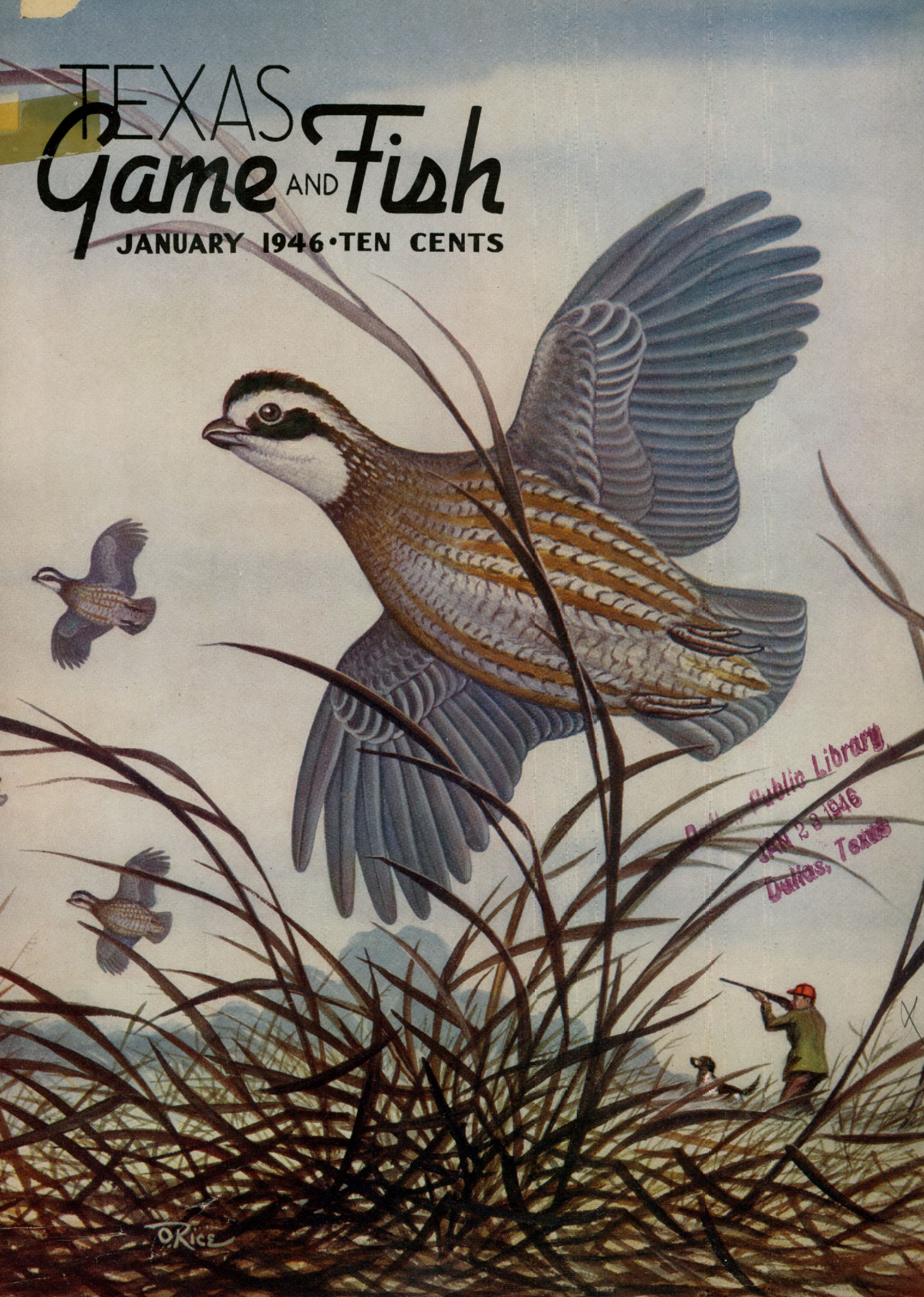


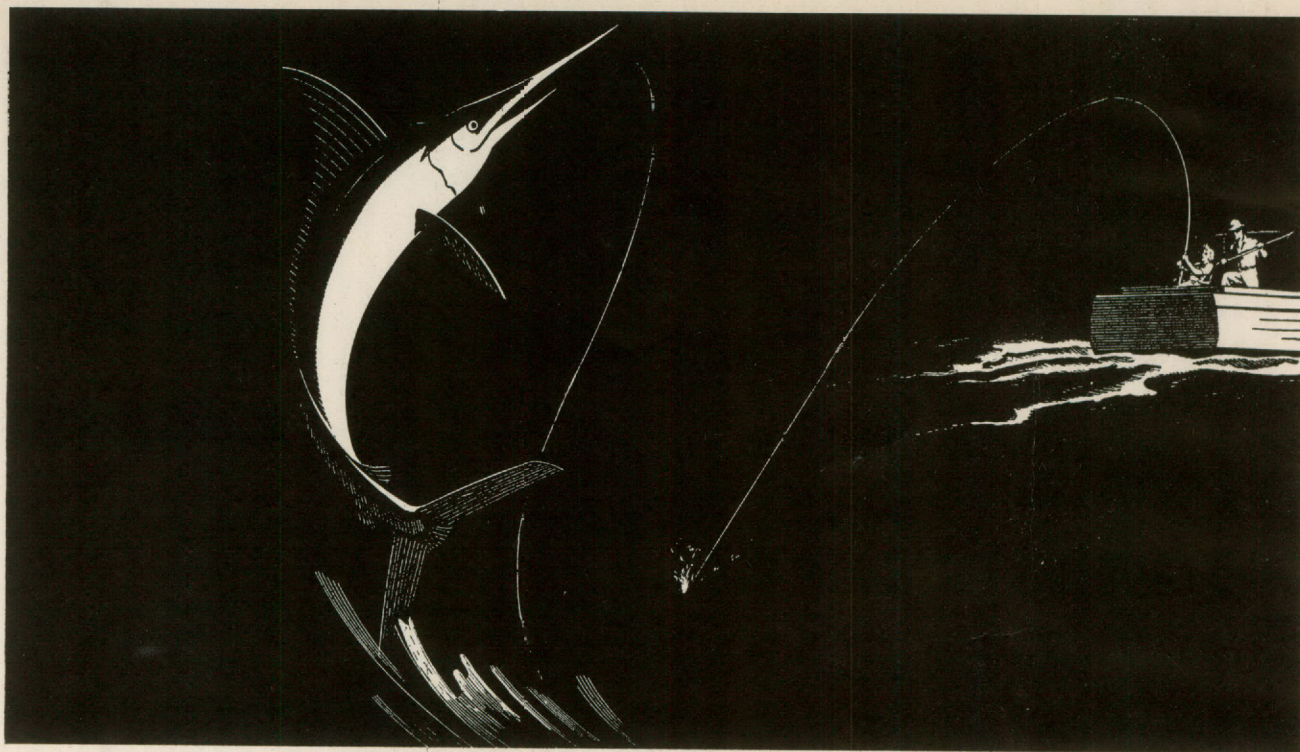
TEXAS Game AND Fish

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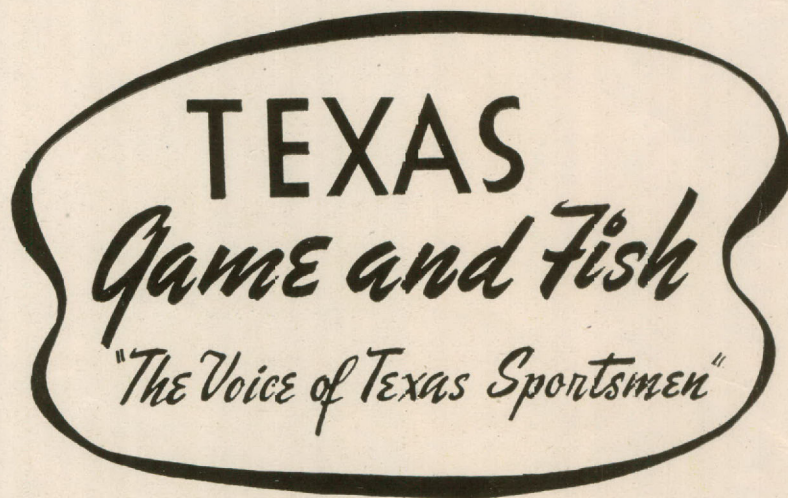
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TEXAS GAME AND FISH is published monthly by the Texas Game, Fish and Oyster Commission. Subscription price \$1.00 per year. Single copies 10 cents each.

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, FISH AND OYSTER COMMISSION. Editorial and Advertising offices, Walton Building, Austin, Texas. Published at 3301 Buffalo Drive, Houston, Texas. Entered as second class matter May 19, 1943, at the postoffice at Austin, Texas under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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

Members of the Game, Fish and Oyster Commission: Murrell L. Buckner, Dallas, *chairman*; Gene Howe, Amarillo; Dr. Will E. Watt, Austin; A. T. McDannald, Houston; Gordon Stewart, Sonora; Frank Jones, Marfa; H. D. Dodgen, *Executive Secretary*; H. E. Faubion, *Assistant Executive Secretary and Director of Sand, Shell and Gravel Division*.

