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TEXAS Game AND Fish

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TEXAS GAME and FISH

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AUSTIN, TEXAS

TEXAS Game AND Fish

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



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COVER — By ORVILLE O. RICE

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ROGER M. BUSFIELD
Editor

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PLINKING is a great sport but never set up your target on the crest of a hill or on level ground.

Off-Season Shooting

NOW that the hunting seasons in most states have officially closed a great many guns . . . shotguns, rifles, hand guns . . . have been cleaned, oiled and laid away pending another season's activities.

There is no reason, however, for the gunner who loves shooting for the fun of shooting to have any idle months during the year.

Shooting is one part of hunting which can be enjoyed all year round. Whether it be just plinking at small worthless objects or blazing away with a bull-gun at a 200-yard target, shooting in itself knows no closed seasons and the sport can be enjoyed at any time of the year and in almost any kind of weather.

With the exercise of every safety precaution plinking or stationary target shooting can be enjoyed almost anywhere although this is not recommended for thickly populated sections. There are always nearby hillsides, however, where lots of shooting sport can be had in comparative safety.

"Plinking" is merely an informal kind of target shooting, generally with a .22 caliber rifle or pistol, in which the targets generally "plink" or break when hit. A row of small discarded articles set upon a board, box or log in front of a hillside or other safe back-stop can



furnish a lot of fun in plinking. Almost any type of target can be used . . . small blocks of wood, clods of hard earth, chunks of coal sea shells or other small breakable objects all make good plinking targets.

Be careful, however, and not use bottles as targets. Your bullet may ricochet and a glancing bullet is plenty bad medicine. It is also dangerous to shoot at pebbles or stones thrown into the air. Neither the shooter nor the spectator is safe when this practice is employed. Use some softer target which will shatter or break, and be sure the

area into which you are shooting is clear of personnel. Twenty-two caliber long rifle cartridges will deliver a dangerous wallop as far as a mile.

Shooting at moving targets is fun. They can be provided by hanging small objects in front of a back-stop and putting them in motion like a pendulum. It's mighty good practice, too.

There is nothing complicated about the building of indoor or outdoor shooting ranges. The most important factor to consider is the safety angle. One can never be too careful with firearms. Practically all accidents with guns can be traced to carelessness.

The National Rifle Association regulations provide that all competitive rifle shooting by boys shall be at 50 feet from firing line to target, either on indoor ranges or on outdoor firing lines. This is the distance, then, at which boys should practice. In most cases indoor ranges for men are either 50 or 75 feet. Outdoor ranges are 50 yards and 100 yards, and some clubs have 200 yard ranges.

There are a number of small indoor galleries made for home use and nationally advertised by the manufacturers. If you want to make your own, an inclined steel plate, with a sand-box bullet catcher at its base, will serve very well. Plans and specifications for such ranges can be secured by writing the Rifle Section Remington Arms Company, Bridgeport, Connecticut, or the National Rifle Association, Washington, D. C.

For outdoor ranges, a hillside with a meadow in front is all that is necessary.

★ Continued on page 23



THIS is the proper method of setting up your plinking targets—against the side of an incline so that if you miss the target the bullet will lodge safely in the earth.

COMSTOCK, TEXAS, was at that time a drab little border town squatting like a saddle sore on the back of the dobe ridges, about thirty-five miles out of Del Rio toward El Paso, on the Southern Pacific Railroad.

It used to be such a picture of sagebrush desolation that the passengers pulled down the window shades and passed around a bottle as they roared through it on a fast train.

Its Mexican shacks and sombreroed sheep herders gave the impression that barren cactus clad Mexico had backed across the line and laid an unholy egg on U. S. soil.

My father and I rode through this town at a fast canter followed by a pack of hounds.

We left the desolation of the town for the desolation beyond, and began to lead our horses, picking our way through the needlepointed lachageas and stunted Wahea brush. We were unmindful of the harsh aspects of the landscape. We had something more important on our minds. Lion. And furthermore a certain lion in particular.

The Comstock Lion, our quarry was called, so named because this locale had been plagued by its depredations for two years. The loss of a few calves and sheep had merely drawn curses from the ranchers and caused them the inconveniences of carrying thirty-thirtys on their saddles. But when the four-year-old child of a Mexican woman who was out picking wild Spanish tea was killed before the eyes of the mother, two ranchers rode post haste for my father and I and our hounds.

We arrived on the scene of the tragedy about four p.m.

The trail of the marauder was cold. The hounds cast wide, then came back to the spot of the attack. They smelled the blood splotches and their bristles rose and their tails began to whip their sides.

Rock and Rowdy, our cold trailers, opened up all around on a twenty-foot circle. The other two hounds snuffled and snorted for a scent but would not open. After a bit old Rock nosed out the leaving trail, following the cold scent track by track at a walk. He would sniff and snort and raising his head bawl his challenge, bringing the other dogs running to search for a scent only Rock could detect.

The trail went into the head breaks of the Devil's River country.

At six o'clock more men and hounds arrived, but father instructed them to hold their hounds on leash. He didn't want the trail trampled up, or some fool hound pulling his dogs off the trail. This cat had killed a child.

"Give old Rock time," he told the men, "and he will trail it to a hot track if it takes a week."

At midnight old Rock was cold trailing steadily with Rowdy and the other two dogs opening occasionally, but still Dad held the men and their dogs back.

The trail led down a rough ridge between two canyons toward Devil's River.

The dogs made a lose, then picked up the trail leading through a slide in the three hundred foot high rimrocks into Dead Man's Canyon, worked close at the foot of the rimrock through a chaos of boulders large as two-story buildings and on down the canyon. Here the trail began to meander through a maize of slides, prickly pears and lachagea daggers and the hounds were having great difficulty in following the track. They made frequent loses but we could still hear old Rock steadily cold-trailing, huh-huh-huh owwwing as he pieced together the story of the cat's passing.

Several of the men, disgusted because father would not let them put their hounds in, gave it up as a bad job and went home.

"Good riddance," I remember Dad saying. "They might have had deer-running dogs."

Three of the four men with their dogs stayed on. At three a.m. we heard

THE COMSTOCK LION

By
FRANK LACY

our youngest dog jump wide open two or three hundred feet ahead of the old dogs. Father lifted his hand for silence. We heard Rock and Rowdy shut up as they ran to check behind the young dog.

But old Rock pronounced approval in roars that rolled against the walls of the canyon like huge balls of sound. A moment later Rowdy and the other dog added their echoes of savage satisfaction.

Father said the young dog must have been casting ahead and jumped the lion. Or else jumped the hot track from where the cat was laying up thirty minutes before.

He instructed the hunters to find a place where their dogs could get down the rimrock, and turn them in. But they cut the dogs loose there and then and the eager hounds rushed to the edge of the rimrock baying down the rim looking for a place to get down. One hound ran close to the edge, tried too late to correct his mistake, and plunged over the bluff when the gravel slid under his frantic feet. We heard him thud below, faintly, three hundred feet down.

One man had brought a black and tan Shepherd stock dog. Some way this dog made the descent and in twenty minutes was with the hounds. He took the lead, and brother, he ran to catch. His shrill yelps sounded above the roar of the driving hounds as he burned the night like a greyhound. "Gone hog wild," father remarked.

Thirty minutes later the other hounds were in the race. The chase went across the canyon, up the far side of the face of the rimrock, turned and angled back across to our side and on down toward the river. The hysterical Shepherd was two hundred yards in the lead of the pounding hounds, when the trail rounded a contour below and out of hearing.

We mounted our horses and rode around the head of some short lateral box canyons and turned back to the rimrock two miles below toward the river. Somewhere in a slide below us the lion was at bay.

We tied the horses to some Wahea brush, carried our rifles and worked our way down to the foot of the slide against the rimrock, a heap of boulders some of which were as large as small houses. They lay in such a manner as to form a zig-zag, tunnel-like aperture in which the hounds were baying.

One man yelled at the hounds and father cursed him roundly as a dog screamed.

"Do you want our dogs all killed?" Dad demanded. "Some dog took hold of that cat at the sound of your voice and is probably dead."

We held a caucus to decide how to proceed. The tunnel-like aperture was about five feet wide, and three high. One man crawled in the center, holding a lantern, with one man on each side of him holding rifles ready. Fifteen or twenty feet back the tunnel made a left turn. At the end of this shaft, about twenty feet back, the lion crouched at bay. In front of the cat lay a dead hound. The tunnel was full of excited dogs, barking within five feet of the lion.

The riflemen, trying to get a bead on the lion over the melee of dogs, could see the eyes of a hound barking at the lion through a ten-inch opening in the boulders directly back of the cat. The shot would be risky for the dog, and one man crawled back in the tunnel to shout this information. Outside, we crawled over and among the boulders as directed, got this hound by the tail and dragged him out of his crevice.

In the eerie clamor-filled cavern the lantern was lifted to chin height and the crouching riflemen pulled the trigger.

With the gunshot the light went out, perhaps from the concussion.

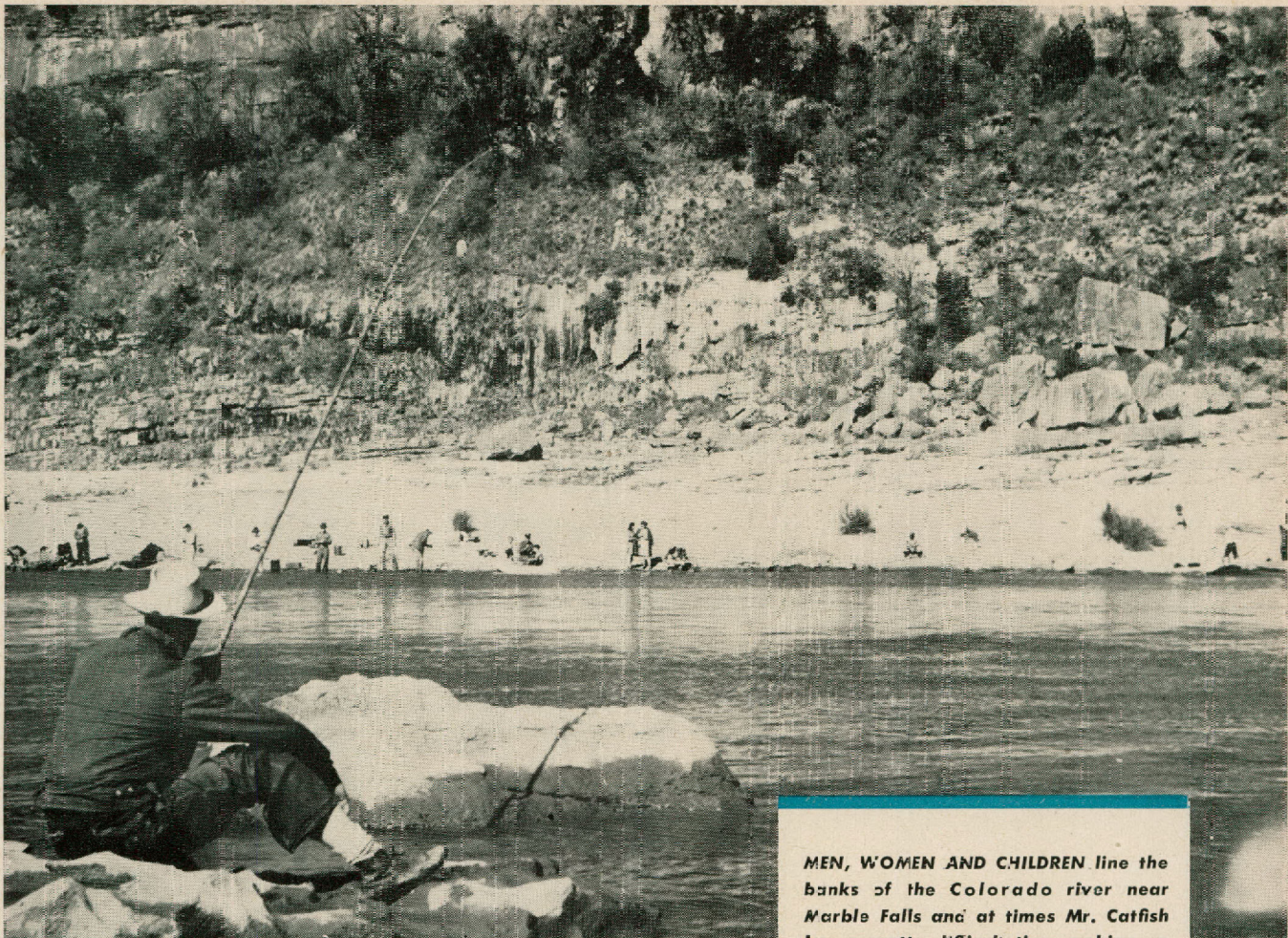
In inky darkness the men in the tunnel heard the pandemonium of slaving hounds closing with the cat. Outside, the other hound jerked the leash from the man holding him and plunged into the opening, clawing his way over the petrified men getting to the fray. The three bolted with conviction that the

