likely that squirrels have always been scarce in this locality because of periodic severe droughts when squirrel foods are very scarce.

THE M O C K I N G B I R D

In Texas the range of the mockingbird extends from the long-leaf pines of the East and rustling palms of the Rio Grande to the wind-swept plains of the Panhandle and rocky cactus wastes of the Big Bend country. Making his home in every part of the state, no bird more popular than the mocker could have been chosen as the official state bird of Texas.

Since the mockingbird was first described by Linnaeus in the eighteenth century (from notes provided by Mark Catesby) and named *Mimus polyglottos*, "many-tongued mimic," hundreds of poems and songs have been written about it, and a myriad of legends and myths have developed as a result of attempts to explain its versatile vocal abilities.

In addition to Texas, four other states have chosen it as their state bird, proving that its popularity is indeed widespread.

The mockingbird belongs to the family *Mimidae*, represented in this country by the catbird, the thrashers, and the mockingbird and in tropical Mexico by many more species, including such striking forms as the Blue Mockingbird *Melanotis cerulescens*.

Here in the state of Texas we have the eastern subspecies of the mocker, *Mimus polyglottos* (Linnaeus) in the eastern part of the state and the western subspecies *Mimus polyglottos leucopterus* (Vigors) in the central and western parts. According to taxonomists, the western form is the larger of the two and has a relatively shorter tail; the bands of white in the wings are somewhat broader and the wing feathers are tipped with white. However, to the layman there is little in appearance to distinguish one subspecies from the other, although the western form does tend to be somewhat paler in coloration. Likewise, in general behavior, nesting habits, voice, and type of food, the eastern and the western forms of the mockingbird are so very similar that from this point we will consider only the species.

In appearance the mocker is easily distinguished from the catbird and the thrashers by markings and coloration. In song the catbird has more harsh and less musical notes punctuated by loud "cat-calls," and his imitations of other birds are usually repeated only once. The thrashers have more musical songs than the catbird and usually repeat imitations two or three times, while the mockingbird repeats his imitations many times.

There is one bird whose appearance and coloration is similar enough to that of the mocker to confuse beginning bird students: the shrike or "butcher bird" *Lanius ludovicianus*. On closer observation the dark patch through the eye and the relatively shorter tail and hooked beak should be sufficient to distinguish the shrike from the mocker; if not, then the smaller wings and rapid wing-beat in flight will.

Showing a distinct preference for areas around human habitation, the mockingbird, unlike certain other forms of wildlife, has probably increased in numbers with the advance of cultivation and settlement of the country. However, he does not insist upon this type of habitat and is frequently found singing from the top of some small tree or shrub overlooking a ranch road or a clearing miles from any type of human dwelling, particularly in the South Texas brush country.

Like all good Texans, the mockingbird is a permanent resident, as a rule, staying with us throughout the entire year. However, in various sections observations have been made that indicate a short migration in which the mockingbird populations tend to be concentrated in the southern part of the range in winter and then shift back northward in early spring. Banding operations provide constant opportunity for the collection of valuable data which help to establish definite evidence both of group and individual movements. Although the mockingbird

• Continued on Page 30

• Official State Bird of Texas

texas game and fish on postage stamps

By
J. L. BAUGHMAN



Jaguars once were more or less common throughout Texas. Now, however, they are seldom seen except in South Texas in the vicinity of the Mexican border.

Texas natural history on postage stamps? Like the farmer who saw his first giraffe, a lot of people will say "There hain't no such animal," but such an answer would be wrong.

Years ago I started such a collection for my own amusement. Each type of stamp bearing the likeness of a bird or animal found in Texas was placed in a loose-leaf album, usually facing a colored illustration, and below the illustration was entered a short description.

Today my collection occupies an album by itself, brightly illustrated with color prints and stamps, and containing a great deal of the natural history of our state.

There are stamps illustrating all sorts of things.

First and foremost, of course, because of their number and beauty, are the duck stamps issued by the United States. Nearly all of these bear portraits of species that are found in Texas. Starting with the first issue of 1934, they show mallards, canvas backs, Canada geese,

scaups, pintails, green-winged teal, ruddies, baldpates, wood ducks, white-fronted geese, shovellers, redheads, snow geese and golden-eyes, all of which winter in this area.

Buffaloes are shown on two more U. S. stamps, the four-cent Trans-Mississippi and the thirty-cent regular issue of 1923, and there is a buffalo skull in the corner of the stamp issued in 1940 to commemorate the Pony Express.

If you want little whales (or rather porpoises) a close look at the Maryland Tercentenary will show three of them gamboling off the bows of the Ark and Dove, the two ships which brought the founders of Maryland to America. A big blue whale like the one that came ashore at Freeport a few years ago is shown on a Falkland Island issue.

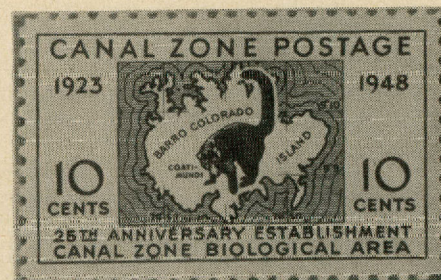
The Texas whitetail deer is pictured on the Michigan Centenary issue, and the same black bear that still inhabits a few odd corners of our state is found on a provisional stamp issued by the St. Louis post office in 1845. However, don't try to

The honey bear or coatimundi is found not only in the Canal Zone and Central America but also in scattered numbers in South Texas.

The fighting marlin is being found in Texas Gulf waters more frequently each year by deep-sea sports fishermen who are willing to seek him out.



Although not many Texans have seen whales in Gulf waters, a blue whale, like this one shown on the Falkland Island stamp, was washed ashore on Freeport beach a few years ago.



The swordfish, which ranks right at the top of the list of gamesters most eagerly sought by saltwater anglers, is found in Texas waters on rare occasions.



Snow geese, like on this U. S. duck stamp, are common winter visitors to Texas.



The exciting flying fish, famous in literature and song, is found at times along almost all parts of the Texas Gulf coast.

add this to your collection unless you want to spend anywhere from \$500.00 up.

Coatimundis or honey-bears are occasionally found in South Texas, along the border. This curious little animal, which spends much of its time in trees, travels about in noisy packs, hunting for food. There is no American stamp showing its picture, but there is one from the Canal Zone, commemorating the establishment of the Barro Colorado biological area, where these animals are also found.

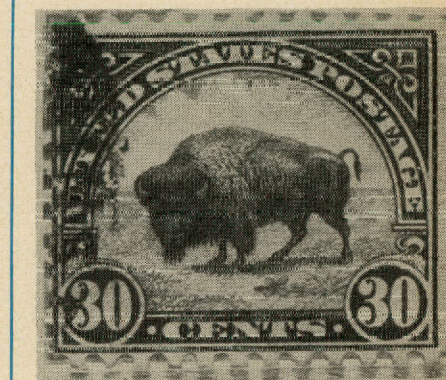
Beavers, which once almost were destroyed in this state, are now coming back under the careful management of the Texas Game and Fish Commission. Today they occur along the Rio Grande, up in the Panhandle, and in the Hill Country, and beaver skins are once more found in the furs marketed from Texas.

