

Texas Game and Fish

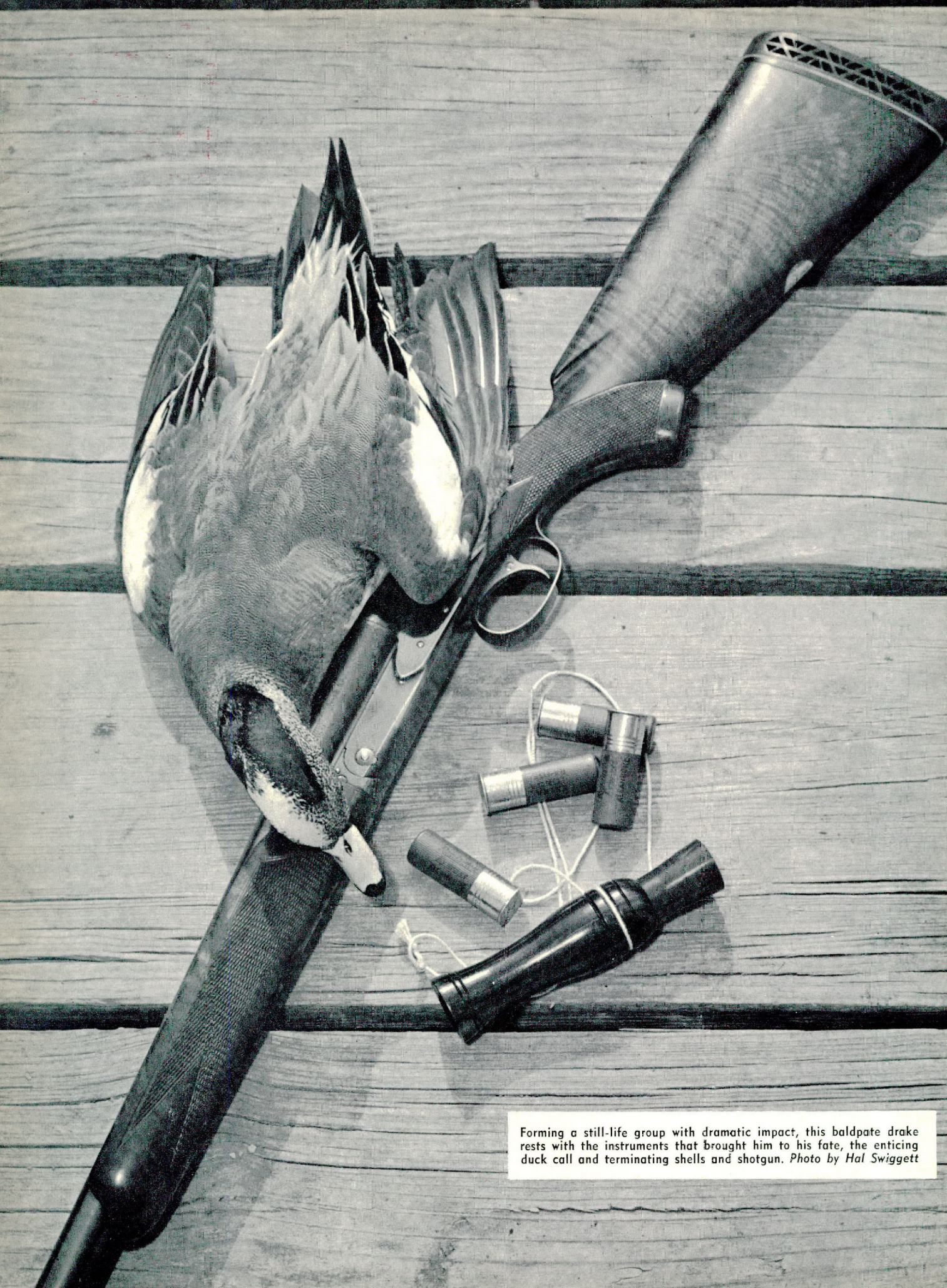
DECEMBER

1964

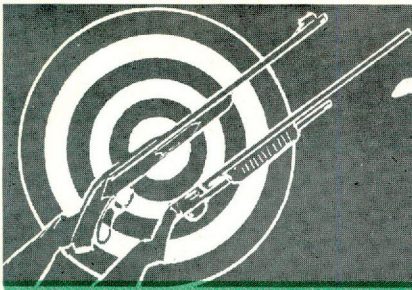
20 CENTS



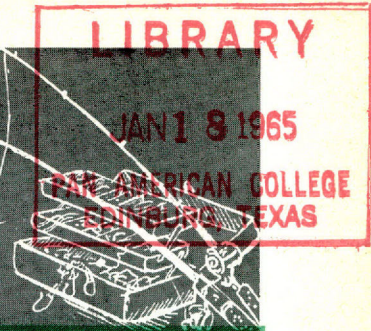
E. Dranthon



Forming a still-life group with dramatic impact, this baldpate drake rests with the instruments that brought him to his fate, the enticing duck call and terminating shells and shotgun. *Photo by Hal Swiggett*