★ Continued on page 25

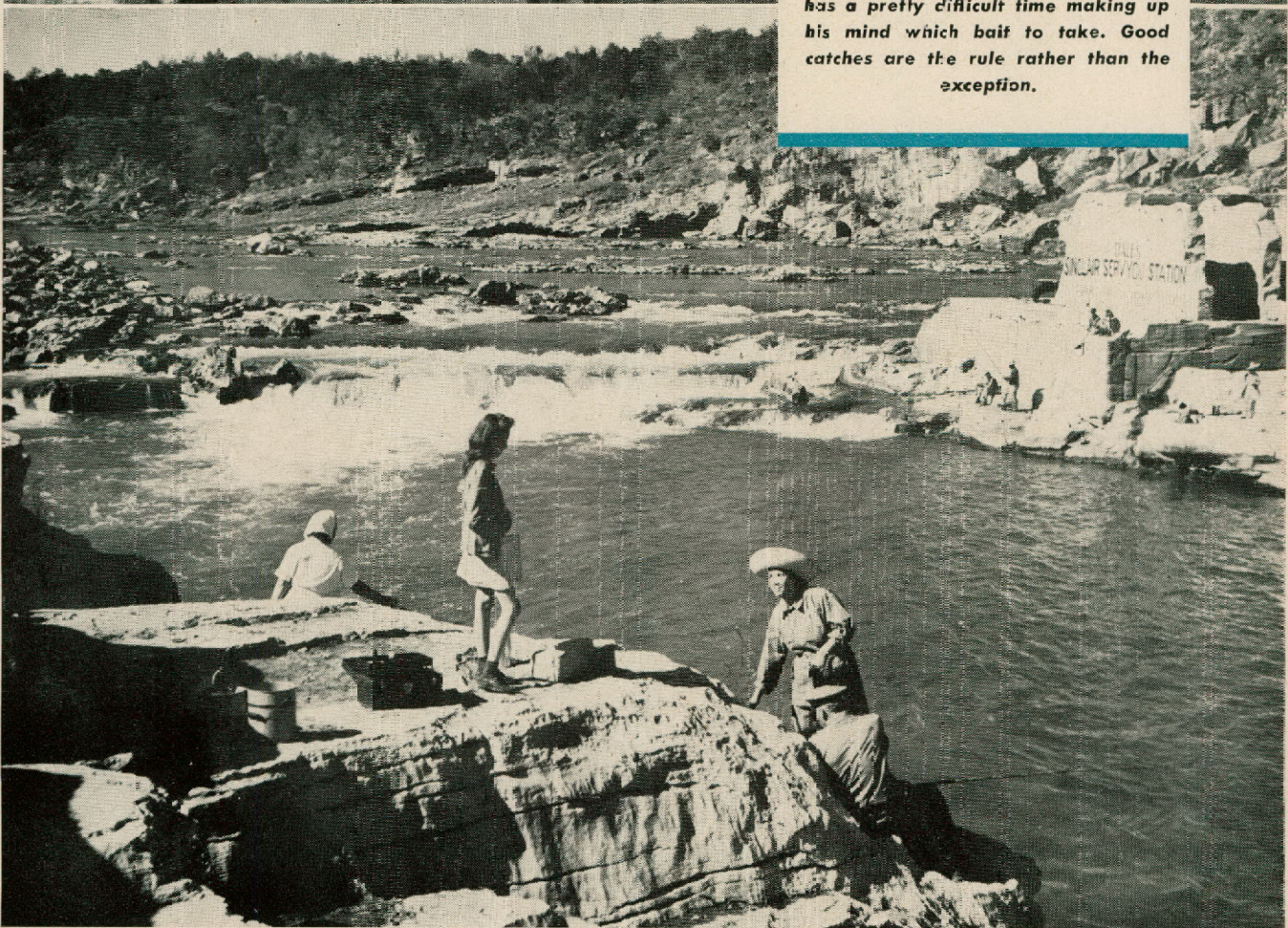


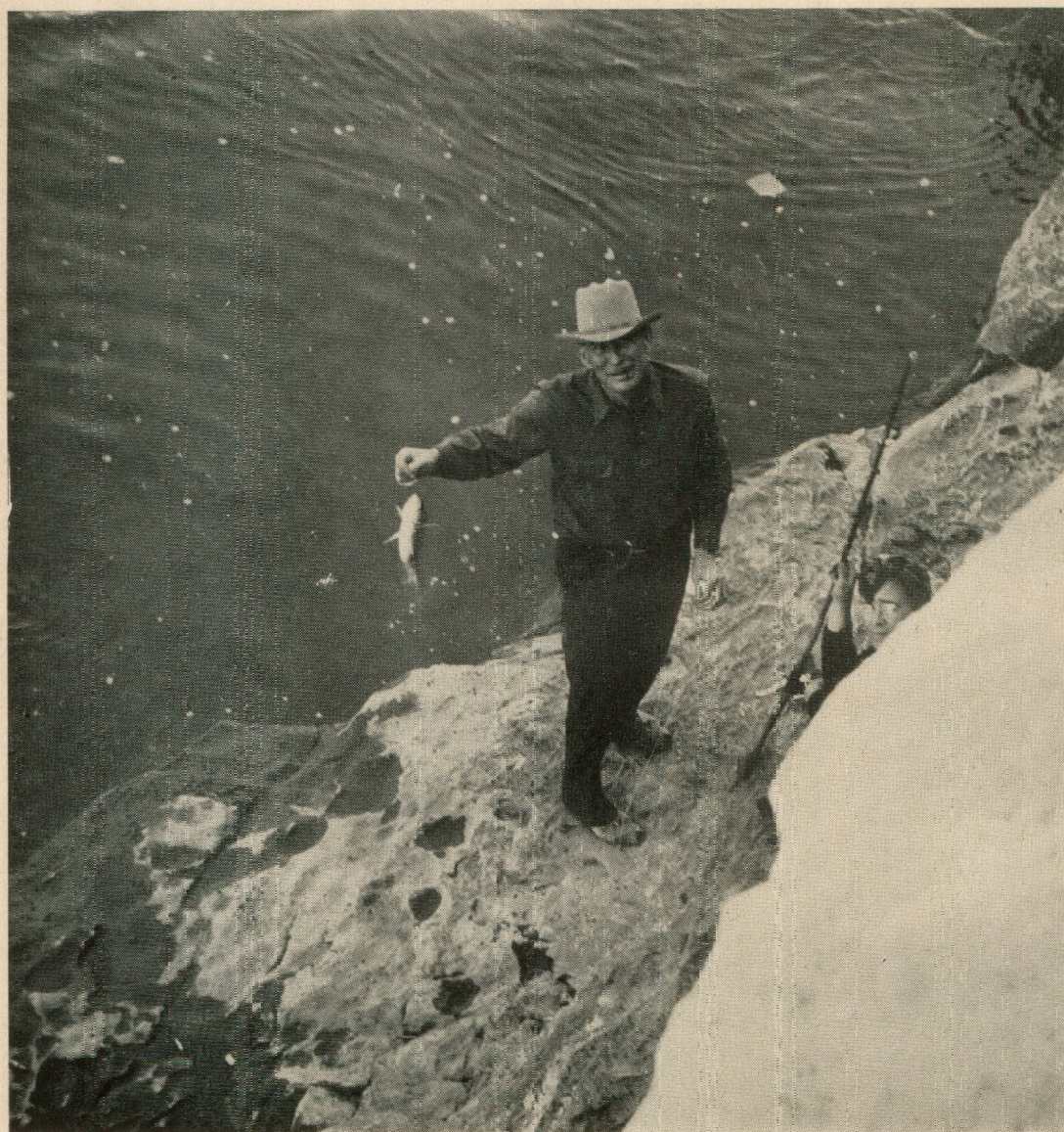
**THE
COLORADO
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in
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some
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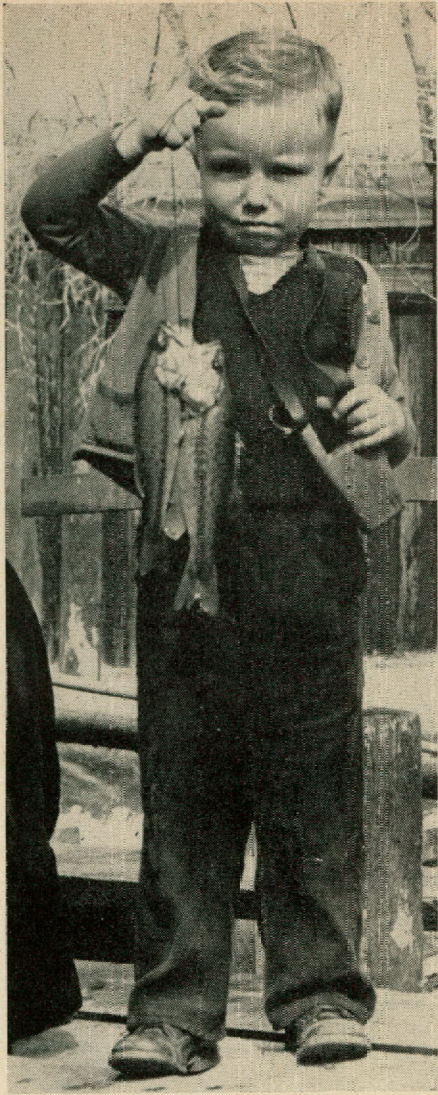


MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN line the banks of the Colorado river near Marble Falls and at times Mr. Catfish has a pretty difficult time making up his mind which bait to take. Good catches are the rule rather than the exception.





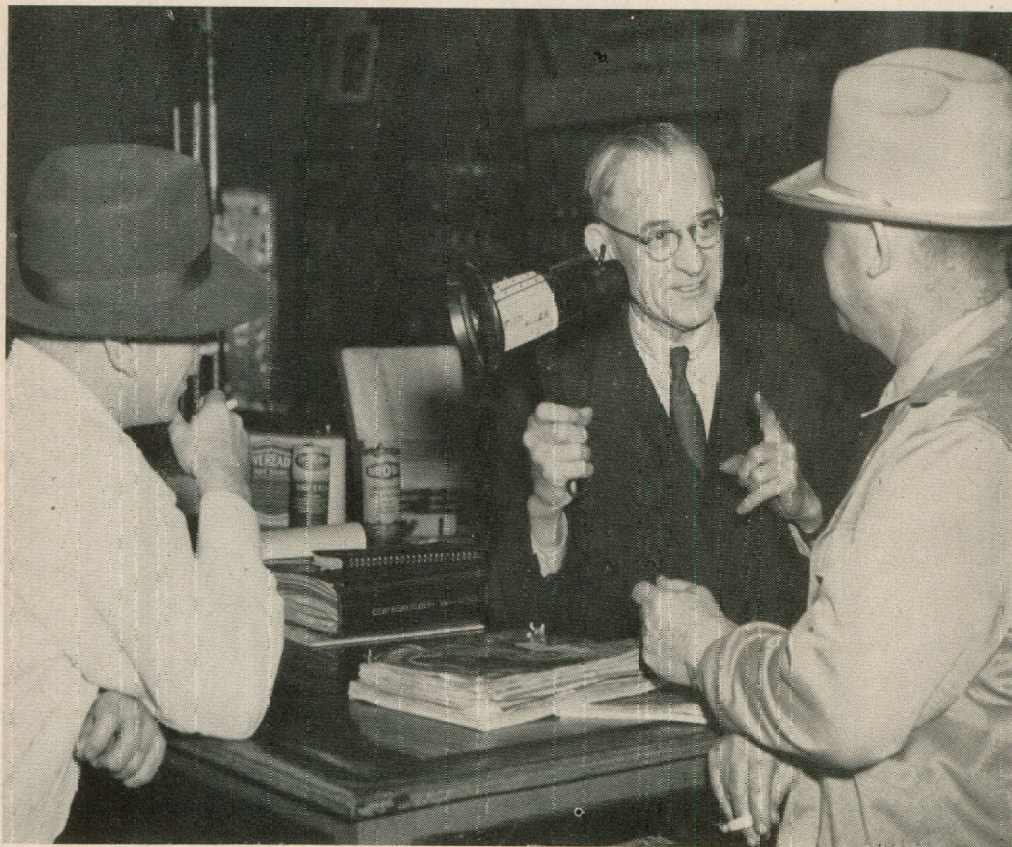
**YOUNG
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after
the
catfish
in
the
Colorado
river
near
Marble
Falls.
The
youngster
is
Harold
Moursand
of
San
Antonio**



TOP. F. A. Beaty and M. C. Moore of Austin with a fine mess of catfish caught in the Colorado river near Marble Falls. **BOTTOM.** Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Blakey and Mr. and Mrs. Harold Glass, all of Austin, don't lose any time in frying a mouth-watering mess of catfish on the banks of the Colorado. **UPPER LEFT.** Three-year-old Joe Michael Turner with the two black bass he caught near the Koon Kreek Lodge near Palestine.



Fish for supper. Mrs. Ray Munger, 4800 Preston Road, Dallas, stops by the Koon Kreek Fishing Lodge near Palestine and catches a fine mess of black bass while Mrs. Edward Wright, 4905 Mockingbird Lane, Dallas, admiringly looks on.



HERE'S a sure-fire fish caller if you take the word of Audrey Meador, Palestine sporting goods dealer, the inventor. According to Meador, this fish caller takes all element of chance out of fishing. If you are after bass, you set the gadget for bass, turn the crank, and out comes the call of the bass. Meador says the contraption will make the sound of any known sporting fish. In fact, that is just what he is trying to get across to two skeptical anglers, Lawrence Eilenstein, left, and G. L. Gaines, right. But a close inspection of the Meador Fish-Caller reveals that it is an old-fashioned klaxon horn off a Model T. Meador has had a lot of fun with the fish caller and he has received inquiries about it from practically all of the states in the Nation. It is priced at \$35 but Meador refuses to sell. He says he gets too much fun out of it to let it go.