Coyotes and prairie dogs are found on some of the revenue stamps issued by North and South Dakota, and there are otters on the stamps of a number of countries, though none of them are the species found in Texas.

Our edible blue crab is shown on a recent United States issue, the Annapolis Tercentenary. The sea horse of our coasts (or one very similar) is on a Bermudian stamp. One of our Gulf flying fish has been commemorated by the island of Barbados, and two of the great game fish occasionally seen in Texas waters, marlin and broadbill swordfish, are shown on the stamps of Panama and New Zealand.

Last, but not least, is the jaguar, or Mexican "Tigre," a picture of which occurs on one of the Bolivian stamps. These great cats were formerly found at intervals over southern, central, and eastern Texas, north to the Red River. However, they are practically extinct in this area, only an occasional one wandering across the border from Mexico.

Of course, if one wants to, it is possible to illustrate a much more extensive natural history of the state, using the stamps issued by the North American Wildlife Federation. However, these are not postage or revenue stamps, and I have preferred to leave them out of my own collection.



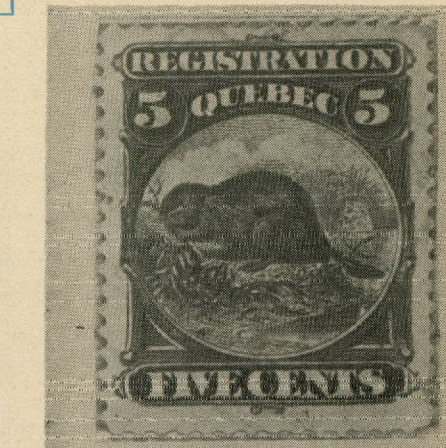
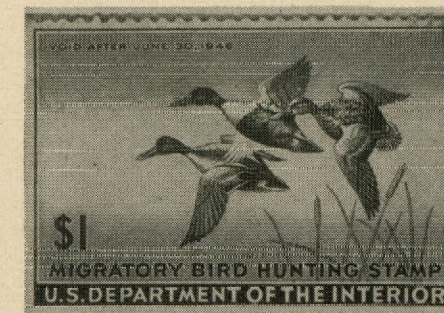
No animal typifies the old West and Southwest more pointedly than the buffalo, which once roamed the Texas prairies in great herds. A major source of food for the Indians and early settlers, the buffalo was honored on the regular issue U. S. 30-cent stamp for nearly two decades.

Beaver, like the prized furbearer on this Quebec revenue stamp, are slowly making a comeback in the parts of Texas where their dam-building habits are not regarded as a nuisance.

The white-tailed deer shown on this stamp commemorating the centenary of Michigan's statehood are the same as those found in Texas.



Shoveller ducks are common inhabitants of Texas bays in the winter.



But Ain't Hunting Grand?

A hunter wryly discusses the trials and catastrophes of an unsuccessful season and makes a vow. It isn't difficult to guess the rest.

By OLIVER COX

This popular bit of humor originally appeared in the *Bertram Enterprise*. The author is editor of that newspaper.—Ed.

Like many other "hopefuls" last deer season, I was in the famed deer country bright and early the very first day of the season. This particular place near Marble Falls, Texas, may not be considered by some the heart of the deer country, but at least it could be called a jugular vein.

My pulse steadily climbed during the A. M. as I counted does, yearlings and spikes; and by noon I had acquired the proportions of a hunchback from looking at tracks as I stooped through cedar brakes and cat-claws. Yet, I saw no legal bucks.

Enthusiasm had waned by late afternoon and both my pulse and temperature were back to normal, or below, as I realized that this one-day hunt was almost over.

I started back to the ranch house and to home. Then it happened! By some unknown phenomena, there he stood, a majestic creature, silhouetted against the evening sky.

As he vaulted over the hill out of sight, my pulse and temperature did a stock market reverse and soared to uncontrollable heights. He was visible for only about a couple of seconds, but long enough for me to shoot the top out of a live oak tree and shower him with acorns, leaves, and sound waves.

The relapse of deer fever was unbearable, so satisfaction was not to be had until a hunting privilege from the owner was secured for the remainder of the season.

It's over now, and after careful inventory and no trophy to grace the den for my beaming friends to admire while the gloating nimrod tells just

how it happened, it's hard to believe that a member of the human race, free born, white, and twenty-one, of sound mind and judgment, would endure the hardships and privations of deer hunting.

I wore out two pairs of shoes and the patience of two people; and, if the season had lasted another week, I would have been a grass widower.

I went six weeks without a hair cut, lost sleep, and went hungry. I've got callouses, abrasions, corns and bunions.

I hunted in hob-nails, boots, hip-boots, tennis shoes—every way except barefoot. I even thought of that. I wore overalls, khakis, woolens; I tried two or three pairs of pants, jackets, sweat shirts, and rain coats. Every mode of dress was tried except a bathing suit. Yes, I even thought of trying that.

I sat in trees and on the ground, but couldn't find a legal buck that would slip up on me.

I contracted hay fever, bad colds, fallen arches and rheumatics.

I made quick reverses out of cat-claw thickets, tore my pants three layers deep, and did not have on two pair either.



I fell out of trees, nose dived off cliffs, and trampled down so much grass that despite the rain the rancher is having to feed his cattle.

I wore all the "blue" off a new gun, and now it's so shiny it looks like it's chromium plated; but, the barrel is rusty on the inside. I wore out a set of tires and brake linings, and burned enough gasoline to stock a filling station; yet, if it hadn't been for sympathetic neighbors, there would have been no venison on the table.

I learned every doe and yearling by their first names, and I knew their family secrets. I know where I could find Jane or Jessie, or little Billy.

Jane was the racy type, she would race through the cedars with the speed of a Burlington Zephyr and whistling like the Texas Special running late. Jessie would play "hide and go seek," or "peek-a-boo"; then she would speed away waving her flag like a debutante waving her "hanky" at Robert Taylor.

Now I can see deer any where and at any time, in the kitchen sink, clothes closet, and in my shoes.

It's a grand and glorious feeling to know that the deer season is over; and, as I sit down to a late supper at home and begin to consider the debits and credits of my nimrodic achievements, a New Year's resolution seems in order.

So—in solemn meditation and with good intentions, I hereby resolve; To henceforth and forevermore, refuse to go, be led, or enticed through another hunting season.

B-r-r-r-r-r-

Pardon me, there's the telephone.

It was Andy. Says he's found a peach of a place for next season. Plenty of game and an easy place to hunt.

I can feel a touch of the fever and it will be grand to go again out in the open. To breathe the pure, fragrant air, commune with nature, and gaze at glorious sunsets! Yep, I'll be there so early the rancher will think I've come to spend the night.

That's hunting, but, ain't it grand?

