

# Texas Game and Fish

NOVEMBER 1964 20 CENTS

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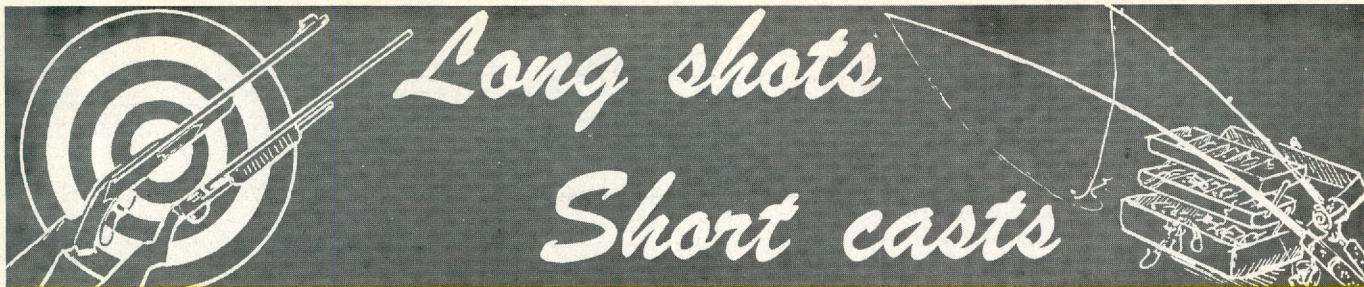
PAN-AMERICAN COLLEGE  
EDINBURG, TEXAS



MANISCALCO

This one's for lovin', not the oven. With such a cute protectress as Janey Wyble, the Thanksgiving outlook seems just fine for this privileged bird. *Picture caught by Curtis Carpenter.*





**REEL EASY:** For cleaning fishing reels, experts recommend a mixture of two parts alcohol to one part light reel or gun oil. Mix well and clean reel thoroughly. When the alcohol evaporates a light, protective film of oil is left, which keeps reel parts from rusting or corroding.

**BORDER GAME:** Agencies of the Federal Government and Mexico will take concerted action this fall against U.S. hunters who violate United States game import regulations and Mexican game laws. This is necessary because of the rising incidence of such violations. A 1936 treaty between Mexico and the U.S. protects birds migrating between the two countries. Annual seasons and limits apply to ducks, geese, doves and other migratory game birds in Mexico, as in the United States. Although Mexican game laws differ from U.S. regulations, hunting seasons and possession limits are prescribed for each geographical area where hunting is permitted. All U.S. hunters returning with game from Mexico should know and observe the U.S. regulations. Game should be declared at the nearest Customhouse. Vessels, motor vehicles or aircraft leased in transporting undeclared imported game animals may be subject to forfeiture. Sportsmen can assist in the program by reporting violations to the Southwest Regional Office of the Bureau of Sport Fisheries and Wildlife, P.O. Box 1306, Albuquerque, New Mexico. Such information and its source will be kept in strict confidence.

**WHOSE FIELD DAY?:** Researchers at Texas A&M University worked for weeks preparing an exhibit to be shown on "sheep and goat field day." It was to be called "Managing Feeder Lambs on Small Pasture Grains." The plans had to be changed--wolves ate the exhibit! The researchers instead scheduled an exhibitless event called "Predator Control in Lamb Flocks."

**OPEN INVITATION:** A new 76-page illustrated booklet, "The Race for Inner Space," is a special report to the nation, dramatizing the loss or abuse of areas ideally suited for public use. It was prepared by the Dept. of the Interior, to meet increasing requests from conservation groups and individuals for information regarding specific conservation problems, the approach of the Dept. in attempting to solve these problems, and ways in which the general public can help preserve much-needed open space for present and future generations. "The Race for Inner Space" may be purchased for 55 cents from the Superintendent of Documents, Government Printing Office, Washington, D.C., 20402.

**BAIT BITS:** When fish won't hit a whole worm, try using a small segment of it. For some unknown reason this occasionally turns the trick and produces a strike. Another tip: a tiny strip of pork rind attached to the hook of a spoon makes that lure doubly attractive to fish of all kinds.

**SANE CAMPAIGN:** The Dept. of the Interior has announced start of a more intensive safety campaign to protect the lives of millions of recreationists. The accident-prevention movement will emphasize water safety on areas over which the Dept. has jurisdiction. The need for the program stems from findings of a special task force which studied safety problems on the nearly 7 million acres of water supervised by the Dept. and the more than 22,000 miles of canals, streams, rivers and lakeshore. The study, one of the most comprehensive ever undertaken by a Federal agency, revealed that during the 10-year period ending in 1963 there were approximately 6,000 water accidents, 1,381 of which were fatal, at Interior-administered sites. Swimming accidents led the list, followed closely by boating mishaps. Next were fatalities based on fishing and hunting, water skiing and scuba and skin diving. Among the swimming fatalities reported, use of unauthorized areas caused the most deaths, followed by "inexperienced swimmers," "lack of supervision of children," and "misconduct."

**HANDY TIP:** Carry facial tissue on fishing trips to keep your hands relatively free of insect repellent when handling gear. Small amounts of repellent can damage nylon leaders, rod varnishes and plastic sunglasses.—Compiled by Joan Pearsall

# Texas Game and Fish

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TEXAS GAME AND FISH is published monthly by the Parks and Wildlife Department. Subscription price \$2 per year, \$3 for 2 years, and \$5 for 5 years. Single copies of current issue 20 cents each.

Subscriptions to TEXAS GAME AND FISH are available from the Austin offices, and branch offices. Checks and money orders should be made payable to PARKS AND WILDLIFE DEPARTMENT, Editorial and Advertising Offices, Reagan Building, Austin, Texas. Second class postage paid at Austin, Texas.

Postmaster: If undeliverable, please notify TEXAS GAME AND FISH on form 3579 at the Reagan Bldg., Austin, Texas.

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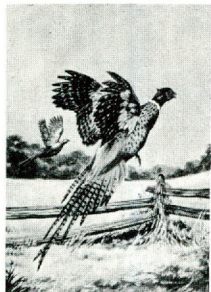
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## The Cover



Texas isn't noted for its pheasants. But, far up in the Panhandle above the Canadian River, the Chinese Ring-neck pheasant (*Phasianus colchicus*) bursts forth each year to offer the shotgunning fraternity challenging excitement. A tricky ringneck breaks from its hiding in a flash of color and with a raucous cackle. Painting by Joseph Maniscalco.

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE PARKS AND WILDLIFE DEPARTMENT, DEDICATED TO PROTECTING AND CONSERVING NATURAL RESOURCES; TO PROVIDING AND MAINTAINING AN EXCELLENT PARK SYSTEM; AND TO IMPROVING HUNTING AND FISHING IN TEXAS.

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# Sequel to Summer

**F**ALL!!! What a wonderful time of year. Just the perfect time to visit our state parks.

But there's nothing there, you protest. No swimming, no skiing, no sun-bathing, no dancing on the moon-lit patios . . .

That's right! But what about no noisy shouting and loud laughter to echo through citadel-like canyons and glens? No swimmers or skiers to spoil the mirror reflections of the lakes. All that awaits the autumn visitor is peace, quiet and a tremendous sense of harmony with nature.

Nature really has a show rehearsed and ready, awaiting those who come. New frosted and tinted coiffures crown each tree. Ash, beech, maple, cottonwood, oak—each seemingly tries to outdo the other while the dowager evergreens look down on such frivolity and whisper to each other how happy they are that such nonsense only comes once a year. Who knows? Maybe in their hearts they are only jealous.

However, the woodland creatures take no notice of this perennial rivalry. They are active in a competition of their own. Squirrels scamper through cornflake leaves, busily gathering nuts; 'possums and 'coons amble along in search of late berries and nuts (the few overlooked by the sharp-eyed squirrels) to fatten on before the northers arrive. Deer shyly peer from thickets and cautiously graze on golden grasses in meadows and glades.

From overhead comes the trumpeting calls of great migrating flocks winging their way southward to winter homes in gulf coast fields, marshes and refuges.

Fish, energized by a new chill in the water, leap and strike savagely at almost anything that passes, making lazy circles in the water that collide with vacant sandy beaches.

Best of all, in the new-found silence come the faint voices from the past with pioneering tales of exploration, hardships, settlement, wars and growth, as colorful historical pageantry parades by. Almost all parks have a story to tell those seeking to know.

Parks are not closed by any means, but merely awaiting more visitors. Visitors who will see them in a new and entirely different light. Not in a mood of helter-skelter fun but a new enchanting dimension in relaxation. Try it for yourself and see! \*\*

THE STAFF



essential for healthy populations of deer and squirrels.

A joint program to learn the facts about hardwood requirements for game production is now under way on the Stephen F. Austin Experimental Forest, 10 miles south of Nacogdoches. L. K. Halls from the Southern Forest Experiment Station, Forest Service, U. S. Department of Agriculture, is measuring and interpreting the habitat factors. D. W. Lay and C. E. Boyd from the Texas Parks and Wildlife Department are studying the deer. P. D. Goodrum from the Bureau of Sport Fisheries and Wildlife, Fish and Wildlife Service, U. S. Department of the Interior, is studying the squirrels and their behavior. Texas' participation in this joint study is through Federal Aid in Wildlife Restoration Project W-91-R.

Field laboratory for the studies is a forest dominated by commercial-size loblolly and shortleaf pine, but with oaks, hickories, sweetgum, and other hardwoods comprising about 23 per cent of the stand. There have been no deer or cattle in the area for several years.

A 306-acre tract has been divided into two 153-acre units. In one unit, all the hardwoods (with the exception of dogwood) larger than 2 inches d.b.h. (diameter at breast height) are being removed in a commercial sale or deadened by stem injections of 2,4-D amine. The other unit will retain a mixture of pines and hardwoods in about the present ratio of 3 to 1.

Each of the 153-acre units has been enclosed by an 8-foot woven wire fence. The fence will not only permit control of deer numbers but will exclude unwanted animals such as dogs, hogs, and cattle.

In 1965 each enclosure will be

# High Hopes for Hardwoods

by L. K. HALLS, D. W. LAY, C. E. BOYD and P. D. GOODRUM

**T**EXAS' 11.5 million acres of commercial pine-hardwood forests are called upon to produce two crops simultaneously—game and timber.

Conflicts sometimes arise between timber growers, who favor pure pine stands, and wildlifers, who contend that mast-producing hardwoods are

stocked with three fawns—two does and one buck. After the second year some animals will be removed annually for study and the rest of the

natural increase retained to build up each herd to match its available food supply. As deer are trapped and removed or observed with binoculars, data will be taken to measure their health and productiveness. Information will include body weight, antler size, age, reproductive rate, and incidence of disease and parasites. The scientists will attempt to relate the animals' condition to habitat factors such as temperature and rainfall, to yields, quality, and availability of forage, and to the kind, size, and number of trees.

Among other things, these observations will show:

(a) Which plants deer prefer.

(b) How deer diet changes with the amount and kind of available food.

(c) How mast production affects deer carrying capacity.

(d) What the best indications are of too few or too many deer.

(e) How deer food is influenced by changing timber stand conditions.

(f) How many deer can be grown and harvested under various forest conditions.

(g) How deer size, condition, and reproduction are related to deer concentration and forage yields.

Forest changes probably will affect squirrels more than deer. Since squirrels can't be fenced in, other means are used to estimate populations.

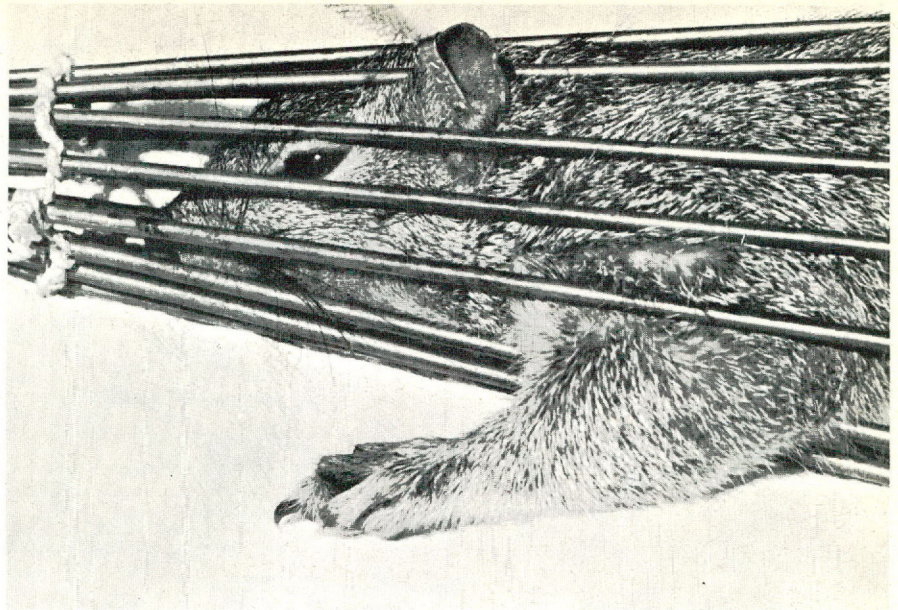
Before any trees were cut or killed the squirrel population was estimated by live trapping and by counting in the woods. The weight and sex of each trapped squirrel was recorded, and before the animals were released their tails were marked with a black dye. Later "sight" counts were made and the ratio between marked and unmarked squirrels was used to calculate the population. This technique will be repeated annually to find how squirrel numbers are affected by hardwood removal.

As with deer, data will be collected on the habitat.

The information should tell:

(a) How yields of acorns and other fruits affect squirrel reproduction and nesting habits.

• *Continued on Page 21*



Squirrel is held tightly in wire cone for tagging and marking so biologists can record later.



Painted tails help to calculate populations by sight-count ratios of marked and unmarked squirrels. Below, young deer released in 153-acre enclosures to find how they do with and without hardwoods.





# Border Big Shot

White-winged doves by the thousands dotted the sky over Mission in early morning hours as they winged their way from the roosts to feast

in the fields. Each phase of their daily routine is so precisely timed that clocks can be set by the schedules they maintain each day.