Dolphins

By J. L. BAUGHMAN



The dolphin, or porpoise as it is more commonly known, is one of the most interesting mammals found in the sea.

ONE OF the first mentions of D. T.'s found in literature is accompanied by a reference to the dolphin.

Dionysus, Greek god of wine, entering into a Tyrrhenian pirate vessel, was kidnaped to be sold as a slave. Rising in his wrath, he turned the masts and sails into snakes, and filled the ship with ivy and the sound of music, whereupon the pirates, becoming mad, leaped overboard and were transformed into dolphins.

These animals, known to most of us as porpoises, are small whales, and of the 30 or 40 species now known, the great majority are found only in the oceans. However, several inhabit fresh water. These are the river dolphins of South America; the irrawadi dolphin from the river of that name in Burma; and two species at least from China, one of which is known as "Peh Ch'i" or "White Flag," so called because of the appearance of its dorsal fin as it comes to the surface to breathe.

It is interesting to note that the Irrawadi form is much revered by the native Burmese fishermen, who instead of hating it for its fish destroying propensities, rather welcome the individuals as friends to be trusted and cared for. So strong is the belief in the beneficent habits of the beast, that each fishing village has its particular guardian dolphin which receives a name, and is thought to watch over the nets, driving the fishes into them.

Suits are not infrequently brought into the native courts to recover a share in the capture of fish which the plaintiff's dolphin is claimed to have lured into the nets of his rival.

Most unusual of the marine forms is the norwhal whose long and twisted tusk of ivory first gave rise to the legend of the unicorn. An inhabitant of Arctic seas, this grayish mottled beast grows to a length of 12 to 13 feet, exclusive of its tusk.

Quick, active and inoffensive, they are gregarious in habit, and are frequently seen in small schools at the surface, with their backs and heads just out of the water. Cuttlefish are the chief food of these animals, which are of considerable economic importance, both because of their ivory and the excellent grade of oil produced from their blubber.

Another northern form is the so-called white whale or beluga, which reaches a length of 12 to 14 feet. Abundant in the White, Kara and Okhotsk seas of the Old World, it is circumpolar in its distribution, being taken in Alaska, while on the east coast of

America its range extends as far south as the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

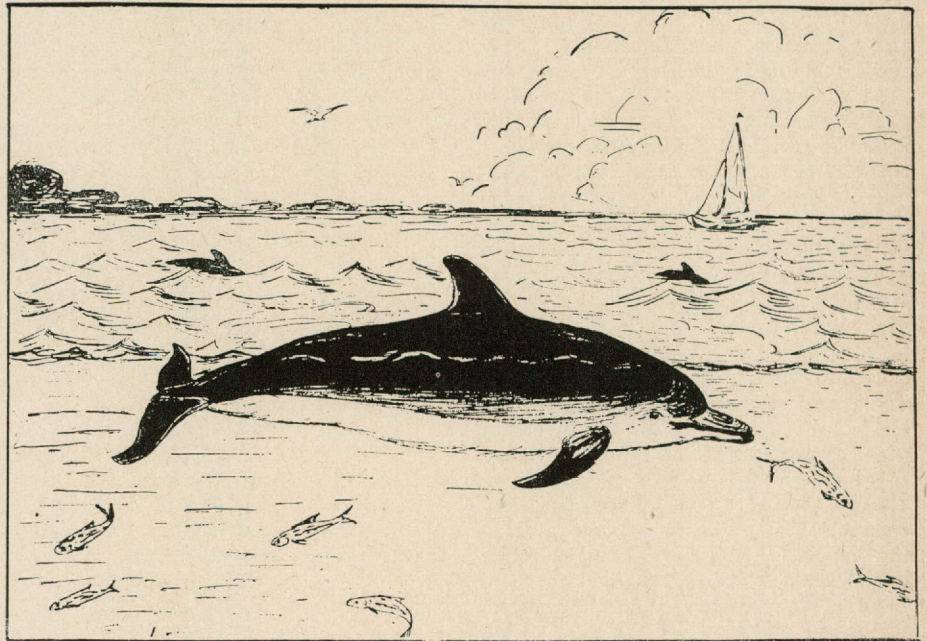
Here it has long supported a commercial fishery, both for its oil and for its hide, the latter producing much of the porpoise leather of commerce, so valuable in making lace leather for the belts of power machinery.

One member of the family is the most dreaded inhabitant of the sea. Warm-blooded mammals as they are, their huge size and formidable teeth combine with a cruel and crafty brain to

While whales and walrus are also acceptable items on its bill of fare, and killers have been seen to rise up under a walrus mother whose young had scrambled to her back for safety and, by the impact, throw the youngster off to be devoured.

Intelligent and cunning, this animal will thrust its head far out of the water, exposing its eyes so that it can observe objects on the ice floes found in part of its habitat. If they are close enough to the edge, the killer will drop beneath the water and rise so that its back, hitting the ice will break it into fragments, allowing whatever was upon the floe to fall into the water and be eaten.

Captain Scott, of Antarctic fame, says his photographer nearly lost his life in



make killer whales or grampuses far more dangerous than any shark. Worldwide in their distribution, these killers usually hunt in packs from two to 30, and although the males rarely exceed 20 feet in length, while the females grow to only half that size, they have not the slightest hesitancy in attacking the largest whale in the sea.

Some of the pack drive in and seize the tail, while others attack the mouth and lips, trying to reach the tongue, which they tear out in chunks, causing the death of the cetacean.

Whales are not their only prey, as they feed more commonly on the smaller tribes of the sea. Dolphins, seals, porpoise and penguins are all grist for the same mill. One specimen from the Pribilof Islands had eaten 14 seals, while another 21 foot specimen from a different locality had the remains of no less than 13 porpoises and 14 seals in its stomach.

this manner, several of the grampuses or killers hitting the ice such a tremendous blow from beneath that it splintered and only with the greatest difficulty did the cameraman escape.

The false killer, a close relative, is not as great scourge. Smaller, it ranges the ocean in great schools, feeding upon cuttlefish, and has been reported from most of the seas of the world, its presence being known from the great numbers sometimes left stranded by the tide. On Chatham Island several hundred were reported to have stranded in one school; 150 died in this manner near Dornoch, Scotland, in 1927; 100 near Capetown, South Africa, in 1928 and in 1935 nearly 300 came ashore at once in almost the same place.

Commonest of all porpoises on our own coast is the bottle-nosed dolphin, which reaches a length of 10 or 12 feet. Especially abundant on the Atlan-

★ Continued on page 20

ERNEST GLADDEN was running his trot line that had been set across a slough in Lake Worth when he felt a tug that almost took him off his feet. About 40 feet of staging had been stripped from his line. Ernest went down the line carefully and became extremely nervous when he saw the 90-lb. cat fish. After wrestling with the cat fish for an hour, Ernest went for help. The big fish finally was hauled into the boat but not until the boat was about a quarter full of water.

A Formula That Clicks

THE largest club of its kind in the world and still growing.

That's the proud boast of the Fort Worth Anglers Club, an organization with 1500 paid-up members and a program that keeps the membership, young and old alike, male and female, busy and interested every month of the year.

At the moment, Fort Worth anglers are competing in the Club's annual Lake Worth and Eagle Mountain fish rodeo. The contest got underway at sunrise on March 12 and it runs until sunset on June 9. Two days later, on June 11, \$200 in prize money will be distributed among the lucky fishermen, probably at one of the fish fries for which the Fort Worth Anglers Club is famous.

Cash prizes will be awarded to the fisherman catching the largest number of black bass, crappie, white bass, bream, carp and channel cat; to fishermen catching the most pounds of black bass, crappie, white bass, bream, carp and channel cat; to the fishermen catching the heaviest black bass, crappie, white bass, bream, carp and channel cat; and for the story writers there are prizes for essays on "How I catch my fish out of Lake Worth or Eagle Mountain."

During the first twelve days of the fish rodeo, 961 crappie were caught. They tipped the scales at 457 pounds and according to the rodeo records it required 297 hours to catch the fish. The largest black bass caught during that period weighed four and one-half pounds. Only seven white bass were



caught in those 12 days because the run of white bass had not started.

The Fort Worth Anglers Club was organized eight years ago for the sole purpose of helping fishermen catch more fish out of Lake Worth and Eagle Mountain. And the Club has done just that. More and more fish are taken out of the two lakes every year and fishing in the two lakes has been better because of the harvest. Complete data on each mess of fish caught during the fish rodeo has proven invaluable to fish biologists in improving the two lakes for fishing.

But the annual fish rodeo is just one of the club's activities. Meetings are held monthly and attendance at the meetings are excellent. Programs are well arranged and they are interesting. And,

of course, there are the attendance prizes. For example, at the March meeting of the Club, a 6-volt storage battery, wool army blankets, a fly rod, a spool of casting line, a book on bait casting, 25 cans of pop corn, and numerous plugs were distributed among the members.

Membership contests are held periodically. And winners in these contests are not forgotten. For their efforts they receive fishing and camping equipment.

During the summer, fish fries are on the program and they are attended by two and three thousand persons. The

★ Continued on page 25

ANGLERS? Every one of them. All members of the Fort Worth Anglers Club and the event was a fish fry.





Where Tall Ones Grow Taller

THE average fisherman doesn't need any prodding to tell a big one. In fact, he is always ready to match, or better, the story which just has been told.

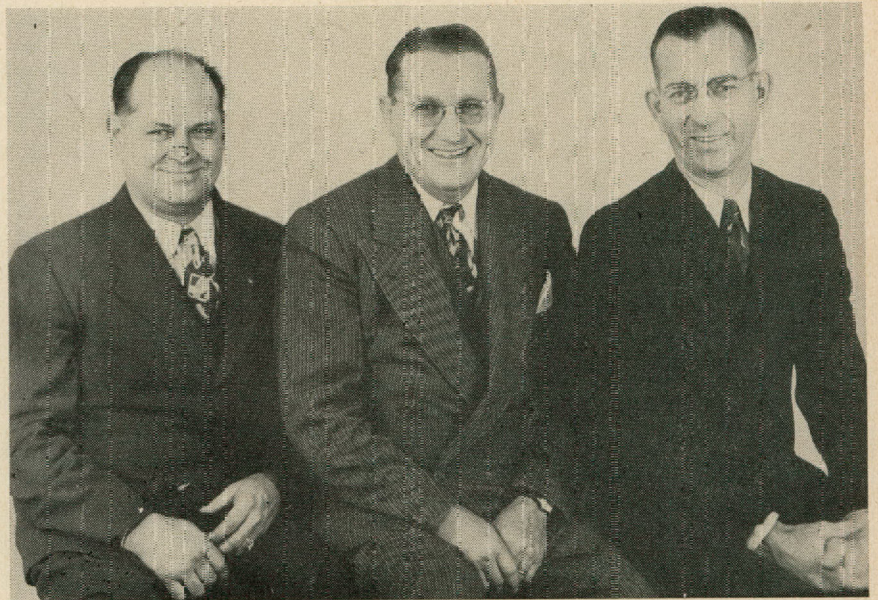
But members of the Fort Worth Anglers Club have an incentive to tell big ones, and to tell 'em in less than a minute. It isn't any problem to tell a big one. They come easily and naturally. But it takes a genius to tell a tall story in less than sixty seconds. If you don't believe it, just try to tell about that 12 pound bass that got away from you in less than a minute. Chances are that it will take you several minutes to set the scene.

At the April meeting of the Fort Worth Anglers Club a medal was given

to the member who told the best fishing lie in one minute. Ample warning of the contest was given the members so they could shave off superfluous wordage. The prize for the best fishing lie was a medal presented by Albert Woods, chief clerk of the House of Representatives, Washington, D. C. Woods is a long time member of the club and in presenting the award he said he was a bit afraid fishermen were overlooking the lying feature of fishing in their zeal to catch more fish and bigger fish. The lie that won the medal will be printed in the June issue of TEXAS GAME AND FISH.

Incidentally, you probably have wondered about the pictures on this page.

★ Continued on page 24



TEXAS AND NA

By Victor



IT HAS taken man a long time to learn that there are certain elemental laws in nature which if not obeyed will result in such an upsetting of local, state, regional or national equilibrium that the result is near chaos.

This equilibrium among soil, plants and animals, rainfall, and other climatic factors, arrived at through milleniums of time and adjustment may be loosely termed Nature's Balance.

Here in Texas, an empire which a century or less ago was the paradise of the botanist and the naturalist, where more varied flowers and grasses, trees and shrubs were concentrated than perhaps in any other similar region, we recognize today that nature's so-called balance has been severely upset.

Not only have agriculture and stock-raising suffered from the destruction of the original balance which made it possible for our mending ruminants — the buffalo, antelope, deer, elk and the predator which looked to these animals for their food supply — to thrive.

That natural balance preserved throughout ages not only the vast herds which grazed the grasses and herbs of the prairies and plains but it in turn enabled the grasses, herbs, shrubs and other growth to stay in balance with one another. In short, all of them, whether plant or animal contributed in some measure to a self-contained economy. It was one of the most marvelous examples of natural laws at work.

Only the coming of man disturbed that natural balance and set in motion those forces of destruction which are taking a terrific toll of all of us and in some instances jeopardize our future.

Destruction of the grasses through the indiscriminate use of the plow on millions of acres of grassland which forever should have been allowed to retain its natural cover, has brought recurrent floods which have destroyed billions of tons of fertile soil and in some areas have made profitable farming impossible.