Where to Find Your Local Game Warden

Your game warden is more than an enforcement officer. He is your local representative of the Game and Fish Commission. He is at your service to issue a license, to explain the work and services offered by the Commission, to interpret the game laws for you, or to help you in any way he can. Get better acquainted with him—he is there to serve you.

GAME WARDEN REGIONAL SUPERVISORS

Warden Supervisor	Address
Charles G. Jones	Box 12, Weslaco
A. W. Lewis	County Courthouse, Dallas
J. H. Maggard	Rt. 1, Box 739, Amarillo
Frank Mebane (Coastal)	Alvin
Lewis Morris	County Courthouse, Beaumont
E. M. Sprott	Box 801, Lufkin
G. M. Stricklin	Box 1186, Beeville
Herbert Ward	Catarina
E. F. Wehmeyer (Coastal)	Box 353, Palacios
A. R. Williams	Box 995, Alpine

WARDENS BY COUNTIES

County	Warden	Address
Anderson	Clarence D. Kornegay	Box 101, Palestine
Andrews	Noel J. Head	Box 991, Seminole
Angelina	Raymond E. Martin	Box 363, Lufkin
Aransas	M. B. Mullinax	Rockport
	Earl Sloan	Box 247, Aransas Pass
Archer	W. C. Cave	1408 15th St., Wichita Falls
	Morris E. Stallcup	2202 Brown, Wichita Falls
Armstrong	Calhoun Lovelace	Rt. 2, Canyon
Atascosa	Frank Smith	Pearsall
Austin	E. E. Hargett	Bellville
Bailey	Patrick L. Donnelly	Box 149, Littlefield
Bandera	L. D. Nuckles	Mico
	August Timmerman	Hondo
Bastrop	Dave Sellstrom	Box 322, Bastrop
Baylor	C. T. Pittman	Seymour
Bee	Curtis L. Oswalt	Box 7, Beeville
Bell	Floyd Gaby	Box 3127, Temple
Bexar	A. E. Hitzfelder	Co. Courthouse, San Antonio
	Alton Willmann	Co. Courthouse, San Antonio
Blanco	Travis M. Gilbreath	Box 163, Johnson City
Borden	William H. Pratt	Box 176, Lamesa
Bosque	Clifford H. Johnson	Box 237, Meridian
Bowie	John A. Shaddix	Box 783, New Boston
Brazoria	W. C. Childress	Box 181, Pearland
	H. T. Mayne	Box 37, Angleton
	Olin G. Thompson	Box 1101, Freeport
Brazos	J. D. Robertson	Box 894, Bryan
Brewster	Frank Hamer, Jr.	Box 727, Alpine
Briscoe	Calhoun Lovelace	Rt. 2, Canyon

County	Warden	Address
Brooks	Cob Carpenter	Falfurrias
	Harvey Schoen	Box 393, Falfurrias
Brown	John R. Wood	Box 223, Brownwood
Burleson	Paul Bogusch	Brenham
Burnet	John Taylor	Box 204, Marble Falls
Caldwell	J. E. Ferguson	Lytton Springs
Calhoun	George Johnson	Port Lavaca
Callahan	J. D. Jones	Box 401, Abilene
Cameron	William Stewart	Box 1444, Harlingen
	Robert Middleton	Port Isabel
Camp	Hugh Ashford	Big Sandy
Carson	Calhoun Lovelace	Rt. 2, Canyon
Cass	Joe Riggs	Linden
Castro	Patrick L. Donnelly	Box 149, Littlefield
Chambers	Jack Woodford	County Courthouse, Beaumont
	Clyde L. Renfro	County Courthouse, Beaumont
	George B. Killebrew	High Island
Cherokee	Clarence D. Kornegay	Box 101, Palestine
Childress	Charles F. Keller	Box 2, Childress
Clay	W. C. Cave	1408 15th St., Wichita Falls
	Morris E. Stallcup	2202 Brown, Wichita Falls
Cochran	Patrick L. Donnelly	Box 149, Littlefield
Coke	James J. White	1415 S. Van Buren, San Angelo
	Henry B. Burkett	2006 Pecos, San Angelo
Coleman	John R. Wood	Box 223, Brownwood
Collin	J. B. Brower	Box 952, Greenville
Collingsworth	G. P. Davis	Box 326, Shamrock
Colorado	T. T. Waddell	Eagle Lake
	Emmett Wolfsdorf	Columbus
Comal	W. F. Sumbling	Rt. 1, Box 120, New Braunfels
Comanche	Maurice S. Dry	1507 W. Commerce, Eastland
Concho	William F. Bennett, Jr.	Box 307, Brady
Cooke	J. W. Hudson	Gainesville
Coryell	Hubert Brooks	Box 1623, Waco
	Harley Berg	2316 Lasker Ave., Waco
Cottle	Charles F. Keller	Box 2, Childress
Crane	Nolan W. Johnson	Box 1002, McCamey
Crockett	John A. Lockett	Box 735, Ozona
Crosby	William V. Riddle	2608 37th St., Lubbock
Culberson	Walter T. Rinehart	Box 716, Van Horn
Dallam	Jess Felts	Box 727, Dalhart
Dallas	A. A. Stein	1st Floor, Co. Courthouse, Dallas
Dawson	William H. Pratt	Box 176, Lamesa
Deaf Smith
Delta	John L. Jackson	Box 425, Sulphur Springs
Denton	T. O. Bobbitt	Box 734, Denton
	J. Thomas Daniel	Box 456, Grapevine
DeWitt	C. D. Edmondson	209 W. Prairie, Cuero
Dickens	Cecil Fox	Box 295, Spur
Dimmit	J. E. Pond	Box 401, Carrizo Springs
Donley	G. P. Davis	Box 326, Shamrock
Duval	George Holbein	Hebbronville
Eastland	Maurice S. Dry	1507 W. Commerce, Eastland
Ector	Nolan W. Johnson	Box 1002, McCamey
Edwards	Malcolm Reinhardt	Rocksprings

