

Texas Game and Fish

NOVEMBER

1954

TEN CENTS



ORICE

THEY and WE

or

Is This What's Wrong With Your Sportsman's Club?

Ever hear a member say — “THEY ought to run our club this way!”??

Ever wonder who are THEY, who get the brunt the live-long day?
THEY are the ones some call a clique, who plan the work so things will tick.

THEY fix the lights and sweep the floor; THEY handle every needed chore.
THEY keep the clubroom up to snuff; THEY worry about the heat and stuff.

THEY line up speakers, pictures, too, and people who will work for you.
THEY do the leg-work, write the mail, provide a program without fail.

Director's meetings THEY attend, committee meetings without end.
On evenings THEY could spend at home, on your club's business THEY
must roam.

THEY take new members into hand; THEY run instruction sessions; and
THEY must manage all the work the other members like to shirk.

Some pay their dues and think that this permits them to stand by and hiss.
THEY pay the same dues, it is true, but gain no more than YOU and YOU.

Is paying dues your duty's end, or do a helping hand you lend?
As true as “God can make a tree,” YOU ought to change the THEY to WE.

“Tenny” Jones, Secretary,
League of Ohio Sportsmen

Reprinted courtesy Outdoor Writers Association of America

Texas Game and Fish



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TEXAS GAME AND FISH is published monthly by the Texas Game and Fish Commission. Subscription price \$1.00 per year. Single copies of current issue 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 post office 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.



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

November, 1954

Vol. XII, No. 12

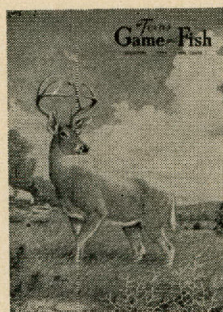


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Hunting for Fun (Cartoons)...Inside Back Cover



The Cover

To most Texans, the white-tailed deer is king of game animals. Texas is one of the nation's leading deer states and can claim a number of record trophies. Landowners in the "Hill Country" have been largely responsible for sizeable deer population gains in the past quarter century as hunting by lease has gained popularity. And deer also are staging a comeback in East Texas, thanks to restocking programs and increased protection. This month's painting is by Orville O. Rice.

Lookin' In on the Outdoors

With Townsend Miller, Editor

Views and Slants

It's funny how many different ideas folks can get concerning the same thing. Who hasn't at some time or another said, "He has the wrong slant on that." Maybe so. Maybe not. It probably depends on how he is or might be affected.

Sometime last summer, I was talking with Toosie Wakefield, the friendly, energetic guy who has a fisherman's hangout and boat dock at Aransas Pass and the concessions on Port Aransas' famed free Gulf fishing pier.

The day wasn't too pleasant, and Toosie said, "I probably won't have a satisfied customer all day. No one's catching any fish."

"But," I chimed in, "you can't help it if the fish can't bite."

"That's not what I mean," Toosie replied. "They won't gripe to me about the fishin'. Take for instance that guy sitting there in the cafe, eating. When he came in awhile ago he said the live shrimp I sold him died too quick and were too small. Then he mumbled something about the boat leaking. And two to one says he won't eat half his meal."

"BUT . . ." Toosie went on, "if he'd come in with a good string of fish, things would have been different. Those same shrimp would have been the beatin'est go-getters he ever saw, and he would have thought that boat was the finest he ever hit the water with. Probably would have asked where he could get one like it. And last time he was here—when the fish were biting—he ate two helpings of those chicken and dumplin's."

You know, old Toosie probably has something there!

What's Important?

And you take these biologists who spend their lives out in the field, day after day, studying our wildlife and game so you and I can have better hunting and fishing. Fish and game are mighty important to them or they wouldn't be doing what they're doing. Yet when I had occasion to be around a bunch of them recently, they gave me something to think about just by NOT mentioning fish or game very often.

That sounds kind of crazy, and that's what made me do a little thinking. When you and I and the average hunter and fisherman get together, we talk plenty about fish and game. We swap stories about all the bass we caught at Lake Luscious, or of how we finally outwitted that old buck near Rattlesnake Gulch.

And do you know what those biologists were talking about? Why, the wildlife biologists were talking about grass and soil and brush and water. And the fish boys kept mentioning such things as aquatic food cycles, the chemical content of lakes and streams, and one-celled plants and animals called plankton.

That's where we are different in more ways than one. First, we are interested mostly in TAKING game and fish. The biologists mostly are interested in putting them there for us to take.

It occurred to me that maybe too many of us too often figure that fish and game "just grow." These fellows really knew what they were talking about, because they had gone a dozen jumps further. They knew that it takes soil, and water and plants and minerals and dozens of other factors to produce a deer or

bass. And they've all got to be there in the right proportions.

They are interested in figuring out what makes a perfect environment, or home, for bountiful production and then creating that environment. And they have a tough job, with men upsetting all the natural forces at every turn. Those fellows just don't have much time to talk about fishing and hunting!

Personally, I'm glad they're around. If they weren't, maybe we wouldn't have caught those bass at Luscious Lake or killed that buck near Rattlesnake Gulch. Then NO one could talk about fish and game.

Outdoors and Newspapers

While we are talking about slants, there's one I've never quite been able to understand. Why is it that newspaper editors and publishers are so unwilling to give space and spend money to provide their readers with quality outdoors news? Statistics show that Americans spend more time hunting and fishing than at football and baseball games and all the other spectator sports combined. Yet how does the quantity and quality of outdoors news in YOUR hometown paper compare to coverage of other sports?

Dr. R. W. Eschmeyer, editor of the Sports Fishing Institute's *Bulletin*, pointed this up last summer. He decided that in his publication devoted to fishing, he would give other sports the same relative space which fishing usually enjoys on the average sports page. So, at the end of eight full pages of fishing news, this was the sum total of his July "sports news":

"The baseball season is in full swing again. The chances are that the Yankees and Dodgers will wind up in the first division. There is every reason to believe that football will be resumed next fall—amateur, college, semi-pro, and professional. The football season will very probably be followed by a nationwide basketball season. So far as we know, there are no scholarships for angling."

That's about the same quantity

and quality of news most hunters and fishermen get in their own daily papers. I'd like to think the editors and publishers have good reasons for this unbalance. But I fear that they merely are asleep. You and only you can wake them up.

Christmas Gifts

Enough of slants and views. For Christmas gifts for youngsters, preferably 6 to 15 years of age, I'd like to make a suggestion, which I think you'll appreciate.

For 50 cents each, you can buy some of the finest animal books for children we have ever seen. They are called the "True-To-Life" series, and there are ten titles in all. Each is about a different species of animal.

The little books are authentic in every way. They are the life stories of different fish and mammals told in a realistic manner, and NOT fanciful fairy tales or stories in which the animal is given the powers and reactions of human beings. All the books are attractive in every way, are beautifully illustrated, and thoroughly entertaining while being educational.

The titles are Billy Bass, Tommy Trout, Freddy Fox Squirrel, Bobby Bluegill, Charley Cottontail, Bob White, Willie Whitetail, Mac Mallard, Woody Woodcock, and Al Alligator.

All are published in cloth binding at \$1 or paper binding (entirely adequate) at 50 cents. They are available from The Fisherman Press, Oxford, Ohio.

New and Interesting

One of the niftiest gadgets we've seen in a long time is the Speed-Wand, a simple, low-cost boat speedometer. It can be carried easily wherever you go, can be used on any type boat in either fresh or salt water, and is accurate to within one-half mile. The price is only \$3.95. It is available at sporting goods stores or by mail from The So'-Wester, Box 2261, Capitol Station, Austin 11, Texas.

In keeping with the season is the new Porta-Blind, a portable shooting blind made to accommodate two



Porta-Blind

hunters. It knocks down into a compact package, weighs only 18 pounds, and can be set up in a couple of minutes. A hood makes it wind and waterproof during rough weather. You'll find this locally at \$24.95, or write Bill Walker, 1234-PM Argyle, Chicago 40, Illinois.

A solid Texas product for the deer hunter is the Keep-Em Bag. It's one of those little things that can mean so much. This big 7- by 3-foot plastic bag is designed to bag your deer after you've bagged him, so to speak. Keeps the meat clean and permits proper cooling. It's reusable. Can be ordered for \$2.85 from Keep-Em Bag Co., P. O. Box 284, New Braunfels, Texas.

Bow Hunters

Gene Smiley, Outdoor Editor of the Port Arthur *News*, reminds us of the increasing enthusiasm everywhere for hunting with bow and arrow. He points out that ten thousand archers went hunting last year in New York State alone, almost double the number of the previous year. This army killed 407 deer and six black bear.

Smiley also points out how deadly the bow and arrow can be. He writes that Archer Leo Kovisto killed a 640-pound black bear in Michigan. It was the largest ever killed in that state by ANY method since the Conservation Department there began keeping official records. The former record, a 632-pounder, also was killed by an archer.

Fishing Barometer

A barometer is an important item to many fishermen. We doubt that many stay at home if the barometer doesn't read just right—most of 'em probably check the barometer, then go ahead anyway. At any rate, a number of readers have asked about how to interpret barometric readings into fish catching language.

The Taylor Instrument Company, which produces a special Fishing Barometer, has done a lot of checking and research into the matter. The company says that in compiling their findings, barometer readings were taken three times daily, and comparisons were made with catches at corresponding times.

In general, fishing should be good when the adjusted barometric reading is above 29.90 and not so hot when it drops below that point.

To be more specific, the Taylor Company says their records show, "Fishing is best (1) on a rising, high barometer. (2) Rapidly fluctuating readings at any point on the dial may also mean good fishing.

"Fishing is poorest (1) when the barometer is unusually low or continues to fall steadily. (2) Fishing is poor when readings remain static, i.e., the indicating hand doesn't move for a long period; either high or low."

ARE YOU CHANGING YOUR ADDRESS?

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Let's Get Acquainted!

Second in a series of articles designed to take you inside your Game and Fish Commission—to show you how the department is organized and how it functions.

This Month:
**COMMISSION,
EXECUTIVES**

Installment II—By ELLEN SCHMIDT, Staff Writer

Game and Fish Commission headquarters in Austin take on an air of extra importance every third month as commissioners, newsmen and field personnel crowd into the office of the Executive Secretary. This is not just another workday. It is the quarterly meeting of the Texas Game and Fish Commission.

While office personnel mind their P's and Q's, weighty decisions affecting the future of Texas wildlife are made and settled with dispatch. The group disbands, newsmen write their stories, and the department continues to function for another three months.

It is not sheer coincidence that these nine men, who in turn elect their executive secretary, are appointed by the Governor. On the basis of their qualifications as farmers, ranchers and businessmen, they serve without pay for the preservation of Texas game and fish.

Carrying out their policies and recommendations is the executive secretary, Howard D. Dodgen, who, having come to his office by way of that of chief clerk and assistant executive secretary, is well acquainted with wildlife and the Commission's administrative setup.

Named to head the Department on July 12, 1945, Dodgen has been re-elected to his key position with the Commission each succeeding year. His able co-worker, W. J. Cutbirth, Jr., has been with the Commission since January 6, 1932, and served as its assistant executive secretary since September 1, 1951.

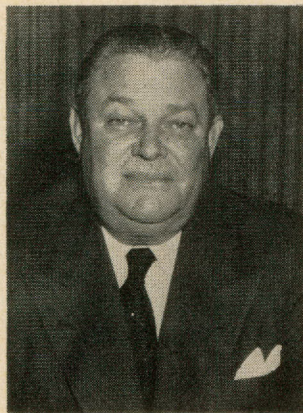
All of the nine commissioners have similar qualifications, and a similar sense of duty. What other voluntary organization can draw its busy members, interested laymen and other personnel from far-flung parts of the state, and that in rain, storm, sleet, or hail?

Let's take another look at these men who give so willingly of their time and efforts. First, there is Walter W. Lechner of Fort Worth, chairman. An executive who learned to assume responsibilities early, he received his introduction to the oil business as a roughneck at Humble. He is now president of W. W. Lechner and L. & H Pipeline Company, both headquartered in Dallas, where he is director of the First National Bank and of the Independent Producers Association of America.

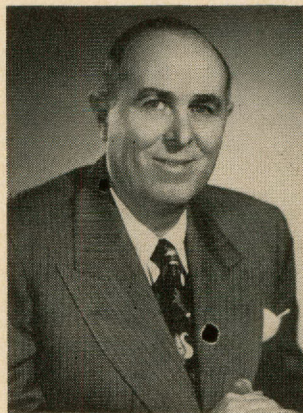
Although he has drilled wells through the topsoil of half a dozen states, Mr. Lechner loves to watch a brace



J. W. Elliott



Herman Heep



Hal Peterson



Herbert J. Frensky



Howard D. Doegen



W. J. Cutbirth, Jr.



Walter Lechner

of bird dogs, will arrange a fishing trip on moment's notice, or tell you what's wrong with your outboard motor.

One of the oldest commissioners in line of duty is W. T. Scarborough of Kenedy. A graduate of Yoakum High School, Baylor University and the University of Texas Law School, he also attended the University of Virginia and was admitted to the bar on October 23, 1914. He has operated a law office in Karnes County, in deep South Texas, since January 1, 1915.

A commissioner who is nearing the end of a six-year appointive term is Herman F. Heep of Buda. Born in southern Travis County, near his present residence, he was graduated from Buda High School and received his college education at Texas A. and M. College and the University of Wisconsin.

Best known as owner of the Heep Hereford Ranch and Heep Jersey Farm, Mr. Heep is also president of the Heep Oil Corporation, organized in 1929, and has

served as president and director of the Hays-Travis Game Protective Association.

Chairman of the board of trustees of the Texas A. & M. College Development Foundation and member of the board of directors of the Capital National Bank in Austin, Mr. Heep has for his special interests the conservation of wildlife, hunting and fishing.

An ardent follower of outdoor sports, especially fox hunting, is J. W. Elliott of Mexia. In this connection, he has served as secretary of the Texas Fox and Wolf Hunters Association. He also was president of the National Foxhunters Association for two years, and was honored by Governor Lawrence Weatherby of Kentucky by being made a Kentucky Colonel.