Belatedly we are attempting to restore this land cover. The damage, however, has been done and it will take generations to overcome the destructive processes which with every torrential rain or sandstorm further accentuate the problem.

If we stop to take a look around us, we learn something about nature's constant effort to undo the harm which man has inflicted upon the landscape. Look at the abandoned cotton fields in the East Texas or Louisiana pineywoods. Let a good season make possible the growth of a normal seed crop and millions of pine seedlings spring up in the sand or clay furrows to cover over man's feeble attempt to introduce a crop that does not belong there.

Does man learn not to try to raise cotton on such land? Perhaps slowly. For decades he paid no attention to this lesson of Mother Nature and defying all natural laws persisted in his attempt which in the end led to poverty. As the pine forests were cut down for lumber and as lands were cleared for farming, a shortage of timber developed which has become critical. Wildlife of the region was grossly disturbed and much of it wiped out. With the destruction of the brush and food crops, berries, seeds, nuts and other growth indigenous to the pineywoods, and so varied as to localities that one area often had little or no relationship to another only a few miles away, the animal life withered with the plants. That imbalance of nature has brought on many other disturbances which plague the people of the region from year to year.

Man too often substitutes his own faulty concepts of nature for natural law and order. His likes and whims lead him into impossible situations which can only bring disappointment, loss and perhaps final ruin.

The wise man learns to work with nature, not against nature. By helping nature, nature in turn helps him. It is as if instead of trying to run water downhill, we attempt to make it run uphill. It can't be done except through high-cost installation of powerful pumps and conduits. But the water which man painfully tries to take back uphill may have run off those hills only a few weeks ago along with tons of precious soil.

NATURE'S BALANCE

hoffer-mayer

All we need to do is to look around us and watch the many operations which are not in line with natural laws when well they might be.

As a people we are becoming more forest-conscious and more grass-conscious. It is high time that this is so.

On a long tour of West Texas, New Mexico, Arizona, Colorado, and Utah last summer as guest of the Soil Conservation Service, I made some discoveries which will not soon be forgotten. Near Tucson I found an old couple, city people with a love of nature, restoring a ruthlessly destroyed range by the simplest methods and the use of only a spade.

The man had noticed how sudden torrential rains which during August fell on the western high plateau country, ran off of the overgrazed range land and were of no use whatever to the grass, the animals and the people who lived on the ranch. By using a spade and making these rains flow around boulders and into prairie dog holes where they are made to sink into the soil and thus nurture grass and herbs, miles of denuded range land were restored to productivity. Such restored acres again carried a cow and her calf on two or three acres.

This man worked intelligently with Mother Nature and neighbors for miles around were astonished how such results could be obtained without resorting to expensive engineering works with bulldozers and heavy earth-moving equipment.

Our ranchmen are eager to get rid of the mesquite, the cedar and other types of intruding tree growth which is impairing the carrying power of their range lands. We do know everything there is to know about grass and accompanying trees, such as the mesquite. The mesquite along with many other southwestern species is a legume and, therefore, may store nitrogen from the atmosphere in the soil to feed the grass. We are just beginning to learn the interdependence among plants — how one lives off the byproducts and wastes of the other.

It is certainly uneconomic for the government or ranchman, taking advantage of the government's generosity in paying as much as five dollars an acre, to burn off mesquite trees and leave a trail of desolation on the range. Perhaps the mesquite and the cactus, the catclaw and other thornbushes may harbor a few seedling grass plants from which there is a periodic stock of seed to replenish bare spots on the range. In such clumps of vegetation game may live—quails, rabbits, prairie chicken and others, which without such cover would soon vanish from the scene (as they have over large areas of our state).

We are learning that if any species of wild life animals is ruthlessly destroyed that others previously held in relative minority, will increase to such numbers that their presence may become an economic problem. The killing of coyotes may increase the rabbit population and that of many rodents, whose combined damage may be much greater than the occasional sheep or fowl which the coyote caught.

Everything in nature is dependent upon something else. Man himself depends upon about everything, more or less. For that reason he should carefully consider the likely effect of a wholesale destruction of what it took nature millions of years to establish. The result could be chaos.

We have made considerable progress in Texas in the appreciation of wildlife and its relationship to agriculture, ranching, general plant growth, climate and, in fact, our whole scheme of life. But there remains much to be done.

We are still too much given to clean cultivation, cleaning up fence rows of every growing thing, eradication of every plant that happens to establish itself in pasture or field.

I got a new vision of plant life and the inter-relation of all plants with one another during a tour of Europe, where I saw new forest policies adopted which are opposed to former pure stands of pine or spruce or other trees.

In Germany, Austria and Italy the scientists found that mixed stands of conifers, beeches, birches, oaks, maples, sycamores, hazelnut



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BAIT CASTING

BAIT casting is conceded by many oldtimers to be the most effective method by which to take bass. The bait casting lures appear to be effective not only because they are imitations of juicy mouthfuls but because, by reason of their motion, they annoy and anger a bass. But there's more to bait casting than skill in casting itself. Those who are proud of their long casts and try to out-cast their companions seldom are good fishermen. Accuracy is important. Work to lay your lure exactly where you want it, and to manipulate it most effectively.

Of chief importance is a knowledge of lures and when and how to use them. Lures are made in many shapes, colors and actions. It is just as important to have the proper assortment to cope with all conditions as it is necessary for trout fishermen to have the proper flies.

Shallow water usually dictates a surface lure, while deeper water suggests an underwater lure.

It is, of course, impossible to give a set of rules governing the selection of lures and how to use them. Experience is, after all, the best teacher. Generally speaking, the secret of lure casting is motion—keep your lure moving. It is the action that excites bass; the disturbance of their domain by these active, irritating lures that often aggravates them to the point of striking.

A bass may follow a lure many feet, watch it from a distance, then loom up and smash it as it is about to leave the water. This unusual action nearly always catches the less wary angler off guard, and such strikes often are lost. When a bass strikes a bait close to the boat, remember that he has the advantage at close range; so give him more line to work with.

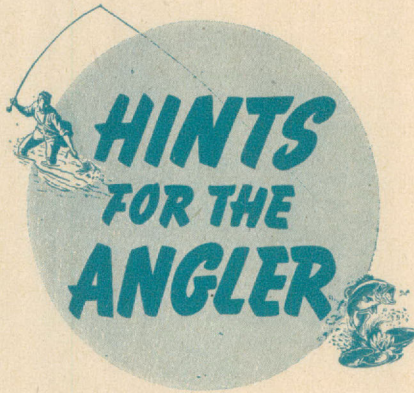
Every old-time bass fisherman knows that color plays an important part in lure selection. Contrary to some theories, experienced observation proves that fish are not color blind. Red and white combinations seem particularly effective.

Also, few experienced fishermen will deny that a black and white combination is one of the deadliest summer lures ever produced. In all fishing, yellow plays a prominent part. During August and September innumerable bugs with some yellow in their bodies are flying. Grasshoppers also take on this hue and, as a result, yellow makes a good fall bait. When run in conjunction with black, the combination is very effective.

The question of the proper bait is eternally a perplexing one, and those anglers who have cast everything in the book at old John Bass without a rise well know its importance.

Bass fishing and the theory of common sense rarely go hand in hand. That will become obvious to you when choosing lures. It will be even more apparent

in observing weather conditions. By the dictates of common sense, for example, November is not the best month to be fooling around with fresh water fish—at least not much farther north than the Mason-Dixon Line. But actually, October and November are the pay dirt months in the bass fisherman's calendar. From the start of Indian Summer to the first sustained freeze-up, something happens to a bass. He forgets that he



was ever a prima donna, that he was ever moody. He goes on a reckless feeding spree. And if you are there to take him you will enjoy bass fishing the like of which you never believed existed.

Why this sudden feeding flurry? Well, for one thing, the easily obtainable insect life that formed much of their diet during the summer has disappeared. Their forage comes considerably harder; and if they are to go through the winter with some fat over their ribs they can't afford to pass up many feeding opportunities.

This holds true more in the case of the smallmouth than the largemouth. The latter, because of the difference of his environment and the shallower water he frequents, may be generally accepted as a "hot weather" bass, but he is equally active during the fall.

A 158-lb. Tarpon

Frederick H. Gregory of Miami has copped top honors in a fishing contest. His landing of a tarpon off North Miami Beach last year netted him \$250 for the outstanding angling achievement of 1945.

It was no ordinary tarpon that Gregory landed. Gregory was fishing on V-E day when he hooked the tarpon. His line consisted of six hundred yards of shoemaker's thread. The tarpon took most of it on the first run. It was two hours later before Gregory finally got the fish into the boat.

But the angler's troubles weren't over. When he docked, he needed the help of six men to take the tarpon to a nearby weighing station. The fish was 78 and one-half inches long. And it weighed 158 pounds.



The U. S. Forest Service owns more than 600,000 acres in eastern Texas.

FLY CASTING

IN RECENT years the fly rod has gained tremendously in popularity among bass fishermen. The charm of the fly rod is the wide variety of lures it enables you to use. Its main drawback is the difficulty in casting fly rod lures due to their wind resistance. For casting these surface lures more powerful rods are recommended than for ordinary fly casting. The bass-bug rod of nine and one-half feet and approximately six ounces or better in weight generally is considered correct.

The bass-bug probably is the easiest—aside from flies—of all fly rod lures to use; so we will start with that. Because the body is made of cork, balsa wood or deer hair, it will float no matter how badly it is cast or how many times it is dragged under by the fish. The bug caster does not have the dry fly man's problem of keeping the fly afloat. A bug does not demand constant manipulation, as does the spinner fly or streamer. It is on top of the water; so it is always in sight and is not as likely to be snagged as are submerged lures.

There are several hundred different types and patterns of fly rod lures. All will catch fish, but some are better than others. Some fishermen prefer dark colors in surface lures, an all brown bass bug being a favorite. Others criticize this choice. For underwater lures, brighter colors seem in order. In buying spinner flies choose those without wings, as this appendage has no value and is apt to interfere with the action of the lure.

A feeding bass betrays his presence by the swirl he makes as he charges into a school of minnows, or breaks water taking a bug or fly. When you see this, get within casting distance of the spot as quickly as possible without disturbing the water too much, and place your fly or bug in the circle made by the breaking fish.

Since bass like the brush fringed shore line where minnows congregate, this shallow water is ideal for fly rod lures. Cork body feather minnows, being good imitations of crippled minnows lying on the surface, are among the best lures for such places. Spinner flies and other swimming minnow imitations also are good.

Another likely spot is along a brushy shore where bass lie in wait for insects that may drop from the bushes and trees. Dry flies and bugs are the best bets in such places.

Dry flies are good bass lures under certain conditions. During a hatch of shad-flies the dry fly may furnish good sport. The larger sizes, numbers eight and six, seem best. Bivisibles probably are the most practical, as flies with such large hooks need plenty of tackle to float them. Brown and badger seem to be the best patterns. A bass is very rough with a dry fly and it is generally

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TEXAS GAME AND FISH

Sidelights

on the

Mule Deer

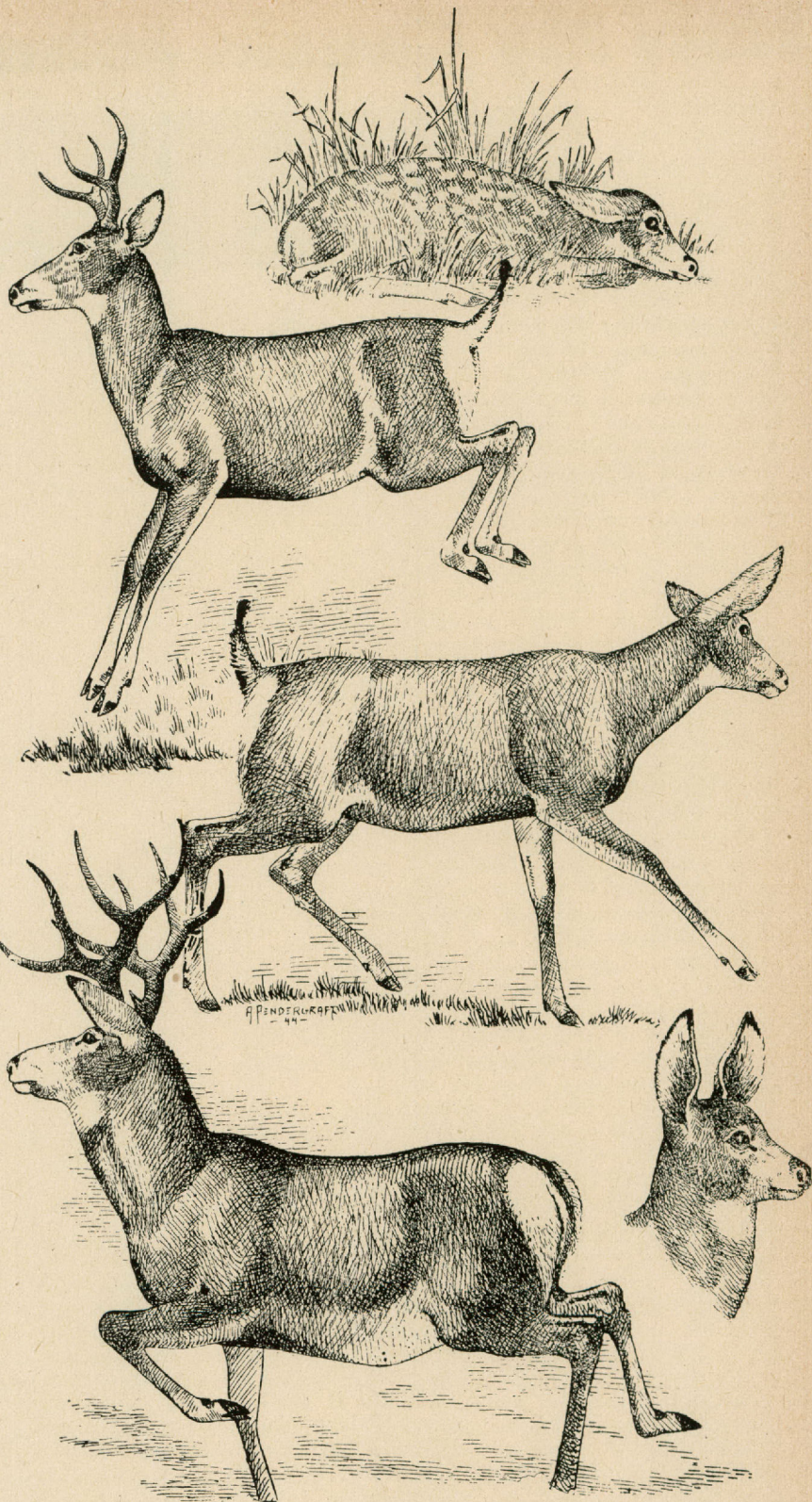
MOST peculiar of the Rocky Mountain mule deer's many interesting characteristics is the amazing method it employs to cover distance when disturbed. Though the same gait is sometimes used also by the white-tail deer, and rarely by the pronghorn antelope, it is most spectacularly exhibited by the mule deer. Best described as a "bounce," this gait constitutes a series of stiff-legged bounds that take the animal over the roughest terrain in remarkably fast fashion. A maximum distance of 15 feet is sometimes covered in a single jump. This "spy hop" seems to take in as much distance vertically as it does horizontally, and it is probably employed by the animal to afford a better view of any pursuit.