Where to Find Your Local Game Warden

County	Warden	Address	County	Warden	Address
Ellis	A. A. Stein	1st Floor, Co. Courthouse, Dallas	Jackson	Billy Sprott	Box 806, Edna
El Paso	N. L. Chamberlain	Box 1423, El Paso	Jasper	J. W. Kincannon	Jasper
Erath	Edgar Sturdivant	Box 588, Stephenville	Jeff Davis	Clarence Vann	Box 1101, Marfa
Falls	Floyd Gaby	Box 3127, Temple	Jefferson	Jack Woodford	County Courthouse, Beaumont
Fannin	Clarence Jones	Trenton		Bert Cade	County Courthouse, Beaumont
Fayette	T. T. Waddell	Eagle Lake	Jim Hogg	Clyde L. Renfro	County Courthouse, Beaumont
Fisher	Emmett Wolfsdorff	Columbus	Jim Wells	George Holbein	Hebronville
Floyd	J. C. Worthington	Box 859, Sweetwater		Cob Carpenter	Falfurrias
Foard	Wm. V. Riddle	2608 37th St., Lubbock	Johnson	Harvey Schoen	Box 393, Falfurrias
Fort Bend	C. L. Boynton	510 W. 10th, Quanah		Harold A. Bierman	419 U. S. Courthouse, Ft. Worth
Franklin	H. T. Mayne	Box 37, Angleton	Jones	Joe M. Matlock	419 U. S. Courthouse, Ft. Worth
Freestone	John L. Jackson	Box 425, Sulphur Springs	Karnes	J. D. Jones	Box 401, Abilene
Frio	Brent Bergstrom	Fairfield	Kaufman	Murrell B. Hopkins	Box 407, Kaufman
Gaines	Frank Smith	Pearsall	Kendall	John Crow	Comfort
Galveston	Noel J. Head	Box 991, Seminole	Kenedy	Bill Garrett	Riviera
	R. Z. Finchum	2304 Strand, Galveston	Kent	Cecil Fox	Box 295, Spur
	C. B. Rohden	211 3rd St., N., Texas City	Kerr	Jack Gregory	511 Josephine, Kerrville
Garza	William V. Riddle	2608 37th St., Lubbock		J. J. Dent	Box 293, Kerrville
Gillespie	Adolph Heep	N. Lincoln St., Fredericksburg	Kimble	Robert S. Evins	Junction
Glasscock	Nolan W. Johnson	Box 1002, McCamey	King	Cecil Fox	Box 295, Spur
Goliad	C. D. Edmondson	209 W. Prairie, Cuero	Kinney	C. M. McBe	Box 589, Eagle Pass
	Claude Keeler	Box 7, Victoria	Kleberg	I. L. McDougald	Kingsville
Gonzales	Clarence Beezley	Hallettsville		W. D. Hicks	Box 282, Kingsville
Gray	G. P. Davis	Box 326, Shamrock	Knox	Max C. Kluge	6049 S. Alameda, Corpus Christi
Grayson	Hill Lawrence	Rt. 1, Pottsboro	Lamar	C. T. Pittman	Seymour
Gregg	Gus Cothran	Box 1131, Longview		R. H. Burks	Box 521, Paris
Grimes	J. D. Robtson	Box 894, Bryan		Vernon Burgess	Rt. 2, Paris
Guadalupe	F. E. Hollamon	Box 825, Seguin	Lamb	Patrick L. Donnelly	Box 149, Littlefield
Hale	William V. Riddle	2608 37th St., Lubbock	Lampasas	George T. Miller	Box 543, Lampasas
Hall	Charles F. Keller	Box 2, Childress	LaSalle	John E. Hearne	Cotulla
Hamilton	Clifford H. Johnson	Box 237, Meridian		Russell N. Lancaster	Box 652, Cotulla
Hansford	Starkey Whitehorn	Box 397, Stinnett	Lavaca	Clarence Beezley	Hallettsville
Hardeman	C. L. Boynton	510 W. 10th, Quanah	Lee	David W. Sellstrom	Box 322, Bastrop
Hardin	Harry Collins, Jr.	Silsbee	Leon	Seth Taylor	Normangee
Harris	Robert L. Cross, Jr.	1202 Prudential Ins. Bldg., Houston	Liberty	Garth Christopher	Box 344, Liberty
	Martin A. Peterson	1202 Prudential Ins. Bldg., Houston	Limestone	Brent Bergstrom	Fairfield
	C. J. Hale	Box 307, LaPorte	Lipscomb	Woody Pond	George West
	H. A. Ellis	Karnack	Live Oak	B. C. Peebles	Mathis
Harrison	Jess Felts	Box 727, Dalhart		F. C. Henze	Box 283, Llano
Hartley	Harry B. Iverson	Box 176, Throckmorton	Llano	J. C. Moore	Box 343, Pecos
Haskell	Ben Gaddy	604 Josephine, Austin	Loving	Robert E. Miller	2608 37th St., Lubbock
Hays	Woody Pond	Box 78, Canadian	Lubbock	William V. Riddle	2608 37th St., Lubbock
Hemphill	Fred Gilliam	Box 746, Athens	Lynn	William V. Riddle	Normangee
Henderson	Eugene O. Willmann	Box 87, Edinburg	Madison	Seth Taylor	Box 209, Jefferson
Hidalgo	Louis Clymer	Whitney	Marion	Bill Belote	Box 176, Lamesa
Hill	Patrick L. Donnelly	Box 149, Littlefield	Martin	William H. Pratt	Mason
Hockley	Edgar Sturdivant	Box 588, Stephenville	Mason	D. V. Williams	Box 1346, Bay City
Hood	John L. Jackson	Box 425, Sulphur Springs	Matagorda	C. F. Ray	Box 1254, Bay City
Hopkins	Thomas C. Browning, Jr.	404 N. 4th, Crockett		Harold W. Martin	Box 589, Eagle Pass
Houston	William H. Pratt	Box 176, Lamesa		C. M. McBe	Hondo
Howard	N. L. Chamberlain	Box 1423, El Paso		August Timmerman	Mico
Hudspeth	J. B. Brower	Box 952, Greenville		L. D. Nuckles	Menard
Hunt	Starkey V. Whitehorn	Box 397, Stinnett		W. G. Craig	Box 1002, McCamey
Hutchinson	James J. White	1415 S. Van Buren, San Angelo		Nolan W. Johnson	201 Easterwood, Hearne
Irion	Henry B. Burkett	2006 Pecos, San Angelo		Ross Seale	
Jack	J. T. Hooten	Box 261, Jacksboro			