Mr. Elliott is a native of Rusk County, where he received his high school education. After a business course at Tyler Commercial College, he accepted a position with the Farmers and Merchants National

• Continued on page 20



Frank Wood



W. T. Scarborough



Henry LeBlanc



Beauty and the Dollar Sign

Third in a Series About "The Living Wilderness"*

By DR. OLAUS J. MURIE
President, The Wilderness Society

"**M**ONEY is a wonderful thing, but it is possible to pay too high a price for it." This was the comment of Alexander Bloch, conductor of the Florida West Coast Symphony Orchestra.

It must be admitted that the importance of money was brought home to millions of us vividly during the great economic depression. I doubt if you and I could get very far without it.

But I should like to discuss how money can get in our way; in other words, how we might "pay too high a price for it."

Here is an example. In May 1950 the United States Forest Service conducted a public hearing at Riverside, California. The real issue was the fate of a primitive area, a little bit of wilderness, on the summit of Mt. San Jacinto. This bit of alpine wilderness has the intrinsic value of the whole system of national parks and established wilderness units that have become an American institution. It also has great scarcity value since it is one of the few remaining wilderness frag-

ments of southern California. Everywhere else are the highways, the bathing beaches, colorful tourist resorts, chrome-plated, neon-lighted meccas, and the easily accessible woodlands available by road. Here on a mountain top we had managed to retain a sanctuary for nature, officially designated as such to serve all those who crave the adventure and the inspiration of such a place.

Now, at the base of this mountain lies the popular and luxurious Palm Springs tourist resort. Certain commercial interests saw possibilities on that mountain summit. How about a tramway clear to the top, winter skiing, hotels, and other urban delights up there—virtually another Palm Springs in the clouds? They had made careful plans. They had got through the California State Legislature a bill creating the so-called "Winter Park Authority," which outlined a consid-

*These lectures were delivered April 14, 15, 16, 1953, at Pacific University when Dr. Murie held the Isaac Hillman Lectureship in the Social Sciences. Copyright, 1953, the Wilderness Society, 2144 P Street, N. W., Washington 7, D. C. Used with permission.

erable portion of the primitive area. But to build the tramway they had to have the permission to cross a small piece of Forest land. Hence our public hearing at Riverside on that day in May.

Conservationists assembled from everywhere to defend a mountain. The redoubtable Sierra Club of California was fighting on home ground, so to speak. Other mountaineers, members of the Federation of Western Outdoor Clubs, the Izaak Walton League, The Wilderness Society, National Parks Association, Audubon Society, and many other organized groups and individuals came to Riverside in defense of Mt. San Jacinto, to plead that a place of beauty officially designated for a most worthy public use should be held inviolate from commercial exploitation.

Opposed to us at the hearing was the California State Chamber of Commerce. With them were representatives of other commercial interests and, of course, representatives of the tramway project itself.

It was a hard contest. We want the beauty of a mountain—we want the dollar. That sums up the fight, a hard contest through a long day. As we find at all such contests, our opponents pleaded for the rights of the aged, crippled, or otherwise handicapped people who can not climb mountains. But behind such mellow words glowed the sign of the dollar. Their published promotional literature elaborated enthusiastically the fact that the proposed tramway would cost \$10,000,000 and would be the eighth wonder of the world, intimating that this in itself was reason enough to build the structure. They became very frank at the hearing and let it be known that it was a financial venture. One advocate bluntly stated that they wanted a cut on the tourist dollar.

At the very end of the hearing there was a light note that broke the tension, a human touch. The Forest Service representative announced that the list of registered witnesses was finished, but there were still a few minutes left, and "are there any others who would like to say a few words?"

An elderly little woman arose, embarrassed before the crowd, but bravely stepped forward, and, in effect, stated that she was too old to climb mountains herself, never expected to see the top of Mt. San Jacinto; but there were many other mountains available by roads, and she wanted this one in particular left for those who could climb and who needed that kind of a mountain. She sat down, flustered, but she had added a little warmth to the steely tone of that room.

Near her sat a very attractive young lady who then came forward.

"That was my mother who just spoke," she told us. "I am an old maid and Mother has no prospect of grandchildren. But there are many other people's grandchildren who should have the opportunity in the future to climb a few unspoiled mountains such as this one."

There could not have been a better summary of the brief of the conservationists with which to end that meeting! But we have not won. The commercial promoters are seeking other means to win authorization of the tramway.

In the book, *This I Believe*, from which I quoted Alexander Bloch, Susan Cobbs, a dean of Swarthmore College, has contributed a chapter, in which she says ". . . man is more important than anything he has created and our great task is to bring back again into a subordinate position the monstrous superstructures of our society."

I like to remember a little incident in Alaska. In 1921, a group of us were walking in the Nenana Canyon, where the new Alaska Railroad was being completed. With us was a middle-aged Alaskan prospector on his way out to the States. We learned that he had spent quite a few years in Alaska, had tried prospecting for gold, had worked at other jobs, and at one time had married. But misfortunes came upon him. He lost the money he had saved. A trader on the lower Yukon had enticed his wife away from him, and now he was going Outside to start over. Yet at one turn in the conversation, when we were discussing some aspect of human ac-

tions, it was he who came out with the remark:

"It doesn't cost anything to be kind."

This seems a simple thing to remember all these years, almost insignificant. But I remember those mountains rising on both sides of the Nenana River, the wilderness extending in all directions, this rough-clad man whom misfortune had dealt such blows, but who still had a bright gleam in his eyes, optimism in his heart. I like to contemplate the resilience of a strong character, a man who obviously was a success in the fundamental way.

Last winter near our home in Jackson Hole I was trying to back my car out of its parking place in the drifted snow onto the highway. There were other parked cars, and four young men hastened over.

"Here, we'll give you a shove."

I was struck by their alacrity and helpfulness, and I glanced at them with keen interest. They were roughly clad, their faces murky and unshaven, but there was an obvious youthful strength about them, with a friendly bearing.

"Skiers," I thought.

Later I learned they were four young mountaineers from the Sierra Club, who had come to climb the Grand Teton in winter. For many days we kept looking up at the Teton Range, where the lowering storm clouds kept rolling over, covering the summits from view. Up there in the saddle in a stern world so clearly apart from the pleasant valley below, we knew these four were encamped, waiting for a break in the weather, waiting for a chance to see and to climb. Each morning we found ourselves looking up anxiously to see if this day would not relent and give those young fellows their chance. But sometimes a mountain is relentless; they never got a break in the weather all that week, and had to leave. We regretted that we did not get acquainted with them.

These hardy youths were members of one of our most devoted conservation societies, the Sierra Club. Their fundamental philosophy is—enjoy the wilderness and keep it for

those who come later. It was David R. Brower, their present executive director and editor, who said:

"... each pleasant day in mountains should perhaps be charged against us; our account should then be credited for each day on which we extend our vision and give a nod to posterity—on which we act for unnumbered men who will have to be less prodigal than we and who are entitled to explore and enjoy mountains as pleasant as ours."

One spring we assembled at a hearing in Kalispell, Montana. This time the Army Engineers had proposed to flood a considerable area in Glacier National Park and national forest land for the so-called Glacier View Dam. The testimony was overwhelmingly in defense of the sanctity of the national park, as against those who saw the gleam of the dollar sign, in the guise of the "economy of the region," the possible boom period for local communities, and industrialization. The Army stressed flood control.

I had come into the hearing with a feeling that I was entering hostile territory. Beside me sat a rugged individual with weather-beaten face, obviously an outdoorsman. I tried to size him up and concluded he was a local farmer.

"He will be on the other side," I thought to myself. "I hope some of these people in the room will be with us."

In due time my name was called and I presented my statement on behalf of The Wilderness Society. When I returned to my seat, the man about whom I had wondered extended his hand, his face beaming.

"Congratulations! That was fine." And he added, "I am a member of your Society!"

When he, in turn, was called upon, he said, in substance:

"I am a farmer. Part of my land is under floodwater right now. But I am opposed to this dam."

Then he went on to say why, and in my opinion presented the best statement of all of us assembled there. And we learned that he represented the State Grange.

Repeatedly at such hearings we have had men such as the ones I have described here, men who have

lived outdoors and who have learned what it can do for us. We have had women from diverse women's organizations, educators, scientists, and numerous business men—all of these pleading for the beauty of the country and the beauty of country living in its purest sense. Opposed to them has been that commercial tradition in our society that has taken unto itself an impressive sanctity of its own. This powerful traditional force appears to *tolerate* our national parks, wilderness, and wildlife sanctuaries *only* until one of these interferes with a particular commercial ambition.

When I contemplate these opposing forces in this significant debate, there comes to mind Thoreau's mention of the "success" of a pine tree, by the fact of its attainment of stature and vitality. What constitutes the success of us people? Can we know precisely? Perhaps a safe goal is simply to "grow and spire" like Thoreau's pine, to remember that "man is more important than anything he has created," including the dollar.

But what has the dollar to say for itself? Surely it has a place in our lives? I remember vividly that only a few dollars meant a great deal to me when I was a struggling student at Pacific!

So let's review some statistics. It is common knowledge that the millions of people seeking recreation have created an important national industry. Some large communities depend almost exclusively on recreation for their economy. Florida's number one industry is the tourist trade. It is reported that the tourist business in New England amounts to more than a billion dollars each year. Some detailed studies recently showed that the State of Montana derives an annual income of \$10,000,000 incident to the coming of people to Glacier National Park and another \$5,000,000 from those visiting the Yellowstone.

This income is exclusive of the money spent in these states by the great numbers of hunters and fishermen, and those who seek their vacations in other ways on national forests and public domain.

Is not this legitimate? Is not the dollar sign here a respectable symbol? Certainly the business of serving the needs of people, whatever these may be, is a well established part of our civilization. It constitutes that division of labor and service, with appropriate remuneration, that is the basis of our complex community structure. When tourists flock into a scenic area it is only natural that cabin camps should spring up to accommodate them. It follows that the grocer and sporting goods store and other appropriate services should prosper.

Where, then, is the dollar sign out of place? I would say when it strives to displace the quality of the substance on which it thrives. It becomes unworthy when it overreaches itself and for its own sake cheapens recreation. I would say the dollar sign is out of place when it undertakes to ride roughshod over the sensibilities of people who have dedicated a piece of country for the inspiration of its wilderness and brashly aspires to plant itself on the summit of Mt. San Jacinto, for example, and vulgarly proclaim itself "the eighth wonder of the world."

The dollar sign stepped out of its legitimate role when it ignored good taste and boorishly built a commercial swimming pool as close as it dared to the cone of Old Faithful Geyser in the Yellowstone. It becomes public enemy number one when in subtle ways it has the effect of lowering the tone of our aspirations, when through zeal for gate receipts and the "quick buck," it degrades our athletics, lowers the quality of our motion pictures, and in numerous ways, by assembly-line technique in inappropriate places, dulls the sensitivity of the human mind.

I suppose we are so thoroughly steeped in the economic, material tradition that we subconsciously conclude that we must argue on that basis.

A few years ago Congress passed a law providing that before plans for a proposed dam are completed there must be a biological survey to determine the effects on wildlife and

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What are the prospective results of the search for Tuna in the Gulf?

By DR. GORDON GUNTER, Institute of Marine Science, The University of Texas

Here is what a Texas authority has to say about the exploratory cruises of the U. S. Fish and Wildlife ship *Oregon* in the Gulf of Mexico.

For a good many years now, it has been known that tuna lived in the Gulf of Mexico, and they have been sighted several times. Occasionally, blue and white marlin have been seen along our lower coast and a few have been caught. The broadbill swordfish has also been seen rarely, and a former staff member of this Institute recorded a stranding on Padre Island. Nevertheless, these sightings, strandings and catches have been extremely rare, and total knowledge summed up to the fact that we knew these fishes existed in the Gulf.

Interest in the tuna increased especially when the U. S. Fish and Wildlife commercial fisheries, exploratory vessel, the *Oregon*, began to operate in the Gulf a few years ago under the direction of Stewart Springer. Tuna were sighted many times, but initial attempts to capture the fish failed because the fish did not maintain position but were always on the move and largely, it seems, because they did not remain at the surface.

For a good many years now, Japanese fishermen and some American fishermen in Hawaii have fished commercially for tuna and marlin by longlines. Longlines are essentially trotlines suspended by the buoys and sunk to considerable depths. Tuna and marlin are commonly caught by the Japanese between depths of 200 to 600 feet. Depth seems to be the secret of the previous relative scarcity of these fishes in the Gulf of Mexico.

Recently, Mr. Springer and his crew introduced the longline fishery into the Gulf with very hopeful results. The first port-of-call was Port Aransas, and I had the privilege of seeing several thousand pounds of both blue-fin and yellow-fin tuna and blue and white marlin that were caught by the *Oregon*. The tuna averaged well over a hundred pounds apiece. A few sailfish were also caught. The results of this commercial fisheries exploration may well prove of greater interest to sportsmen than to commercial fishermen.

The fishes were caught at depths between 25 and

45 fathoms, a fathom being 6 feet. The great majority of them were caught within 5 fathoms of the thermocline, which is the water layer where the temperature begins to decline sharply to the colder layers underneath. This layer fluctuates in depth and it can be found only by reversing thermometers of the type used by oceanographers. Furthermore, the *Oregon* did not catch a single fish inside of the 200-fathom bottom contour line. This contour line lies 125 miles south of Galveston, 75 miles southeast of Port Aransas and 50 miles east of Port Isabel.