Long shots Short casts



BEAUTIFUL RELIEF: The Internal Revenue Service published a ruling this summer that should boost the use of "scenic easements" as a tool in the preservation of natural beauty. The ruling permits people who give federal, state, or local governments scenic rights to their property to deduct the value of such rights from their taxable income.

PICNIC PRACTICES: Research by the USDA showed picnickers in an eastern state seldom use tables more than 250 feet from a parking area, indicating that people prefer to remain near their cars while enjoying an outing in the woods. The survey showed that even in extremely crowded conditions, very little use was made of picnic tables located more than 300 feet from parked cars. Tables beyond 400 feet were not used at all. In a western state, the agency found 91 per cent of wilderness visitors were residents or their out-of-state friends, who walked into the area in groups of two to five, stayed for just a day, and returned to their home less than 100 miles away.

PARKS APPRAISAL: Proceedings of the First World Conference on National Parks, held in Seattle, Washington, in 1962, have been published and are now available. More than 300 representatives from 63 nations took part in the conference. "Never before in the history of conservation have so many different speakers talked about so many aspects of parks," the book points out. Some things discussed were: the effect of man on Antarctic wildlife; possible extinction of the rhinoceros; religious significance of parks in the Far East; international supervision of boundary parks; economic benefits by encouragement of tourism; emotional and esthetic values of wilderness areas; importance of parks in scientific studies; and practical problems of park management. Range of comments covered the globe, and the theme was emphasized that national parks are of international significance. The report contains the full text of all speeches, the 28 recommendations adopted, and a synthesis of all major problems discussed. Copies are \$1.75, from the Superintendent of Documents, U.S. Govt. Printing Office, Washington, D.C. 20402.

VENISON REVELATIONS: A few folktales about deer meat have been dispelled in a recent study on the care and cleaning of venison by university researchers. Among their findings: it doesn't make any difference whether or not the carcass is washed after field dressing; one week of aging gave maximum flavor; meat from animals two years of age and under was preferred to that of older animals; five of six packing materials commonly used for locker wrapping preserved a good color and prevented freezer burn and weight loss, but plain butcher wrap failed these tests.

CAN BE SAVED BY A PRAIRIE: A goal of \$365,000 has been set in a drive to save the Attwater's Prairie Chicken. The fund-raising campaign organized by conservation groups is aimed at purchasing 3,400 acres of prairie in Colorado County, north of Eagle Lake, Texas, which, historically, is the best prairie chicken range on the entire Gulf coast. In 1963 when the last survey was made, there were less than 1,000 of these birds in Texas and their population decline is reported to be much greater than that of the whooping crane. The birds have not been hunted in more than a century, but are facing extinction because of destruction of their habitat.

BETTER BEAT WEEDS: Some 2,000 Argentine flea beetles have joined the Army Corps of Engineers' battle against the channel-choking alligator weed. The tiny insects feed entirely on the noxious aquatic weed, which seriously impedes navigation and stream flow in 3,000 miles of inland waterways, in eight southeastern states from North Carolina to Texas. The beetles were released, on an experimental basis, and with the consent of the states concerned and the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service, in the Savannah National Wildlife Refuge near the South Carolina-Georgia border. The move followed four years of research in cooperation with the U.S.D.A., to make sure the introduction of the beetles would have no adverse repercussions on other aquatic growth.

-Compiled by Joan Pearsall

Texas Game and Fish

CURTIS CARPENTER Editor
 NANCY MCGOWAN Art Editor
 JOAN PEARSALL Copy Editor
 ETHEL SPECK Circulation

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.

TEXAS GAME AND FISH invites republication of material provided proper credit is given, since the articles and other data comprise factual reports on wildlife and other phases of conservation.

The inclusion of advertising in TEXAS GAME AND FISH is considered a service to our subscribers and does not necessarily constitute an endorsement of the products advertised nor concurrence with the statements made by the advertisers.