County	Warden	Address
San Saba	Del Bowers	Box 275, San Saba
Schliecher	W. G. Craig	Box 859, Sweetwater
Scurry	J. W. Worthington	Box 401, Abilene
Shackelford	J. D. Jones	Center
Shelby	Rix Duke	Box 397, Stinnett
Sherman	Starkey V. Whitehorn	516 S. Peach, Tyler
Smith	J. L. Hardie	Box 588, Stephenville
Somervell	Edgar Sturdivant	Box 342, Rio Grande City
Starr	Marvin Pullin	1507 W. Commerce, Eastland
Stephens	Maurice S. Dry	1415 S. Van Buren, San Angelo
Stirling	James J. White	2006 Pecos, San Angelo
Stonewall	Henry B. Burkett	Box 295, Spur
Sutton	Cecil Fox	Sonora
Swisher	T. F. Wheelis, Jr.	Rt. 2, Canyon
Tarrant	Calhoun Lovelace	419 U. S. Courthouse, Ft. Worth
	Harold A. Bierman	419 U. S. Courthouse, Ft. Worth
	Joe M. Matlock	Box 401, Abilene
Taylor	J. D. Jones	Box 921, Sanderson
Terrill	Ed M. Lacy	Box 991, Seminole
Terry	Noel J. Head	Box 176, Throckmorton
Throckmorton	Harry B. Iverson	Mt. Pleasant
Titus	Wardlow Northam	1419 S. Van Buren, San Angelo
Tom Green	James J. White	2006 Pecos, San Angelo
Travis	Henry B. Burkett	3402 Sunshine Dr., Austin
	Grover Simpson	3706 Basford, Austin
Trinity	Harold D. Penney	Box 363, Lufkin
	Raymond E. Martin	Rt. 1, Box 554, Livingston
Tyler	J. C. Manning	Box 21, Woodville
Upshur	James J. Tisdale	Big Sandy
Upton	Hugh Ashford	Box 1002, McCamey
Uvalde	Nolan W. Johnson	Box 462, Uvalde
Val Verde	W. A. Gentry	Box 255, Del Rio
	J. B. Phillips	Ozona
Van Zandt	John A. Lockett	Box 407, Kaufman
Victoria	Murrell B. Hopkins	209 W. Prairie, Cuero
	C. D. Edmondson	Box 7, Victoria
Walker	Claude E. Keller	Box 973, Huntsville
Waller	Lewis C. Hallum	Bellville
Washington	E. E. Hargett	Box 343, Pecos
Webb	Robert E. Miller	Brenham
Wharton	Paul Bogusch	417 Matamoros, Laredo
	C. E. Whitenton	Box 1346, Bay City
	C. F. Ray	Box 1254, Bay City
	Harold Martin	Box 806, Edna
	Billy M. Spratt	Box 326, Shamrock
	G. P. Davis	1408 15th St., Wichita Falls
Wheeler	W. C. Cave	2202 Brown, Wichita Falls
Wichita	Morris E. Stallcup	Box 653, Raymondville
	C. L. Boynton	Box 12, Georgetown
Willbarger	Wm. H. Gooch	Box 825, Seguin
Willacy	Aubrey J. Shaw	Box 343, Pecos
Willson	F. E. Hollamon	Box 261, Jacksboro
Winkler	Robert E. Miller	516 S. Peach, Tyler
Wise	J. T. Hooten	Box 991, Seminole
Wood	J. L. Hardie	Box 176, Throckmorton
Yoakum	Noel J. Head	Box 342, Rio Grande City
Young	Harry B. Iverson	Box 401, Carrizo Springs
Zapata	Marvin Pullin	
Zavala	J. E. Pond	

County	Warden	Address
Mills	Del Bowers	Box 275, San Saba
Mitchell	J. W. Worthington	Box 859, Sweetwater
Montague	J. W. Hudson	Gainesville
Montgomery	Starkey V. Kincannon	Box 188, Conroe
Moore	Charles V. Whitehorn	Box 397, Stinnett
Morris	Bill Belote	Box 209, Jefferson, S. Hy. 67
Motley	John Shaddix	Box 783, New Boston, N. Hy. 67
McCulloch	William F. Bennett, Jr.	Box 2, Childress
McLennan	Hubert Brooks	Box 307, Brady
McMullen	Harley Berg	Box 1623, Waco
Nacogdoches	B. C. Peebles	2316 Lasker, Waco
Navarro	J. N. English	George West
Newton	Olan H. Davis	Box 11, Tilden
	Fred Gilliam	Box 81, N. St. Sta., Nacogdoches
	Joe Murphy	Box 746, Athens
Nolan	J. W. Kincannon	Buna
Nueces	J. W. Worthington	Box 313, Jasper
	J. L. McDougald	Box 859, Sweetwater
	Max C. Kluge	Kingsville
	Herman Schliesing	6049 S. Alameda, Corpus Christi
Ochiltree	Woody Pond	County Courthouse, Corpus Christi
Oldham	Box 73, Canadian
Orange	Bert G. Cade
	Clyde L. Renfro	County Courthouse, Beaumont
	Jack Woodford	County Courthouse, Beaumont
Palo Pinto	Leon Stowe	County Courthouse, Beaumont
Panola	Edgar Sturdivant	Graford
Parker	Robert B. Jesse	Box 588, Stephenville
Parmer	Harold A. Bierman	Box 302, Carthage
Pecos	Joe M. Matlock	419 U. S. Courthouse, Ft. Worth
Polk	Patrick L. Donnelly	419 U. S. Courthouse, Ft. Worth
Potter	Ed Lacy	Box 149, Littlefield
Presidio	J. C. Manning	Box 921, Sanderson
Rains	Calhoun Lovelace	Rt. 1, Box 215, Livingston
Randall	C. D. Vann	Rt. 2, Canyon
Reagan	Joe B. Brower	Box 1101, Marfa
Real	Calhoun Lovelace	Box 952, Greenville
Red River	Nolan W. Johnson	Rt. 2, Canyon
Reeves	R. L. Stevens	Box 1002, McCamey
Refugio	Oma Puckett	Leakey
Roberts	R. H. Burks	Annona
Robertson	Robert E. Miller	Box 521, Paris
Rockwall	M. B. Mullinax	Box 343, Pecos
Runnels	W. T. Harris	Rockport
Rusk	Woody Pond	Box 511, Woodsboro
Sabine	Ross Seale	Box 73, Canadian
San Augustine	A. A. Stein	201 Easterwood, Hearne
San Jacinto	J. J. White	Courthouse, Dallas
San Patricio	Henry B. Burkett	1415 S. Van Buren, San Angelo
	Gus Cothran	2006 Pecos, San Angelo
	George E. Berry	Box 1131, Longview
	Rix Duke	Rt. 2, San Augustine
	George E. Berry	Center
	Olan H. Davis	Rt. 2, San Augustine
	Lewis C. Hallum	Box 81, N. St. Sta., Nacogdoches
	Franklin C. Henze	Box 973, Huntsville
	Curtis Oswalt	Mathis
	Earl Sloan	Box 7, Beeville
		Box 247, Aransas Pass

normally occurs throughout Texas, in other parts of the United States it has been gradually extending its range northward and now is reported to nest as far north as Southern New England—in smaller numbers of course.

Most of us have had the good fortune, and frequent excitement, of observing the nesting activities of a pair of mockers at one time or another.

The male establishes his territory in early spring and defends it from all comers. Choosing a conspicuous song perch, whether it be a telephone pole, chimney, or the tiptop branch of a tree, he announces his ownership of the area in song and dares anyone to trespass. The bird who ignores his warning, finds itself attacked with unrelenting fury and driven from the neighborhood. So pugnacious is he at this time that he has repeatedly been observed fighting his image in a nearby window, or even in the radiator or hub cap of a car.

During this period, mockers also have a habit of performing a "dance," the purpose of which is still subject to dispute by certain observers, some saying that it is obviously a courtship performance, while others feel that it may be a part of territorial defense and report having seen it occur at various times of the year and with various combinations of sexes.

Regardless of purpose, the birds still carry on this activity. Holding heads and tails high with feathers depressed, two birds face each other and hop and dart back and forth with graceful dance-like movements.