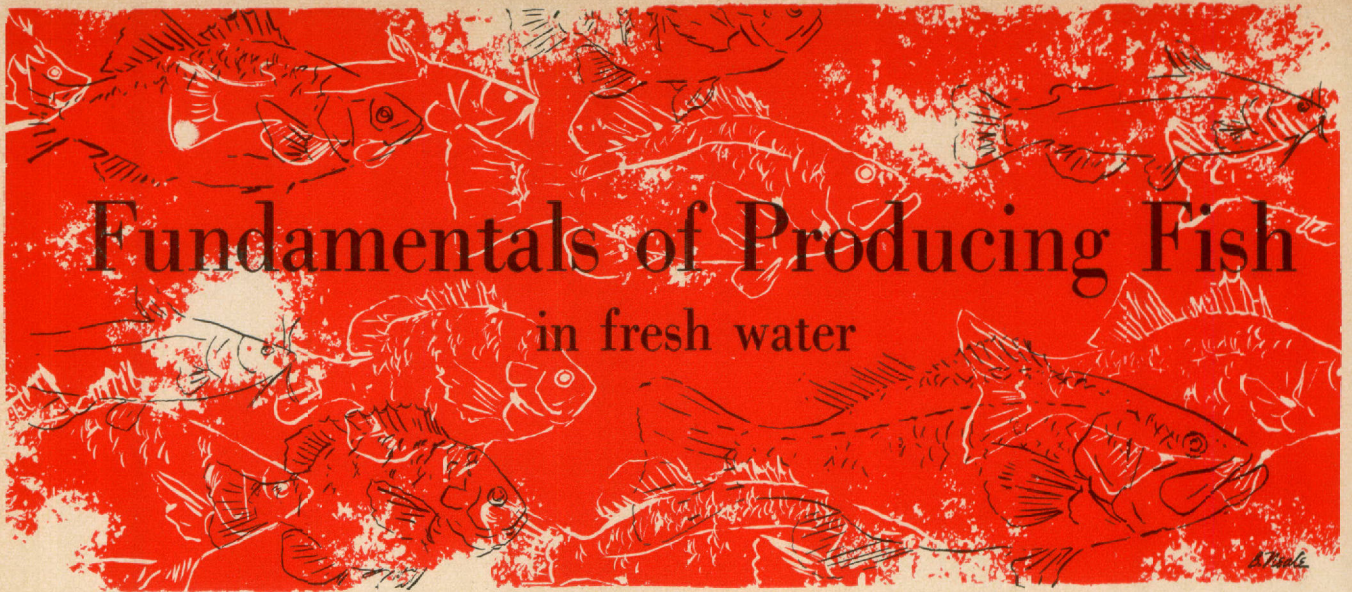
Mr. Springer stated that both squid and fish were used as bait, neither one in very good state of preservation, and that fish seemed to be the preferred bait. Recently published data from the Japanese fishery indicates that marlin catches do not fluctuate much or, in other words, the marlin do not school. On the other hand, tuna catches fluctuate considerably, and they very definitely school. The drop lines from the *Oregon's* longlines were 1/8-inch platted steel wire, and some of these were sheared off by the immense power of the animal which struck the bait. It is certain that sportsmen trying for these great game fishes must be rigged with strong gear.

Whether or not these fishes are present often enough and in numbers enough to support a large game fishery on our coast remains to be determined, and this determination will have to be made by sportsmen themselves. It appears that the sportsman who is going to try for these fishes along the Texas coast should use the following procedure.

Use a craft safe for the high seas and travel at least 50 miles east of Port Isabel or 75 miles southeast of Port Aransas. Use the strongest big game fish gear available, with iced fish for bait. Probably mullet would be as good as anything else. Find the thermocline by use of reversing thermometers and then fish at that depth.

Whether trolling or still fishing should be done

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Fundamentals of Producing Fish in fresh water

Second of a series by the executive head of
the non-profit Sports Fishing Institute.

Part II

By DR. R. W. ESCHMEYER

THERE'S one basic fact that needs to be understood if we are to properly determine the role of stocking. Fish are prolific—much more prolific than most animals we deal with.

We can't give accurate figures on egg production because a big female lays far more eggs than a small female of the same species. However, in general, a trout may lay 1,000 eggs, a bass 10,000, a bluegill 20,000, a walleye 50,000, and a big carp might lay a million. Under suitable conditions, a big percentage of these eggs hatch. One study on a 14-acre lake showed that the number of fry produced naturally by four species (largemouth bass, bluegill, common sunfish, rock bass) was slightly over 500,000 per acre. The water would support only a few hundred adult fish per acre.

We have had instances where the limited brood stock present in the original river was more than adequate to provide all the young fish needed to stock big impoundments.

A big female bass in a one-acre farm pond could produce enough progeny so that if all eggs hatched and all fish survived for three generations, there would be enough fish, at one pound each, to replace the water in the pond, and to make a heap, one acre in area, extending over 700 feet above the pond!

Obviously, fish are prolific. We can understand the picture if we will think of cows each having thousands of calves per year. If each cow had only 10,000 calves, adding a truckload of calves wouldn't increase the cattle population of a pasture very appreciably.

There's an added item. Fish need food—lots of it. Their food chains tend to be long. The average acre of water in the United States probably supports not more

than a hundred pounds per acre. This may range all the way from a very few pounds in some waters to a thousand pounds or more in some small highly productive waters.

It's easy to see why, during the days of the hatchery "craze," many of our hopes were unrealized. We can understand, now, why much of the stocking was ineffective or even harmful. During those days the public was quite willing to accept the belief that stocking was the panacea to all our fishing ills. We fishery workers believed it, too, and advocated it. The job of selling the stocking idea was an effective one. It was later that we learned more about fish being prolific and about the food needs.

The job of "unselling" has not been an easy one. For instance, a year or two ago we talked with a farmer about his farm pond. He had decided to start fishing it but then he observed an immense crop of bluegill fry—"millions of 'em." "We decided to wait until they grow up before starting the fishing," said the farmer. The man had a well-managed farm. He had only a limited number of cows in his pasture. He understood about carrying capacity and overgrazing on the land. But to him the farm pond was quite different.

There's the case, too, of sportsmen being delighted when a federal truck delivered bass fry for distribution in the rather extensive bass waters of one county. The supply consisted of 5,000 fry, less than half the potential output of one female!

Though there are still exceptions, more and more sportsmen recognize the fact that stocking has limitations. In general, the public still looks on stocking as a

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TEXAS

Pistol Laws

By JIMMIE J. COTTEN

TEXAS history was etched into time with blazing six-guns and steel nerves. But this was in a time when a man lived and died with the smell of gunsmoke in his nostrils.

Today, the legal uses for guns are hunting, sport shooting, and protection of home or property. And sportsmen, ranchers and even target shooting enthusiasts are faced with a threat to their sport. This threat is the lax enforcement of laws pertaining to the sale of pistols in Texas.

Just how easy is it to buy a pistol in most cities of Texas? If the laws written on state statutes were adhered to, it wouldn't be too easy. Sportsmen, hunters and ranchers would still be able to buy any type or model desired. But sale to potential first-offense law violators and police characters would be cut sharply.

In most of Texas' big cities, the only required item to buy any model pistol is money. Actually, there are two laws pertaining to the sale or lease of pistols. One is a penal code, the other a tax measure.

Section 489A of the penal code provides that "no one shall buy or lease a pistol . . . without a certificate of good character from a Justice of the Peace, County Judge, or District Judge, and that the dealer shall keep this certificate with his permanent records."

That little obscure law not only cannot be recited by some dealers, but has little value to law enforcement officers unless a weapon involved in some crime can be checked back by investigators.

The civil statute or tax law, Section 7047D, requires that the name, make and serial number of a weapon, together with name, address, and personal data of the purchaser, be kept in permanent records, open to a grand jury, to be sent every three months to the Department of Public Safety in Austin.

Some dealers have a vague idea of this statute, but are confused on where to send their records. An amendment to the article, however, specifies that the place to file the records of pistol sales is with the Department

of public Safety, according to Bill Kavanaugh, administrative assistant.*

The penal code carries teeth—a fine of from \$10 to \$200—but it is not enforced in most cases.

Gunsmiths are rare in comparison with business establishments with stock pistols. A good percentage of most sporting goods shops and hardware stores stock guns and ammunition. And your "little stores," like pawnshops and general merchandise stores, carry great assortments of firearms—mostly foreign makes.

From this flood of "cheap" guns, two problems for dealers are evident and neither are provided for under statutory law. The market for pistols is small. With a big price tag on new pistols, competition is sharp. Used, secondhand and foreign make sidearms just add to the incentive to sell!

And it is easy for a dealer to be "ignorant" of the law when a customer is looking at a \$75 pistol. Down the street the customer may be able to buy the same gun—fired several times but still in good shape—for as little as \$35.

The problem of who is qualified to buy pistols was pointed up most recently by the thwarted attempt to rob the Ozona National Bank in West Texas. Investigation revealed the two suspects, now indicted and awaiting trial, purchased a cheap target model .22 without a so-called permit.

There are two clearly defined factions when this question is brought forth. One faction shouts for more firearm legislation while the other says Texas firearm laws are sufficient.

Does Texas need a law such as New York's Sullivan Law to cope with the problem?

"Positively not!" says a veteran law enforcement

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*Kavanaugh also points out that it is unlawful for most people to carry pistols at all and that persons seeking to show they are entitled to carry them have the burden of proving their authority to carry pistols in the event a criminal prosecution is filed against them.

WASPS

Wasps are among the most interesting of wild creatures. They also are our friends—it says here.

By CLAYT SEAGEARS

Reprinted courtesy New York Conservationist

In the spring a young man's fancy. And everybody else should be happy and gay, too. So we will tell you about wasps.

Wasps are our really, truly pals, as we shall see, so do not squash them just because it is the popular thing to do. (If the editor does not have a footnote for *that*, we'll be very much surprised. He showed us where one stung him once but we *still* think he backed into the valve of a bottled gas tank to get in such condition.)

It is now late April and we just had a bath—with a wasp. We did not know it was there until it was all over, the bath that is. Of course this may have been because the wasp became sort of cooked and got a mushy stiletto. Anyway, when discovered it was already slithering across the bottom of the tub toward the drain. This wasp was kind of soapy but we were still able to observe that it had a short peduncle and was, therefore, very likely a social queen.

It is nice to be a nature lover and thus be able to start off the day with such happy observations, even without leaving one's home, or the bathtub.

There are many kinds of wasps and virtually all are of unique benefit to man. For they feed their babies on all kinds of harmful bugs like forest tent caterpillars, cockroaches, cutworms, corn ear worms and stuff like that. Some specialize on spiders. One kind sups on cicadas. Another torments tarantulas. Some kinds, like the yellow jacket, even hunt flies in packs.

Of all the various and sundry wasps, we're here concerned with the familiar Big Four of the Savage Stingeroo—the mud dauber wasp, the common social wasp, the yellow jacket and the hornet, largest of the quartet.

Like the familiar bees, they have big brains, big stings, and rear their young in amazingly engineered cells. But unlike the bees they make their nests of paper or mud instead of wax and carry thereto their insect victims for victuals. Bees are no such predators.

The mud dauber wasp has a very long peduncle indeed. This is the wasp which makes those familiar crumbly mud nests under the eaves and it also is the

wasp which invented the equivalent of the frozen food locker.

Around each egg laid in individual nest cells this wasp packs the victims of her sting. These may be other insects or spiders. When the egg hatches into a tiny grub it begins to feed on all that fresh meat—not dead bugs, just paralyzed enough to make them stay put and stop kicking. By the time the grub changes into a pupa and finally emerges as a full grown wasp all the food which stays alive (and fresh for weeks) has been consumed. And by then the parent is dead and gone, too.

Yet with nobody around to tell them what to do, the young dauber wasps have enough instinct to begin the cycle all over again. And they probably go to the same puddle mother did for their mud and use your back porch for their nests just like great-great-grandma. And they can sting you in all the old familiar places.

The yellow jackets are those smallish wasps with brown and yellow rings which get in the jam at picnics and mess around overripe pears under the trees. They live in holes in the ground, where they fashion their paper nests from partly decayed wood and provide their young with the thoughtfully masticated juices of soft-bodied insects.

The hornet, largest of the bunch, can sting the pants off a scarecrow. This one is the engineer of those huge globular paper nests suspended in trees or bushes like ash gray Japanese lanterns.

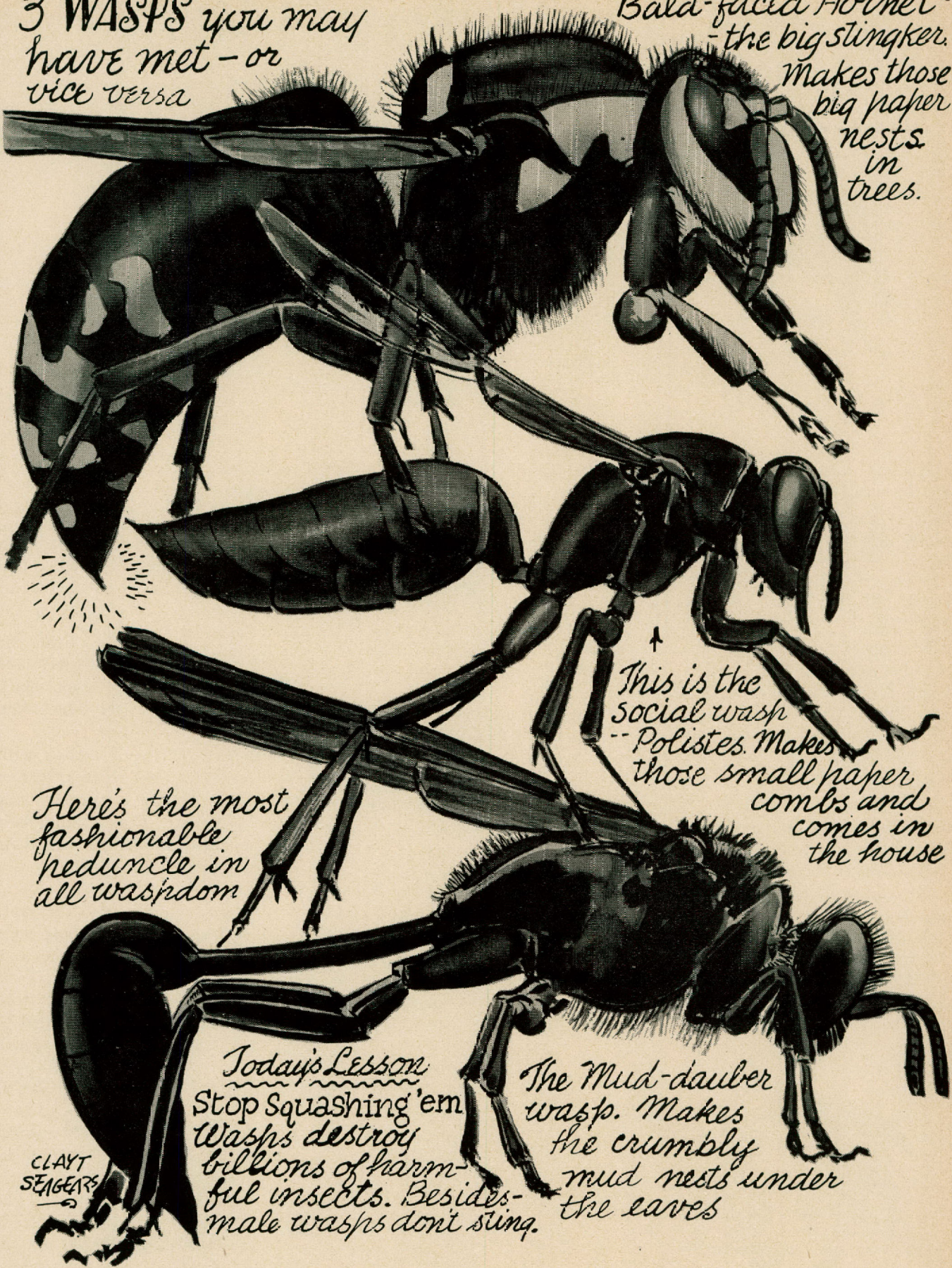
Hornets are murder on flies—being on the prod from daylight to dark after the swarms of victims needed to supply the clicking mandibles of her big, fat and exceedingly voracious young.