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COVER — By ORVILLE O. RICE

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ROGER M. BUSFIELD
Editor

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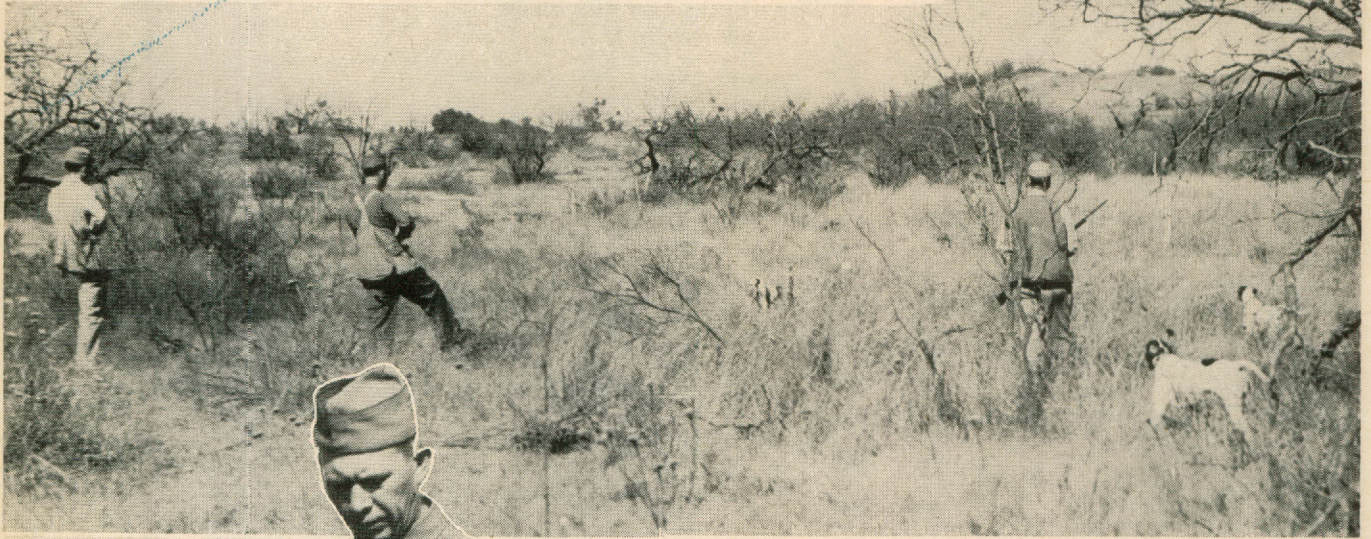
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Sow . . . That You Also May Reap

By VALGENE W. LEHMANN



BOBWHITES are found in practically every county in Texas and quail hunting is universally popular. The darky with a single barrel 12 gauge hunts "pottiges" as surely as does the town banker, and most quail hunters have much in common. Most love a stylish bird dog, wing shooting, light guns, and physical exercise. More important, practically all sincerely love quail.

The average quail hunter doesn't advertise his true fondness for bobwhites; he wouldn't want you to call him a "sentimentalist." It is easy, however, to learn the truth. Just ask a quail hunter to outline his conception of Utopia. He will almost certainly specify a covey of quail under every bush. Usually it isn't that he wants more quail merely for the purpose of more killing. Chances are that he would like to be certain that his son and those that follow will be privileged to know and love bobwhite as he has.

Unfortunately, a covey of quail under every bush wouldn't add up to a lot of quail in much of Texas; bushes, particularly those of a type that quail prefer, are none too abundant. For example, expansion of rice farming and pasture mowing in the Gulf coastal prairie have left hundreds of thousands of acres of once good quail country without adequate cover. One can travel many miles without seeing a bush in parts of the Panhandle, and cover is likewise scarce in much of Central and Northern Texas, the cleanly farmed black-land belt. Parts of East Texas still have many bushes, red haw, yaupon, and many others, but they once had more. This was before thousands of sand hill farms were abandoned in depression years, and forestry emphasized total fire exclusion at the expense of understory cover and wildlife. Southwestern Texas has much more monte and many quail, to be sure, but only during the years when rainfall is above the average. The same holds true for the scrub oak country in the eastern part of the Panhandle, the post oak belt, and certain other less extensive vegetative types. This is because quail cannot live by bushes alone.



THE BEST QUAIL HUNTING always will be found in good cover. Two coveys of bobwhites were flushed from this thicket.

The three r's of quail welfare: i.e., food (principally weed seeds, greens, and insects), cover (tall grass as well as woody shrubs or bushes), and protection (from excessive pressure by natural enemies including man), have been restated so often that most hunters recite them as easily as their own names. Accurate identification of environmental deficiencies on particular farms and ranches, and more important, their correction, however, present greater difficulties. Prescribing for, and doctoring quail environments, in fact, is anything but easy; uncontrollable as well as controllable factors are involved. Man can, for example, improve food and cover, control some predators, and regulate hunting, within certain limits. He cannot effectively manage many other important influences including adverse weather (drought and flood), external parasites, and disease. Compared to the hazards of quail management, in fact production of most other land crops is indeed simple. Optimism is justified.

Consider, for example, the problem of woody cover. Experimentation in South Texas has proven conclusively that an adequate winter territory for a covey of bobwhites can be built around a single clump 3 to 10 yards in diameter. Brush in miles-long fence rows or scattered throughout pastures, sometimes to the detriment of agricultural production is not essential. There must be adequate grassy cover in quail range; however,

and food-bearing weeds, should be, on grass, or preferably a mixture of grass the average at least 8 inches tall. Food is essential, of course, and it is probable that the natural supply must be supplemented, at least in late winter, in areas where such staples as dove-weed, partridge pea, perennial ragweed, and sun

flower are uncommon. In Southeastern Texas food production has also been simplified by research; however, a combination of non-obnoxious natural food plants largely unpalatable to cattle are satisfactory when broadcast in unfenced patches one-half to two acres in size.

By all means hunters should regulate their harvest in accordance with the number of young produced. In an average year, a take of 25 per cent to 33½ per cent of the known population is conservative, but the kill often should be even smaller. In Southwestern Texas, for example, little if any, shooting is justified in drought years and little is warranted in the poorly drained Gulf coastal prairie when the breeding season is unusually wet.

Especially in farming sections where land ownerships generally are small, hunters should remember that over-shooting in territory adjoining their shooting ground is almost as serious as on their own tract; populations tend to "level out" in the interim between hunting seasons with movements of 1 to 10 miles frequent. Also persistent training of bird dogs in September and October when juvenile quail are still common and the protective instincts of their parents are strong will move quail as surely as will shooting or other radical disturbance.

In spite of the difficulties attending quail management, however, sportsmen can be sure that it is worthwhile. Bobwhite increase can be successfully accomplished, as it has been to the writer's personal knowledge, on more than 100 acres in South Texas alone. Sportsmen who fail to take steps to provide for their own hunting needs simply are

★ Continued on page 16



THERE IS NO GREATER THRILL than seeing your bird drop to the ground and retrieved by an intelligent dog.

Bow Hunting

IN WISCONSIN

By S. N. McWHORTER

IN WISCONSIN there is a Bow Hunters Association governed by a President, Vice-President, Secretary, Treasurer, and six Governors, having its headquarters at Madison. As of October 23rd, last, the membership had attained 1440. It was organized only a few years ago as the result of the efforts of Roy I. Case of Racine, Wisconsin, the Dean of Wisconsin Archers, and the first hunter to kill a deer in that state with a bow and arrow.

The business of the Association is to promote archery in all of its phases; to promote favorable legislation for the bow hunters; and to procure refuges for bow hunting. This year the Association prevailed upon the Federal Wildlife Service and the Conservation Department of the State of Wisconsin to open up to bow hunters the Necedah Wildlife Refuge, at Necedah, Wisconsin, estimated to have 9,000 deer. To date, 2800 permits have been granted to bow hunters to enter the Refuge and shoot with the bow one deer of any age, or sex. The Refuge consists of more than 30,000 acres, of which 23,000 acres are opened to the bow hunters, all guns being absolutely barred. The season lasted 45 days, beginning with September 29th.

The writer, fascinated with the opportunity to hunt under such favorable circumstances and to try his skill with this ancient-modern method of taking game, went all the way from the Tip-o-Texas to be there when the season opened. Though he came back without the bacon, and empty handed, and had to withstand the merciless "ribbing" of his friends because of such lack of luck, he offers the following account of the hunt as proof of the pleasure and worth of bow hunting, and of the unequalled good sportsmanship among bow hunters.

The morning of September 29th dawned on Wisconsin's first real frost of the season, looking like a young snow to this far-south Southerner. Men and women, clad in caps and jackets fifty per cent red, and armed with their most trusted bow and well-filled quivers, began the hunt, all keyed high with excitement and atwitter with anticipation. The many roads through the Refuge were lined with cars. Many hunters walked the roads and sat by deer runs where they crossed. Others stalked stealthily through the woods, Indian-like, upon their quarry. Soon reports of "shots" were being made as groups of

hunters gathered on the roads and recounted their exciting tales of contact with the game. Unashamed alibis for the misses were being offered. Not far through the woods could one walk without seeing the shining red on some bow hunter's cap, or jacket; and not far could he travel without seeing a deer bounding away because of his presence, or bounding toward him because of the presence of some other bow hunter. It was common courtesy of the bow hunters when coming upon a fellow hunter to ask: not, "Did you kill a deer?" but, "Did you get a shot?" The question, "Did you get a shot?" brought out all the answers and caused no offense. If a deer had been killed, the gentle, harmless question, brought out a glowing description of the how and where the kill was made, the size and kind of

who carried them. Others were built by renowned craftsmen. Each hunter was equally proud of his weapon.

Various methods of hunting were used. Some hunters stalked alone, depending on their own skill and devices to outwit the wily deer; others joined in drives, running the deer by hunters concealed near the probable flight of the driven deer to shoot them as they went by; others sat by deer runs and waited the weary hours for the unsuspecting deer to come that way. Some hunted in pairs, moving quietly through the woods in parallel directions, guiding on the sun or wind, and keeping contact by low whistles, hoping that each would cause deer to move in favor of the other.

