

TEXAS Game AND Fish

SEPTEMBER 1946 TEN CENTS



Texas Game and Fish
SEP 27 1946
Dallas, Texas

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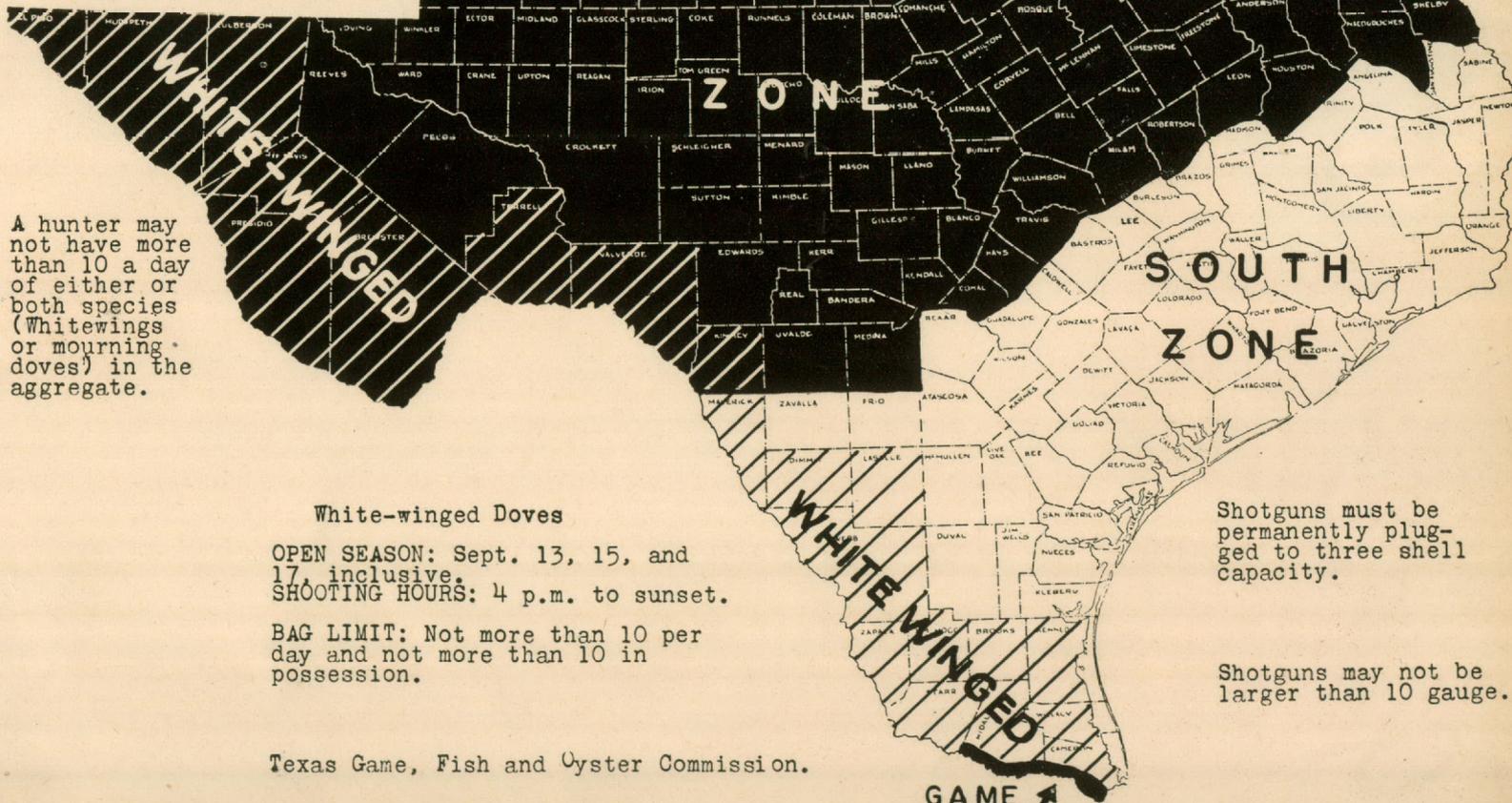
Rice

MOURNING DOVES

OPEN SEASON -- NORTH ZONE:
Sept. 1 to Oct. 30, both
days inclusive. Shooting
hours, one-half hour be-
fore sunrise to sunset.

SOUTH ZONE: Oct. 20 to Dec.
18, both days inclusive,
except in Cameron, Hidalgo,
Starr, Zapata, Webb, Mav-
erick, Dimmit, LaSalle,
Jim Hogg, Brooks, Kenedy,
and Willacy counties where
mourning doves may be hun-
ted only on Sept. 13, 15,
and 17, from 4 p.m. to
sunset, and from Oct. 20
to Dec. 18, from one-half
hour before sunrise to
sunset.

BAG LIMIT: Not more than
10 per day and not more
than 10 in possession.



Unlawful to take whitewings
or Chachalaca South of U.S.
Highway 83 in southern tip
of Texas marked on the map
as "Game Sanctuary."

No hunting permitted in game
refuges and game preserves.

A hunter may
not have more
than 10 a day
of either or
both species
(Whitewings
or mourning
doves) in the
aggregate.

White-winged Doves

OPEN SEASON: Sept. 13, 15, and
17, inclusive.
SHOOTING HOURS: 4 p.m. to sunset.

BAG LIMIT: Not more than 10 per
day and not more than 10 in
possession.

Shotguns must be
permanently plug-
ged to three shell
capacity.

Shotguns may not be
larger than 10 gauge.

Texas Game, Fish and Oyster Commission.

GAME
SANCTUARY

**MOURNING
DOVE
and
WHITE-
WINGED
DOVE
OPEN
SEASON
for
1
9
4
6**

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

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BILLIONS of Whitewinged Doves

By E. G. MARSH, JR.

THE story of the whitewinged dove is getting to be an old story to so many Texans. Even so, it is not being told enough. We are still fighting a losing battle in their conservation and too many people have not yet heard. If history repeats itself, the last whitewing could fall before a shotgun amid the clamoring voices of the too many hunters who will still be demanding a bigger bag limit and a longer season.

When your State Game Commission and the U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service initiated an extensive study of the whitewing's status in 1939, we were set on discovering the factors that had caused a great reduction of the population in Texas. Substantial reports indicated that there had been a minimum of 5,000,000 birds about 1920 to compare with only a half million in the late 1930s. We have a reasonably complete picture now.

During the period involved, approximately 90% of the brush land used for nesting in the Rio Grande Valley was cleared for vegetable and fruit farming. Consequently, many thousands of birds found themselves without adequate breeding range.

The remaining nesting areas became highly congested. Concentrations of whitewings ran as high as 500 pairs of birds per acre! Predators and disease found happy hunting in such an over-crowded population. Records on several thousand nests revealed that each pair of birds had to lay an average of five eggs before one squab could be raised to 15 days of age, at which time the young birds are barely old enough to leave the nest.

The writer will never forget the ill fate of one very devoted pair that spent the whole summer of 1940 laying and incubating 17 eggs, one and two at a time, only to have to give up in the end without having produced a single squab! Seriously, what a mental and physical strain such ordeals must be, even to parent birds. Multiply the experience by thousands of pairs, and is it not small wonder that we find ourselves without a thriving population of whitewings? Even if the hunters took none?

Hunting has increased annually as the population decreased and the popularity of the whitewing spread. From an unlimited season and an insignificant kill in early South Texas, we had an open season of only five half-days in 1945 and a kill of half of our birds in Texas! A cattleman with only 60 per cent calf crop would not stay in business long if he sold 50 per cent of his herd each year

without respect to sex. It is the same story with whitewings.

We killed too many birds last year, about twice as many as we should if we now intend to regain some of our lost breeding stock. Do not forget, either, that nesting grounds are still being destroyed and that there is no practical way to stop it. Nor, as our experiments have shown, is it a simple matter to maintain effective control of the production of young, for our best efforts against nature in this ill-balanced respect give only minor returns. Winning in the fight to save the whitewings in the face of such odds will take more aid than we personally can give, but there is no question but that we can give more than in the past.

It is quite probable that you have heard someone, a clerk or banker or lawyer, tell of his own hunt last year or before. He saw whitewings for two or three days of that year when he found it convenient to slip away from his office for a long anticipated hunt. He came back home filled with enthusiasm and his limit of birds.

"Sure, I made the whitewing hunt," he tells you. "Had a great time. Never saw so many birds in all my life! Billions! Or maybe more than that!"

Usually no harm comes of such expressions. Certainly none is usually meant. It is the same as a fisherman tell-

ing about the 30-pound black bass he nearly caught. But too often our good friend sets himself up as an authority and he argues long and loud that since there are "billions of whitewings left, then what is all this bunk about them becoming extinct." He convinces other people too with his eye-witness accounts and the clamor for a bigger bag and longer season gains momentum.

On the other hand, whether you know it or not, there is the technically trained field worker who lives with the whitewing over all of the range from year in and year out. You as a hunter actually pay his salary so that you can benefit from his knowledge of facts in your game conservation program. And yet, because he is not a personal friend of yours, you discredit his story entirely. Too often this is true.

Local flights of whitewinged doves do look like unbelievable hordes to the casual observer. They like to flock together in feeding, roosting, and flying during the fall. What the casual observer may not realize when he sees literally thousands of birds flying overhead is that he may be looking at half of all the birds left in this world. Naturally he is not impressed with any need for alarm when he sees the flight annihilated by the shotguns of enthusiastic hunters.

With true regard for the actual conditions facing the whitewinged dove, there is a definite hope that we may regain a more substantial population. That hope is based on two conditions, namely (1) adequate reduction of kill by hunters, and (2) the establishment of an adequate brood stock of birds in counties outside the Rio Grande Valley where adequate brush for nesting still exists.

Since 1930, restrictions on hunting have been increased periodically, but as

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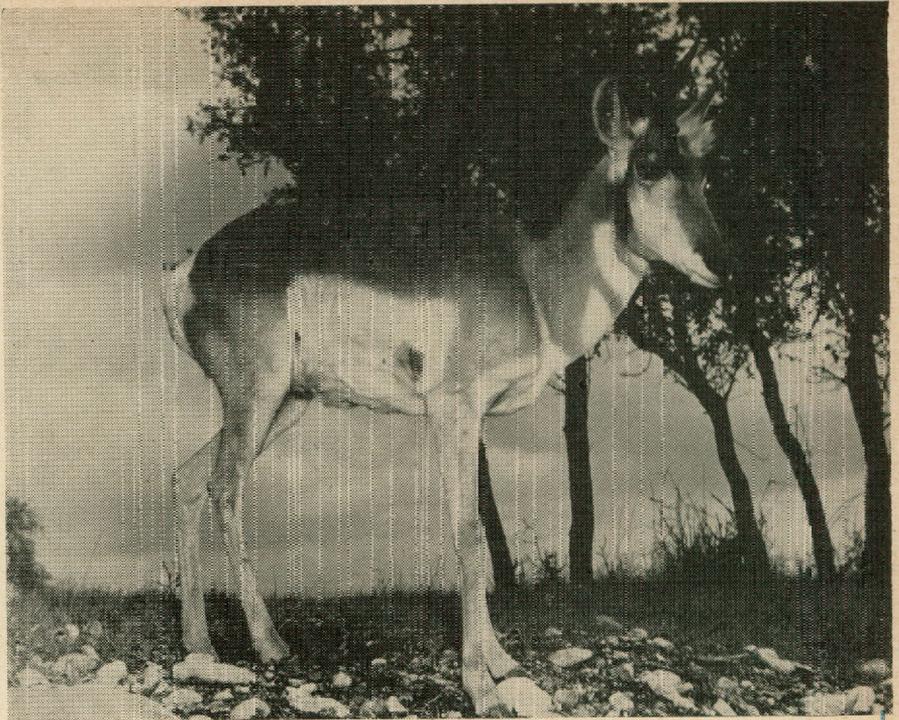


By W. C. GLAZENER

ANOTHER antelope hunt has been authorized for 1946 in the Trans-Pecos of Texas by the Game, Fish and Oyster Commission. With two controlled hunts on the records, and a program of antelope restoration over more of Texas in the process of development, interest in the species is widespread. A heavy file of correspondence has accumulated, largely from prospective hunters eager to secure a special antelope license for the 1946 season. A number of these requests were made even before the 1945 hunt had been staged.

Dates for the current hunt are designated as follows: Brewster, Reeves, Pecos, and Jeff Davis counties—October 1, 2, and 3; Presidio and Jeff Davis counties—October 5, 6, and 7; Hudspeth and Culberson counties—October 9, 10, and 11. The bag limit shall be one buck antelope. Hunting hours shall be from sunrise to sunset.

In 1944 and 1945, the Game, Fish and Oyster Commission authorized the issuance of up to 500 and 529 antelope permits, respectively. After careful counts were made of various antelope herds, to determine the number of surplus bucks, 402 permits were issued in 1944, and 424 in 1945. The 1946 counts have not yet been completed, but a total of 422 places have been contracted with landowners, and some additions anticipated following late summer counts. The number of additions will be dependent on improvement of range conditions as the result of summer rains, which will cause the animals to herd up and settle down on certain portions of the range.



Antelope Bucks ☆ 1946

September 1 has been set as the deadline for receiving applications in the Austin office. This is necessary because of the time required to supply application forms to all applicants, to handle applications, to issue permits, to notify permittees, and for hunters to plan and arrange for their trips.

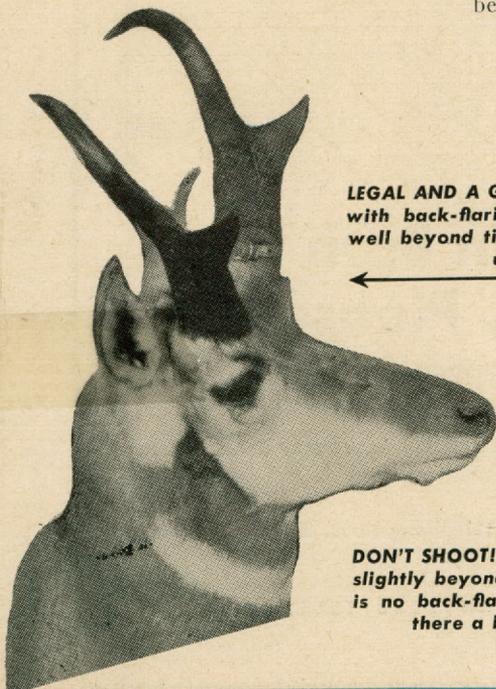
Each landowner participating in the Trans-Pecos hunt is authorized to assign 20 per cent of the permits for his ranch to anyone he wishes. He is also authorized to charge not more than \$40.00 for each hunter assigned to his ranch, this figure having been designated as representing the

probable amount of forage consumed by antelope during a year, and which is therefore not available for range livestock on the ranch.

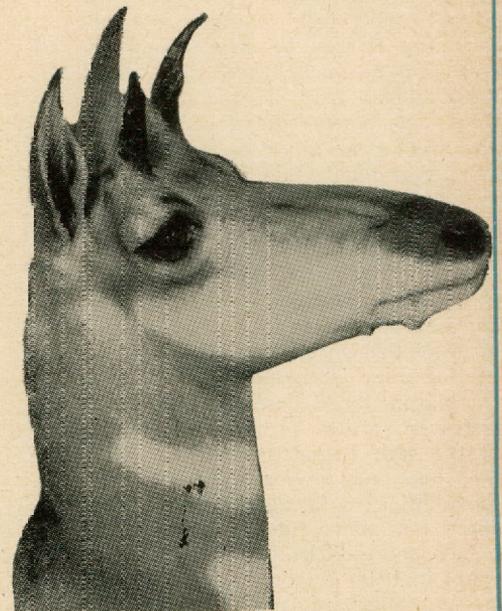
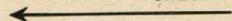
Should a surplus of applications be received, a drawing will be held as the means of determining the successful applicants, and first preference will be given to those who were not issued antelope licenses last year. However, applicants assigned under the 20 percent landowner allotments will not be required to participate in the drawing.

Application forms may be secured by writing the Austin office. A check or money order for \$5.00 must be at-

★ Continued on page 19



LEGAL AND A GOOD TROPHY! An adult buck, with back-flaring, pronged horn extending well beyond tip of ear. Note the black spot under each ear.



DON'T SHOOT! The horn of a doe may extend slightly beyond the tip of the ear, but there is no back-flare, and no prong. Neither is there a black spot under the ear.

Hunting Prospects for 1946

By W. C. GLAZENER

Hunters will find deer, turkey, and mourning doves as numerous as they were in 1945 but fewer ducks, geese and whitewinged doves

AS September draws near, a great stir sweeps across the width of Texas. It has to do with the opening of schools, football schedules, and the problem of working in a good hunting trip. With the first two items, most people have come to take a more or less matter of fact attitude, but this hunting thing is quite something else. To each prospective nimrod, a whole series of questions crop up by day and by night. Will there be another big buck in that mesquite flat across the hill? What happened to those big turkey gobblers that ranged west of the creek? Have quail picked up any this year along Sandy? Why haven't we heard from Henry about that hunting lease? Where should I make my deer hunt this year? Just where *CAN* I go, and be reasonably certain of having a good hunt? These are but a few of the posers that come to light through discussions in garage, barber shop, drug store, lumber yard, and oil field. No effort is made to answer these questions here, but some observations are submitted with regard to current prospects.

Changes in hunting regulations may usually be accepted as indicating the trends for a given game species, particularly if the regulations cut down on bag limits, length of season, or hunting hours. If this be true, conditions with regard to ducks, geese, and white-winged doves may be pictured from reading the new regulations affecting these species, as given on other pages of this magazine. Only under the serious threat of a greatly decreased game supply would the regulatory agencies so restrict hunting possibilities of the public. A similar condition exists with the lesser prairie chickens. In 1941, the 47th Legislature designated a closed season for that species, at the same time repealing all existing provisions for an open season. Since that time, the birds have given so little promise of increase that the 49th Legislature did not provide a new open season.

In addition to facing the restrictions pointed out above, the average hunter will have more difficulty finding a place to hunt in 1946. On the basis of license sales and other information, there will probably be at least fifty percent more

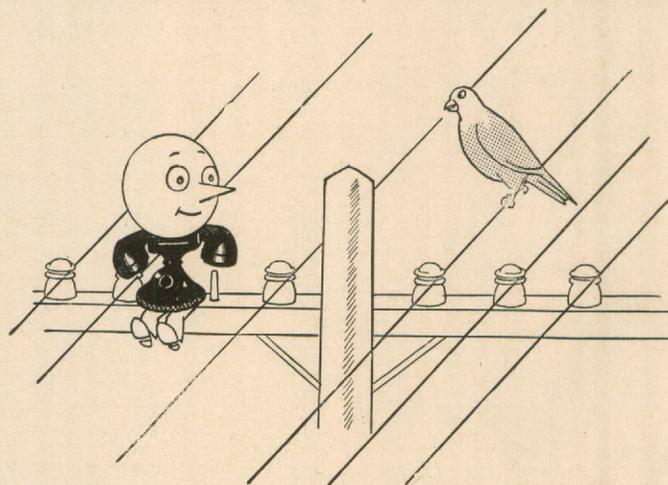
hunters afield than at any previous time. Furthermore, parties, clubs, and business concerns have taken up more and more of the available lease areas. This applies especially to deer and waterfowl hunting, and means that there will not only be fewer available places remaining, but that they will be less desirable. Old man Weather has apparently outdone himself the past spring and summer in an effort to further complicate the situation. Most of the better game sections of Texas have been subject to less rainfall and higher temperatures than for many years. This means generally poor range conditions, and game will suffer as a consequence.

Reports from field men show agreement as to a state-wide increase in the deer population. Although there was considerable die-off in parts of the Edwards Plateau, the loss was less severe than in some previous years, and a high deer population still exists. The current fawn crop is also reported fair to good for most localities. Consequently, except for some local shortages, the deer hunter's principal problem will be to find a place to hunt.

Turkey hunting prospects are less favorable than those for deer, but still probably as good as they were in 1945. As a result of the prevailing drought, conditions of the birds on and after November 16 will depend considerably on the rainfall prior to that date. Since there are probably only about one-fifth as many turkeys in Texas as deer, the potential kill is less. They are also less widely distributed, and fewer hunters will have access to turkey hunting. At the time this is written, reports on the 1946 hatch of turkeys are highly variable, with most of them indicating only "fair" hatches.

Surprisingly enough, good populations of both bobwhite and scaled quail are reported for portions of western Texas. This includes a part of the Pecos Valley and some counties along southeastern New Mexico. In contrast, the coastal prairie and lower South Texas are still very short on bobwhites. Seasonal conditions immediately south and east

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Give Them Both a Chance, Please

**Game birds deserve a sporting chance!
Bag them on the wing.**

A "pot-shot" at birds on telephone wires may break scarce telephone equipment . . . and interrupt important conversations.

So please don't shoot at telephone lines. Thanks.



SOUTHWESTERN BELL TELEPHONE CO.

TOURNAMENT Casting

By **BILL KAH**

ALL GOOD tournament casters, both fly and bait casters, are not necessarily good fishermen. Most artificial bait casters, however, can derive many useful techniques by joining a casting club and practising religiously, several times each week, if possible.

By all means don't invest heavily in tournament casting equipment—it isn't necessary. Your regular fishing rod, line and reel will do and the only item which you will have to buy is a tournament plug for bait casting, and you can snip the barb off a fly for the fly-casting events.

If you have never tried tournament casting, rest assured a great deal of enjoyment is in store for you. It is really fascinating and once started you won't want to give it up. Unlike skeet and trap-shooting it doesn't cost you every time you cast. But don't get discouraged if you can't hit those 30 inch rings every time you try—there has never been, to my knowledge, a perfect score of 100, shot, in the $\frac{5}{8}$ oz. event, in a national tournament.

Most Americans love competition and you can really get it in tournament casting. This is especially true among clubs, casting against each other for the championship, or individuals striving for high average. After casting a few rounds it can readily be determined into which class each caster belongs. If he casts 90 or better he should be placed in class A; 80 to 90 class B, and below 80, class C. Individuals should be handicapped accordingly, thus making for closer scores.

Bait-casting teams are usually composed of five men in each event with each man making one cast to the target, designated by the judge, and then moving out of the caster's box to make room for the next man or woman—women love this tournament casting likewise. This procedure is followed until each person has cast twice at each of 5 thirty-inch rings placed in the water at distances from 40 to 80 feet from the casting platform. Casting for distance requires special equipment and only a few of the larger clubs use it.

The wet and dry-fly events, like the bait casting, may be successfully carried out without special fly-casting equipment. The only must in these events is a leader at least 6 feet long—it may be longer, and should be, in the dry-fly event. It is advantageous, in the dry-fly event, to use a tapered line and leader but a level line and heavy leader are likewise of a great advantage in the wet-fly event. Of course, if you are fortunate enough to have both wet and dry action rods, you will want to use them as intended. Fly-casting for distance, like bait-casting, requires special equipment, such

as special lines, rods, etc., so, therefore, is not recommended for new clubs.

Many clubs, especially those which have been established for some time, have both indoor and outdoor casting. Outdoors in the summer months and indoors in the winter. It is true, you don't have that bothersome wind indoors, but casting outdoors is a different story. Don't be a fair weather caster by just picking the nice quiet days in order to keep your average in the 90's. It is well to learn to cast with a good stiff wind blowing, you may not do so well at first but you will improve, and casting tournaments are never postponed because of a blow.

Scoring is easy but a good competent judge should be secured—he must have good eyes and should be in a position above the targets (see diagram at top of page). In both the $\frac{3}{8}$ and $\frac{5}{8}$ oz. accuracy events, a perfect score is 100—the caster must cast his plug within each of ten thirty inch targets, spaced from 40

to 80 feet from the casting platform, to get a perfect score. A bare miss, outside the ring or target, up to 12 inches away is scored as a 1, from 12 to 24 inches or 2 feet is a 2, etc., up to 10 feet away which is scored a 10. If you miss more than that it is still 10 with the total of these demerits subtracted from 100 giving your score.

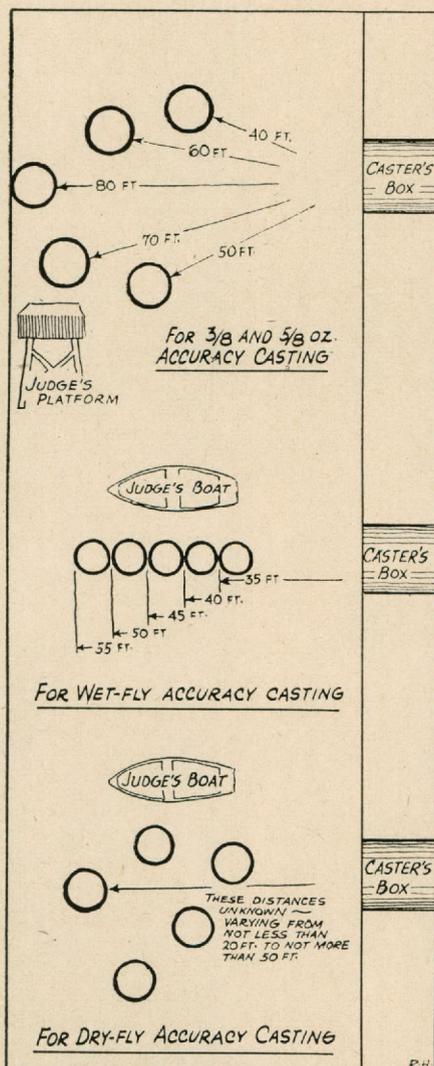
The dry-fly accuracy event is scored somewhat differently with various regulations. Five targets are spaced at unknown distances from 20 to 50 feet from the casting platform and you must cast twice at each target, but never the same target twice in succession. The use of dry-fly dope is not permitted and the regulation fly is size 12 all hackle with the curved part of the hook cut off. The judge selects the target and the fly-caster starts his false casting and when he thinks his fly should hit the target, says score and if his fly alights within the designated target, he gets a perfect—if he misses up to 12 inches it is scored as a 1, up to 24 inches a 2, etc., same as the bait events. If in the process of false-casting he snaps off a fly it costs him 3 demerits, if he gets a "tick" (fly hitting the water in front of caster before saying score) this costs him 3 points and if the fly fails to float, when cast for score, another 3 points is lost.

Wet fly casting is still different. Five casting rings are spaced at 35 to 55 feet and in a straight line. False casting until the first target has been reached, the caster then says score and from this time on is allowed no more false casts. Each ring must be cast at twice in succession and after the second cast at each target, the line is stripped off the reel preparatory to casting at the next target. Scoring is the same as bait casting events. Standard equipment for the wet-fly event is a nine foot rod, shorter may be used, a B level line and a six foot heavy leader, testing from thirty to sixty pounds, with the only restriction being the use of a leader at least six feet in length. Judging of the fly-casting events is usually done from a boat.

The average fisherman may say "I catch plenty of fish, why should I waste my time casting a fly or dummy plug at hoops in the water when I could be fishing?" True, you may catch plenty of fish now but by improving your casting, you may catch more fish—and larger ones. Can you place your fly or bait-casting lure within a foot of the intended target every time you cast? If not, tournament casting will help you. Does your fly hit the water in back of you when casting on lake or stream? If it does, tournament fly-casting will help remedy this fault. Does your fly hit the water in front of you before you are ready to lay it down? If it does, tournament casting helps here because this is the "tick" which we mentioned before under "how to score" and hurts your score.

A high back cast will help eliminate this trouble and learning how long to wait for your back cast to straighten out

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Silver Kings Give Battle

MRS. J. A. MOET, of Orange Grove, Texas, carried off top honors in the 11th annual tarpon rodeo and deep sea roundup at Aransas Pass last July. Two silver kings, one 6 ft., 4 in., and the other 6 ft. $\frac{3}{4}$ in., netted her 165-5/18 points, sufficient to top all of the other contestants in the rodeo.

Right behind Mrs. Moet came her husband, Dr. Moet, who caught two tarpon, one 5 ft. $10\frac{1}{4}$ in., and the other 6 ft., $2\frac{1}{2}$ in.

Mrs. Richard M. Kleberg, Jr., wife of the Kingsville rancher, wound up in third place. Mrs. Kleberg finished with $151\frac{1}{4}$ points. She caught three tarpon during the three-day rodeo but the overall length of the three tarpon she caught did not exceed the length of the two tarpon caught by Mrs. Moet.

Bill Moore, Port Aransas guide, walked off with top money for the guides. He was boatman for Dr. and Mrs. Moet, the two top winners.

Charles Urschel, Jr., of San Antonio,

Photographs by J. P. Crowe

captured honors in the sailfish division. He caught two of the beauties. His guide was Woody Ousley. Col. W. F. Hixon of San Antonio finished second.

More sailfish were caught during the rodeo than tarpon, and as the Texas Spectator explains it:

"Let some of the losers in the recent primaries take consolation from the tarpon, poor fish. Once the glamour boy of the Texas Gulf Coast, the elite of salt water fishing circles, Mr. Tar-

pon has been dethroned. And it came about in a curious way.

"People in the Corpus Christi-Aransas Pass area have acted as guides and boatmen for various and sundry citizens of Texas and neighboring states for years when they wanted to catch a tarpon to have mounted for den or playroom. And if they wanted a different sport it was red and mackerel.

"But, like ascending movie stars, the sailfish of the Florida waters began gathering fame in fiction stories, novels and articles in national magazines and books. And recently the Gulf Coasters began keeping their eye out for sailfish. They saw them but they didn't catch them.

"Here they were with the more publicized fish in their front yard, so to speak, but they weren't on speaking terms. Everyone fishing those waters wanted to know why he, too, couldn't land the glamour fish.

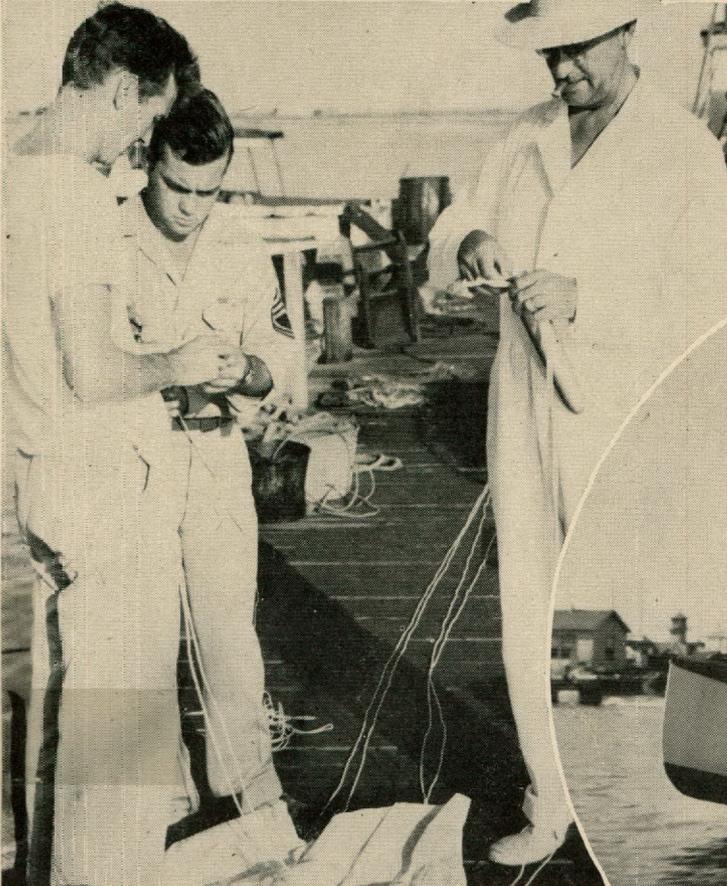
Sailfish steal the show at Aransas tarpon rodeo as contestants futilely seek the silver kings

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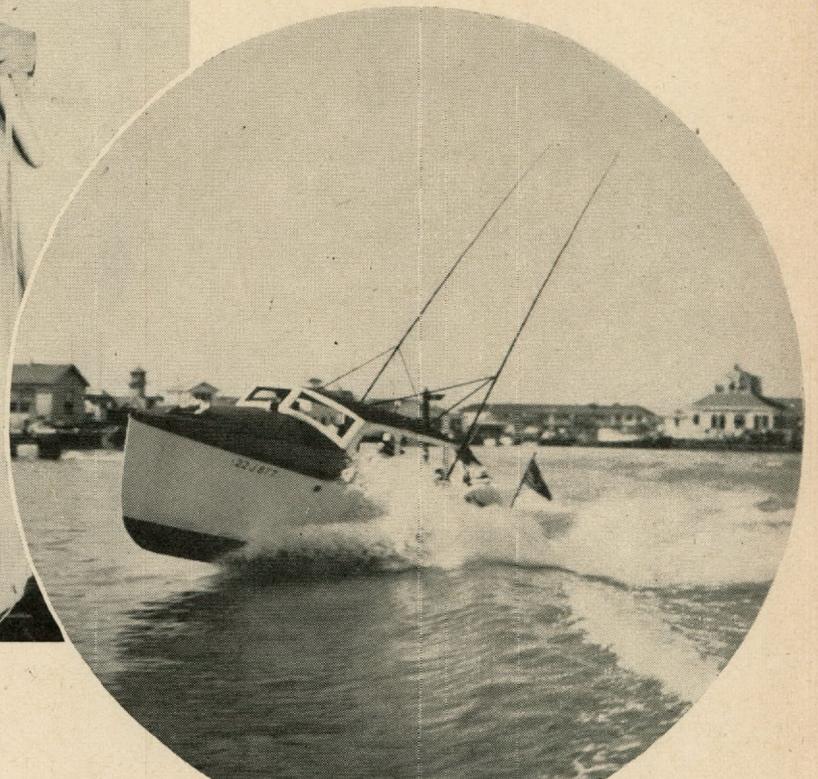




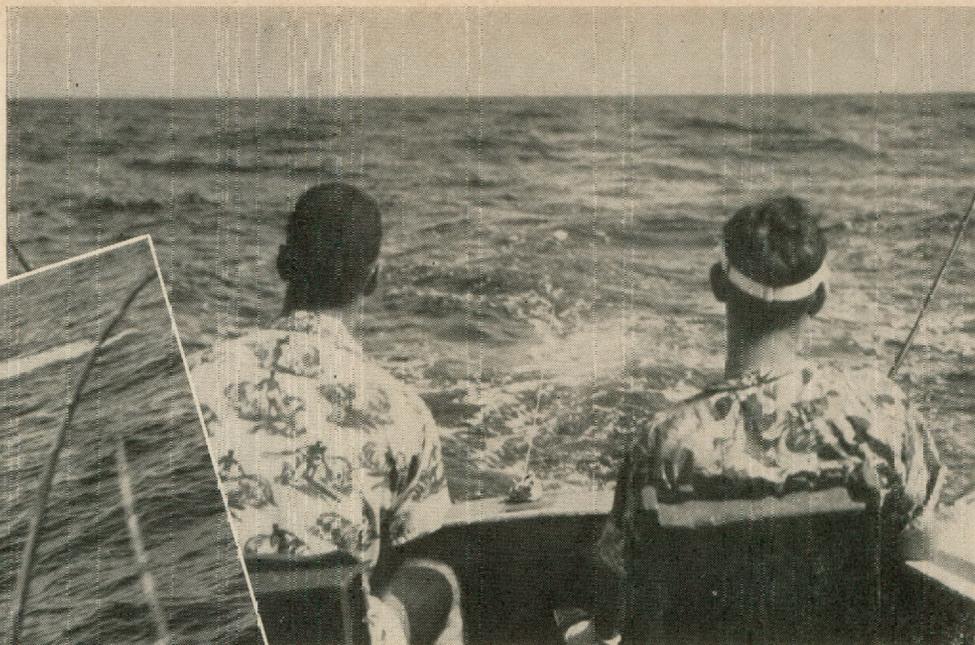
AT A SIGNAL, throttles are pulled wide open and the sleek cruisers make a dash for the open water and the tarpon fishing grounds. Below a cruiser is rounding the jetty at full speed.



STAFF SGT. BENNER, Tech Sgt. Raymond Thorley and L. Miller get their lines all set before shoving off for the fishing grounds.



JOE RAMIREZ, JR., of Beeville, and Jack Viggo Grey, of Hebbbronville, waiting for a strike.



AND A STRIKE IT IS when a silver king chops at Jack Grey's bait. It took the Hebbbronville angler almost a full hour to bring the tarpon to gaff and in the lower picture the two anglers are preparing to send up the white flags denoting a tarpon catch. The chap at the left is Joe Ramirez, Jr., and the smiling and happy angler at the right is Jack Grey. Their boatman was Jack Revell.



Silver Kings

★ Continued from page 8

"A young man from North Texas, of all places, showed up in the Aransas area in the spring. He watched them rig their lines. And he watched the sails snootily pass up these offerings like a Russian ambassador at a sauerkraut picnic. The high-hatted sailfish disdained to be fooled by such stuff as the lowly tarpon fell for.

"So the North Texas gentleman showed the local boys how he thought a sailfish line should be rigged. It was an intricate process with as much attention paid to detail as would be found in setting a table for a twelve course full dress dinner in high Washington society. Everything was attended to but the seating arrangements for the sails.

"All this attention had the tarpon swimming by biting his fins with envy. Like the bonita in death, the tarpon changed his color from a flashing silver to a very envious green at all of this attention the glamour-fish was receiving.

"That these overtures to the sailfish paid off is beyond doubt. More sailfish are being caught in Gulf Coast waters than in Florida. They are bringing them in every day. It is now nearly impossible to get a sailfish boat without a reservation at least a week in advance.

"Bill Ellis, mayor of Port Aransas, says he had never seen anything like it. So say such boatmen as Curley Denton.

"Tarpon boatmen like Ron Farley aren't exactly starving to death. People still fish for tarpon. In fact this summer they are fishing for anything. The fishing trade has seldom been so busy.

★ Continued on page 15

AT THE LEFT two tarpon are being measured at the official measuring station and in the lower photo are just a few of the sailfish which were caught during the rodeo. From left to right the happy and proud anglers are Charles F. Urschel, Jr., of San Antonio; F. C. Huxon, San Antonio; Joe Ramirez, Jr., of Beeville; Jack Viggo Grey, of Hebbronville; Bob Crandall, and Julian T. Cronsdales, of Ashaway, R. I.





MORE SAILS were caught during the Tarpon Rodeo than the silver kings the anglers were after. Some of the sails are shown in the top photo and at the left are Joe Moore, secretary and treasurer of the Rodeo, Jack Tarrant, Jack Bonner, Jr., and Harvey Wei, all boatmen.



AS THE BOATS RETURNED to port and dusk fell over the beaches, contestants and visitors turned to dancing on the hard sand. Note they are dancing in bare feet and the reason is shown in the lower photo. Some self-appointed

vigilantees ganged up on anyone caught wearing shoes on the beach and took them off, by force if necessary and a five dollar fine was slapped on the offender. The fellow having his shoes removed is W. D. Walton, of Beeville.





IN THE UPPER PHOTO are some of the prizes which went to winners in the various classes of the Tarpon Rodeo. In the lower photo a crew of skilled shore cooks is getting ready for the return of the contestants. These two cooks are preparing a mess of boiled crabs.



Silver Kings

★ Continued from page 11

"But the poor tarpon has an inferiority complex. He is now second choice. Unlike the man with B. O. and halitosis, he needs no best friend to tell him."

The prize winners follow:

Sportsmen's trophy—Mrs. J. A. Moet, Orange Grove.

Second most points of rodeo—Dr. J. A. Moet of Orange Grove.

Third most points of rodeo—Mrs. Dick Kleberg, Jr., of Kingsville.

Most tarpon points by lady in rodeo—Mrs. J. A. Moet of Orange Grove.

Largest tarpon of rodeo, Mrs. J. H. Chiles, 6 feet, 5 inches.

Largest tarpon by lady, Mrs. J. H. Chiles.

Second largest tarpon of rodeo, Mrs. J. A. Moet, 6 feet, 5 inches.

Second largest tarpon by lady, Mrs. J. A. Moet.

★ Continued on page 16



JOE RAMIREZ, SR., of Beeville, was master of ceremonies and in the upper photo he is shown presenting a trophy to Charles U-schal, Jr., of San Antonio, for catching the most sailfish during the rodeo. At the left Ramirez is presenting Mrs. J. H. Chiles of Austin with the prize she won for catching the largest tarpon in the women's division.



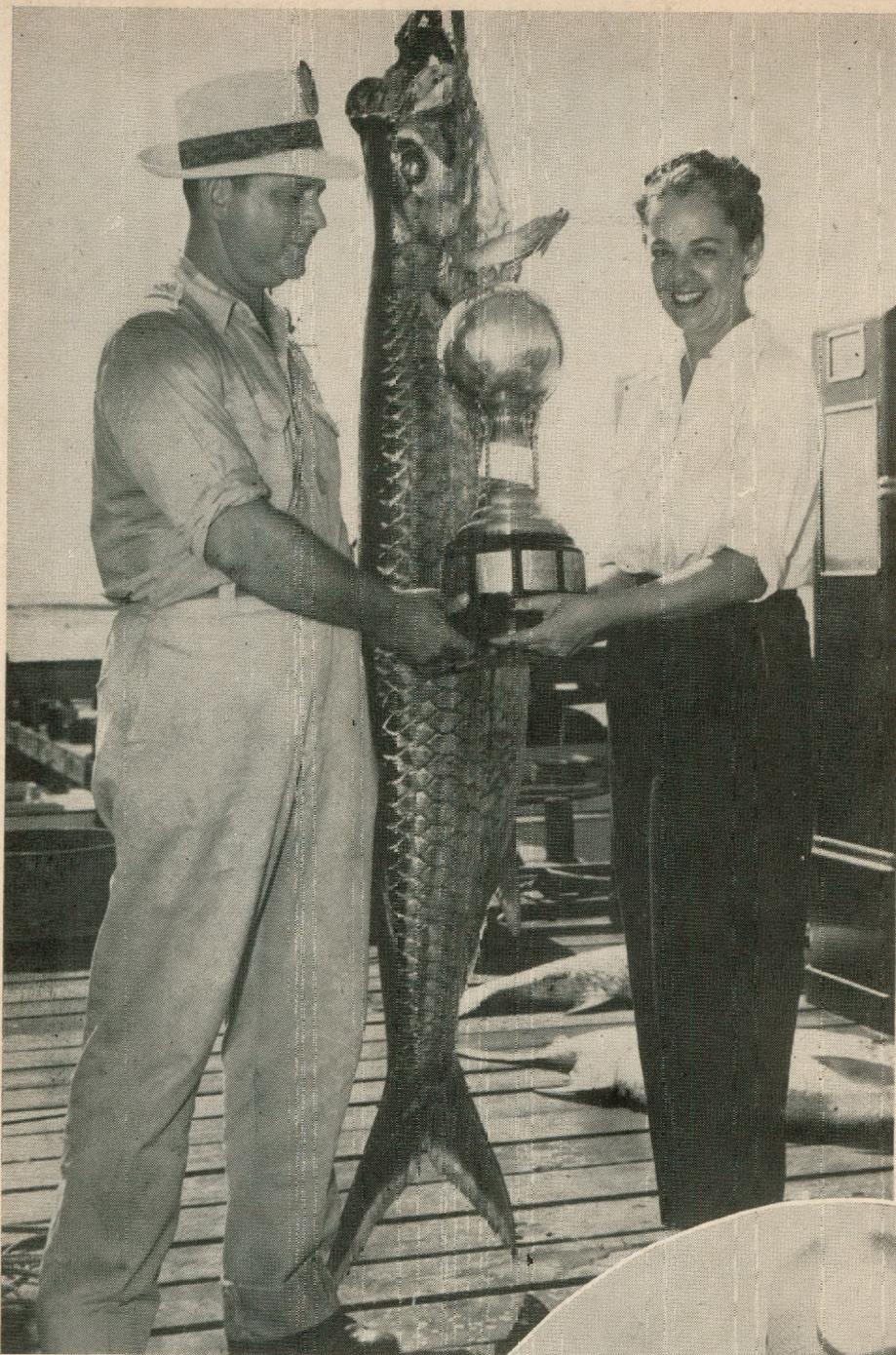
AT THE RIGHT Mrs. Jim Line is shown receiving her prize from Joe Ramirez, Sr., for catching the most sailfish in the women's division.

Silver Kings

★ Continued from page 15

Third largest tarpon by lady, Mrs. J. A. Moet.
Most tarpon points Tuesday, Mrs. J. A. Moet.
Most tarpon points Wednesday, Mrs. J. A. Moet.
Largest tarpon Tuesday, Mrs. J. A. Moet.
Largest tarpon Wednesday, Mrs. J. A. Moet.
First tarpon of rodeo, Mrs. Harvey Weil.
First tarpon by lady, Mrs. Harvey Weil.
Second most tarpon points by lady, Mrs. Dick Kleberg, Jr.
Third most tarpon points by lady, Mrs. Garnet Alexander.
Smallest tarpon by lady, Mrs. Garnet Alexander.
Smallest tarpon of rodeo, Mrs. Garnet Alexander.
Most tarpon points Thursday, Mrs. Dick Kleberg, Jr.
Largest tarpon Thursday, Mrs. J. H. Chiles.
Largest kingfish Tuesday, Ed. Kallina.
Largest kingfish Wednesday, J. R. Smith.
Largest shark of rodeo, J. L. Greer, Sr.
Largest fish Thursday (bag) A. Helfensteller.
Largest fish Wednesday (bag) Mrs. Jim Line.
Largest fish Tuesday (bag), Ed. Kallina.
Largest bag, Tuesday, Cecil Pike.
Largest bag, Wednesday, Mrs. Jim Line.
Largest bag, Thursday, A. Helfensteller.
Largest bag of rodeo, Mrs. Jim Line.

★ Continued on page 28



MRS. J. A. MOET, of Orange Grove, Texas, is receiving her trophy for having won the most points in the tarpon division from her husband, Dr. J. A. Moet. The tarpon that won for Mrs. Moet makes an inspiring background for the trophy. At the right is Dr. Moet with the mullet he used throughout the three days of the rodeo. He only lost a part of the bait and as a result he won the rodeo's booby prize.



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Preservation OF TEXAS STREAMS

By J. G. BURR

OLD man river don't say nothin', says the song, but the little brook babbles. Poets delight in the aesthetic of rivulets and rivers; the engineer is interested in the damming of streams for hydro-electric power, while municipalities and the industrialist are content to use them to carry away waste water and sewage.

The fabled Hercules was the first to use a river for that purpose. Early nomadic tribes had no pollution problems but with the advance of civilization King Augeas kept his cattle in stables which became "incredibly filthy, not having been cleaned for years." There were probably no sanitary inspectors in those days but even so the kingly nostrils had their limit of endurance and a clean-up job was assigned to Hercules.

Close by those stables ran the river Alpheus. "Hercules at a glance saw the use he could make of this rushing stream which he dammed and turned aside from its course, so that the waters passed directly through the stables, carrying away all impurities, and finally washing them perfectly clean." Then he guided the stream back to its original bed. Hercules was the world's first sanitary engineer. The alleged performance of this task became famous in clean-up campaigns of subsequent times.

A few years ago when the problem of protecting State streams in the East Texas oil field became critical there was much discussion of how to dispose of



SOIL AND VEGETATION were destroyed in the East Texas oil field before the salt water was injected into the ground.

the salt water. The rivers could not carry the load without the danger of property loss. There was the probable ruin of fisheries and the domestic water supplies of a number of cities. As to the Sabine perhaps it could be improved by impounding the water above Longview

in order to flush out the chlorides but no action was taken. A channel to the Gulf of Mexico was thought of but the cost was prohibitive.

Mr. H. E. Faubion, then director of anti-pollution work for the Game, Fish and Oyster Commission, began an agitation to have the brine put back into the ground by injection. The first injection wells were bored in June, 1938. By the end of 1943 one half of the brine was being put back into the ground by the East Texas Salt Water Disposal Company and other companies thus engaged.

Three streams, the Sabine, the Angelina and the Neches were being relieved of much of the brine that threatened the rice fields along the lower stretches of the Sabine, and the water supplies of Beaumont and adjacent cities which were furnished by the Neches River. Chloride tests at Evadale just above Beaumont for the years 1939 to 1942 showed a progressive decline of the salt in the following ratios: 60.4, 56.6, 41, 33.7 parts per million.

By June, 1946, more than 85 per cent of the brine was going back into the ground and there was a further reduction of the chlorides in the Beaumont water supply. In December, 1945, the chloride was down to 30 parts per million and the average from January to

★ Continued on page 19



VEGETATION HAS NO CHANCE for survival when salt water runs out of control over the land.

TEXAS GAME AND FISH

Antelope Bucks

★ Continued from page 5

tached to each application. This sum will be returned if a license is not issued. No license can be transferred, cancelled, or refunded. However, licensees who learn that they cannot go on the hunt are urged to notify the Austin office not later than September 28, so that an alternate may be assigned to the place thus left vacant. In each of the two years past, approximately 75 license holders have failed to make the hunt, and last year a number advised the Austin office long enough in advance to permit the issuance of licenses to alternates. This year, again, a list of alternates will be drawn and numbered so that replacements will be automatic.

Many hunters are interested in hunting with one or more others as a party, to be assigned to the same ranch. In order that this may be done, it is urgent that the applications of all members of each party be clipped together and submitted at one time. New applicants should not team up with those who hunted in 1945, since such a party cannot be kept intact in the event that a drawing is necessary and first preference is thereby given new applicants.

No licenses will be issued to persons under 18 years of age or to non-residents, until all other applications are filled.

As has been the practice previously, camping will be allowed only on such ranches as are too far from available hotel facilities to permit reaching them readily each morning. Specific details will be supplied to each successful applicant. Meantime, each person is advised to arrange reservations in Alpine, Marfa, or the nearest town to the ranch where he is to hunt. Since October temperatures in the Trans-Pecos usually run below those common to central and southern portions of Texas, it is well to dress accordingly.

Suggestions with regard to equipment needed on the antelope hunt have included rope and tarpaulin for wrapping and tying the trophy for the trip home, binoculars for spotting antelope bucks, and a rifle with sufficient range. In 1945 there was a decided swing to such calibers as 300 S, 30-06, and 270. Guns with less range and killing power, including the old favorite 30-30, were found not

quite up to the demands of the average hunter. Beyond that, talk to the man who has been on a hunt, and to a warden who can advise with you as to details which may occur to you.

Finally, each prospective hunter is urged to learn the points by which an antelope buck may be distinguished from a doe. An adult buck has horns that are appreciably longer than his ears, with the horn flaring back at the tip, and showing a prong pointing forward. Does and yearling bucks may have horns either shorter than their ears, or only slightly longer. Bucks also have a dark brown or black cheek patch just back of the point of the lower jaw, whereas does are not so marked.

Texas Streams

★ Continued from page 18

June 1946 was as low as 20 parts per million, or one third of what it was in 1939.

The Sabine River has carried much brine from the oil fields, but there is a great distance to travel before the salt can menace the rice fields irrigated from that stream. Here, too, improvement of the stream is shown in the lowered chloride content. At Logansport the average chloride from August to December, 1945, was 232 parts per million and from January to May, 1946, the average was 224 parts per million.

The present record at the Orange pump station, 150 miles down stream, is not available, but on August, 1939, the highest chloride reading was 513 parts per million, and in a series of tests in 1939 and 1940 the average was 101 parts per million.

It has been proved in a number of streams that the chloride content is reduced about 50% in every 50 miles flow of the stream, where the original content is not unreasonably high. On that basis the chloride loss between Logansport and Orange would bring the average of 224 down to about 56 parts per million at Orange, as compared to the 101 p.p.m. found in 1939-40. This, of course, is only an estimate of a 50% drop which is not unthinkable in view of the 66% decline of chlorides from the Neches, for the years compared.

It seems possible that eventually most all of the brine will be kept out of the streams in the big five-county oil field. Small companies that will not come in to share the injection expense must hold their brine in reservoirs until river rises make it safe to turn the salt water into them.

At this time there are 78 injection wells in the field and it is said that five or six more may be needed to complete the injection program. The injection well does more than to merely save the stream from ruin. It increases the bottom hole pressure of the field and forces the oil to flow. Mr. W. S. Morris, general manager of the East Texas Salt Water Disposal Company, says that "The proper maintenance of pressure in

the East Texas field will increase the recovery between 350 million and 625 million barrels of oil." His conclusion is that "The salt water injection program is believed to be the most outstanding conservation program ever attempted in the oil industry." Half a dozen other oil fields, mostly along the coast, have resorted to the use of injection wells.

The greater the bottom-hole pressure in the oil pool, the less salt water is produced. Only 20% of the field is producing salt water, it is claimed, but even so, the amount of brine that must be disposed of one way or another, is colossal. In a recent month the amount of brine was 16,120,000 barrels, and of this, 13,719,340 barrels were put back into the earth below the Austin chalk and into the lower section of the Woodbine sands at depths from 3900 to 4000 feet. In the same period the amount of oil produced was 12,064,250 barrels. That is what is happening in the world's greatest oil field in five counties of eastern Texas.

Pollution Storiette No. 2

When a stream is on a rise, flooding the uplands, it is the habit of fish to move out into the flooded area and sometimes to become trapped when the current subsides. In this way many bottom land lakes are filled and stocked with fish. The Trinity River is noted for the great number of these marginal lakes and among them is the well known Long Lake near Palestine. In some cases stranded fish are left in shallows to perish unless rescued by interested workers. Doing that kind of work immediately after a rise is attended with some difficulty. There is the soft ground and the inability to use cars or to transport the fish when captured. However,

★ Continued on page 25

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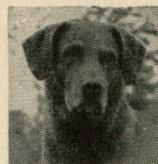
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CURLY SHARP

"On the Mississippi" Marquette, Iowa

A "Plane" Texas BAR-B-QUE

By C. H. GREEF

THE silver-winged monoplane circled the huge pasture as the pilot examined the waving grass tops and judged the wind—then, she's down—a three-point landing! Out stepped the pilot and his passengers. Passengers in

★ Continued on page 28

THE DENTON COUNTY Pointer and Setter Club's barbecue was a sure enough "plane" barbecue as the two pictures to the right show. In the top photo is the Globe plane which the Globe Aircraft Company of Fort Worth sent up for the occasion. It landed at the Denton airport, picked up the dog which was later auctioned off, and then landed in the pasture where the barbecue was being held. Col. Tom Cole, barbecue host, is shown at the controls while old time ranchers look the craft over from horseback. At the right are Capt. Loftland and club member John Brantley with the pointer to be auctioned. The bottom photo shows the state champion rifle team from TSCW nosing out Club rifle team in exciting match.





By **ROD TIPP**

ONE question that I have asked of me frequently is: "What constitutes an ideal fly-fishing outfit for bass?"

Here is my personal choice, after taking my actual fishing experiences and over-the-counter-sales for the past 10 years into consideration.

Let me stress one point before I discuss the outfit itself. It is difficult for an experienced fly fisherman to take cheap equipment and fish successfully. Therefore a novice who starts out with a cheap, inadequate outfit has two strikes on him from the start. So I'd advise buying the best equipment that you can afford. You will find that it will pay for itself many times in hours of fishing pleasure.

The rod is the most important part of the fly fishing outfit, and my selection is a True Temper tubular steel rod, 2-piece, 8½ ft., light action, or a Heddon No. 14 bamboo rod, 3-piece, 9 ft., 2½ in. ferrule, 5.80 oz.

I would then select a South Bend "Orenomatic" automatic fly reel or a Pflueger "Medalist" single action fly reel. Either of these reels will do the job.

The proper line for the steel rod would be a size C level, and a size D

level would suit the bamboo rod best. If the angler is an experienced fly fisherman, he will appreciate a tapered line. My recommendation then would be a size HCH for the steel rod, and a size HDH for the bamboo.

I recommend any of these lines in Nylon, made by Ashaway, Gladding, Marathon, or any of the other prominent manufacturers.

The fly fisherman needs a small selection of leader material, preferably DuPont Nylon, in weights 6, 12, and 16-pound test. I'd use a 6-pound leader on bream and trout and a 12 or 16-pound test on bass.

Then comes the fly box. You should select a box about 10 inches by 4 inches by 1½ inches, with fairly large compartments to carry the following assortment of baits: 6 trout and bream flies and bugs, 3 small spinner and fly combinations, 6 assorted bass bugs, 3 medium spinner and bucktail combinations.

I feel confident that the above outfit will have a "feel" and balance that the expert, as well as the novice, will appreciate.

If you are wondering what the above outfit will cost, it is approximately \$35 to \$50, depending upon the line and reel selection.

When you invest in a fly fishing outfit, you're investing in many hours of fishing pleasure.

Snub the line, to keep a hooked fish under control, when reeling in slack. The easiest way is to pinch the line against the rod with the thumb or finger of the hand holding the rod.

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HOW TO CATCH CARP

Aside from whether you eat Carp or not, there are two good reasons for fishing for them. Because of the rapid reproduction and the fact that most anglers would rather catch game fish, many waters are over-stocked with Carp. Removing some of them is doing game fish a favor, secondly, leaving out all arguments about their gameness, Carp are useful for practice purposes. If a fisherman has never had the opportunity to play a fish, he can learn all the fundamentals by hooking and landing a few Carp weighing from seven to eight pounds. Carp start out instantly in high gear and put everything into one quick rush. If you can handle Carp of this size you need never be nervous should you hook the largest Pike, Muskie, or Bass that ever wiggled a fin—provided you have plenty of line on your reel. From reliable sources comes

★ Continued on page 27

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ARMS AND AMMUNITION

By ADAM WILSON III

What's in a Cartridge's Name?

THE average sportsman, particularly the beginner in the sport of hunting, pays little attention to the technical terms which apply to the ammunition he shoots and is rather prone to take it in a matter-of-fact manner because it has proved satisfactory for his friends.

After a while experience creates more interest and he becomes more inquisitive concerning the whys and wherefores of ammunition construction and designation. One of the most frequent questions asked by hunters concerns the manner and methods of designating calibers and the various cartridges used in various guns.

"Cartridge names, like those of people," says Dr. C. S. Cummings, Remington's supervisor of ballistics, "are seldom, if ever, a reliable guide to the character and physical build of the individual concerned.

"Just as it is hardly sufficient to describe a man as 'six feet tall,' with no other specifications, it is equally inadequate to describe a cartridge as, for example, '30 caliber' and could be considerably more disastrous. However, even though cartridge names do not serve as reliable descriptive material any more than personal names, they do serve the same essential purpose, namely, to individualize the cartridge.

"Many shooters are interested enough in their sport, however, to wish to pursue the matter further. They aren't willing to accept the fact that a man's name is John Jones without inquiring as to why he was named John and where did the name Jones originate.

"A glance at a list of cartridges will make it immediately obvious that no one formula will fit the multiplicity of labels used to identify cartridges. A few general rules can, of course, be set down that will allow us to interpret the majority of the cases encountered by the shooter.

"The most generally descriptive term for a cartridge is one which gives some idea of the diameter of the bullet or the diameter of the bore of the weapon from which it is fired. The two most common terms for this quantity are gauge (referred to more commonly in

England by the word 'bore') and caliber.

"The gauge system' is very old and is today confined largely to shotguns and some of the large English rifles. The gauge number indicates that that many balls of pure lead, all of the same size, weigh one pound. Obviously, the larger the number, the smaller the size of each ball. A 12 gauge shotgun, for example, has a bore diameter approximately equal to that of a lead ball weighing 1/12 of a pound. The outstanding exception to this rule is the .410 gauge. This shotgun has a bore whose diameter is actually 0.410.

"The word caliber is not so clearly defined in small arms usage as the word gauge. In general, it refers to the diameter of the bore of the gun in hundredths or thousandths of an inch, but it may also refer to the diameter of the bullet or be so remote from either as to have little obvious connection. If we accept it as being a rough measure of either, we won't be too far off. It must not be forgotten, however, that it is much too rough a measure to allow one to decide whether the cartridge in one hand is suited for the gun in the other.

"Once we leave the generality of gauge or caliber, the field is wide open. Perhaps the simplest approach is to take a list of typical cartridge names and analyze each in turn, recognizing that each one represents an identification class to which many other cartridges belong.

"Let us examine the following list:

- A. 45-70-500
- B. 38-40
- C. 250-3000
- D. 35 Remington
- E. 257 Roberts
- F. 30-06
- G. 22 Hornet
- H. 45 ACP
- I. 22 Short
- J. 7 x 57 mm.
- K. 56-52
- L. 577-500-3¼
- M. Cartridge, Ball, Cal. 30 M2

"A. In this system, one of the old timers, the first of the three numbers represented the caliber, the second rep-

resented the grain weight of black powder with which the cartridge was loaded, and the third figure represented the bullet weight in grains.

"B. This is similar to (A) except that the bullet weight has been omitted. The important thing to remember here, however, is that the 40, or whatever the corresponding number might be in another cartridge, is a relic of the black powder days and serves as an identifier only, since these are now smokeless powder cartridges. The number bears no relation whatsoever to the charge of smokeless powder with which these cartridges are now loaded.

"C. Here the first number is the caliber in thousandths of an inch while the second number was intended to represent the muzzle velocity of the bullet.

"D. This system identifies the cartridge by the caliber number, plus the name of the manufacturer who first brought out the cartridge.

"E. This is similar to (D) with the caliber number followed by the name of the designer.

"F. This famous cartridge has a caliber number with the abbreviation for its date of adoption, 1906.

"G. This system uses a caliber number plus a fancy name for identification. Other examples are the 218 Bee, 219 Zipper, 220 Swift.

"H. Here the caliber number is qualified by letters or words designating the arm to which the cartridge is adapted (in this case the Automatic Colt Pistol).

"I. In this system a caliber number is followed by a word descriptive of the length of the cartridge to distinguish it from other cartridges differing principally only in this dimension, such as 22 Long and 22 Long Rifle.

"J. This is a European system in which the first number is the caliber and the second number the cartridge case length, both expressed in millimeters.

"K. This is a rather weird exception to the general practice, since the first number represents not the caliber, but the diameter of the case near the head with the second number representing

the caliber of the bore or bullet diameter.

"L. This is similar to (K) with the addition of the case length in inches.

"M. This example is given as a sample of the terminology used by the United States Army Ordnance Department to identify its military cartridges. With the advent of the caliber 30 carbine, this identification is not as clear as it was prior to that time.

"The above list covers the most common type of cartridge names that will be encountered by the shooter. There are many others. In many cases the same cartridge is referred to by many different names, for example 30-40-220, 30-40, 30-40 Krag, 30 Krag, 30 Army.

"It is an interesting game but, if one more analogy may be drawn, it is best to be introduced to strangers by a mutual friend," concluded Dr. Cummings.

THE proper length of a shotgun barrel is determined by what you want the gun to do. Merton A. Robinson, chief ballistics of the Winchester Repeating Arms Company division of Olin Industries, Inc., gives some interesting facts regarding the effect of various shotgun barrel lengths.

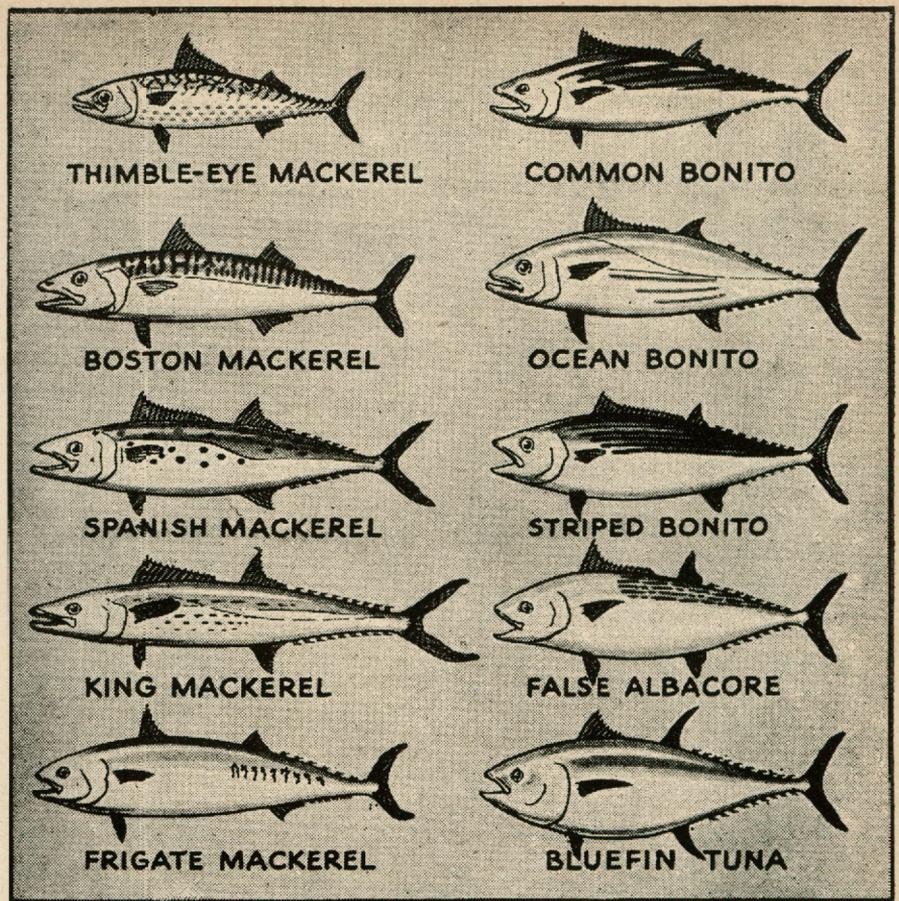
Maximum velocities from shotshells loaded with smokeless powders are obtained in shotguns with a barrel length of 30 inches for the 12 gauge, 28 inches for the 16 gauge, and 26 inches for the 20 and 28 gauges and .410 bore.

When the barrels are reduced in length, the loss in velocity for each inch in reduction is at the rate of 7½ feet for the 12 gauge and 6 feet for the smaller gauges which includes 16, 20, 28, and .410 bore.

The length of the barrel has practically no effect on the pattern percentage or distribution, according to Robinson. Penetration is roughly proportionate to the remaining velocity.

The principal advantage of the longer barrels is a longer sighting radius which tends to reduce errors in pointing.

Yes, there are fashions in bullet jackets, too. Need, not style, determines the fashion. The bullet jacket has had three changes since the solid lead ball fired from the old pre-Civil War gun was transformed into a snub-nosed lead cylinder and then into an elongated streamlined projectile.



KNOW YOUR MACKEREL—The numerous species of mackerel offer sport on every kind of tackle, yet very few fishermen can identify them all. Here's a reference chart for you salt water boys.

Military bullets are jacketed not only to make them more humane, but among other things to reduce the fouling of rifle barrels. Even the Japs used jacketed ammunition. A jacketed bullet with the nose cut off is a "dum-dum" bullet and has long been outlawed in war.

With the advent of smokeless powders, a compound bullet was developed. This consisted of a hardened lead core and a metal jacket. The first bullet jackets were made of steel, which caused rapid wear of the barrel. Next a cupro nickel jacket was adopted. All jackets deposit some metal on the surface of the bore, and with cupro nickel, this was deposited in lumps near the muzzle and interfered with accuracy.

In 1894 Winchester developed a gilding metal jacket which eliminated all

of the disadvantages of steel or cupro nickel. This metal consisted of 95 parts copper and five parts zinc.

As the velocities of smokeless cartridges were increased, the toughness of the gilding metal was increased by changing the alloy to 90 parts copper and 10 parts zinc.

Gilding metal for bullet jackets is now universal in this country.

Gilding metal-clad bullets do not foul the barrels. This greatly assisted the G.I. in the cleaning of his rifle during World War II. However, barrel-cleaning is still necessary due to chlorate in old style service primers used in the caliber 30 cartridges for the Springfield and Garand rifles.

A bullet by any other name is still a bullet. Yet, there are as many people who call a bullet a cartridge as there are those who call a cartridge a bullet.

So says Major Jack Hession, internationally known rifle shot and shooting coach of the Winchester Repeating Arms Company.

Most common boners in the vocabulary of many people when they speak of sporting arms and ammunition are the following words, according to Hession:

Bullet, when they mean cartridge which is a complete round of ammunition.

Cartridge, when they mean only the projectile.

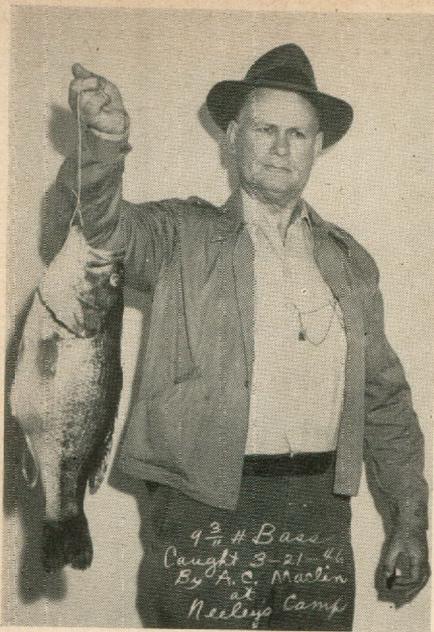
DO YOU HAVE A

Dipsy-Doodle?

What's a Sportsman?

By DAVID H. AYLWARD

National Wildlife Federation



A. C. MACLIN, of Brad, Texas, and the nine and three quarter pound black bass he caught at Neeley's camp on Possum Kingdom Lake.

Gun, when they mean rifle, which is a rifled arm.

Rifle, when they mean shotgun which has a smooth bore.

Pistol, when they mean revolver which has a revolving cylindrical magazine.

Revolver, when they mean pistol, an arm without a revolving cylindrical magazine.

A bullet that ricochets from water does not actually dive in and out like a porpoise. It sometimes seems to give the impression of traveling through the water and popping out because of the spray that shoots up when the projectile strikes the water. The bullet remains above the water at all times. If the bullet did submerge, it would keep on going down and then would not ricochet.

Clay pigeons are neither clay nor do they resemble pigeons. The modern trap target is made of molten pitch and pulverized limestone and looks more like a deep saucer than anything that flies with wings.

The name clay pigeons is an anachronism dating back to the early days when a clay target was introduced to replace live pigeons released from traps.

George Ligowsky, inventor of the first clay target, discovered that a clay target frequently would not break when struck by shot pellets. Some of his successors substituted pitch with no greater success. In winter pitch becomes so brittle, it broke in handling, and in summer became too soft to be thrown from a trap target.

The modern clay target used by skeet and trap shooters attains speeds up to 60 miles an hour in flight and spins at the rate of 5,000 revolutions per minute. In flight it is a combination of a

★ Continued on page 27

IT CAN be said with a pretty fair degree of justice that nowadays the sportsman who is not an active member of a conservation organization shouldn't really consider himself a sportsman at all.

Let's go back a ways . . .

Thoreau, the gentle philosopher of Walden Pond, sets forth in his writings that he came to study and to love the outdoors as a boy through his ardor for hunting. It was with gun and dog that John Burroughs first discovered the world of wildlife which he so eagerly explored during a long lifetime. Theodore Roosevelt, who first proclaimed the basic need of conservation in this country, was an enthusiastic hunter.

All of us who confess to a fondness for a bird-dog in action, who thrill to the roar of wings or to the singing of a reel sometimes are called upon to explain to mystified women-folk and other well-wishers just how we justify our primitive enjoyments and our determination that wildlife must be protected, conserved, restored.

I guess we can't explain. The true sportsman's kinship with the outdoors is mysterious. His love for living creatures increases as he becomes older, and it is entirely likely that he may at some stage lay aside the rod and gun for the camera, the notebook, or merely for the pleasures of roaming and observing.

Nearly three-quarters of a century ago sportsmen, alarmed by the inroads being made into wildlife resources, got together, ate dinners, listened to speeches, smoked cigars, passed resolutions, demanded legislation—and went

home to forget about the whole business.

Later on, other sections of the public got excited. Some cried out for the complete prohibition of all shooting for sport. They disregarded the fact that the short-sighted reclamation projects have obliterated far more ducks than the pump gun, far more fur than the trapper. That pollution has destroyed more fish than all the nets and dynamite and spears ever manufactured. That "clean farming" and over-grazing and fires have done far more harm to upland game—as well as to insectivorous birds—than all the shooters, trappers, hounds and ferrets.

Modern conservation did not begin with the enactment of laws, with closed seasons and bag limits. Nor with ambitious hatching and planting programs. Certainly not with "predator control," regarded with increasing skepticism by all practical game management authorities.

It began when sportsmen got together, not only for annual dinners, but for concerted action during 365 days a year.

It began when they comprehended that the restoration of environment is of first importance, not only to sport, but to our whole economic structure. Wildlife is the crop that is of first interest to the sportsman, but wildlife is only an extra dividend paid on the rebuilding of our productive system of earth, water, vegetation.

It began when sportsmen began to join hands with the women's organizations, with farmers, business men, and youth.

**A NICE STRING
caught by
Bill Garrett
and
Jesse Stone
of Fort Worth
at Neeley's
Camp on
Possum
Kingdom
Lake.**



A Sportsman and Conservationist

By CHAS. G. JONES

CAN you qualify? Some can and many cannot. Game and fish belong to the people and not to an individual. The purpose and intent of the game and fish department in stocking certain sections of the state where game and fish have become scarce, is to furnish sport for the sportsmen and not meat to the unscrupulous hunter who sells or barter his kill. This class of hunters finds customers, for many deer and wild turkeys are purchased in various parts of the state during hunting season.

There is a nefarious and scorned class who get their deer by night hunting with headlight or spotlight attached to a car, a practice that often results in the kill of valuable stock, does and fawns. Such violators are devoid of conscience and have no consideration for size or sex. A real sportsman abhors such practices. Is the average hunter as concerned about other game violations as he is about night hunting?

Let's ask ourselves these questions. When we go on a quail hunt do we observe bag limits or do we hide extra birds in a thermos jug, cartridge box or spare tire? At the opening of the whitewing season do you get a hunting license for your wife or bring children along when heading toward the Valley, in order to carry back more birds than you are legally entitled to? Both residents of the Valley and upstate hunters should think twice before getting a bag

limit of whitewings, carry them either to their home or cold storage and return to the field for another bag limit just because they were not checked by a game warden.

You may ask why wardens do not apprehend such violators. Occasionally they do, but the number of violations known to the hunter compared to those known to a game warden is of the ratio of fifty to one, the hunter shielding his companion in the field and at the same time denying himself the continuance of hunting in the future. A well meaning game warden should be the confidant of every real sportsman, as they have everything in common, the pleasure and sport of hunting and fishing and the continuance of such pleasures.

When a bird dog is lost or stolen the owner will forthwith come to the game warden, give him a picture or description of the lost animal and ask that he try and locate the dog. Then the owner will advertise in the paper, offering a liberal reward for the return of his valuable canine or the conviction of the guilty party, but that same fellow will condone game violations practiced by his companions in the field. What an inequality, for when your quail or whitewings are gone of what value is the dog. Think it over, fellows, and see if you can't reason it out that you are the loser when you permit your hunting companions to take game illegally.

Waterfowl Regulations

DUCKS

Open Season: Nov. 23 to Jan. 6, both days inclusive.

Exception: On those portions of Lake Texoma in Cooke and Grayson Counties, Oct. 26 to Dec. 9, both days inclusive.

Shooting Hours: One-half hour before sunrise to one-half hour before sunset.

BAG LIMIT

Seven per day and not more than 14 ducks, including but one woodduck, may be in possession at any time.

Coot: Daily bag and possession limit, 25; Sora, 25. Other rails and gallinules, 15 in aggregate.

American and red breasted mergansers, 25 a day, singly or in aggregate. No possession limit.

GEESE

Open Season: Nov. 23 to Jan. 6, both days inclusive.

Exception: Lake Texoma, Oct. 26 to Dec. 9, both days inclusive.

Shooting Hours: One-half hour before sunrise to sunset.

BAG LIMIT

Two of any kind in any combination, including brant, plus two snow geese or two blue geese singly or in the aggregate, and no person may possess more than these limits

MEANS OF TAKING

No person over the age of 16 may hunt ducks, geese or coot without a Federal duck stamp (procurable at post offices) and a hunting license wherever required.

Means of Taking—No baiting, or live decoys permitted, or the taking of waterfowl by means, aid or use of cattle, horses or mules.

May not use shotgun larger than 10 gauge. May not use auto-loading or repeating shotgun capable of holding more than three shells, including those in the magazine and chamber.

May not take waterfowl from any power-driven boat or boat under sail.

May not take ducks or geese on any State or Federal refuge or preserve, or take them from any enclosed private property without the consent of the owner or agent of said property.

Harrison and Marion Counties: License required for operation of commercial blinds for use in hunting ducks, geese or other waterfowl. Price \$5 for each blind. Such license is not required of sportsmen hunting in private blinds. All blinds, whether commercial or private, must be spaced at least 300 yards apart.

Shooting allowed only with shotgun and bow and arrow. Shotgun larger than 10 gauge prohibited. Repeating or automatic shotguns must be permanently plugged to three shell capacity.

Whitewinged Dove and Mourning Dove Regulations on Inside Front Cover

Whitewing

★ Continued from page 4

pointed out, without any material decrease in birds killed. The reason is that the number of hunters increased during the period has more than offset the proposed reduction in birds killed. Our biologists say, "reduce our take of birds to 25% of the total population if we want to show any gain." That, we are obligated to do.

It has been adequately shown that nesting cover for whitewings in the Rio Grande Valley is doomed for complete eradication as the local irrigation program reaches a little more perfection. Faced with this prospect, the future looked hopeless indeed until a survey revealed small colonies of nesting birds becoming established 300 miles north of the Rio Grande Valley. From year to year, however, no significant increases appeared and close observation indicated that the small colonies were being shot out by hordes of hunters too overjoyed to find whitewings so close to home. Subsequently, hunting was prohibited in the upper counties. Now after two years of closed season, reports of substantial increases are coming to our files. Not billions of birds, mind you, but a few hundred here and a few hundred there, several thousand altogether, that are showing evidence of making necessary living adjustments in a land quite foreign to them thirty years ago. It is these nuclear colonies that are serving as the basis of our hope for re-establishing the whitewing in Texas. The next five or ten years will tell the story. In the meantime, every possible consideration must be lent to them.

Regulations for the 1946 season have not been formulated at this writing. They may provide a few days open season in the lower counties. They may provide a closed season over the entire range. However that may be, the thought is to gain in our breeding stock while there is still breeding stock to gain from.

As a hunter, you should try to understand the regulations and abide by them. The next time you hunt, help to avoid any waste of birds by shooting where all birds shot down can be retrieved. And when you go back home, do not tell too tall tales! It may not be too long an uphill pull but it will be much easier if we keep pulling together.

Casting

★ Continued from page 7

will eliminate the rest. You will get more real enjoyment out of your fishing if you learn to do it right. Do you have backlashes?—(and what bait tosser hasn't) tournament casting will help this too because a backlash may ruin an otherwise good score and you will soon learn to keep your thumb on the reel and will do it automatically—while fishing.—*Ohio Conservation Bulletin.*

100 Whites on 1 Stringer

By WINFRED (Gus) GUSTAFSON



WALTER GUTTMAN and Ralph Campbell, Austin anglers, had been going fishing for several days and coming back late at night with a smug look on their faces, loaded down with white bass. No amount of persuasion would get them to reveal their angler's Shangri La.

Finally, by living right, and making a solemn promise to keep the location a secret, I was invited to go along on a weekend expedition to the secret spot.

On their last trip they had found the water murky, and so that meant we would have to use minnows. It was mid-February and after seining for about three hours in icy cold water, we had to settle for the few minnows we had.

We piled provisions and gear into Campbell's house trailer, hooked it onto the bumper of his Ford and took off on what we hoped to be "The Fishing Trip of All Time."

After driving for an hour and a half, we arrived at the spot. The strain of seining was beginning to show on us, but we set up camp, got our fishing gear, and started for the fishing hole for about an hour's fishing before dark.

Hardy had the bait hit the water than Guttman had a strike, and about the same time Campbell and I had one, too.

I was beginning to believe what I had heard about the place. Before we realized it, the sky was dark and we had to knock off for the day. When we started cleaning the fish, we found that we had caught 33 white

bass a most uniform in size, averaging $1\frac{3}{4}$ to 2 pounds. I don't mind saying we felt pretty good, and it looked like the old hole would pay off.

We went back to the trailer,iced down the fish, fixed T-bones and French fries, and started to relax when all hell broke loose outside. In all the excitement of catching those whites, we hadn't noticed the threatening weather. All at once the rain started coming down in torrents, the wind started blowing, and, to top it off, hail started peppering the trailer roof. What a weekend this was going to be. We had kidded Campbell a lot about his house trailer, but I'll have to admit that on this one trip it paid for itself. Fortunately we had stopped on top of the river bank and didn't have to worry about getting out of the river bed. But other fishermen down the way had to scramble out of the low places, and cars began to climb the slick bank like ants.

The next morning was clear and sunny as if it hadn't rained for days. We hurried through breakfast and made for the fishing hole. The weather had not changed things a bit—the bass were still hitting.

We had fished about an hour when company arrived. Here came three fishermen that seemed to know exactly where to go — Guttman or Campbell must have talked. While they were rigging up, Campbell decided he wanted to try a fly rod and light line. He took a small can of minnows, waded out about waist

★ Continued on page 27

100 Whites

★ Continued from page 26

deep, and started fishing. In no time at all, he had landed six whites that looked exactly alike.

When our friends began to fish they found that they couldn't cast far enough to catch fish. Using Campbell's idea, they began to wade out a bit. Rather than take along several extra minnows, they waded back and forth after each strike, until the water was so muddy the bass stopped biting altogether, and we decided to quit for lunch.

By the time we got back to fishing, our neighbors had run out of minnows and things were quiet again.

We got down to business and caught a bass with almost every cast for about an hour until we ran out of minnows and had to quit.

When we pulled up our stringers, we counted 67 bass. We started to scale and clean them—the only bad part about catching them. By the time we were through I didn't care if I ever saw another white bass. When we put them on the stringer with the previous day's catch for a picture, we found that in a little over three hours of actual fishing time, we had caught an even 100 white bass.

Arms

★ Continued from page 24

gyroscope and an airplane wing.

A target has its own nomenclature. The flat top is called the poker chip, the circular rim about the chip being ledge, and the rounded part that leads down to the side being the dome. The flat side is known as the flange. One of the most popular targets has sixteen scorings on the underside which help break it into pieces even if lightly touched by even a few shot pellets. A perfect hit which "smokes" a target reduces it to a cloud of dust.

Hints

★ Continued from page 21

the information on the best of dough-baits. It is simple and easy to make and the most efficient if molded properly around the hook point. To make dough from bread, break a few slices into a cloth or handkerchief and place in the water but do not knead it there. After it has soaked squeeze the water out, open the cloth and knead the dough thoroughly, working in cornmeal as you do. Too much of the latter, however will make the dough too brittle. You need no cotton batting or any abracadabra—just bread and cornmeal. If the dough washes off your hook twice without a bite try another place.

Hunting

★ Continued from page 6

of San Antonio are better than in 1945, but the extent of quail recovery is not yet known. A similar report comes from the Grand Prairie, north and south of Fort Worth. Therefore, the general quail situation is not so favorable as the deer picture for 1946.

In brief, the 1946 hunting prospects may be summarized as follows:

1. A shortened season and decreased bag limit for currently lower populations of ducks, geese, and white-winged doves.
2. Populations of deer, turkey, quail, and mourning doves probably as high as in 1945, but with some local changes in numbers.
3. More hunters competing for the existing game and for places to hunt means fewer places and less game available to the average hunter.

Texas Streams

★ Continued from page 17

it must be admitted that fish use a certain protective instinct in getting out of water that appears to be subsiding.

A most unique occurrence of trapped fish is found a few miles up stream from Long Lake. There Tehuacana Creek on the west empties into the Trinity. It was mainly a wet weather creek, but some years ago the oil fields around Mexia leased a right-of-way along the creek permitting them to discharge salt water through the creek into the Trinity River. No fish life in the creek was possible, the salinity being as high as that of the ocean.

When the Trinity rises to the uplands, backing up into Tehuacana Creek, thus diluting the salt water, fish in the Trinity naturally move inland for quite a distance until they strike the salt water. As the flood water subsides, the fish find themselves stunned by the oncoming salt in which survival is a matter of only a few minutes. This little tragedy is probably enacted with each recurring major rise.

When fishermen witness the spectacle of dead fish their thoughts turn to the State Game, Fish and Oyster Commission and wonder why the situation can not be controlled. Also, stockmen, whose cattle are sometimes killed by drinking the salty water, are wondering what can be done. But the oil men *bought* the right-of-way for the briny effluent in order to keep it from entering the Navasota River, a State stream.

The Navasota River is a small stream which had been ruined for a score of years by the Mexia oil fields, but the Trinity is large enough to dilute the brine and render it harmless. As to the fish problem in Tehuacana Creek, which is of minor importance, there can be no relief unless flood control dams up stream at some future date, keep the overflows out of Tehuacana Creek.

Storiette No. 3

The Neches River is another husky, East Texas stream that is rarely confined to its bed. It, like the Trinity, inundates the lowlands and in such times it is laden with reddish soil washed from riparian farms. No fish likes to breathe in dirt with their oxygen, so they follow the usual custom of moving over to the river's edge where the retarded current drops some of its soil. If a creek is handy they move up the creek in search of clear water.

That is just what happened in Cedar Creek near Lufkin last summer, when the fish fell into a trap that was fatal. No salt this time, but something just as deadly. This creek water was clear and sparkling and very inviting to the fish but contained only a small amount of dissolved oxygen, not enough to sustain fish life. The creek carried the sewage from the city of Lufkin, hence the absence of oxygen.

Fishermen along the stream reported fish mortality at the mouth of the creek. The writer, with Captain E. M. Sprott, traced the contaminated water to its junction with the Neches. A chemical test showed insufficient oxygen for fish.

Incidentally, tangled wildwoods and the forests primeval made famous by literateurs, had nothing on this wilderness into which we plunged. The only roads were logging roads where the loggers got through with as little cutting of the forest as possible and with sudden turns to escape hitting, if possible the extruding trees. Many were the mud holes and the miraculous escapes from sinking to perdition. As might have been expected the road we traveled faded out, losing even the distinction of a cow trail. When this happened we were still one mile from our objective, so Captain Sprott, with a sample bottle, struck out through the uncharted woodland and brought back the sample of water in just one hour.

Storiette No. 4

More pollution complaints originate around Texas City perhaps than at any other comparable place in the State. The word "complaints" has particular reference to statements of fishermen as reflected in the newspapers at Houston and Galveston.

The concentration of many industrial plants at the very edge of Galveston Bay is responsible for the situation. These plants discharge great quantities of waste water into the bay. Not all of it is harmful, but the waste oil that escapes is definitely detrimental to all aquatic organisms. The Tin Smelter is working on methods to remove waste acids from the effluent which is being held in reservoirs for treatment. The effluent from the Monsanto Chemical Plant has been found harmless in numerous chemical tests, including one test made by the writer. The concern is located just across an arm of the bay from the Dyke Wharf, and naturally, when fish mortality occurs, as it does

periodically, suspicion has rested on the chemical plant.

A careful inquiry was made as to weather conditions which accompany the fish mortality. It was found that fish and shrimp died following high winds which stirred up the bottom ooze of the cove which has a general depth of only one or two feet. Analysis of the mud showed high acidity and the presence of hydrogen sulphide which is deadly to any and all living organisms. This mud, stirred by wave agitation, is the offender against which no law enforcement is possible.

An oil loading station is situated half a mile away and it is likely that bilge and ballast water are sometimes discharged in that area, thus accounting for evident oil deposits in the bottom mud. These deposits are toxic and the cove is no place for a fish. Hercules himself would have balked at the thought of such a clean-up. By comparison the Augean stables were not so bad. They, indeed, fertilized the river Alpheus, improved plankton growth and made fishing better.

Storiette No. 5

A certain man had a fish pond, and wishing to keep fishermen away, stuck up the following sign: "DO NOT FISH HEAR!"

The sign failed to stop an angler; the pond owner pointed to the sign and said, "Do you see that sign?"

"Yes," said the angler. "Do they?"

Silver Kings

★ Continued from page 16

Second largest bag of rodeo, Cecil Pike.

Third largest bag of rodeo, A. Helfensteller.

Largest kingfish Thursday, Mr. Porter Loring, Jr.

Largest kingfish of rodeo, A. Helfensteller.

Largest mackerel of rodeo, Mrs. B. D. Paschall.

Largest mackerel by lady, Mrs. B. D. Paschall.

Largest jackfish of rodeo, Cecil Pike.
Wife of boatman with most points, Mrs. Bill Moore.

Most sailfish points of rodeo, Charles Urschel.

Most sailfish points by lady, Mrs. Jim Line.

First sailfish of rodeo, Julian Crandall.
First sailfish by lady, Mrs. Hal Richardson.

Largest sailfish of rodeo, Mrs. Jim Line.

Largest sailfish by lady, Mrs. Jim Line.

Second largest sailfish of rodeo, Mrs. Jim Line.

Most sailfish points Tuesday, Mrs. Charles Urschel.

Most sailfish points Wednesday, Horace Roberdeau.

Most sailfish points Thursday, Mrs. Jim Line.

Barbecue

★ Continued from page 20

a two place job? Sure, that's the way it's being done in Texas. Capt. Loftland of the Globe Aircraft people and John Brantley of the Denton County Pointer and Setter Club with his high-bred pointer dog. Within five minutes they could have been in birds—and plenty of them—for that plum thicket in the far corner has had a covey of quail in it for years.

But they didn't turn out the dog, because it wasn't an actual hunt, but a peek into what is certainly coming for sportsmen, planes, dogs, and birds in the Great Southwest, a demonstration arranged for the nearly 1500 people gathered to attend the annual Western Barbecue of the Denton County Pointer and Setter Club.

Other planes, which had escorted the lead plane, came in to land, and soon there were an even dozen of them lined up on the green grass. In contrast, the old timers who had come on horseback edged up to examine the machines and to talk among themselves. Col. Tom Cole, a Texan who has seen the country change through the years from wild, endless prairies to ranches and farms, remarked, "That machine would be mighty handy for checking the back pastures." "I'll bet I could round up those wolves which have been getting my calves," said another dyed-in-the-wool cattleman.

This was the start of the afternoon program of this gathering of hunters, sportsmen, game conservation men, and just plain folks. A gathering in the interest of the annual Western Barbecue which this club stages to raise money for their summer Boys' Camp. Other features of the program were soon under way — jui-jitsu matches, shooting matches, an exhibition of fencing, and fancy marksmanship and rifle shooting by Bill Adkins of the Remington Arms Company. Texans like to shoot, and pride themselves on the "close bead" which they can draw—but the outstanding feats which this Bill Adkins did with rifle, shotgun and pistol amazed everyone.

Why all the shooting anyhow? Well, you see, since Tom Cole came to Denton County, serious inroads man has made come into the seemingly endless supply of game, and game cover and food thereabouts. The Denton County Pointer and Setter Club could see that something had to be done about it, when they organized several years ago. Their path was difficult through the war years and their program had to be a unique one to keep going—but their early struggles is another story. They saw that one key to the situation, and one which offers a certain solution to the preserving of game, lay in the constant betterment of Farmer-Hunter relations. That was the idea back of their annual summer Boys' Camp. Now, farm boys, selected from communities and

farm areas all over North Texas, compete each summer for a place in this camp. Thirty-five of them are quartered for five days in the lodges of an actual hunting camp on the shores of huge Lake Dallas. Their five days are filled with fun and entertainment through a definite program starting with early morning hikes and nature studies. Did you ever realize the definite pattern of nature and wildlife when each part of it is explained by an expert biologist? Can't you imagine the fun for teen age boys as they help run an all-night trot line? How many farm boys have the chance to follow a pack of high bred Walkers and Beltons as they track a red fox across the hill and vale? Doesn't the glow of a camp fire and the companionship of good fellows do something to any person—man or boy?

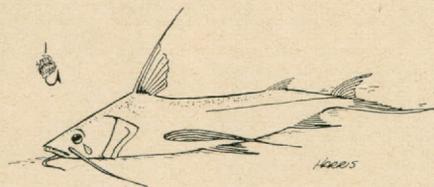
These boys, the farmers and landowners of tomorrow, are shown how their own interests tie in with game conservation and land use in keeping Nature's all-over pattern in balance. They carry that story back to their homes, and the folks can see that these "city slickers" are not such bad fellows after all—as long as everyone is playing the game as it must be played. It goes without saying that the "city slickers" have a better understanding of this important farmer-hunter relationship, too, and they are more understanding of their need of care and consideration as they roam the acres looking for birds.

The practical results of this betterment of the relationship is shown by an annual Game Census of Denton County. The men making this survey have a grand day in the field with their dogs, and when the results are in, they are tabulated and the whole picture published with appropriate comment by trained examiners. Col. M. E. Buckner, civilian head, attended this year's barbecue and was heard to explain as he attacked a heaping plate of barbecue and "fixins," "This is the best club of its kind in the state." And when Texans speak that way about anything, they actually mean in the world! Ed Cromer, head of the large Fort Worth Anglers' Club, remarked that "we have gatherings several times a year, but nothing like this." Another thing, besides the Boys' Camp, that these men had in mind was the club's assistance in putting through a three-way co-operative project between the U. S. Conservation Service, the U. S. Wildlife Service and the State Fish, Game & Oyster Commission on a 19,000-acre block of sub-marginal land. Here Nature is being given a real chance to rebuild the soil, to re-seed with native grasses and increase the upland game population. A full-time trained expert has the management of this and it appears that besides bringing back wild turkey and deer to North Texas, the future may even include prairie chickens which used to inhabit that area. Seed covies of quail, which are checked in regular surveys by club members, show good promise of real increases.

Pity the Poor Male

FOR years, along with everyone else on the coast, I have considered the saltwater catfish a mean, low and slinking individual whose only purpose in life was to slip up on the angler and to stab him in new and exceedingly painful places. But I was wrong, and I apologize unreservedly to papa catfish, for now I know what makes him that way.

As Kipling says, "The female of the species is more deadly than the male," and mama catfish, once she has laid her eggs, goes off to the



marine ladies sewing circle, or the catfish equivalent of the movies, leaving poor papa so tied up he couldn't stab anyone if he wanted to. She does all the dirty work, for she is the only one that can take a hook, and dad can't say a thing about it, for he has his mouth too full to talk.

You don't believe it? Well, try be-

ing a twelve-inch catfish and holding about thirty eggs the size of the tip end of a man's little finger in your mouth.

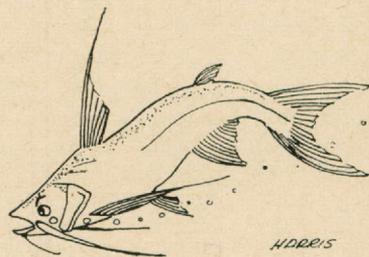
Papa catfish does this for from four to six long weeks, for once mama has deposited the eggs, he picks them up, and from then on he wanders about with a soulful look in his eyes, and a wondering, yearning expression on his face that I used to think denoted deep thought, but that I know now is the result of waiting for the day when he is to become a parent in good standing, and will once more be able to eat, for, during all this time, he has been without food.

The eggs, little by little, approach the state where they, too, will become catfish, full armed and ready to stick for life. A dot appears on their surface, and this dot broadens and lengthens, gradually acquiring a pair of eyes and a tail, as well as all the other standard equipment necessary for a catfish chassis, and, if you pick one of them up at this time,

By J. L. BAUGHMAN

the eyes follow you, not like those of Mona Lisa, in the painting, but rather with an intent and purposeful stare, as much as to say, "Just wait, big boy, I'll get you yet."

But at last the long awaited day arrives and, warned by a stir within his distended jaws that he is about to become a father, papa catfish's



stare becomes more benign than ever, as the shiny envelopes about the eggs split open, and the little fellows are hatched. Even yet, they are not quite ready to leave the parental cradle, or rather mouth, for the yolk sac is still attached, and until this is gone, they will remain with their old man. Finally, however, the yolk sac disappears, the spines of their tiny fins harden and then they, too, go forth to join the rest of the bait-stealing crew, and to lie in wait for an unwary fisherman, and stab him in the pants.

Things You May Not Know

Very young mussels, called glochidia, attach themselves to birds' feet and feathers and thus get a free ride to other waters.

* * *

Each common toad frog is said to be worth at least \$7.50 annually to farmers because of the harmful insects it eats.

* * *

Kingfishers generally nest in tunnels in earth banks.

* * *

The first successful magazine repeating rifle was the invention of C. Spencer, an American, in 1860. This rifle was used to some small extent in the Civil War, though most of the arms were muzzle-loading.

* * *

The woodcock is the only bird in the Western Hemisphere whose upper bill is movable and the beak can be used

like a pair of tweezers to grasp food below the surface of the ground.

* * *

Unlike other members of the deer tribe, both sexes of the Barren Ground caribou have horns, although the horns of the female are shorter than the male's.

* * *

The brain of an adult elephant weighs about eight pounds.

* * *

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

* * *

All renewable natural resources depend upon soil and water conservation.

* * *

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.

* * *

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.



BOOKS



AFTER THE SUMMER SEASON

Below the red west the round sun sinks;
 Out in the bay a lone light blinks;
 The cold has found my cabin's chinks;
 The voice I hear must be a mink's.

ETHEL ARNOLD

* * *

TOURNAMENT FLY AND BAIT CASTING: By Earl Osten. 147 plus xi pages. Illustrated with numerous photographs, drawings and diagrams. Published by A. S. Barnes and Company, 67 W. 44th St., New York 18, N. Y. Price \$2.50.

In this book, the author, who holds the post of executive secretary of the National Association of Casting Clubs, presents a wealth of information concerning the sports of fly and bait casting. He covers the organizations formed for participation in these sports, the rules governing competition, including detailed specifications for fly and bait casting tackle for use in all tournaments, and the basic principles of fly and bait casting technique for all accuracy and distance events.

Champions and records for the various events are listed. In addition, there is considerable miscellaneous data on local club and state association by-laws, description of equipment of various kinds, including specifications for approved target layouts and casting platforms, tables of hook and line sizes, etc. Information on rod winding and repair, knots, splices, etc., is also given. All persons interested in fly and bait casting will find this an interesting and helpful book.

WOODLAND, FIELD AND WATERFOWL HUNTING: By Ben C. Robinson. 333 plus xii pages. Illustrated with numerous halftone and line illustrations. Published by David McKay Company, Washington Square, Philadelphia 6, Pa. Price \$2.50.

This is a book of interestingly presented advice on hunting on the marsh and in the uplands. It stresses such important consideration as the essential qualities of a good hunter, the type of shotgun or rifle and the ammunition for different game and conditions. It discusses the several waterfowl species and how to hunt them, with due attention to decoys and blinds, and stalking methods. It gives due attention to the various upland game birds, their habits and pursuit. It also gives detailed consideration to the mammals, from squirrel and rabbit to white-tailed deer, and goes extensively into the subject of hunting dogs and their care.

The author has drawn on his more than forty years of experience with the gun in America, not only to advise his

readers on equipment and methods, but to inspire others with his own intense appreciation of the outdoors and the sport of hunting.

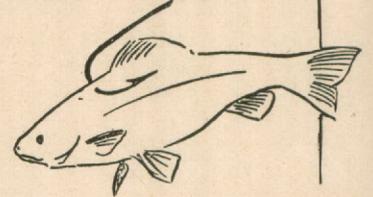
A FULL CREEL: By Henry Marion Hall. 181 plus x pages. Illustrated with color frontpiece and line drawings by Ralph Ray, Jr. Published by Longmans Green and Co., Inc., 55 Fifth Ave., New York 3, N. Y. Price \$3.00.

In "A Full Creel," Mr. Hall, lineal descendant of that Marion who once made American history as "The Swamp Fox," gives us a varied cross-section of his extensive angling experience. It is a book of good tales well told, stressing unerringly the things which most endear the sport to its legion of followers. He quotes the poets of ancient Greece to prove the fisher of today has no corner on his craft. He writes lyrically of flies and trout, of bass and pike, of beauty and adventure. It is recommended reading for all who like fishing or the out-of-doors.

MODERN BIRD STUDY, By Ludlow Griscom. x 190 pp. Published by Harvard University Press, Cambridge 38, Mass. 1945. Price, \$2.50.

Contrary to the impression one might receive from the title, this book is not a manual for bird watching but a popular summary, in non-technical language, of recent advances in ornithology. As such, it should command a wide audience among sportsmen as well as nature lovers, since it is full of interesting information. Of particular interest are the two chapters on migration, in which many little known facts are presented. The author does not believe that recent experiments, which seem to indicate that temperature and light influence the migration of some birds, can explain all migrations, and points out that there are many birds which migrate from the tropics to the north for the summer into what is for them a cooler climate. A large part of the book is concerned with the distribution of birds in the Western Hemisphere. The value of the book to serious bird students is enhanced by the bibliographies which conclude each chapter. The author is chairman of the Board of the National Audubon Society.—*J. W. Hedgpeth.*

MINNOWS SHOULD BE PLACED ON THE HOOK SO THAT THEY WILL REMAIN ALIVE AND FRISKY THE LONGEST POSSIBLE TIME — HOOK THEM THROUGH THE LIPS OR THROUGH THE BACK.



* * *

Educational films on wildlife may be borrowed from the Game, Fish and Oyster Commission, Austin, or the U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service, Chicago 54, Illinois.

* * *

Conservation is wise use of resources, not preservation.

* * *

Game Law Found in Old Testament

Look in your Old Testament for an early game law—Deuteronomy 22:6.

Massachusetts and New Hampshire had the first formal warden system in America in 1850.

Iowa set the first American bag limit. It was in prairie chickens with a limit of 25.

The first closed season for a term of years was in 1718, when Massachusetts closed the season on deer.

Arkansas, in 1875, was the first state to ban market hunting.

Illinois, in 1905, established the first game farm.

Twelve of the thirteen colonies had laws protecting game and banning certain methods of taking.

Duck Hunters

The United States Fish and Wildlife Service invites you to join them on a big job. It needs plain, honest facts. It wants to know what you—the man in the blind with the gun—find out about ducks and geese during the present hunting season. The Service wants reports—purely voluntary reports—on results of your shooting. It wants your views on the waterfowl situation to help it work out fair regulations.

Here's How You Can Help

- 1** Keep tally of the birds you bag, cripple, and observe this fall.
- 2** At the end of the season, send completed score card to the United States Fish and Wildlife Service, Chicago 54, Ill.

SCORECARD

How Many, What Kinds of Ducks, Geese Bagged	How Many Cripples Lost	Compared with Last Year Waterfowl Numbers were						
<input type="text"/>	<input type="text"/>	<table><tr><td>More</td><td>Less</td><td>Same</td></tr><tr><td><input type="text"/></td><td><input type="text"/></td><td><input type="text"/></td></tr></table>	More	Less	Same	<input type="text"/>	<input type="text"/>	<input type="text"/>
More	Less	Same						
<input type="text"/>	<input type="text"/>	<input type="text"/>						

Shooting Grounds (Check one)

Commercial	Public	Private
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>

Where you hunted _____ (State) _____ (County) _____ How Many Days _____

Comments:

Date _____ Name _____

Address _____

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