Last of the Big Four and by far the best known is the common social wasp, called the Polistes wasp. I don't know why. There are several kinds of these social wasps, so named because they make the homemaking deal a social operation with many of the insects taking part. The nonsocial wasps are called solitary wasps. The mud dauber is in this group. Anyway, fifty to one, Polistes is the one which we'd be most likely to squash. It's the big mahogany colored one we see crawling slow-

● Continued on Page 23

3 WASPS you may
have met - or
vice versa

Bald-faced Hornet -
the big stinger.
Makes those
big paper
nests
in
trees.



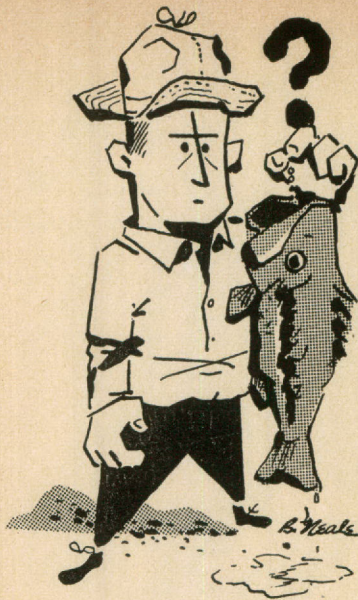
Here's the most
fashionable
peduncle in
all waspdom

↑
This is the
social wasp
-- Polistes. Makes
those small paper
combs and
comes in
the house

Today's Lesson
Stop Squashing 'em.
Wasps destroy
billions of harm-
ful insects. Besides-
male wasps don't sting.

The Mud-dauber
wasp. Makes
the crumbly
mud nests under
the eaves

CLAYT
SEAGERS



What Name Wildlife?

Human beings aren't the only ones in the world who answer by a variety of names.

By **GEORGE CHRISTIAN**

International News Service

If a fisherman were to tell you he caught a black bass, a lake trout, a big-mouthed bass and a green trout, chances are he would be pulling your leg.

These are all local names for a well-known fish — the largemouth black bass.

The black, which is Texas' most popular game fish, also goes by the handles of bayou bass, grass bass, green bass, lake bass, river bass and striped bass—depending upon which part of the country it happens to inhabit.

Most Texans stick to the name black bass. But, in referring to its relative, the white bass, they're about equally divided between that name and sand bass. The white is also known as the barfish and the striped bass.

The bluegill goes by the names of bream, blue sunfish, pumpkin-seed and sun perch. Two fish—the warm-mouth bass and the rock bass—both go by the name "goggle-eye."

The white crappie is known variously as the white perch, sac-a-lait, speckled perch and Campbellite. Strangely enough, some folks also call the black crappie by the name white perch.

The fishes aren't the only ones in the wildlife world who answer by a variety of names.

In some parts of the United States, the bobwhite quail is known as a partridge. Some people also call the various species of grouse by the name partridge.

The mountain lion would be a good task for a library cross-filer. Early settlers in the eastern states

knew this big cat as the catamount or the panther. In some parts of the South, the name was painter.

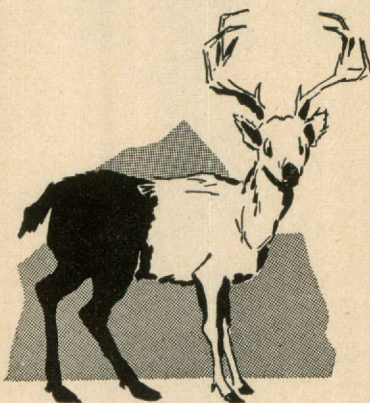
In Southwest Texas, it's just plain "lion." Spanish-speaking people and some Californians like the name "puma," while in many parts of the West, the animal is called a cougar.

And you'd seldom hear a Mexican call a jaguar by its proper name. South of the border, the big spotted cat is the tiger, or tigre.

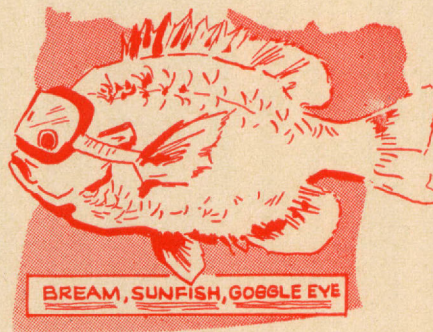
Out west of the Pecos, Texans hunt what some call the black-tailed deer. This animal is properly the mule deer, since the blacktail is a separate species inhabiting the Pacific coast region.

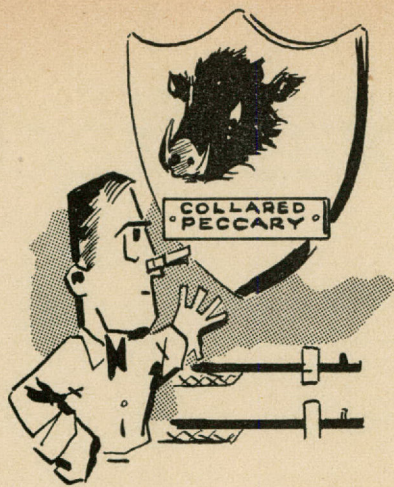
Almost everywhere, the true black-tail doesn't live the mule deer is called the blacktail deer.

Illustrated by Bill Neale



Blacktail Deer





Texans would laugh out loud if somebody called the tough little javelina by its "proper" and more highfalutin' name—collared peccary. The javelina is also known to some as the musk hog.

It's easy for the names of wild things to get scrambled in local usage. Hence the bois d'arc tree is commonly known as the "board oak" in some parts of Texas, asparagus is called "sparrow grass," and woodpeckers are called "peckerwoods."

Back in the 19th Century, a few wild boars were brought to North Carolina by sportsmen. These beasts came from Prussia, and therefore were originally called Prussian boars. But over the years, most of the hill folks dropped the "p" and the creatures are now referred to as Russian boars, or just plain "rooshans."

Mistaken identity plays a major role in warping wildlife names. Texans often apply the name "bullbat" to the nighthawk, which isn't a bat at all. And the early colonists labeled the skunk as "polecat," since it was similar in some respects to the European animal of that name, although there's no connection between the two species.

The creatures themselves are sometimes responsible for varying names. Up north, the bobolink is a beloved songbird. But in the fall, it changes its plumage, flies south, becomes the "ricebird" and is ruthlessly slaughtered as a crop destroyer.

Tips for Setting Decoys

By A. C. BECKER

Becker, in his Galveston News outdoor column "Fins and Feathers," recently passed along a bit of advice for using decoys. We, in turn, are passing it along to you, fully aware, nevertheless, that such material always is bound to ignite a good argument!—Ed.

Some readers have asked questions about decoy settings for ducks and geese. I've talked with several dozen hunters in Galveston and surrounding counties, and here's the advice they pass on:

For bayshore hunting use an adequate number of decoys, at least three dozen. As the season progresses, use more. Rig the decoys within gun range of your blind, and leave an open slash of water between the blind and decoys. If you have enough decoys, split the spread by leaving an open space between the front and back groups of decoys.

Don't bunch the decoys. Ducks bunch up when frightened and you don't want your rig to have a frightened look. Also place your decoys far enough apart so they don't knock together.

Always place your best-looking decoys on the perimeter of the rig. Be sure to put some real good-looking decoys at the point of the rig. These perimeter and point decoys

are the ones the ducks look over.

When using decoys representing several species of ducks, keep the sprigs with the sprigs, the mallards with the mallards and so forth.

A very effective trick used in Louisiana coastal hunting is to put four or five Canada goose decoys at the tail end of a duck rig. The hunters put the goose decoys about 30 to 40 yards behind the last duck decoy. Although the goose decoys are well out of gun range, the hunters claim ducks will decoy more readily if they see geese at rest.

In pond hunting—especially small ponds—leave an open area for ducks to light in. Also as the season progresses increase the number of drake decoys.

In the case of rice field goose shooting, the goose decoys should be placed facing or quartering into the wind. Geese on the ground never turn their backs to the wind. Keep the decoys well scattered, and place several watch ganders on rises some distance from the main flock.

To pull in Canada geese or subspecies, you'll need full-bodied, good-looking decoys. For snow geese, old rags or newspapers will do the trick. Just spread them all over a field, and the more you put out the better.

My Thought for Today

By D. L. Johnson

When fishing time is drawing near
We study catalogues,
And meditate on all the bait
From worms to little frogs.

Those lovely dreams that come to man
When he prepares to fish,
The thrill he gets, from digging worms,
Are as sweet as one could wish.

And with old clothes long laid away
A creel, a reel, a rod,
He hikes to places far away
Just him, and them, and God.

By JAY VESSELS

KEEPING THE LAW

Young Texas has released another surge of childish queries, now that school is underway again with ever-increasing emphasis on conservation education. Typically, Jay Lynn Schmidt of Yorktown, a sixth-grader, wrote to Game and Fish Commission headquarters: "Would you all please send me the beautiful pictures (of wildlife) and the book of how to keep hunting laws."

TEXANS BEWARE

Since the hunting accident rate is higher in Texas this fall, Lone Star State hunters might benefit by this news report pointing up a strange hazard. It described how a Montana man, admiring a muzzle-loading museum piece in a hardware store, was killed when the weapon, which had not been fired for 75 years, was discharged.

GARS REBEL

Townsend Miller, editor of this magazine, is madder than ever at gars. Miller, using his official status to spearhead the hate movement against the long-toothed predators, has helped convince influential individuals and agencies to join up. One major national magazine admitted that sports fishing for gars could be popularized as a means of ridding lakes and streams of the villains. The publication particularly liked Miller's word description of the gars breaking water and engaging in other aerial acrobatics and ordered the clincher—a photograph. But the gars' grapevine spread the word, and every time Miller aimed his camera, he found them jumping against the sun or screened by a

boat. Patience finally paid off, however, and his photos now are at work convincing others that gar fishing can be exciting as well as helpful.

FIRE LURES QUAIL

A great grass fire was sweeping across a section of the coastal prairies as ranchers moved to destroy coarse sawgrass in the late summer. "Hate to see that," said Game Warden Pug Mullinax, "but the cattle won't eat the tough grass. The new growth will be tastier and richer in vitamins." Just then a low-flying covey of quail fled the scene. "Funny thing about quail," said the warden. "Sometimes in a grass fire they get panicky and perish. I've seen coveys get up and then fly right back into the smoke and flames."

HERE, PIGGY, PIGGY . . . !

Gus T. McMammal suggests that some cowhand is bound to ask it some day, now that they talk about horse mackerel, sow trout, bull redfish—he's bound to ask if they really do have a jackass flounder.

JOB WELL DONE

Ed Bonn, aquatic biologist for the Game and Fish Commission stationed on Lake Texoma, tells how a fine big blue racer earned his freedom. Bonn saw the snake outside his laboratory and grabbed his snake stick to capture it. Then he noticed the big snake was just finishing off a good-sized copperhead with only about ten inches left unswallowed. So Bonn put away his snake stick and felt he had a badly needed helper at last. In three years on his present location, Bonn and his staff have killed or captured about 25 copperheads.

ROUGHHOUSE FISH

A six-foot tarpon jumped into a small fishing boat in the Beaumont area and knocked R. J. Davidson into the water. His fishing companion subdued the giant fish after a prolonged struggle and then maneuvered the boat back to where Davidson was doing his best to imitate a nonsinkable buoy.

CLEAR BLUE WATER

Aquatic Biologist L. V. Guerra, of the Game and Fish Commission staff stationed at Falcon Lake, has it all figured out. The new dam on the Rio Grande river near Del Rio will serve as a silt catcher for Guerra's area. "That means nothing but clear blue water for us," boasted Guerra.

ONE LITTLE WORD

Just one little word—a four-letter word—in the title adequately reflects the policy change of Wes Mabrito, outdoor editor for the San Antonio *Evening News*. When he wrote for the *Light*, Wes called it "HOOK, LINE & SINKER." Moving over to the *News*, Mabrito made it: "HOOK, LYIN' & SINKER." Wes' explanation, exclusive to this department, was: "It's just like a .350 hitter changing his style and bidding for .400. In appealing to all the folks who, I hope, read my column, I had to relax the approach. Needed a broader word for a broader field—certainly a word with the same unit count. I don't think anybody in this fearless field of tall tales is sore at any imagined reflection. After all, who ever heard of a sportsman telling a falsehood." Nice

Press Views Game Notes

speech, Wes, but who-in-the-heck is arguing with you?

FOWL RECOGNITION

The mass effort to help hunters and other Texans to identify any whooping cranes en route to their wintering areas on the Texas coast is viewed by conservationists as an aid toward better bird life identification generally. They realize that there still is the irresponsible segment that will shoot anything that moves, oftentimes just "to see what it is," but they count on the reaction of the general populace to be positive.

DANGEROUS BUSINESS

Gus T. McMammal noticed where a Minnesota duck hunter was killed by lightning. Gus recalled the dizzy past when he stood up in his boat shooting at ducks scared into range by an electrical storm. Surely, no Texas hunter would be that foolish. Making a target of one's body is bad enough, but running up a steel barrel to attract a bolt provides the payoff.

HOW WAS THAT?

T. D. Carroll, one of the TV wheels in the Game and Fish Commission, spiced a recent duck panel with a report about the gunner who insists there comes a time when the target location and wind velocity call for shooting behind ducks. Before somebody got too serious, somebody reminded T. D. about his rebellion against the migrating one-winged duck. After all, a lot of people go around shooting behind ducks, but not deliberately, in these days of 15-cent hulls.