Also peculiar, and most interesting, is the "goose-stepping" walk of the mule deer when curiosity impels investigation of some object or occurrence, or when suspicion is aroused, and a cautious retreat is being made. The stiff, slow strides are accompanied by coordinated nodding of the head, swiveling of the ears, and flapping of the tail. These ear and tail movements are constant features of a deer, and apparently have definite meanings. Flight, for instance, is always signalled by sharp movement of the ears, and a sudden flag-like raising and lowering of the tail.

The immobility achieved by a hiding fawn is almost unbelievable. It takes keen eyesight to discern the little creature lying in a clump of grass or in the shadow of a bush. But from this position of absolute stillness, the fawn can spring into full flight, for the legs in reclining are always gathered into position for immediate rising. This ability for a quick start is not lost by the older deer. An old buck, surprised in his bed, can rise from the ground, turn in midair, and land ten feet distant—going full speed away, from the first jump.

Fawn deer are often mistaken for does by hunters, who find it difficult to judge from size alone, especially when the fawn is seen alone. If the short, stubby head is noted, the immaturity becomes apparent. The head of an older deer is relatively longer and thinner.

The trot is a gait seldom employed by the deer but sometimes in the case of a large, fat buck, the trot is seen. A proud gait, with head carried high, the trot is not speedy, and is not used in flight.—ARCHIE PENDERGROFT in the *Wyoming Wild Life*.



New Wildlife Institute Formed

The top news out of the Eleventh North American Wildlife Institute Conference held in New York on March 11, 12 and 13, was the announcement of the formation of a new organization to be known as the Wildlife Restoration Institute, under the leadership of Dr. Ira N. Gabrielson, whose retirement as Di-

rector of the U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service, to take effect April 1, 1946, had previously been made public. The announcement read:

"At a meeting at the Hotel Pennsylvania, New York City, the Board of Trustees of the American Wildlife Institute unanimously voted to merge its public activities with a new organization to be known as the Wildlife Restoration Institute.

How My Cousin John Got a Buck

Sportsman gets his buck but not until an antlered monarch of the hill country almost falls exhausted at his feet after a wild flight from pursuing dogs

By J. G. Burr



MOST people live from year to year but my cousin John lived from one hunting season to another. The interim between seasons was bridged with reminiscences of the hunt, and he never tired of depicting the circumstances which attended the bringing down of a buck.

These recitals sometimes became a bit threadbare but they, with slight repairs, usually lasted for six months. After that he would begin to make plans for the next season, which supplied him with conversation for another six months. Thus you will understand the opening remark that he lived from season to season.

It may be charged that I am giving this story too much of a faunal slant. I did not say fawnal. If he ever killed a fawn he kept it to himself, and called it an accident. So strict was he about observing the game laws that he regarded the killing of a doe as a felony.

While John was game-minded to a degree, his mind was not of the single track type. As a sportsman he was fond of any kind of game, not a crap game, for that was beneath his dignity. In widening the definition of game it can even be said that he liked the political game and a discussion of the issues of the day. It could hardly be otherwise for he was a traveling man and while salesmen are a bit coy about discussing controversial subjects with prospective customers, he could unload plentifully in the lobby of a hotel where there was full freedom of speech. To prove to you that other things than game interested him and that in an emergency he could even get "het up" when the following incident is mentioned.

It was some years ago that one evening, while sitting at a table writing up some sales, the hotel lobby became turbulent with talk concerning a man who was running for the office of governor. They were throwing political mud. There was nothing too mean to say about him. Now it happened that John liked the candidate and his platform, and this abusive language was to him intolerable. Chucking the papers into his portmanteau he strode into the seething circle of vituperation. Looking straight into their faces he began:

"Now gentlemen I have been listening to your abusive remarks about my friend the candidate for governor. I am one of his fighting friends and there is no doubt that some among you are ready to fight for the opposing candi-

date. I am ready right now to draw my coat and have the matter settled." A dead silence followed and no coats were drawn.

"All right," said John, "I hope there will be no more of that kind of talk," and there wasn't, at least while John was around.

It was a busy year and John could not get away at the opening of the deer season, so he had to be content with a Christmas week hunt. Christmas week is all right for a hunt in one of those large pastures where hunting is restricted to a few friends. But in a pasture where those privileges are sold to the general public the g.p. gets most of the bucks before the holidays arrive. It was into one of those g.p. pastures that we were ushered. One of the inducements was that it had a large camp house to accommodate hunters who carry their bedding along.

We were quite at home with the half dozen hunters who were just winding up their affairs with a view to leaving the ranch the next day. There was a coffee pot simmering on the stove and the place was fairly cozy as a winter hide-out. Hiding from what? There is nothing like leaving the busy world and hiding out for a few days. Whether one gets a buck or not the trip is not lost. The bracing atmosphere, the flavor of the forest and the enchantment of the wilderness bid one to unhitch his nervous tension and let the world go by. No doubt your doctor has told you to do more hunting and fishing. This helps you to get away from business and it gives the sneaking satisfaction that you are beating the doctor out of a prescription fee. But we had not consulted any doctor, being in splendid health, and there was no way to hang blame on any one but ourselves if things went wrong.

But my story lags. The erstwhile hunters, who had thrashed the brush of the pasture from end to end, gave us a map of the terrain and localities where deer were most likely to be found. They had taken no census and were unable to say how many bucks were left, though they did recall seeing an abundance of does. With some reluctance one of them said they had taken no large bucks.

Now that was a damaging admission and as soon as we were out of hearing

we condemned the practice of shooting juvenile bucks. We laid it down as a rule that nothing under eight points would be shot. Armed with such manly resolutions we were out early the next morning scanning the landscape. It was a wonderful deer habitat—everything to make a deer want to spend his life there. Well, not everything. There were those objectionable open seasons.

It was a still, frosty morning, little or no wind, and we were mindful of the saying that a deer can smell a man a mile unless he hunts against the wind. So they could see and probably smell a hunter as they dashed from one clump of trees to another well beyond rifle range. They had grown skilful in the art of dodging the scores of hunters, and they trusted to flight rather than to hiding in the thickets. We saw them do this so often that we reached the conclusion that these animals had been shot at hundreds of times the past month, so that the distant sight of a man was enough to start a stampede.

Being a more aggressive hunter, John struck out to follow the herd while I elected to climb down into a hole in an attempt at still hunting, hoping they might come my way.

After an hour John came by and I asked him if it wouldn't be a judicious thing to be content with a six point buck. He said that he shared my viewpoint, so we abandoned the eight point demand.

It was beginning to be evident that we were not in one of those pastures where one can find a complete assortment of bucks, and as the day wore on we became more realistic and held another conference. We decided to take a four point buck. There is some advantage, we argued, in carrying home a small buck. We shuddered at the thought of lugging a 125 pound buck back to the car which might be a mile away. Thus relieved of that worry we gladly resorted to the four point program. This new plan cut our demands to one half, that is, from an eight point to a four point. Therefore it should be twice as easy to get a buck as it was before. We might succeed in getting two of the four point variety and thus even the score with a total of eight points.

The next time I saw John I was beginning to crawl out of the hole and ready another conference. "Have you seen any kind of a buck, old or young,"

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TEXAS GAME AND FISH

Romance in Furs

By ELLIS A. HICKS

ONE lucky day, quite a while ago, primitive man had the brilliant idea of using furs and hides both as clothing and to make himself more comfortable in his home. Since that time, furs have played a most interesting and colorful part in history. A fur was the chief point of interest around which was woven the classic tale of "Jason and the Golden Fleece." Although this fur was only a choice lambskin, it was of sufficient value to cause man to undergo difficulties and make sacrifices to obtain it just as we do today.

Battle accounts from Greek and Roman history mention furs as one of the most important spoils going to the victors. Outlying provinces and Teutonic tribes subject to government by the Roman Empire were assessed a tax to be paid in furs. It became the style for both men and women of the nobility to wear costly and beautiful furs. Soon it was generally accepted that an expensive fur was a trademark of royalty, for the common people were not permitted such a distinction. The pageantry of the Russian court at the time of Catherine II was world-renowned, largely because of her extravagant use of ermine and sable for her own clothing and as gifts.

Russian acquisition and colonization of Siberia were caused primarily by the vast and high quality fur resources which Siberia supported. Colonization of North America was directly affected by the European demand for furs. The Dutch East India Company established a trading post in New York. Many French trappers and traders operated throughout eastern and southern Canada and northern United States, specifically in our present Midwest. The English launched an enterprise known as the Hudson's Bay Company, which flourished for a period of almost two hundred years. Throughout this exciting period, the beaver was the most important fur bearer. So great was the demand for it, and so highly was it esteemed that it was embossed on the first seal of New Amsterdam. Later, when the English gained control of North America to exclusion of the Dutch, the beaver emblem was still retained.

Needless to say, throughout the developmental period of the United States, fur bearers were exploited to the maximum along with our other natural resources. One of the first victims of the fur trade exploitation was the fur seal, common to the Pribilof Islands near Alaska. The Russian Government, prior to purchase of Alaska by United States Government, instigated control measures for protection of the seal herds. This decisive action permitted the seal population to increase, but when Alaska was

purchased by the United States Government, sealing privileges were leased to other nations for two periods of 20 years each. At this time the seal population was estimated at 2,000,000 animals. At the end of 40 years of continual hunting, the population was estimated at 132,000. The rapid decrease was caused largely by the practice of killing the seals in the water—a method used by Great Britain, Russia and Japan. In 1911, by agreement with all countries concerned, the United States assumed sole control of fur sealing operations. By means of a rigid conservation program, the seal population was increased to 1,000,000 during the first 15 years of control. This action is considered one of the finest examples of governmental conservation of wildlife in the world.

The story of furs in modern times is one of a close association with styles, both for men and women. At one time a woman's affluence was measured as much by the number of fur petticoats she possessed as by the beauty of her outward furs. It was recorded of Napoleon that he faltered in his step under the weight of his coronation robe, so heavy was it with ermine. More recently, fashion shows have largely dictated what types of furs are worn. Of

Europe's Demand for
Furs Aided Colonization of
North America

course they in turn are dependent upon various improvements in processing and tailoring. For example, skunk was comparatively unpopular until suitable methods were devised for deodorizing, and for cutting to eliminate white markings of the pelt. The sound of the word "skunk" did nothing to improve its sales appeal; consequently, it was given the trade names of black marten and dipped marten. The word "marten" sounds more glamorous than skunk; and in spite of the fact that marten is classed as semi-durable for wear while skunk is very durable, the addition of a sales trade name for skunk was instrumental in making it a popular fur. At the present time, skunk has come into an aura of glory all its own, and rightfully so, for it is one of the best-looking and most durable furs we have.

Many types of furs are dyed, plucked, clipped or otherwise so altered that it is impossible for the average person to recognize them. One of the best examples of this type of fur is the muskrat, which when sheared and dyed the color of the Alaskan fur seal, is known as "Hudson Seal." So exact is the imitation that an attempt to distinguish by superficial examination is often impossible. The durability and fine appearance of "Hudson Seal" have made it one of

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What's in a name ?

ALASKAN SABLE—Skunk.
AMERICAN BROADTAIL—Lamb.
AMERICAN SABLE—Marten.
ARCTIC SEAL—Rabbit.
ASTRAKHAN—Lamb from southern Russia in the vicinity of Astrakhan.
AUSTRALIAN SEAL—Rabbit.
BAFFIN SEAL—Rabbit.
BALTIC BLACK FOX—Rabbit.
BALTIC BROWN FOX—Rabbit.
BAY SEAL—Rabbit.
BAUM MARTEN—North European Marten.
BEAVERETTE—Rabbit.
BLACK ALASKA FOX—Fox.
BLACK HARE—Rabbit.
BLACK MARTEN—Skunk.
BLUERETTE—Rabbit.
BROADTAIL—Persian lamb (stillborn or killed when a few days old).
BUCKSKIN SEAL—Rabbit.
CANADIAN MARTEN—Fisher or Marten.
CANADIAN SABLE—Marten.
CARACUL—Lamb, synonymous with "Persian" and "Broadtail."
CASTORETTE—Rabbit.
CHAPCILLA—White Rabbit dyed to resemble Chinchilla.
CHINCHILLA—South American rodent.
CHINCHILLA SQUIRREL—Squirrel.
CHINCHILLETTE—Rabbit.
CHINOLA—Squirrel mottled to imitate Chinchilla.
CIVET CAT—Spotted Skunk.
CONEY—Rabbit.
CONEY BEAVER—Rabbit.
CONEY LEOPARD—Rabbit.
CONEY MOLE—Rabbit.
CONEY SEAL—Rabbit.
DIPPED MARTEN—Skunk.
ELECTRIC MOLE—Rabbit.
ELECTRIC NUTRIA—Rabbit.
RUSSIAN SEAL—Muskrat.
ERMILINE—White Rabbit.
ERMINE—Usually applied to Siberian Weasel.

ERMINETTE—White Rabbit.
FITCH—European Pole-cat.
FRENCH MOLE—Rabbit.
FRENCH SABLE—Rabbit.
GENET—Usually black Domestic Cat.
HUDSON BAY SABLE—Marten.
HUDSON BAY SEAL—Rabbit.
HUDSONIA—Muskrat or Nutria.
KRIMMER—Lamb from the Crimean region of Russia.
KOLINSKY—Siberian Mink.
LAPIN—Rabbit or Hare.
LOUTRINE—Muskrat.
MARMINK—Marmot dyed to resemble MINK.
MENDOZA BEAVER—Rabbit.
MINKONY—Rabbit dyed to resemble Mink.
MOLIN—Rabbit dyed to resemble Mole.
MOLINE—Rabbit dyed to resemble Mole.
MOUTON LAMB—Sheared Merino Lamb.
MUSKRATINE—Rabbit.
NEW ZEALAND SEAL—Rabbit.
NORTHERN SEAL—Rabbit.
NUTRIA—Coypu Rat of South America. Known also as South American Beaver.
NUTRIA BEAVER—Nutria.
NUTRIA SEAL—Nutria.
NUTRIETTE—Rabbit.
POLAR SEAL—Rabbit.
PONY—Foal of Russian Horse.
RED SILVER SEAL—Rabbit, Muskrat or Nutria.
RIVER MINK—Muskrat.
RIVER SABLE—Muskrat.
RUSSIAN BLACK MARTEN—Opossum.
RUSSIAN BROWN MARTEN—Opossum.
SABELINE—Squirrel.
SABLE FOX—Red Fox.
SEALLETTE—Rabbit or Nutria.
SITKA FOX—Red Fox.
SQUIRRELETTE—Rabbit.
SQUIRRELINE—Rabbit.
SUMMER ERMINE—Weasel.
TWIN BEAVER—Rabbit.
VISONETTE—Rabbit.

Letters

Dolphins

★ Continued from page 11

tic coast, it has for many years supported a fishery at Cape Hatteras, where it is quite common during fall, winter and spring. Schools of porpoises may be seen passing constantly just outside the surf and local fishermen catch them in enormous seines, as many as 40 at one time. The greatest number so caught in any one year amounted to about 1500.

They are taken for their hides and body blubber, but the chief value lies in the jaw oil, which, when refined, brings about \$20 per gallon, being universally used in the lubrication of clocks, watches and other delicate machinery.

Numbers of this species have been kept in aquariums, and for sometime the New York aquarium displayed a small school of these animals in a large tank in the rotunda. Doctor Townsend says they were extremely playful, often swimming under water, belly up, like seals, and at other times dashing after one another in mock ferocity.

"They often swim on their backs, with their jaws out of the water, or on their sides, repeatedly striking the surface with their head," he says.

"A high leap by one is usually the signal that starts them all to leaping. Another game is played by going around the pool in short dives, each time striking the surface with the flat of the tail. They often turn complete forward and backward somersaults. Frequently a porpoise will play with a dead fish, thrusting its head clear of the water and throwing the fish five to ten feet away, when it is recovered and thrown again. Such play may last half an hour, or until the fish is reduced to scraps, too small to be thrown."

Lewis Carroll, in his inimitable Alice in Wonderland has the following lines: "Will you walk a little faster?" said the whiting to the snail, 'There's a porpoise close behind us, and he's treading on my tail,' and many another fish has probably wished that whatever was in front would get out the way, and as the negro said, "let somebody run what could."

For those dolphins kept in the aquarium, Dr. Townsend said that it required from 18 to 20 pounds of fish each per day to keep them in good condition. However, it seems probable that they do little damage to the game fish of our section. Gordon Gunter, biologist of the State Game, Fish and Oyster Commission, examined 30 of these animals during the past year. Only 21 contained identifiable food. From these he took 244 mullet, 40 shad, one needle fish, one blowfish, one flounder and the teeth of one sheepshead and one drum.

This is surely nothing to be alarmed about, even if they were to become common enough to come up Buffalo Bayou, as mentioned by Dr. Sam O. Young in his charming little book, "True Stories of Old Houston and Houstonians."

Dear Editor: I am so very happy to be a constant reader of our well informed Texas Game and Fish magazine. I have also put this magazine before quite a number of young boys in our neighborhood by circulating my copies among them. They certainly enjoy and talk about the articles they have read. I think this would be a good way for other subscribers to help the young Texans to be good and well informed hunters and fishermen. Thanks for a good magazine. — JOE MELOUN, Seagoville, Texas.

★

Dear Editor: I am enclosing \$1.00 for another year's subscription to Texas Game and Fish. I think you are doing a grand job and I want to congratulate you. I enjoy every copy and anxiously await the next. You might be interested in my deer hunting experience this past season. I killed two bucks, a 5 pointer and a 7 pointer, with one shot. I saw only the 5 pointer when I shot and one of the fellows with me saw only the 7 pointer. Also interesting was the fact that they were both hit in about the same place and that this was the first time I had shot this rifle at game.— G. W. SCHLESSELMAN, A. & M. College, College Station, Texas.

★

Dear Editor: Just by chance I happened to stumble on a copy of Texas Game and Fish and was very pleased with it. Being a Texan and having traveled over the best of Texas' hunting grounds, I'm very much interested in the future of our game which we must conserve. Please accept my enclosed check for one year's subscription which I intend to renew yearly.—F. T. BOECKER, 507 Oklahoma Ave., Weslaco, Texas.

★

Dear Editor: I have read your magazine since its first issue, and really like it. But the March issue is the best I have ever seen. I am a fox-hunter, having a pack of good registered Walker hounds that I get lots of pleasure from. I think the article "Night Hunting" one of the best I have ever read anywhere. And the description of The Chase given by T. H. McGregor is the greatest tribute to sportsmen ever written.—TOM V. FREEMAN, Gatesville, Texas.

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Dr. Young, an early resident of our city, writing of fishing in the bayou, as a boy, says:

"But then Buffalo Bayou is full of surprises. Some years ago Dave McNally, who lived not far from the bayou, discovered a porpoise at the foot of Louisiana Street. It was a real sea porpoise, too. Dave notified Albert Erickson of his discovery and Albert went down and shot it.

"When it was shot it was about at the foot of Smith Street. They pulled it out of the water and exhibited it as long as they could, which was until the health officer threatened to get after them for keeping a nuisance on hand. They got a big pot and made oil out of the porpoise and made a lot of it, too. I don't think a whale has ever come up the bayou, but I would not be surprised to heart that one had."

★

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ARMS AND AMMUNITION

Edited by ADAM WILSON III

A Few Odds and Ends About Rifles

WHILE there is no universally recognized measurement to indicate whether a rifle is a small or large bore, in America any rifle under .25 caliber is considered a small bore, according to Merton A. Robinson, chief Winchester ballisticsian. The .22 caliber rifle is now generally known as a small bore rifle. In England it is known as a miniature rifle.

The term "small bore" is confined to rifles. Shotguns having barrels of small diameter such as the 28 gauge and the 67½ gauge (410 bore) are incorrectly referred to as small bore. The proper term to use in connection with shotguns, according to Robinson, is small gauge.

In a rifle, the bore is the hole in the barrel after it has been drilled and reamed before rifling. Bore diameter of a rifle is the measurement between the opposite lands and not the distance between the grooves or the rifling which is normally the caliber of the bullet.

Only a truly cylinder bore shotgun maintains its bore diameter throughout its length. The muzzles of all choke shotguns are constricted to varying degrees. However, Robinson points out, the difference between a cylinder bore and a choke bore is only a minute fraction of an inch. For example, in a 12 gauge shotgun the muzzle of a full choke barrel is approximately thirty-five thousandths of an inch smaller than that of a cylinder barrel of the same gauge.

If you hope to become a good shot, you should first find out which is your "Master" eye, and then make a correction for the other eye. Otherwise your chances of consistently good scores are questionable.

You can determine which is your master or stronger eye by aiming your finger at an object with both eyes open, then alternately closing each eye. The which still points the object is the master.

The sighting eye of a right hand shooter should be the right eye and the left of the left hand shooter. If the sighting eye is weaker and the front sight cannot be seen perfectly, it is advisable to have glasses fitted, if only

for the weaker eye. Lenses of glasses intended for use in shooting should be "decentralized" or thrown off center.

Since shotguns are usually used at relatively close ranges, many fail to realize that shot pellets have a maximum range of 300 or more yards. George E. Frost, technical advisor of the Western Cartridge Company, has supplied the maximum ranges for some of the shot sizes commonly used for wildfowl and some upland game.

The ranges shown below were obtained when the shells were fired at an angle slightly greater than 30 degrees, but are not necessarily the last word as range is influenced by the velocity and direction of the wind as well as other factors.

Shot Size	Effective Range	Maximum Range
7½	40-45 yards	300 yards
7	45	315
6	50	325
5	55	345
4	60	365

A bullet dropped from the hand and one fired from a rifle will hit the ground at the same instant provided the bore of the rifle is held parallel to the ground when it is fired. The explanation for this seemingly unbelievable fact, according to George E. Frost, technical advisor of Western Cartridge Company, is that the pull of gravity on both bullets is ex-

actly the same. Regardless of the velocity at which the bullet may be fired from the rifle, gravity pulls it to earth at the same rate of speed, namely, 32.2 feet per second.

Here's the answer as to whether large or small shot travels faster.

Shot of a smaller size will produce greater muzzle velocities and more recoil than larger sizes fired with the same powder loads. However, the carrying power of the larger sizes is better. At the average game ranges the larger sizes thus actually have higher velocities.

For skeet and game, taken at close ranges, smaller shot sizes such as Nos. 8 or 9 is used. For longer ranges, larger shot sizes are used, such as Nos. 4 and 5 for ducks and No. 2 for geese.

Black Jack Rabbit

When Donald Bendickson of Scarville, Iowa, struck a small black animal with his car one night recently he braced himself for the familiar unpleasant odor usually associated with such an experience. When this didn't materialize, he investigated. Instead of a skunk, the animal proved to be a melanistic (black) phase of the common jack rabbit!

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ONE of the most unusual parasites found in the dog and one which is among those difficult to remove by treatment is the dog whipworm. The scientific name of this worm is *Trichuris vulpis* and another member of this genus, *Trichuris-trichiuris*, may be found in humans, particularly children. However, the dog whipworm and the human whipworm are different species and infection is not carried from dog to man or vice versa.

The dog whipworm gets its name from its resemblance to a tiny whip. The front part of the worm is thin and hair-like corresponding to the lash of the whip while the hind part is relatively short and thick and corresponds to the whip handle. The total length of the parasite is usually less than 3 inches. Whipworms are extremely common parasites of dogs and occur all over the world. They usually are found in the cecum or blind gut although in heavy infestations they are often found in other parts of the large intestine.

The life history of the worms are very similar to the large round worms, that is, the adults living in intestine lay eggs, the eggs pass out with the droppings and after a variable length of time, depending on heat and moisture, a small embryo or baby worm forms within the egg. The egg does not hatch, however, until it is taken into the dog's body with food, water, or by the dog licking objects contaminated with the eggs. In other words, the only way a dog may contract whipworms is to take into its digestive tract a whipworm egg containing an embryo. When the eggs are swallowed they hatch, the embryo worms are released and the larvae eventually reach the cecum where they attach themselves to the intestinal wall, grow up and start producing eggs.



The Dog Whipworm

A few years ago several investigators were of the opinion that canine hysteria or "running fits" were due, at least in part, to whipworm infection. This has been rather difficult to prove. The injury produced by whipworms in dogs is not well understood. In many instances they apparently do little damage even though heavy infections are present. A great variety of symptoms have been blamed on whipworm infections, particularly symptoms of the indefinite type such as digestive disturbances, lack of weight, general unthriftiness, and nervous symptoms.