Another interesting habit of the mockingbird that is frequently observed is the walking or strutting

around with head and tail erect while opening and closing the wings, thereby exposing the white bands or wing patches. There are likewise many conjectures as to the reason for this particular activity, most taking cognizance of the white bands in the wing; however, in the light of recent observations on other forms such cognizance seems to be of little or no value.

At times they are also seen walking along raising and lowering the spread tail as if deliberately performing.

Although there are always a few exceptions, the mockingbird nests within ten or twelve feet of the ground, often choosing a site in shrubbery or vines near a house or garage. In the more arid regions, they frequently nest in the prickly-pear cactus—which provides food as well as protection—thorny shrubs, and mesquite, and further south they seem to prefer the various citrus trees.

The male helps the female build a well-constructed nest, the main body of which is usually composed of dead twigs and then lined with tiny rootlets and grass, but the material used may vary considerably, depending upon what is available in the locality. The nest-building usually takes three or four days to complete.

Then an average of four or five bluish green (ranging from bluish white to rich shades of blue or green) heavily splotched eggs are laid. There is some variation in the length of incubation period but it is generally accepted as somewhere between 10 and 14 days, most all of the incubating apparently being done by the female. The male does assist with the feeding of the young, who normally remain in the nest for about two weeks if undisturbed. Even after leaving the nest when able to fly, the young will follow the adults from tree to tree giving hunger calls and sit with wings spread and quivering while waiting to be fed. In the parts of their range where there is a long growing season, mockingbirds frequently raise three broods per year.

During the nesting period the defensive instinct is near its peak and the adult birds appear to be completely without fear. Screaming and scolding, they "dive-bomb" any dog, cat, or other animal that may acci-

dentally stray into their territory. Sometimes in their fury they have been observed actually landing on the back of a dog or cat while vigorously striking him with the beak. They also will attack snakes, hawks, owls, or other birds with equal belligerence. This may explain why there are relatively few records of cowbirds' eggs being laid in the nests of mockers. Where the range of the mocker overlaps that of the scissor-tailed flycatcher *Muscivora forficata* the battles are numerous and noisy although not necessarily serious.

The young of the mockingbirds are fed soft-bodied and other insects, many of which are harmful pests, including a great majority of grasshoppers. In addition to the animal food, adult mockers eat considerable amounts of plant food—particularly fruit. It is this fondness for fruit that sometimes gets them in trouble with fruit-growers, although research has shown that they do prefer wild fruit and eat considerably more of it than of the domestic varieties. In fact it is in a few isolated areas only that the mockers eat enough domestic fruit to be considered injurious.

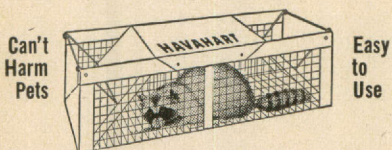
Among the wild fruits eaten, our Texas birds take the fruit of the prickly-pear cactus *Opuntia*, yucca species, the small red pepper, and especially hackberry and granjeno. These hardy birds also eat the seeds of the poison ivy in the regions where it occurs. On the whole we may say that our mockingbirds are rather omnivorous when they need be, although they do choose the great bulk of their diet from wild fruits—so long as such fruits are available.

There is no question but that the most outstanding characteristic of the mockingbird is his uncanny ability to imitate and even improve upon the songs and calls of other birds, including domestic fowls. Other members of his family, and a few birds in other families, possess the ability to imitate to a limited degree but none can even begin to approach the unmatched repertoire of *Mimus polyglottos*.

One observer reports having heard a mocker "change his tune 87 times in 7 minutes," and the gentleman was able to identify 58 of the imitations.

Concluded on Page 32

CATCH THEM ALIVE AND UNHURT



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

HAVAHART, 49J Water St., Ossining, N.Y.
Please let me in on your trapping secrets.
Name _____
Address _____

Editor:

. . . You asked for a "gripe" letter, so I am writing one. How about more articles on "Marine Fishes of Texas" and fresh-water "Fishes of Texas?"

Keith W. Blalock
Route 2, Box 34
Jourdantown, Texas

(These two series of articles appeared over a long period of time in TEXAS GAME AND FISH. They were discontinued, not because they were unpopular but only because the authors ran out of species to write about! As a matter of fact, a number of the articles about the fresh-water species already have been reprinted a second time.)

(However, if enough of our readers indicate a desire to see them in print again, we have no objection to having a go at another round. Let us hear from you.)

Editor:

. . . I am enclosing five gift subscriptions . . .

It seems to me that a small corner in each issue could be made quite interesting and informative to many readers if it gave a scientific . . . explanation of the actual facts regarding common misconceptions or "Old Wives' Tales" about game, fish, or other wildlife. My vision of the presentation is to draw a cartoonish illustration of each situation, with the data below.

. . . Incidentally, I am glad to see the space provided for the address on the back cover. It is a fine improvement.

B. K. Miller
224 Mullen Building
Alice, Texas

(The suggestion sounds like a good one. It so happens that TEXAS GAME AND FISH carried a series of articles back in the early '40's along this line entitled "So You Believe It, Eh?" The idea of an accompanying drawing is better, and we are working on it already.)

(We hope the back cover space is the answer for those who objected to having the address label pasted over the pictorial material.)

DOG PAD

Guaranteed Foot Conditioner



(Reg. U. S. Pat. Office)

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

8 OZ. BOTTLE, POSTPAID, \$3.00

DOG PAD COMPANY, ALBANY, TEXAS

Editor:

. . . I would like to suggest TEXAS GAME AND FISH as an excellent gift for farmers on whose places we hunt and fish. They will appreciate this bit of thoughtfulness . . . and their children will enjoy the magazine, too.

A gift subscription also is an excellent way of expressing appreciation to someone who takes you hunting or fishing or does some other service for which one cannot properly pay cash . . .

E. B. Beckham
819 North Tylor
Dallas, Texas

Editor:

On November 17 I killed an eight-point buck near Fairfield with tag No. W-1277 in its ear. I would like to know the history of this deer . . .

I enjoy hunting more than almost anything, so I wish to express my thanks to the Game and Fish Commission for trying to make our sporting life more enjoyable . . .

Robert T. Ford
716 South 18th
Waco, Texas

(The records show that this deer was trapped and tagged in Kenedy County. It was released Nov. 10, 1950, in Freestone County about four or five miles from where it was killed. The deer was a fawn when tagged so should have been about two and one-half years old.)

(This buck was transplanted as part of the Game and Fish Commission's restocking program in Freestone County. The season was re-opened there this year after a five-year closed period of restocking and rejuvenation [see story on page 7]. It is this project, one of many scattered about the state, for which Mr. Ford expresses his appreciation.)

Editor:

. . . pertaining to the outbreak of fires . . . let's give the farmer all the help we can. After all, it is from him we get permission to hunt.

And the great little bobwhite quail depends a lot on Mr. Farmer.

Robert F. Jack
Box 131
Skellytown, Texas

(How right you are! In fact, the entire future of the bobwhite and all other game rests entirely in the hands of our ranchers and farmers. And the farmer, with the help of the individual hunter or the sportsmen's organizations of the state, can do more than all the game commissions in the world to provide better hunting.)