WHAT NOT TO DO

Bill Walker, outdoor editor of the *Houston Post*: "Sportsmen are urged to obtain permission before entering fenced and posted property. It is no worse for a landowner to climb through the window of a hunter's house than it is for the hunter to climb through the landowner's fence."

NEWS FOR SOMEBODY

Connie Hagar has news for the recent guest at Rockport Cottages who reported the loss of his fishing line and "a good-sized" fish. Another guest spotted a stretch of line being dragged through the water off the Rockport sea wall. He cast out and retrieved the line along with a fine six-pound trout dangling on the hook. The trout apparently had escaped when well away from the angler, because there was 75 feet of line attached to the hook.

ANTLERLESS DEER

Because of the Texas trend to try to balance our deer herds, an AP item under a Minneapolis dateline seems timely: "The burgeoning deer herds of the Great Lakes states now are more clearly in balance with their forest homes than at any time in the past 20 years. The U. S. Forest Service has several reasons for this good news in the wildlife game field. Three consecutive antlerless deer seasons in Wisconsin have helped, the forest officials say. Also, much help has been given by the continuing any-deer seasons in Minnesota and a special season in Michigan.

HOW DARE YOU!

Louise Kreidel, Game and Fish Commission secretary, reported her mother, Mrs. Sam Ging, took drastic action over at Coupland when she found a huge chicken snake systematically looting her henhouse. Mrs. Ging dispatched the reptile, cut it open, retrieved four brand-new glass eggs and put them back on the job.

AN OLD STORY

The news story from Denison, Texas, about a "tame" buck deer charging and injuring a family trying to photograph it is an old story to wildlife management folks. They know that wild animals never become completely tame—at least wild deer—and should be left alone to roam in their own natural habitat. Manifestations of modern civilization are enough to put even an animal in a dangerous mood.

POT SHOT INDOORS

The *Amarillo Globe-News* reported the sad story of the character who went into a sporting goods store, took a shotgun down from the rack, asked for a shell, stuck it into the chamber and pulled the trigger. He did have presence of mind enough to point the barrel toward the ceiling. So a very loud bang, a very big hole and a very red face was the combined result. The poor guy walked out of the store without buying anything and didn't offer to pay for the shell, much less for the hole in the roof.

AQUATIC MADHOUSE

Ed Bonn, Game and Fish Commission aquatic biologist, reports plans have been dropped for stocking the new Lavon reservoir in Collin County with crappie after monthly seining and netting samples. These population tests, run by Charles Inman, included one on a two-acre tract. It showed 295 black bass; 808 carp; 1622 shad; 1648 sunfish all species; 2103 white crappie; 44 drum; 45 black bullhead; 24 channel catfish; 3 yellow cat; 8 spotted gar. There also were parrot minnow, red shiner, golden shiner, pirate perch, tadpole, mad tom, mosquito fish, spotted sucker, carp sucker, tom minnow, log perch, swamp darter, yellow bullhead and some others. Bonn pointed out that the lake is less than a year old; that most of the fish were young of the year; and none were stocked except black bass in the entire 10,000 acres.

GUNS

and

SHOOTING

By JOHN A. MASTERS

I doubt that any sport extant offers the endless variety that can be found in rifle shooting. Even excluding wildcats, there seems to be an almost endless variety of calibers and actions to choose from.

One can settle for a caliber that will serve most of his shooting needs, or he can select a caliber for each shooting job he intends to do. The latter is more expensive, but also much more satisfactory.

To me, it is necessary to own at least three rifles to cover the field. Four is better. First off, every shooter should have a .22 rim-fire rifle. This is desirable for small game shooting, and a .22 is an inexpensive way to do a bit of target shooting or just plain plinking. Any of the several types available will do nicely. I lean strongly toward clip-fed bolt actions. My personal weapon is a 7-shot clip-fed bolt action fitted with Bill Weaver's B-4 scope. I use it for squirrel hunting, some rabbit shooting, and to gratify the urge to just "bust a cap."

A great deal of year-around shooting is available to the shooter who owns a varmint rifle. Prairie dogs, harmful hawks, jackrabbits, crows, and numerous other varmints offer good targets. Usually, the .22 rim-fire is not adequate, because one can't get into range of these wary creatures. One of the .22 center-fire calibers is more suited and, incidentally, safer to shoot in a settled community. The .22 Hornet, the 218 Bee, the 222 Remington, and the 220 Swift are all good varmint calibers. Factory ammunition is available for all of these, and a rifle capable of good accuracy is available in almost

any reasonable price range. All are "live" calibers; i.e., the manufacture of ammunition is not likely to be discontinued for any of them.

I prefer a "wildcat," the 22-250 Varminter, in this bracket. Mine is an Ackley barrel on a 98 Mauser action. It is fitted with a 4X Stith Bearcub in a Stith Master Mount. I use it for medium-range varmint shooting and, when loaded with full patch bullets, long-range squirrel shooting. Last year, I killed a deer with some special heavy jacket game bullets, but I do not recommend any .22 caliber for deer hunting.

There are numerous wildcat .22 calibers in this bracket. Most of them are good but, of course, require hand-loading or loading by one of the custom loading houses.

The 250-3000 makes a good varmint gun, as does the 257 Roberts. These calibers are available in factory-built rifles, and the ammunition is available almost anywhere. Both of these can double as deer rifles, and do a good job. One can best make a rifle in this class do double duty.

There are several good wildcat varmint calibers in 6MM, 6.5MM, and in .25 caliber. Most of them will do for deer.

In a medium-powered rifle suitable for deer and similar game animals, I like the 25-06 Improved better than any caliber I have ever fired. It is also an excellent long-range varmint rifle. Mine is built on a Springfield action, and has a heavy sporter Buhmiller barrel. It is fitted with a Stith 6X Double in a Leupold AdjustoMount. I have not yet worked out good loads for this rifle, but I have been getting some 1½

inch groups while fire forming brass.

My favorite factory caliber in this class is the 270. In my opinion it has a little edge on the 30-06, mainly because of its flatter trajectory. There are a good many shooters who hold the opposite opinion, but one will do no wrong in selecting either the 270 or 30-06. The 7MM is a good low recoil caliber in this class also, and factory ammunition is available for it. A remodeled 98 Mauser in 8mm is a good medium-powered cartridge and, when hand-loaded, very nearly the equal of the 30-06.

Many good wildcats are available in this power class. Ones that I like particularly are the Improved 270, the 7MM-06, and the .300 Short Mashburn Magnum.

The 300 Savage and the 308 Winchester, very similar cartridges, fall into this class, and are good deer cartridges.

In high-powered rifles designed for taking the largest game, one has a good selection. The 300 H & H Magnum is available in factory rifles, as is its bigger cousin, the 375 H & H Magnum. I do not particularly like either of these cases, since they were designed to be used with cordite, and do not handle American powders well. The sharp-shouldered wildcat versions such as the 300 Ackley and the 300 Weatherby are much better. Weatherby also has a sharp-shouldered version of the 375, and users report great deal better results.

The 348 Winchester is adequate for all North American big game, but is a short-range weapon in terms of accuracy.

Since I never expect to hunt anything bigger than an elk, I have settled on the "poor man's Magnum," the 8MM-06. Mine is a remodeled, rechambered 98 Mauser, fitted with a Weaver K-3 in a Leupold AdjustoMount. I had it restocked also, and I have a fine little rifle capable of stopping an elk cold at short to medium range. With 55 grains of 4350 and a 250 grain spitzer bullet, it packs a powerful wallop.

A number of really top drawer wildcats are available in this class. The aforementioned 300 Weatherby is tops in my estimation. Unless you are going to shoot something really big, don't use it. It is a potent killer. The 300 Ackley is a similar case, and the 300 Short Mashburn is just a shade below. In 7 MM, the Mashburn Magnum and the Weatherby Magnum are good, and the 270 Weatherby is close behind. All of these are capable of taking the biggest American game, and are too much gun for anything below big mule deer.

I think a good stable of guns, then, is something like this:

22 rimfire: small game, targets, plinking.

22 centerfire: varmint shooting, long-range target shooting.

25 centerfire: varmint shooting, deer, black bear.

25 Magnums, 3006, 270, etc.: deer, elk, bear, long-range varmint shooting.

300 Magnums, 375 Magnums, 270 Magnums, and 7MM Magnums: suitable for only the largest game, such as elk, moose, brown bear, etc.

You will note that I have scope sights on all my rifles. It is trite to say that you can shoot only as well as you can see, but it is true. You can definitely see better with a scope. On the long-range weapons in the last two brackets, a scope is a must if the full capabilities of the rifle are to be realized.

My only other planned rifle is one of the little pewee 17 calibers built by Ackley. I have yet to fire one, but I won't be happy until I have. Right now, I can't make up my mind which one action to use, so it will be a while before I have anything to report. This little cartridge should be ideal for varminting in settled communities. One can obtain up to 3500 ft/sec velocity with the Hornet case necked down, and that should be something to see. The report is mild, and recoil should be non-existent.

By the time you read this, the deer hunting fever should have taken me over. I'm going to try to knock one off with the 25-06 this year. I'll let you know how I come out.

Shootin' Shorts

Roy Weatherby has come up with a top-drawer scope line. I have been using a 6X Imperial for several months now, and I find it to be a very good glass. The dial focusing arrangement is a good idea.

Reticule movement in the Weatherby Imperial is excellent. I could find no parallax in mine at up to 200 yards, and I have been unable to find any flaws whatever in the optical system. The glass has taken all the beating that three different high-recoil rifles could give it.

It is available in 2½, 4, and 6 powers, and takes any standard 1-inch ring mount. The 6X is pretty big at the front end. I had to shim up a mount on a small-ring Mauser action to clear the barrel. Of course, the headlight-sized lens is a good

thing to have.

Hand-loaders will find that Joyce Hornaday produces some mighty fine pellets for just about any caliber extant. I use a lot of Hornaday bullets in 25 caliber, and I particularly like his 100 grain spire point. In a 25-06, I have obtained outstanding accuracy using this bullet, and I find that Hornaday bullets are particularly uniform in weight and diameter. Hornaday must have very strict control over his many bullet-making operations. Recently, I had him ship me a lot of his "rejects" to use in some barrel wear tests that I was conducting. I could detect little difference in the accuracy obtained from these bullets as compared with first-line bullets, so his control must be rigid.

What Price Shooting?

What is it that changes some reputable citizens into lawbreakers when they get a gun in their hands and open season on this or that game bird comes around? Men who would scorn to take a penny that was not rightfully theirs, who are perhaps members of the church and of a service club or fraternal body, all of which believe in law observance, seem to lose all sense of what is right when they see a bird flying and have guns in their hands.

It is regrettable that such men, who call themselves sportsmen, are so weak as to yield to what must be an impulse, and violate a law that is enacted for their benefit, a law that limits what an individual may kill so that others may have a share.

There is open season on doves, with a limit of 10 for one person in one day. It would seem that a man should be contented with that number, but not all men are so easily satisfied. At Jacksboro, the game wardens stopped the car of a Dallas traveling salesman who, with his son, had been shooting doves. In the car, instead of 20 birds, they found 160 dead birds. The justice of the peace found that was eight times the legal number, and he levied fines of \$100 and costs in each of eight cases. Then he applied the quality of mercy and suspended the fines in four cases, leaving the law violators to pay \$450.

Two Wichita Falls men with two small boys had 44 birds. The justice of the peace in Olney fined the men \$62.50 each. Three other men were fined that amount each by the Haskell justice of the peace when wardens found they had 17 birds over the limit.

They don't stop at overkilling. Quail season is not open, but at Greenville a warden found a man picking up seven quail he had shot. A fine of \$200 and \$12.50 costs was levied, and quite properly. Sportsmen they may be—in their own estimation. — (San Angelo *Standard-Times*.)

On Outdoors Beat



A pleasant grandmother down Palacios way apparently is the only woman outdoor writer for newspapers in Texas.

She is Lorraine Basford, mother of four, who has three grandchildren.

Mrs. Basford, whose husband operates a bait stand along the Palacios bayfront, is youthful appearing, but definitely a fareback to such old-fashioned customs as getting up at 3 o'clock in the morning.

"That is when the fishermen rally

around during the fishing season, and ditto for the hunters during the duck-hunting season," she explained, gayly.

Along with other accoutrements always goes her notebook. And every Tuesday, she pounds out her weekly column for the Palacios *Beacon*.

Mrs. Basford reports who catches what and where; mixes in some fishing philosophy and an occasional joke, and winds up smack on page one. Of course, fishing news in a town which majors in it couldn't very well be buried on the want ad page.

Editors of the *Beacon* report Mrs. Basford turns in neat copy with good spelling, all promptly. One exception was when the columnist wrote her weekly piece but became bedfast from an old car crash ailment before she could take it to the newspaper office. A sympathetic relative from out of town helped out by mailing the manuscript "AIR MAIL SPECIAL DELIVERY" to cover the distance of just about a good stone's throw.—Jay Vessels.

Let's Get Acquainted

• Continued from Page 5

Bank in Henderson and resigned as assistant cashier of that institution in 1913 to accept cashiership of the Security State Bank and Trust Company of Longview. He later became connected with the G. A. Kelly Plow Company in Longview and served in World War I.

Early in 1919, Mr. Elliott was employed by the Crain Ready-Cut House Company in Houston, from where he was sent to Ranger. Since 1920, he has been associated with the Texas Company. He was appointed as a member of the Texas Game and Fish Commission in 1951 by Governor Allan Shivers for a six-year term, which he is now serving.

In 1951, by an act of the 52nd Legislature, changes in the administrative organization of the Commission included the addition of three members to the Commission, to bring the total number of Commissioners appointed by the Governor to

nine. Three new commissioners were appointed to fill the unexpired six-year term. One of these was Henry J. LeBlanc of Port Arthur.

Born in Thibodaux, La., Mr. LeBlanc received formal education in business administration, drafting, chemistry and metallurgy. In 1913, he became secretary to the president of the Beaumont Iron Works, where he also served as paymaster. Becoming general manager of the Oil City Brass Works in 1919, he continued in that capacity until 1926, when he organized the Standard Brass and Manufacturing Company of Port Arthur of which he is now president.