**T**HE SKY was empty, except for a few straggling birds swiftly darting about. Few sounds broke the dawn stillness. An orange glow from the east backlit long rows of palms standing tall and straight like proud soldiers along both sides of the narrow country road. Blackbirds of all sizes began to shift about from tree to tree. Mockingbirds now poured forth their never-ending list

of songs. A rooster crowed, and then another. In a pleading tone an impatient milk cow beckoned her master. The magic Rio Grande Valley was opening her eyes to a new day.

Then between the tassel-topped soldiers I saw specks appear just above the yawning city of Mission. Soon the sky overhead was dotted with birds flocked in designs that man could never hope to match. The

smooth music of air being forced through the tips of a billion feathers filled the morning air. It was just a few minutes past six. The white-wings were exactly on schedule. "How clever the birds are," I thought. "They arise early, retire early and meet their schedules."

It was September 6, second day of the white-winged dove hunt along the Rio Grande. The doves had the



fields to themselves that morning. But, when 2 p.m. came around again, 1,200,000 whitewings would share their feeding grounds with several thousand hunters, prepared to harvest the surplus birds and thrill to the swing of a shotgun, the rewards of a perfect shot.

Friday wasn't exactly a hunter's dream. Rains, in some areas regular "gulley washers," threatened to wash out what could have been a perfect opener. Over one million whitewings awaited sportsmen. The birds were given a rest last year and hunters, because of missing a season hunt, were doubly anxious to get back to the fields and enjoy one of the most exciting hunts in the nation. Regardless of the rain, 2,942 cars were spotted in whitewing country the first day. Some 8500 guns blasted away at the birds.

Hunters bagged 71,571 whitewings and 14,707 mourning doves the afternoon hours from 2 p.m. until sunset on Sept. 5. Including the 14,269 whitewings never retrieved, it was a better than average hunt.

Skies were clear the second day. And hunters were out in force when the hands on the clocks showed 2 p.m. Nearly 3900 autos were spotted scattered all through the southern edge of Texas. Over 12,000 hunters challenged the fleet doves with white-slashed wings. They killed 114,524 doves including 26,457 mourning doves and 18,676 whitewings lost.

The third and fourth days, Sept. 12 and 13, of the hunt showed fewer of everything including hunters. The total whitewings bagged the last two days was less than that bagged for either of the first two days. On the third day 40,813 whitewings were sacked, 16,608 mourning doves taken, 8,555 whitewings lost for a total of 49,368 doves killed.

On Sept. 13, final day of the split season, 38,796 doves of both species were killed. Of these, 30,865 were whitewings, 19,931 were mourning doves and 7,931 whitewings which were never recovered.

When the final tabulations were in, they revealed that 11,656 cars were spotted in the fields, 33,972 hunters participated in the four day event, 239,097 whitewings were

by CURTIS CARPENTER

Photos by Paul Hope

bagged, 77,031 mourning doves taken, 49,431 whitewings were not found and the total kill of both species was 288,526.

Several appalling examples of poor sportsmanship were observed during the hunt. One which is repeated year after year—littering up the land—



Two anxious hunters wait as the watch hands tick away the minutes for the opening of the 1964 whitewing season, at 2 p.m., Sept. 5.



White-winged doves don't change their schedules for the hunters. Here a group awaits the

earned first place again this year. However, failing to retrieve fallen birds placed a very close second. The lack of respect for landowners, an easy third, was noted in the destruction of plant life, tramping down irrigation structures and shooting in the direction of homes and moving autos. In fourth place was the disregard for bag and possession limits. The rewards for poor sportsmanship usually are posted signs, hunting fees and, at times, the eradication of a popular game species.

The white-winged dove season in Texas has been tagged by many as one of the shortest, wildest and most exciting hunter events in the world. The 1964 hunt couldn't possibly have injured this image. \*\*

first flights of the day. When the birds blacken the skies this will be a scene of noisy action.



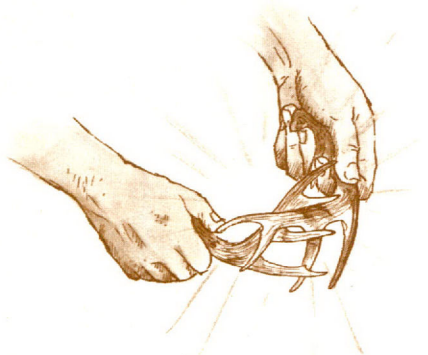
When the guns have been placed back in their cases, it's all over but the picking.

**D**AWN BROKE over the Brush Country of South Texas as we shivered in the low 30 degree temperature. A light fog covered the area we were hunting. All things seemed perfect to get the old mossback we had been after for several years. We purposely had stayed out of this piece of brush until we knew that the old boy was on the move and looking for trouble from younger bucks that were seeking out the does in that area.

Heavy intermittent rain for several days and nights had set the stage for the bucks of the heavy brush to come out and begin moving. We spent a little time walking out the area we were hunting in several days before and found what we were looking for. "Scrapes" were visible over most of an acre or so, and two places in the brush held signs of two heavy bucks really banging each other around. Cactus flattened out in places, sage brush broken off, and horn marks in the dirt indicated a real scrap had taken place. We knew that both bucks had to be in the trophy class and decided to try for one of them.

As the light improved, a gentle breeze from the north began to sweep the fog away. We knew it would be possible soon to see through a scope.

We had walked into this area a good half mile from the pickup to be certain we did not spook any deer that might be around. Our hunting blind was a large mesquite tree. We had built a small platform in one big fork. As we eased into a more comfortable position



before beginning the horn rattling, a large coyote passed right under our tree. We froze and when the coyote passed on without any sign of being disturbed, we knew that everything was in our favor. There wasn't enough wind for a deer or any other animal to get a whiff of us. Everything seemed ideal, nothing to cause an old mossback to be leary of the sound of horns rattling.

The secret of horn rattling is to use a set of live antlers in such a way that the sounds produced very closely resemble those of two bucks clashing together. The antlers need not be large and bulky. A small but sturdy set works best. A set that has dried out can be restored to produce a live sound if soaked overnight in water prior to using.

Some horn-rattling hunters have their own theories about the most effective methods or "tricks" to rattling. But there are some basic techniques which frequently

produce results. A person who actually has heard two deer fight knows better how to reproduce true sounds of antlers clashing and other battle noises such as hoof stomping and the breaking of branches. If a big buck is fooled into thinking that two competitors are scrapping over an attractive deer of the opposite sex, he will charge through the brush and be on the scene in a very few minutes.

The first rattles should be of a longer duration than any that follow. Two minutes is long enough even for the first rattling. With the antlers held firmly, crash them together and rattle a few times, first low and then high on the tips. Take them apart and crash them together repeatedly, each time from a slightly different angle. Rattle them again, first deep and then on the tips. After about two minutes of this, pause for some 15 minutes at least. Then if a buck doesn't appear, rattle again, but just for a few seconds.

Keep your eyes peeled downwind. A big, bright buck usually will circle downwind and pick up scent before moving in. Have your rifle in a position for quick action while rattling. Watch for movements and keep all other noises down. Remember, a little rattling goes a long way.

Be well hidden when rattling up deer. A perch high in a tree is the best spot. This way, your scent is not likely to be picked up by a wise buck. Deer seldom will look up unless they spot some movement. Nevertheless, it is quite disappointing when a prize buck trots within

## *Rattle 'm*

range only to be spooked by movement or unnatural sounds.

Usually a person needs to go along with an expert rattler to learn the secrets before going on his own. A long discussion about this method of hunting with the pro over a pot of coffee is second best. Knowing where to rattle and when to rattle may mean the difference between missing or bagging a nice buck.

After two or three really cold northers hit the area, time grows ripe for horn rattling. It's best to locate a spot where the bucks are active. Scrapes and rubs are good signs. A little scouting around before the hunting season often will reveal choice areas. When actually hunting it's best not to trample up the area around your blind.

Late season usually is best for hunting. Following a cold wet norther is excellent. The early morning, after

the wind has subsided and the sounds will carry far, is ideal. A clear, frosty still morning is perfect. On a cold, cloudy day rattling often will be effective all day long.

With these thoughts assuring us that all was perfect, we rested our rifles across our legs and began a crashing of horns. It sounded like two "old-timers" had met up and charged each other with all the steam they could muster up. Then, we sent forth the sound of horns being locked, and the click and scrape as two deer lurched and rocked each other around. Pausing a few seconds, we closely watched the open brush around us. We were slightly disappointed that nothing showed anywhere. After another minute or so, we crashed the horns together again and before separating them, produced more scraping and clicking. We knew this had to be enough noise for a while because when two good bucks get together, they slash at each other just so long before the weaker retreats to safe grounds.

We gently set the horns to rest on a limb, picked up our rifles and waited for what we hoped would take place. And our efforts paid off. A big buck appeared in an opening and pranced our way. Our next glimpse of him was through scopes. We could tell he was a good one in size and had lots of rockers showing above his head. But before we could squeeze the trigger, he moved on towards another larger "scrape" that was about 40 yards from our tree. Knowing this was the spot he was headed for, we held on him and waited just to see what would happen. He stopped in this largest

# Up

by WAYNE FERRELL

of the "scrapes" we had seen. He took a swipe at the dirt with his right front foot and, at that instant, we touched off the 150 grain Nozzler bullet. The buck staggered for a split second, lurched forward and piled up no more than ten yards from the spot where the bullet made contact.

Pausing a few seconds in the tree, and watching the buck through the scope to be certain all was done, we breathed a silent prayer for he was truly a magnificent buck. Thirteen points of fairly heavy horns and roughly 185 pounds of smart deer flesh. Not a real trophy to a lot of deer hunters, but one that had avoided the rifle sights for several years and would have, in all probability, been around for a few more years had it not been for the horn rattling trick. It proved true a common saying we have in deep South Texas . . . "the old ones come to the horns." \*\*



**S**WIRLS of reddish water churned through the center of Granite Shoals Lake and tumbled over several flood gates in Wirtz Dam. It was the first time in many years the lake's glass-clear waters had been stained so completely. Great masses of blackened clouds hugged the hills all about the popular Central Texas Highland Lakes. To a spectator, it looked like ideal weather for a world series "washout."

Granite Shoals and Marble Falls

lakes had been selected as the site for the 1964 World Series Elimination Fishing Tournament. Marble Falls Lake, because it isn't much wider than the Colorado River, turned from crystal clear to dirty red once the gates were opened. Granite Shoals evolved the "do-or-die" lake for tournament contestants and the rampaging Llano River was fast dis-coloring its chances for producing many good strings.

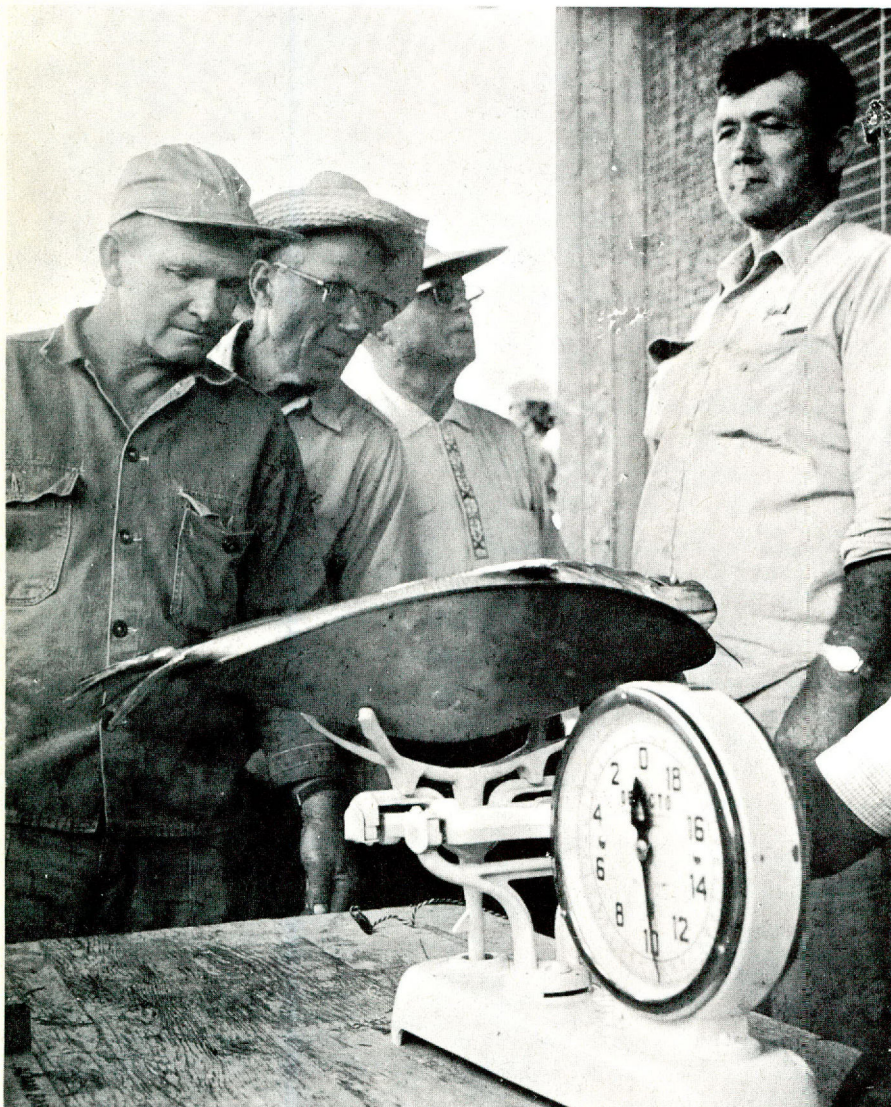
By Saturday, September 26, the

second day of fishing, Granite Shoals looked more like a giant mud hole than a popular bass lake. Even the many coves and creeks along its granite shoreline were heavily tinted with Hill Country top soil. The rains were a welcome relief to the drouth-tortured ranchers and farmers. But to the fishing contestants, it meant an even tougher test of fishing skills.

The World Series Elimination Tournament was designed and established to select a top fisherman to

# Weathered Winners

by CURTIS CARPENTER



Curlo Morris, left, weighs in the heaviest single string of the tournament as Bill Allen, next to Morris, and Jack Oldham, far right, look on. Morris' string inspired many contestants.

represent Texas at the World Series Sportsfishing Tournament scheduled for Bull Shoals Lake in Arkansas in October. At the Arkansas tournament, top fishermen from all over the U.S. will gather to compete for a national championship. It's a great honor to reach for, and most of the 246 fishermen who registered for the Texas eliminations represented the best in the State. Neither a gulley-washer nor a dirty lake could keep them away.