Editor:

Do you have any bulletins, pamphlets, etc., for free distribution to schools?

From time to time, you have sent my children such free materials, and they have been enjoyed completely.

We certainly like *Texas Game and Fish*.

It appeals to children as well as to grown people.

If the children can be given the right slant on game protection, and if this subject is taught in the schools as well as in publications, it appears that conservation will have won its first rounds in a continuing fight.

Thank you for past considerations and for the work of your department throughout Texas.

H. H. Miller
Elementary Principal
Odessa Schools
Odessa, Texas

(Your support of the cause of conservation education in the schools is greatly appreciated.)

(We are sending you one of our "Teachers Packets" [see Texas Game and Fish, April, 1952], which contains general information and materials for use of teachers interested in wildlife. Other specialized bulletins and pamphlets also are available to the public from the Commission.)

In reading the November issue . . . I was very disappointed to find that Edwards County was not included in the resume concerning deer country. This was not quite fair to our county, as it is well known that Edwards County is a hunter's paradise and raises some of the largest bucks in this area . . .

Mrs. Warren Hutt, Secretary
Edwards County Chamber
of Commerce
Rocksprings, Texas

(The article did not attempt complete statewide coverage, only a representative spot check. It would have been virtually impossible to have covered ALL the deer country. We will remember you next year.)

HAVE YOU CHANGED YOUR ADDRESS?

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

Name

Old Address

City, State

New Address

City, State

A similar report has come from A. V. Goodpasture of Nashville, Tennessee, who recorded one bird that changed his song 137 times in ten minutes and repeated each from one to twelve times.

There seems to be no recognizable limit as to the number or the species of birds that a mocker may learn to imitate. Among a few of the more startling imitations that our Texas birds render are calls of the roadrunner, the nighthawk, the chuck-will's-widow, and even the chachalaca. Of course these imitations are less frequently heard than those of such birds as the scissor-tailed flycatcher, orioles, gnatcatchers, titmice, sparrows and other common birds.

There is a story of mockers learning the song of caged nightingales and repeating it so well that the nightingales became silent and thereafter refused to sing.

Not only are mockers able to imitate other birds, but they also show definite ability to remember calls and songs from one season to the next. In fact it is most disconcerting to hear the clarion call of some summer resident bursting forth in the middle of winter—until you look outside and see the mocker who is responsible for it. His cheerful singing at night and in the winter months when most birds are entirely silent are other characteristics that make the mocker beloved by Texans everywhere.

Young mockers begin their vocal

training when only a few months old, some starting by the end of their first month, but most of them indulge only in calls for the first few months. Their earliest musical attempts are very soft low "whisper" songs (without imitations) which tend to go unobserved by the amateur birder. Adult mockers also give "whisper" songs which are among the loveliest of all their renditions being appealingly soft and evanescent.

Although the mockingbird does sing throughout the year, it is only natural that the climax of his singing occurs in the spring and summer during the nesting season. It is this time of the

year that he seems too filled with song to contain himself, and as you watch and listen to his pouring forth melody upon melody and weaving together the varied songs of his associates with his own musical arrangements, he seems literally to be swept from his perch by his exuberance and carried high into the air singing all the while.

Even nightfall fails to dampen his ardor. From the top of an orange tree flooded with moonlight, the veritable symphony of a mockingbird mingled with the fragrance of orange blossoms leaves a memory unparalleled in the ornithological world—and one of which any Texan may well be proud.

The Bobwhite Story

Continued From Page 9

There was nothing to do but gamble.

"Joe, do you see that post third from the left on my side of the car? I'm going to focus on the top of that one and hope," was Fitzgerald's decision.

Brower, remarking that his lips already were sore from the long day of repeated whistles, made like a quail.

From a distance came a weak, faintly audible answer. Brower repeated the call. Again came the answer, a little louder, a little closer.

"There he is, coming down the fencerow—in back of you," Brower whispered.

The bobwhite darted through the grass along the fencerow, then ner-

vously crossed the road in front of the car.

"Get ready," Brower breathed. "He's getting ready to fly!"

Without hesitation and as if rehearsed a hundred times, the bobwhite took off—and landed on the exact fence post upon which the photographer had focused his camera!

The scene was filmed.

Brower moved the car a little closer. A second scene was made.

Photographer Fitzgerald, anxious to get the best shot possible, urged Brower to "drive just a little closer."

The car inched forward. Brower whistled softly—bob . . . white . . . bob . . . white. The quail, now so close he looked big as a buzzard in the camera sights, answered again and again as the camera purred.

That scene, complete with sound, now is part of the new movie.

It is only one small part of the entire production and presents just a single instance of the time, patience, and persistence necessary to make up the whole of "The Bobwhite Story."

This latest Texas Game and Fish Commission motion picture production, filmed in color and sound, will take its place with "Master White-tail," "Outlaw of the Cameron," and others in the Commission's educational film library.

Date of its release will be announced soon in TEXAS GAME AND FISH. No applications for bookings of the new film can be accepted by the Commission until that time.

FIVE WHOLE YEARS

or

ONE YEAR

\$500

Subscribe
Now!

\$100

Clip and Mail This Blank Today!

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

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

Name _____

Street and Number _____

City and State _____

New _____, Renewal _____

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

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



BOOKS



THE WISE FISHERMEN'S ENCYCLOPEDIA edited by A. J. McClane. 1,376 pages. Illustrated with 32 color pages and 700 drawings. Published 1951 by William H. Wise and Co., Inc., New York, New York. Price \$4.95.

This book, selected as the first in a new series of "time tested" outdoor favorites to be reviewed by **TEXAS GAME AND FISH**, is a must for the fisherman, whether he fishes from the bank with a worm-baited hook or is a dry fly purist.

This amazing book covers everything. The book dares the reader to ask a question concerning fishing it can't answer.

Hundreds of fish species are covered in full with illustration, description,

common and scientific names, range, habits, food, and directions for catching. There are dozens of

features about tackle, baits, and lures and their proper use. In addition, a wide range of subjects touching on fishing are included, such as boats, places to fish, weather, boat and camping gear, clothing, cooking, and navigation.

The book is a cinch to use, for each subject is listed alphabetically. It's as easy to find the answer to a problem as to look up a word in the dictionary. Just look up the name of a fish, piece of tackle, bait, or any subject, and it will be found in alphabetical order. Some entries are covered in a single sentence. Others are given several dozen pages. For instance 17 pages are devoted to the heading "Line," and 37 pages are given to "Rod Building."

A valuable system of cross-indexing lists at the end of each subject other headings in the book which offer relative information on that subject.

There is no end to the variety of

information contained. For instance, there is a listing for each state, with subheads describing the best fishing spots and the kind of fish and fishing to be found there.

The only possible fault of the book is poor color work, but this does not interfere in the least with its usefulness.

No outdoor library is complete without this publication, and for the fisherman who wants only one book, this is it.