Dame luck was thought to have figured considerably in the success of the hunt. One man had been given a bow and taught how to use it just before the hunt began, and forthwith killed his deer. Another man seen down town "deep in his cups" staggered out to the hunting grounds, tangled with a buck and slew him by driving his arrow deep into his chest, paralyzing the deer completely. This deer dressed about 180 pounds. Another hunter shot a deer in the hind leg and brought him down in a short distance.

The writer shot and missed several times. Once a big doe in flight from another hunted stopped momentarily to gaze while standing in a cluster of small

Texan doesn't get his deer with bow and arrow but finds sport is fascinating and exhilarating

deer, the type of bow, the kind of arrow, the style of broadhead, the distance of shot, the distance the deer traveled after being shot, and other details, ad infinitum. If a miss had occurred, the question brought out the alibis, well-greased and oft-repeated about a "limb in the way," "shooting too high," "hands too cold," "distance too great," "the terrific speed of that deer," etc.

Back in town at night (the rules did not permit camping in the Refuge) the bow hunters would gather in the two cafes, tired and hungry, but aglow with the memories of the day's adventures, and there many tales were spun and told, and many exciting experiences related. The lucky hunters boasted fine audiences while modestly relating the "how and where" they did it.

Much talk and good comradeship centered around bows and archery tackle in general. Bows of all kinds, from the lowly hickory to the Royal Yew; of all types, from straight to recurved, long to short, flat to English, were offered for inspection, praise and criticism. Some bows were of high polish, and so carried in the field; others were carefully camouflaged so as to avoid the gleam in the sunshine and its resulting betrayal of the hunter to the deer. Many bows and arrows were fashioned by the hunter

trees. The broadhead flew from a 64 pound osage bow and buried itself deep into a popple standing in front of and very near the deer. The doe resumed her flight unharmed. Once a big buck, startled from his sleep in the tall grass rose so explosively that the equally startled hunter let fly his arrow without observing form, technique, free style, or any style in the books, and it went wide, very wide, to his utter disgust. Again, a rampaging buck, with the far-famed "rocking chair" on his head, already greatly frightened, took on more speed as he swerved to avoid the hunter and passed within some 12 paces and was neatly missed, without rhyme, reason, or alibi. But it was fun—keen, sweet, toe-tlingling fun.

Others, too, missed. R. A. Branaka, famous bow builder of Beloit, Wisconsin, had the good fortune to have seven deer driven out by him. In their frightened rush, five went on one side and two on the other; but, in his excitement and with the game almost in his hair, he did not shoot. Again, he missed his shot at a magnificent buck which broke away and out of range while he, holding his bow and arrow with one hand was attending to his nose with a big, white handkerchief with the other.

★ Continued on page 16

The Hunt is on—





1945 Fatalities Too Numerous

PRELIMINARY reports from game wardens indicate that a record number of bucks was harvested by Texas hunters during the open season which ended on December 31. And preliminary reports likewise indicate that a record number of hunters was harvested by the

MOST HUNTERS look forward to the first night in camp almost as much as they do the first day in the woods. In the upper left photo Jacob Kraus, William Petmecky, of Fredericksburg, and Dave Schleiber, of San Antonio, are peeling spuds in the Petmecky camp in Gillespie county. The hunters are up long before dawn and as the sun begins to creep over the horizon they are on their way. In the lower left photo Capt. J. C. O'Brien, Jacob Kraus, William Petmecky and Dave Schleiber are leaving camp for the hunt. One of the hunters has taken his position in a blind (upper right) while Capt. O'Brien elects to slight his deer from a perch in a tree that commands an excellent view of the valley.



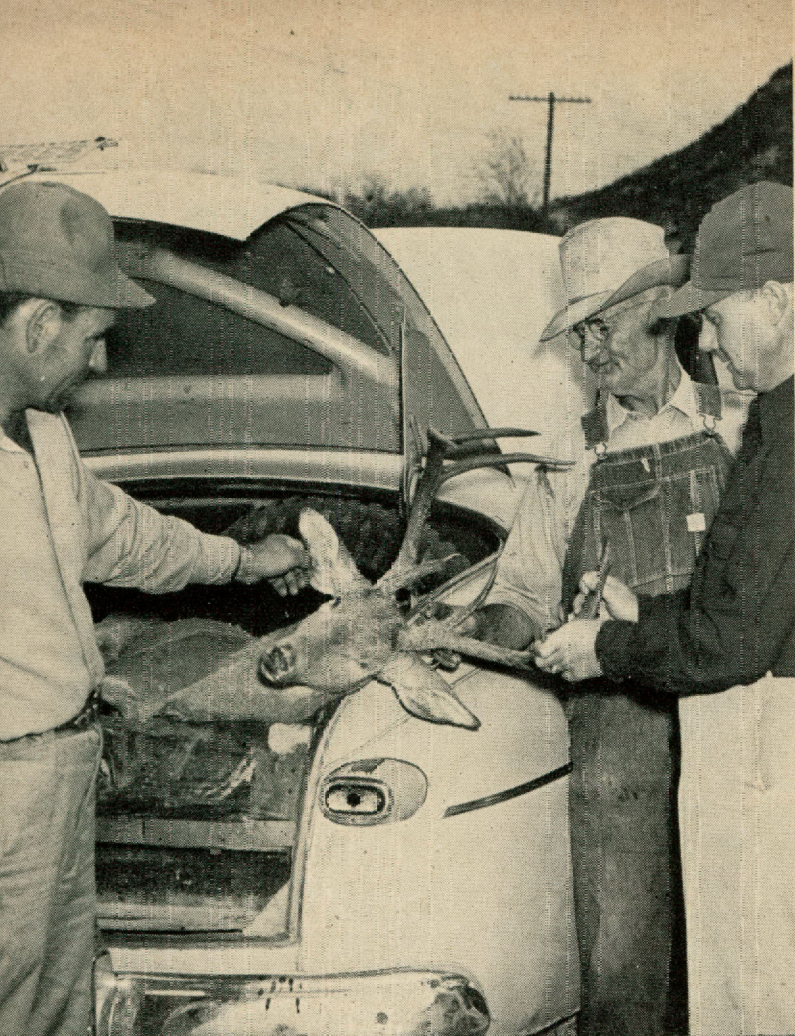
Grim Reaper. Thus far 14 hunting fatalities have been reported in Texas.

Some hunters were mistaken for deer. Others made the fatal mistake of creeping through brush in front of a trigger happy Daniel Boone. And still others just had to learn the hard way—that it isn't at all safe to crawl into a tree dragging a loaded rifle or to pull a loaded rifle through the fence by the muzzle.

Perhaps the high hunter fatality rate was due to the increased number of Texans who went into the deer areas during the open season. Many bought hunting licenses who said they never had had a gun in their hands. And some of 'em sallied forth with high powered rifles to bombard anything and everything that moved. It is true that accidents will happen even to the most skilled but the odds are all against the novice.

Of course there is no excuse for anyone to pull a loaded rifle, by the muzzle, up a tree or through a barbed wire fence. Several Texans needlessly lost

CAPT. O'BRIEN after sighting his buck gets down out of the tree and draws a bead on the animal from kneeling position. The buck, in the circle, is down. In the photo at the right William Petmecky looks over the first buck killed by the party. It dressed out at 65 pounds.



their lives because they simply didn't observe this ABC of gun handling.

Hunting accidents will continue to occur until everyone who goes into the field or forest to hunt first learns how to handle a rifle or a shotgun and to shoot only when the target is plainly visible.

Soldiers Want Dogs

These soldiers who have had war dogs and who have learned to train and understand them, are almost certain to want dogs as a hobby or a business when they have established themselves as civilians.

Dog shows should increase in number as should field trials and obedience contests. As more dogs are trained in the latter sport, better community relations will be established. For well trained dogs are well controlled dogs. They are good advertisement for purebred dogs, and many of them become neighborhood prizes.

STORAGE OF BUCKS in the hills country was a real problem. Freezing plants were taxed on the very first day. In the upper left photo a hunter has just brought his buck to the ice for storage only to learn that the Junction plant was full. But the ice plant wrapped the carcass in oiled paper for the hunter who then took it home. Just a few of the deer stored in the ice plant at Fredericksburg are shown in the photo at left.



ARMS AND AMMUNITION

Editor by ADAM WILSON, III

FOREIGN GUNS

Maybe the war is over, but we will not be allowed to forget it for awhile. It seems that half the armed forces brought back some kind of a weapon and want to get the low-down on it. We never knew there were so many "furrin" guns of so many sizes, shapes, and designs. And they are made of everything from pot metal to Krupp fluid steel. Some are good, some fair, and many lousy.

We might not be so concerned with all this foreign armament were it not for the letters pouring in wanting to know what to shoot in them and what size they are, what you can kill with them, and how do they function.

We are tempted to put out a form letter saying:

"Boys you have a swell souvenir. Hang it over the mantle, but never shoot it. Maybe it is the best gun in the world, but we have no way of knowing. There are just so many makes that we can get no information on. You know what American guns are. You can buy ammunition to fit them, and they are safe. If you must shoot foreign guns, have them examined by a competent gunsmith—have his O.K. that the ammunition is right and that you are not playing with a 'booby trap'."

Wait a minute. Here is a chap who wants to see me—Oh yes, you have a rare gun, a German with three barrels? 16 gauge above and a rifle barrel beneath? Did we ever see one? Did we? Only about a thousand. We are beginning to believe Hitler had them made to sell to tourists.

Don't try to test the accuracy of a rifle by firing it tightly clamped in an ordinary vice, cautions Merton A. Robinson, chief ballisticsian of the Winchester Repeating Arms Company division of Olin Industries, Inc.

All ammunition manufacturers test their product in rifles, rifle barrels, or the special testing barrels called "Mann" barrels, which are fired from mechanical rests, Robinson points out. These rests are scientifically designed to "bed" the barrel so carefully that cramping is eliminated. The actual firing from a properly designed mechanical rest simu-

lates the firing of a rifle from a man's shoulder but eliminates human error.

Although a novice may not realize it, the sights of a rifle or shotgun are not parallel with the bore of the gun. In other words, the bullet does not follow a path parallel to the line of aim. If the sights and the bore were parallel, a shooter would never be able to hit the target at which he is aiming.

Because the two are not parallel, a bullet usually crosses the line of aim before it hits the target. As the barrel is below the sights on the top of the arm, the bullet starts out below the line of aim. It rises above it a short distance from the gun muzzle and meets the point of aim at the target, if your sights are properly set.

Ballistic experts such as Merton A. Robinson of Winchester, get almost as much mail as movie stars. The two most frequent questions which gun and ammunition fans ask Robinson are: What produces the noise when a gun is fired, and why do you see the flash of a gun before you hear its report?

Here are the answers:

The noise produced by the firing of a gun is caused by the impact of the expanding gasses of the burning gun powder on the atmosphere, and not by the crack of the bullet striking the air.

You see the flash of a gun before you hear its report because light travels faster than sound. Light has the dazzling speed of 186,000 miles per second whereas sound ambles along at only 1,100 feet per second.

When is a ball a cylinder?

The standard caliber .30 Army cartridge is called a ball cartridge, yet the bullet itself is an elongated streamlined cylinder.

The word ball is a relic of the old days of the musket and muzzle-loader in which actual lead balls were fired. With the development of such variegated

types of modern ammunition as tracer, incendiary, armor piercing and armor piercing incendiary, the old name of ball cartridge has lingered on to describe the simple lead-cored, metal sheathed bullet. Bullets for the other types of ammunition all have varying sized lead slugs in them as well as various chemical materials. Because of its simplicity of manufacture, the ball cartridge give the best ballistic qualities.

A caliber .30 cartridge is a powder power plant that delivers tremendous energy in a split second of time, according to Ray Holmes, ballistic engineer in the Research Division of the Western Cartridge Company, in explaining the operation of a cartridge.

Compressed into every caliber .30 military cartridge is a production cycle involving eleven days of work and some ninety operations, many to tolerances exceeding those used in the making of a fine watch.

Slowed down so that you can read about it, here is what happens in the three ten-thousandths of a second in which a cartridge completes its function.

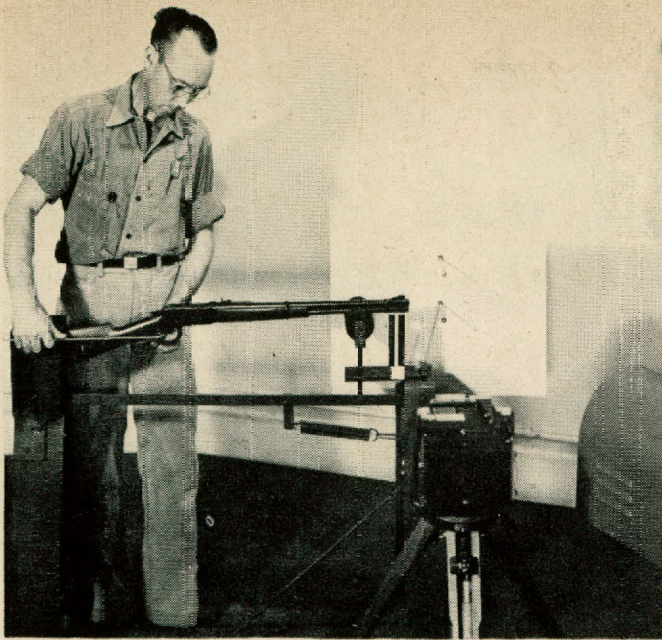
The firing pin of the rifle strikes the brass primer cup in the head of the cartridge and ignites a tiny dab of high explosive priming mixture.

Burning with a fierce brilliance, the primer ignites the smokeless powder which generates up to 50,000 pounds per square inch of pressure.

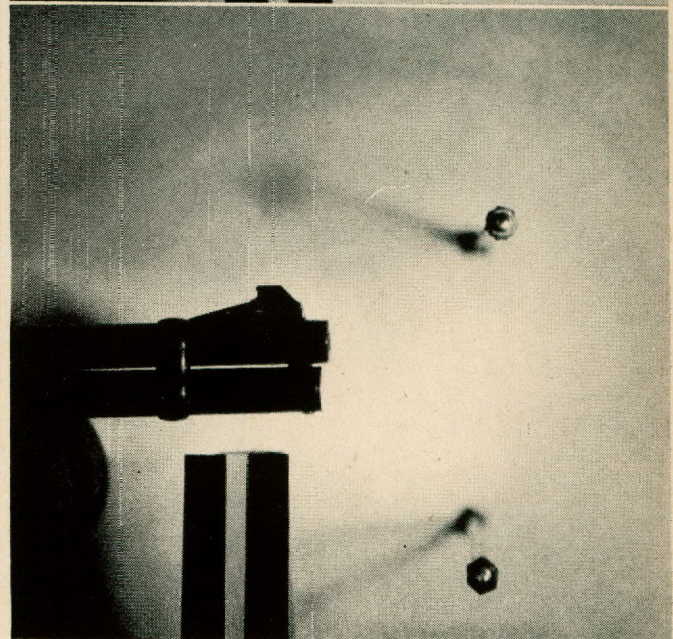
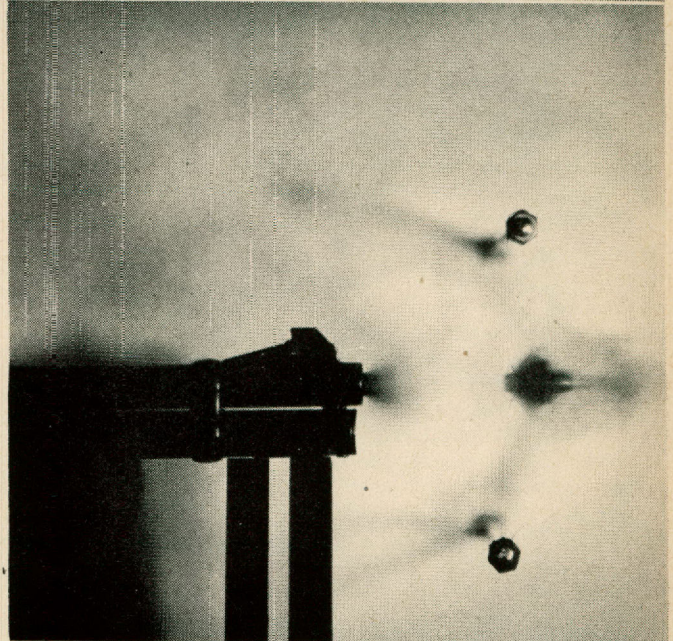
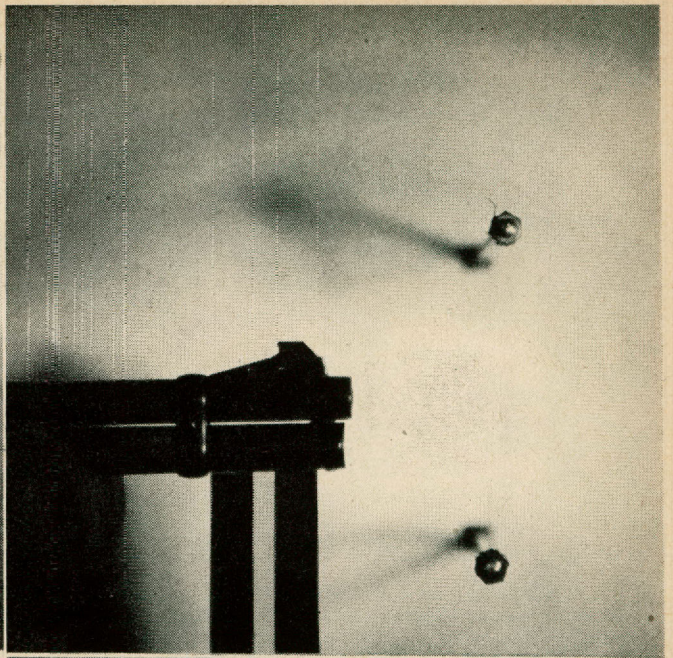
When the cartridge is fired, the brass case expands and completely seals the breech of the gun. Like a raging tornado, the enormous gas pressure leaps against the bullet and hurls it out of the weapon at a speed of more than a half a mile a second.

FOR SALE

Custom Checked rifle stock and forearm for Remington Model 81. Checkering by Keith, Stegall, Colo. Fitted with Pachmayr recoil pad and genuine buffalo horn pistol grip cap Good buy for \$35. Adam Wilson, III, Bonnie Hills Ranch, Hunt, Texas.



IN THE TEST to show that visible recoil occurs after a bullet has left the gun, Claude Reynolds, Laboratory technician at Western Cartridge Company, (upper left) places the Winchester Model No. 94 carbine in the recoil rest to simulate as nearly as possible the conditions under which the gun would be fired by a man. The butt of the carbine is placed in a sponge rubber pocket (left). The muzzle end of the carbine rests upon a cylinder of hard rubber with a depressed center, and upon the block of wood used as a reference point for the three micro-flash pictures. The trigger is pulled by a wire lanyard. Upper right: Resting on the reference-point wood block, the carbine muzzle is aimed at the disjunctor wire that trips the photo-light. (The circular shadow appearing in the photos is cast by the photo-light and is not a pressure wave sometimes visible in high speed pictures of this kind. Right: In this remarkable picture the bullet has broken but not yet passed by the disjunctor wire and the muzzle still is on the rest. Only three-hundred-thousandths of a second have elapsed between the time the nose of the bullet struck the wire and passed to the point shown in the picture. The snug fit of the muzzle on the rest shows there is no visible recoil. Bottom right: The gun recoils after bullet is 30 feet away. As these pictures were made with a still camera, it was necessary to fire a second bullet to record the recoil position—approximately $\frac{3}{4}$ inch above the reference point—which is shown in this picture. The photograph was made when the bullet broke a second disjunctor wire 30 feet from the muzzle, thus showing that visible recoil does not occur until the bullet is some distance from the muzzle.

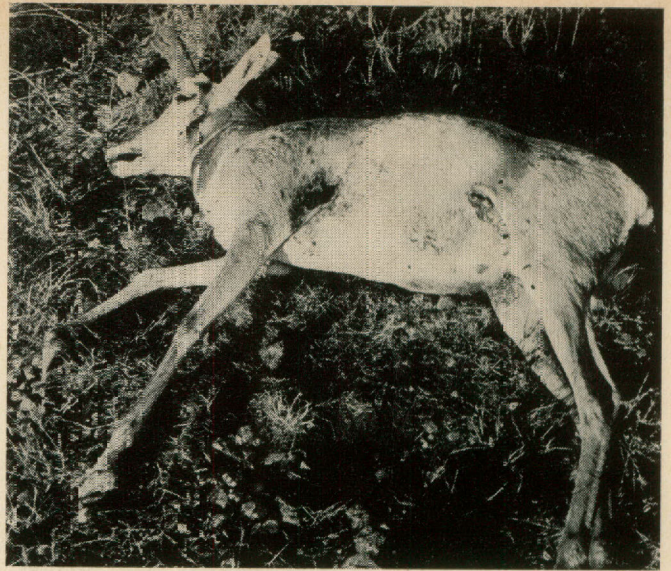


Pathetic End of Passenger Pigeons

The numbers in which the passenger pigeon once lived, and the numbers in which it was slain, can scarcely be conceived today. The following vivid account is from P. A. Taverner's "Birds of Canada" (1937): "The immense flocks of passenger pigeons that once darkened the air were one of the wonders of America. The descriptions of their number, if they were not circumstantial and well vouched for by men of undoubted veracity, would sound like wild stretches of the imagination: flocks, so dense that haphazard shots into them would bring down numbers, traveled rapidly with a front miles in width and so long that it took hours to pass a given point. Audubon estimates one such flock as containing over a billion birds, basing his figures upon the density and area of the congregation and not by mere guess. They bred in dense rookeries where their weight often broke the branches from the forest trees. Trees containing their nests were cut down and though each nest contained only one squab there were so many that the pigs were turned in to feed upon them. To suggest a halt in the proceedings at that time, however, aroused nothing but ridicule, their numbers being held to be inexhaustible, but today the species is extinct and the single survivor, a captive bird, died in Cincinnati (in 1914).



A .22 CALIBER BULLET presumably fired from an automobile speeding along a road cutting the antelope range of West Texas broke the left hind leg of this young antelope. Fortunately the wounded animal was found by a state game warden who set the leg.



ALTHOUGH MORTALLY WOUNDED this antelope buck was not tracked down by the hunter who fired the bullet. The antelope died several miles from the spot where it was shot. Hunters should always track down wounded game.

Mercy to Wounded Wildlife

HUMANITARIAN instincts demand of the hunter that he shall put out of misery as soon as possible any wounded bird or animal whose chances of recovery are slight but not all live up to the golden rule of old Colonel Case, who in his day was one of the best shots in the state, and whose rifle cracks always meant a bull's eye whether it was a live or dead target.

One day in the woods with a friend he flushed a covey of quail in a dense, low bush, and like a flash his gun was at his shoulder, but the crack was not heard.

"Why didn't you try a shot at them?" asked his friend in a little aggrieved surprise.

"Because I had no fair chance of killing," was the prompt reply, "and I never shoot to wound."

The Colonel was set in his way, a little crabbed some people thought, too harsh and gruff at times; but he had a warm heart for every four-footed beast and for everything that wore feathers. He was an inveterate sportsman, and loved the chase and hunt; but cruelty in any form was as foreign to his mind as anything you could imagine.

Once his wrath was invoked by a couple of young hunters from town who had shot blindly into a bunch of quails. Case came upon them just as they rushed forward to see what luck their blind shots had brought them. They picked up two wounded birds, one with a broken wing and the other with a shattered leg. Instead of immediately putting the birds out of their suffering the two amateur hunters began tormenting them, playing with them

By **GEORGE WALSH**

much as would a cat with a mouse, permitting them to run or flop away a few feet, and then kicking them back.

It would be difficult to print in ordinary type the torrent of words the old man poured upon the benighted heads of those two men. He threatened them with dire vengeance if ever he caught them torturing a bird or animal again, and the way he handled his gun sufficiently impressed the objects of his wrath with his seriousness.

"I never shoot unless I'm petty sure of killing," he explained, "and no sportsman should either. The worst thing a man can do is to wound a bird or wild critter and leave him in the woods to die. Of course, sometimes they recover, but how much they suffer!"

The worst offenders in this respect are the amateur hunters who go into the woods in the fall of the year and bang away at almost anything which appears on the horizon and resembles in the remotest degree a bird or animal. They are not good shots to begin with, and they will take long chances everywhere an experienced gunner would hesitate.

A wounded bird suffers not only from its wounds, but from a terrible fear that another danger lurks around it. A wounded pheasant or partridge is very apt to become the prey of the fox or hawk, and conscious of this it will hide among the leaves and practically starve to death through fear and pain. When a bird is deprived of its power of flight it becomes frantic, and realizes

at once that it is seriously handicapped in the struggle for existence. Food is the first consideration and if this cannot be obtained abundantly it must undergo a process of gradual starvation. Then when winter approaches it is deprived of its chances of migration in the case of ducks, and it is left behind sad and lonely while others of its kind go south. Then the period of its suffering increases in intensity. Early snow means further troubles, for food is scarce and hard to get under the icy crust, and if it survives the winter it is lucky, indeed.

One blessing conferred upon the birds and animals by nature is that their wounds heal more quickly than in man. That is, they heal quickly or they die of them or starve to death through inability to forage—*Ohio Conservation Bulletin*.

Sinking the Leader

Every fly fisherman realizes the importance of a fully-submerged leader. Gut or nylon that floats on the surface, whether in wet or dry-fly angling, causes disturbing currents, and casts shadows which are plainly visible on the bottom.

Several methods of sinking the leader are employed. An old favorite is common soap, a small piece of which the angler carries and rubs on his leader before warming up his fly rod for the serious business at hand. Soap works quite well, as do the various preparations on the market designed expressly for the purpose. Mud and fish slime are sometimes employed with fair results by the ingenious, though improvident angler.

Golden Hunter Exciting Prey

OF ALL the birds of prey, Texas' golden eagle is one of the greatest hunters, declares an article in the November issue of *Coronet* magazine. Like most of nature's creatures he is both bad and good. If he destroys countless harmful rodents, he also destroys game birds, deer and antelope, fawns, lambs, kids and even calves.

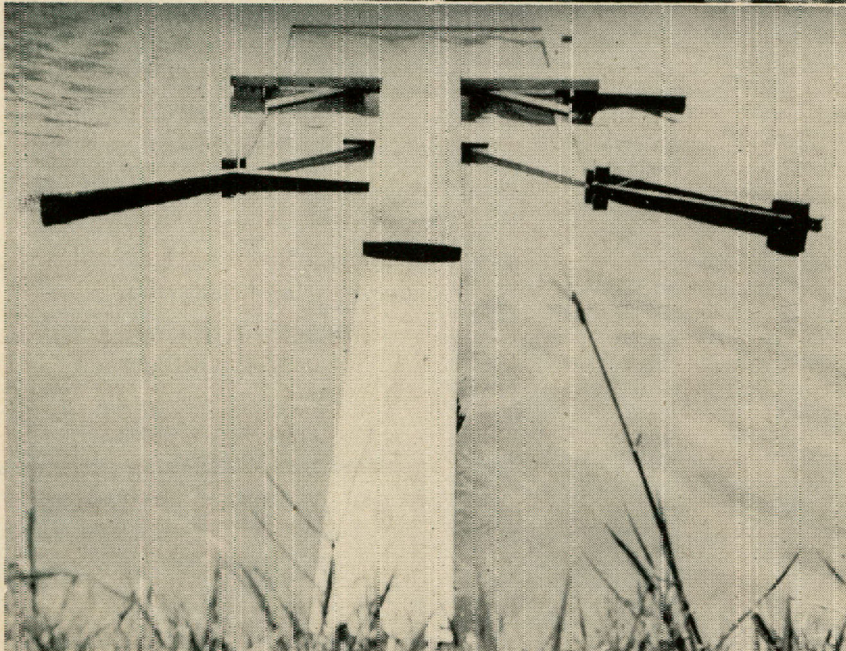
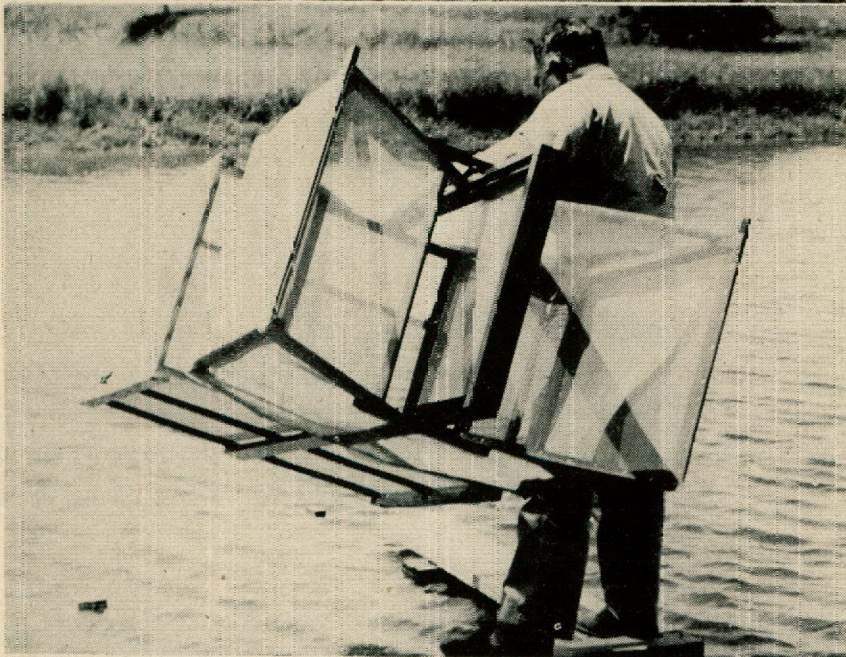
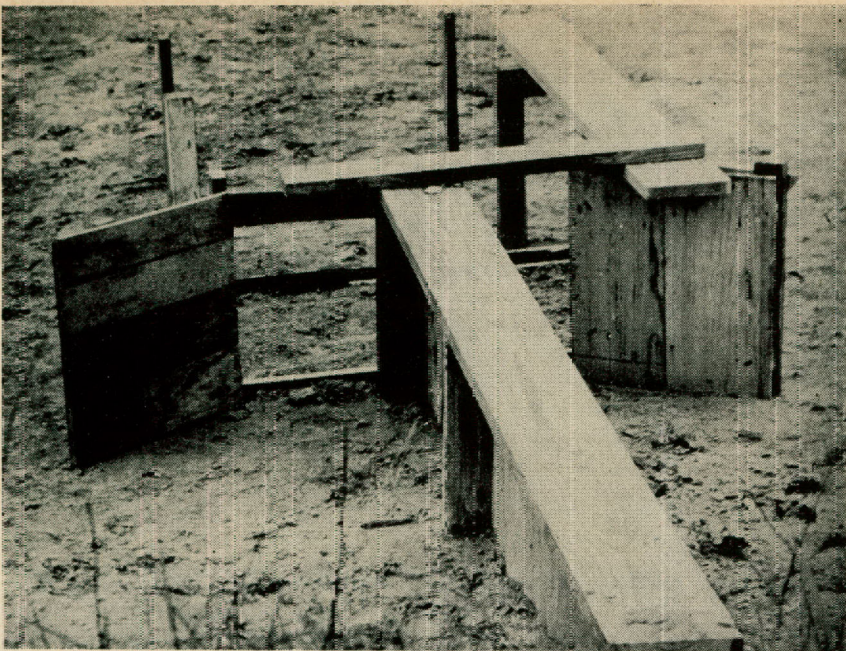
The magnificent golden hunter sits on a mountain scanning the valleys below, or he glides thousands of feet in the air searching out his prey with telescopic vision. When he sees what he wants, he folds his wings against his sides and comes down in a power dive with bullet-like swiftness, making a sound like air being forced through a pipe. If his prey is a ground squirrel or a rabbit he usually swoops up with it in his talons, hardly breaking his speed.

Sometimes in flight the golden eagle plays a game of catch, dropping a ground squirrel from a great height and catching it in mid-air. When attacking birds on the wing he dives under them, turns over and fastens his talons in their breasts. Many observers have marveled at the eagle's catch-games while he builds his nest. He repeatedly drops sticks and dives for them apparently testing his accuracy.

Eagles prefer mountain cliffs for their nests, but they have been seen building in trees on greasewood flats in Spanish daggers and old windmills. They use the same nest year after year, making repairs each spring until the nest becomes four to five feet across and about the same amount deep. They lay their eggs, ordinarily two, in March. Young eagles take their preflight training seriously. They stand on the edge of the nest and flap their wings until they almost knock themselves out.

When ranchers learned that the airplane could be used effectively in protecting their ranches from eagle raids, they organized eagle clubs, paying an annual membership fee of about sixty

SOMETHING NEW has been added to the fish culturist's standby, the Hessen bass fry trap. The original Hessen trap required the fish culturist to brave icy water, pneumonia, colds, flu, etc., since these traps were placed in the bass hatching ponds in March before the water warmed up and the fish culturist had to get soaking wet before he finally got the old style trap set out. Now these traps can be set out in your Sunday suit. This modification was designed by the superintendent of the Department's Medina fish hatchery. The pictures. Upper: While the pond is dry a permanent lead from the shore line to the trap is constructed. Two of the walk boards on top are not nailed down. Center: When the time for setting the trap arrives the portable portion of the trap is carried out, set in place and tacked down. Bottom: The loose walk boards are then moved as shown and trap is ready to start catching the bass fry.



All Texans Like to Boast a Little

During the war the Game Department frequently was called upon by enthusiastic Texans to help them prove their tall stories about Texas wildlife. And in one instance a Wisconsin doubter challenged the Game Department to prove a Texan's proud claim that catfish weighing 100 pounds can be caught in Texas waters.

The best the Game Department could do was to send a photograph of a 90-pound catfish which had been taken from the Brazos river. It was ten pounds short of the tonnage claimed by the enthusiastic Texas soldier and the Game Department didn't think anyone could split a hair over a mere 10 pounds on a 90-pound catfish, but the Wisconsin doubter did. He came right back and demanded that we produce a 100-pound catfish or publicly admit that we had some fancy story tellers among the population.

Which brings us to a little story Gov. Coke Stevenson told capital newsmen a few weeks ago at a press conference. There wasn't much news that day so the Governor was regaling the newsmen about the glories and wonders of the Llano hill country. For example, the Governor said, the fish in one of the little lakes are so accommodating that when a hunter shoots down a duck in the water, the fish pluck it clean for him.

Any more?

dollars for each ranch they owned or operated. Now, the state or county governments help to pay the expenses of a pilot and plane for predatory animal control. In the Trans-Pecos region of Texas, where the golden eagles have for years inflicted heavy losses on livestock and wild game herds, there are now about ninety members in the eagle clubs.

Recently, John Casparis, an eagle hunting pilot, said: "Eagles are smarter than the devil. They sit on the smooth side of a mountain and when you jump them, they take to the up-wind side where the air is rough and it is hard to shoot. They will fly as close in as they can, then you have to use the plane like a cutting horse in a herd, banking it and flying close to the mountain to cut the eagle out in the open. An eagle can out-climb a plane. We've followed them up to 12,000 feet and just when we thought we were in gunning distance the eagle would dive under the nose of the plane or fold its wings and drop to earth like a rock. I've followed them down at 120 miles an hour and they left me like I was tied to a cloud."

The golden eagle is a beautiful bird and a wise one, and he does much good. He should be protected, but because of his hunter's instinct and voracious appetite, he will always have to be controlled, lest his hunting habits conflict with the right and needs of the ranchmen, concludes *Coronet*.

Sow . . .

★ Continued from page 5

losing out and may soon have little if any sport.

Before embarking upon quail management, however, one should first decide the number of coveys that are desired. If you are an average sportsman, 10 to 15 will provide ample for good sport. This caution is suggested because every enterprise should have a definite goal, but a reasonable one. All too many hunters begin quail management on too large a

scale, their efforts are spread thinly, and end in disappointment.

Having decided to produce and maintain a definite number of coveys, obtain shooting rights on an area sufficiently large to support this population. In most sections 640 to 1,000 acres can be improved to carry 10 to 15 coveys without conflict to other land use if it is basically satisfactory quail range. One should be careful to select an area where clean farming and grazing are not carried to an extreme.

Unless already thoroughly familiar with the winter territories of quail occurring naturally in the area of your choice, do not begin habitat improvement the first year. Study the native coveys for a season as you work your dogs and determine where coveys range in fall and late winter as well as during the hunting season. Consider those territories which hold coveys until the spring break-up for nesting, and concentrate your attentions on those ranges which birds vacate. Food and cover deficiencies are most probable in these latter areas. Thus, improve territories already partially satisfactory before undertaking the more difficult task of creating entirely new ones.

The task of deciding whether cover depreciation, food shortage, or possibly both were responsible in causing a covey to desert a particular area is not difficult to determine; your experience in recognizing "birdy" spots together with a careful comparison of vegetation in occupied as compared to vacated territories will usually suggest the answer. Good photographs of cover on the area at various seasons of the year will also prove helpful. Decisions should be weighed carefully, however, and doubtful situations may well be followed through another season before action is taken. This not only saves money, it increases knowledge and brings one even closer to the land.

In habitat improvement one has a wide choice of effective management techniques. Woody cover, for example,

may be improved by building shelters, planting cover, cutting back or pruning native shrubs, fertilizing small bushes, or by fencing. Food may be supplemented by fencing, modifying agricultural techniques, strip plowing, spot burning, food patches, and artificial feeding. This allows habitat improvement with little if any conflict to other land use. Quail find and use new ranges almost as soon as they are completed, and restocking with birds from elsewhere is usually unnecessary.

Finally, sportsmen almost always find it profitable to maintain periodic field contact with landowner cooperators as well as with the quail, for bobwhite crops, require periodic attention. Yes, successful quail management requires follow-up as well as careful planning. Unforeseen difficulties often arise; the task is not easy. You too can increase quail, however, and derive new and substantial satisfaction in the knowledge that you sow as well as reap.

Bow Hunting

★ Continued from page 6

During this excitement his pretty wife also forgot to shoot though she was well armed.

"Frosty" Schmitt of Winnebago, Illinois, shot thrice at one deer and it stuck around for more, but the quiver was empty. Later he reported that the deer charged him.

No bow hunter seemed disgruntled or disgusted because of missing his shot;

SOME STORY!



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TEXAS GAME AND FISH

Rare Birds of the Rio Grande

THE
BRILLIANT
PLUMAGE
of the
Green Jay
surpasses
that of
the South
American
Macaw.



THE GREEN
JAY'S
natural
curiosity
makes it
easy to catch
in traps.

but hunted on from day to day with great zeal, feeling sure that tomorrow he would bring down the game. One hunter said: "Now I am satisfied, I have had a shot." No hunter seemed weary in spirit, but all were joyful, excited and thrilled at the sport. Every man there seemed relaxed and care-free, fascinated and utterly oblivious to any woes he may have left back home.

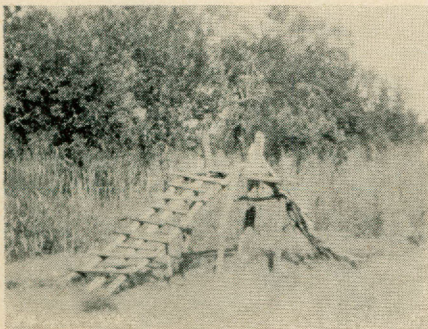
Good sportsmanship marked the hunt. Everyone listened to the other fellow's tales, and when it was finished matched it with one of his own. Every fellow greeted his fellow hunter, be he stranger or acquaintance; citizen of Wisconsin or far away Texas, with friendly manners and helpful attitude and wishes for "good hunting." All hands helped others through mud holes. All shared with his fellows information about the best hunting grounds. The air was charged with sentiments of good fellowship.

The law in Wisconsin governing the hunt is well written and jealously guards the game and the method of taking it. The bow must not be under 40 pounds pull; the broadhead must be very sharp and of a designated width; the hunter must be dressed in a hat and jacket fifty per cent red; must wear his license number on his back; must have a deer tag; must take only one deer; must not hunt before dawn, nor after dark; must not hunt from a car; and must report his kill.

Up until the last account the writer had, October 23rd, last, not a single arrest of a bow hunter had been made and none have been made since the year 1941. This is the kind of good sportsmanship they have in Wisconsin.

There is something decidedly fascinating about hunting with a bow. The bow hunter does not take much game, but he experiences an exquisite excitement. To understand it thoroughly, one must own a bow and arrow, acquire some skill in its usage, and then stalk out into the woods where he knows that he may momentarily encounter a deer or other big game. While stalking he reflects that it is he who will furnish the power

A TURKEY LADDER on the W. J. Wilkinson ranch on the Menard restoration project. In the background is a 30-acre field set aside for game and planted to sudan and hegari. This field held a large number of turkeys all summer and the ladder was built by the landowner for the purpose of enabling turkeys walking the fence line to get up and over.



THE Rio Grande Valley Green Jay is one of the most beautiful birds on the North American continent. Its brilliant plumage surpasses even that of the South American Macaw. It has a black throat, a bright blue head, a green back, and the sides of the tail and under part are a ravishing yellow. To the orchard owner it is a thief. To the naturalist it is a bird of rare beauty and brilliance.

The Green Jay is a common bird throughout the delta of the Rio Grande. It likes to make its home in dense brush and heavily wooded areas where it can rear the young safely. Four eggs are usually laid and the young hatch in May.

Typical of all jays, this bird is bubbling over with curiosity, and as a result, it is easily caught in traps. Many goat herders and occupants of grubbing camps catch and confine them in crudely made cages, thus adding attractiveness and color to an otherwise drab camp.

that will bag the game. He is conscious that his muscle, his skill at aiming and his coordination of mind, muscle and eye in the complete act of shooting must fix the quivering shaft in the quarry. Then, while so conscious of his power and skill, he must hear a big buck crashing in his direction in his head-long fight and then see him in his swift and bounding leaps, see his fine head of horns, his graceful body coming into shooting range; then feel his heartbeat quicken as he lifts his powerful bow, feel his shoulder muscles tense, see the sharp broadhead of fine steel coming back to full draw, and, while mindful of its fatal power, hear the bowstring whip and sing and see the darting shaft on its way and hear its deadly hiss and hit. No

The Green Jay is quite troublesome in the whitewing nesting areas. It hovers about awaiting an opportunity when the mother bird leaves the nest to prey upon the eggs.

Nils Nilsson, a former game department biologist, once came upon a whitewing nest with two eggs in it. A few hours later the two eggs were gone. He found a wild olive tree growing nearby with mature fruit and placed two olives in the nest. He retired to a blind where he had an excellent view of the whitewing nest. In a short time a Green Jay came along and immediately started pecking into the hard olives. Naturally no yolk came through. But the Green Jay wasn't easily discouraged. It continued to peck away at the olives. Finally, it picked up one of the olives and flew to a distant tree where it went to work on it in earnest.

But for all its predatory inclination the Green Jay is one of the most beautiful birds in the United States.

rifleman has ever felt such a thrill.

The Wisconsin Bow Hunters Association, with its many fine sportsmen fostering the finest good fellowship and the most fascinating fun and sport, is a splendid example to other states where a game abounds. Here in Texas, where game of many kind abounds, such as deer, turkey, ducks, geese, quail, jack-rabbits, cotton tails, mountain lions, coyotes, javalinas, and many others, there is an ideal place for a bow hunters association and a game preserve for them. Doubtless here in Texas there are many broad acres well stocked with suitable game for the bow hunter, which could be had for the asking should the archers of Texas organize and work for it.

GAME WARDEN SCHOOL

By WILLIAM B. DAVIS

Department of Fish and Game, Texas A. and M. College

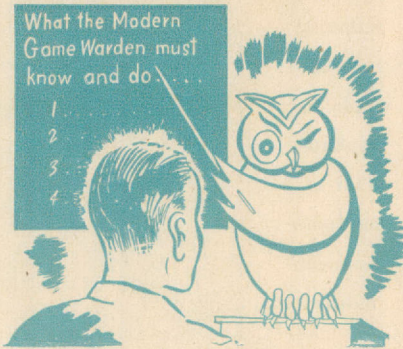
IN THE present period of enlightened and planned wildlife conservation and management, the technology or know-how of the field has advanced beyond some of its related phases—law enforcement for example. Although the law enforcement branch of wildlife management is the oldest historically, in most states it has progressed far less rapidly of late years than others. Why is this so?

There are three main reasons that occur to me.

1. In our early attempts at law enforcement, we copied the code of the frontier from which we were not far removed in time. If a hunter or fisherman violated the game laws, the warden's duty was to catch him and get a conviction, a fine, or a jail sentence, or both. In some instances his success was judged by the number of arrests and convictions to his credit and in some areas his livelihood and salary depended on the amount of fines paid into the coffers of the state. In short, the psychology under which law enforcement divisions were operated was "do nothing until the crime has been committed and then get your man." Perhaps this was the correct psychology for the past, but conditions have changed. Where an aggressive program of crime prevention and public enlightenment has been in operation, results have been gratifying and have come nearer achieving public support and cooperation in enforcing game laws and carrying out sound wildlife conservation measures.

2. Wardens over most of the nation have been, and still are, notoriously underpaid. The public has lacked interest and has not demanded otherwise. Some of us in the past have been prone, in our lethargy, to be satisfied with almost anyone who was willing to accept the underpaid position. The candidate often was not questioned as to his knowledge of the wildlife that he was to protect, or the laws he was to enforce. It was hoped that he would somehow acquire that knowledge in the course of events.

In Texas we have had some game wardens of this caliber. In this connection I am reminded of a Texas warden who, not many years ago, arrested, had convicted, and fined a "culprit" who allegedly had an illegal river otter pelt in his possession. Later examination of the confiscated pelt proved that no violation of the law had been committed—the pelt was that of a coati, a close relative of the raccoon. This situation would not have arisen had the warden been trained for his job. The old axiom that we seldom get more than we pay for still holds.



3. The warden force in many instances has been a political football, subject to the whims and fancies of powerful politicians who, themselves, in some known instances, have been game violators of the worst sort. Political patronage has been responsible for the appointment of hundreds of inefficient and incompetent game wardens throughout the United States. They often not only did not know the fundamental aspects of their job, but they cared less, for were they not "protected" and immune from dismissal? Other reasons for lack of progress in law enforcement could be enumerated, but the three I have mentioned are clearly in the forefront.

Fortunately, here in Texas, the Game, Fish and Oyster Commission has for several years recognized the shortcomings of the past and has slowly been advancing the status of the game warden force. It is looking forward to a time when the game warden will not only be a leader in the community but also the wildlife expert of the local hunters and fishermen, and a preventer of violations, as well as the law enforcement officer; to a time when he will truly represent the Commission in all of its functions in his community and do the job well because he has the know-how, the aptitudes, and looks upon his work as a career. We have such game wardens in Texas at present, I am happy to report, but there are not enough of them.

You may be wondering what the new concept of a game warden is and what his qualifications and duties are. I have attempted below to list a few of them.

Qualifications

1. He should have the ability to get along with people, to meet the public, to control his temper in delicate situations, and have courtesy and tact.

2. He should be able to sell himself and his program on individual and group contacts.

3. He should be industrious, honest, trustworthy, courageous, tolerant, possess a sense of humor, and exercise good judgment.

Duties

1. Know the game laws and the important wildlife of his area.

2. Prevent violation of game laws by carrying out a program in his district of public education and public relations, including talks to sportsmen's clubs, civic clubs, schools, working with boys groups, etc.

3. Apprehend game law violators collect evidence, and present his case successfully in court.

4. Serve as the wildlife "technician" for the sportsmen and land operators in his community.

As a step toward further advancement of the warden force, the first Game Warden School in Texas associated with an institution of higher learning is to be placed in operation February 1, 1946, at the Agricultural and Mechanical College of Texas under the joint auspices of the Texas Game, Fish and Oyster Commission and the Department of Fish and Game at the College. By this move, Texas is placing herself in the forefront of the Nation along with Pennsylvania, which led the movement and has had a school in operation for several years. I have unofficial reports that Oklahoma also has similar plans under consideration.

As planned, the Texas school will operate for one semester of four months. The candidates will be selected by the Commission from applications filed with it. The course of study will include (1) wildlife conservation and management, (2) fish conservation and management, (3) natural history of the vertebrates, including fish, frogs, reptiles, birds and mammals, (4) game and fish laws and law enforcement, (5) public speaking, (6) public relations, and (7) report writing. Most of these courses will carry college credit that will count toward a college degree should individuals decide to further their education. This necessitates that candidates be high school graduates and meet college entrance requirements, or, in some instances, they may enter under College provisions as special students, in which case no college credits will be allowed.

Members of the staffs of the departments of English, Agricultural Education, and Fish and Game of the College, and a representative of the Commission will collaborate in the instructional phases of the program.

By R. D. Turk, D.V.M

“DOCTOR, what would happen if I should dip my dog in 5% D.D.T. in oil?” “It probably would kill it.” “It did, we killed four dogs and two tomcats.” Now that government released D.D.T. is available to home, farm, kennel, and pet owners and may be purchased in any concentration from local dealers such occurrences are becoming increasingly frequent.

Contrary to popular opinion there is no such a thing as a “miracle drug.” Sulfanilamide and the other sulfanamides, penicillin, tyrothricin, and even phenothiazine, each in turn have been hailed as the greatest medical discovery in history. Research and reports from field use, finally determine the true worth of such drugs and while many are extremely valuable under certain conditions, none of them are effective under all conditions, and may be absolutely worthless, or even dangerous in certain circumstances or when used in improper concentrations.

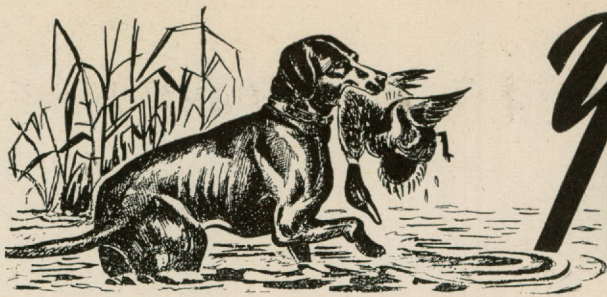
D.D.T. is no exception to the rule that there are no miracle drugs. It is undoubtedly one of the most potent insecticides available and will kill many different types of pests but it is much more effective against some than others. Under certain conditions it may be dangerous to beneficial insects or even to animals and man.

The initials D.D.T. are the first letters of the three word chemical name Dichloro-diphenyl-trichlorethane. It was first synthesized in 1874 but was first publicized in Switzerland in 1940 and was first used in the United States in 1942. Practically the entire supply had been reserved for use by the armed forces until the last few weeks although limited quantities have been supplied to Agricultural Experiment Stations and other research groups during the last two years.

D.D.T. is a white crystalline substance, somewhat resembling white flour in appearance. It has little vapor pressure, remaining practically unchanged in unsealed containers. It is soluble in oil and certain organic solvents but almost insoluble in water. It may be placed in suspension in water by means of wetting agents. Emulsions containing varying amounts of oil and water are also being used under certain conditions.

D.D.T. may be purchased as a dusting powder, an oily solution, an oil and water emulsion and as a water-dispersible powder. The wetttable powders as usually sold contain 5% D.D.T. and any strength suspension desired can be readily made up. D.D.T. may also be purchased combined with other insecticides such as rotenone and pyrethrum, and in aerosol bombs.

It must be remembered that D.D.T. is oil soluble, therefore the oily solution is very popular as a spray for walls, screens, homes, barns, kennels, etc., for residual action. To be effective a pint of the 5% solution should be allowed



Your DOG

D.D.T. and YOUR DOG

for each 100 to 125 square feet. In spraying barns, kennels, or other places where a slight white residue is not objectionable the water suspension is preferable since it is safe to use and is not absorbed into the paint as may occur if oil solutions are used. Where the residue is objectionable the oil should be used. Usually one spraying will control flies for three or four weeks.

Lice of all kinds are effectively killed by the water sprays or dips. For dips concentrations of 0.2% to 1.0% are used. For sprays .5 to 2.0% concentrations are satisfactory.

Fleas are very effectively controlled by D.D.T. Either the 5% spray or the dust containing 5 or 10% may be used. Several applications may be required. Be sure to dust or spray the kennel, house and dog's bed thoroughly and apply D.D.T. to other areas which may harbor fleas to completely control this pest. Use the powder sparingly on cats, since if a cat is dusted with any powder it will immediately sit down and lick it off. D.D.T. in oil used on the garage floor, barn, back porch or other places that may be infested give good results.

Seed ticks (larvae or immature ticks) are controlled by D.D.T. sprays or dusts and several favorable reports have been published concerning its use in water concentrations of .1 to 3% and as a 5% dust in the control of cattle ticks. There

have been conflicting reports on its use in the control of the brown dog tick but there is no doubt tick infestation of homes and premises can be controlled by the regular use of D.D.T. Since D.D.T. is a slow-acting poison many of the ticks that come in contact with it will undoubtedly die, although it does not appear to be as effective as effective as rotenone-bearing powders in actually killing the ticks on the dogs.

Mosquitoes, bedbugs and ants are effectively controlled. D.D.T. in oil is the most effective control yet devised for bedbugs. It is not too effective against some species of roaches but gives good control on others.

D.D.T. is still in the experimental stage therefore recommendations for its use will change from time to time as we learn more about it. Until more is known about the toxicity of it, no chances should be taken. Do not inhale the oily solution vapors or the dust. Wash the hands promptly after using it. Avoid all contact with food.

Even though D.D.T. is not effective against all insects, when properly used it will give effective control of flies, mosquitoes, fleas and bedbugs. Only water suspensions or dusts should be used on animals. Oily solutions may be used on things. Be sure to read the label and use it according to the directions of the manufacturer of the particular product.

Letters

Dear Editor: The November issue of your wonderful magazine, TEXAS GAME AND FISH, is proudly in my possession. You are certainly deserving of the highest of compliments on this fine publication. The paintings and descriptions of the ducks and geese in this type of magazine is truly a “godsend” to waterfowl hunters. The regular books used by ornithologists are of the best but they contain much material not interesting to the hunter while this is his type of publication and the species of birds which he most generally has the opportunity to examine in hand after being legally bagged. They will all find great pleasure in being able to identify “the bag” and it will add materially to their hunting trip. I have felt for a long time that such information should come out

in the outdoor magazines and take great pleasure in congratulating you in pioneering this work on a scale large enough to be comparative.—*Floyd Al Thompson, Lubbock, Texas.*

Dear Editor: In renewing my subscription I wish to take this opportunity to tell you I enjoy every issue of your magazine, getting many benefits from it on hunting and fishing in Texas. In addition to enjoying the numerous articles I particularly want to state that in the November issue there is a story about white wing doves which every true sportsman should read. After reading that article I believe they would ease up on the slaughter of these game birds. The first time I went white wing hunting this season, I got my limit in exactly 45 minutes. I think the season starts too soon and too many people get more than their legal limit.—*Bert P. Willis, San Antonio, Texas.*

Hunter or Fisherman?

An Editorial

DID you ever stop to think how many fishermen may be hunters, or vice versa?

Take my barber for example. He gazes into the spring with a rheumy eye, attempting to detect a sign of warmer weather when he may cast a fly. October finds him feverishly awaiting a cold snap and a possible flight of ducks while he works his quail dog in the coverts back of the village.

The local doctor patronizes the barber shop. He is a fisherman, purely because his advanced years make it more suitable to sit in a boat during balmy weather than suffer the rigors of hoofing the hills behind a dog, or shivering in a duck blind. Once though, he too, was a hunter and often he makes mention of his former prowess.

Our druggist is a hunter. He only has so much vacation yearly, and bird dogs are his dish.

The electrician hunts and fishes with equal zeal. His wife no sooner gets acquainted with him at the end of a duck season, than he is off for an early try at the crappies. When dogdays cause the large mouth bass to sulk and remain glued to the bottoms of the deepest holes, squirrels come in for their attention. Then doves take over, and he is well into fall with the ducks again.

This seems a fair cross section of our village sportsmen—all of them hunt and fish. Rods, reels and other tackle rest alongside the guns in their cabinets. Seldom does the barber visit the lakes

and streams without his .22. In case the fish are not striking he can plink tin cans, and teach his youngster the finer arts of trigger squeeze and holding. In autumn his hunting arms go on the fishing trip. Then squirrels and doves may be added to the list of possibilities.

The doctor usually makes a considerable project of his fishing, and the Lake of the Woods claims him for two full weeks. He gets it all out of his system at one time, then returns to his baby deliveries for the remainder of the year. But, though he claims fishing as his only vice, note he has a pistol range in his basement and there is ever a six-shooter in his tackle box.

Our banker, with "Uncle Ned" who's been his odd job man for nearly 30 years, slips out of town to do his fishing with a shotgun and a hand trap hidden in the back of his car. If the fish do not strike, there is never a dull moment with him, and the boys at the gun club marvel at the way he stays in practice. Maybe "Uncle Ned" could shed some light on that.

Sometimes we wonder. Are there simon-pures—that are not interested in both hunting and fishing? Be it as it may, a .22 on the fishing trip, or maybe a scattergun and a hand trap will assure one that he may never lack for outdoor diversion. If the barometer goes against you and the fish will not strike, you can always plink a can, teach the kid to shoot, or go squirrel hunting.