It is not unusual that Mr. LeBlanc's principal hobby over the years should have been hunting and fishing. In 1926, he organized the Port Arthur Hunting Club of which he has served as president for 28 years. The Port Arthur Hunting Club has long been recognized as an

outstanding duck and goose refuge, and Mr. LeBlanc's experience with this project is proving most valuable in his services as a Commissioner for the Texas Game and Fish Commission.

Residing in Houston, where he is a certified public accountant, Herbert J. Frensley, also, is one of the newer commissioners. An alumnus of Southern Methodist University and the University of Texas, he is a hunting, fishing and football enthusiast.

Born and reared in Kerrville, Hal Peterson was elected to fill the unexpired term of W. Scott Schreiner. He attended San Antonio Academy and the West Texas Military Academy, and is a graduate of Eastman Business College, Poughkeepsie, New York. His business interests include ranching, a large garage, auto dealership and bus business. Mr. Peterson also owns and operates a large game preserve near Rocksprings, Texas.

A graduate of the University of Arkansas, Fayetteville, and a World War I veteran, H. A. Coffield of Marfa has ranching interests in Jeff Davis County, and in Rosebud County, Montana. He is a member of the Board of Regents of Trinity University, San Antonio, serves on several local boards and as a director of the Marfa National Bank.

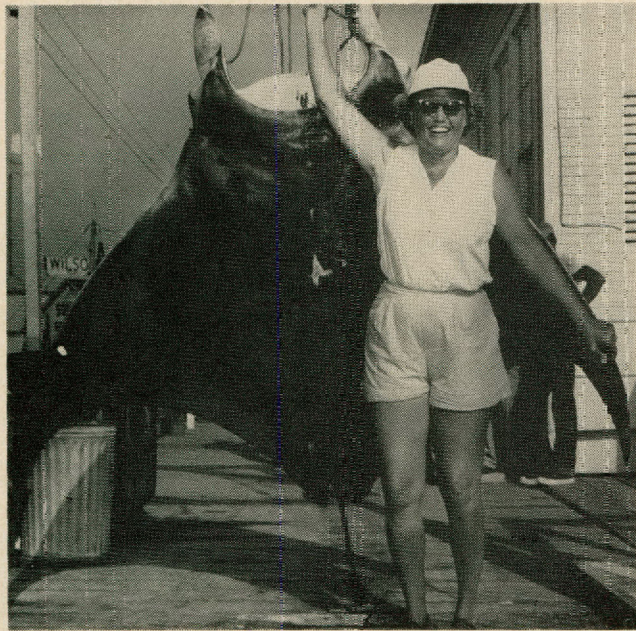
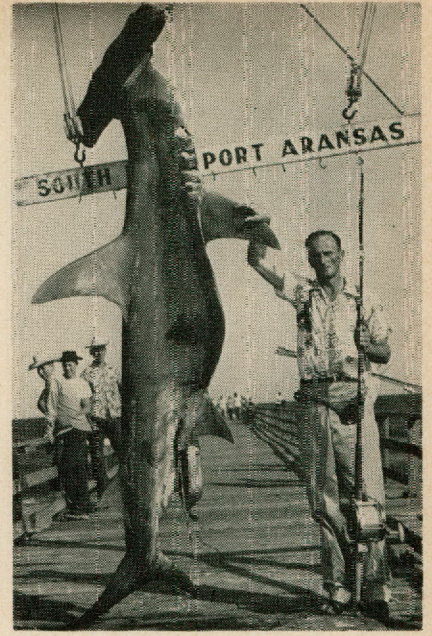
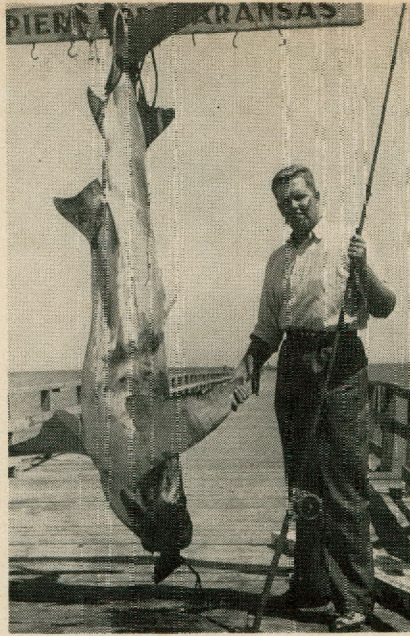
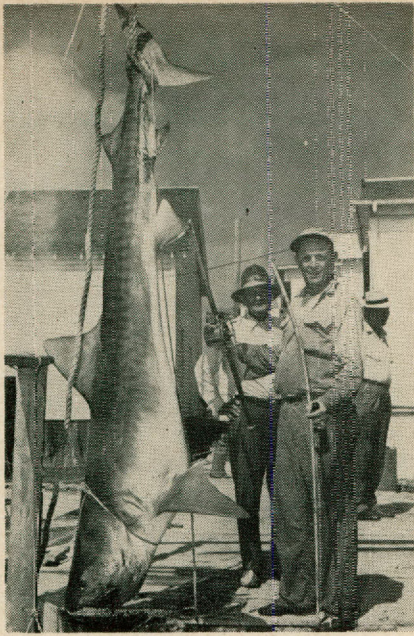
Ninth member of the Texas Game and Fish Commission is Frank Wood, oil man and drilling contractor. A native of Beaumont, he resides at 410 Morningside Drive, Wichita Falls.

These nine members of the Texas Game and Fish Commission do not make our game and fish laws, except for a few counties over which they have been delegated special regulatory authority. Most of our game and fish laws are made by the State Legislature.

The Commission is, however, self-supporting financially. None of the money spent by the Commission comes from the state general fund. The work of the Commission is financed through such sources as license sales and the sale of sand, shell, and gravel.

This revenue goes into a special

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TEXAS GULF GIANTS

Port Aransas' famous South Pier and jetties paid off with some of the biggest catches of the season in late summer. Harvey S. Pierce, San Antonio, above left, caught his 11-foot, 1-inch leopard or tiger shark near the end of the jetties in late August. He was fishing for jewfish with Guide Joe Belcher.

Frank Foxhall, Jr., Memphis, Texas, landed the 8-foot, 8-inch lemon shark (center) from the South Pier August 11. A week earlier he also brought in a 6-foot, 9-inch hammerhead.

Record hammerhead landed on the South Pier, however, was the 11-foot, 3½-inch one, right, shown by Charley Stella, Gonzales.

The monster rayfish, left, was harpooned from the Gulf near the end of the jetties by Mrs. Alice Harper, her husband, and party from Alice. Nine feet across, it had an estimated weight of 700 to 800 pounds.

Texas Pistol Laws

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officer with 40 years experience. "We don't need a strict law like New York, but it would help law enforcement if everyone had to register any gun owned," he continued.

What can Texas sportsmen and hunters do to help curb the flagrant sale of pistols?

"Become acquainted with the law and trade only with dealers who comply," said one dealer. "Sportsmen who comply with the law will help solve the problem because, except for law officials, they are the

largest market for pistols," he added.

One dealer had this anecdote to add fuel to the controversy:

A former gun dealer, who is now an agent for a gun company, said a woman came into his Sweetwater shop one day just before closing time and asked to look at some pistols.

The man said he knew the woman personally, could vouch for her character, and showed her some pistols.

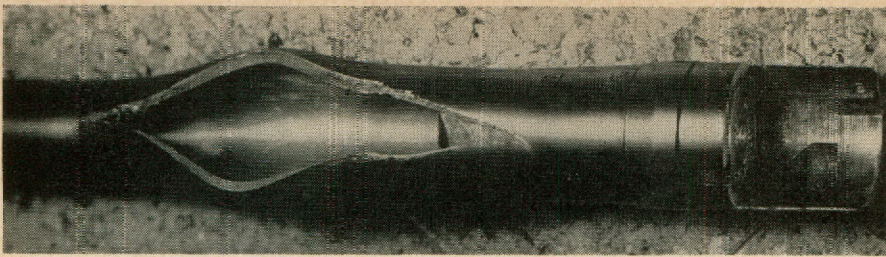
She picked a .38 caliber and asked

if she could return it if her husband didn't like it.

"The next afternoon, she came and returned the pistol, saying her husband didn't like it. I gave her money back and put the gun back on the shelf," the man relates.

Three days later, the nurse's husband was found shot to death in their home, he reports.

"It was a good gun, but I can see why he didn't like it," exclaimed the former retail dealer.



Lucky Hunter, Busted Gun

The hunter who shot this gun escaped with minor injuries. He was lucky.

The barrel ripped open when the hunter unknowingly put a 20-gauge shell into this 12-gauge pump shotgun. The too-small shell worked its way through the action normally, but when it went into the chamber it slid part of the way down into the barrel before lodging. A 12-gauge shell then was pumped into the chamber behind the 20-gauge shell. When the gun was fired, the above was the result.

Gun safety experts say this is a common accident. When an arm or hand happens to be in the way, you can imagine what happens.

The prevention? Keep different sized shells completely separated at

all times. And be sure, before you go hunting, that no shells have been left in hunting jacket or pockets from previous hunts.

This particular gun was returned to Don Maxwell, Odessa gun dealer. The forearm of the gun was completely shattered. Tiny pieces of brass from the 20-gauge shell could be seen in the crack of the split. Fortunately, the barrel split on the right underside, in front of the trigger hand. Had the shooter been left-handed, or if the barrel had split out the left side, his left forearm might have been seriously mangled.—(Staff photo by Clyde Graham.)



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Tuna in Gulf?

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remains to be determined. I would personally try moving the bait up and down from 5 fathoms below the thermocline to 5 fathoms above, a range of 60 feet. If these great fishes behave like other offshore fishes in this area, they will be present from about May on, with a peak abundance in September, and then sharply decline.

The surface of the ocean is a border and in our part of the world, the surface is very warm. There is an increasing amount of evidence that larger fishes live in the depths and do not often come to the surface. People who want these animals for sports or food will have to fish in their depth range. This type of fishing may have certain disadvantages in that the fisherman may not know for some time what is on his line, and very often he may never know, but this adds a grab-bag zest to the operation, and no doubt Texas sportsmen will acquire the requisite skill and knowledge to capture these powerful inhabitants of the sea if they are present in great enough numbers to maintain the fisherman's interest. That is the fact which remains to be determined.

A list of these large fishes, now known to occur in the offshore Gulf waters, is given below.

Yellowfin tuna (*Neothunnus ar-*

• Continued on Page 28

BIG NORTHERN BOB-WHITE



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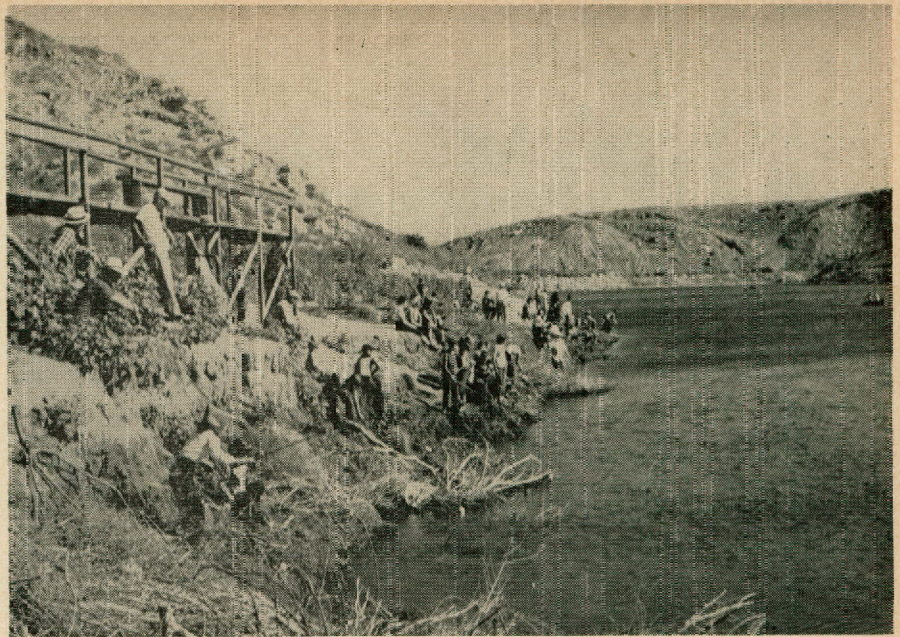
ly along the window sash with wings folded flat over its back and with its little peduncle barely showing—but showing enough to be high fashion.

Its appearance in the house between September and May is merely because, unlike other kinds of wasps, this one seeks warm crevices in which to hibernate and is apt to stay more or less active. All of them would be queens—for the male *Polistes* wasps and the workers, merely undeveloped females, all die before winter sets in, leaving the fertilized young queens to keep the fires going for another year.

In late April or early May each of these queens goes her separate way—which may be only as far as the front porch ceiling. There she brings a mouthful of chewed wood fibers, usually from a dead branch or weathered boards. Mixed with her saliva, the fibers are fashioned into paper.

First she makes the nest stem and from it she suspends a few open-ended cells. In the bottom of each she carefully cements a single white egg. She continues her paper making and in a couple of weeks the nest may contain a dozen cells or more, each with eggs or with hatched larvae in various stages of development.

This marvelous paper engineering effort by now has become increasingly interrupted because the queen's



Approximately 850 kids, chaperoned by 500 parents, fished for an hour and a half and towed in valuable prizes at Frank Phillips Men's Club Lake in Borger recently. Occasion was the first annual Fishing Rodeo for kids sponsored jointly by the Men's Club and the Borger city recreation department. W. B. Rynders of the FPMC served as president of the board of directors for the rodeo, and Hutchinson County Game Warden S. V. Whitehorn awarded prizes to the youthful anglers.

increased family has caused her to make more frequent hunting trips. Off she goes, long legs dangling, coursing over the garden for a caterpillar or a fly. Her vision is acute and her aim unerring. In a moment she carries her paralyzed victim back to the nest, tucking it carefully into the cell where masticatory demands are greatest at the time.

Soon, silken caps appear on the first cells where the oldest larvae are undergoing a complete physical change. In a day or so they crawl forth as adults. All will be females—but not fully developed. They're classed as workers and immediately they start their chores. They con-

• Continued on Page 28

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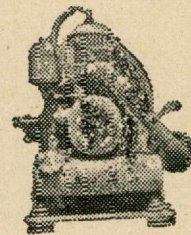
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recreation. The wildlife and recreation values before and after the structure is built must be estimated so that the gain or loss might be balanced with the commercial benefits of the dam. The engineering bureaus succeeded in interpreting this law so that the wildlife and recreation values are to be expressed in terms of dollars.