THE BOOK OF FISHES edited by John Oliver La Gorce. 340 pages. Illustrated with 116 color paintings, 91 color photos, and 170 black and white photos. Published 1952 by the National Geographic Society, Washington 6, D. C. Price \$6.50.

This impressive and absorbing book lives up to what would be expected of a National Geographic Society publication.

As a reference book, it covers 236 species of fish from all over the world with emphasis on those of North America. All are illustrated in color and described with a brief biography.

Fifteen chapters, written in interesting non-technical manner, add fas-

cinating feature material covering various subjects.

Illustrations occupy a good three-fourths of the space in this book. There are some unexcelled black and white action photos of leaping fish taken at water level which almost steal the show from the fine color photography covering fishing scenes, lures, and fish and other aquatic life.

A group of underwater color photographs of some of the more colorful and unusual fish by Walter H. Chute are unbelievably brilliant.

Most of the 116 color paintings are by Hashine Murayama. The best are by Walter A. Weber.

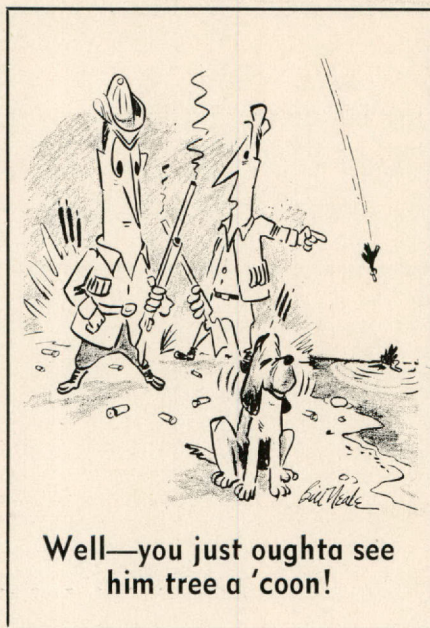
The reader, after being greatly impressed first by the extravagant illustration of the book, may on second glance be disappointed by the haphazard arrangement of the material.

The biographies and pictures of the individual species are scattered in groups throughout the book. Some break into the middle of the feature articles with no relationship to those articles whatsoever.

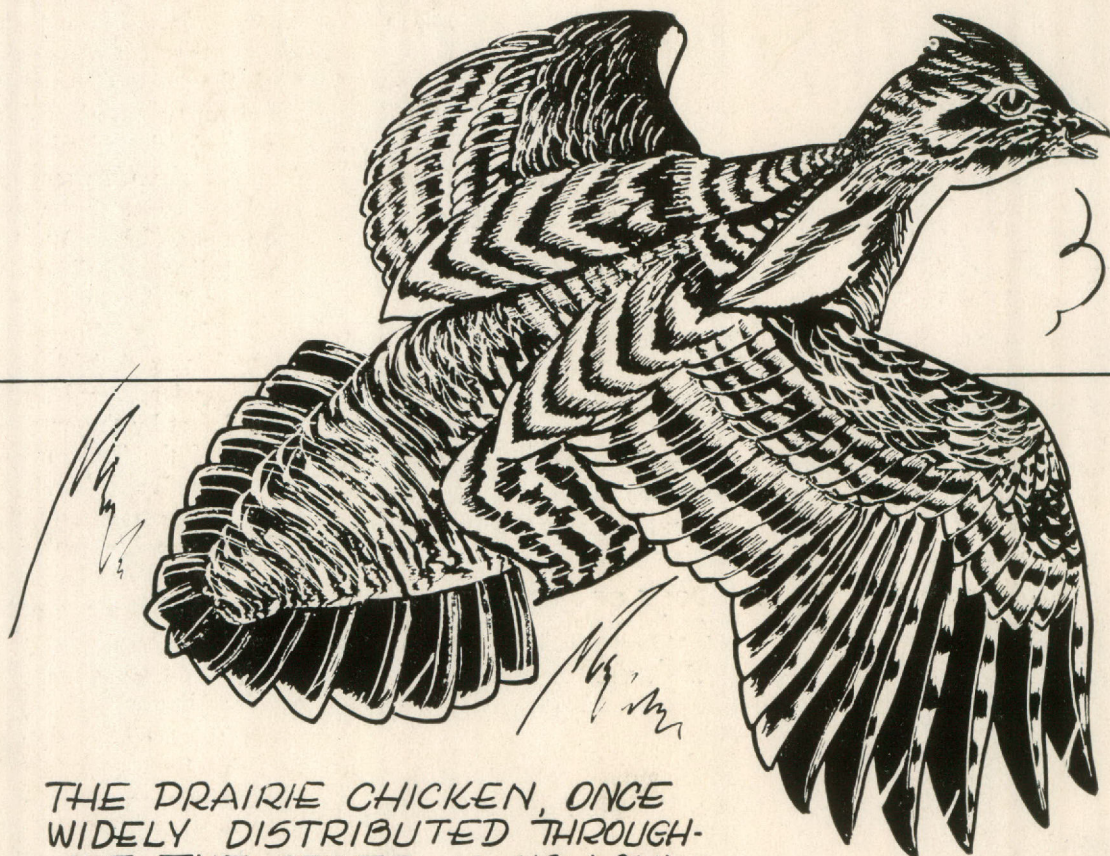
On third glance, the reader will find this book tops for "just browsing." There are short, excellent features galore, all of them fascinating, and the cutlines under all the illustrations tell stories in themselves.

Included in the list of feature pictorial series, for instance, is one showing how an African lungfish was shipped to this country in a ball of dry mud. Photos show the ball being sawed apart, the shriveled dehydrated fish being placed in water, and finally the fish after it has regained its full size and action. Another six-picture series shows a pike chasing, catching, and devouring a carp, and a single photo illustrates the fossil remains of two prehistoric fish, one of which died with the other fish in its mouth, half swallowed.

When the browsing is finished, the reader may find himself equally as entertained while attacking the lengthier articles like "The Lordly Tarpon—Angler's Delight," with some terrific photos of tarpon leaping sky high, or "Angling in the United States," an intriguing history superbly told of the development of fishing and fishing tackle in this country.



VANISHING TEXAN



THE PRAIRIE CHICKEN, ONCE WIDELY DISTRIBUTED THROUGHOUT THE STATE, IS NOW ONLY SPARSELY SCATTERED IN THE NORTH PLAINS AND THE COASTAL PRAIRIES. HIS NUMBERS ARE DIMINISHING WITH THE INCREASE IN CULTIVATED LAND.

A DELICACY TO GRACE ANY TABLE THE PRAIRIE CHICKEN PROVIDED SPORT FOR HUNTERS FOR MANY YEARS. HE IS NOW PROTECTED LIVING HIS LAST DAYS IN THE SHADOW OF THE PLOW

Woolbridge

Texas Game & Fish

To:

Published Monthly by

The Texas Game and Fish Commission

Waltcn State Building

Austin 14, Texas

Subscription Price—\$1.00 Per Year