The tournament rules called for two weigh-ins each day, one at 10 a.m. and the second at 7:30 p.m. Contestants were required to stop fishing a half hour before deadline for weighing in. They could not wet a hook until 4 a.m. during the first half and not until 3 p.m. for the second half. All fish had to be 12 inches or longer to qualify and caught on artificial lures. After the first morning of fishing, because of the muddy condition of the lakes, officials changed the rules to include Inks Lake open to the contestants.

The first weigh-in was actually more promising than most had expected. Curlo Morris, of Wimberley, strung 11 pounds and 14 ounces of bass Friday morning. He had one that tipped the scales at 5 pounds and 6 ounces. Other nice strings were brought in, a very encouraging sight indeed for all contestants.

Jimmy Baird landed a 7-pound-1-ounce black the second day of the

action. Many fishermen who otherwise would have departed because of the extremely discouraging conditions held on when the big ones came in.

As if the dirty water wasn't enough, the strong north winds slammed into "tournamentland" Sunday, whipping the red water to a froth. Some spectators, and contestants, described it as the best collection of *poor* tournament conditions ever accumulated. After watching a few weigh-ins, these same individuals agreed that at the Cottonwood Lodges, tournament headquarters, had gathered some of the most determined and able bass fishermen in the world.

The tabulations at the end of the 1964 Texas Elimination Tournament were very impressive, much more so

than many such events held under perfect conditions.

Bill Nelson, a 65-year-old retired paint contractor, representing the Austin Bass Club, weighed in 16 pounds of bass to capture the top honors and a chance to represent Texas in Arkansas. Contestants were allowed to enter only the heaviest strings for two of the three days they fished. Nelson had 11 pounds and 4 ounces Friday and a 4-pound-12-ounce bass Sunday. Waco's Bob Reed placed second with a two-day total of 14 pounds and 14 ounces.

The remaining positions were recorded as follows: Heaviest string of any one weigh-in, Curlo Morris, Wimberley. Ladies division, Mrs. Ruby Christophurson, Waco. Biggest daily: Friday, Curlo Morris, 5 pounds and 6 ounces; second, G. G. Gale, San Antonio, 5 pounds, 2 ounces. Saturday, Jimmy Baird, San Antonio, 7 pounds and 1 ounce; second, Nick Francipane, San Antonio, 6 pounds, 6 ounces. Sunday, Mrs. Ruby Christophurson, Waco, 5 pounds 14 ounces; second, Jerry Nichols, Waco, 5 pounds and 12 ounces. Heaviest String daily: Curlo Morris, 11 pounds, 14 ounces; second, Murry Muston, Austin, 7 pounds, 6 ounces; third, George Raven, Austin, 6 pounds, 12 ounces. (Nelson had the second heaviest string, Friday, with 11 pounds and 4 ounces, but major award winners were disqualified

from other prizes.) Saturday, Eddie Biggs, Austin, 7 pounds, 14 ounces; Nick Francipane, 7 pounds, 5 ounces; third, Jimmy Baird, 7 pounds, 1 ounce. Sunday, Gaylor Scoggins, Austin, 7 pounds, 2 ounces; second, Mrs. Christophurson, 5 pounds, 14 ounces; third, Jerry Nichols, Waco, 5 pounds, 12 ounces.

The toughest test of the tournament was the muddy waters. But even against these odds, 359 bass over 12 inches long were weighed in for a fine total of 527 pounds. Most of these were taken from churned up Granite Shoals Lake. Nineteen of the 359 fish went from 4 to 7 pounds, a good showing for any tournament.

Doc Belknap, popular host for the annual event, and industrious proprietor of the Granite Shoals Lodges, predicted before the action began, "The deluge might wash out some tournaments, but with the calibre of fishermen we have here, I doubt very much if it will flood this one out."

He was right. Granite Shoals Lake proved itself a consistent producer of bass even under highly discouraging conditions. And, the gathering of tournament-tested fishermen proved their abilities to meet the unexpected challenges headon, and still fill their stringers. Texas should be well represented in Arkansas, no matter what the conditions. \*\*



Mrs. Ruby Christophurson, Waco Bass Club, won first place in ladies division with this nice 5-pound 14-ounce black caught the last day.



Biggest bass of the tournament, a 7-pounder, caught by the San Antonio Bass Club's Jimmy Baird, caused lots of excitement Saturday.

Doc Belknap looks on as Fred Maly presents his trophy to Bill Allen, the fisherman who represented Texas at Bull Shoals in October.



**F**RANK B. Seale has learned that deer production on his ranch will not only pay its own way, but will also pay for ranch improvements to increase livestock production.

Seale's ranch is seven miles north of Bryan on the Brazos-Robertson county line. The ranch has approximately 200 acres in cropland and 5,000 acres in rangeland. Some 4,000 acres of rangeland are covered with post oak, blackjack oak and associated shrubs typical of Brazos County.

In the early days this area supported a good deer population. However, due to a combination of factors such as over-grazing by livestock, continuous hunting pressure, jack-

within the district in developing and applying conservation plans.

Frank Seale was one of the first ranchers to cooperate with the district in carrying out a conservation plan. Other ranchers in the district soon learned the benefits received from careful grazing management. They learned that as the range improved, not only did their livestock production increase, but also the deer population prospered.



## Income From *DEER*

lighting and hunting with dogs, deer were practically eliminated in the 1930's.

During the late 30's and early 40's things began to take a turn in favor of the deer. In 1939 and 1940 the old Texas Game and Fish Commission restocked deer on the Seale Ranch and surrounding area. No deer hunting was to be permitted until a significant increase in deer occurred.

Concern by landowners over the deteriorating condition of the range and eroding crop fields continued to grow. In 1941 local farmers and ranchers in Brazos and Robertson counties voted to form the Brazos-Robertson Soil Conservation District. The district was formally organized in 1942. The district signed a working agreement with the Soil Conservation Service whereby the SCS would furnish technically trained men to assist farmers and ranchers

By 1945, through improvement of range conditions and protection by better game law enforcement, the deer population had increased enough to allow some deer hunting. Hunters have been harvesting surplus deer every year since. The deer population has continued to rise. Deer census counts made by Texas Game and Fish Commission biologists in 1959 showed the ranch to

have 906 deer. In 1960 the count rose to 955, in 1961 it reached 1,050. Antlerless deer hunting has been permitted in the area since 1959.

In the spring of 1960 Frank Seale's son, Henry, a long-time hunting enthusiast, began developing a day hunting program. He cleared roads on the ranch to place hunters at good shooting points. Hunting stands, built along the roads, small woodland openings and old fields would accommodate 40 hunters daily. About 100 acres in the openings and fields were planted to oats and singletary peas for deer food.

Public response was good. Eighty deer were killed on the opening day of hunting season. Most of the hunters came from nearby Bryan, and a few from as far away as Waco and Houston.

In the summer of 1961 Seale con-

## *HUNTING*

by VERNON HICKS  
and  
LUCIEN KRUSE

structed a cabin for hunters who prefer to lease for the season. This cabin has 4 rooms and bath with a large fireplace, and is equipped with butane, electricity, hot and cold water. The cabin accommodates 4 hunters each season.

By fall, 1961, more out-of-town people had heard about the good deer hunting on Seale's ranch. These visitors made up a larger percentage of the hunters.

A four-wheel drive vehicle was purchased equipped with a winch and two-way radio-telephone. With this radio-telephone, hunters were able to call home and "report in" or transact business from the hunting stand. This was especially popular with businessmen hunters.

Hunters make reservations with Seale to hunt on the ranch on a certain date. They meet at the ranch headquarters and are taken to the hunting stands before daylight.

Each stand is checked about mid-morning and mid-afternoon to bring in hunters who have made kills and move those who desire a different hunting stand. Hunters are then picked up about dark and returned to ranch headquarters.

At the present time Henry is able to place hunters over approximately one-half the ranch. As additional income is received from the day-hunting program, he plans to clear more roads, construct bridges across impassable creeks, make more woodland clearings, plant more deer food patches, and construct deer stands to accommodate 40 additional day hunters. More cabins will be built for other season lessees.

Seale figures the roads being



Ground stands along roads and right-of-ways provide concealment in deer and turkey hunt-

ing. The stands are made to look natural and blend right in with the wooded background.

cleared over the ranch also make it easier to look after the 200 head of purebred Hereford cattle now car-

ried on the ranch.

With additional improvements

• Continued on Page 25



Tree stands are picked in areas where hunters can have large open fields allowing some good shots. This is a typical stand in an area

where deer abound. In the early mornings and late afternoons, deer will slip out of the woods and graze in the beautiful open meadows.

**H**ow many times have you heard someone say, "What is such-and-such good for?" On the surface this seems to be a sensible question when you are considering the value of a rattlesnake, especially if you have an aversion for snakes. Even this writer, at times, questions the value of gnats, house flies and cockroaches. To be fair, however, these pests should be viewed in relation to the "scheme of things." For example, many insects provide the bulk of food for higher forms of life such as birds and fish and, in turn, benefit man either directly or indirectly. Rattlesnakes play their part in the control of other "good-for-nothings" since their primary food is rats.

Nearly every freshman biology student is familiar with the *Anopheles* and *Culex* mosquitoes. Aside from being nuisances with all the buzzing and their burning, itching bite, they are known to carry malaria and encephalitis virus. In the summer of 1963, mosquitoes became so thick in Southern Louisiana that many cattle died from suffocation. Within reasonable limits, it is pos-

sible to place an economic value on the cattle that were "killed" by the mosquitoes, but how can anyone place a value on the misery of an encephalitis patient, not to mention those who succumb to it?

Breeding of mosquitoes can be

controlled by drainage, by spreading oil on water to kill the larvae, by spraying the water with insect larvicides, or certain fish can do the job for you.

Draining in delta areas is easier said than done; pollution laws preclude the use of pollutants, such as Paris green, etc., because they are deadly fish killers and, in some cases, are poisonous to man. Since time immemorial, however, a little-known fish has carried on his own private

war against mosquito larvae or "wrigglers."

war against mosquito larvae or "wrigglers."

In 1905, at the request of the City of Honolulu, Hawaii, a man named Alvin Seale went to Texas and got three different genera of fish (*Fundulus grandis*, *Gambusia affinis*, and *Mollienesia latipinna*) to determine which was best for controlling mosquito larvae. The tiny *Gambusia* proved to be more effective than any other fish tested and since that time has been widely used in mosquito control work. It is easy to see why he has come to be known as the "mosquitofish." He can live in a great diversity of habitats but, as a rule, open water is avoided and shallow

regions with stagnant or sluggish waters are preferred. Even though his diet consists mainly of insects

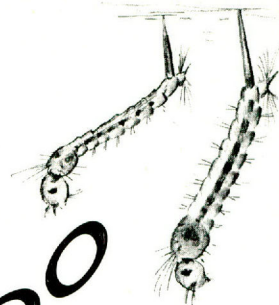
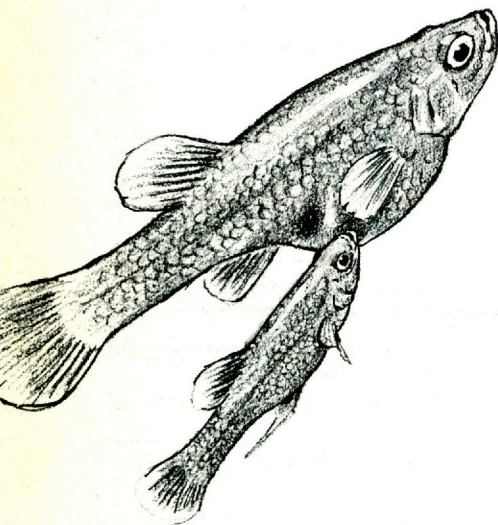
and insect larvae, he does take vegetable food, especially algae.

The mosquitofish is acclimatized in South European countries and in Germany and Austria, as well as China, Japan and other countries. In the U.S.S.R. it occurs from Transcaucasus and the Black Sea region through the Ukraine as far north as Moscow. It also occurs in the Southern United States through Central America, the West Indies and South America as far as northern Argentina. Italy has mastered its mosquito problem with the *Gambusia*.

Generally, fishermen who seine their bait discard the mosquitofish on the grounds that they are no good; they are a nuisance. But please, Mr. Fisherman, remember that the little "good-for-nothing" mosquitofish does you a favor by controlling mosquitoes. Without this fish you might not be able to fish your favorite spots, even with an unlimited supply of insect repellent. This illustrates the true value of one of our seemingly unimportant wild creatures. Someone may ask, "But what about the mosquitoes, aren't they good for something?" The answer is, they're useful in one respect—as mosquitofish food. \*\*

# SKEETER SKIDDOO

by CHARLES T. MENN  
Aquatic Biologist





**I**T WAS late December before Tom could break the responsibilities of his job and finally get out to his hunting lease to join his friends, who had already enjoyed weeks of hunting.

As he sat atop a barren knoll near a game trail watching the first faint rays of sun begin their battle with the horizon, Tom shuddered as the penetrating cold pierced his body and seemed to settle in his joints.

"I'll never be able to pull the trigger if I see a buck," thought Tom as his hands grew numb from the cold. He had been sitting in this crouched position for more than two hours now and the muscles of his body were crying for relief. Tom leaned back on the ground and raised one leg, then the other, as he began to unwind and stretch his legs before him. His mind was so occupied with his own misery and the surrounding elements that he even forgot where he was.

Suddenly the air was split by a sharp blast akin to the sound produced by an air compressor when the valve is tripped. This sound



shocked Tom back into stark reality.

He fell to one side swinging his rifle up in protective reflex and was both relieved and embarrassed when he discovered the sound had been made by several deer. They had been grazing close by and were spooked by the movement when Tom straightened his legs.

Then he noticed one of the deer might be a buck. The scope revealed it was larger than any deer he had seen before. The animal was standing broadside, not more than 50 yards from Tom, trying to locate whatever had been responsible for the movement which startled him.