We were confronted with this first when we undertook to defend Lake Solitude in northern Wyoming, a charming lake which we assumed had the status of government protection against the government. But the powerful bureau made plans for its conversion by a high dam. We met in a courthouse, appropriately, since a lake was on trial for its life.

How can one express the intangible qualities of wilderness and solitude about a gem of a lake in a wild mountain setting, in terms of dollars? How could we measure the value of it to the people who enjoy it? By the money earned by the nearest grocer or hardware merchant who furnished the supplies?

The practical engineers challenged us:

"All right, if you object to the dollar standard of measurement, you give us a formula we can use. We will be glad to have it."

What formula could we offer?

What units of measurement? Calories? Blood pressure of the visitors to that mountain paradise?

How does one ever place in any formula such things as happiness, the good life, the elation that comes from being in high country in free, wild surroundings? We pleaded with those practical men to accept a concept of Democracy that *provides* diversity in our environment, that *permits* us freedom of choice for our recreation, that does not remove all trace of that original beauty of the American wilderness. We pleaded that our opportunities for enjoying our land be not reduced to a dead, leaden uniformity, levelled to an engineer's formula.

Recently I was arguing the case for Dinosaur National Monument in northern Utah and Colorado, before the administrative assistant of a Congressman. This unit of our national park system is threatened with plans for two large dams. I tried to show the difference between drowned canyons behind the dams with dead placid water, and original canyons through which runs a live river; and to explain that this makes a lot of difference to many people who are sensitive to that kind of beauty. Should all such people, now and in succeeding generations, be barred from the choice of such places, by the mandate of a bureau whose particular assignment is practical engineering operation?

A skilled surgeon of New York, with a heavy practice, finds it necessary each summer to come west to

his favorite wilderness, to spend about a month back in the mountains. I know what it means to him, for I shared with him one of those wilderness sojourns.

One time a woman came down out of the Teton Mountains, refreshed and buoyant, and exclaimed: "Why, up there I felt as if I could not be angry with anyone in the world!"

A college student spent a summer in Jackson Hole, Wyoming, on a temporary job in the national park. In the fall this young man and a group of other college students were assembled at our home and the conversation turned to the confusions so prevalent among college students in this chaotic civilization, and the increasing role of the psychiatrist.

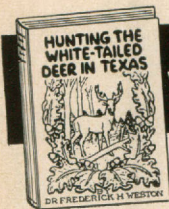
Facetiously, and rather unkindly, I referred to their dependence on those "brain fixers." Why don't the young people make a serious attempt to do the job themselves, I wanted to know.

"You can talk," the young man exploded. "Look where you are, right out here among these mountains. You are away from the tense and confusing atmosphere we students in the eastern colleges have been thrown into. Now I have spent the whole summer out here. You can't imagine what this has done for me. Not all of us college students have had this opportunity."

I felt justly rebuked. And I reflected, that those of us who have had over half a century of participation in history, with time in which to fit together some of the pieces in the puzzle of our society, might easily fail to understand the difficulty of

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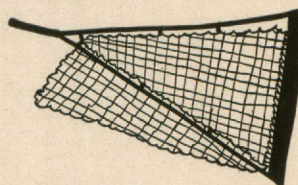
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are already present, but where conditions for spawning are inadequate. For example, Minnesota has been able to provide walleye fishing in some kinds of waters by stocking them heavily with walleye fingerlings. The situations where stocking of this kind is helpful seem to be rather limited; the need for the stocking should be determined by the professional fishery worker.

The stocking picture for warm-water fish and cold-water fish differs rather decidedly. Trout can be raised to catchable size at a much lower cost than would be needed to raise bass or other game fish to a size where they would be attractive to anglers.

In numerous waters we can now have good trout fishing only by planting catchable-size fish. The cost is high. A single legal limit costs more than the price of a license. But, such stocking is justified if the trout fisherman is willing to pay the bill. In many trout waters, the question is one of having put-and-take stocking, or having no fishing at all. Of course, such stocking is justified only on heavily fished waters where a big percentage of the planted fish will be retaken by the angler.

In general, stocking with cold-water species may be expected to benefit fishing under these circumstances.

1. Stocking lakes where conditions are suitable, but where the trout have no spawning areas. Usually fingerlings may be stocked under these conditions. Many trout lakes provide good fishing only because of periodic fingerling stocking; others have adequate natural reproduction.

2. Restocking lakes with fingerlings after removal of existing fish populations by use of rotenone or by draining. The state of Washington, for example, has provided excellent trout fishing in a number of waters by this method.

3. Stocking with catchable-size trout. This is the only method of providing good trout fishing in many very heavily fished waters, either because they are not good trout waters or because they cannot raise enough fish naturally to take care of the demand. For best results the fish must usually be planted at intervals just

before and during the open season. Most studies show a low winter survival of these fish.

4. Stocking with anadromous fishes. Planting of small salmon is helpful where the spawning habitat has been destroyed by the building of dams or by other activity. Too, stocking with steelhead on the west coast has greatly improved the runs of these fish.

Introductions have been both beneficial and harmful. For example, trout fishing has been created in many waters by introducing trout; fishing in some waters has been destroyed by introducing carp.

Often sportsmen tend to want those species introduced which are not already present. If these succeed, they must generally do so at the ex-

pense of native species. Carrying capacity is limited. If we add horses, sheep and mules to a pasture, the pasture will necessarily support fewer cows than it could support before the other species were added.

Stocking isn't a cure-all. For a while its value was greatly over-emphasized. It's only one of the various fish management tools. However, it is still a very important tool. Its value will depend on how intelligently the tool is used. The need for stocking should be definitely established before we stock. It should be established not by the man who raises fish or by the sportsmen, but by competent trained fishery personnel through a study of the habitat and the fish population already present.



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gentiventatta)—Some fishes of this family have the most perfect shape for swimming of any animals in the world. Many of them have lost the muscles to the gill flap because such a constant stream of water passes over the gills, as they speed through the water, that breathing movements are unnecessary. Needless to say these graceful, fast, powerful fish are always on the go. They are excellent food. This species seems to be world-wide in tropical and temperate seas.

Bluefin tuna (*Thunnus thynnus*)—This is the common tuna of the North Atlantic. Large ones weigh 800 pounds. They are probably less

common in the Gulf than the yellowfins.

Blue marlin (*Makaira nigricans*)—These are large, fast predatory fishes, with a short, strong spear and a long dorsal fin, but no sail like that of the sailfish. They may attain a weight of 700 pounds.

White marlin (*Makaira albida*)—It is possible that some of the giant spearfishes live in the Gulf. One large species goes by the fitting name of *Tetrapterus imperator*. It is reputed to attain a length of 26 feet.

If so, it is the peer of all the giant game fishes.

Broadbill or swordfish (*Xiphias gladius*)—By some anglers, this is considered to be the premiere game fish of the world. Swordfish are difficult to entice, are hard to hold and will sometimes fight their tormenter by charging his boat. It seems they will even go to the bottom and ram their bills into it, in attempts to prevent capture. They reach a length of 16 feet and may weigh almost a thousand pounds.

Wasps

struct more cells around the family nest and help feed the young. The queen now has more time for laying eggs and for her own meals which, strangely enough, are vegetarian—the juices of flowers and plants. Only the young eat insect flesh.

By late summer the males begin to hatch. And also by mystic processes involving special diet, some of the females emerge from the cells fully developed as queens.

The goldenrod is in bloom. Soon the first frost withers the grape leaves. Struggling feebly on the porch floor are a few males, dying. Fewer and fewer workers return to the nest each night. And soon all are dead—all but the young queens. Into the house crevices they go, seeking those warm places for overwintering.

Queens of the mud daubers, the yellow jackets, and the hornets crawl under logs, loose bark or burrow into debris. But the fertilized queens of *Polistes* crawl in with us whenever

they can. And always ready to take advantage of our hospitality is that sheathed stiletto.

One thing about these wasps, however: the males can't sting. But since they look almost exactly like their mean old sisters, this is probably the most useless bit of information you'll ever get stuck with.



BOWS AND ARROWS

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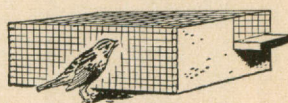
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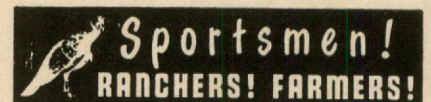


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Beauty and the Dollar Sign

• Continued from Page 25

discovery of new mechanical power, man's aggressiveness at the throttle in the machine age, causing one engineer to boast: "We like to push rivers around."

So huge has become the economic pattern necessary for daily living of millions of people in an industrial age that we have begun to look upon the dollar as an end in itself, rather

Let's Get Acquainted

• Continued from Page 20

game and fish fund. It is appropriated back to the Commission by the Legislature. The Commission, taking into account the recommendations of its well-qualified group of fishery and wildlife biologists and accountants, determines how the money will be spent and sets up a budget.

Income from the federal government derived from taxes on sporting goods also is used for fish and game research and management. Projects must be approved by the U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service. In such cases, the Commission provides 25 per cent of the money.

This, then, is your Game and Fish Commission and briefly how it operates to provide better hunting and fishing. To carry out this job, the folks who administer the Commission's policies are divided into seven major divisions. This was outlined in last month's installment. Next month's article in this series will discuss the function of one of these divisions—the Commission's Marine Laboratory with headquarters at Rockport.

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So we do need help to keep America a pleasant home in which to live. Glacier National Park is threatened. There are reservoir blueprints for the Bob Marshall Wilderness Area in Montana, waiting for the opportune moment. Concrete is in readiness to be dumped into the beautiful canyons of the Green and Yampa Rivers in northern Utah and Colorado. Steel cable will reach upward on Mt. San Jacinto and push the machine age into the sanctity of that alpine wilderness, if present commercial plans and maneuvers succeed. Logging interests are eagerly striving to eliminate a large portion of our incomparable Olympic National Park. The easy money from exploitation of virgin timber is irresistible. Many of our established wilderness areas on national forests are in danger of being shrunk by slow attrition at the boundaries, and by invasion by mining interests. We have won no clear-cut victories so far. We have only won a stay of execution, hoping to gain time, until the people of the United States have opportunity to learn the facts and understand what is at stake.

I do not recall who it was, but I believe it was one of the representatives concerned with the organization of the United Nations at San Francisco, who suggested that the organization meeting ought to be held in a Redwood forest of California. I suppose I may sound like an idealistic, impractical college youth as viewed by the worldly, but I dare to suggest that if a group of the most hostile statesmen on all sides of the oceans, who fill the headlines today, should assemble for a sojourn in wild country, climb a noble mountain together, their hard words might soften just a little, and give the world new hope.

Volume Change

This issue of *Texas Game and Fish* is Volume XII, Number 12. Normally it would be the last issue of this volume. However, the December issue also will be included in Volume XII as Number 13.

Volume XIII will begin with the January, 1955, issue. This is being done so that each 12-issue volume in the future will begin with the January issue and end with the December issue to conform with the calendar year.

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Pet Hawk

Editor:

I am enclosing a snapshot of my six-year-old grandson, Phillip H. Sherrod, and his pet hawk, "Butch." This young hawk is one of a pair that was hatched in a mesquite tree on my farm ten miles west of Wichita Falls. This is the third straight year that this pair of hawks has laid, hatched and raised a pair of young in this same tree. We took only one of the young ones to raise, as we were a little skeptical about our ability as hawk raisers. We gave it a mixed diet of grasshoppers and hamburger meat, and were quite pleased at our success, until we visited the nest where we had left its mate and found that it had grown to be twice as large and four times as vicious as our hand-raised "Butch." Maybe we did not give him enough vitamins!

Eugene Sherrod
P. O. Box 288
Wichita Falls, Tex.

Safe Shooting

Editor:

I thoroughly enjoyed the August issue of *Texas Game and Fish* and the pictorial descriptions of some of our game and predators.

The article on "Safe Shooting" in the same issue impressed me very much. I am for it! Sportsmen like myself that are ex-farm boys learn to handle hunting arms at the age of 10. In my opinion, city boys need more emphasis on management of firearms.

I believe a good plan to enforce safe shooting would be to put examination

and license distribution under the Department of Public Safety. In that way, accidental and careless shootings could be greatly reduced.

O. A. Coon
Route 5, Box 215
Fort Worth, Texas

Voracious Frogs

Editor:

I am writing this somewhat reluctantly, as I admit it sounds like an entry to a liars' contest. But since bullfrog diet has been a subject of discussion in the June and September issues, I would like to tell you about a large bullfrog I found recently.

When I discovered his stomach unusually full, curiosity got the best of me, and I opened it up, only to find a bobwhite quail which must have been caught late that evening, because it was still waterlogged. The quail was full-grown or nearly so, and must have been drinking water at the pond regularly with the other quail.

Jerry B. Harel
Route 3
Shiner, Texas.

Editor:

While hunting plover in a pasture near here (in 1919, to be exact), I saw a plover alight near a pond. After making a careful approach, I was somewhat puzzled at finding no plover. A while later, I shot a large frog, and there, inside, was a nice, fat plover.

Dell Brasher
1409 Scott Street
Wichita Falls, Texas

Big Rattler

Editor:

I saw W. G. McMillan's letter in the July issue of *Texas Game and Fish* and was quite interested in his offer of \$5 per inch for every inch over six feet for a live rattler in Texas.

The snake in this picture was killed about 40 miles south of Reynosa, Mexico. It naturally does not qualify for your offer, but it does prove that rattlesnakes occasionally get to be considerably larger than six feet in length.

The baseboard is exactly nine feet long, as can be seen by the three yardsticks standing end to end on the right-hand side of the board. Actual measurement from head to base of tail was seven feet, 8½ inches. The man at right is an even six feet tall.

A. S. Vandervoort, Jr.
Second Nat'l Bank Bldg.
Houston, Texas

Gar Bait

Editor:

Most fishermen have caught at least a few baby gar when seining minnows for bait and have either killed them or returned them to the water. Well, there's a better use for them than either of these.

Paul Daly, wire chief of the Santa Fe here, and his son, Donald, 8, went down to Lake Whitney to fish recently. They seined for minnows and got just a few, but they did get more than 100 baby gar two to three inches in length. They used the gar, along with the minnows, for bait and found the bass and crappie preferred them, two to one, over the minnows.