There is no satisfactory treatment for removal of whipworms. Since these worms live in the cecum, or blind gut, which is located at the junction of the large and small intestines, it is difficult to find a drug that will enter the cecum in sufficient concentration to kill the worms. Recently normal butyl-chloride has received considerable publicity as a

treatment for whipworms but in many instances it has failed to remove an appreciable amount of worms. Several veterinarians have routinely practiced surgical removal of the cecum, an operation that corresponds to the removal of the appendix in the human. Surgical removal of the cecum, however, is expensive, not without danger and in many instances the dog is not sufficiently valuable to warrant the expense. In other instances the dog may be so debilitated because of old age or other illness that such an operation is inadvisable. This is another of the parasitic infections where prevention is much more satisfactory than cure.

If any readers of this column have any particular diseases or conditions affecting dogs that they would like to see discussed, write the editor of this publication. An attempt will be made to discuss problems of general interest to dog owners.

Nature's Balance

★ Continued from page 15

bushes, ferns and other low brush resulted in better trees. It seems that trees of different kinds can live off the waste products of one another. The leaves of the oak and beeches, for instance, provide certain elements needed by the pine and spruce. The tendency in Europe was towards mixed forests on land which no longer could grow profitable stands of pine, fir, or spruce alone.

Let us look at Wildlife from another angle.

The war is over. Our forests have suffered heavily from excessive cutting of lumber to meet war demands. Our forests can become one of the great cultural and health assets of our people if we make them beautiful as well as merely productive of timber. We should look at nature as a living thing, something in which we have a direct share of responsibility as to maintenance, and from which we can derive keen enjoyment, as well.

We need well-cared-for forests for recreational reasons. We need more state and national parks, more breathing spaces which will do something for the tired, nerve-wracked office man who needs the solace and restorative properties of the great outdoors. That outdoors, however, must be beautiful and inviting.

Landowners, large and small, can contribute to such a program. They can cooperate with the wildlife services which the state and the federal government provides. They can help to restore tracts of timber and grass, ranch lands, mountain areas which have been denuded through misuse and overgrazing. They cannot only restock the areas with adapted plants but also with adapted wildlife in the form of game animals and birds.

Many a ranchman has learned that a well-stocked ranch, on which deer and turkeys and other game can be shot, often returns more money than his cattle herds. A well-managed game preserve pays dividends. Such a preserve needs the scientific aid of expert game authori-

ties and wildlife leaders whose advice is based upon practical results. Game preserves need management just like any farm or ranch or any business property.

On a trip to Ohio and Indiana last summer I was agreeably surprised to find such farms as Malabar, owned by Louis Bromfield, the noted author of "Pleasant Valley," restored from an unproductive denuded eyesore to one of the most beautiful spots anywhere. With the restoration of grass and trees on the steep hills, the water-holding capacity of the land was also restored. Springs, which had not run in half a century, came back to life. Trees and farm crops drew upon the soil moisture and flourished. Steep lands were planted to forests and brush. Wildlife now lives in this man-made paradise. The whole thing is in balance again—nature's balance.

☆

Texas spends less on wildlife administration and management than 22 other states.

Shooting

★ Continued from page 4

The target butt on which the target frames are hung should be of simple construction, using 2x4's spaced 6 to 8 feet apart. Drive nails in these 2x4's and hang the target frames on them. The frames should be made of strips of material $\frac{7}{8}$ " x 2" in dimensions and should be placed at the heights most convenient for prone and off-hand shooting.

Be sure that they are placed so that the bullets will go into the hillside, thus preventing the danger of glancing or ricocheting.

Your outdoor firing line or firing point should be a flat-topped mound for comfortable prone shooting.

Your target butt should always be against a hillside. The safety element will be considerably enhanced if a depression is dug out in the hillside and the target butt placed in that.

A .22 caliber cartridge contains an extremely accurate bullet which packs a lot of power and is not to be treated lightly. So take every precaution possible to make your sport safe. Never shoot at objects floating on the water as the bullet might be deflected by the



THIS METHOD of plinking invites accidents. The target is set up on a stump with nothing behind the stump to stop the bullet if you miss. Always place your target against the side of a bank.

IN ALMOST every gathering of sportsmen, particularly if there are several novice hunters present, such expressions as "My rifle shoots a little high" or "Don't know why but my rifle shoots low and about 3 inches to the left" are frequently heard.

There are a number of reasons for this. Variation in eye-sight, difference in method of holding, sights may need adjusting, etc., but all can be corrected so that the rifle shoots true to the target at which the shooter at least THINKS he is pointing.

The sights on all rifles are carefully adjusted before they leave the factory. If the shooter's eyes are exactly normal and he holds the rifle properly any rifle produced by a reliable manufacturer will shoot true to its sights.

According to Frank J. Kahrs, one of the country's best known rifle shooting authorities and manager of the Rifle Shooting Promotion Section at Remington Arms Company, Inc., every purchaser of a new rifle should test it out for himself before taking it on an important hunting trip to assure himself that the sights are just right for his eyes and that they have not been jarred out of line during transportation.

"If, when you try out your rifle," says Mr. Kahrs, "you find that the shots are not on the target it does not mean that the rifle is inaccurate.

HOW TO SIGHT IN A RIFLE

It may simply mean that the sights are not lined up properly for YOUR eyes."

Regarding the sighting-in of a rifle, Mr. Kahrs gives the following advice which will save many a headache for the novice shooter:

"To test a rifle for accuracy, the shooting should be done from the prone position using the sandbag rest. Just put enough sand in an ordinary feed sack so that it will be solid against your wrist and the back of your hand when you are in the prone position. Never rest the rifle barrel across the sandbag, log or any solid object.

"When you are testing your rifle, you must aim carefully, hold your breath and *squeeze* the trigger. The only correct way to squeeze the trigger is to increase the pressure on the trigger so smoothly and steadily that you do not know exactly when the rifle will fire. Shoot from three to five shots for a group; then move your rear sight in the direction you want the shots to hit.

"If the rear sight is fixed, adjust-

ment for sidewise errors can be made by moving the front sight. If the rifle is shooting to the right, move to the right. The front sight or rear sight can be moved in its notch best by means of a hammer and a small piece of brass or copper rod, say about 4 inches long and at least $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch in diameter so as not to mar either sight or barrel—the barrel itself to be supported against a hard block of wood. On Remington high power rifles, the locking screw in the front sight should be loosened before the sight is moved. If you memorize the following rule, you will not become confused as to the proper direction in which to move the sights to correct the error: Always move the rear sight in the direction in which you desire the rifle to shoot. Move the front sight in the opposite direction.

"It is because of the individual peculiarities of eyesight that we do not mark the range graduations on the rear sight of our high power rifles. You will find it more satisfactory to try out the rifle yourself, marking the sight for the ranges you expect to use in your own work after you have carefully tried it at these ranges.

"If you should desire to replace the sight on a Remington rifle which is fitted in a slot in the barrel, the old sight should be driven out from left to right and a new sight should be driven in from right to left."

water's surface and strike someone in a boat or on the shore.

For indoor shooting, particularly, it is best to use cartridges with disintegrating bullets, such as Remington "Spatter-Less" or Peters "Krumble Ball." These bullets shatter into tiny particles when they strike the target or backstop, eliminating the possibility of ricochets.

Off-season shooting can be enjoyed with pleasure-profit in many ways. That youngster who couldn't go along hunting with you on account of school can now be taught the fundamentals of shooting and the principles of safe gun-handling. Making a shooting pal of him will be one of the most enjoyable experiences you've ever known.

There is pretty fair woodchuck shooting in almost every section of the country if one would only take the trouble to look for it and the *C. bachyrhynchus* . . . common black crow to you . . . is far too numerous everywhere for the well-being of song and game birds. The black marauder is indeed a cagey gent but he's mighty good gun fodder with which to start that young future Nimrod on his shooting career. Hunting for rats around a barr with .22 caliber shot cartridges is fun, too, but a smooth bore rifle should be used with these cartridges.

Take that .22 along with you on your fishing trips. There are always opportunities to try your marksmanship on fish-eating snakes and turtles. Occasionally a wild, hunting housecat will afford a good target. And you'll be saving game for next season, too.

There are no "off" or closed seasons on shooting. On the other hand, there are always new thrills to be found through the use of your gun, whether it be on an indoor or outdoor range, watching a sunny hillside for a glimpse of a wily woodchuck, plinking almost anywhere, or in the woods trying to outwit Mr. Crow with a seductive call or a decoy. So, instead of tucking that gun away for the next few months, keep it busy. Your health will greatly benefit from the grand sport it can afford.

Tall Ones Grow

★ Continued from page 13

The top picture shows a portion of the crowd that attended the 1946 banquet of the Fort Worth Anglers Club. The three chaps in the bottom picture are the officers of the Club. From left to right they are Ed. Cromer, president; H. D. Harris, vice-president, and O. L. Manning, secretary and treasurer. The fellow at the left, proudly displaying his catch, is Walter Clarke, a Club director and chairman of the current membership drive. Incidentally, according to the Club bulletin, Clarke's wife was a golf widow ten months ago, but a friend took Walter out for his first fishing trip and the six pound black bass he caught has now resulted in Mrs. Clarke becoming a fishing widow.

BOBWHITE, INC. By JIMMIE LINGAN

ORGANIZATION of what might well become the greatest game restoration project in America has been completed by a group of sportsmen who have applied to the secretary of state for the charter of Bobwhite Inc.

The new corporation has for its sole purpose the propagation of quail for restocking areas which are open to the public, and will not depend on any agency or persons other than the sportsmen it hopes will be interested enough to become members of the organization.

Bobwhite Inc. will accept gifts of money or land to finance its plan for acquiring through lease, gift or purchase areas suitable for rearing quail in their natural habitat. In suitable areas the goal will be two birds per acre. Surplus game will be sent to areas in the immediate vicinity of the propagation farms, to restock land which will be available to the public for hunting, according to the application of the organization's charter. Seed stock will be maintained on the projects at all times.

Co-operation of the State of Texas through its game, fish and oyster commission has been sought and the plan has the approval of Executive Secretary Howard Dodgen, although he has explained that until the legislature passes laws which would allow it to participate, the department can only extend its good will.

Herman J. Yoakum, Houston sportsman, started the ball rolling for Bobwhite Inc. one cold January morning at the Houston Gun Club when he asked why it would not be feasible and reasonable for the game commission to establish such area. His suggestion was printed in *The Houston Chronicle* and Russell H. Dorf, another bird dog enthusiast and quail hunter, commented that he believed the idea good, but would like to see more than one or two such areas in operation. Then Robert W. Henderson offered advice and co-operation.

As a result of telephone conversations between the three sportsmen, a meeting of 13 bird hunters was arranged and a committee of seven appointed to work out organization plans. Other meetings followed. Their job has been completed, to the application for charter, the committee reported recently.

One of Houston's foremost field trial enthusiasts and quail hunters has already offered financial assistance. Because of his generosity, the directors of Bobwhite Inc. believe they will have at least one, maybe more, propagation areas made ready for the 1947 breeding season.

No hunting of game will ever be permitted on restoration areas so long as they are controlled by Bobwhite Inc., although field trials will be run with the organization's permission, the charter specifies.

Bobwhite Inc. seeks to do the same thing for Texas quail that Ducks Unlimited has done for waterfowl. Just as rapidly as land and money is available, new propagation areas will be added, and the program continued until there is no more use for it, a spokesman said. It is hoped that the game, fish and oyster commission will adopt a similar program for the benefit of quail hunters in order to hasten the day when anyone who wants to hunt birds will have a place where he can find game without resorting to the leasing of shooting preserves.

About \$10,000 will be needed to begin the first propagation area on leased land, with the money to be spent for lease, labor and materials.

Bobwhite Inc. will start out with one paid employe—a game manager, who will be assisted at times by unskilled or farm laborers.

The game manager will plant feed crops for the quail, build fences around small refuge areas, construct pole shelters, plant suitable brush for natural shelters and experiment with a few pens of birds which will be reared in captivity.

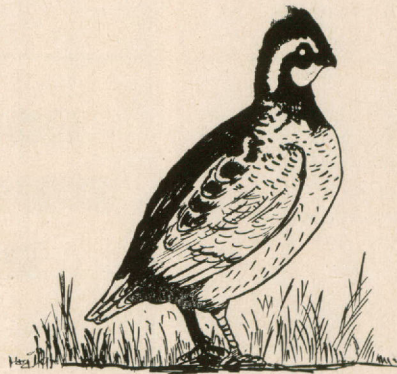
The committee which organized Bobwhite Inc., has been discouraged from attempting a pen-reared bird program but will conduct a research into this method during the balance of this year, it was said.

The 13 men who attended the original meeting include H. J. Yoakum, R. H. Dorf, Harry Brigham, Ralph A. Johnston, J. H. Busselle, Clyde Anderson, J. W. Anderson, Howard B. Pyle, W. C. Morris, A. D. Hildreth, T. W. Moore, M. R. Sawyer and Gray I. Morriss.

They appointed the committee of Brigham, chairman; Dorf, secretary; Morris, Johnston, Buselle, Robert W. (Bob) Henderson and J. Q. Weatherly to draw up charter and bylaws.

Before they were well started with their plans, the first inquiry from outside Harris County came from Walker County sportsmen and others have been received since.

One of the first activities of Bobwhite Inc. will be the calling of a state-wide meeting of quail hunters to be held in Houston, at which time a board of directors and officers will be elected.



Comstock Lion

★ Continued from page 5

great cat was on them fang and claw. In the cavern they tangled up, banged and battled each other and came streaking out on lacerated knees with banged elbows and bumped heads. The two that could still run took off like coursing greyhounds. We flagged them down and heard a story of hand to hand conflict with the man eater after he had killed all the dogs.

The narrative was regretfully amended and corrected with the explanation of the captive dog's cyclonic entrance.