Tom raised his rifle swiftly and fired. He was too excited to be care-

# a TALE of TEETH

by **RODNEY G. MARBURGER, JACK WARD THOMAS, Wildlife Biologists** and **B. D. LOVING, Biology Technician**

ful, so the rifle roared before it was seated solidly in the crook of his shoulder. The bullet ripped through the trees, the rifle leaped high and the new scope left a lasting memento above Tom's eye. Blood was already beginning to seep from the cut. He wiped savagely at the blood to avoid its distorting his vision, and again threw the rifle to his shoulder just in time to see the buck disappearing over the crest of the hill. The rifle roared, the buck faltered and then dropped to the ground thrashing with his antlers. Five more seconds and the deer would have been free.

Tom approached the buck carefully to insure that he was dead. He was a magnificent animal, indeed. Tom cut himself five times while trying to field dress the big deer. Proudly he swaggered back to camp to reveal the particulars concerning the stalk and the kill.

That night after supper, Tom and his friends began to discuss the possible history of Tom's deer. An animal that dressed 136 pounds and had 12 points with an 18-inch spread must have an impressive background.

Stories of old "mossback" being the boss of the herd flowed freely. Such subjects as fighting for mating privileges were hashed out. An animal such as this must have been fighting for 10 years at least, and had whipped many an ambitious adversary. "Yep, Tom, you killed the old granddaddy," said a friend.

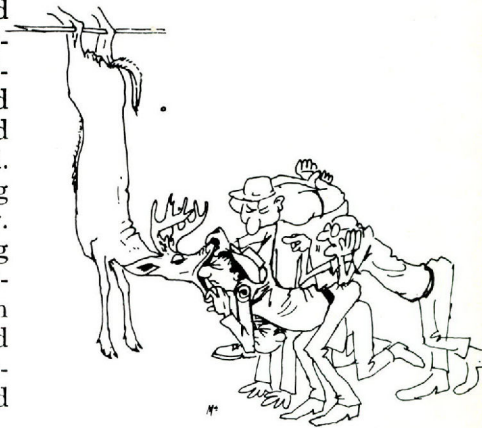
At this particular time, a biologist of the Parks and Wildlife Department was approaching the hunters' camp making his routine checks of deer camps, gathering buck weights and measurements. These measurements are gathered each year to furnish trend information lending in-

sight into the potential of the deer herd.

Everyone sat down to a fresh cup of coffee when the biologist arrived. The intrusion of a stranger set off the discussion again. Tom told of the trophy he had killed earlier in the day. They had been eyeing this particular deer for the last seven years, but no one had been able to get close enough for a shot, according to the hunters.

After the friendly chat the biologist checked the kills. "What are you doing?" asked one of the old hands as the biologist slipped a well-constructed piece of steel inside a deer's mouth and pried its jaws open. "I'm aging the deer by checking its teeth," answered the biologist.

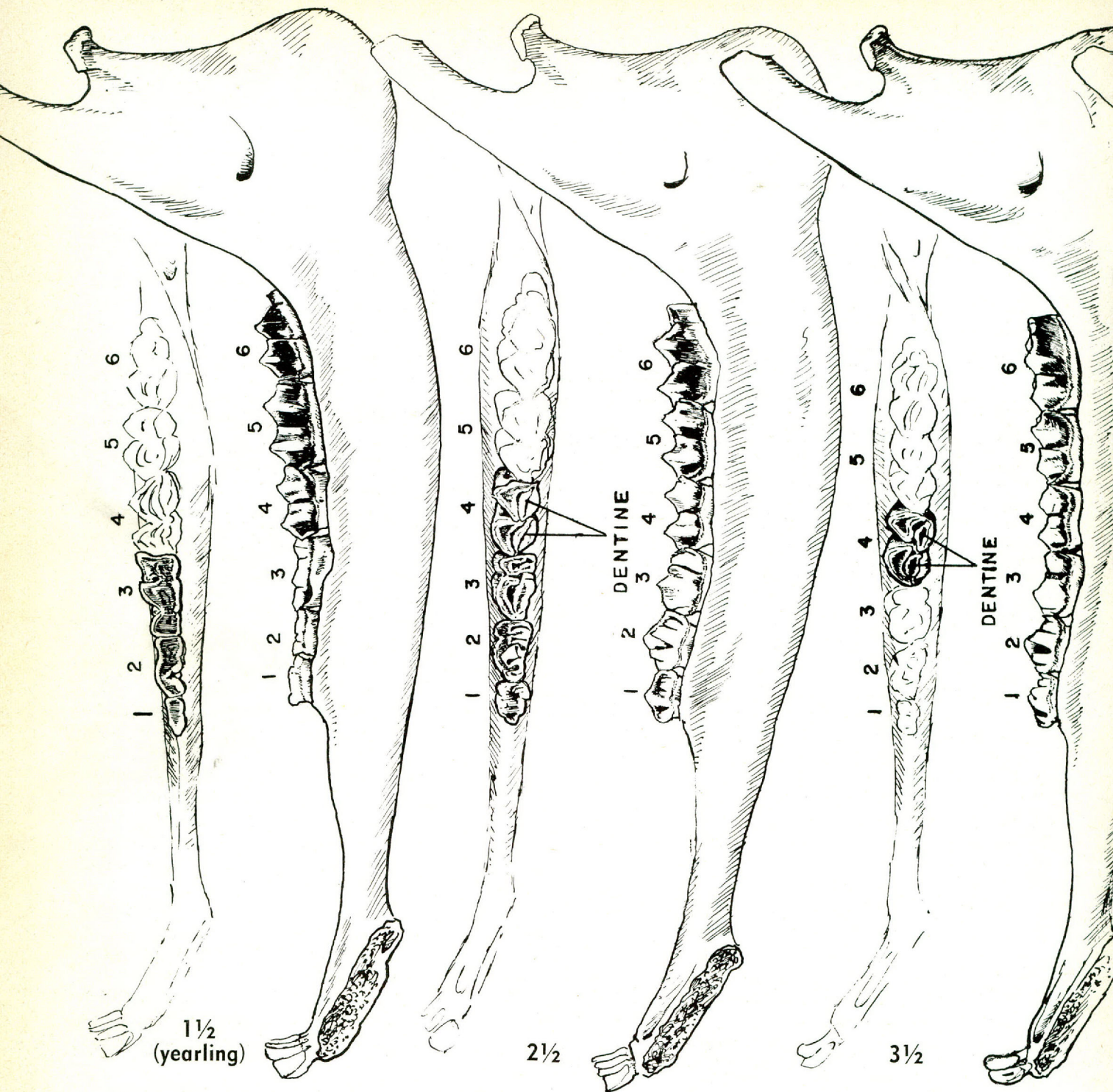
When he reached for Tom's deer, not a sound could be heard. As the jaws were spread and a flashlight shined into the mouth, everyone



craned his neck to see the teeth and the recording of the deer's age. "Three-and-a-half years old?" exclaimed Tom.

The stillness of the night was suddenly broken by a bombardment of excited voices.

After protests settled down, the



biologist explained how a deer is aged and why he called the animal they supposedly had been seeing for several years, a three-and-a-half year old deer.

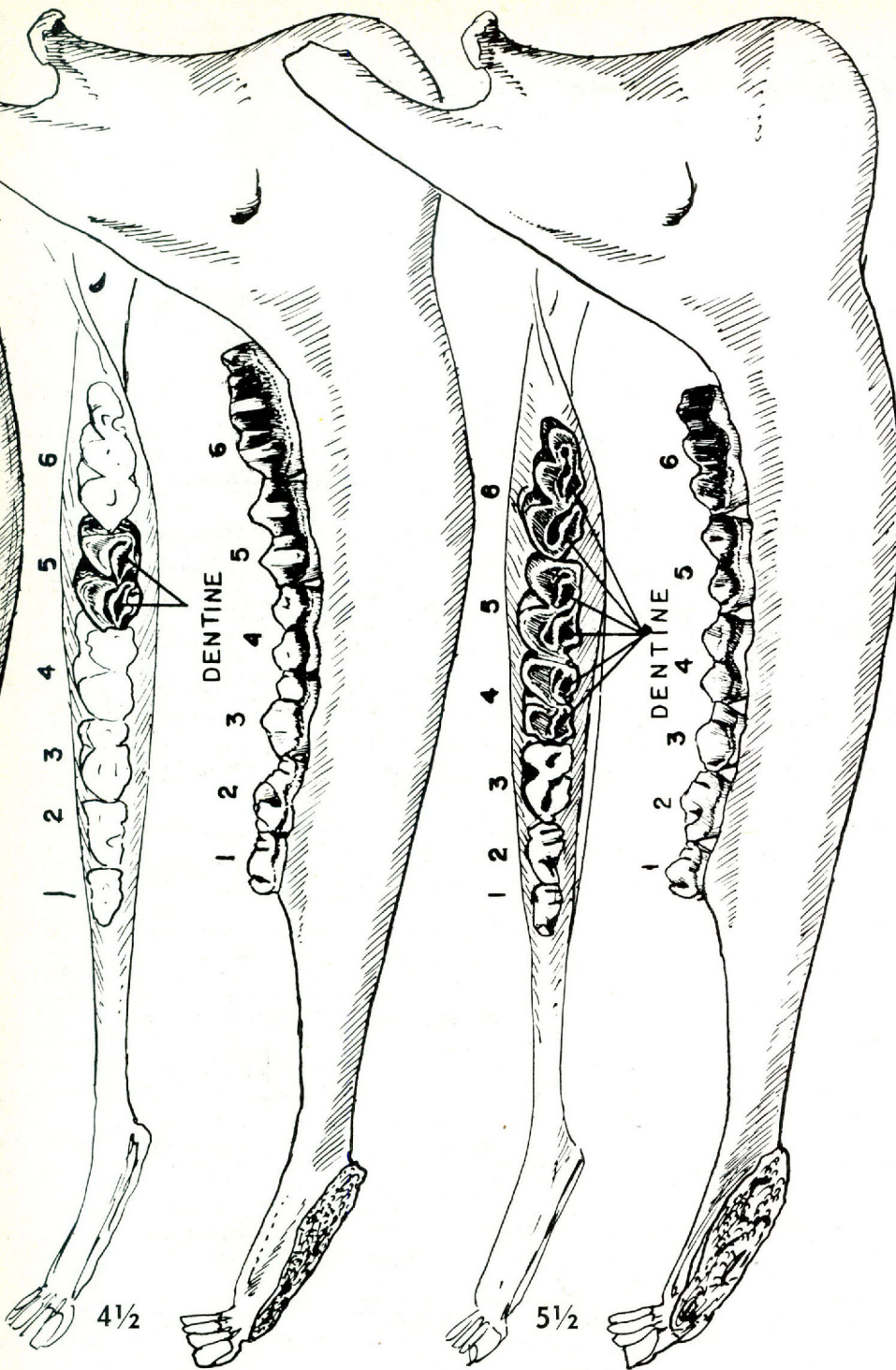
As deer herds began to increase and the range was depleted, it became obvious that more knowledge was needed about the deer herd in general: Is it better to kill old deer or young deer? At what age do deer breed better? What is the life expectancy of a deer? All these ques-

tions and many more needed to be answered and a criterion for aging deer needed to be established before the questions could be answered effectively.

The method of aging deer employed by biologists in Texas is taken from work done on white-tailed deer in Wisconsin (Dahlberg and Guettinger 1956) which in turn was abridged from complete description given by Severinghaus (1949).

In 1954, deer movements were be-

ing studied in the Edwards Plateau of Texas in order to establish a home range for white-tailed deer (Thomas, Teer and Walker 1964). As these deer were trapped and tagged, many fawns were captured and released carrying numbered ear tags. When these fawn deer were collected in later years, they represented known aged deer. Their jawbones were collected, preserved, and compared to the ones described in Wisconsin. All identifying characteristics were the



same as the white-tailed deer in Wisconsin, thereby allowing us to employ their methods.

Age of a deer is not determined by tooth replacement as it is in sheep and goats, but by wear on the jaw teeth. As a deer grows older, certain portions of its teeth are worn enough to show definite differences from the teeth of other age classes.

The following explanations are made only as an attempt to inform hunters of possibilities of determin-

ing approximate age categories of deer killed. The criteria for determining ages are simplified to be easily used by hunters in the field. Since there are so many other factors, not covered in this article for determining age classes, no attempt should be made to use this text for technical purposes.

A deer has only six jaw teeth, although they appear to have many more. The teeth are broken into two distinct categories: The premolars,

which are numbered 1, 2 and 3, and the molars which are numbered 4, 5 and 6.

Deer are aged in fractions because they are born around July and are killed during the hunting season.

**1½ year old (yearling):** The yearling deer is the most easily recognized of all age classes. The first three jaw teeth are milk teeth, which will be replaced around two years of age. These are worn smooth as a yearling while the last three teeth remain sharp. The number 3 tooth has three cusps in the milk tooth stage, but only two cusps appear on the replaced tooth.

**2½ year old:** The first three jaw teeth have been replaced by permanent teeth and all molars are sharp. The dentine of the first molar (tooth 4) is not as wide as the enamel which surrounds it.

**3½ year old:** The dentine in the first molar (tooth 4) is now as wide or wider than the enamel which surrounds it, and this is not true of the second molar or tooth 5.

**4½ year old:** The dentine of the first and second molars (teeth 4 and 5) is as wide or wider on both teeth, but not in tooth 6.

**5½ year old:** The dentine of all molars (teeth 4, 5 and 6) is now as wide or wider than the enamel surrounding it.

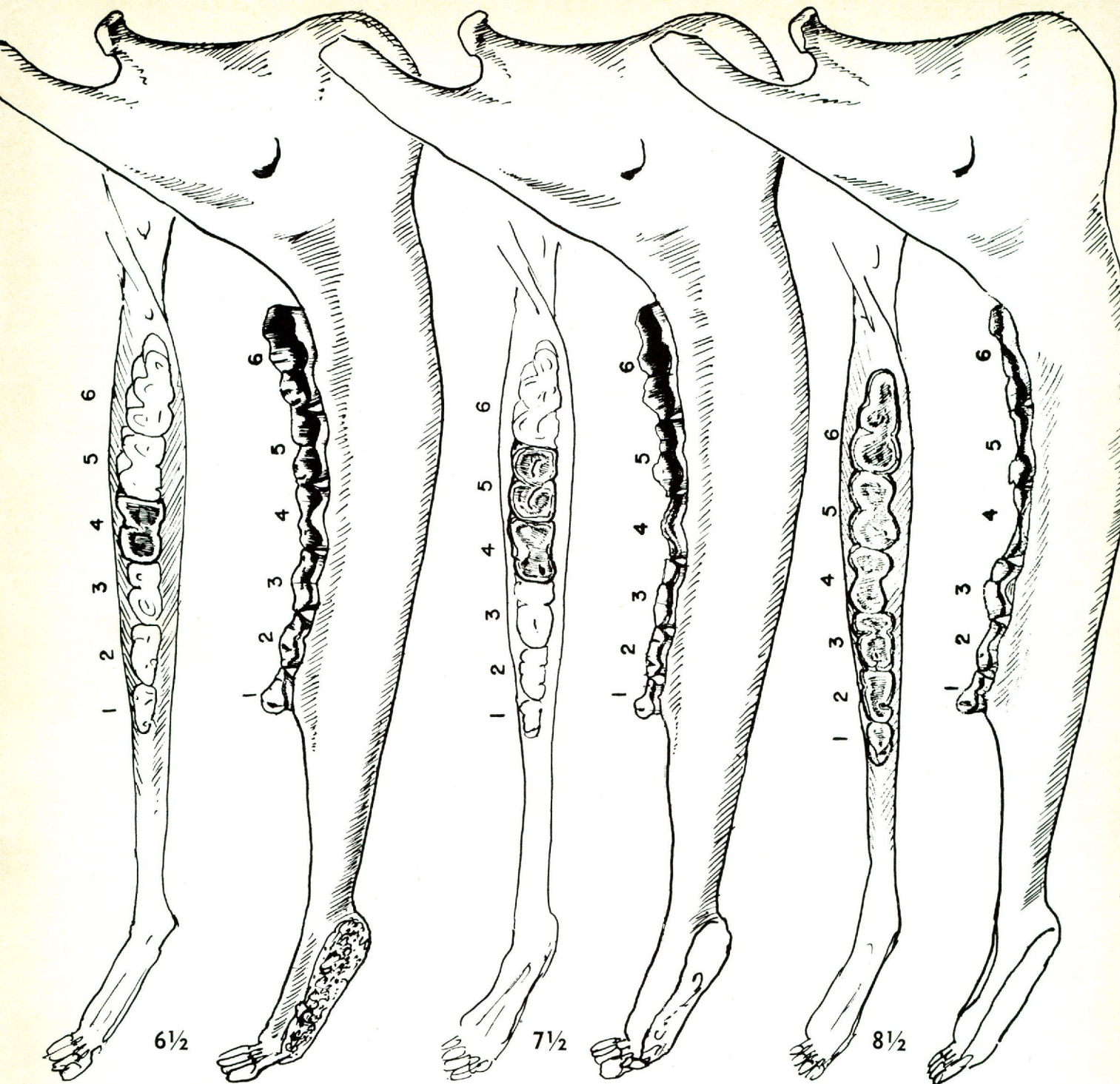
**6½ year old:** The first molar (tooth 4) is worn smooth but teeth 5 and 6 are not smooth.

**7½ year old:** The first and second molars (teeth 4 and 5) are worn smooth or tooth 5 may still have a small ridge left.

**8½ year old:** All molar teeth are worn smooth (teeth 4, 5 and 6), but tooth 6 may still have a small ridge left.

**Older than 8½ years:** Unable to determine because characteristic formations have all been worn smooth.

As you try to adapt these methods to deer in the field, you probably will often be surprised. Deer that seem young will be old and deer that seem old will be young. At any rate, by using these methods for aging deer, you will be able to understand more easily some of the problems of deer. As an example, if all hunters and landowners were to age each deer killed on their ranches, they would



understand that the "good" bucks killed some years are approximately the same age as the "bad" bucks killed other years.

Age is not determined by antler formations or development and you should not allow this to throw you off course. The primary factor governing antler formation is food supply and not age.

The deer that the hunters claimed to have seen for seven years may be dead, he may still be there, the hunters may have miscalculated

time, or there may have been a similar buck which was not killed and lost this magnificent rack in later years from lack of food. As deer grow older and their teeth wear flatter, food becomes harder and harder to chew. Body condition will drop and, simultaneously, so will antler development.

In the case of Tom's deer, the biologist's verdict was a jolt to Tom and his friends, but with some instruction the reasons were apparent. As science steps up its quest for

knowledge, popular beliefs sometimes do become upset in the process. To get at the truth requires careful evaluation of the evidence—and an open mind. \*\*

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# The Way to Weigh

by CHARLES RAMSEY  
Wildlife Biologist  
and  
MELVIN J. ANDEREGG  
Biology Technician

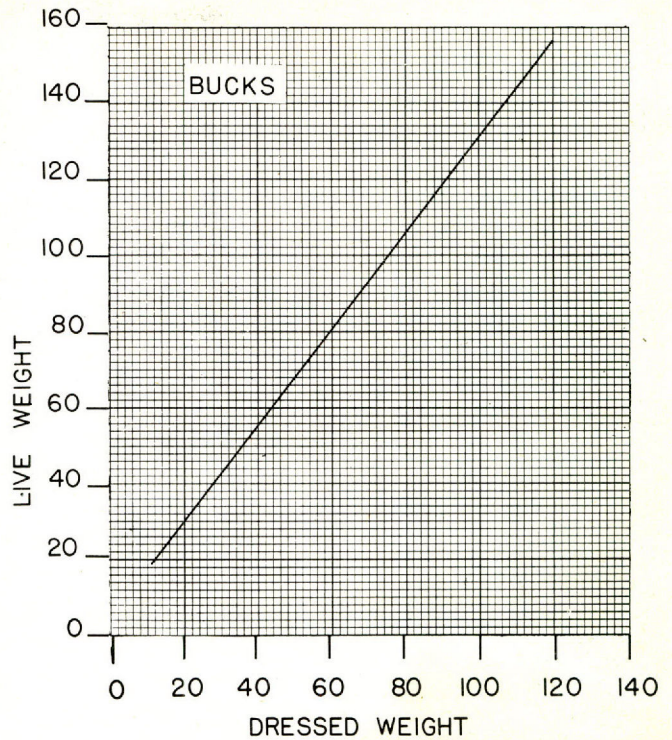
**A** PICKUP with two hunters drove up to the deer check station on the Kerr Wildlife Management Area. Both hunters climbed out, walked around to the back of the truck and began unloading a couple of deer.

The first deer, a small doe, was tossed upon the table in the check station. Area personnel field dressed the deer and recorded descriptive measurements and weights. Then, the doe was loaded back into the truck.

The second deer, a large buck, was lifted onto the table and the process of measuring and recording was repeated. Since the buck was already field dressed only a dressed weight was taken—106 pounds field dressed. How big was that deer on the hoof?

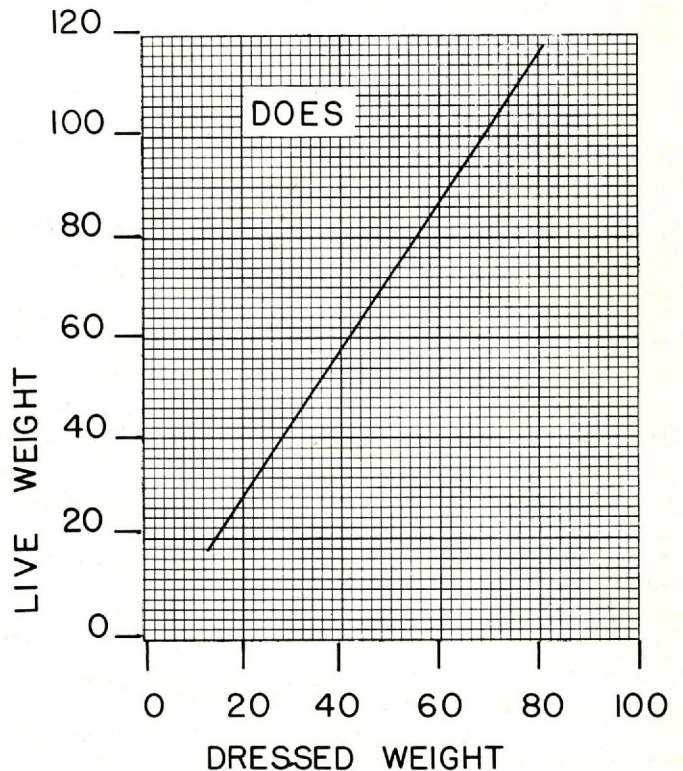
This question has been repeated so many times at the check station that two graphs were prepared to help with the answer. These graphs represent the weights taken from approximately 200 deer in good body condition killed on the Kerr Wildlife Management Area. Since these deer were typical of the Edwards Plateau, the graphs will be applicable for deer taken within the "hill country."

Dressed weight means "field dressed" with head, hide, and feet left on the carcass. \*\*



To find live weight of buck when you know dressed weight, find correct figure at bottom and trace to where line intersects dark line. Follow to left and find live weight. If you know live weight reverse steps.

Does are not as heavy as bucks so a different scale must be used. Trace dressed weight in same manner as for bucks in above chart. At bottom is dressed weight and live at left. Chart based on Kerr deer.



# Just Call Me Lucky

by A. H. ANDREAS

**WE HAD** marched about 200 yards up the draw from where we had parked the pickup; my brother, my 17-year-old son and I. In a moment or so we reached the place where my son was to take his stand. As we moved on, I heard him whisper, "Good luck, Dad." After some more puffing, my brother and I reached the log blind where I was to take my stand. I passed the "good luck" wishes on to him as he started to make his way over the ridge to his favorite spot.

It was the first day of the season 30 minutes before dawn, somewhere in the Edwards Plateau.

I crawled into my blind, eased down on a camp stool and breathed in the crisp, cold, fresh air. Just a slight rustle sounded in the frost-covered Spanish oak leaves as a gentle breeze made its way through

the dark quiet forest. I heard a startled deer snort from the direction my brother had gone.

I put my head against a log and looked up. The stars looked like diamonds set in black satin. The longer I looked at them the brighter they seemed to twinkle. I closed my eyes.

From the side of the hill came the "Whoo-who" of an owl. A moment later I heard the reply of its mate, "Whoo-who."

A gentle puff of wind brought with it the wonderful smell of hardwood smoke from someone's campfire.

Then came the grind of a jeep or pickup slowly making its way up a distant hill. It probably was some hopeful hunter going to his special place in the hills. Now there was the sound of wind rushing through wing feathers as a flight of ducks flew over, then once again as they circled



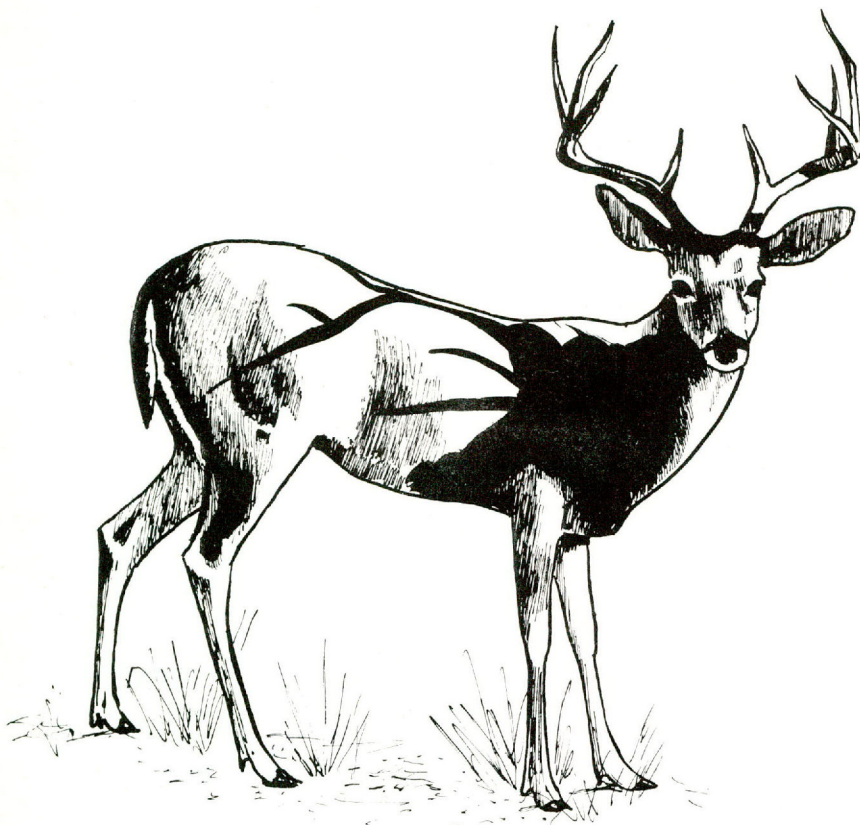
to land on the pond below me. I looked toward the east. Tell-tale signs of dawn were in the making, but the woods were still asleep.

Some minutes later a turkey gobbled, then gobbled once more. Then it happened—the woods were awake! A mockingbird began fussing about something. Several robins flew back and forth. The mourning doves made their unmistakable cooing as they settled to earth only a few yards away. A gray squirrel skittered through the leaves.

Suddenly, a rifle cracked loudly from a distant hill. The hunting season was on. Another boom—pow—. Then the flop-pow. Someone had connected.

I saw a gray fox hurrying along. An armadillo rambled by, rooting for grubs among the bushes. Out of the corner of my eye I caught another movement. Slowly I turned my head. There, not 10 yards from me, stood an old doe and her two knee-high fawns. Then they moved very carefully, like ghosts, and paused, checking the breeze for signs of danger. Then up the hill they trotted.

There was the distant tinkle, tinkle of a cow bell. A mile or more away, I heard the "Sooooooo" of a rancher as he called his stock. Then came



"Moo's" as cattle answered his call. The sun began to creep over a hill. Before me in all its glory was the beauty of nature. As I sat in deep amazement, I saw the flash of sun-

light on ivory-tipped antlers. Some 150 yards away from me, he stood, like a proud stallion, every muscle tense, ready to send him into motion, very alert, the king of the hill coun-

try. He gazed up the hill in the direction the doe and fawns had gone. Very slowly I raised my 99-Savage, placed the cross hairs just behind the front shoulder. It was going to be a great day.

As I got out of my blind to walk the 150 yards, a flock of blue-headed turkeys thundered into the air about 50 yards behind me. Another rifle cracked from across the hill.