Upshur Vincent
Outdoor Editor
Fort Worth *Star Telegram*
Fort Worth, Texas

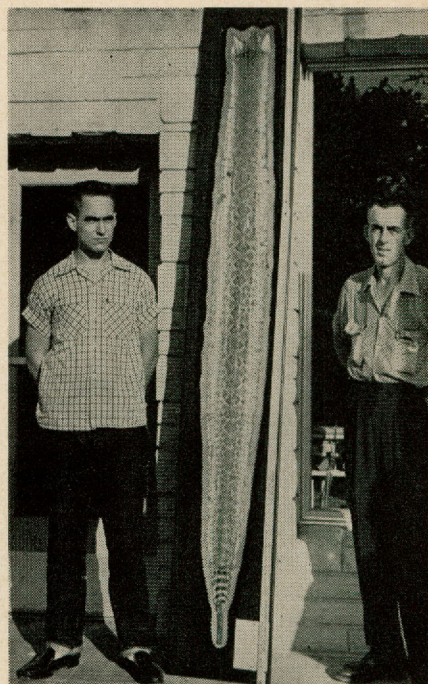
78-Pointer

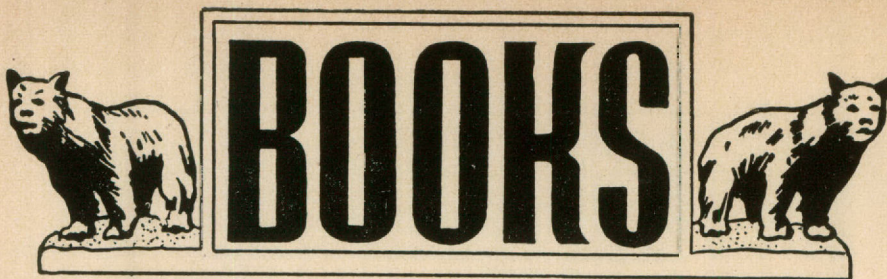
Editor:

Just noticed the inquiry in the September issue of *TEXAS GAME AND FISH* regarding the whereabouts of the 78-point deer head; also the 65-point antlers.

The 78-point head is still on display at the Buckhorn, as well as the 65-point head.

Norma Friedrich Ward,
Co-owner,
Buckhorn Curio Store
San Antonio, Texas





BOOKS

BOOKS ON ALL PETS, series of pet dog booklets, etc. Published by All-Pets Books, Inc., 18 Forest Avenue, Fond du Lac, Wisc.

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That is the hypothesis under which All-Pets Books, Inc., which only recently has put out a series of booklets for man and his dog, operates.

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Each of the special dog care books sells for \$1.25, and the series includes most of the breeds raised in this country. In addition to this special series, other dog books also are available.

A catalogue of pet and dog books published by the company may be had by writing the above address.

The company also is publisher of All Pets Magazine, devoted to pets of all kinds.

PRACTICAL TAXIDERMY by John W. Moyer. 126 pages, fully illustrated. Published 1953 by The Ronald Press Company, 15 East 26th Street, New York 10, N. Y. \$3.00.

Would you like to know how to prepare true-to-life mounts of birds, mammals, fish and reptiles? It may not be as difficult as it looks with the help of a guide by an authority on the subject.

Through step-by-step, easy-to-follow instructions, the reader is shown tested, present-day techniques for skinning specimens; treating and curing skins; mounting realistic displays and finishing them in a lifelike manner; as well as preparing decorative game heads and fur rugs.

In addition, a chapter on tanning methods makes it possible for the amateur to do a complete job of mounting larger animals without this added expense.

Author of the Merit Badge handbook, "Taxidermy," for Boy Scouts of America, the author has contributed articles on taxidermy to various encyclopedias and written on many outdoor subjects for popular periodicals.

The book, which gives the proper procedure for field collection, lists essen-

tial tools and materials and shows how to mix the various formulae and solutions, is written by a naturalist and sportsman. Aimed primarily at the would-be taxidermist with no previous experience, his modern museum methods are authoritative enough that even the professional preparator may benefit.

SKIING ON WATER, Revised Edition by Jack Andresen. 182 pages with index, photographic illustrations and line drawings. Published 1954 by A. S. Barnes and Company, 232 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y. \$3.75.

"Water skiing, like no other sport, provides the thrill of speed without its dangers," says the author in this revised book on the subject. And for those who would increase their skill, it offers the opportunity of endless variety.

Although it appears difficult and violent, the sport is described as one that can be easy and enjoyable.

"If you can swim, you can ski," says the author as he speaks of each new trick with its attendant equipment in the terms of a veteran who knows.

Instructive material for beginner and expert includes chapters on equipment, fundamentals, jumping, boating and related water sports.

HUNTING DUCKS AND GEESE by Edward C. Janes. 187 pages, with 12 full-color pages of identification charts and appendix of waterfowl laws. Published 1954 by The Telegraph Press, Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, \$5.95.

Illustrated with full-color plates from the company's recently-published "Hunter's Encyclopedia," "Hunting Ducks and Geese" should prove a colorful addition to every bookshelf, as well as enjoyable reading for the active sportsman.

Its conclusions on "how-to-do it" are the result of a rich background and worthy of the attention of every waterfowl hunter. For Edward C. Janes is an established author, frequent contributor to hunting and fishing magazines and field editor of one of them.

Twelve pages in full color identify just about any species and sex of waterfowl ever seen or shot. In addition, there is a brief history of the sport from the fall and spring hunts of days past to the present day of necessitated restriction. Text of federal laws relating to the Migratory Bird Hunting Stamp Act is a valuable appendix to this complete, concise and attractive volume.

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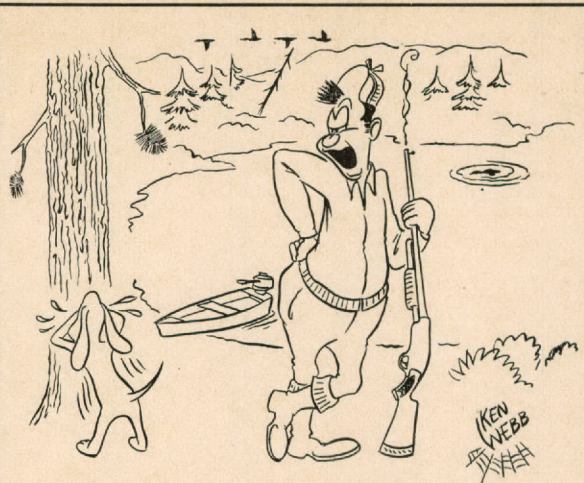
(You may expect to receive your first copy of Texas Game and Fish approximately six weeks after sending in remittance.)

HUNTING

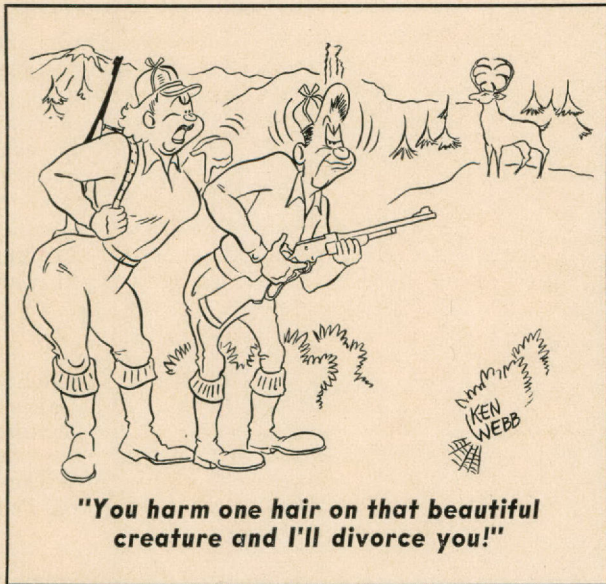
for FUN

With KEN WEBB

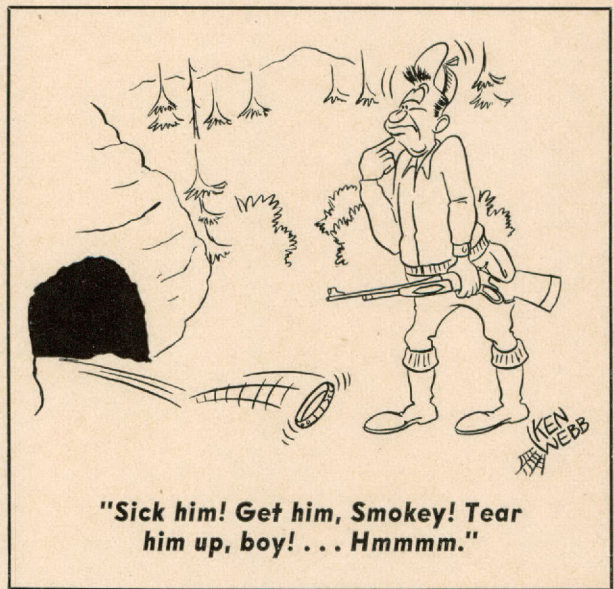
For you readers who have received Ken Webb's cartoons with such enthusiasm since he drew his first for *Texas Game and Fish* several months ago, here is a bonus.



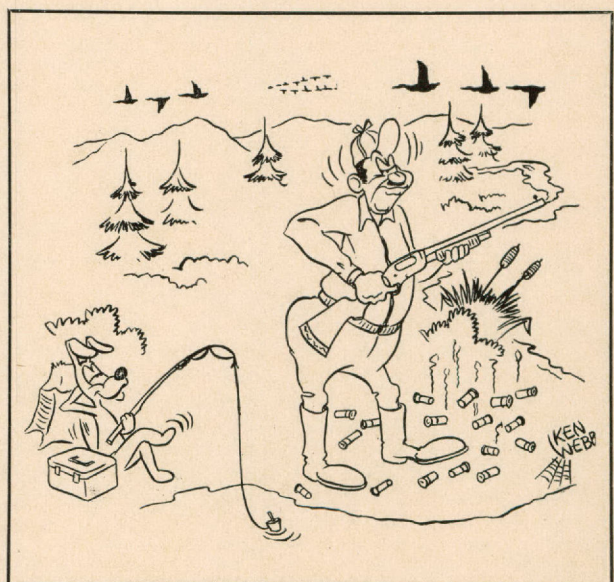
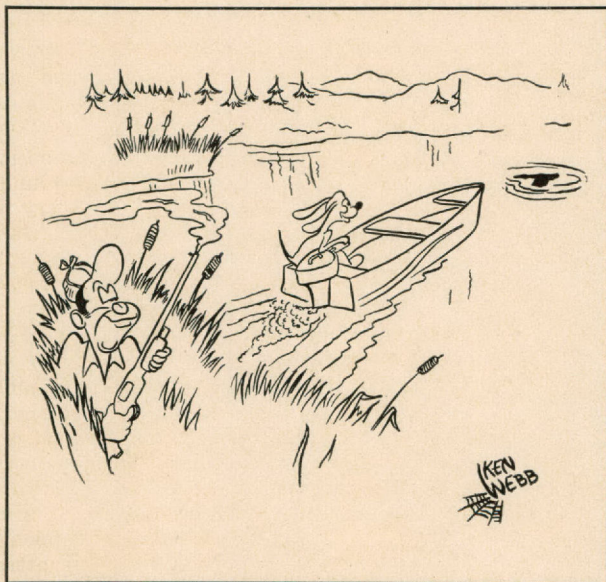
"Oh, for Pete's sake, stop that infernal sniveling—I'll go pick him up in the boat."



"You harm one hair on that beautiful creature and I'll divorce you!"



"Sick him! Get him, Smokey! Tear him up, boy! . . . Hmmm."



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1 YEAR
"SPIKES"



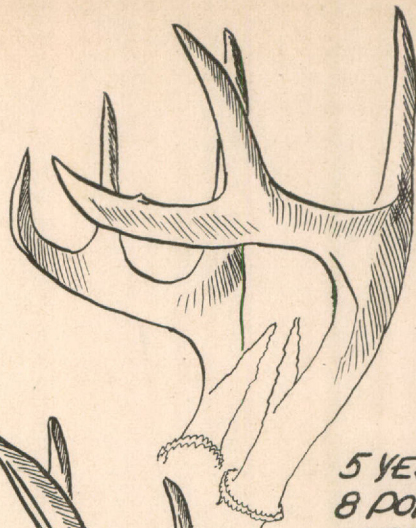
2 YEARS
8 POINTS
POINTS ESTABLISHED



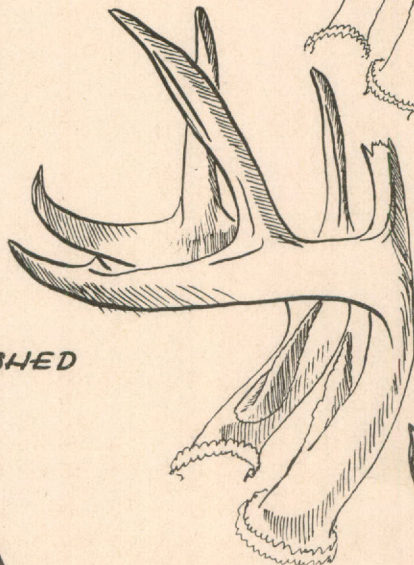
3 YEARS
INCREASED
SIZE



4 YEARS
NO CHANGE
EXCEPT SIZE



5 YEARS
8 POINTS
LARGER
NORMAL
DEVELOPMENT



6 YEARS
8 POINTS
MAXIMUM SIZE
SYMMETRICAL



OLD AGE ABNORMALITIES

WOOLDRIDGE

The above drawings do not necessarily depict typical antler development but represent only one possible example of how antlers might grow on one buck under continuing ideal conditions. In wild deer, the number of points and size of antlers depends, to a great extent, upon the availability of proper food and the health of the deer. Occasionally, a one-year-old "spike" will have four or even six points. An older buck in good condition may have ten points one year when food is plentiful and much smaller antlers with fewer points the next year if it is a "lean" year. An accident or illness also may reduce the size of antlers or number of points. Many bucks are found with an odd number of points on one side and an even number on the other. Bucks reach their prime at the age of seven

or eight years. During this time the antlers generally will attain the largest size. After ten years of age bucks are on the downgrade. During this decline antlers often assume grotesque shapes and have many small points.

To: