

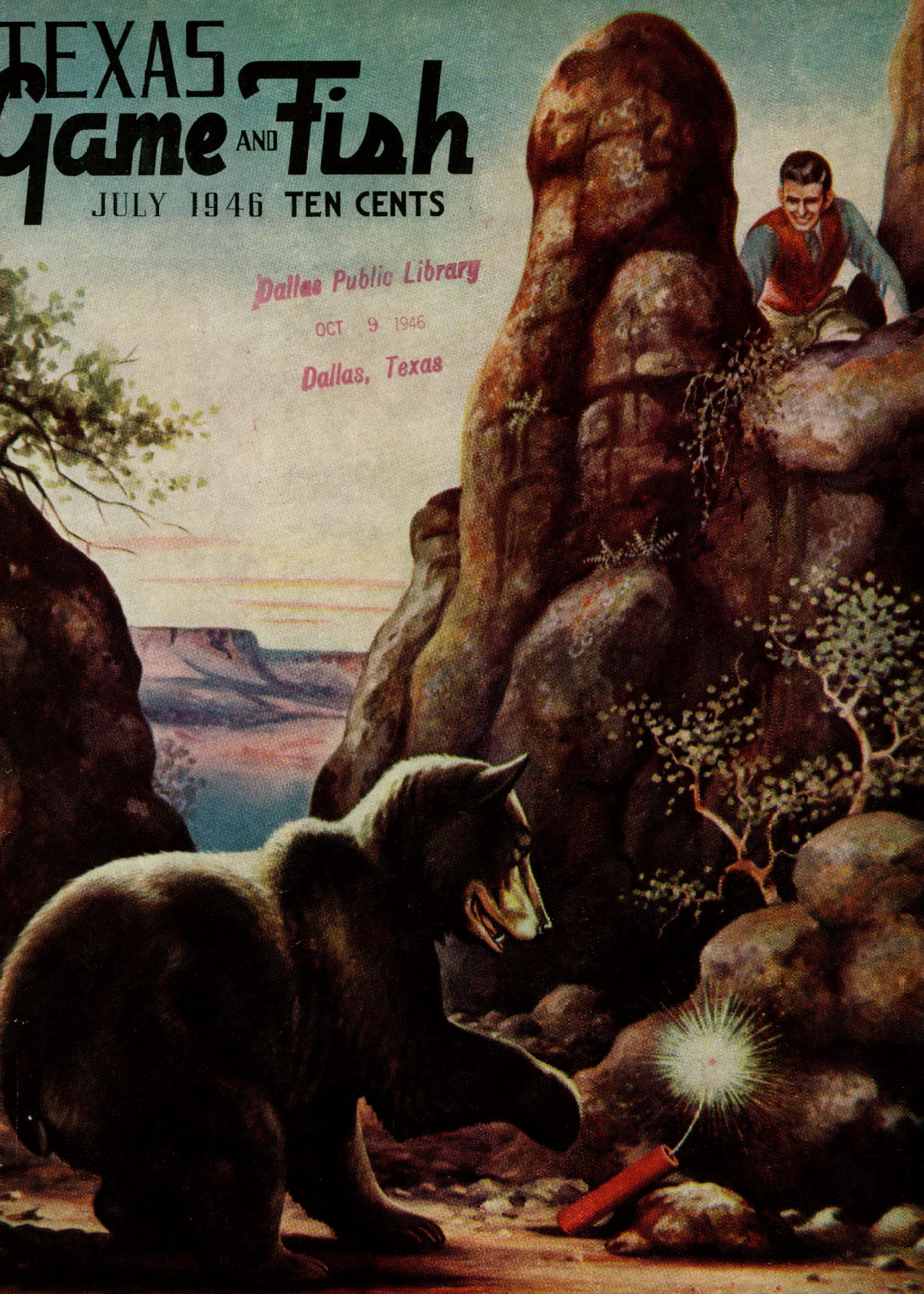
TEXAS Game AND Fish

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TEXAS GAME and FISH

WALTON BLDG.

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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ROGER M. BUSFIELD
Editor



Get a Jackfish on your hook
and you'll have the battle of your
life in bringing him to gaff

ATOMIC FURY

By J. L. BAUGHMAN

WHEN you hear the angler beside you grunt suddenly, and see the tip of his rod go down and down, while the line rips off his reel in whining jerks, it's ten to one that he has hooked a jack, the best darned tackle salesman on the Texas coast.

Arriving early in the spring in no inconsiderable numbers, from the warmer waters of the Mexican coast, they spawn all along our beaches, and by the middle of May or the first of June any drag of a minnow seine in the surf is apt to bring in from one to a dozen of the little fellows, all green and gold, and shining like a new dollar.

Barred with black, their trim, torpedo shaped bodies are less than two inches long, and their noses, later to become almost square, are as pointed as any mackerel's. However, as they grow, the green and gold colors fade, becoming silvery, with green on the back and touches of yellow on the fins; the body becomes longer and chunkier, and their nose acquires that bluntness which leads the Spanish-speaking people to call them "El Toro," the bull.

The black bars do not fade till the fish has reached a length of six or seven inches, and by this time they have acquired a voice—a harsh grating one, very much like that of a piggie—which they use vociferously when hooked. This voice remains with them all the rest of their lives, although in the adults it deepens into more of a grunt, which is sometimes heard when the fish are gaffed.

Powerful and voracious, jackfish sometimes grow to a very large size. The heaviest fish on record weighed 109 pounds, but where it was taken, I do not know. Mitchell-Hedges, explorer and writer on the Caribbean, says that he took three, one of 64, one of 87 and one of 98 pounds, this last measuring fifty-nine inches in length and having

a girth of thirty-seven. In general, however, they are not nearly so big. Caine, in his "Game Fish of the South," remarks that the average is only two or three pounds, and Dr. Henshall says that the average is from two to ten pounds, but both these men are speaking of the Florida coast, where large numbers of the more mature young are present during a good part of the year.

On the Texas coast these fish will probably average around 20 pounds, or a little under, and it is seldom that any reach a weight of twenty-five pounds. The larger weights that you sometimes hear mentioned by guides and sportsmen are, as a rule, guess weight, and based on the fighting weight of these speedsters, and not on their actual pounds, for jackfish are no playboys. They fight for keeps. You may catch a jack, but you'll

never whip him, and in the last sad moment before the gaff goes home, his head will be down, and his tired tail will be beating, intent on ripping your tackle loose and gaining his escape. This, of course, does much to account for the exaggerated estimates of their weight.

I remember some years ago, a pair of green-horn fishermen that I saw tie into a pair of jacks at the same time. Actually three men hooked fish at once, but since all one of them had left in about a second or two was an empty reel and a burned thumb, he doesn't count.

The other two fought their fish for a while but eventually passed their rods to more experienced anglers who landed the jacks. Asked before the fish were brought on board what they thought the fish would weigh, both men placed their weight at about fifty pounds. One tipped the scales at fifteen pounds and the other at twenty-two.

In common with the other mackerel-like fish in the Gulf, jacks feed on sardines and other small fry, creating great havoc among the schools of these little fish. Generally, such feeding is in the open sea, but occasionally where conditions are favorable, they employ a mode of obtaining their food which is so uncommon that if it were not vouched for by reliable observers it would seem almost unbelievable. Some years ago the late Dr. Charles F. Holder, then a curator of the National Museum, was privileged to witness one of these beats, as they are called, and his description is almost a classic.

"While diving for shells on the reef," says Dr. Holder, "I heard as I came up a peculiar sound. It came rapidly, like the rustle of dried leaves on an autumn day, and then increased until it became a roar. As I climbed into

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Duck Season Faces Slash; Doves Are Holding Their Own

TEXAS duck hunters might as well make up their minds right now that there won't be a big season next winter.

The sad news, which was expected by many, comes from Al Day, the new director of the U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service, whose weeping waterfowl story is so convincing that you are ready to accept Christmas Day alone as the full open season on the quackers and honkers.

However, it won't be that bad. An estimated 25 per cent decrease in the duck population likely will bring a carving from both ends. A good guess would be 10 days both ways, or a total of 20 less than the 80 in 1945-46. In addition, another cut ap-

pears certain in the bag limit. Last year the extended 15-bird limit on mallards, pintails and widgeons was returned to 10, and now hunters face further curtailment on all species except wood ducks.

Indications point to a limit of eight, and perhaps seven during the coming season.

The picture on mourning doves is not so gloomy. The Fish and Wildlife Service surveys show that this popular game bird has held its own despite heavy shooting.

The shell shortage and the war gave doves a much-needed holiday from shot-dodging and Texas gunners may expect the same seasons as in 1945-46.

My First Tarpon

Although this story first appeared in the Dallas Morning News in 1902 it is still one of the greatest stories ever written about Tarpon and Tarpon fishing. The sentiments expressed by the author, W. G. Sterrett, one of the truly great Texas newspapermen, and a former State Game, Fish and Oyster Commissioner, are just as true today as they were when the story was written 44 years ago.

—Ed.

By WILLIAM G. STERRETT

Only a few days ago I read a most entertaining and truthful article in one of the magazines on tarpon fishing at Aransas Pass. The writer, Mr. Mason, frankly stated at the outset that it was addressed to the true sportsmen of rod and reel. Hence it might be correctly termed a technical dissertation or essay on the subject treated, and therefore one which the first-class sportsman would consider as invaluable. After reading the article mentioned and the magazine article about mammoth trout, pipes and tobacco and the inevitable birch couch—in fact, about all the belongings of the fireside fisherman, I have concluded that something is due what the politicians call “the great masses.” And what I mean by “due” here, is a truthful unvarnished story, void of the technicalities of the fishing game and one that a man can hand over to his innocent offspring and say to it, “Go my son and become informed. Go learn how to avoid exaggeration in fish stories. Go and learn in part from what you read how much of truth is in what it termed the true enjoyment of certain kinds of angling.”

I received a note from an eminent surgeon at Fort Worth on one occasion and it read thus:

“Dear Bill: I saw a man this morning from Los Angeles, and he said the fish were biting. Come over tomorrow and let us hurry out there before they quit.” Now, this surgeon friend is a true fisherman. His note to me shows it. He had no legs to saw off that day. That fact and the further one that the fish were biting several thousand miles away so completely filled him that he

forgot that I was working for a newspaper and that it would hardly be possible for me to walk the distance before the school of fish, which he had heard of, had passed on or even if I were able to walk the trip I would be forced to eat something on the route. It requires at least a day or two for the newspaperman to raise a thousand dollars for a fishing trip. But as I have said, my friend is a true angler, and true anglers never think of such small things as money to pay traveling expenses, or of the obligation of an employee to the employer, or, in fact, about anything else except to get where the fish are biting and do it in the most expeditious way.

I mention this incident first to throw light on the character of the fisherman and secondly, because as a tarpon fisherman he did more than all other persons or things to make me essay the task of taking one of these fish and consequently of lowering me in my own estimation. “You can never know; you can never even have the remotest conception of the sensation of delight which a sportsman feels till you are telegraphed to down your line by a tarpon that he is at the other end of it. And when the click-click whirr of the reel sounds, then and only then can you say that you understand what true ecstasy is.” And this was in response to a simple recital of a delightful outing I had engaged in after bass with line and fly. I had told him a truthful story of a five-pound bass on a four and one-half ounce rod—had told it to him, I am afraid, with something of a boast in the tone, though I carefully cut out all self-laudation in the recital. I may have done this to make the greatness of my performance greater, since I have observed that modesty sometimes boasts louder and more effectively than impertinence or ostentation. And his reply was what I got for my story. Had it come from another I should have flipped my fingers under his nose and laughed a stage laugh, because I have not fished all my life and remained unacquainted with fishermen. But coming from a surgeon, coming from a man who saws off legs and plays tailor with needle and thread on lacerated and torn humanity—coming from a man who can look his dearest friend in the face and while doing so count up the muscles like he could a stack of chips and cal-

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Angler fights and kills but admits the battle against the Silver King was not a fair fight

IT IS that season of the year when fishermen of mountain streams, of placid lakes or of tempestuous salt waters send greetings through the newspapers and magazines to their brothers, seething hot in their offices at home. Hence it is that season when marvelous stories fly fast and an uninitiated world stands with mouth agape in interest and idiocy.

The student of fish stories about this time of the year revels indeed. For it is his glad time—his glad time when he sees further into the resourcefulness, the initiative and the abandon, as the French call it, of his fellowmen. To the fisherman, the true type of that class, it is not the mere taking of one of the finny tribe that excites either interest, admiration or wonder. “I caught five fish on one hook by the mere swallowing of the first by the second and so on to the fifth,” simply raises a sneer to the true fisherman’s lips. What he wants to know is, how large was the first, second, third, fourth and fifth; what kind of bait was used; the conduct of the first fish when hooked; how such conduct varied from the conduct of the second; how the conduct of the third varied from that of the fourth, and so on till the line of action of each victim was clearly shown. And in connection with this, the character of reel, line, hook and rod would have to be given to arouse an interest, together with what was done with the fish and the remarks of the boatman. In other words, the interest of the sure-enough fisherman can only be elicited by details. The unadorned fact of catching is as nothing. For in the angling sport many things which contemplation would decide to be impossible are common.

The experienced angler, by which I mean an angler who has angled, has long since expunged the miraculous from happenings. If a fish were to swallow him and his boat his first reflection after looking about him for his bait bucket or feeling in his pocket for his book of flies, would be, not as to the character of the fish which was housing him, or as to the probability of his advent into the world once more, but as to whether his fish swallowed him and his boat at one gulp, or whether he nibbled. It is the parlor fishermen, the fishermen who catch great strings of fish by their firesides on winter evenings and who impress on confiding wives their prowess with the rod, who do not care for details, and with some exceptions they are the contributors to our magazines and newspapers at this time of the year, when the weary world rises to a fish story as does a trout in the late evening to a white moth.

Fishing Hints

FOR FARM POND ANGLERS

By RAY M. WELLS

THE thousands of farm ponds being built are going to make available fishing opportunities to many persons who heretofore have been too far removed from fishing waters or for other reasons have not found the opportunity to engage in this relaxing sport. For these many new followers of Izaak Walton I wish to offer here a number of methods of fishing that have proven successful in ponds of this type.

One of the first facts we should fix firmly in our minds is that if suggestions for proper care and fertilizing are followed, these farm ponds are going to be productive. So let's invite our friends and neighbors in to enjoy the comradeship and relaxation afforded by fishing.

First of all let's discuss some general hints in regard to fishing. As with other types of fishing, you will find that the fish of your pond are likely to be most active in early morning and late in the evening. This is normally their feeding time and they will likely respond most readily to the baited hook at these times. The theory of "no fish or not to fish" in the dark or light of the moon has been kicked around a lot by fishing experts, but experience on many types of water has convinced me that fish are not prone to move much on moonlight nights. (Another expert talking.—Ed.) So if you are planning night casting for bass or setting out trotlines for catfish, it would be best to plan the activity for some time other than a moonlight night.

Evidence from studies indicates that game and fish are affected by variations in the barometric pressure; so if you do not have a barometer to check by, you might plan to go fishing on days that the livestock are unusually frisky or the goldfish in the bowl at home swim actively near the surface of the water. Of course it could be that you will feel so frisky yourself that you will want to work rather than fish.

An item of extreme importance in regard to fishing the pond is caution in regard to noises. Fish are unable to hear normal tones of the voice, but are highly susceptible to vibrations. Approach the pond quietly and do not walk or run heavily on the dam or around the pond bank.

As live bait is the most universal method of fishing, I will discuss it first. The common method of fishing with, say, a grasshopper is to impale it on a hook, weight it down with a heavy

sinker, throw it in the water and wait patiently for a nibble. This will of course produce results, but let me suggest a way that will offer more action and, perhaps, more suddenly. These baits are fished in a manner similar to flies. However they seem to be most effective when fished in the late evening and at night when the bass move out into the shallows to feed.

For taking those large, wary bass it is rather difficult to beat a casting rod and the proper lure. There are many types of lures for casting rods, but for simplicity we may group them together in two large classifications: surface and underwater baits. The surface baits usually represent frogs, mice and other surface food of the fish. The underwater baits represent minnows, crayfish, etc.

During the middle of the day the bass are likely to be in deeper water and for that reason are most likely to be caught on an underwater bait. I have had most luck with underwater baits of the bucktail or rubber skirted variety. These baits are weedless, which means

Technique is about the same for fishing in open waters.

they have a guard to prevent their catching on roots, snags and other obstructions, and they travel deep. Of course this depth can be regulated by the rate of retrieving the lure. Baits of the above type are made more effective by attaching a piece of pork rind to the hook. Attached to the hook through holes punched in the rind during preparation by the manufacturer, the pork rind wriggles very lifelike when retrieved. In casting, again, it is wise to concentrate on cover areas. In mid-day the lure should be cast and retrieved through the deep, cool areas of the pond, or in the shady area.

Take a night in the middle of the summer that is so black you cannot see your hand before you and you have the setting for the most thrilling method of fishing—night casting. In the Stygian darkness, surrounded by a somber silence that settles down upon the whole pond area and is broken only by the "blurrp, blurrp" of the bait as it is reeled over the surface of the water, you are likely to jump out of your boots when an old lunker hits the plug with such fury it sounds like the report of a gun. This, of course, is the greatest thrill of night casting. Of course there are minor thrills, such as when the snake slithers off the limb of the tree onto your neck, or you step suddenly into a hole of water up to your chin!

During the months of July and August the bass retires during the day to the cooler, deeper areas of the pond. Here he sulks most of the day, snubbing even the finest baits that might be dangled alluringly before him. When the evening shadows lengthen, he moves into the shallows with a fresh appetite and remains in the shallow areas most of the night. However, usually after midnight the fish do not strike as often or as voraciously as earlier in the night. I have found surface baits of the "popper" or "paddler" type to be the most effective. A semi-surface or shallow-running, weedless bait of the wiggler type with a rubber skirt is also good if dressed up with a pork rind.

As a general rule, the darker color the bait, the greater its effectiveness at night. From experience I have found that black, or black and yellow baits seem to yield the best results in most waters. I have also found that color preferences of fish vary with different areas of water, so it is a good plan to experiment with bait colors to find the ones best suited for your particular pond. I might add here that if one considers the method by which the fish see their food at night, it is easy to understand why a dark bait is best. Fish see their food against the sky, which on

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FOR OLD TIME'S SAKE

Just give me a pole and a well-stocked hole
And a can or two of worms,
Then I'll spend the day in the kind of way
That's easy to meet my terms.

There are men by scores who would shut
the doors
In a fellow's face who speaks
Of the lowly worm on an equal term
With the gear that a rich man seeks.

There are men who sneer at the kind of gear
That I like, but just the same
I'm glad to uphold the tackle of old
That, to me, deserves real fame.

When I was a lad I recall that my dad
Took time from his work to go
With me to the creek on many a week
Where the willows and cattail grow.

And the fun that I had back there with my
dad
Wasn't fun that you buy with reels,
The pleasure, instead, when the truth is said,
Was the kind that your whole soul feels.

When a sunfish bit and I lifted it
From the water with youthful pride—
And grinned ear to ear—it wasn't the gear
That made my face spread wide.

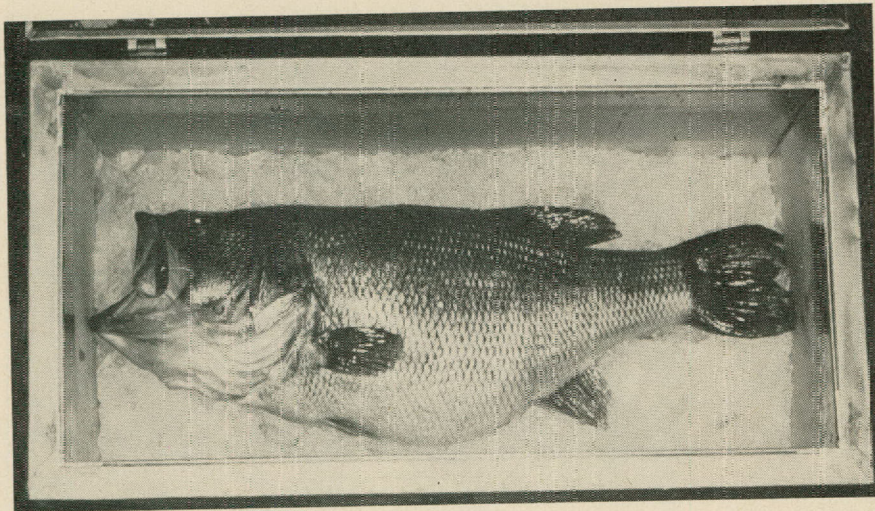
With a willow pole I'd stay near the hole,
And I couldn't have had more fun
With a rod and reel and a plug and creel
That are owned by anyone.

So, for old time's sake, I'm content to stake
My luck on the gear I had
When I went each week, out there to the
creek,
To fish with my busy dad.

—BERT PRUITT, in *Pennsylvania Angler*.

Old Granddad

By Bob Brister



THIS is the story of the one that didn't get away; any resemblance to stories I have told in the past about the ones that did is purely coincidental.

Once upon a time there was a big bass that lived between a willow and a big rock. All the well-acclimated fishermen knew he was there, but he was simply taken for granted like the rest of the scenery—in short, he just wouldn't bite. For a while I was eager like the rest of the tyros, but I soon got wise and stopped wasting so much time on the jackpot—and began fishing the holes where I could get a small one or so every now and then. The glitter of the improbable was still strong, however, and I spent a lot of time day-dreaming about big bass in general, him in particular.

One Friday night a few weeks after I had fished for him last. I was on a wiener roast; and in the process of ingestion without much benefit of light, I somehow substituted the wrong projection and bit hell out of my finger. With the pain came a binding flash of wisdom: People are animals, so are fish. People get hungry at night, so do fish. And sometimes people bite the wrong thing in the dark . . . Sometimes my profound logic amazes me.

On the way home I dropped my normal nocturnal endeavors and immersed myself in suggesting and discarding various lures and theories concerning catching bass at night. We were already to town before I decided on a definite plan of action . . . much to the relief of my loving date.

The wind had been blowing like a fireside-fisherman all afternoon the day I decided to test my conclusions; and I suppose the only reason I went out at all was to escape the feeling of de-

pression I always get with returning exam papers. Anyway, at seven-thirty I stepped into my boat . . . and began to bail. By a quarter of eight I could see the floorboards, and the blue clouds that had been blowing around all afternoon were piling up in the west; so I decided to start fishing while there was a little more water below me than down the back of my neck, as usually isn't the case if there is a cloud anywhere around and I am trying to fish. As I shoved off, the last sickly orange of the sun burst through the clouds, staining the cliff across the channel for an instant, and then disappeared. It was only a matter of moments until black dark.

The water had stilled to mirrorlike placidity, and the boat made the only ripples in the channel as I paddled across and down the bank; all the other fishermen had left. I made a few long casts behind me to wet my line and take out the kinks, and I was ready.

The purple shadows from the rocks and willows reflected in the dark water and made the hole look better and even harder to hit than it was, and I paddled closer than I should have to get into position. "Whirrrr" . . . the first cast fizzled out a few inches short; I cursed worn-out equipment in general as I started the retrieve. "Chunk, chunk, chunk, ker-splash" . . . my rod leaped and the placid water erupted a bass—a very small bass—almost as big as the bait in fact. Again I drew upon my store of choice expletives until my knees quieted down enough to and the

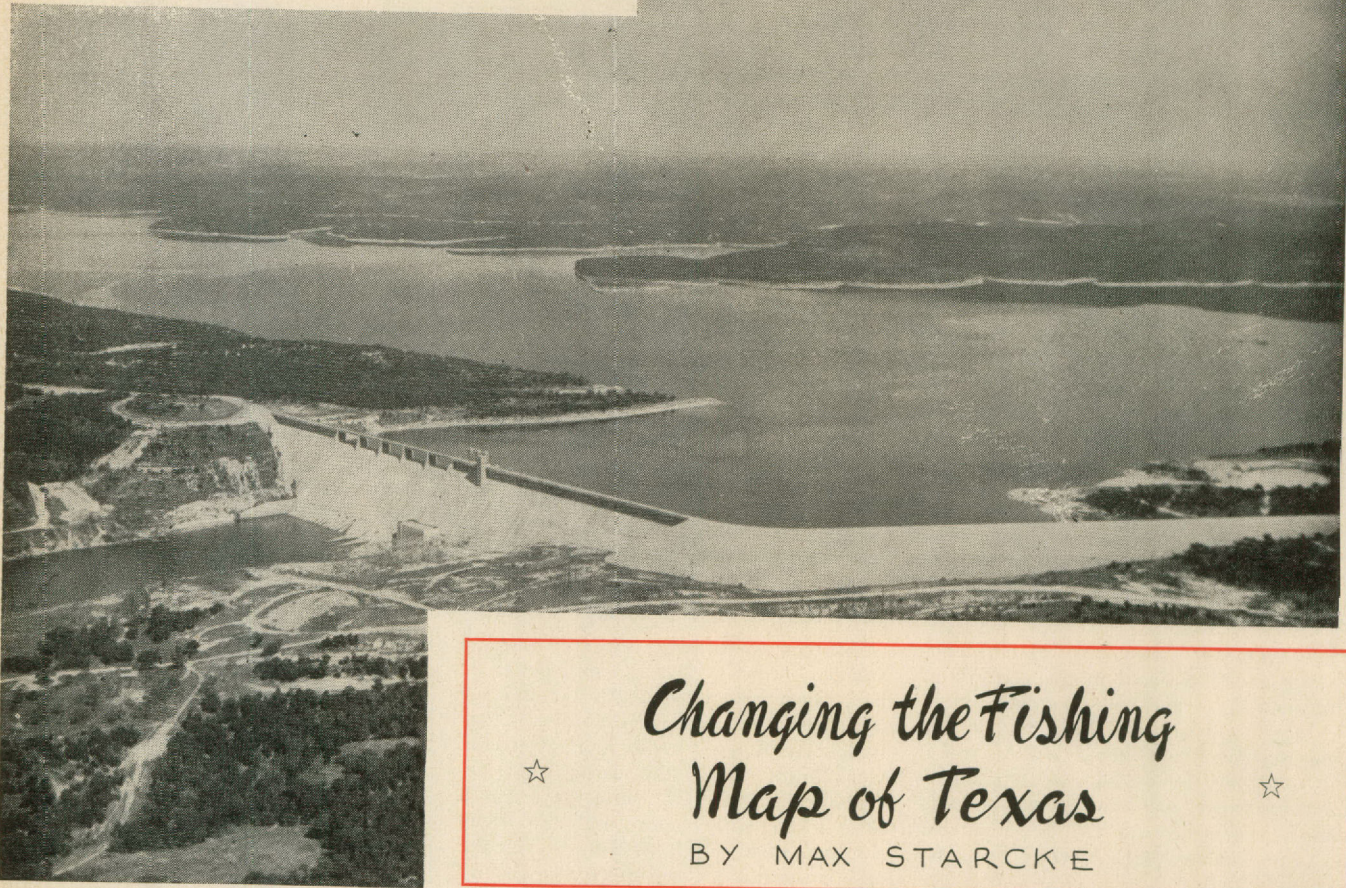
little devil, and by the time I had him off and my nerves settled somewhat, I had drifted past the rocks. I almost persuaded myself to go ahead and fish the rest of the bank like a good fisherman would have done; but for some reason, I whipped around and started back. Maybe Granddad hadn't seen what had happened to Junior . . . anyway it was a pretty place to try to cast into.

By then, not a breath of air was stirring; and I could understand wisps of conversation from the fishermen around the bend at the dock. The water was already black with dusk and I could hardly make out the rock through the gathering gloom. The last glare of twilight formed a light lane on the dark water, and I would cast down it so I could see my bait work and the strike if any. I jockeyed back into position, flash cast a couple of times, and laid out a perfect cast. The frog-jitterbug landed lightly on the sloping rock and hung there. I counted ten, waited a second longer, and hopped it off into the water. Nothing happened. I twitched it again and then began that slow retrieve . . . "chunk, chunk, chunk" . . . there was no splash, only a loud "slurp" and a hole swirling in the water where the bait had been. I hesitated as long as I could and then he struck hard, so hard my rod bent nearly double; but nothing happened. There was a moment or so of pure panic when I thought he had tangled around something, and then the whole business . . . what ever it was . . . began to move out for open water. I remembered my six-pound leader and let up on him a little. Instantly he started up and I kept lowering my rod until the tip was in the water, but he kept on coming. The glassy surface exploded in a shower of spray, and the biggest bass I had ever seen stuck his head out and shook like a wet bulldog. From then on I don't remember much . . . from one side of the river to the other he went, and then shorter and shorter runs, always with plenty of reserve. Obviously he had been hooked before, because after a few initial panicky runs he turned and started like a streak for the boat. My line knifed through the water for an instant and then went limp. The reel-smoke flew as I cranked, but he was half out of the water before I caught up with him. Right then and there we had it out. I alternately horsed and prayed, and he did his best to get clear and do some more shaking. The boat almost tipped as the battle raged. I had almost given him up for lost, when he grudgingly started to back down. I began to breathe again. I could tell by then he was tiring fast, but so was I. My left wrist was almost numb, and I tried to switch hands, which didn't

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King of river bass succumbs to casting skill of lad just out for a little quiet fishing

Dams on Colorado River in Central Texas have created some of the best fishing grounds to be found anywhere



★ *Changing the Fishing Map of Texas* ★

BY MAX STARCKE

ONE of the dauntless men with Coronado went back to report on the fruitless expedition. "Sire," he said, "we did not find any gold, but we found a good place to search for it."

In Central Texas, we had it a little more favorable to start with, and in telling you how we have changed the old-time fishing map of Texas, as seen through the eyes of the fishing enthusiast, I must tell you we had every phase of favorable environment.

All Central Texas needed was water. It had water, on occasions, too much of it; water in floods that destroyed improvements man had made, swept away the spawning fish, and played havoc in general. Then for six months, or 12 or 18 months, erratic weather let our river dry up and destroy the fish that had survived.

We have the water now.

We have nine lakes now, and one more to be built in the very near future will be created by the construction of a dam which will make a beautiful shallow lake right across the foot of the business area of the Capital City. Sixty-five miles northwest of Austin is located Lake Buchanan, created by the building of a dam of multiple arch and

gravity construction, two miles long and 150 feet high, creating a lake eight miles wide and thirty-five miles long. Just below it is Inks Dam, which is 100 feet high and creates Inks Lake, a beautiful body of water that maintains a constant level through all seasons by the release of water from Lake Buchanan. Just below Inks Dam is a Federal fish hatchery that supplies fish for all the lakes. Also located on Inks Lake is Inks Lake State Park, consisting of approximately 1,000 acres, that was partly developed before the war and is available to the use of the public.

Below Inks Lake is located Marble Falls Lake, which is a small lake and dam which has existed for some time.

This is the text of an address given by Max Starcke, general manager of the Lower Colorado River Authority before a meeting of the Texas Wildlife Federation at Waco, on March 1.

Next down-stream is Lake Travis, eight miles wide and 65 miles long, which was created by the construction of Marshall Ford, now known as Mansfield Dam. This dam is equal in height to a 25-story building. Into this lake runs the Llano River, on which is located the Llano Lake, created by a dam in the city limits of Llano. This dam has also been developed for some time and is a smaller dam.

The next major dam is the Austin Dam, which creates a lake some 22 miles long. The City of Austin is developing a 1,000-acre Park on this lake. All of these dams are nestled in the beautiful hill country in this region. Below and on the San Marcos River, which is spring-fed, crystal-clear water, are located three more minor dams and lakes which are also a part of the Authority system.

These lakes mean a complete transformation of Central Texas, and have been properly referred to as the Highland Lakes of Texas, from the viewpoint of the sportsman angler and the cane-pole fisherman. They attract recreation-seekers and fishing enthusiasts not only from the immediate area, but from all over Texas, and many from

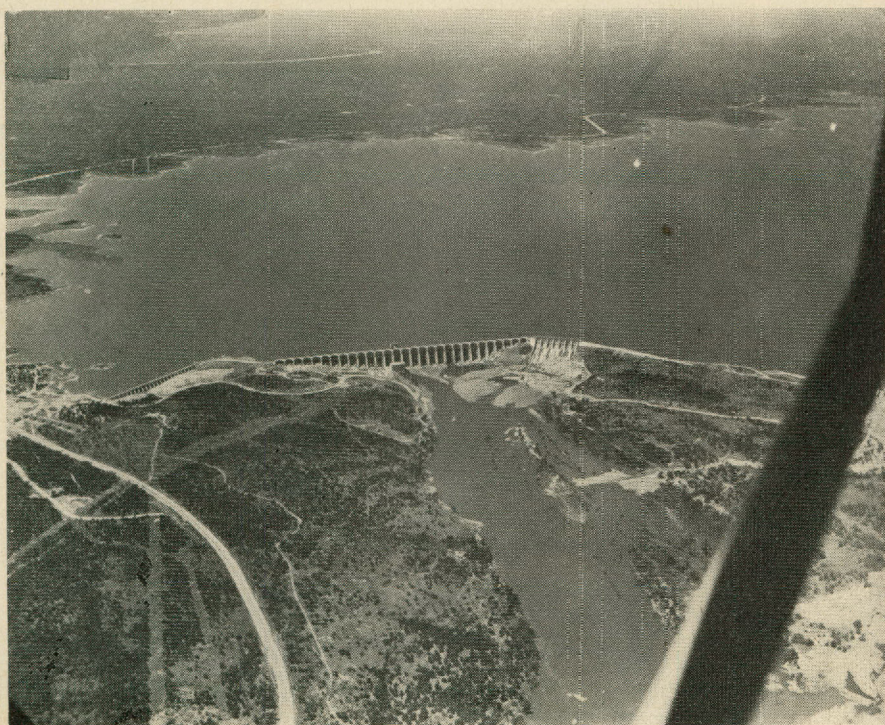
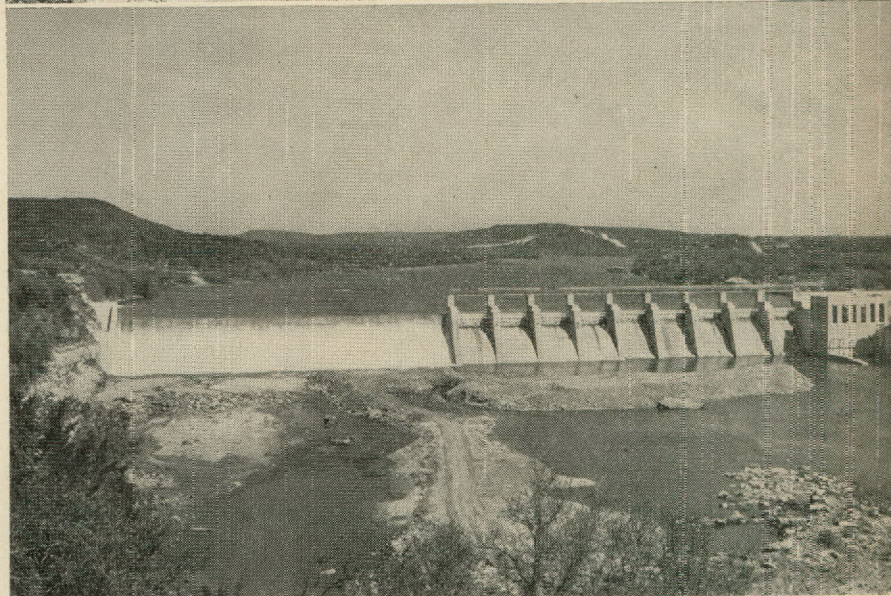
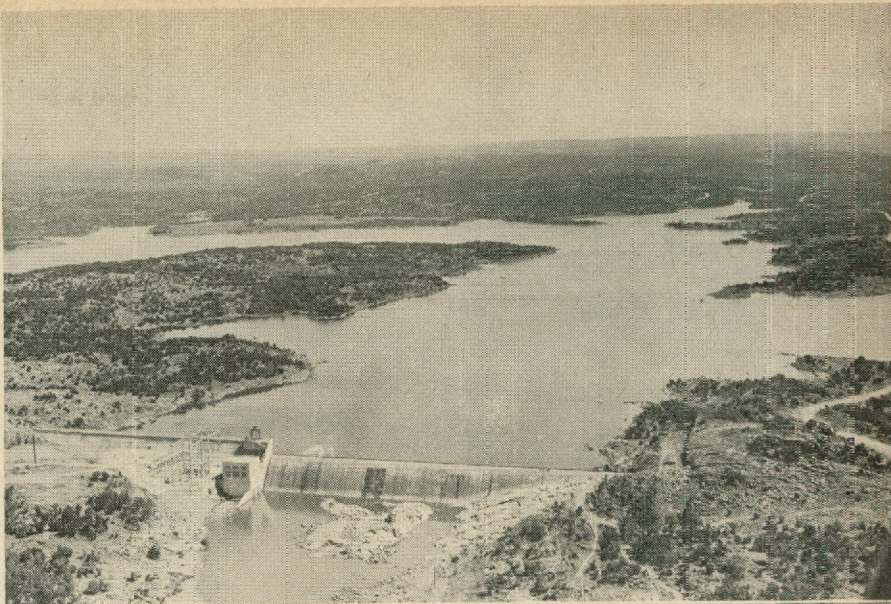
beyond Texas. These lakes lie beside America's greatest highway—the Alaska to Buenos Aires Intercontinental Highway, whose 200-foot “super-highway” section in Austin is to be built this year, and thousands of miles of whose vast length, both in the United States, in Canada, in Mexico, in Central and South America, already is paved and in use.

These lakes mean a lot not only to the people of Central Texas, but the entire State, and have an important effect on the daily lives of the people, and the general economy of the section.

Let me illustrate, again looking at them through the eyes of the fishing enthusiast. These multiple-purpose dams have created the lakes, stabilized and assured a water supply in several hundred miles of river, and stopped the destructive floods and dry-stream conditions. The electricity that this water is producing—to pay for the benefits secured for half a million residents of the watershed—has been taken to more than 25,000 rural and small-community homes. Its use has given these rural families better income, for one thing; but it has lightened the burden of their work so they have time to enjoy life more. They have time to go fishing. And the incentive that there is a place nearby to go fishing, and the assurance that there is a fine supply of fish when they go.

Let me remind you that we have a longer shoreline on these Colorado river lakes than the total straight Texas Gulf coastline—and that means more than 600 miles of shoreline on these magnificent lakes. A lot of fishing folks can find elbow-room in 600 miles—plus.

Let me remind you that the lakes and the several thousand acres of public lands along them—reserved forever for the use and enjoyment of the general



public, without admission fees or restrictions or restraints of any nature—have added other scenic and recreational attractions. For instance, projecting into Lake Travis above Mansfield Dam is a peninsula four miles in length and covering an area of over 2,000 acres. A 700-yard fence makes this entire peninsula deer-proof, and it has been stocked with additional deer and wild turkeys. This peninsula is a part of the public lands of the Authority.

The lakes area is becoming more and more important each year as a game region. Black and white bass as well as all other types of fish found normally in this section are being caught in large numbers. Game biologists have found deer and other wildlife on the increase in the lakes area. Deer are moving in closer to the lakes. Raccoon and other animals are seen in this habitat. Doves

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THE DAMS that make Central Texas a fishing paradise. On the opposite page is Marshall Ford dam. Top is Roy Inks dam, center is Austin dam, and at left is Buchanan Dam.



THE importance of the role which fish have played in the development of the human race is nowhere better exemplified than in that grandest of all human documents, the Bible. Here, in both the Old and the New Testament, numerous references serve to tell the story of a fishery as old, perhaps, as humanity itself.

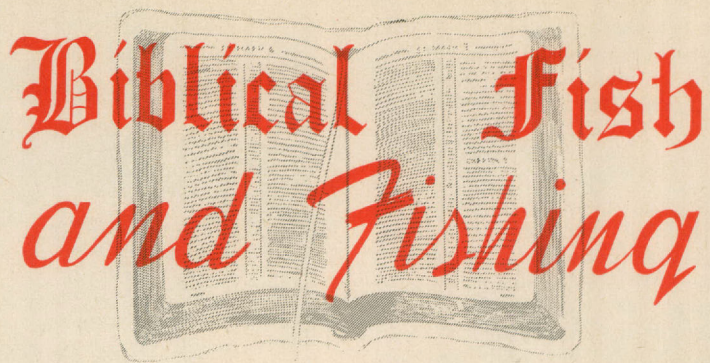
The first reference of all is of course that in Genesis 1:21 which says, "And God created great whales and every living creature that moveth, which the waters brought forth abundantly," and that the Hebrews were not insensible to this abundance is shown later when David cries (Ps. 104:25), "Oh Lord, how manifold are thy works: in wisdom Thou hast made them all: the earth is full of Thy riches. So is this great and wide sea, wherein are things creeping, innumerable, both small and great beasts. There go the ships: there is that great Leviathan whom Thou hast made to play therein."

In the ninth chapter of Genesis, man is given, through Noah, dominion over "all the fishes of the sea," God saying that "every living thing that moveth shall be meat for you" but it is not until much later (Deut. 14:9), in Moses' enumeration of what the Israelites might eat, that fishes are divided into clean and unclean, "all that have fins and scales ye shall eat; and whatsoever hath not fins and scales ye may not eat; it is unclean unto you."

Such prohibition on the part of Moses has often been attributed to the fact that the Egyptian priesthood enjoined the use of certain fishes prior to the Exodus and that later the Jews, out of long habit, still continued to prohibit the use of such fishes, among which may be listed the eels, catfishes, skates

and lampreys, all highly prized as food by many of the peoples of the ancient world.

Actually, however, in the absence of any confirmatory evidence for this hypothesis, it seems much more reasonable to believe that such a ruling was based on sanitary conditions, as were so many others in the Old Testament, and had, as its practical purpose, the elimination of the catfishes from the Hebrew diet. The underlying reason for this was, of course, the fact that although pleasant to the taste, these fish were apt to be unwholesome, causing diarrhoea and eruptions of the skin, probably in much the same manner as "ciguatera" or tropical fish poisoning does today, when soft fleshed fishes, such as the barracuda and parrot fish, are not eaten as soon as they are caught.



Biblical Fish and Fishing

Strangely enough, although there are many references to fishes in both the Old and New Testaments, none of them is spoken of in specific terms, and it has remained for a modern scholar, Dr. H. B. Tristram, to give us what little knowledge we have of the kinds and numbers of the fishes found in the Bible. He assures us that there were then, in all probability, as there are now, some 43 species which were commonly caught in the fresh waters of Palestine, 36 of them being found in the Jordan and its tributaries. The marine species he makes no attempt to enumerate, but there seems to be no reason to doubt that they were substantially the same as those found in the Mediterranean today.

The methods by which these were taken in Palestine, like those in Egypt and the rest of the ancient world, fell into three classes, namely:—

A. The spear, harpoon and bident, or two-pronged spear, still used in Le-

ond was similar in every respect to the seines used along our beaches, its bottom weighted with lead, and the upper line buoyed by pieces of wood.

Use of such nets was by far the most common method of fishing, although the size of the seines made it necessary for the fishermen to band together to work them, with a consequent splitting of profits. In the New Testament we are told that James and John were partners of Simon, and it is to such a partnership and such a net that Luke 5:2-10 refers, when we read:

"And Simon answered unto him, Master, we have toiled all the night, and have taken nothing; nevertheless at Thy word I will let down the net. And when they had this done, they enclosed a great multitude of fishes, and their net brake. And they beckoned unto their partners that were in the other ship, that they should come and help them. And they came, and filled both ships, so that they began to sink."

Such a draught of fishes was, of course, miraculous, and never to be expected again. Nevertheless, the highest value was attached to the fisheries and tradition has it that one of the so-called Laws of Joshua, while reserving certain privileges to those who resided on the shore of the lake, opened its waters to every comer, and Krauss says, "in the Sea of Tiberias (Galilee) fishing with the hook and net were everywhere allowed."

However, if anyone set up a net on shore or bank, others were not allowed (by custom) to fish in close proximity to it. This regulation came into being "because the fisherman scatters bait in the water which attracts the fish to his net. But if another person sets up his net nearby, the fish, at the sight of the fresh bait, would swim to the other spot, and so the first fisherman would suffer loss."

At one time there was undoubtedly a considerable trade in salted or pickled fish between the northern coasts of Palestine and Jerusalem, for Nehemiah

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River Bass and the Fly Rod

By RICHARD ALDEN KNIGHT



MORE and more each year, fly rod fishing for black bass has been gaining in popularity. Naturally, with this increase in interest comes a noticeable improvement in tackle and methods. Most of our bass fishing is done in lakes and much has been written on this fascinating sport. It has, however, seemed to me that too little attention has been given to the river small-mouth. It is in fishing for this game warrior that the fly rod comes into its own.

An important factor in this sport is the choice of water. The small-mouth spawn in the spring of each year. The fry grow with amazing rapidity. During the first year of their lives these small fish attain a length of from nine to eleven inches. The two and three year old bass weigh from 1½ to 2½ pounds. These latter, with now and again a larger fish, provide rare sport for the fly rod angler.

A split bamboo rod, about nine and half feet in length and weighing from 6 to 6½ ounces is needed. This much rod is not necessary to play your fish successfully. But the water is low and clear and the heavy fly-rod lures cannot be handled easily with a long line if a lighter rod is used. These fish will not stand "crowding." Avoid a rod with too fast an action as it will tire your casting hand before the day is over. It should be of a fairly slow action with enough power for casts of 60-70 feet.

A reel for this type of fishing should be chosen with care. In general, a rule to guide you in the purchase of a reel is to have it 1½ times the weight of your rod. The click should act as a drag and should be set correctly so that the drum will not over-run and allow the line to snarl. Some of the more expensive reels have an attachment with which the tension can be adjusted. The drum should be large enough to hold comfortably your casting and at least 150 feet of backing. There are several good makes of American reels which are not too expensive for the average pocketbook. It must be remembered that the reel on your bass rod has a three-fold purpose, i.e.; (1) to hold your line, (2) to balance your rod, (3) to enable you to play your fish efficiently and safely. Keep these purposes in mind on buying your reel.

The choice of a line for fly-rod fishing for bass is important. An oil-finished level line, size "C," will fit the needs of the beginner. It is satisfactory for light-tackle bait fishing, also spinner, streamer fly, and bass bug. But for comfortable casting and easier fishing, either a double taper or three diameter line is preferable. These may be more expensive, but the casting performance of one of these lines more than compensates for the extra investment.

Remember that a floating line is easier to pick up than a sinking one. It eliminates stripping in until you retrieve your lure enough for recasting. We experimented with many different bass lines and found that a line that has a low specific gravity, the weight of which is about the same or slightly less than water, will make casting much easier than a line that sinks readily. When fishing a bass bug, you can't depend on line dressing to float a heavy line for you. A few twitches of the rod tip will pull it under. For this reason,



we use nylon lines, as they seem to be the best floaters.

Leaders are important. They should be strong and serviceable. A silkworm-gut leader is better in every way than any of the gut substitutes. When you are casting a bass bug or a spinner and fly combination, the resiliency of a good gut leader will "turn over" your lure for you at the end of a long cast, whereas most synthetic leaders will not. Use a good grade, tough leader of about 12 to 15 thousandths of an inch in diameter. Be sure to test your leaders before you use them. It is better to break them yourself than to have a fish do it for you. The length of leader depends upon the type of water you are fishing. In fast water, a short leader can be used with safety; but in the deeper, quieter pools, a leader of eight to ten feet or longer will tend to keep your casting line out of sight and alarm fewer fish.

It is best to have a variety of bugs in various colors, and duplicates of the better ones. There are three types of bass bugs. There is the feather minnow type of which the "Wilder Dill" is a good example. Then there is the "bug type" bass bug that represents a large June bug, moth or beetle. And

last, but not least, comes the "popping" bug. This can represent practically anything. Caution! When selecting bass bugs, do not buy those having a concave face, for this type tends to dive on the pick-up and, when you are handling a long line, a broken rod tip might be the result. Get the bass bugs with convex faces, for they will pick up readily with almost any length of line. Also, be sure that all the edges on the bug are rounded off and not allowed to remain sharp. These, with an ample supply of hucktails and streamers in various colors, together with four or five spinners, will complete your kit of fly rod lures. Get spinners of the free blade type—the ones having the blade hung by a saddle which permits it to revolve around a wire shank. These are valuable on rainy days when the fish are not feeding on the surface or cruising in the shallows. Between feeding periods, when the bass are in deeper water, you will usually have better luck if you use a streamer or a bucktail fished well below the surface.

Wading gear is a matter of choice. Boots are of very little use in a bass river. You are much better off if you wear waders or "wade wet," either in a bathing suit or old clothes. Wading wet is comfortable during hot summer days, but when evening comes and the water cools off, it isn't as pleasant as it was when the sun was shining. Waders are by far the best for all-round fishing in a bass river.

Usually the thread of the stream—the main current—is marked by bubbles and foam floating down from riffles above. Under this stream of bubbles, the majority of the natural food is drifting in the current. The bass usually take up their feeding stations on the outer edges of this current. There they are near the source of their food supply and it doesn't necessitate their moving much for a meal.

When you are fishing under-water lures, cast across this line of bubbles, allow your line to sink, and retrieve your fly at least three or four feet below the surface. You increase the hooking of a fish by having your lure down near him, where taking it requires little effort. All that is needed to give action to your bucktail or streamer is a series of short, well-spaced jerks, imparted by stripping in line with the left hand, thus enabling you to keep your rod tip down,

★ Continued on page 24

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Ace among Hair Streamer Flies. Trout, bass, crappie — they all take it. Texas made, of Texas materials, for Texas waters. Sample, and price list, 25 cents.

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THE OVERHEAD CAST

BAIT casting is winning more followers every week, although casting rods still are a scarce commodity.

More fishermen are becoming better casters, and more of them are discovering that it is just as easy to plant a plug right as wrong. Knowing how to cast and confidence in your tackle add up to more fun on the lakes and creeks and more strikes and more keepers. A big fish landed properly packs more thrills in a minute than 100 big fish landed sloppily.

We are offering a simple suggestion on casting that should help the beginner, and even the old-timer, who has been guilty of plugging in "reverse."

Grasp your rod around the grip, turning the wrist until the reel is vertical, with handle on upper side—see Fig. 1. Then place thumb on spool of reel—see Fig. 2—and point tip of rod toward target, allowing lure to hang about three inches from rod tip. Now hold your elbow close to waist, then bring up arm with an easy, backward swing until rod is in the proper position over the right shoulder—see Fig. 2.

Now bring rod forward with a steady, sweeping downward motion with tip of rod following path of lure in its flight to target. Release thumb, which has been used to snub reel spool, at the beginning of the downward movement of rod the instant the lure travels forward.

While lure is in air, change rod from right to left hand and be ready to send home the hooks if you get a strike. See Fig. 3.

Check speed of the revolving spool as the lure begins to fall and snub the reel the instant bait strikes water. This prevents backlash. Then you're ready for action.

The overhead cast is the best method of bait casting, although the sidearm casts have their use in brush and certain waters. The rod traveling vertically assures better accuracy. If you can point straight, you can cast straight. During both forward and backward strokes the lure is on a perpendicular plane, with your arm and rod a sweeping radius.

All movements should be made as precisely and smoothly as possible. Avoid jerking and straining. The rod will do the work, with the aid of your wrist. Take it easy on distance. The longest casts don't take the biggest fish. Distance comes with practice.

One of the chief faults is allowing

the elbow to swing away from the body. One of the finest casters I know advises putting a dollar bill between the elbow and waist. If you drop the bill you are doing it wrong. This also applies to fly casting.

After you have mastered the overhead cast you'll have more fishing confidence. You'll lose fewer hard strikes and you'll go where they are. You'll wonder how you ever fished without it.

Care of Live Bait

Minnnows: Minnows should not be over-crowded in any container if they are to be kept alive. If crowded the angler will probably lose his bait before he gets to fishing waters. If the container is not aerated, the water should be aerated at frequent intervals; this is accomplished by dipping up some of the water and pouring it back in to the container about 12 times, and is more successful than changing or adding water from different water supplies. If live minnows are to be transported on a very warm day, or the trip is long enough, ice should be added to the water to lower the temperature to about 55 degrees.

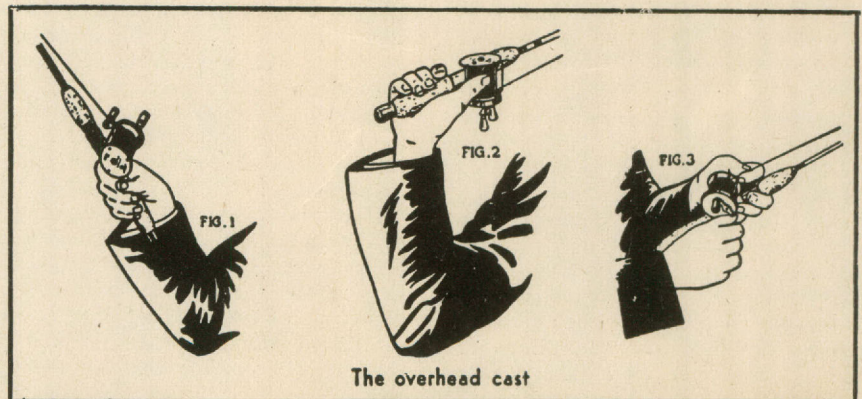
Preserve Minnows

Recipe No. 1—To a fruit jar full of water add 1 tablespoonful of formaldehyde. A teaspoonful of glycerine may be added, if desired, although not required. In a few days pour off the first solution and refill, using the same proportions. Use more water if the minnows appear too hard. To give them a slightly reddish tint, add a few drops of red dye and place them in a single layer on the inside cover of an ordinary tin box, if a burnish tint is desired.

Recipe No. 2—Place minnows in airtight jar, or bottle, for a week or 10 days, covered with a solution 99 per cent water and 1 per cent formalin. If the solution becomes discolored, wash minnows and place in a fresh mixture, which should be weaker, if they are too stiff; stronger, if they are too soft. This process should be repeated until the mixture becomes clear—ordinarily two changes are enough.

Recipe No. 3—One ounce of formalin, 6 ounces of glycerine and 40 ounces of water. After a month or six weeks, remove the minnows and place and keep

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Nature's Balancers

Every living animal, bird, fish or insect either preys directly or indirectly on other living race

IN THIS vast scheme of all living things, it is sometimes difficult to determine between the harmful and the useful.

We often hear the cry "Control Predators," "Kill the Hawks," "Eliminate the Fox," then "Down with the Skunks," and "Murder the Bluejay."

Predators are nothing more than living things, performing as Nature decreed them to perform so that life on earth could be balanced and that no one species would become dominant to the disadvantage or elimination of others.

Most every living animal, bird, amphibian, reptile, fish or insect either preys directly or indirectly on some other race of living things. *Man, himself, is no exception to this rule*, but justifies his depredations with the argument that all things were put here for his use, providing he cares to use them. His operations have constantly thrown natural balance out of gear. Man has been responsible for the total elimination of several species—and, as far as I know, no other living family has been credited with such extreme depredations.

The passenger or wild pigeon was directly eliminated by man. By continued and incessant slaughter, the ranks of this great species were reduced beyond recovery and the last one died in 1914. The Heath Hen of Martha's Vineyard went the same way. Others have been threatened, but fortunately some were saved by the timely action of other men. Not long ago, lady's fashions decreed bird plumes on hats and this nearly spelled doom of the egrets, terns, and many other birds of bright or showy plumage.

Let's get back to predators.

Hawks have been eternally condemned—all hawks. Most people class them as ruthless killers preying upon their smaller companions of the fields and woodlands. It is true that they do kill and eat living things. That's their purpose in the natural scheme of the universe. They destroy rodents, insects, snakes, small animals, chickens and birds. Some live almost entirely on living things that are not used by man. Some take a larger number of the things that are used by man. But they are all condemned alike. Game managers, scientists and students have made many studies of hawks. The result of these studies have been accurate and not prejudiced.

If we could look through the eyes of the fox or hawk, man would be considered a predator because he uses many

things used by both the fox and hawk. A rabbit, perhaps, loathes man because he eats carrots and cabbage, and the heron mumbles his discontent because his favorite fishing place has been raided by man.

So, it seems that predators are so classified because they use a part of the things we wish to use ourselves.

It is true that predacious species very often reach a high point in the population cycle of wildlife. For a while, they make drastic inroads on useful species but, as soon as these useful species decline in population, the predators also become fewer and fewer because of lack of food, brought about by their own depletion of their prey. *John Burroughs once said that the surest way to get rid of the potato bug was to let it eat up all the potatoes, then it would die of starvation.*

Under natural conditions this extreme is never reached. Predators increase with the increase of their prey but, when they begin to reduce the prey faster than it can breed, the predators also decline because of insufficient food.

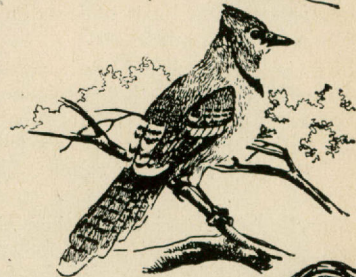
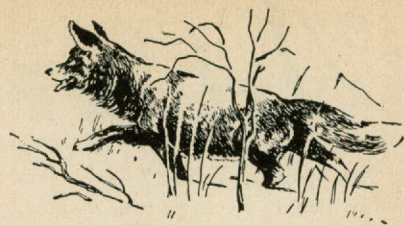
Wildlife custodians are constantly under pressure to destroy hawks, owls, foxes, lynx, skunks, crows and other predators. These requests are made by people sincere in their belief that we would be better off without this array of flesh-eating animals or birds. Would we? Science says we would not.

The Division of Game and Fish is custodian of all types of wildlife. The fox hunter wants the fox, the trapper wants the skunk and the nature lover wants the hawk. The Fish and Wildlife Service wants all species to remain upon earth. Wildlife managers place value, either great or small, on all forms of wildlife. They cannot eliminate one to the advantage of the other because the great scheme of the living wild would be thrown off balance and, possibly to the disadvantage of man himself.

We often hear men say that all the woodpeckers should be killed because they destroy trees by pecking them when, as a matter of fact, the woodpecker is pecking to catch the larva of the insect that is killing the tree.

Often, we swat at every bee that comes within our reach and, if enough people would swat long and often until bees were exterminated, red clover, squash and many other species of useful plants would perish because the bees carry the pollen that fertilizes the flowers so that other plants might grow.

The living things of today are the results of thousands of years of nat-



ural equations. Each species in the end performs to the advantage of many other species of both animals and plants. The elimination, or even excessive control of any certain kind might mean disaster to other things far removed from any association with the condemned race.

Let's hold our fire when we see a fluttering hawk. True, he may take a chicken but he is also taking many rats that might destroy your entire flock of chickens.

All our species are needed and are of advantage to man. The bountiful world is not the result of any one but the combined great balance of all of them, working together on the great equation that has made civilization out of dwellers of the caves.

Art OF FISHING

The following article is taken verbatim from a very rare volume, "The New Royal Cyclopaedia, and Encyclopedia; or, Complete, Modern, and Universal Dictionary of Arts and Sciences," printed in London in 1790.

THE right of fishing and the property of fish belong to the lord of the manor, when he hath the soil on both sides of a river; but where a river ebbs and flows, and is an arm of the sea, they are common to all; and he who claims a privilege to himself must prove it. In the Severn the soil belongs to the owners of the land on each side; and the soil of the river Thames is in the King, etc., but the fishing is common to all.

There are several statutes for preventing the destruction of the fry of fish; and persons using nets for that purpose, or taking salmon or trout out of season, or any fish under certain lengths, are liable to forfeit 20s; and justices of peace and lords of leets have power to put the acts in force.

Fishing is distinguished with regard to its instrument into that performed with the net for fish that go in shoals; and that with the hook, for solitary fish; which latter is properly called ANGLING.

In March, April, and September, the warmest days are the best for fishing, and the bait must be deep; for the fish in these cool months lie near the bottom. In fly-fishing it is always observed that the fish will rise best after a small shower of rain that has just beat down the flies upon the water without muddying it. March, April, May and June, are the best months for fly-fishing, and the best hours are about nine in the morning, and three or four in the afternoon; in a still, warm evening, they will bite as long as daylight lasts, at those seasons when the gnats are seen most plentifully about in the air.

Carp Fishing

Great patience is requisite in angling for carp, on account of their incredible policy. They always choose to lie in the deepest places; they seldom bite in cold weather; and in hot, a man cannot be too early or too late for them. When they do bite, there is no fear of the cold. The tackle must be very strong, and it will be proper to bait the place beforehand where it is to be fished for, with a coarse paste. It may be also proper to bring the carp to the palce intended for angling, by throwing in cow-dung and blood, or bran and blood mixed together, or some chicken guts cut small. The baits are the red-worm,

in March; the cadew, in June; and the grasshopper, in July, August, and September. Proper pastes may also be prepared for them; as honey and sugar, wrought together with flour, and thrown in pieces into the water some hours before you begin to angle. Honey and white crumbs of bread mixed together, also make a good paste. The best season for catching such as are intended for sale is autumn.

Chub Fishing

His bait is any kind of worm or fly, particularly the large yellow moth; also

grains, cheese, the pith in the bone of an ox's back, etc. He effects a large bait, and variety of them at the same hook. Early in the morning angle for him with snails; but, in the heat of the day, choose some other bait, and in the afternoon fish for him at ground or fly.

Eel Fishing

The silver eel may be caught with divers baits, particularly powdered beef, garden worms or lobs, minnows, hens guts, fish, garbage, etc. But as they hide themselves in winter in the mud without stirring out for six months, and in the summer, they take no delight to be abroad in the day, the most proper time to take them is in the night, by fastening a line to the bank-side with a hook in the water; or a line may be thrown at large, with a good store of

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One Way to Get 'Em to Listen

By G. L. LUCE

THE Fisherman's Liars Club is an organization of Austin anglers who had found difficulty in getting any one to listen to their fish yarns. The Club was organized in 1942 by G. L. Luce, Roy Via, Buster Adams and the Honorable Woody Matthews. Their first meeting was held in an old abandoned building in Dodd City. This meeting was in the form of a fish fry and was attended by 14 trusting souls.

It was found at this meeting that by filling a person up with hot fish and then letting Woody strum his mandolin that the person would be lulled into a sub-conscious condition and would listen to any fish stories you might wish to tell him.

Since this first meeting, the Liars now have a club house which is in Dodd City on Gun Hollow. At their last annual fish fry and election there were 200 in attendance. So far the Liars have been successful in evading the game wardens at their fry. This of course helps out, even though some of the fish used for this annual feast are 7 inches and longer. It is doubtful, however, whether or not we will be so successful in the future, for even though our past meet-

ings have been carefully concealed there still has been some few foreigners who have asked unnecessary questions. We do not know where this leak came from, for only Morris Williams has ever been told of any of the plans in advance, and since we are sure no one reads his column, we are at a loss to understand how the word got out. However, we have definitely set the date for the 1947 meeting and it will be held between February 1st and the time hot weather arrives.

At the fry each year a new president is elected. As this high office is much sought after, the lying is very keen. At the last election Woody Matthews was selected to the high and honorable office of president. In the selection of Matthews we have an accomplished Liar who has had lots of experience in the past. You will find that he will lie to you at any time and about anything and without even so much as a twinkle of a smile. He is seldom guilty of misconduct, that is telling the truth.

WOODY MATTHEWS
making his
final
campaign
speech for
president of
the
Liar's Club



The Snake, the Eagle and the Hawk

Legendary Snakes are associated with colorful and tragic events since the beginning of time

*"Opening to view I saw a crowd within
Of serpents terrible" . . . Dante's Hell.*

LEGENDARY snakes have been associated with colorful and tragic occurrences since the beginning of time. The Trojan priest Laocoon and his two sons were slain by two huge serpents which came out of the sea. More fortunate than Laocoon, Saint Patrick of the fifth century, is said to have driven all the snakes out of Ireland. In the account of Genesis "The Lord God said thou are cursed above every beast of the field . . . I will put enmity between thee and the woman . . ."

Now since Eve got the worst of that snake deal mankind has been strongly opposed to the reptile. But students of the serpent tribe have learned that all snakes are not bad, and on the contrary, many of them, entirely harmless, serve a most wholesome purpose in the suppression of rodents. All snakes, both good and bad, can be credited with doing good. They can also be credited with much destruction to song and insectivorous birds. Snakes also eat snakes and in that way perhaps the snake population is kept within bounds.

Hawks and eagles are destroyers of snakes as well as of rodents. They stand high in that useful role, so when you kill a hawk or an eagle you help to increase the population of both snakes and rodents. Roughly classified, the poisonous snakes are bad snakes, and hawks that invade a chicken farm, or prey unduly on song birds are considered bad hawks. Regardless of any taxonomic distinction, "by their fruits ye shall know them."

These are basic considerations of a purely economic character. In the realm of aesthetics one can rise to higher and more picturesque levels.

The bald eagle is an honored bird when we see its image on the American dollar. It is the national emblem and the symbol of a free and proud people. The eagle has been the symbol of grandeur for other peoples of the earth, and has had a place in the classical literature of many nations. In such fashion the eagle is put forth in these lines of Tennyson:

*"He clasps the crags with crooked hands,
Close to the sun in lonely lands,
Ring'd with the azure world he stands.*

*"The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls;
He watches from his mountain walls,
And like a thunderbolt he falls."*

This description fits the bald eagle, whether in the mountains or on the sea shore. His favorite food is fish which he gathers from the surface of the water or along shores of lakes and streams. The golden eagle is more of a hunter and is a menace to flocks. He is successfully hunted with airplanes specifically built for such a chase. The writer visited a Menard County ranch where the air hunter was being paid \$35 for every eagle brought down. It was a profitable investment for the sheep and goat men whose lambs and kids were being carried away. The eagle pins his faith on his wings. They have carried him out of danger in the ages past and he can not adjust himself to the dangers of the airplane. A quail or a rabbit will crouch and remain hidden under the very eyes of a pursuer. Not so the eagle. He may be sitting safely in a leafy blind but the noise of an airplane causes him to take to flight. As he rises above the tree tops the airplane moves in behind him and a shot or two soon brings down the eagle. The pilot, unaided by any one, handles both the plane and the gun.

The caracara or Mexican eagle is perhaps a better bird. It is the national emblem of Mexico. It resembles both falcons and vultures. Though a scavenger, it takes live food including rabbits, lizards, snakes and fish. On the Mexican coin we find an image of the eagle perched upon a cactus plant and holding a snake in its talons. Eagles are careful not to pick up something too dangerous to handle but they are known to have misjudged the power of their victims.

The poet Shelley in Canto I of his allegory on the "Revolt of Islam" describes an eagle and a serpent wreathed in deadly fight in mid air. The awful spectacle is pictured in lines taken from several stanzas as follows:

*" . . . of dizzy speed,
Suspending thought and breath; a monstrous sight!
For in the air do I behold indeed
An eagle and a serpent wreathed in fight;
. . . The eagle heaving, wheeled to left
and right,
And hung with lingering wings over the flood,
And startled with its yells the wide air's solitude.*

☆

By J. G. BURR

*Around, around in ceaseless circles wheeling
With clang of wings and scream, the eagle sailed—
. . . and casting back its eager head, with beak
And talon unremittingly assailed
The wreathed serpent, who did ever seek
Upon his enemy's heart a mortal wound to wreak
. . . Sometimes the snake around his enemy's neck
Locked in stiff rings his adamant coil,
Until the eagle, faint with pain and toil,
Remitted his strong flight, and near the sea
Languidly fluttered, hopeless so to foil
His adversary, who then reared on high
His red and burning crest, radiant with victory.
. . . Hung high that mighty serpent, and at last
Fell to the sea—while o'er the continent,
With clang of wings and screams, the eagle passed."*

Now, if you wonder what became of the serpent which fell into the sea,—well, it simply swam ashore. With the escape of the serpent the allegory continues to set forth the philosophy of the poet which the reader may peruse and interpret for himself. A further reference to the eagle story will be found in a discussion of birds, and hawks in particular, that follows.

The April issue of the SCIENTIFIC MONTHLY contains an able portrayal of "The Parental Devotion of Birds," written by Alexander F. Skutch, San Isidro Del General, Costa Rica. We can do no better than to quote liberally from his findings on the eagle and the hawk, and their relation to snakes.

"Snake-eating birds," says he, "which prey upon venomous as well as non-venomous species, would appear to lead a precarious existence; but a little reflection will show that this can not be so. A bird like the Laughing Hawk (*Herpetotheres cachinnans*)—the Gauco of Central America—whose principal, if not sole, diet is snakes, needs on a conservative estimate 365 of these reptiles a year for its own consumption. At a nest I watched, the male brought a snake every morning and evening for his mate and downy nestling; whence I conclude that a breeding male must capture upwards of five hundred serpents in a year. In order to make so many successful attacks upon snakes he must be a master of his art, not an experimenter or a bungler. He must

★ Continued on page 33

Ducks—The Hard Way

By HARDY R. FIELDS



AHUNTING we will go. Ah! Yes, indeed, we really must. In fact you have never actually lived until you have gone hunting. Not until you have attained that glorious feeling of completed achievement created only by a triumphant return from an invigorating chase of the wild creatures, can you really appreciate the fact of living. Go, my friend; procure for yourself a fine weapon and hie ye unto the nearest forest for a day of honest living. Many will be the hardships and disappointments that descend upon thine head, but broad will become thine experience thereby.

Being one of the millions of witless who walk up and down upon the Earth, bearing arms with honest intentions of embellishing the festive board with choice morsels of game and fowl, I claim the distinction of being able to waste more effort and gain less than any of my competitors.

Ever since the weary old Earth became infested with hunters, these two legged imps of destruction, filled with exuberance, exhilaration, and pure cussedness, have been tearing madly o'er hill and dale bleating and bellowing in their efforts to prove to the old lady that they can and will fetch home a mess of victuals or bust an intestine trying. Since the beginning, the addicts of the chase have busted many intestines. Yet occasionally some knave who fairly wallows in good fortune, will struggle home so loaded down with game that his whatyoumaycallit drags over and completely erases his tracks.

The good wives of ye hunters have ever entreated his nibs to refrain from spending the day in a frigid duck blind or upon the blazing sands of the desert, but each time his answer has been a mocking, Pooh! Pooh!

This brings to mind one of the wonderful experiences it has been my pleasure to endure while in quest of a delectable gastronomic appetite.

Once upon a time John, Bob, Bill and I arose from slumber way late in the night and assembled in Bob's kitchen to load our interiors with eggs, coffee and such, prior to a supposed slaughter of migratory waterfowl. The mere fact that a precipitation of great violence was at that moment occurring, dampened not our ardor in the least. Not us. No, not for one second could the warm fires and the comfortable chairs of home divert our intention of having our fling with nature. We wanted her raw and raw we got her. On our road to the habitat of the wildfowl nature generated enough horsepower to air-condition hell for forty years. With one hand she picked up the clouds and wrung them

in our faces while with the other she threw a north wind that made the thermometer whine like a fiddle string and clatter from rigors. By the time we reached our destination it got worse. Ah! This was our day. Ducks move about and complain bitterly in such weather. So with chattering chuckles and dripping noses we went about assembling our hardware.

The site of this never to be forgotten bloodshed and slaughter was a small bay which Bob and I had inspected the day before. We had seen ducks huddled in rafts upon its glinting surface enjoying the sun. There was no sun this day, so how could anyone fail to kill ducks in weather so well made to order.

At last we were ready to leave the car and proceed on our journey afoot to the edge of the bay. Three of us were dressed in ordinary garments, our feet being in leather boots and our backs covered by rain coats. But Lord of hosts, you should have seen John when he stepped out from the other side of that car. In my astonishment I sprained my neck and squealed in disgust. The gentleman under discussion had on a pair of rubber pants which reached nearly to his ears and terminated at the bottom in a pair of welded-on rubber boots. He then pulled over his head a

choice but to wade a hundred yards of water and mud if we expected to hide in the rushes at the edge of the bay, so in we plunged, trampling water under foot in the semi-darkness while nature poured quantities of it upon our heads. John was plumb silly in his childish gesture of glee. The mud oozed up our bootlegs and the water oozed in while that rubber covered ignoramus stalked across the flats dry shod, braying like an ass in a roasting ear patch. At that moment a serious hunting accident would have been over-burdened with motive.

Strange is the sweet essence of revenge. Yep! The Lord does queer things to bring justice to the loathsome. John had a ditch to cross ere he reached his chosen spot. In the great burden of his comfort and ease he underestimated his agility. In a great effort he attempted to negotiate the said ditch in one ponderous leap, but his feet failed to leave the mud simultaneously with the upper portions of his physique. This resulted in a weird stretching of his anatomy to a length of about eight feet which was permitted by the rubber suit. While in this awkward stance he threw out both hands, holding his gun as though he intended to break it across his knee, and in the same moment curved gracefully into four feet of water, using his head to break the fall. When he arose from the depths, covered in mire and decayed weeds, complete serenity had gathered in my soul. Upon hearing the water gurgle within his pants, ecstasy en-

Perhaps Mother Nature just grins as one of her pitfalls brings a duck hunt to a sudden end

rubber coat contraption which had a hood attached to the collar. He looked positively disgusting. It was a complete insult to the rest of us. Why couldn't he stand up with the rest of us and take his elements like a man instead of hiding in that infernal weather-dodger. At that I could have forgiven him had he not had that disdainful semi-tolerant expression upon his face. How we hoped a tree would fall on him. Ah Lord! How we longed for revenge. The snob. He couldn't take it.

After expressing our disgust for John and his garb, we proceeded in great spirits to the edge of the bay where we hoped to account for a dozen brace or so of fine ducks. Woe is me! What had been dry ground the day before when Bob and I were there was now covered by a foot or more of tide water, which has a peculiarity of being wet in cold weather. There was no

gulfed my entire being as a fog envelops a henhouse. Victory ever awards patience.

With the rapid passage of these enthralling events, day had broken and found us huddled in the reeds enjoying our misery with true Spartan renunciation. Bill and I were knee deep in ice water and not far away John and Bob were enjoying the same.

It was there that four ducks came into the lives of Bill and myself. We met the occasion and overcame all obstacles with a salvo of guns that kicked us humpbacked. When the reeds quit falling and the rain started sifting back into the void created by our withering blast, floating there upon the bosom of the troubled waters lay four beautiful birds peacefully resting in the folds of eternity. Possession being nine points in the law, the score stood 9 to 1 in

★ Continued on page 25



**A deer hunt is
just as tough as you
want to make it**

JUST before the start of World War II, I went on a deer hunt in Old Mexico. Our party of five hunters had 114,000 acres to cavort around on.

Just after the close of World War II, I went on a deer hunt in Mason County, Texas. This party of seven hunters had just 640 acres to sit around on.

That prewar hunt was really a man killer, climbing from 4000 feet to 8000 feet the first day, carrying an eight-



LAZY DEER HUNTERS

By E. W. Odom





JIM observes "bankers hours" and has his breakfast served in bed, not because he is a banker, but because he killed his limit of two bucks the first day.

a buck came along, shot him, got down and dressed him out, called my buddy who was about 300 yards away sitting in his tree. Together we carried the deer to the car, and I drove to the cold storage plant in Mason just 20 miles.

While we were there, State Game Warden Gene Ashby from Austin came by our camp on a routine check up. We got him to demonstrate for us how he and his dog Sam catch hunters with illegal game.

He goes to a camp and if he has reason to suspect violations he and Sam begin snooping around. The day before he visited us he found venison cooking and the hunters did not have a buck deer head to show for the meat in the pot. Sam was started hunting, he found a doe's head buried in the ground, dug it up and the case was complete. It cost the guilty hunter \$100.

In our demonstration, we hid a deer head in the bushes fifty yards or more from camp and in little or no time, the dog found it and dragged it out. In justice to my companions, I must say that the deer head used was a legal buck from which we had sawed the antlers and was so identified by the game warden.

paint buck deer on my back over half a mile, sleeping on the ground three weeks, etc.—Tough, for 155-pound newspaper photographer accustomed to carrying a two-pound camera and walking on paved streets.

We slept in a good warm cabin with real beds, a sure enough dining table with chairs to sit in.

It was all still hunting. I had to walk only twenty feet to my car, drive fourth to half mile, walk 150 to 350 yards to my stand. It was brushy country so all hunting was done from stands in trees, so as to have a more general view of the surrounding territory.

The tree had steps nailed on it and comfortable seats built in, fifteen to twenty-five feet from the ground.

I sat there and smoked a cigar until

TO MAKE THINGS still softer I use an air pillow and in the upper left photo on the opposite page I am blowing it up just before going up in tree. A buck was killed at a distance of 200 inches, not yards, but inches. He walked under the tree (right center on opposite page) in which a hunter was perched 17 or 18 feet from the ground. That hunter was Earnest Moore, although not shown in the picture. Berry is a firm believer in foot comfort and changes his shoes or boots several times a day. He also is the world's loudest snorer and of his own will sleeps in a tent (lower photo on opposite page) so he won't disturb the others. Lynch had to walk all the way from the breakfast table to the windmill stand (125 yards) for his hunting and in the photo at the right he is scanning the opposite hillside for his shot.





ARMS AND AMMUNITION

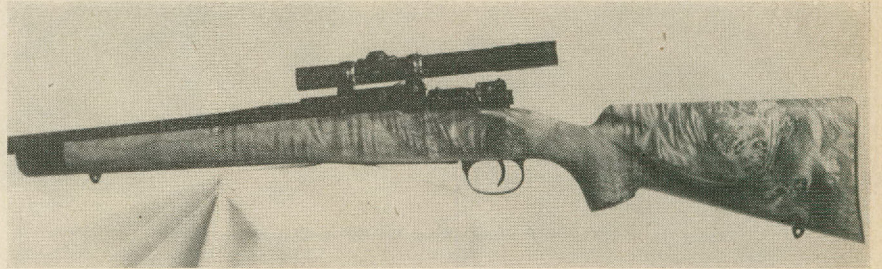
by ADAM WILSON III

The Bolt Action Mauser Rifle

ONE of the many good things resulting from the downfall of Germany is that we shooters of America gained possession of some interesting and useful firearms. The ones I have handled have not lacked dependability or lethal power, and almost all of them have been precision built. A few numbers issued to the army, and especially those furnished to civilian and home guard units, during the last stages of hostilities were not up to the German high standard of firearm manufacture, which of course was due to hurried and mass production. These arms were, nevertheless, rigidly constructed and not dangerous to the firer, as some of the foreign jobs were—and still are.

My experience with foreign weapons—military as well as civilian models—has led me to believe that in the event I had to replace all my American-made firearm equipment with an enemy's arms, I would choose those stamped with German proof marks. We all have gotten extremely enraged at the citizens of the Reichland a couple of times, but no gun lover can help but admire the pieces turned out under their supervision. The only bad thing about German guns is that their makers had the wrong idea in mind as to what they intended to accomplish with them.

Among the best rifles that ever rolled out of any arsenal, for war or for peace, are those based on the designs of Paul Mauser. Mauser's principle is the most widely used pattern for rifles in the world. The U. S. Springfield was derived from the Mauser system, as was England's Enfield and Japan's Arisaka.



A BEAUTIFUL made-to-order job for Bill Stine of Belle Mead, New Jersey, this Mauser was built by the same workmen who performed on the Stegall rifle. The stock is red maple.

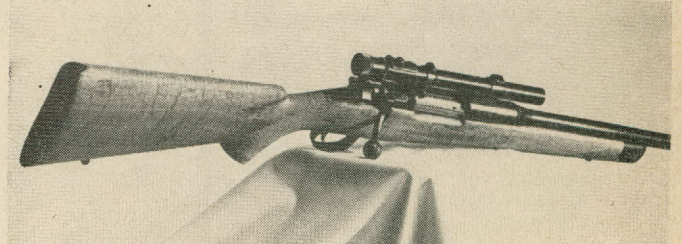
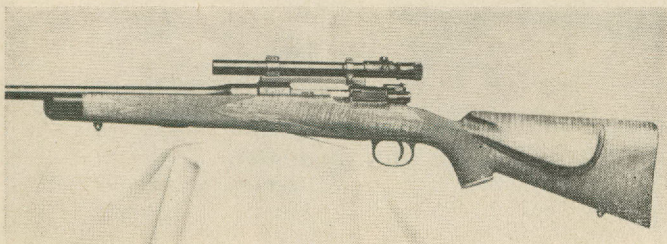
These are known as "modified Mausers." Other countries which use the original system are Mexico, Argentina, Chile, China, Poland, Belgium, Portugal, Turkey, Peru, Czechoslovakia, Spain, Luxembourg, Serbia, Brazil, Ecuador, Honduras, Uruguay and Finland. It must be good, or it could not meet the demands of all these different nations and countries.

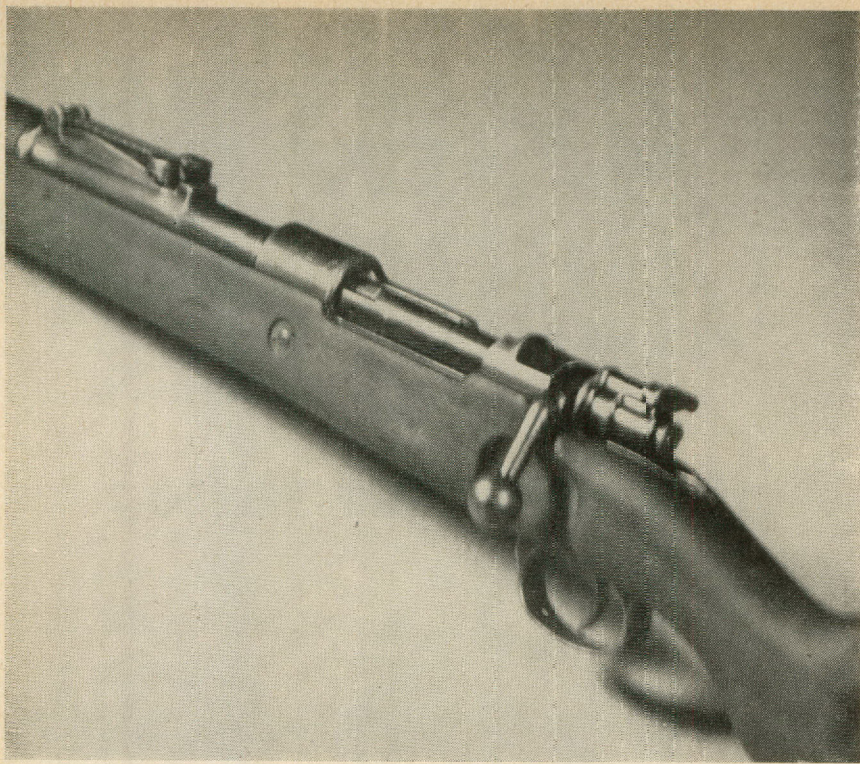
The Mauser bolt-action became especially noted after World War I for its reliability, and for its ability to stand high pressures with a large safety margin. By virtue of its outstanding strength, sporting rifles which chamber big calibers, such as the 10.75 x 68 m/m, .404 Jeffery, .416 Rigby, 500 Gibbs, and the heavy Magnums, have been built around it. The action is a favorite for the foundation of special caliber and "wildcat" rifles. For the soldier, the semi-automatic has taken the spotlight; but for the sportsman, I doubt if the sturdy bolt-action will be surpassed for many years.

Before the war, Stoeger Arms Corporation of New York City—the sole authorized U. S. agents for Mauser arms—furnished rifles chambered in almost any caliber Mauser fans desired. These pieces were marked "Mauser-Werke A. G. Oberndorf a. N.," or "Waffenfabrik Mauser Aktiengesellschaft, Oberndorf a. N." They never were military rifles, but were manufactured strictly for sporting purposes. The Stoeger arms were fancier, and had a better finish than their "soldier brethren"—the perfecting touches being the chief difference between the two, however. Most of the Mauser rifles and carbines which have reached us since (and during) the war are Model 98's. The carbines are known as M.98K, or Kar 98. The ammunition for these numbers is the well-known 8 m/m—Germany's service cartridge.

Perhaps right here would be a good place to go into a bit of detail concerning the 8 m/m cartridge, as it has the reputation of being "the most misunderstood cartridge in America today." This

KEITH STEGALL'S custom-built .270 Mauser is a fine example of what can happen to a Model 98 German military rifle, as the two views show.





A CLOSE-UP view showing the bolt action

repute is with adequate reason. Before the war it was generally known as 8 m/m; during the conflict it was called 7.9 m/m; ammunition catalogs list it as 8 x 57 m/m, or 8 m/m Mauser; by actual measurement the cartridge is 7.85 m/m. I think the listing as 8 x 57 m/m is really the most correct, and would cause less confusion since these figures give the bullet diameter and case length in millimeters. There are many 8 m/m cartridges, but their length and shape varies, consequently, they absolutely will not chamber properly in the same rifle. For example, there is the 8 x 48, 8 x 50, 8 x 58, 8 x 57R, and none are identical. The 8 x 57 m/m is rimless, unlike the 8 x 57R which is rimmed. Germany's present army load has 49½ grains of powder behind a 154-grain spitzer-point bullet with a muzzle-velocity of 2882 feet per second. Previously, the same size case was loaded with 40¾ grains of powder which gave the 227-grain round nose bullet a m.v. of 2100 f.p.s. The 227-gr. number will shoot very well in a Model 98 rifle, but it is not safe to reverse the procedure with the lighter bullet cartridge in a Model 88. The '88, Germany's War I service rifle, may not take pressures generated by War II ammunition. Besides the pressure item, the 154-gr. bullet is slightly larger in diameter than the 227-gr. slug. Also, the 8 m/m Mannlicher-Schoenauer cartridge is often confused with the Mauser load. This ammunition is usually labeled as 8 m/m Manl., or 8.2 x 56 m/m. As can be seen by these last figures, the bullet is larger and the case is one millimeter shorter. Sometimes this number will chamber and fire safely in a worn Mauser rifle, but such action should not be practiced

as it could be dangerous. Therefore, one must be sure his 8 m/m's are the RIGHT 8 m/m's.

I became the possessor of a Model 98K shortly after the battle with the Nazis got under way. Later, I received some German G. I. ammunition for experimental purposes with which I was anxious to compare with our M2's in a Springfield. Experiments were conducted with cartridges loaded with armor-piercing, as well as the "fire" bullets in both the Mauser and Springfield. Briefly, the foreign army loads gave a performance in the Mauser equal to the M2's in our bolt-action service rifle. However, with sporting ammunition the Springfield maintained its traditional supremacy with tighter groups and flatter trajectory.

F. R. Krause, custom-loader, furnished most of the soft-nose fodder for my Mauser. "The Gun Man" of Albuquerque, New Mexico, loaded trans-

formed 30-06 cases with 170-gr. .32 Winchester Special bullets at 2625 f. p. s. These loads gave a superior performance over the commercial 170-gr. and 236-gr. at 2530 f. p. s. and 2120 f. p. s. Other sporting loads which should give a still better showing are those with a 154-gr. bullet at 3075 f. p. s., and 227-gr. bullet at 2520 f. p. s.—these being the maximum loads for the Mauser. In case one wants a lighter weight bullet for jacks, chucks, or other varmints, the 110-grain .32 Win. Special Hi-Speed can be used. As these different velocities and bullet weights show, the 8 m/m Mauser can be a very versatile rifle.

The first thing the owner of a military Mauser should do—unless it is for a souvenir only—is to have it remodeled to a sporter type. In its "uniform" the arm is rather clumsy and heavy, and besides it doesn't look like a hunting rifle. A man in moderate circumstances isn't going to be too anxious to spend a lot of money in order to make his Mauser feel as a "buck-gun" should. If the weapon has a good barrel, it can become a sporter for as little as half the price of a new commercial rifle. The 8 m/m cartridge, which is available over the counter already, certainly is not deficient when the bringing down of most American game is concerned. I have gotten satisfactory results with it on Texas deer, and have friends who swear by it on game the size of elk. Even though a trifle light for moose with a commercial loading, many of these noble animal's knees have buckled under the impact of this number. On the European continent the 8 m/m enjoyed popularity similar to that of our .30-06 in this country.

We have discussed the Mauser rifle in one of its most familiar calibers—the 8 m/m, but it can serve the rifleman in a much greater capacity if he chooses to have it built to his individual ideas and chambered for one of the more efficient American cartridges. Thus far, the .30-06, .270, and .257 calibers seem to be the most popular for converted military jobs; however, a few are being changed to take the .300 Savage and .250-3000 Savage cartridge. Per-

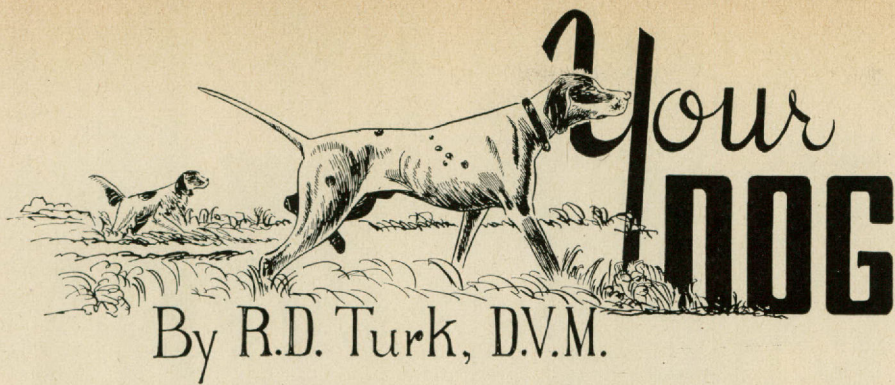
★ Continued on page 23

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Abnormal Growths or Swellings

ABNORMAL growths or swellings on or in the body of dogs may be due to any one of several things. Among the most common causes are abscesses, cysts or tumors, enlargements of the superficial glands, and hernias.

An abscess is a hot painful swelling due to the accumulation of pus in the tissues. It may occur on any part of the body. Usually it follows some injury such as bites, scratches or puncture wounds. Many times a foreign body such as a splinter of wood, or a thorn may be responsible. Treatment of abscesses consists of hot applications, blisters, liniments or poultices to bring the abscess to a head. Open the abscess with a clean sharp knife to allow the pus to escape and apply some mild non-irritating disinfectant.

Cysts differ from abscesses in that usually no infection is present and the contents of the swelling are fluid or semifluid in nature. A cyst may contain blood, or the secretion of some gland. Some of them respond to simple treatment, others are extremely difficult to treat. Since in most instances surgical interference is required to correct these conditions, the diagnosis and treatment should be left to a veterinarian.

Tumors of dogs, as of people, are abnormal growths or enlargements and may occur in any part of the body. They occur most frequently in old animals and may be external or internal. Tumors are of two types, malignant, which develop rapidly and spread to other parts of the body and non-malignant tumors, which are localized and grow slowly. Old dogs are particularly subject to tumor growth. Tumors of the mammary gland are especially com-

mon. If a dog develops a suspicious lump or growth professional aid should be obtained at the earliest possible time. If the tumor is benign it may be removed while small with a minimum of pain and discomfort to the dog. Malignant growths usually may be removed in their entirety if attention is directed to them before too much tissue is involved. In dogs as in humans there is little or no chance of saving the individual's life if the malignancy is of long standing or has involved other organs. A competent veterinarian can tell by examining the dog whether or not an operation is indicated. In many instances the operation may greatly prolong the animal's life. In other instances it may be inadvisable due to old age, extreme weakness, or extensive tissue involvement. All other things being equal, the earlier the condition is recognized, the better the chance of successful surgical interference.

Enlargement of the superficial glands may be localized or may be general. If localized, that is present only in one part or region of the body, it may be the reaction to a local infection or irritant. Most people have at sometime or other experienced a "kernel" in the armpit or groin due to an infected arm or leg. These so-called "kernels" are regional lymph glands and they increase in size and become painful due to infection in the area in which they are located. In the treatment of such conditions, it is essential to locate and remove the cause, rather than to treat the swollen gland alone. Occasionally glands may abscess. In that event they should be treated as any other abscess or boil, that is, open them and drain them.

An increase in size of the lymphatic glands over the body is usually a condition known as lymphadenoma, the actual cause of which is unknown. It is thought to be similar to the conditions found in other animals. These are considered to be tumorous growths of the blood and lymph forming organs. Usually the animal lives only a comparatively short time after symptoms develop. There is no treatment.

Hernias, or what is more generally

termed ruptures, are of frequent occurrence in dogs. They usually are named from the region in which they occur. For example an animal may have an umbilical, abdominal, scrotal, or inguinal hernia, to name a few of the most common. Hernias may be produced by accidents but more often there is an inherited defect or weakness that allows the hernia to develop. Since abscesses or tumors may be mistaken for hernias or vice versa, any suspicious swelling in the abdominal region should be carefully examined to ascertain its true nature. Hernias of dogs, as of people, usually may be repaired if the patient is in good physical condition. All other things being equal, hernias that have only existed a short time are more easily repaired than those of long standing. In case of valuable animals the advice and services of a competent veterinarian should be obtained. Only by careful examination may the actual cause of such growths or swellings be determined.

Is European Game Educated?

EUROPEAN wildlife is either "educated," traffic-wise or possessed of an extreme sense of caution when it comes to crossing highways, according to Captain Phil B. Sharpe, well known firearms expert now on terminal leave from the Army.

Captain Sharpe, who spent the past twenty-two months overseas as chief, small arms branch, Enemy Equipment Intelligence Service, European theater, says that in 80,000 miles of driving on European highways he observed only one small roebuck which had fallen victim to the heavy traffic now in effect.

"My duties," says Captain Sharpe, "carried me through France, Germany, Belgium, Luxembourg, Jugoslavia, Czechoslovakia, Austria, Hungary and Poland. In many sections in each country game is plentiful and numerous species are often easily visible from the roads. Yet in all that driving I came across only one head of dead game on the highways, although I was driving at a time when traffic was extremely heavy.

"It doesn't seem that the game is particularly afraid of auto traffic for I could have killed any number of deer from my car and did shoot several with a service pistol. They just seem to can-

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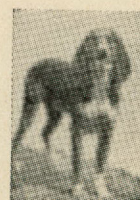
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DIXIE KENNELS
Herrick, Illinois



BASS always bite in Possum Kingdom and F. H. Calloway and Bobby Blanton, of Fort Worth, and Mr. Neely, of Possum Kingdom, had little trouble in landing this catch of 16 bass. Five of the bass weigh over six pounds each.



MANY FISHERMEN pass up Crappie but not Mr. and Mrs. Jack Hays, and Mr. and Mrs. Bill Goss, of Dallas, who caught this fine mess in Possum Kingdom.



A. J. THWEATT, of Fort Worth, goes in for big bass and two of the bass he is proudly holding weigh more than eight pounds each. All Possum Kingdom photos by Lowe's Fishing Report Service, Grafard.



nily choose the proper time and place to make their crossings. On many of the German autobohns (super-highways) large signs are to be noted warning of 'Deer Crossing 1,000 Meters Ahead.' Above the words appears an outline of a deer in glass buttons which show up clearly at night. Apparently German wildlife learns to use these crossings only.

"There is very little game left in France, although the French nimrod is apparently a patient soul. On numerous occasions I have watched large parties walking abreast and beating large fields, but I have yet to see them flush a single game bird or rouse as much as a rabbit.

"The situation is entirely different in Germany. Deer, stag, wild boar, quail, pheasant and Hungarian partridge are to be found in plentiful quantities. The Germans did very little hunting during the war, despite the meat shortage. One reason for this was the fact that the Americans had a habit of dropping paratroops behind the lines and any shot fired was an invitation for shock troops to immediately machine-gun the area from which the sound came. Now no Germans are allowed to have guns and German farmers make frequent appeals to the military government to thin out the deer population which is proving a menace to their crops.

"Bombing apparently had little effect on the wild life resources of Germany. Of course these attacks were concentrated upon cities and heavily populated sections, but game can now be found in areas a comparatively short distance from the limits of almost any German city.



MAX DANIELS, his son, and Jack Lively, of Dallas, are quite proud of their catch of seven yellow catfish taken from Possum Kingdom.

A Mystery

Game Warden Sam Turner has turned up a mystery—the mystery of the green perch.

A few days ago Turner found Frank Hinchman and another citizen of Perry, Texas, seining for crawfish in a pit right in the town of Perry, and they seined out a four-inch green perch, in addition to a lot of crawfish. Turner says the pit was **ABSC- LUTELY DRY** 10 days before.

The mystery—where did the perch come from?

Old Toughie Still at Large

Old Toughie, a wolf that has been the object of annual hunts around Graham for several years, eluded hunters again this year.

Meeting at the J. T. Hamilton ranch, three miles southwest of Murray on the night of February 18, the hunters found that even nature was on Toughie's side, providing a northerly to discourage them and their 60 dogs.

Three large fires were built on the campsite, and food and coffee were served all night. Only a few men and dogs left the warmth of the camp hoping to make a strike but no sign of Toughie was found.

Too sly and elusive to be trapped, Old Toughie probably will be around for the next hunt—happy to oblige hunter and dogs with a run when the weather permits.

Long Time No Proof

It took scientists 2,265 years actually to prove to their own satisfaction that sea anemones catch and eat fish. Although Aristotle made such a claim about 327 B.C., in his *Historia Animalium*, and Abbe 'Dicquemare of France, repeated the assertion in 1774, it was not until 1910 that photographs were ever reproduced showing in detail a sea anemone catching and ingesting a fish. This proof appeared in a collection of photographs by C. O. Bartels, in his book, "Caught in the Act." One plate showed in four stages how the horse anemone catches and swallows a stickleback.

sonally, I think little is gained by putting a .300 Sav. barrel on a good 8 m/m rifle, since the Mauser in its original service caliber can do the job just as well or better than the Savage caliber. To convert to a .250-3000 is useless, unless the rifle is to be used by a woman, or by a man who is susceptible to recoil.

The photographs show what can happen to comparatively crude Mausers. Before these rifles reached their finished-product stage they traveled quite a few miles, and at each stop took on more refinement—after they arrived in this country. The Afrika Korps Nazis, from whom one of the arms was taken, would not recognize their war-piece now.

Let's trace the journey of Keith Stegall's Mauser, and meet the men who made it a rifle of distinction. After reaching Colorado, Keith sent the piece to A. L. Knight, Fort Worth, Texas, who put on a better bolt-handle, and damaskened the entire bolt and follower. Knight drilled and tapped the action for the Redfield Jr. mount, and installed his safety which permitted the low mounting of the Weaver 440 'scope sight. Back to Colorado, the trigger guard was streamlined and all metal parts were blued. In Eureka, Montana, Kenneth Hooper did a fine job of fitting a 24-inch .270 barrel with a 12-inch twist. With all the metal work completed, Keith stocked the rifle with maple wood on which he put on his super-deluxe job of checkering (four-point design), and inlaid the forearm with ebony. The pistol grip cap was made of fossil ivory. Lastly, D. A. Darrow of Kermit, Texas, installed a trap butt plate. Incidentally, these fellows have the reputation of being among the top workmen in the United States. I can look over in a corner of my room and see some of their excellent work as I write this.

A gun made up to one's exact specifications, by men who are experts in their special field, is a genuine pleasure to own and use. The price is higher, naturally, but the quality of their work is remembered and admired long after the cost is forgotten. However, if a man does not care to invest so heavily on his rifle, he can still become the owner of a good converted Mauser. Large companies — Johnson Automatics, Providence, R. I., for example—have opened custom departments where a rifle can undergo all necessary changes in order to become an attractive and serviceable sporter. The Alamo Gun Company located in San Antonio, Texas—a firm now entering its 25th year of Gunsmithing—is ably qualified to remodel, rebuild, or convert all military rifles. Since the larger concerns operate more on a commercial basis, they can do a job cheaper; however, they cannot, and

ANCIENT AND MODERN

MODERN philosophy is but a recapitulation of the wisdom of the ages, dressed up in streamlined garb to conform to present-day conventions.

In the field of wild-life conservation and the general practices constantly urged for the protection of the resources this fact is patent. Here, for example, are a few paragraphs from a "Treatysse on Fysshing," by Dame Juliana Berner, published in 1475. Despite the quaint diction and spelling, our readers will recognize in them the principles of conversation and sporting ethics.

"... Solomon in his parables sayth that a glad spirit maketh a flourishing age that is a fayre age and a long, and since this is so, I ask this question—which be the means and causes that enduceth a man into a merry spirit? Truly to my best discretion, it is a good sport and honest games in which a man joyeth without any repentance after.

"Also that ye breke no many laws

in going about your sports; nor open no mens gates but that ye shut them agayn. Also ye shall not use this foresaid crafty sport for covetous sense to the increasing and sparing of your money only, but principally for your solace and to cuse the health of your body, and especially of your soule. For wherever ye purpose to go on your sport in fishing, ye will not desire greatly many persons with you which might lette you of your game. Also ye shall not be too ravenous in taking of your said game—as too much at one tyme, which ye may lyghtly do.

"If ye do in every point as this present treatysse showeth you, as when ye have a sufficient mess, ye should covet no more at that time, also ye shall busy yourself to nourish the game in all that ye maye and to destroy all such things as be devourers of it, and all those that done after this rule shall have the blessing of god and Saynt Petyr."

do not attempt to fill individual *detailed* wants. These institutions have one advantage of being able to do all the remodeling and rebuilding under one roof, which is all right for the rifleman who is not quite so particular. The individuals, and these two companies, were mentioned as good examples. There are other gunsmiths and custom-builders in this country who are also capable of turning out A-Number-1 work. Probably needless to add, there are some who *are not* what they should be.

Last year, in Texas alone, over 37,000 deer and 6,000 turkey were killed with the various types and calibers of firearms. With all the old and new hunters returning home from war zones, this number will, of course, be larger this year. Many of the fellows who have come back realize, for the first time in their lives, what a friend and joy a good rifle can be. For want of something to do between battles, men who were total strangers to firearms before the war, grabbed some sort of a weapon and sought relaxation in the wilds of some nearby forest or jungle. There they got their first taste of one of the greatest sports on earth: the searching for, and bagging of big game. Instead of bringing home *just* a war souvenir, these future nimrods picked something in the form of a weapon which would be useful to them as a sporting piece back home. Therefore, of that increased number of game to be taken this season, more of it will fall before foreign guns than ever before. The "imported" rifle to see the most action, will be the Mauser.

In spite of the fact that I prefer guns

marked "Made in U. S. A." for most of my shooting purposes, I can easily understand anyone's choice of the German bolt-action Mauser for their favorite hunting rifle. It has served us well, and will continue to do so for many years to come.

Sea Lion Herds To Be Reduced

The California Division of Fish and Game is making a census of the sea lion population along the coast of that State. This is the first step in a move, recommended by the Fish and Game Commission at a recent meeting, to cut the herds 50% as an aid to sports and commercial fishing.

According to the Division, the California sea lion has been little molested since the practice of taking the animals in Mexican waters as dog food was discontinued some ten years ago when it became unprofitable. Since then it has increased rapidly. The most recent estimate places its numbers at 8,000.

Sport and commercial fishermen are reported troubled increasingly by the interference of the animals, which are said to frighten away the fish, tear nets and steal the fish from hooks and gill nets.

☆

The number of points on a deer's antlers do not necessarily correspond with the number of years the animal has lived. A survey made by the Colorado Game Management Division reveals that 50 per cent of all yearling bucks have two points on each side.

River Bass

★ Continued from page 11

ready to strike. Your chances for success are better if you fish as slowly as possible.

During the summer, many of the larger bass take up their stations near large rocks at the edge of the current. They resent any intrusion on their domain and when you put a bass bug over these fish, they may hit it for one of two reasons. First, as a matter of dignity and in defense of their homes and, second, because they are hungry. Of course, they may not even look at it, but that is one of the best features of a river small-mouth; you never can tell what will happen.

Every evening, about dusk, many of the large fish cruise around the tails of the long flats in search of food. These fish are big and smart and the slightest noise will frighten them. To catch them, you must wade carefully and quietly, casting a long line. By casting ahead of one of these cruisers and letting your bug rest a minute or so on the water, you will give them a chance to look it over. Then, if they want it, the first movement of the lure will usually cause them to smash it savagely. This type of fishing takes time, patience and care. Getting one of these big fish in an evening is doing very well as it requires skilful and accurate long-range casting. Stripping line when playing a fish is always dangerous. Not only is the line apt to snarl during the run of a large fish, but there is the ever-present risk of stepping on the coils, regardless of the size of the fish being played. All lines can be spliced, but to break one lessens its strength and impairs its efficiency.

When fishing a bass bug, cast directly across the current. Play your bug back to you in short, well-defined twitches, using only the tip of your rod to give action to your lure and stripping in line from time to time so that the rod can

Fish Pale?

Quick, Watson, the Paprika!

THE U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service has discovered a new method of giving hatchery trout the vivid coloration which has heretofore been considered exclusively the property of fish reared in the wild. The answer, believe it or not, is to season the trout's diet liberally with paprika!

This innovation has been developed by A. V. Tunison, assistant director of the Service's Division of Game-fish and Hatcheries. The experiments were carried on in cooperation with the State of New York and Cornell University while Mr. Tunison was stationed at the Service's laboratory in Cortland, N. Y.

Hatchery-raised fish fed experimentally on gull eggs were the first to show the natural coloring. Analysis of the eggs disclosed that a carotenoid compound on which the gulls fed was responsible for the pigmentation. As gull eggs were not commercially available, other substances were sought that would produce similar results. This led to the discovery that 2% of paprika in the diet for brook and brown trout would produce coloration similar to that of the wild fish. It was not effective in coloring rainbow trout. Fish taken off the paprika diet retained their color 6 to 8 weeks. Flavor of fish was not affected.

be held low, ready for the strike. Don't fish too fast! Fish all around you, but don't cast in the same place twice. After fishing one section carefully, take several steps and cast again.
—Pennsylvania Angler.

Hints

★ Continued from page 12

in a strong brine—this will remove the formalin flavor, which is believed to be objectionable by some anglers.

Recipe No. 4—Minnows to be kept for only a few weeks or days—Place minnows one inch apart, side by side, on a piece of cloth covered with salt, cover the minnows with salt and roll up. While the salt will shrivel them somewhat, the water will cause them to become plump again.

Recipe No. 5—Use one part of formalin to 29 parts of water. Place the

minnows in this solution in a tightly closed jar or bottle, keeping in a dark place until used—they will retain their color and silvery hue better than in the light. Before using soak in cold water and add a few drops of oil of rhodium to lessen the odor of the formalin.

Pork Rind

Recipe for Preserving Pork Rind: The following formula is suggested as a guide and not an infallible recipe. A certain amount of experimental work will be necessary.

Cut pork skin into strips of the desired size, freeing the skin from the fat. Then place in a 90 degree salinometer brine (one that will float a potato), seeing that it is totally submerged. Allow it to remain here until the brine has "struck through." This will require about 48 hours. Then remove and drain. The skin may be bleached by soaking for a few hours in dilute hydrochloric or acetic acid, either before or after brine-curing. When the skin is well drained, pack it in bottles with a little glycerine and sufficient 10 to 20 per cent formaldehyde solution to cover. Sodium benzoate may be used in place of formaldehyde.



LYLE HOLMES and his father, **B. F. Holmes**, prove that bass grow big in the Panhandle. This string of bass was caught in Clem Lake, west of Shamrock. The largest bass weighed eight pounds and four ounces, was 23 inches long, and 19 inches around. Lyle Holmes caught it on an 8½ ft. True Temper fly rod, Perrin Automatic reel, Ashaway fly line, and a live striped minnow. Clem Lake fishermen have developed a live bait technique that really gets 'em. The tackle is standard fly fishing equipment, except the leader is not more than three feet in length, and a size 20 hook is used. As the lake is very brushy, most of the fishing is done by wading, and making short casts as close as possible to the brush, allowing the minnow to sink slowly to near the bottom and then retrieving slowly.

favor of the bay. Well, some poor soul must be retriever, so in I plunged to wade the clammy waters. The first three steps were only waist deep. The next reached my shirt pockets and beyond that my probing could find no rest for the sole of my foot. Now there is one thing that turns a man's joy plumb rancid and that is to shoot game and not be able to get it.

In disgust we did an about face and started shoreward. While en route John of the rubber duds, executed one of the most remarkable stunts for a man of his age I have ever seen. There was a muskrat hole in our path which was invisible due to the fact it was covered with water. Nevertheless, John stepped fair and square into that hole with his right foot. The rapid sinking of his starboard side caused his left leg to start buckling in its effort to recover equilibrium. The net result of this was the elbow of his gun arm coming into violent contact with his left knee, which imparted a relative vertical motion to his arm, terminating in a sudden downward thrust of his gun, the breech of which fell upon his head with a dull thud. Hilarity was rampant.

After reaching firm ground once more we built a fire of great dimensions, the heat of which we absorbed to the point of excruciation. The steam fogged up from our tormented bodies until it obstructed our breathing, but we endured it and wheezed with joy.

When we had become half dry and were once more exhibiting signs of approaching sanity, John wandered off into the marsh and succeeded in bagging one lone duck, which was the only bit of evidence we could produce when we got home to prove that we had been hunting and not seining.

Great is the home coming of the hunter. His wife pulleth off his wet boots and anointeth his interior with quantities of hot coffee. She washeth his tired soul with sympathetic words, and adviseth him never to stray from the fold again. The following week end the old fool goes right back and does the same thing all over.

This is the end of my tale.

Egg Carrying Goose Killed

Bob Wilson, outdoor writer for the Washington Times Herald, reports that a Canadian goose killed November 2 had a full sized egg in its innards. The bird, taken by Dr. Carleton Vaughn on opening day on the Eastern Shore of Maryland, appeared to be a young one. Certainly an all-time record for early egg production was established. Records in the archives of the U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service failed to reveal any other goose with such springtime inclinations.

THINGS YOU MAY NOT KNOW

It is quite doubtful that camels, as many suppose, can go without water for a week without great discomfort or physical danger. Two or three days is believed to be the limit.

* * *

The skins of rats are used to make pocketbooks and tobacco pouches.

* * *

Birds have the highest body temperatures of all creatures—104 to 110 degrees Fahrenheit.

* * *

A snake's teeth are pointed backward to prevent escape of animals captured for food.

* * *

The common American pocket gopher has fur-lined pockets in his cheeks.

* * *

The tallest animal to have horns is the giraffe. Sometimes he attains the height of 19 feet.

* * *

Very few people know that the lion has an extra claw. It is concealed in the hair near the tip of his tail.

* * *

In order to make a honey crop, bees from a good colony must visit up to 520,000,000 flowers during the reason.

* * *

The old wheeze that ostriches "bury their heads in the sand" was probably started by early desert nomads who saw ostriches feeding on the horizon. From this distance the birds' heads would appear to be "buried in the sands." Usually the ostrich depends on his great speed for safety.

* * *

The not-uncommon belief that a snake never dies before sunset is untrue. The sun's position has no bearing on the condition of a decapitated snake. When his head is cut off he is simply a dead snake. Reflex action leaves the nervous system slowly, making it appear that the snake is still alive.

* * *

Superintendents of zoos say that a tiger or grizzly bear can defeat a lion in combat any day.

* * *

No report of an eagle carrying off a child has ever been substantiated. Scientists estimate the lifting power of an eagle at not more than seven pounds.

* * *

A primrose is NOT a rose. It is a member of the herb family.

* * *

Deer, elk and moose have no gall bladders.

The kangaroo is a broad jumper par excellence, but when it comes to high jumping he's not so hot. He can broad jump over 30 feet but has difficulty clearing a four foot fence.

* * *

The barn owl, whose diet consists mainly of rats and mice, will eat its own weight in food in a single night.

* * *

The storms that clear the air of insects frequently bring starvation to chimney swifts as the bird feeds only on the wing.

* * *

The number of points on a deer's antlers do not necessarily correspond with the number of years the animal has lived. A survey made by the Colorado Game Management Division reveals that 50 per cent of all yearling bucks have two points on each side.

* * *

The porcupine, contrary to the belief of many, cannot throw his quills. The tail quills, however, become loose in their sheaths and the slightest contact will release them.

* * *

Some thirty-odd years ago, when the wild birds egg collectors were in their hey day, the egg of the California condor had a market value of \$750 each.

* * *

Large carp go through spawning gyration with such gusto that they may throw water from five to six feet high and be mistaken for a man in trouble.

* * *

Fish, like humans, get seasick if left to the mercy of the waves for an extended period.

* * *

Young of the white bass are generally found on the leeward side of the lake on a windy day, while older fish are almost invariably on the windward side.

* * *

One pinch of snuff will kill a fish or snake almost instantly. It will anesthetize a turtle for several hours.

* * *

The heat of a lightning bolt turns the moisture of the wood cells to steam, exploding the wood. Lightning sometimes completely girdles the tree.

* * *

Bull moose shed their antlers just after the autumn rutting season. The new set becomes full-grown about four months later.

* * *

Raccoons are listed as among the chief enemies of the crow.

To Improve Flavor of Fish—Many times bass have a weedy or muddy taste. This can often be remedied if, after cleaning, the fish are salted down over-night and then washed with fresh cold water.

To Bone a Fish—Clean, scale or skin your fish. Use a sharp, narrow-bladed knife and cut down on both sides of the back bone until you hit the side bones. Follow down the top of the side bones and cut fish loose from these bones. After cutting each side of the fish loose, cut each half of your fish in pieces to desired size for fish filets.

Note: With a little practice the boning out of a fish becomes quite simple and not a bone should remain in your fish filets.

To Clean Fish—In cleaning, scale and remove head last and leave tail. Cut down the back on either side of the heavy back fin and be sure to remove all of the blood along the backbone.

To Salt Surplus Fish—Put fish in an earthen crock, small wooden keg or wooden bucket. Cover bottom with a half inch layer of salt, put in a layer of fish with flesh side up and cover with another layer of salt. If you wish to salt down fish to keep for several months, repeat the above operation for each layer of fish and salt. If fish are to be kept for just a few days, less salt can be used.

If you wish to salt-cure fish for storage, place crock or keg in a cool, clean place and cover to keep out dust. If excess brine forms on the top of crock, dip it off. To use salt-cured fish, soak over-night in cold water to remove excess salt. These fish can then be cooked in the usual way except that they will require less cooking than fresh fish.

To Store Smoked Fish—If you wish to store smoked fish for an extended time, wrap each fish in waxed paper and store in a cool, dry place. Should mold spots appear on the fish, they can be removed by spreading a little olive oil over the spots and wiping them clean. Fish stored this way should keep satisfactorily, if instructions are followed carefully.

BAKED BLACK BASS

3 lbs. bass
Salt and pepper
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup butter
2 tablespoons flour
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup strained tomato or
1 fresh tomato, sliced

Clean and wash fish. Sprinkle with salt inside and out and let stand several hours. Stuff and sew. Tie or skewer into the shape of a letter "S." Put in a pan across which you have placed strips of cloth by which to lift out when cooked. Rub it over with soft butter, and a little pepper. Dredge with flour. Put in a hot oven without water in the pan. Baste with hot water when brown; add a tomato. When done, remove carefully and place in a hot platter. Draw out the strings and skewers, wipe off the water



or fat that runs from the fish, serve with drawn butter flavored with lemon or with Hollandaise Sauce, in a gravy boat. Garnish with parsley or cress.

Haddock, bluefish and shad are good, baked.

BAKED OR PLANKED BLACK BASS

Select a large fish weighing 3 to 5 pounds. Scale, remove head, tail, fins and entrails. Bone out, removing completely the center bone and as much of the side bone as possible. Sprinkle the inside of the fish well with salt and allow to stand for 30 minutes. Mince 1 medium sized onion and brown slightly in 2 tablespoons of butter. Drain and remove the juice from 2 cups of canned tomatoes and combine $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups of bread crumbs and 2 tablespoons of melted butter with the tomatoes and onions. Season with salt and pepper. Mix thoroughly and fill the fish with this stuffing. Carefully sew it together along the edges. Thoroughly grease an open pan or a plank used for planked steak or fish. Score the surface of the fish in 3 or 4 places, insert strips of bacon and secure them with toothpicks. Sprinkle the fish with salt and pepper and bake 45 minutes at 425° or until the fish is brown and tender. Remove from oven and serve at once.

CRAB SALAD

Boil three dozen hard-shell crabs for twenty-five minutes. Let them cool, then remove the top shell and tail; quarter the remainder and pick out the meat carefully with a nutpicker or kitchen fork. The large claws should not be forgotten, for they contain a dainty morsel; the fat that adheres to the top shell should not be overlooked. Cut up an amount of celery equal in bulk to the crab meat; mix both together with a few spoonfuls of plain salad dressing; then put it in a salad bowl. Mask it with a mayonnaise; garnish with crab claws, shrimps, and hard-boiled eggs, alternated with tufts of green, such as parsley, etc.

BISQUE OF CRABS

Boil twelve hard-shell crabs for thirty minutes, and drain; when cold break them apart, pick out the meat carefully, scrape off all fat adhering to the upper shell; and save these for deviled crabs. Set the crab meat aside; put the under shell and the claws in a mortar with half a pound of butter and a cupful of cold boiled rice, and pound them as smooth as possible; then put this into a saucepan, and add a heaping teaspoon-

ful of salt, a bouquet of assorted herbs, a dozen whole peppers, a blade of mace, and three quarts of stock; boil slowly for one hour, pour through a sieve, and work as much of the pulp through the sieve as possible. Place the soup on the range to keep warm, but not to boil. . . . Beat up the yolk of one egg and add it slowly to a quart of warm milk previously boiled; whisk the milk into the soup; taste for seasoning. Now take the crab meat and heat it in a little boiling water, drain, put it into a hot tureen, pour the soup over it and serve.

TO BOIL CRABS

Set the pot or kettle on a hot fire, and add some caraway, salt and green parsley. Wash the crabs clean. When the water boils, put in the crabs, also a piece of butter, and let it boil one-quarter of an hour longer; then serve.

DEVILED CRABS

Remove the meat from four dozen boiled hard-shelled crabs and chop up fine. Put in a saucepan an onion cut in pieces, and add an ounce of butter. When beginning to color slightly, add a dozen chopped mushrooms, a tablespoonful of chopped parsley, and four ounces of bread-crumbs, which you have previously soaked in consomme, and then pressed almost dry; a pinch of salt and pepper, a little cayenne, and half a gill of tomato sauce. Mix all well together on the fire, and cook for five minutes. Wash your shells and fill them with the foregoing, cover them with bread-crumbs, and a very little melted butter on top; send to the oven and color a light brown.

If a mustard seasoning is desired put a tablespoonful of mustard in the above mixture, and a layer of mustard on top of each crab before covering with bread-crumbs.

JOHNNY CAKE

One quart of cornmeal, one pint of flour, one-half cup of sugar, one tablespoonful of salt, four tablespoonfuls of baking powder, and enough water to mix. Either make a thin batter and drop off spoon in a well-greased hot pan, which will produce a cross between biscuits and flapjacks, or make into a stiff dough and shape into biscuits. Shortening (4 tablespoonfuls) may be added to the recipe if available.

FLAPJACKS

Two cups of flour, 1 cup of milk, 2 teaspoonfuls of baking powder, $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoonful of salt.

BAKING POWDER BISCUITS

Add 4 tablespoonfuls of shortening to Flapjack recipe—bake 15 minutes.

Art of Fishing

★ Continued from page 14

hooks baited, and plumbed, with a float to discover where the line lies in the morning. A small roach does well here for a bait, the hook being laid in his mouth. No leads or rods for eels are to be laid in the Thames and Medway but from April 21 to October 30; but they may be hooked for all the year.

Perch Fishing

The proper baits are the braddling, minnow and small frog; as also the lob-worm, bob oak-worm, gentle, wasp, and cad-bait. The minnow yields the best sport, which is to be kept alive, and stuck on the hook through the upper lip, or backfin, and kept swimming about mid-winter. If the frog be used, he is to be fastened to the hook by the skin of his leg. When the fish bites, as he is none of the leather-mouthed kind, he must have time to paunch his bait. The best place to fish for him is in the turning of the water-eddy in a good gravel bottom.

No perch is to be taken in the Thames or Medway under six inches from the eye to the end of the tail and only between August 24th and March 21st.

Pike Fishing

There are two ways of fishing for the pike; by the ledger-bait and the walking bait. 1. The ledger bait is that fixed in one certain place, and which the angler may leave behind him. Of this kind the best is some living bait, as a dace, roach, gudgeon, or a living frog. 2. The walking-bait is that which the fisher casts in, and conducts with a rod, etc. This is perforated by a troll, with a winch for winding it up, so as to give the fish length enough to run off with the bait. Then striking him with a smart jerk. The rod must not be too slender at the top, and the line should be of silk two yards and a quarter near the hook, and strongly armed with a wire about seven inches.

No pike or jack is to be taken in the Thames or Medway under twelve inches from the eye to the end of the tail, and only between August 24th and March 21st.

Trout Fishing

The trout is a delicious fresh-water fish, speckled with red and yellow, coming in and going out of season with the buck, and spawning in the cold months of October and November, whereas all the other species spawn in hot summer weather. There are divers kinds of this fish, all valuable; but the best are the red and yellow trouts; and of these the female, distinguished by a less head and deeper body is preferred. They are known to be in season by the bright color of their spots, and by their large and thick back; which last may serve also for a rule for other fish. Through the whole winter they are sick, lean, and

Pity Poor Bozo . . .

The Catfish Who Forgot!

By CHARLES L. STOWE

Fort Worth Anglers Club

ON A summer afternoon in the long, long ago, when I was "a barefoot boy with cheeks of tan," it was my good fortune to land a trim, streamlined channel catfish in a creek near my native town of Sherman, Texas.

When I arrived home in the shank of the afternoon I prepared to clean and dress my finny prize for the frying pan. When I had him spread-eagled on the chopping block and had raised my hand-axe to give him the coup de grace, my boyish eyes were enthralled by the almost human look of tragic appeal that came from the orbs of my finny prize. That look said: "Little master, only spare my life and, until death shall us part, I will be your willing slave."

Flinging the axe aside and exercising my usual care to avoid the poniard-like daggers with which Dame Nature has armed the catfish, I clutched him to my breast—and once more Damon and Pythias were reincarnated.

On the kitchen porch was a galvanized washtub, which I filled halfway to the top with clear, artesian water, then placed Bozo, as I christened him, in the tub, which for some time was to be his Home, Sweet Home.

Knowing that a catfish can live for a considerable time out of its native element, I soon began to lengthen the periods during which Bozo remained in the open air. At long last he moved from the tub into the doghouse that had once sheltered old Rover, who had passed on to the canine paradise. There, on a pallet of straw, he spent the nights in peaceful slumber, arising as the streaks of dawn lit up the eastern sky.

As time marched on, Bozo became adept at paddling along like a sea lion and followed us kids to the nearby vacant lot where we engaged in the great American game of baseball. Of course, Bozo was not speedy enough to run the bases, but he took it on himself to back up the catcher, who occasionally missed a wild pitch. It was then that Bozo went into action. Opening that wide mouth that all catfish possess, he would catch the ball, then deposit it on the ground. Quickly turning sidewise, he

would give it a smart smack with his tail and return it to the waiting pitcher.

Then, one afternoon tragedy struck down my playmate. While I was on an errand to the grocery, Bozo was seized with nostalgia and decided to visit the scene where he was spawned. The back gate had

been left wide open, so he squirmed down to "the ole swimming hole" where he had spent his young-fishhood. The path led to a down log that spanned the creek and served as a bridge for us shavers. Bozo attempted to "coon" his way across the creek, but evidently a piece of rotten bark on the log broke away as he was halfway across—causing him to lose his balance—and, kerpunk! into the creek he went. For several moments he valiantly strove to keep afloat, but to no avail. Soon he became exhausted, and then, with a gurgling gasp, he sank, to rise no more.

And so ends the saga of a pal of my boyhood whom I shall never forget. He had been able to adapt himself to a radical change in his mode of life, but, in the course of the metamorphosis, dear old Bozo pulled a boner that finally led to his undoing:

HE FORGOT HOW TO SWIM!

Scores of members of the Fort Worth Anglers Club competed for the prize offered by Albert Woods, chief clerk of the House of Representatives, Washington, D. C., for the best fishing lie which could be told in one minute. The contest was won by Charles L. Stowe. He told his story in a minute flat but when he was asked to reduce it to writing he couldn't resist the urge to dress the story up a bit. And this is the story that crowned Charles L. Stowe, the champion fishing story liar of the Fort Worth Anglers Club.—Ed. Note.

unwholesome, and frequently lousy. As the spring comes on, deserting the still, deep waters, they repair to the gravelly ground, against which they continue to rub, till they get rid of their lice, which are a kind of worms with large heads. From that time they delight to be in the sharp streams, and such as are swift, where they lie in wait for minnows and May-flies. At the latter end of May they are in their prime.

The usual baits whereby the trout is caught are the worm minnow and fly, either natural or artificial. The proper worms are the brandling, lob-worm, squirrel-tail worm, which has a streak round the back, a red head, and a broad tail, earth worm, dung-worm, and maggot or gentle, especially the three first. To take the trout with a ground-bait the angler should have a light taper rod with a tender haze top; and may angle with a single hair of three links, the one tied to the other, for the bottom of the line, and a line of three-haired links for the upper part; with this sort of tackle, if the sportsman has room enough, he will take the largest trout in any river. The angler must always keep out of sight and the point of the rod must be down the stream. The season for fishing for trout with the ground-bait begins in March and the mornings and evenings are the best time of the day; but in cloudy weather the sport may be followed all day long. There must be plummet at ten inches from the hook, which the angler must feel always touching the ground; and this must be heavier as the stream is swifter. When the minnow is used choose the whitest, and that of middling size; slip the hook through his mouth, and the point and heard out at the tail, so as it may lie almost straight on the hook. Then try against the stream, whether it will turn.

The most agreeable manner of fishing for trout is with the fly: the rod in this case must be light and pliable, and the line long and fine; if one hair be strong enough, as it may be made by proper skill in the angler, there will be more fish caught than when a thicker line is used; and the fly-fisher should have the wind in his back and the sun before him.

No trout is to be taken in the Thames or Medway between November 11th and August 24th, or to be of less weight than one pound.

Fly Fishing

The fly is a bait used in angling for divers kinds of fish, and is either natural or artificial.

Natural flies are innumerable; the more usual on this occasion are the dun-fly, the stone or May-fly, the red-fly, the moor-fly, the tawny-fly, the vine-fly, the shell-fly, the cloudy and blackish-fly, the flag-fly; also caterpillars, canker-flies, bear-flies, etc. all of which appear sooner or later, according to the forwardness or backwardness of the spring.

Rules for Artificial Fly-Fishing

1. To fish in a river somewhat disturbed by rain, or on a cloudy day, when the waters are moved by a gentle breeze; the southwind is best; and if the wind blow high, yet not so but that you may conveniently guide your tackle, the fish will rise in plain deeps; but if the wind be small, the best angling is in swift streams.

2. Keep as far from the water-side as may be; fish down the stream, with the sun on your face, and touch not the water with your line.

3. Angle always in clear rivers with a small fly and slender wings, but in muddy places use larger.

4. When after rain the water becomes brownish, use an orange-fly; in a clear day, a light-colored fly; a dark fly for dark water, etc.

5. Let the line be twice as long as the rod, unless the river be incumbered with trees.

6. For every sort of fly have several

ODE TO A WORM

Thou crawling, wiggling thing
despised by those of social state,
In realms of femininity
your presence nurtures hate.
Your own existence deep in earth
is often questioned why—
A slimy thing like you should have
a place beneath the sky?
But when the best of lures have failed
them,
and expensive tackle doesn't rate;
They always turn to you, old friend,
'Cause fish-worm's darn good bait.
—PAUL THYGESON GILBERT
in *Outdoor Nebraska*.

of the same, differing in color, to suit with the different complexions of several waters and weather.

7. Have a nimble eye and active hand, to strike presently with the rising of the fish, or else he will be apt to throw out the hook.

8. Let the fly fall first into the water, and not the line, which will fear the fish.

9. In flow rivers or still places, cast the fly across over the river, and let it sink a little in the water and draw it gently back with the current.

Salmon flies should be made with their wings standing one behind the other, whether two or four. That fish delights in the gaudiest colors that can be; chiefly in the wings, which must be long, as well as the tail.

My First Tarpon

★ Continued from page 5

culate how deep he would have to cut him in order to get in a good lock stitch that would not tear away—coming from a man in whom by education and naturally there should be no ecstasy of agony or pleasure—his words had an impression on me and made me feel that

in the warfare of fishing I was a new recruit. And I resolved to catch a tarpon.

I was not unacquainted with the fish. In younger days I knew him at Port Lavaca. But I did not want to catch him then. In the early mornings of those younger days seated on the wharf and surrounded by the whole Afro-American population of the town, the mentioned population and myself being wholly absorbed in taking redfish, trout, croaker, pigfish angelfish, with here and there a flounder, he in schools would make his appearance. The clatter and patter of the mullet as they fairly sheeted the water in their frantic flight told of his presence. Then every line would be drawn up and laid on the wharf. Hooks and lines cost more then than they do now. He would leap and play—here one moment and a hundred yards away the next moment. They called him a fish devil—a delusion and a snare. They said he didn't eat, but killed just through murderous instinct. They said if he had an appetite at all it was purely for hooks which he swallowed as delicious morsels, tapering off on lines with that gusto that an Italian eats a hank of macaroni. But above all things, they said, no one should ever catch him, for it was then that he really became indignant.

One grandmammy told me that a white man came to Port Lavaca before the war and had a line on a spool and the spool was tied to a fishing pole. She said he wound up the spool with a little crank. He threw his line away out in the water and one of the monsters tackled it. As soon as it did so the fisherman started down the wharf toward shore unrolling his spool as she called it, as he ran. He jumped off the wharf on the beach and commenced to roll up his spool. According to the aged Afro-Port Lavacan it must have been a great fight. She said that this stranger was sometimes up to his armpits in the water and then he was out on land and the fish right up on the beach. But according to her story, "De stranger," as she called him, finally had his game flopping on the dry sand. "Den what you s'pose it done to him?" she asked. I would not venture a suggestion as to the probable conduct of such a fish. "Well, suh," she said, "hit flopped dere morn' a minit, just as if it was fitin' mad. Den it got up on its tail and jumped in de air. Ebery time it rose it jist spanked him wid its tail. Deed it looked like it was kicking him. You see whar dat pilin' is down dar about two hundred yards? Well, right dar it gin him de last kick and knocked him a somerset. Den it jumped about fifty yards out in de bay." She had told that a hundred times and believed it. Being revered among her kind, and that kind, either through fear of loss of tackle or through fear of being spanked along the beach by this monster always pulled up its lines when it was in the neighborhood.

After my ambition had been aroused

by my surgeon friend, I began to select tackle. I was advised to get a Hall 27, a Hall 30, a Hall this and t'other. Hooks of all kinds were suggested and reels of every size and make indorsed. I wanted to win and I was careful to select weapons, and unfortunately for me I finally got the best. I borrowed a rod with strength enough to pry up a house. I read in Job, "Canst thou draw out the leviathan with a hook, or his tongue, with a cord which thou lettest down?" and I went out to get a hook and line, so that when my work was done I could write in my Bible at the end of the interrogation, "Yea, I not only can do it, but have done it, and it was easy." Thus panoplied, and this is the proper word because it is a sort of war term, and later on I found I had been in war, I repaired to the scene of what I supposed would be my triumph, that is, Aransas Pass.

Fortunately I secured the services of a life-saver as my boatman. He belonged to the life-saving station at Galveston, is named Johnny Holmes, and I take pleasure in recommending him to all persons who are either wrecked at sea, hooked up with a tarpon, or is in other kinds of distress consequent of foolishly having anything to do with salt water. Johnny went through the Galveston storm in the bottom of a life boat after the life-saving station was washed away. As the members of the life-saving service are laid off in the summer months, he had repaired to Aransas Pass for that "much needed rest" and employed the time in rowing people around seeking tarpon and rescuing them after a tarpon was found. He placed me in the chair in the boat much after the manner, I imagine, the officers in New York and Ohio place a felon in the electric chair. It was an uncanny kind of act or ceremony and I began to feel just a bit nervous. He told me to brace my feet well, to hold my rod firmly, to keep my thumb on the leather brake on the reel and then to watch out. This last admonition was unnecessary as I was doing it, for I had become deeply interested in my personal welfare. He hooked a mullet on the hook, cast it over, directed me to let out line, told me when to stop letting it out, bent to his oars and we were out in the playgrounds of the denizens of the Gulf. There were other boats containing other foolish people all about us. They were lucky. Tarpon after tarpon rose in the air, lines were quickly drawn up and the unfortunate who had hooked one was given a chance by the neighboring boats scurrying out of reach.

Tarpon after tarpon was dragged up on the beach, measured and then dragged back to his freedom. But I got no strikes for awhile. My cheerful spirits came again. I released the death grip I held on my rod. I even let it rest on the stern of the boat. Why, I got so much of my nerve back that my boatman could hear me when I spoke to him. Indeed, I became somewhat dapper, so to speak, and suggested to many of those who were in agonies, by which I mean when they were hooked up, that they ought to let out more line; that they ought to reel up; that they should hold their nerve; that the way to take tarpon was to throw the hook into them, break their hearts, pull them up by the side of the boat, get the boatman to stroke them down the back and then make them follow them ashore. I offered advice to every one and I fancy that I had not been on the fishing grounds more than an hour before I made an impression and had excited deep hatred in every man who had been blessed or cursed, as the case may be, by a strike. I finally got one, just as I was hilariously commenting on the lack of polish in a neighbor handling his rod.

What I was about to say, was not said. I could distinctly feel my heart fall four inches, and then it felt heavy, as if the fall had hurt it. The reel did not whirr. It just clicked off a few clicks. I made a wild dive with my right hand then for the leather brake, only to jab it between the spool of the reel and the rod. My luck was great, for the fish, feeling the foreign substance in his mouth, the hook perhaps having pricked him, came out in the air where the resistance to his contortions would be less than in the water, and threw the hook forty feet away.

"You didn't strike him," said Johnny. An explanation on my part was in order. But I tried to look as if I scorned to make one. The truth was that my voice was dead. Several times I had the same experience. But I was getting in shape, as shown by the fact that I finally arrived at the point where I had strength enough to feebly lift the rod in a lazy imitation of striking when the fish struck. Johnny was getting discouraged. The other boatmen were making him look like a pair of deuces, as he remarked. But the delay was good for me. It was making me bold. In fact I was, I felt, just training for the great act. And it came. The reel went click, click, for a few feet as if the fish at the other end was perfectly at ease and was rather willing for anything that came. He did not seize the bait and run like a thief. He took it as if it belonged to him and as if he were willing to fight for it. But I was better poised mentally at that moment than I had been and I threw my whole strength into one side-sweep with the rod. He telegraphed down the line he was there and perhaps fearing I might not read the telegram came out of the water, six feet if an inch, to show me. He came as a six-foot bolt of beaten sil-

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ver—came shimmering, a ray of light even under an August sun—came the epitome of beauty and rage. And when his native element received him, it received him speeding. The reel did not click or whirr now. It hummed—like a top. "Put the brake on," Johnny said. I tried it and bore down with all my might. "Catch your left hand on the rod above the reel," Johnny said. I tried it, but touched the line, and a sear marks the place. Then I got my mad up, I climbed the rod, shinned down the rod, pressed down the brake, let the reel run at will, braced my feet against the stern of the boat, fell out of the chair, got in it again, prayed, swore, burned up and froze. That message along the line—that message which would tell me what true ecstasy of delight was never came. There was one, to be sure, but it told of true agony. It read thus: "You have often heard of being up against the real thing? Well, you will understand it now. For this is real." "Give him more line," said Johnny. God knows I was willing. I was never a stingy man. I would have given him all the lines in all the stores in all the world. "Reel him up now, take in more line, reel up! Reel up!" How simple the words! How easy it would seem from the simple words. And yet there he was now, after having been in the air half a dozen times, tugging like a pair of young mules. I could not have reeled in an

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inch of line with a well-windlass. Why, he was pulling a thousand pounds to the inch—pulling the boat, though Johnny was tugging a little the other way to add weight to his burden. Then he would turn and make a curve. But all the time his direction was outward from the boat. And here it occurred to me that I had at an earlier hour talked too much. Neighbors with whom I had twitted took a deep interest in what I was doing. They reciprocated with suggestions. They asked me why I did not reel him up by the boat and get my boatman to stroke his back. They inquired why I didn't make him follow me to shore. Johnny did not like this. I refused to say anything in reply.

I do not think it unmanly to make confession. In fact, I think they show the right kind of heart.

If Johnny and I had not been surrounded by interested and ribald neighbors, our, or my, troubles would have been speedily settled. But as it was, to have cut the line in the presence of these neighbors would have been an act of cowardice which would have forever disgraced me. I could not let the fish which was now my enemy, have the rod, and then offer as an excuse that my hands had slipped because the rod and reel did not belong to me. I confessed that this method of escape once suggested itself to me, but I turned it down in contemplation of the price. Unfortunately, I had secured a line and hook, and enough wire on the end of the line to furnish a soul for a piano, and I could not hope for any escape by the breaking route. Just as I was despairing, Johnny said: "Reel up! You must reel up, or a shark will get your fish." The water's cool draft never came to the parched mouth in the desert as this came to me. Talk of "a great rock in a weary land" to the traveler! It seemed to be my only hope. Would one come? I would welcome him almost by embrace. I have read of the horror saliors have felt when they saw the fins of these monsters cutting the surface of the seas. I have shuddered in reading of how they follow the ships that bear the dead. But now I looked about me for a fin. And I prayed for one without a shudder. Come, and all my disgust and horror for your kind will be turned into deep affection. Bite a hole in the boat and take a chunk of Johnny's leg, but first cut that tarpon off the line." But why go on? We got him to the beach at last. Johnny jumped out in the water knee-deep and dragged him up on it. He was beautiful in all things physical. He was a rainbow lying there upon the sand. Six feet two in length and thirty inches in girth. Did nature ever turn out anything quite so magnificent? He tried his strength. He struck the beach like Thor. His gasping red gill opened and shut as if in spasms. His cow eyes got dim and dim, and dim, and he was dead.

And then I went my way—no better for what I had done. I had fought and

Found!

The Bones of Giants

THE bones of a man larger than those of modern man have been unearthed, according to a report of the Rockefeller Foundation issued by its president, Raymond Fosdick. The report says that the man was bigger than any hitherto known human who ever walked the earth.

Quoting from the report: "Its connection with the field (of study) is largely accidental. It was due to the discovery, in 1929, of a human skull in a cave 20 miles from Peking. This skull was identified by Dr. Davidson Black, professor of anatomy at the Peking Union Medical College, as the skull of Peking Man, who lived probably 500,000 years ago. Dr. Black's interest in this field led to modest support by the Foundation, and the support was continued when Dr. Franz Weidenreich succeeded Dr. Black as director of the Cenozoic Research Laboratory in China. Dr. Weidenreich escaped from China before the Japanese seizure of Peking, and his subsequent work at the American Museum of Natural History in New York has been financed by the Foundation.

"Dr. Weidenreich has long been in touch with Dr. G. H. R. von Koenigswald, a scientist connected with the Geological Survey of the Netherlands Indies, who has carried on anthropological research in connection with his geological explorations. Just before the war blotted out communications, he managed to send Dr. Weidenreich casts of fossil bones

and teeth which he had recently discovered. Then the Japanese put him in a concentration camp, and for four years no one knew whether he was alive or dead.

"But on the basis of this new material, particularly of a single tooth, Dr. Weidenreich was able to construct his hypothesis of a genus of early man, not only more primitive than any hitherto identified, but huge in size. The tooth, indubitably, is roughly three times as big as the corresponding tooth of modern man. The man who used it was bigger than Peking Man, bigger than early man in Java, bigger than any hitherto known human who ever walked the earth. Perhaps the persistent reference to giants in folk-mythology will be substantiated by science.

"One of the regrettable losses of the war is the skull fragments and teeth of Peking Man. A few days before Pearl Harbor these precious scientific treasures were entrusted to American marines who were being evacuated from Peking. The marines were seized by the Japanese and their baggage on the docks of Chinwangtao was captured. The Japanese soldiers probably did not appreciate the significance of an old skull packed carefully in a trunk. Whether they destroyed it or kicked it into the harbor remains unknown. Casts of the skull are still intact, but a cast can never take the place of the original."—J. G. B.

won and killed. But it was not a fair fight. I packed my few things. I paid Johnny his stipend. I settled my hotel bill and called for pen and paper, and thus I wrote:

THE STATE OF TEXAS—
County of San Patricio:

For and in consideration of the great love and respect I bear for men who love to work while under the impression that they are enjoying themselves, I hereby sell, transfer and convey to such class as is hereinbefore mentioned all my right, title, and interest to each and every trapon that may now or hereafter swim in the waters of the Gulf of Mexico or any other waters guaranteeing under my hand to in no wise interfere with any person who seeks to reduce such tarpon to possession.

And it is understood in this bill of sale that all title or claim of whatever character that I may be supposed

to be possessed of in any tarpon is by these presents wholly abstracted from me. Witness my hand this 25th day of July, 1902.

W. G. S.



The number of licensed duck hunters in the U. S. increased 20 percent in 1945 over the all-time high of 1,458,628 in 1944. It is estimated there will be two million duck hunters and fewer ducks next winter.

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Use lowland rice seed or plants in moist soil or water 8 inches deep. Make crop from seed in 110 days. Perfectly legal if not manipulated. Seed \$15 per 100, 20 cents per pound. Plants \$16 per 1000. Instructions with each order. Send for catalogue of other aquatic plants for ducks and fish.

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Atomic Fury

★ Continued from page 4

the dinghy I saw near the adjacent key a region of foam on the otherwise placid water reaching from the end of the island along the shore for some distance and fifty feet out into the lagoon. In a few minutes the dinghy shot into the center of the disturbance and I found myself in a school of large jacks, a fine fish, of indomitable spirit. They had surrounded a school of sardines, and the noise was occasioned by their rushes along the surface in the search of fleeing small fry.

"The demonstrations became so extraordinary that I poled the boat through the throng of fishes, hauled her out on the beach, and literally walked out through the school, rod in hand. It was an absurd position for an angler, as all I had to do was reach down and pick up the jacks, which I shortly did, grasping them by the tail.

"The beach was lined with a mass of sardines three feet wide. Utterly terrorized, they were packed in a solid mass, so that I stepped on them and could pick them up by the hundreds as they paid no attention to me. Into this and the outer mass of apparent millions the jacks were plunging. The desire for carnage had seized them, and, long since satiated with food, they were now killing for the mere lust of it, soon leaving a ribbon of blood which marked the long and sinuous shore line.

"As I waded out into the throng the jacks completely ignored me; they repeatedly struck my legs, and I easily caught big fellows by the tail, and lifted them where they were massed. In a few minutes they had apparently driven the sardines inshore, where they formed an almost solid line about two or three feet thick. This the jacks now charged with great fury, with the result that they threw themselves high and dry on the sands. I saw as many as fifty cavallies, weighing from seven to twelve and some doubtless fifteen pounds, bounding up and down on the white coral sands, and so reaching the water again; their silvery sides, the dark green of their backs and the flashes of the vivid gold of their fins presenting an animated and extraordinary spectacle. I had heard of "jack beats," the noise of which could be heard a mile distant, and had considered it a fish story, but here was the reality to confound the skeptic. I soon saw my men coming across the channel. They had heard the deafening roar from the other key, and in a short time were in the thickest of it. They pulled up their boat, and rushing into the beat, caught the jacks by their tails and tossed them out on the sands by the score, jacks being in demand (as food) at any and all times. Other spectators began to appear; every gull, pelican and man-of-war bird on the reef within a radius of three miles seemed to scent the prey, and the water and the beach were soon

covered with them, creating a scene difficult to describe and beyond the bounds of the imagination of those who have not observed it."

Fishing Hints

★ Continued from page 6

most moonless nights is somewhat bright from reflected light and starlight. A light color bait seen against the starry sky tends to blend with the sky and is camouflaged to the fish, whereas a dark bait stands out boldly.

In fishing at night one should concentrate the bait along the shore areas, casting in the shallows near the bank and retrieving the lure along the bank. The bait should be retrieved more slowly than in daytime casting. Surface baits of the jitterbug variety should be retrieved slowly five to six feet and then allowed to come to a dead stop for a few seconds. Repeat the process until the bait is fully retrieved. This method allows the fish to locate the bait by sound and most nearly imitates the action of a tired swimming frog or mouse.

It is here, in the gathering dusk, that the large bass venture into shallow areas and lie motionless in wait for frogs, mice, insects and minnows that wander too near. Old man bass is hungry late in the evening, and as the mantle of darkness removes all his inhibitions and fears in regard to man and other enemies, he'll smash at your lure with a savagery you've never experienced before.—The Missouri Conservationist.

Old Granddad

★ Continued from page 7

work at all. He took the opportunity and came tearing in again, and around and around the boat we went with neither side able to do much of anything.

As I tried to make him out in the dark water, I felt myself going tense again. The boat had been drifting toward the shore, he was on the shore side, and already I could make out the moss and wild-rice underneath. That was bad. Grandpa too realized he was getting trapped and tried to go down . . . and hung! I could feel him throbbing in the moss, and there was nothing I could do but let him throb and keep hoping. By that time the boat was drifting directly over him and I was really getting scared; if he saw the boat and took off too fast . . . "Sssssss" . . . my line cut spray again as he streaked under the boat. For a moment or two I thought I was going into an aquatic nosedive, but I made it. This time he stopped and started back of his own accord, and I could see he was about finished. It was too dark to make him out clearly, but as he came in belly

up, I could see all the bass I needed to see; and I got shaky again. He looked plenty big. I led him in three or four short circles to make sure and then brought him alongside and raised his head out of water for the "coup de grace." A chill shot up my spine! His head was hanging sideways from the one hook in the corner of his jaw, and before I could do anything more than gape, my rod straightened with a jerk and the jitterbug thumped against the side of the boat! Simultaneously there were two splashes—one as his head hit the water and the other as I left the boat. I remember groping in empty water for a moment and then I had my hand in his mouth and my leg back in the boat . . . and this time Grand-dad came in with me.

All the way back across the channel I had both number 11's firmly planted on good solid bass, and there was plenty of room for the both of them. Despite the extra seven pounds and six ounces, the boat seemed to run lighter than it ever has; and as I neared the dock, I had to force myself to slow down least I burn out the bottom with pure friction. I wiped off most of the grin and tried to look uninterested to the fishermen gathered thereon. "Any luck," someone asked me. I bit my lip and unconcernedly began to gather my tackle like a real fisherman . . . a bat flew close and I turned and watched him out of sight to hide that grin I could feel coming back on. I pulled up good at the dock and then went back and got both hands full of bass and held him up high. "Naw, not much." I answered. It was worth every cent I've ever spent fishing to see the looks on those guys' faces. They recovered though, and the last thing I heard as I walked away . . . "about like that 'un I hung Thursday mornin'" . . . and then I couldn't hear anymore. I wasn't even interested. I laughed smugly to myself. Let them tell their little stories, I was above all that. I had "dood it." I had Grandpa. I had landed the one that always gets away!

I began wiping the grin off again as the bus came over the hill. Grand-dad kicked feebly as I stretched his mouth just a little. . . .

Changing Map

★ Continued from page 9

and quail are becoming more numerous. Considerable numbers of ducks winter on the upper lakes, and these lakes, it is evident are ideal as a duck refuge, and the game experts have reported an increased amount of duck food growing along the edges of Buchanan and Roy Inks lakes.

There are lots of Texans, tourists, and visitors who may enjoy the lakes even though they do not visit them primarily for the fishing. Recreation, picnicking, camping, boating, the playground facilities of this region are be-

coming widely known.

It is the hope and belief that the present camps, tourist hotels, camping, and recreational facilities of the area will be expanded this year and in the future, now that war conditions no longer hold up the natural development that was being planned before the war.

There is room for the development of the business side of recreation, just as fishing, camping, and boating already have created a demand for equipment, supplies, sports goods, clothing, boats, gasoline, and all the things required for camping and outdoor life.

Without attempting to touch all the industrial possibilities created by the lakes, their water supply and hydro-electric power, I might mention briefly one probable industry more directly related to the fishing resources of the lakes.

Before the war, a pilot plant was set up which processed rough fish taken from Marshall Ford. This rough fish produced valuable products for canning and as fish meal. The importance of such an industry is that it means these fish, enemies of the game fish, will be taken out of the lakes. It already has been announced that the next legislature will be asked to pass a law providing that the game department shall seine out the rough fish for sale to canners . . . Gars, for instance, have been processed into fish meal which the A. & M. experts say is unsurpassed for poultry feed.

We are confident that within the very near future, the state's fine system of fish hatcheries will be expanded, to provide an additional yearly supply of bass, catfish, crappie and perch, for all these Colorado river lakes.

Just recently our neighbors of the Lower Neches project, planning the Rockland-McGee dams on the Neches and Angelina rivers, asked us for some pictures of typical scenes on the Colorado lakes. We sent them some photographs of fish, of motorboat and sailboat operations, a picture of our dams and lakes.

Just to illustrate how these things impressed our friends down there, who are thinking of similar possibilities for their region, I want to tell you, they grouped up the pictures in a large display and sent it out. It was published in numerous East Texas newspapers. I would like to read you some of the lines which appeared over there with the pictures. The lines said that "shown are motorboating, sailboating, surfboard-riding and other exhilarating water sports," etc., and fishing scenes on our lakes. It added: "The photographs above were not made in distant Colorado, Wisconsin, or Minnesota, but right here in Texas. The fishing and motorboating pictures were taken in Lake Buchanan, while the sailboaters were caught enjoying themselves in Lake Austin. Both lakes are storage reservoirs of the Lower Colorado River Authority system of dams above Austin.

Recreation-seekers flock annually to this artificially ordered lakeland for swimming, boating, fishing and other aquatic sports. ITS PLAYGROUND BENEFITS ARE INESTIMABLE."

Our lakes are in a setting of rugged hill country. They complete the picture of natural scenic beauty. They round out the opportunities for outdoor recreation and sports, for delightful and exhilarating outdoor life. They hold charm for everyone; and for the fishing enthusiasts, they are a dream come true.

Biblical Fish

★ Continued from page 10

(13:16) says, "There dwelt men of Tyre also therein, which brought fish," and so heavy was this traffic that a market in the northern part of the city gave its name to the so-called Fish Gate of Jerusalem. Some writers even claim that a monopoly of this trade was held by the Phoenicians.

Perhaps to avoid a similar monopoly definite and strictly enforced prices were periodically fixed by the authorities of the town of Tiberias and, by the time of our Lord, so heavy a trade had grown up about the city of Acre that the ancient proverbial equivalent of "carrying coals to Newcastle" became, in the Hebrew of the day, "taking fish to Acre." On the Sea of Galilee the industry also prospered and one town, Tarichae, derived its name from the trade of salting fish.

The folk lore of the time is especially interesting. The many variations of the "fish of Moses" story are only primitive attempts to explain the unusual shape of the flat fishes such as flounders, and the Arabian legend in this connection runs somewhat as follows:—

Moses was once cooking a fish and when it had been browned on one side, the fire or the oil gave out, whereupon he angrily hurled it into the sea. Despite the fact that it was half-cooked, it came to life again, and its descendants have ever since preserved the same peculiarities of shape and color.

The Koran of the Mahomedans denies to pilgrims the right to take game of any sort while on a pilgrimage, but allows them to fish, saying, in Chapter V, "O true Believers, kill no game while ye are on pilgrimage. It is lawful for you to fish in the sea and eat what ye shall catch as a provision for you and for those that travel." However, "This passage," says an Arab commentator, "is to be understood only of those fish which live altogether in the sea, and not those which live partly in the sea and partly on land, such as the crabs."

Another most interesting legend is that of Solomon, who, according to the Talmud, regained his kingdom through a fish, after having lost it to the demon Sakhar for a period of forty days and forty nights.

As the story goes, the King, while bathing, confided his talismanic signet ring to one of his concubines, Amina.

Sakhar, the Talmud goes on, coming in the shape of Solomon, obtained the ring from Amina and, by virtue of its possession, sat on the throne in Solomon's guise until, after forty days, he flew away and cast the ring into the sea. Swallowed by a fish which, on being caught, was given to Solomon, the ring was found within its stomach and he, who without its credentials had been obliged to beg for bread, being regarded as a pretender because his appearance had been changed by the demon, "by this means recovered his kingdom, and taking Sakhar and tying a great stone to his neck, threw him into the sea of Tiberias."

Last, but not least is a story in which fish play no small part in connection with another Biblical character.

St. Brandan, in his travels, encountered Judas Iscariot, whose allotted punishments did not lack variety, for after each spell of pitch and brimstone he was condemned to sit upon a desolate rock in the frozen regions. To the query as to the purpose of a cloth bandage around his head, Judas made answer that it was an effectual charm against the ferocious fishes amongst which he was often doomed to be thrown, for at its sight they lost their will to bite. He had obtained this shield because on earth he had once given a piece of cloth to a naked beggar, and so, even to him, a deed of charity was not allowed by the Almighty to pass without reward.

★

The dependence of wildlife on soil, water and range conservation has become generally recognized in the past ten years.

★

Texas isn't the only state that has over-population of deer in parts of the deer range. Wisconsin, Michigan, New York, Pennsylvania and others have been forced to open season on does to better regulate the deer herd.

★

Missouri deer hunters are restricted in the guns they may use to rifles with a bullet weighing more than 60 grains and to shotguns with single balls or slugs.

★

Wisconsin has a special deer season for archers.

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★ Continued from page 15

know to a nicety which snake he can safely seize and which is too powerful for him. Although little is known of the rate of reproduction of these hawks, it appears to be slow, indicating that the adults are long-lived. The poets delight in describing long-continued, spectacular conflicts between the eagle and the serpent it has grasped in its talons—none more thrilling than that which opens the first Canto of Shelley's "Revolt of Islam." (See above quotations of his lines). It seems a pity to cast doubt upon the factual accuracy of such stirring passages in poesy; yet in the interest of truth I must record that I have seen hawks and eagles sailing through the air with snakes in their talons more times than I can recall, and always the serpent, far from endangering the life of its captor, hung a helpless victim in its talons. We may recall that in some of the great serpenteria where antivenins are prepared, the attendant who allows himself to be struck by one of the snakes under his charge is deemed guilty of unpardonable carelessness and suffers a pecuniary fine in addition to the painful treatment for snake-poisoning.

"Those wasps which store up paralyzed tarantulas or other great spiders as provender for their larvae appear also to engage in a desperate business; but in reality, as the studies of Petrunkevitch and others have shown, the spiders are terror-stricken at the approach of these skilful huntresses, and fall almost unresisting victims. Perhaps the terror of the rabbit when cornered by the weasel, and of small birds when overtaken far from cover by a hawk, is typical of all animals when face to face with the creatures that habitually prey upon them.

"But the most skilled experts at times make mistakes at their trade; so these hunters of large or dangerous creatures sometimes misjudge their prey and pay dearly for the error. An example of this is the Osprey who sinks his talons into the back of a fish heavier than he can lift, and is drawn under the water and drowned by the intended meal. Once I saw a Laughing Hawk pounce upon a large black-and-yellow mica crawling through the pasture. The snake reared up; the hawk, evidently surprised by its length, at once took flight and did not repeat the attack, not caring to risk its neck in an encounter of uncertain outcome. Such mistakes appear to be rare in the lives of hunting animals. Their slow rate of reproduction, as compared with that of the creatures upon which they prey, is proof of this.

"Some years ago I spent many hours watching a nest of a pair of Laughing Hawks, situated a hundred feet above the ground in a cavity in the trunk of a huge tree standing at the edge of the forest. Through field glasses, I could sometimes see a single downy

nestling, buff-colored, with a black mask like that of the adults, as it tumbled about in its lofty nursery. The mother hawk passed most of the day sitting in the cavity beside the nestling, and during her brief absences went no further than a tree in front of the doorway, whence she could keep an eye upon her youngster while she preened, scratched, and stretched her wings. The male hawk brought all the food, arriving morning and evening with a snake from which he had already bitten the head. Alighting upon a bough in front of the nest, he would call his mate to come out and receive the prey. Then the two would celebrate the event with a long-continued duet of loud, far-carrying cries.

"One afternoon, while the female hawk rested in the tree in front of the nest, I suddenly became aware that a long, black tayra—a larger relative of the weasels—was climbing squirrel-like up the great trunk toward the eyrie. He advanced toward the cavity in a direct, unhesitating fashion, as though he had already spotted it from the ground. The Laughing Hawk failed to notice the beast, or at least gave no outward indication that she had seen him, until he was almost within reach of the wide doorway of the eyrie. I desired intensely to complete my study of the only Laughing Hawk's nest I had ever seen; but the situation was so charged with possibilities of intense, dramatic action that, waiting breathlessly for the outcome, I made no move to frighten the advancing tayra. How effective was this unremitting guard the mother hawk kept over her offspring? Only when the tayra was on the verge of entering the hole did the hawk bestir herself. Then, uttering a low cry, she darted directly toward him. But he snarled, baring strong fangs; and she dropped away, to return to her former perch.

"The hawk's resistance was so weak and ineffective that it did not give me time to prepare for my own next move. I had expected that she would at least retard the tayra's progress toward the eyrie, but he hardly altered his pace on her account. When she returned tamely to her watching post, leaving the beast at the very doorway of her nest, I felt in my situation almost as helpless as the little hawk in the eyrie. I could think of nothing to do except to shout and wave my arms. By continued noise and gesticulations, I succeeded in driving the tayra to the ground, but not before he had reached into the cavity and killed the nestling by a stroke of his forepaw.

"I was disappointed in the mother hawk's faint-hearted defense of her nestling. I had expected something more heroic from such watchful motherhood. Such attentive, unremitting guard, to be capped by so slight a gesture of defense! By pondering over the event at a later date, I saw clearly that the outcome could not have been other than it was. The Laughing Hawk, intrepid snake-eater though she be, is slow of

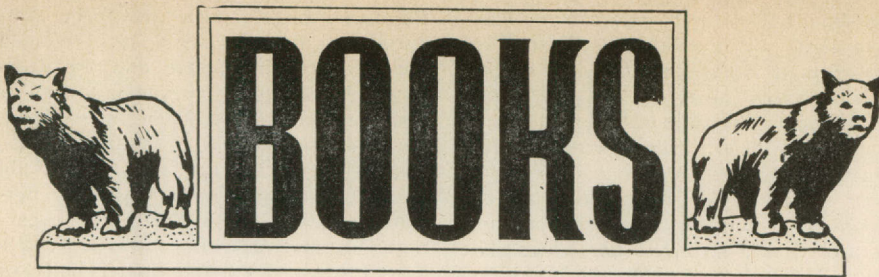
flight and weak of talon, not to be compared in prowess with such winged furies as the Peregrine and the Goshawk. A marauding, voracious toucan or a squirrel might have been put to flight, but she was clearly no match for the strong-fanged, catlike tayra. She could have done nothing more than offer herself a sacrifice upon the altar of parenthood; and the offering would have been garnished by the tender body of her nestling. Nature could not permit such a sacrifice without jeopardizing the existence of the whole race of Laughing Hawks—whose loss would result in a widespread upsetting of her balance, with snakes increasing and each year destroying a larger number of birds' nests, while birds declined in numbers. It was more important for the Laughing Hawk to continue to live that she might make another attempt to increase her kind, than that she should die heroically, a beautiful sacrifice which could profit only her enemy the tayra. Among Laughing Hawks there are no bards to immortalize a glorious death for the inspiration of future generations of hawks. Natural selection has set a limit to her parental devotion."

More of that kind of information should be placed before young and old. Scout organizations have made bird study a requirement to obtaining the rank of Eagle Scout. Boys and girls are being systematically educated to the uses of birds. Also, more such education is needed by sportsmen many of whom regard the killing of a hawk as an act of piety. Many have believed that a hawk killed means the saving of quails. On the contrary, the quail is much abler to dodge a hawk than to evade the snake which is always in close proximity to the nesting quail.

The story of a former game warden is that, one morning while in a pasture where he was camped, a quail came toward him with excited gestures and chatter. Supposing that he was too near a nest he moved away from the nearby bushes. The quail followed him with the same exciting signals. Then the warden realized that the bird was in trouble, and following her back to the bushes he discovered a rattle snake coiled around a quail nest, near which the mother quail continued to dance, as if panic stricken. The warden returned to his car, got his shotgun and killed the rattler which seemed half asleep. The snake had swallowed a large object which it was trying to digest before feasting on quail eggs. The large object proved to be a small cottontail rabbit.

"The mother quail," said the game warden, "was back on the nest in a few minutes, and apparently happy over her deliverance."

The quail and other birds no doubt are in agreement with the ancient decree that "Thou (the serpent) are cursed above every beast of the field."



BOOKS

MY FISH FRIENDS: By Myron E. Shoemaker. 32 pages, size 8½ x 11 inches. Illustrated with 18 full-color plates. Published by Myron E. Shoemaker, Laceyville, Pa. Price: Paper cover 50 cents, 10 or more 35 cents. Cloth cover \$1.25.

This book is designed primarily for use in schools and is intended to develop the interest of children in fish life and the conservation of all natural resources. It contains beautiful full-color plates of 18 of the more common freshwater fishes of the United States, all excellent in their fidelity to natural fish colors.

The text is simple and to the point. It is written in language clear even to a third-grade grammar school student, although it has been used effectively with students up to and in the high schools. It describes, in an interesting way, range, habitat, feeding, nesting and other habits, food and sporting qualities, etc.

There are chapters containing information for the teacher, explaining clearly and concisely the purposes of the booklet and how the information contained may best be augmented by supplemental instruction. Of particular value is a chapter summarizing briefly the relationship of soil, forests, waters and good sportsmanship, designed to help the teacher to impress the immature mind with the importance of these natural resources and the need to conserve them.

AMERICAN FISHERMAN AND HUNTER'S ANNUAL: (Where to Go in United States, Alaska, Canada and Mexico) Edited by Don Stillman. 1946 Edition, 112 pages, size 8½ x 11 inches. Paper cover. Profusely illustrated with photographs. Published by Periodical Sales Co., Inc., RKO Bldg., Rockefeller Center, New York, N. Y. Price \$1.00.

Here is a new and comprehensive annual containing a wealth of information for the hunter and the angler. While it is primarily a guide to the most productive hunting and fishing areas of the North American continent, its usefulness is by no means limited to this field. It contains varied advice and data from authoritative sources helpful to all who seek recreation with rod and gun.

Don Stillman, a lifelong sportsman, magazine editor, columnist and outdoor writer of ability, is well qualified by experience and training to edit a publi-

cation of this kind. He has enlisted the services of a prominent array of experts in presenting interesting and informative material for the outdoorsman.

There is a chapter on Big Game Rifles, by Charles Askins, Jr.; on Choosing a Gun Dog, by Nash Buckingham; Trouble in the Woods, by Commander Eric H. Pattison; Selecting Your Fishing Rod, by Don Stillman; American Salt Water Angling, by S. Kip Farrington, Jr.; Florida and Bahama Fishing, by Erl Roman; Hunting with a Camera, by Harold McCracken; Women Big Game Anglers, by Francesca La Monte; The Striped Bass, by Ray Camp; Western Duck Shooting, by H. L. Betten; and Go Camping with Your Car, by Maurice H. Decker.

The "Where to Go" section, classified by states, countries and provinces, has been prepared by prominent outdoor writers eminently qualified for their respective assignments. Each territory is divided into geographic areas, and summarizes briefly the sport offered in each, the available accommodations and other pertinent information.

There are lists of Fresh and Salt Water Fishing Records, National Bait and Fly Casting Champions for 1945, Grand American Trapshooting Champions for 1945, Camping Recipes, and agencies in the various states and other areas from which fish and game law information may be received. There are also descriptions of the International Game Fish Association and the George Ruppert Fishing contest.

Beginner and experienced outdoorsmen alike will find this book of value.

GAME BAG—By Nash Buckingham. 186 + xi pages, illustrated with 11 full-page half-tones. Atmospheric line sketches by H. P. A. M. Hoecker. Buckram cover. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, 2 West 45th St., New York 19, N. Y. Price \$2.50.

This latest collection of Nash Buckingham's tales of shooting and fishing will be welcomed with pleasure by the host of American sportsmen who have found delight in his earlier classics: DE SHOOTINEST GENTLEMEN, MARK RIGHT! and TATTERED COAT.

Nash needs little introduction to sportsmen. Crack shot, field trial judge, ardent conservationist, honored sportsman and raconteur par excellence, Nash has few equals in the hearts of those who have eagerly devoured his stories,

all steeped in the tradition of the outdoors. In the employment of dialect, especially that of the southern negro, he is in a class by himself.

GAME BAG consists of fourteen short stories and carries a foreword by Paul Flowers. "Given Only to the Honored" is a heart-warming tale of a Chesapeake retriever's devotion to duty. "The Gallows-Bear" is a side-splitting account of the encounter between a carnival animal in boxing gloves with a pack of trained bear dogs. "Ghost Trout" is a story of superb angling on a little-fished Colorado stream near a "haunted" deserted lodge which furnished a few hair-raising thrills of its own. The other offerings, all delivered in Nash's inimitable style, cover a wide range of outdoor subjects of absorbing interest.

COMMONSENSE SHOTGUN SHOOTING—By Fred Etchen. 192 pages. Gold-stamped green cloth cover. Numerous photographic illustrations. Foreword by Nash Buckingham. Published by Standard Publications, Inc., P. O. Box 1240, Huntington 14, West Virginia. Price \$6.00 postpaid.

Written by one that has devoted a lifetime to the shotgun game. In his early youth Etchen was a market hunter. Later in the trap and livebird game he made an enviable record. In 1924 he captained the U. S. Olympic Team.

When we first knew Fred over 20 years ago he was a treat at any livebird or trap tournament. So successful is his shooting instruction that Mrs. Etchen is a Ladies' Champion, and son Rudy has been three times National Doubles Champion.

In his book you can benefit by Etchen's past experience. There is probably no one in the shooting game today that has devoted so much time to shotgun instruction. Recently he established Etchen's Shooting Country Club at Miami, Florida, and continues his uninterrupted career as a shooter and an instructor.

★

Hunting and fishing is the Nation's Number One Sport. Nations Business estimates the 20,000,000 prewar hunters and fishermen spent two billions annually and that the post-war volume will be three billions annually.

★

Apparently the Indian has accepted the white man as a species of North America fauna, and as such gives him his full share of attention in his weather prognostications. At least the following story, abbreviated from a letter by J. S. Stephen of Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan to GAME TRAILS (Canada) so indicates: Old Joe, an Indian trapper of the Saskatchewan bush country was asked last fall what kind of winter was coming. "Ugh! heap cold, big snow," replied Joe. Asked why he thought so, he pointed to a nearby yard: "Look," he exclaimed, "White man build big wood pile!"

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