Beauty that no artist could reproduce was all around me. For all these things, oh Lord, I give Thee thanks from the bottom of my humble heart. I pray to Thee to grant me many more days just like today. \*\*

**Foresters and wildlifers will use results.**  
*High Hopes* ————— *From Page 5*

(b) How yields of acorns and other fruits vary with timber stocking and weather.

(c) What effect the availability of nesting cavities has on squirrel numbers, on areas with and without hardwoods.

(d) The period of gestation for fox squirrels.

The studies are scheduled to continue for at least 10 years. Results will be used by both wildlifers and foresters to improve their efforts in managing two of Texas' most valuable natural resources. \*\*

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3. FREQUENCY OF ISSUE Monthly		
4. LOCATION OF KNOWN OFFICE OF PUBLICATION <small>(Street, city, county, state, zip code)</small> John H. Reagan State Office Bldg., 14th St., Austin, Travis County, Texas 78701		
5. LOCATION OF THE HEADQUARTERS OR GENERAL BUSINESS OFFICES OF THE PUBLISHERS <small>(Not printers)</small> John H. Reagan State Office Bldg., Austin, Texas 78701		
6. NAMES AND ADDRESSES OF PUBLISHER, EDITOR, AND MANAGING EDITOR		
PUBLISHER <small>(Name and address)</small> Parks and Wildlife Department, John H. Reagan State Office Bldg., Austin, Texas		
EDITOR <small>(Name and address)</small> Curtis Carpenter, John H. Reagan State Office Bldg., Austin, Texas		
MANAGING EDITOR <small>(Name and address)</small> None		
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# Pronghorn Decline

by TOMMY HAILEY, DICK DeARMENT  
and PHIL EVANS  
Wildlife Biologists

**T**EXAS sportsmen who planned to hunt antelope this year West of the Pecos or in the Panhandle were deeply concerned when the Parks and Wildlife Department reported a sharp decline in antelope numbers. Wildlife workers, charged with the responsibility of keeping tabs on Texas herds, closely followed events of the decline and are still diligently evaluating their findings.

In both the Trans-Pecos and the Panhandle, not one but several factors brought about the 1964 decline. Extremely dry weather and resultant low forage production during late winter and early spring months of February, March, April and May contributed greatly to the Trans-Pecos decline. Other minor factors such as internal and external parasites, predation on young antelope and the excessive loss of wounded animals during previous hunting seasons, also contributed to the decline.

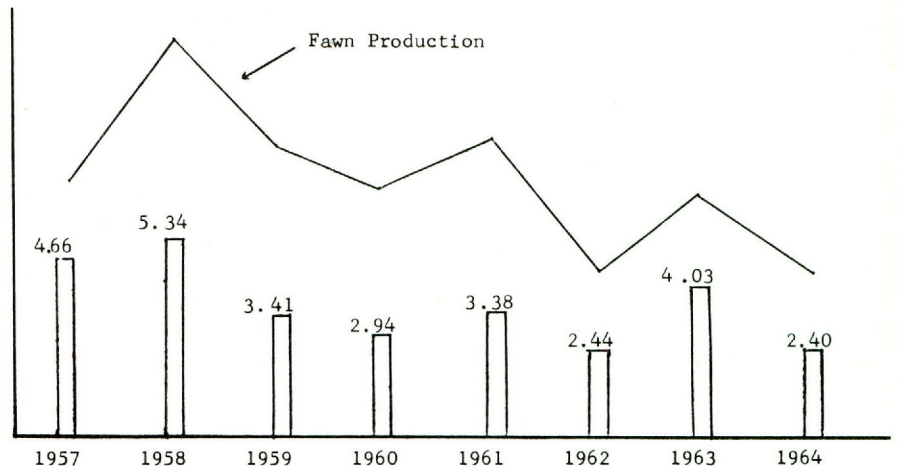
When the drouth of the '50's ended in 1957, Trans-Pecos antelope herds

numbered 7,302 head, and with rainfall occurring in respectable amounts until the 1961 herds increased to 12,017 head. Another very dry period, but of less magnitude than the drouth of the '50's, began in 1961. With 12,017 head exerting grazing pressure on available forage, another gradual decline began and has continued until now with only slight deviations.

Trans-Pecos biologists reasoned that, "Although a good breeding season may be present during early fall,

it seems to be the amount of moisture received during the late winter and early spring months that determines the number of fawns produced. Low rainfall in the late winter and early spring months as in 1962 and 1964 resulted in only a 35 per cent fawn crop. Also, due to the lack of vegetation available following dry winter and spring weather, pronghorns have a difficult time avoiding die-off on an empty stomach."

In the Texas Panhandle a 30 per cent decline occurred this year for



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similar reasons, but dry spring weather may not have been the pre-dominant cause of low antelope reproduction.

Recently one Panhandle rancher lost 17 head of cattle to infectious bovine rhinotracheitis. Quite naturally the antelope were suspected as the disease spreaders.

In an effort to determine if such assumptions were correct and to find out if other abortive diseases were hampering reproduction, biologists have collected antelope blood and samples from freshly killed animals during the regular hunting season for the past four years. These samples were analyzed for three kinds of leptospirosis, brucellosis, and this year, for the first time, infectious bovine rhinotracheitis. No brucellosis has been found in testing over 500 samples. Positive reaction to the leptospirosis tests has occurred every year; however, no definite statement can be made regarding this disease in antelope because the technique of using bovine serum has been questioned by veterinary pathologists.

A different and more reliable test, plus kidney examination, is being tried this year to get more positive proof. If antelope have any of the above diseases it is reasonable to believe that their production has been decreased because of them.

Predators, external and internal parasites, hunting and natural mortality are normally minor factors influencing antelope numbers. There is at present no reliable evidence to prove otherwise in the Panhandle herds.

Investigations of all factors that might influence reproduction will continue, but at present biologists feel that rainfall during late winter

and early spring is vitally important to antelope reproduction.

Abortive disease studies may shed new light on another limiting factor, but the growth of succulent green forage for young antelope, as a result of timely rainfall, will always be a paramount factor in governing the number of antelope produced each year. \*\*



**S**TARTING with the physical check-up, here are some valuable tips for all hunters:

- Condition yourself as for any unusual physical exertion, with an increasing schedule of exercise in preparation for D-Day;
- Choose lightweight but warm clothing, to lighten the load on your heart;
- Know simple first-aid rules;
- Be moderate in eating and drinking, and remember that drinking mixes with neither driving nor hunting.

Some added tips especially for hunters with a heart condition:

- Never hunt alone.
- Tell at least one member of your party about your condition, what medicines you take, how the medicine is given, and in which pocket

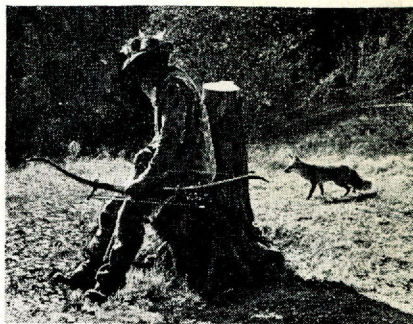
you carry it. Keep the medication instructions clearly typed or printed on the container.

- Get a good rest—preferably a full night's sleep—before you set out to hunt.
- Go a few days early when the hunting area is at a higher altitude than you're used to. This will permit your heart to adjust before you add the active strains and tensions of the hunt itself.
- Rest along the way as often and as long as necessary—before you get too "bushed"; take your stand near camp and let the others flush.
- Bringing the deer back after the kill is hard work. Sensible hunters share the burdensome chore—heart patients never touch it!

Hunting can be one of life's great adventures, but hunters who are out of practice as outdoor men can push too hard, too fast, too far. If you take as good care of your body as you do of your gun, you can continue to enjoy hunting seasons for many years to come.—West Virginia Natural Resources Department \*\*

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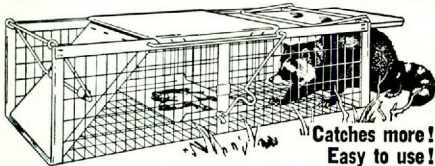
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# The Last Leaves

by JAMES B. GARRY

**T**HE LAST crimson, yellow, and mellow brown leaves still clung to the trees in the woodlot. It was only a few minutes until the sun would set. We watched the leaves

flutter down on the crest of the gentle cool breeze. Boss Man tugged anxiously at his leash.

As the sun set, it turned the woods ablaze with its light. The clouds in the west were blood red and gold. The leaves were even more beautiful, for the colors stood out as a definite work of nature. Man could never work such a wonder with his paints and dyes. The stars began to turn on overhead but the moon was still hidden by a cloud bank in the east. The evening's chilling breeze set in. The river that flowed blood

at sunset was now dark, quiet, and reflected a star or two in its calm eddies and pools. Brunner released Boss Man and Bell and they started casting down the river, into a cool fall breeze.

The night was bright even without the moon and we kept our lights out as they would ruin the whole night.

About 15 minutes passed in utter stillness. The only noises came from the river running along gravel shores and flowing over several big rocks. Then the night split in two as Boss let go with a long, lonely trail cry. Then utter silence. When he broke loose again we knew he had a hot trail that sounded like a coon.

We ran to keep up because if that coon lured the dogs out in deep river water he would drown them. Old Boss had almost been drowned when he was a young dog. We knew that old "so and so" wouldn't let any coon get him in deep water again, but Bell was just a pup and might be fool enough to do so. When we got there, old Boss had the coon in the river all right. But in the shallows this time and the hound was getting the best of the coon. He surely was behaving like a good hound. There were better

• Continued on Page 27

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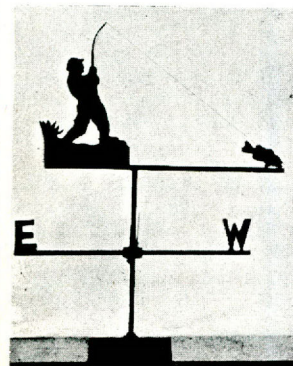
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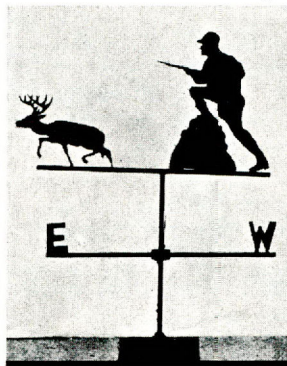
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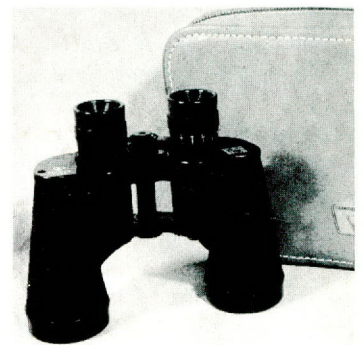
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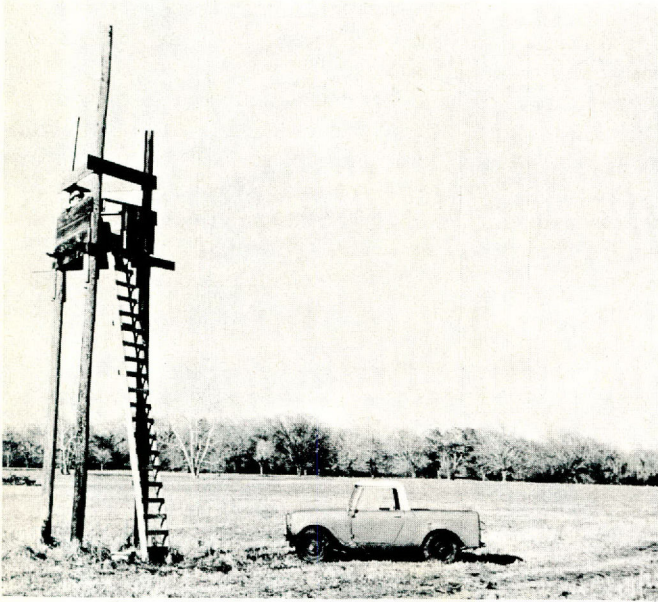
*Income From Deer Hunting*

*From Page 13*

such as cross-fencing large pastures to better regulate grazing and control heavy stands of brush on parts of the ranch for increased forage production, he expects to increase his purebred cattle herd to 400 head. He also expects to increase the deer harvest by providing a better habitat and food supply.

Two hundred acres of heavy brush were aerial-sprayed in 1961. Henry has watched this area closely for

effects of the spraying, especially on the deer herd. "This method appears to leave plenty of cover and browse for the deer while increasing grass and forb production tremendously," he reported. "When we get the ranch fully developed for deer hunting and raising livestock, we should be able to get about four dollars an acre from deer hunting. This will nearly equal the net income from beef production. That is our goal!" \*\*



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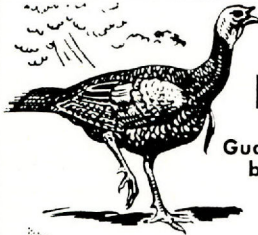
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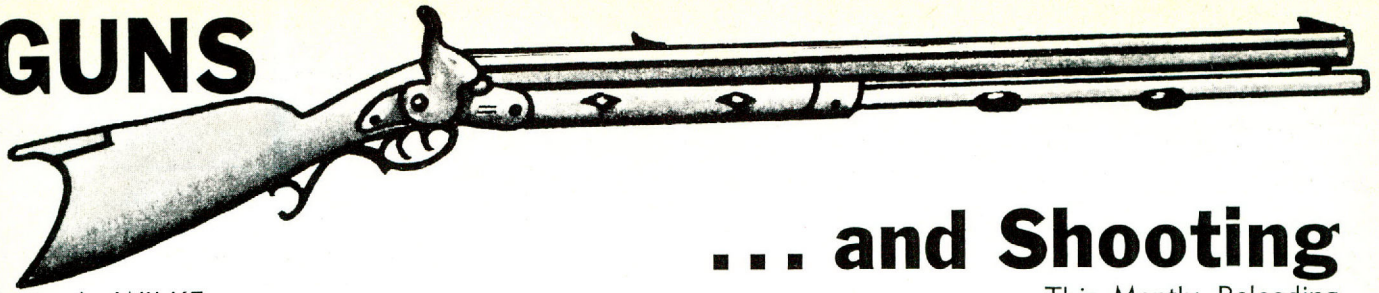
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# GUNS



By L. A. WILKE

## ... and Shooting

This Month: Reloading

**R**ELOADING now is more than just a fad. It has become one of the principal factors in the arms and ammunition industry. For many years, reloaders have been leading the field in developing wildcat cartridges, speed loads and ballistic improvement.