Father got another lantern going and we crawled in where the hounds were worrying the carcass, dragged the lion and dead dog out into the open. The dead dog was a bullterrier hound cross belonging to the man who yelled at the dogs. The bulldog blood had been introduced to make a kill dog. It did.

We skinned the lion by a fire of sotto stalks.

The jealous Shepherd dog tried to drive the hounds off the lion carcass, attacked one, and was almost eaten up before we could pull the entire pack off him.

It was daylight when the lion was skinned.

Two of the men carried the hide with them to Comstock. They took it to the section house and showed it to the mother of the child. They told her the tot was avenged. The woman crossed herself, called down upon the hide the full roster of Spanish invective, spat on it and told them to take it away.

Fly Casting

★ Continued from page 16

a good policy to change flies after each fish.

In fly fishing the line should be dressed to float, and the fly should be cast so as to light as naturally as possible within a few inches of the bonze-back's nose. There it is allowed to remain, motionless upon the still water, for from thirty seconds to a full minute. Cat-naps at this moment are distinctly out of order. Any moment the bass may strike without warning. If he hits it, the hook must be quickly set lest it be as speedily rejected.

An effective method, especially when fishing with bass bugs, is to cast the bug on top of a lily pad, stump or rock, and let it lie for a short time. Then switch it off and follow with a slow retrieve. Ordinarily, the slower you fish, the better.

Selection of the type of fly rod lure is sometimes difficult, as some will do wonders on some waters and not very well on others. There are so many lures on the market that a suitcase would be needed to carry them. You should have an assortment of the regulation cork-body, flat-wing types that represent moths, butterflies, etcetera, in all-white,

yellow, black and white, blue, gray and brown. Good patterns in the feather-minnow type are red and yellow, silver and gray, gray and yellow, brown and also all white.

You should also have some popping or bubbling bugs. These create quite a rumpus on the water and give a distinct "ker-plunk" sound when twitched sharply. Bodies and wings of the same material. All of these lures are fish getters.

Lures and lure knowledge, casting skill and fish sense, are of little avail if your approach to each fishing site is not made with the greatest caution. Whether the big bass you are after lies in a stream or in some secluded lake or pond, there is one thing certain, he will not take your lure if he sees you first.

A Formula

★ Continued from page 12

fish fries are famous all over the State. And, of course, there is the annual banquet when new officers are installed and where tall tales grow taller.

There is nothing mysterious about the success of the Fort Worth Anglers Club. The membership is keenly interested in fishing and conservation. They work together magnificently. Interest in the club is kept at fever pitch through a well planned program of contests and entertainment, and an eight page bulletin published monthly by the Club. This bulletin is crammed with news about club members and with tips on how to improve your fishing. Here's a gem taken from the April issue of the bulletin. It was written by Mrs. C. F. Carter:

"There is, I think, one or two things to mention that might help someone to catch more fish. First, get a place where you have reason to believe they will be hanging around and stay there. Don't be continually moving around. A hook carried around and not in the water is not likely to get very many fish.

"As a general thing I fish at or very near the bottom—there will be larger fish there though maybe not quite as many. If the water is real muddy it may be necessary to begin at the top and lower the minnow a short distance at a time until you have found the depth at which they can stay in the mud and continue to stay at that depth.

"I prefer to use a finger line with two hooks a sufficient distance apart so that they do not tangle easily. The bottom hook is size Two-O eagle claw and the one above is of the same make but size One-O. When I use a rod I use only one hook of the same kind—all are snelled, of course.

"For minnows I very much prefer the steel back about two inches long. You can have them too long. When you feel or see any motion indicating a bite do not try to pull his head off but just raise gently until you feel him on and then get him out as quickly as you can.

"At times, if he seems not to be in a hurry to take hold of the bait, simply lowering the minnow a small ways will cause him to grab it and then the same process as outlined above applies.

"But get in a place and stay there—they usually will bite some time and I have no record of one jumping out of the water to get to a minnow carried around in the air."

A casting pool in Trinity park is another club activity. And if you don't think Fort Worth anglers go in for casting, visit the pool any day, late in the afternoon, and you'll find devotees of the sport working on the wrist action, the proper reel action, and casting for accuracy. This practice pays off in big dividends when the chips are down and big fish are awaiting the flash of a properly cast plug.

Any fishing club that happens to be in the doldrums insofar as membership and activities are concerned could do nothing better than take a leaf from the formula that is making the Fort Worth Anglers Club click.

Cousin John

★ Continued from page 18

was my query. "Not a darned buck of any kind," came the reply.

This called for another revision of the rule and it was agreed to take any kind of a pronged buck or runt deer that by any technicality could be called legal.

This shifting of the plan bore us no fruit and late in the day we decided to look for another pasture. Into the new pasture we headed, which was not far away.

Here there was no hunting lodge,

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PATENT PENDING

just the open prairie with a scattering of mesquite. The weather was turning colder and the setting sun warned us that the hunting hours had ended.

A tarpaulin was stretched from the car to supporting stakes, and our cots were laid down. We were quite weary from the day's tramping and after a frugal meal we laid down to sleep. There was plenty of cover but somehow the underside of the cot was persistently cold. It looked like we had come upon that new system of "quick freezing." However laudable that practice might be its application at this time seemed inopportune and at about 2:30 a.m. I asked John how he was doing.

"Not so good," came the reply but he did not favor my plan of getting up and building a fire. I dressed and looked around for some wood. There was none in camp and it seemed too dark to find any, but something *had* to be done. Animals of nocturnal habits learn to see in the dark and it looked like I was about to acquire a nocturnal habit. Always fond of star gazing when the spirit of romance beckoned, on this occasion of stellar grandeur my mind was far from the thought of "Twinkle, twinkle little star," or from the invitation to "Sit Jessica! behold how yonder floor of heaven is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold!"

Star light gets pretty good when one stays out in it a while and soon I was able to locate pieces of wood which I gathered with the fullest assurance in such an atmosphere no rattlesnake would be picked up. A fire being started there remained nothing to do but sit and smoke my pipe and listen to "the mysterious sounds of the forest." The crackling fire soon warmed the ambient atmosphere and John spent the remaining hours in his bed with comparative luxury.

With the coming of daylight we determined to make an even start with what promised to be an eventful day. As the sun rose I was well into the brush land, and climbing up into a mesquite tree, I perched—perched and sat and nothing more. A deer trail ran nearby but no deer came my way. I sat there until stiff with cold and then sat a while longer. Tree hunting has cost hunters their lives when uncertain visibility caused them to be mistaken for a gobbler. With such reflections I climbed down and placed my numbed feet on the good earth. My hunting ardor being definitely cooled, also my feet. I made for the camp and left it to John to pursue "the elusive buck." Soon I saw him returning, indicating that the temperature of *his* ardor had fallen some degrees.

"Does, does and more does, and nothing but does," quoth John as he threw down his gun and reached for a canteen of water. Too much doe for John Doe himself I ventured as we proceeded to break camp. John made no response as he was not in a merry mood.

As we finished packing up I suggested

that the guns be unloaded. Before so doing John gave a long, last look at the horizon. As he turned toward the car he halted suddenly, "What's that!" said he.

A sound as of the barking of dogs was heard. We stopped, looked and listened. It was dogs trailing or pursuing something. The sounds grew more distinct. Then, dashing out of the timberland and into the open there bounded the "antlered monarch" and behind him the dogs in close pursuit. The buck was heading toward the ranch house for protection. No West Texas ranch owner who sells hunting rights wants his game chased from his pastures, and the deer seem to understand this partiality of the rancher. They know that they enjoy a closed season under State protection but there is never any protection from the canine destroyer.

On came the deer with the vociferous pack at his heels. The tired buck was weakening and the dogs were closing in for the kill. John grabbed his gun. It was not a chivalrous gesture though there might have been some speculation as to whether he was making ready to shoot the buck or the hounds which were now leaping at the very throat of the animal. His rifle began to crack! We hurried to the scene, making a three hundred yards dash in a last chance on the last day of the year.

And there lay the buck and two dead dogs. It was a nice ten pointer—two points more than John had hoped for.

John is still telling the story of the buck he rescued from the canine pack. But he insists that he fired only two shots.

Romance in Furs

★ Continued from page 19

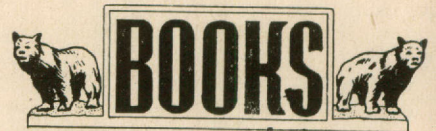
our most popular furs. It is extremely versatile in its appeal, and it can easily be restyled because of its pliability.

Up to the beginning of World War I, Europe definitely had a monopoly on the world fur trade. London, Paris, and Leipzig were the big fur trading and processing centers. Leipzig, especially, was the center for the fur dyeing industry. Furs were shipped from the United States to Leipzig to be dyed, then were returned for manufacturing uses. With the outbreak of war, however, the fur dyeing center shifted to New York, where it has remained to the present time. Water shipments to Europe were so restricted from 1914-1918 that the United States soon became the fur buying center to the exclusion of Paris and London. Some of the world's best furs from Kamchatka and Siberia, as well as from Japan and Australia, were sent to the United States. A start was all that was needed. As a result, the chief fur markets of the world are now lo-

cated in New York, St. Louis and Montreal.

In spite of the amount of care in handling, processing and manufacturing now given to furs, the statement "Fine furs are born—not made" still obtains. A fur is durable or perishable, prime or green, healthy or unhealthy. No amount of doctoring can render a mole-skin as durable as mink. Nor can any treatment change a pre-season pelt into a prime one. Iowa is fortunate in having three kinds of fur bearers whose pelts are classed as very durable: mink, skunk and racoon. The durable and semi-durable types include muskrat, fox and opossum. Weasel, squirrel and rabbit are classed as semi-perishable; nevertheless, rabbit has been dyed, clipped, sheared, plucked, pointed and called names more than any other type of fur.

To settle some of the questions and controversies which have arisen concerning furs ever since trade names became a common practice, a listing of trade names for various finished fur products is given, followed by the type of animal from which the fur was originally taken.—*Iowa Conservationist*.



1946 NATIONAL FISHING GUIDE: Compiled by William Voigt, Jr. 256 pages, size 8½ x 11 inches. Paper cover. Profusely illustrated with maps and photographs. Published by A. S. Barnes & Co., 67 West 44th St., New York 18, N. Y. Price \$1.00.

Ken Reid's first reaction to this guide is expressed in his own introduction as follows: "The fact that anyone had the gall to set down all this fishing dope, and even try to weigh the fishing merits of this lake or stream against that—well, he's got more brass than I have!" This parallels our own impression. However, he continued, and again with our concurrence, "My second reaction is that the Guide must be the result of a tremendous amount of study and research . . . The chapters reflect intimate knowledge of the areas discussed, giving them an air of authenticity that cannot be faked."

The book first discusses, in a general way, both the fresh and salt water fishing areas of the United States, one chapter being devoted to each classification. Then follow chapters covering the 48 states, each accompanied by a two-color map showing the fishing waters of that state. Information as to these waters and what they have to offer is given in considerable detail. The book is illustrated with numerous fine photographs.

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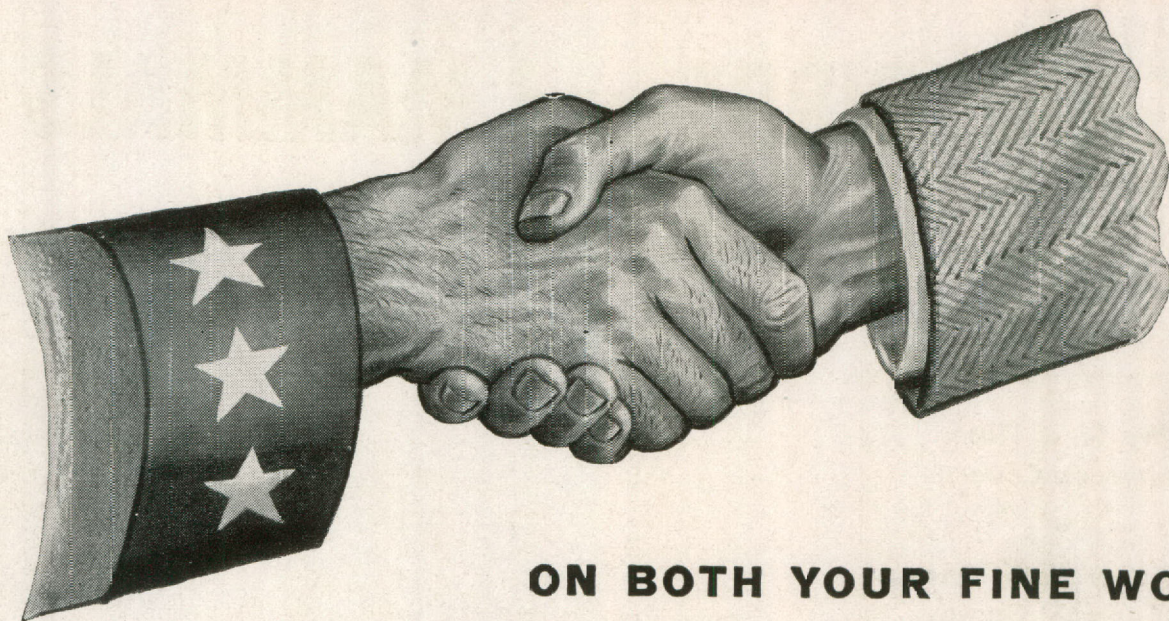
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