Now, however, handloading has become a serious and profitable hobby of thousands of persons who shoot either rifle, pistol or shotgun.

As a result books are being written, equipment is being improved and the major ammunition manufacturers are offering components.

This is brought forcibly in the publication of the Handloaders Digest, and encyclopedia for reloaders. It is another of the Digest gun books edited by John T. Amber, of Chicago.

For shotgunners there is a definite economy in handloading, particularly if you can pick up empties. This, however, is becoming more difficult because even around skeet ranges shells are saved by the shooters. Recently in the Rio Grande Valley during the white-winged dove season, many of the shooters picked up their empties, either for their own reuse or for friends.

Generally retrieved 12-gauge hulls can be reloaded for around \$1.25 per box. Some who are able to buy larger quantities of shot and powder wholesale say they have reduced the price to around 95 cents. This is an exception, however, and not the rule.

In the Handloaders Digest all the technical problems of reloading are discussed. There are articles telling how to set up the bench, how to start, dealing with pressures, powder and shot measures, wads and patterns for the shotgunner.

For the rifle shooters different size

and shapes of bullets are described, along with treatment of shells, sizing, etc., so the brass ammunition will work smoothly. It also deals with re-necking brass shells to change the calibers.

This long has been a project of the wildcatters, and has resulted in some fine speed loads not being offered by manufacturers.

Most of the manufacturers of components are also advertised in the Handloaders Digest. They give bullet sizes, shapes, weight and ballistics.

There also is a description of all the new reloading equipment, so handloaders can make their choice from pictures and description. If you are at all interested in reloading, then you should study this book.

Now most ammunition used in bench rest contests, as well as pistol competition, is handloaded. Police departments for years have reloaded all their own brass. Part of this has been an economy measure. They also have found improved accuracy and in some instances greater knockdown with these reloads.

Also handloading now has become more exact and the possibility of errors that cause blowups is minimized with the use of precision powder bars and other controls. Handloader clubs also are increasing, where three or four men go together and buy equipment and assist in the project. Handloaders can be bought from under \$10 up, with top production outfits for around \$75 to \$100.



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It was growing colder and the breeze was picking up.

The Last Leaves

From Page 24

trailers but he was the best and gamest fighter in the world.

About nine, the moon came out, big and full. The whole country was lit up bright as day. We hunted back over the hills until close to 12. Then we saw lightning in the western clouds and figured we'd better head back to the pickup. We called the dogs back and started down the hills and along the river, which now was shining silver as the full moon shone brightly on it.

It was growing colder and the breeze was picking up. The clouds and wind had shifted to the north. The leaves, both on the ground and in the trees, were now glittered silver under a coating of frost. With the moon working as a spotlight on the scene even Boss was beautiful with that slight gleam in his eyes and smiling as I scratched him behind his chewed up ear.

I ushered the dogs back in the pickup as Brunner put up the flashlight and unloaded his 22.

We stepped into the pickup's cab but I held my door open. As we listened to the complete quiet outside, a frost covered leaf fluttered down and caught the moon's light, making it twinkle like a star. The starter growled and the pickup coughed, sputtered, and then roared into life. We drove off slowly without using the headlights as we crossed the field and didn't look back; we wanted to remember that woodlot with the

last leaf not falling but on the tree.

Brunner broke the silence first by saying, "Well, the leaves are gone; next Saturday maybe we can go squirrel hunting."

"Yeah, maybe so," I replied, then snapped the headlights on and slid the pickup onto the highway. \*\*

\* \* \*

Going hunting? Wear lightweight but warm clothing, the West Virginia Heart Association says.

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## What Others Are Doing

by JOAN PEARSALL

**NEIGHBORLY BEAVER:** A beaver, with just a little help from the county, created a new 600-acre waterfowl marsh in Minnesota last year. It plugged a 36-inch culvert under a forest trail. When high water threatened the road, the county spent \$388 to install two 18-inch culverts as an alternate overflow 400 feet from the original stream bed. This kept the road intact and enlarged the pond to 600 acres. Several wood ducks and mallards raised families on the new marsh.

**NO PENGUINVASION:** In an effort to halt the marked drop in Antarctic penguin populations, Navy aircraft have been ordered not to fly below 2,000 feet or within a 300 yard radius of any of the great penguin rookeries there. The penguins exist very close to the limit of life for warm blooded animals, and it has been suggested that it might require very little disturbance to affect their breeding pattern, upsetting the balance so that the birds, though now numbering in millions, might be in danger of extinction.

**ON THE BAN WAGON:** The governor of Massachusetts has requested all state agencies to halt the use of DDT as an insect control, saying "the accumulating effect of DDT, a long-lasting hydrocarbon derivative, is becoming a threat to our sports fisheries, birds and wildlife. . . . Continued use of DDT could completely wipe them out." In view of this ban, the state entomologist has recommended as substitutes: methoxychlor for control of elm-bark beetles and other leaf chewing insects; malathion to control black flies and mosquitoes around campsites and cottages; and sevin, also to control leaf chewing insects.

**A BURNING PROBLEM:** Destruction of large elephant herds merely to obtain the tusks for the ivory market is an old practice. But now comes news that the Congolese are burning bamboo to make room for greater farm production and are destroying the habitat of the only mountain gorillas in the British Commonwealth. Without protection of the bamboo, the gorillas are easy prey for black leopards. About 50 gorillas used to live in the bamboo forests where the Uganda, Rwanda and Congo borders meet. Now there is believed to be only one gorilla family surviving in this entire area.

**MANATEASER:** A three-year study of manatees and their usefulness in controlling aquatic weeds has just been launched by the Central and Southern Florida Flood Control. The FCD will pay \$34,000 to the Florida Atlantic University to find out just how many weeds manatees can eat, their rate of reproduction, and whether or not they can be used practically and economically for biological weed control. So far, scientists know very little about manatees, or sea cows, except that they are strict vegetarians and apparently consume vast quantities of weeds. Five of the cumbersome mammals—which can grow to more than twelve feet in length and weigh more than a ton—have been netted in the Miami River and placed in a sturdily fenced sector of a canal where weed growth is typical. The District is currently spending \$140,000 per year to keep its canals clear of obnoxious vegetation. It is hoped that the new study will help in preservation of the manatee—now threatened with possible extinction—as well as providing a new answer to weed control problems.

# Texas

# Tackle Talk

by CURTIS CARPENTER



**F**ALL is here and it's time to go over the equipment and make plans for the next fishing trip. Don't stash away the tackle box or the rods and reels without first cleaning up and smearing on a little oil here and there. You never know when you will grab them up and slip out the door for a trip to your favorite fishing haunt. If you have used the equipment in salt water—you'd better attend to that right now.

Here are some more tips you may want to add to your list. Some of them are new to me. Perhaps you will find one or two suitable to fit your needs. If you have a favorite trick or secret which has helped you enjoy better fishing, send it in. We'll pass it on to others who may not know. Your tips are always welcomed. In the meantime check these over, and help yourself.

## UNSTICK YOUR ROD

Now is a good time to double check to see that all your rods are disjointed and ferrules rubbed with the finest emery cloth. But if you forgot and can't get a rod apart, carbon tetrachloride poured into the female ferrule and allowed to sink down will help loosen the stubbornest fit.

## FLASHY BOBBERS

The spent bulbs from small flash cameras do nicely for bobbers. The manufacturers have grooved them perfectly for tying on to a fish line. Nice of them. If you want colored bobbers, your wife's nail polish will do that job neatly.

## NEED HOT WATER QUICKLY?

When a fisherman needs hot water in a hurry and can't take the time to build a fire to heat it, he can start up his outboard motor, idle it, and hold a bucket under the hot water stream at the outlet. He can get any amount of hot water he needs—and it is plenty hot.

## TROLL ON A NEW LINE

Here's a super-simple way to bend on a new line. Don't fight a spool chasing all over your living room floor. Just wait until you are in your boat. Thread line through guides, tie on reel . . . and throw the spool overboard while trolling. Line unwraps, you reel in with no chance of tangles. \*\*

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## AVOID HANDLING SMALL FISH

If you catch a fish too small to keep, don't handle the little critter when removing the hook. You might injure him. Slide your hand down the leader as you bring the fish to the surface. Grasp the lure with your thumb and forefinger and shake gently. This frightens the fish and it will thrash about on the surface. Unless gut-hooked, the action will more than likely dislodge the hook and the fish will take off for deep water.

## STOP ROD DANGER TIME

The most dangerous time for your rods is when they are disassembled. Especially in a boat where they can get bounced overboard. Here's an idea that will insure that you never lose a section this way. Just place a snap-on fishing float on one of the guides or on the tip. In case of accident, no diving is required.

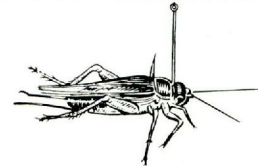
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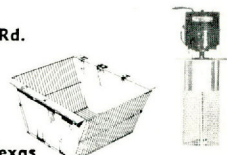
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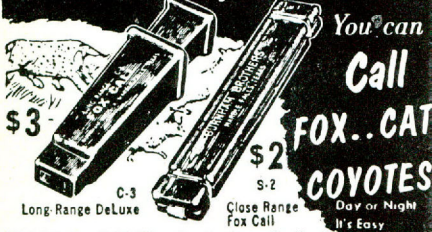
P. O. Box 3303 — Ft. Worth, Texas



## CORRECTION FOR HUNTER'S GUIDE

In the October magazine the mailing address for the TEXAS HUNTER'S GUIDE was not included in an ad. As a result, numerous checks have been sent in to this magazine or the Parks and Wildlife Department. The address of the guide is: TEXAS HUNTER'S GUIDE, P. O. Box 6701, Dallas. Please mail all requests and checks to that address.

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## Beginner's Basic

ONE of the best exercises to assure the novice rifle shooter's development of proper sight picture is called *Triangulation*. Though the exercise requires the assistance of another person, it is simple. The only equipment needed, besides an unloaded rifle, is a sandbag, or other steady rest and a three-inch disc of metal or cardboard. Punch a hole in the center of the disc and attach a short strip of wood for a handle. Tack a sheet of paper to any flat surface on a level with the unloaded rifle's muzzle. Now, the assistant, armed with disc and pencil, stands by the target while the shooter assumes his position behind the rifle. Sighting on the center of the paper,

the shooter directs the assistant to move the disc right, left, up or down, until it appears properly aligned as a bull's eye in his stationary sights. Through the hole in the disc, the assistant makes a mark on the paper with his pencil, then shifts the disc to another position. The process is repeated twice more. Straight lines are drawn between each pencil mark to form a triangle. If the triangle cannot be covered by a 25-cent-piece, the shooter has not developed a proper sight picture and needs more practice. *Winchester Proof* \*\*

\* \* \*

Going hunting? If you're a city dweller, don't try to keep up with rugged mountain men; don't strain to keep up with younger men or to impress your buddies, the West Virginia Heart Association urges.

\* \* \*

Have a physical exam before you plan a hunting trip, the West Virginia Heart Association urges. Hunting is rigorous. Be sure you're up to it.

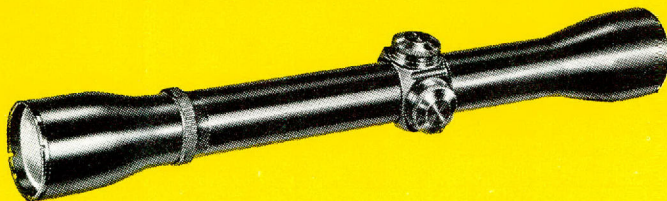
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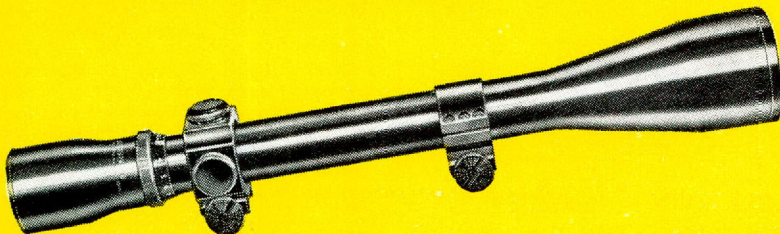
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**GUN DIGEST**, edited by John T. Amber, soft back, 384 pages illustrated with black and white photos and line drawings. Published by The Gun Digest Company, Chicago, Illinois, 60624. 19th edition, 1965, \$3.95.

He seemed to know the smallest details of some of the oldest rifles. Everyone in that town called on him for information and advice. I admired him as a young man just getting started in the hunting sport. I often sat around listening to the gun specialist talk about the unusual characteristics of some old rifles and shotguns. It amazed me. How in the world could one man ever know so much about guns?

One day I noticed a bright, soft backed book on his desk. It had on the front, GUN DIGEST. Undoubtedly this man did not get all his knowledge from that book, but he thought enough of it to keep it on his desk, handy for reference. And, he still keeps one handy. In fact, he has a book case full of them. I don't reckon he's missed a one.

This is a true story. But it's not an isolated case. No doubt many look upon the GUN DIGEST as an important reference. Anyone with a complete volume of the digests can consider himself supplied with some excellent references, references that can be used to answer most questions about guns, shooting, ammunition and ballistics. Not everything can be found in a single edition, but enough to answer up-to-date questions is there.

The 1965 digest, number 19, now is off the presses. And again the "gunners" are talking about this fine book. They say it's great from cover to cover. Hunters look forward to its printing each year. They read it and study it.—Curtis Carpenter.

**WILDERNESS COOKERY**, by Bradford Angier, 256 pages, with index. Published by The Stackpole Company, Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. Price \$3.95.

The aromatic smoke of a campfire curling up into the clear wilderness is something to gladden the heart of the outdoorsman, far from civilization. Add to that the delectable aroma of something bubbling in the pot . . . moose muzzel, maybe? Or just a simple bear kidney, or wild green soup. To be served with plenty of chewy sourdough bread, of course.

The warmth and fragrance of that campfire dance all through the pages of WILDERNESS COOKERY. There is no doubt the author knows and enjoys his subject. This is not a collection mostly of other people's recipes, but obviously all are tried and tasted and well-used. They cover all the needs, from soup to dessert, from early breakfast to midnight snack. As well as the more offbeat dishes there are many familiar ones, all of them adapted to make the best use of the available resources and facilities of the outdoors. Following Mr. Angier's advice, very good living may be had off the land; he gives concise directions on utilizing game, fish and wild vegetables and fruits, even to making jerky and pemmican.

Several poetic-practical pages are devoted to fires, and advantages of different woods: "When you want to start those food smells tantalizing your sensibilities in a hurry, the various dry softwoods . . . will chortle into a quickly flaring blaze. . . . For an enduring expanse of glowing coals . . . perhaps you'll split up one of the sweetly black-smoking birches with its inherently hot enthusiasm even when green."

The whole subject of equipment is given very thorough treatment, and there are valuable recommendations on what to take in the way of utensils and food staples, and how to pack them. There is an adequate index, and the last chapter, entitled "Potpourri," is a collection of useful tips, on such things as baking temperatures, dish washing, outdoor cooking terms, measuring foods and substitutions of ingredients. And there is a table of calories. One of the many advantages of eating in the wilds is that the delectable fare can be waded into with a clear conscience. So much more physical effort is used in these circumstances that concentrating on high-calory, high-energy foods is actually recommended.

The whole style is highly readable. The facts and recipes are laced with little anecdotal

notes and background information. Scientific explanations here and there add interesting clarification, as on the behavior of smoke, and what happens when wood burns. When fat is yellow, it merely indicates that the carotin, the yellow substance found in all vegetation, has not yet been converted to vitamin A. White crystals that form in jam are the result of sugar combining with the water content and are not harmful. The vigor of sourdough starter can be revived, and vinegar can be doubled in quantity, with the addition of more ingredients. The chemical processes involved are explained. Probably, if more cookbooks included such side information it would add greatly to their interest and usefulness.

The recipes are practical for the outdoors. Some would be intriguing to try in the kitchen as well—treeless maple syrup or tomato soup cake, for instance.

WILDERNESS COOKERY can make your mouth water, for the tempting meals and for the back-of-beyond. Even if the reader were not especially inclined to wilderness wandering he could almost be lured there by the promise of such food fit for the gods, and this is just the book to show him how to turn that promise into reality.—Joan Pearsall

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# Letters



# to the Editor

## Fired Fish

Editor:

You will be interested in an unusual ending of a bass fishing experience that happened to me while visiting my good friends, Mr. and Mrs. Joe E. Hendrix, of Athens, Texas.

I was fishing on Joe's man-made lake one evening at dusk, using a spinning outfit, surface plug and 6 lb. test line. I hung what later proved to be a 4½ lb. bass. An old tree trunk with limbs rising out of the water was between me and Mr. Big Mouth. He jumped as he headed into the old tree and I was able to work him over the main trunk but in so doing my line was caught between the fork of a broken limb about two feet above the surface of the water, and there we were—the bass on one end of the line and me on the other end. When I slackened the line, Mr. Bass headed back to his home under the tree trunk and the water was too deep to wade. I couldn't leave my rod and go for the boat. Just about the time I was ready to concede to Mr. Bass, my old friend dead-eye Joe drove up and with a well-directed shot from a twenty-two rifle cut or broke the limb and Mr. Bass was on his way to the frying pan.

Incidentally, I caught three bass back to back that night, that weighed a total of 11 pounds. That's real good fishing any place—including Texas. I thoroughly enjoy receiving your publication each month—it's the best.

Edward G. Cantwell  
Columbus, Ohio

(This letter gave us a lift for several reasons—to know that we have such an appreciative out-of-state reader and admirer of our fishing, and because it is such an entertaining story. Your friends at home probably thought that a fishy Texas tale, when you told them about the bass that had to be shot at as well as reeled in!—Editor)

## Respect and Protect

Editor:

I have subscribed to your publication *Texas Game and Fish* for the past several years and it is tops. There was an article in one of the issues about a year or so ago pertaining to the public domain, stream beds in particular. It dealt with some past court rulings on the definition of "navigable" streams. From reading it, one would think that most streams, creeks and rivers are public domain. Recently, a friend and I were denied access to a large creek in Haskell County. The landowner claimed that the creek was deeded to him

and his own property and not the property of the State of Texas. We didn't push the issue and went to another place where we have permission to fish. (We were planning to put a boat in the creek at a crossing on a public road and to motor down the creek; were not attempting to cross any man's land.) Now we wonder if there is some means of determining beforehand if a stream is public domain. Does it take a court ruling on each section of each stream? Does a stream bed have to be undeeded, that is, not included in any deed to anyone, to be navigable and thus the public domain? The creek in question is large and flowing, and is in the neighborhood of 75' wide or more. If this creek does indeed belong to the people of Texas, what can be done to prevent one man from keeping its benefits from the public? Thanks to you for your consideration of this matter.

John Eoff  
Stamford

(This has always been a question to fishermen. It is not difficult to give a description of a public stream. The hard part is to get the law to settle each particular case after it is decided that a stream is public. Undoubtedly, according to your description, the stream mentioned is one which would qualify as a public stream. If you cannot convince the landowner of this, through whose land the stream flows, you will have to take it to court. If it is then proved that it is a navigable stream, he cannot lawfully keep you out. If he did, you should take a peace officer with you and show him you mean business. We, the public, must protect our rights, and demand that they be respected. The article Mr. Eoff mentioned is "Public Fishing Rights," by Harris Toler, July, 1961.—Editor)

## Nutria Dog

Editor:

A year ago, I subscribed to your magazine, and I enjoy it very much.

Last October, Mr. Hart Stilwell had an article concerning hounds and nutria, which was very interesting to me. I've hunted nearly everything in Texas, but nutria. If I were hunting nutria, the hound I would very likely have would be an otterhound. I've never hunted with a full blooded otterhound but I have hunted with some red-bone and black and tan otterhound crosses. I think they would be naturals. They are called in deep East Texas "Woolies" and "Shaggies" and there are not too many of them. Anyway, I just thought some nutria hunter might like to know about this. If anyone is interested,

I will be glad to help, and furnish all information I have.

J. C. Chitty  
Dallas

(We were most interested to have the information you sent us, Mr. Chitty, and thank you for it. For the benefit of our readers we will quote from the brochure you enclosed, which described the physical characteristics and stated that the otterhound is very affectionate and readily trained and naturally good mannered until set upon, when it becomes a savage and fearless fighter, then goes on: "The otterhound, when hunting, is doing the work for which he has been bred for seven hundred years. An aggressive, effective hunter, his dense coat and webbed feet make him an excellent swimmer and he loves the water. The pads are very tough and seldom give trouble even under the most trying condition. Trailing is painstaking rather than fast. Otterhounds work well in packs and have been known to outlast foxhounds with whom they work well." As well as being an aggressive hunter, the leaflet states that it can be a most satisfactory house pet also, gentle and friendly as a family dog.—Editor)

## Big Mineral Cat

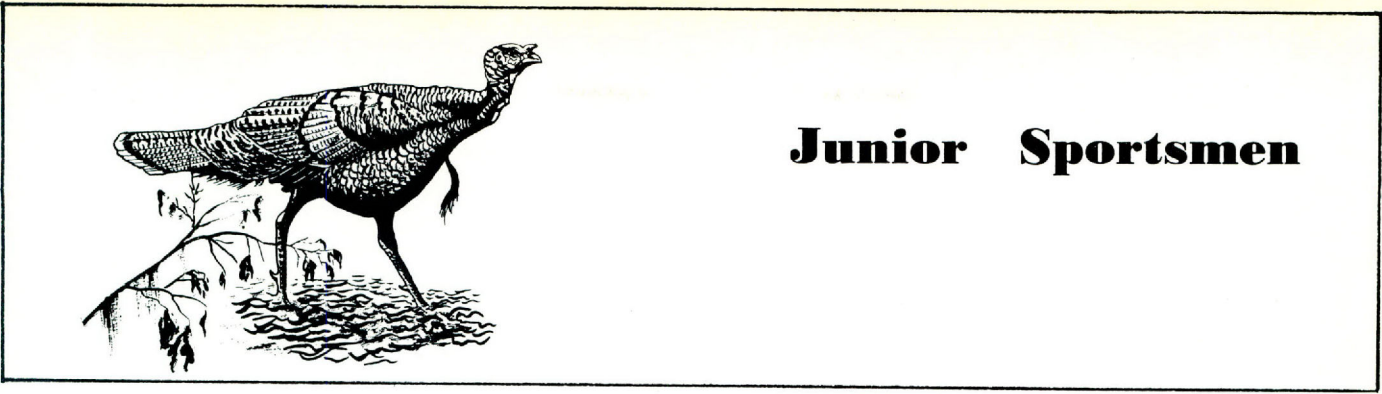


Editor:

Lockett Cherry and Keith Pate of Sanger, Texas, are pictured weighing the 52-pound catfish they caught in the Big Mineral Camp area of Lake Texoma. The big cat was taken off a trotline.

Lockett Cherry  
Keith Pate  
Sanger

(That's certainly a good weigh to wind up a day of fishing!—Editor)



# Junior Sportsmen

## Say the Word

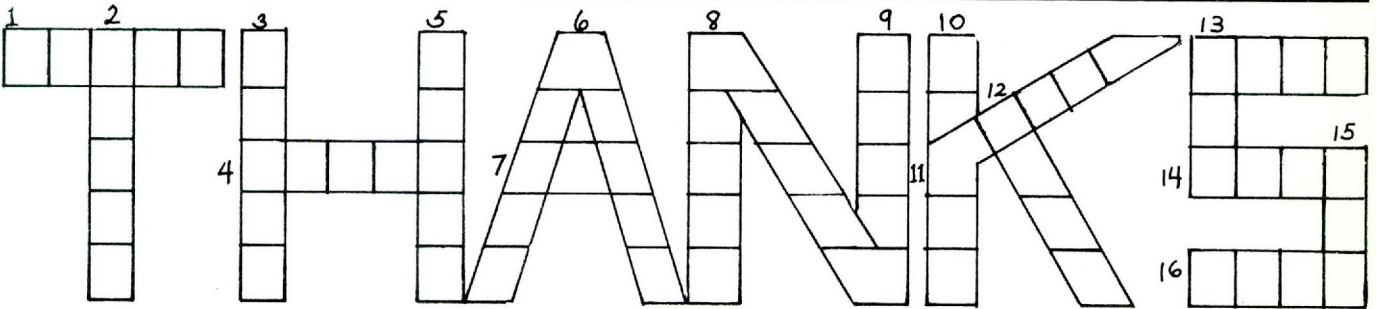
by JOAN PEARSALL

**IT'S THAT** time of year again when we take a little more time out to be thankful for all our blessings. High on the list for junior sportsmen should be a deep appreciation for our outdoor opportunities and the abundant region in which we live. While on the subject of such things, how about trying this little puzzle?

**CLUES:**

- 1. Across. Flowing water.
- 2. Down. Small American songbird.
- 3. Down. Birds that are good to hunt and eat.

- 4. Across. What a burrowing animal digs out of its hole.
- 5. Down. Principle of right conduct. Observed by good hunters.
- 6. Left Diagonal. Thanksgiving's a time to have one.
- 6. Right Diagonal. They help feed the country.
- 7. Across. We need it to live, the fresher the better.
- 8. Down. A Texas tree that has a lot to do with good pies.
- 8. Right Diagonal. Recreation areas. Favorite holiday spots.
- 9. Down. Waterfowl—hunted at this time of year.
- 10. Down. Sought-after fish, in fresh and salt water.
- 11. Right Diagonal. A playful fish-eating animal that lives in water.
- 12. Right Diagonal. Important piece of camping equipment.
- 13. Across. King of the beasts.
- 13. Down. Necessary to keep order.
- 14. Across. The pioneers headed this way.
- 15. Down. Outdoorsmen usually acquire this.
- 16. Across. Weapon of many animals.



### Portrait of Rory



old. I raised her on a baby bottle. She is quite gentle around my mother, father and myself, but does not like strangers. We are quite fond of her and have made her a large pen in our back yard. I hope you will be able to use my picture in the "Junior Sportsman" section of *Texas Game and Fish*. The name of my raccoon is Rory. Thank You.

Johnny Bailey, age 13  
Dallas

(You certainly have a photogenic and unusual pet. She must give you many an interesting moment. Thank you for introducing us to her.—Editor)

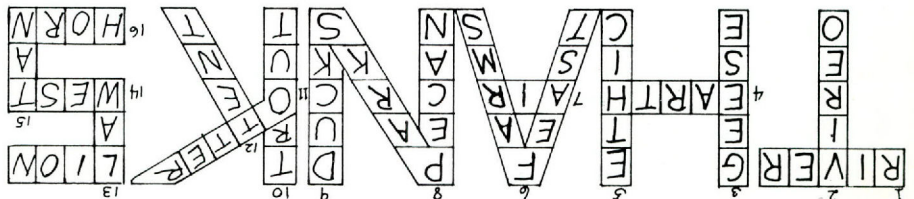
### FOREST FIRE

There was a tragic forest fire  
On a hot windy day.  
It caused all the green grass to die,  
And drove the wild animals away.  
It destroyed the leafy trees  
At their tallest height,  
With their growing seeds  
That made up the forest life.

Linda Wright, Odessa, Age 12

Editor:

I am enclosing a picture of my pet raccoon. I found her in West Texas when she was a tiny baby. She is now 1 year





## Deer Sense

Every fiber of a deer's being is refined for instant flight. Nostrils, ears and eyes, in that order, are incessantly tuned to its surroundings. Even its gastric apparatus is adjusted to eat and run habits. Hastily swallowed food goes directly to a roomy storage chamber. Then at a leisure moment it can be properly chewed for digestion by the other three stomachs. But during rutting season, a buck often loses its natural caution in its quest for a doe. At this season, the doe's alertness frequently saves many a buck's head. It is the doe who samples the air every few seconds to catch the faintest scent of impending danger. It is the doe whose ceaselessly swiveling ears pick up a suspicious sound. It is her sharp eyes which catch a flicker of movement in the monochrome patterns of brush and trees. She is the one to snort an alarm. Scent warnings from her tufted leg glands spotted on and around her path of exit will spook a trailing buck into flight, even hours later. It behooves a hunter to respect a doe's alarm system by stepping softly, upwind, and being ready to freeze when spotted. If he does, success will be far more likely to reward his efforts.