Produced by

INFORMATION AND EDUCATION BRANCH

T. D. CARROLL Coordinator
 TOM DILTZ Audio-Visual Chief
 WAYNE TILLER Extension Chief
 J. DAN GLIDDEN Illustrator
 JAY VESSELS News Editor
 ARVID LARSON Photographer
 RONALD PERRYMAN Photographer
 PAUL HOPE Photographer
 ADELINE JOHNSON Darkroom Tech
 LOUISE KREIDEL Business Assistant

The Cover



Here's a fellow who believes in festive attire at all times! A welcome splash of color in sunshine or snow, the non-migratory, vivid red cardinal fits the Christmas scene as if made to order. With equally bright song, he's a surefire success at spreading joy. See related story in this issue.

Painting by E. Grantham

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.

DECEMBER, 1964

Vol. XXII, No. 12

★ In This Issue ★

Yuletide Musings	3
The Promised Land of Moses Austin	4
by ELAINE BOSTIC	
From a man's dream arose a state—and a state park.	
Redfish Riot	6
by ED HOLDER	
Come hurricane, boiling surf and tedious hours of red lures a devoted band.	
Wing Ding Singer	9
by NANCY MCGOWAN	
Flamboyant and melodious, the cardinal brings cheer wherever he goes.	
Hopper Cats	10
by T. D. CARROLL	
Serving grasshoppers de luxe can put choice catfish on your next menu.	
Voyage to Whooperland	12
by NELLA DIETER	
All aboard for a rare kind of bird-watching.	
The Least of These	14
by T. D. CARROLL	
The magic of Christmas touches all the world's creatures.	
Dish of Distinction	15
by JOAN PEARSALL	
The lowly carp is a Christmas fish of importance in other lands.	
Pronghorns Pronto	16
by MARY KAY SLOAN	
A mother and son bring home two of the fleetest of North American game.	
Lantern Light Flounder	18
by ERNEST SIMMONS	
For the hardy, floundering offers the thrills of hunting, fishing and good eating.	
The Way Fishes Swim	20
by ALAN MOFFETT	
There's a variety of styles of locomotion for fishes in the swim.	
The Welcome Mat	21
by JAY VESSELS	
Visitors will find parks ready and inviting, thanks to managers' seminar.	
Busted Bubbles, or "Death of a Detergent"	22
by DAVE PAPIER (Reprinted from Ohio Conservation Bulletin)	
Suds pollution will soon be a thing of the past, due to an industry's concern.	
Lake Pauline Reopens	30
by CHARLES TALBERT	
A good fishing lake comes back to life, after rough fish kill.	
Still Life Drake	Inside Front Cover
Long Shots	1 Far West Greeting
Guns	24 Tackle Talk
What Others Are Doing	26 Outdoor Books
Weihnachtskarpfen (Carp Recipes)	27 Letters
Junior Sportsmen	Inside Back Cover
Fit For a King	Back Cover

JOHN CONNALLY, GOVERNOR OF TEXAS

PARKS AND WILDLIFE COMMISSION

Will E. Odom, Chairman
 A. W. Moursund, Johnson City James M. Dellinger, Corpus Christi

PARKS AND WILDLIFE DEPARTMENT

J. Weldon Watson, Executive Director

DIVISION DIRECTORS

Howard T. Lee, Field Operations W. J. Cutbirth, Jr.,
 Eugene A. Walker, Wildlife Administrative Service
 William M. Gosdin, Parks

COORDINATORS

T. D. Carroll, Info-Ed. Terrance Leary, Coastal Fisheries
 A. J. Springs, Wildlife Marion Toole, Inland Fisheries
 J. B. Phillips, Law Enforcement C. L. Friou, Fiscal
 Joe Marks, Engineering James Archer, Personnel

Bill M. Collins, Parks

REGIONAL DIRECTORS, WILDLIFE

Henry Burkett, Region 1; John M. Carlisle, Region 3;
 San Angelo Area Tyler Area
 A. W. Lewis, Region 2; J. R. Singleton, Region 4;
 Waco Area Houston Area
 R. G. Mauermann, Region 5; Rockport Area

REGIONAL DIRECTORS, PARKS

J. H. Tschauner, Region 1 Bob Magouirk, Region 3
 Billy J. Smith, Region 2 W. B. Hoskins, Region 4
 Donald Oliver, Region 5



LIBRARY
JAN 18 1965
PAN AMERICAN COLLEGE
EDINBURG, TEXAS



Yuletide Musings

AT THIS festive gift-giving season, we look about us at the bountiful gifts all wrapped up in living color and packaged especially for our esthetic and physical needs, in the outdoors. The sounds of joy and peace meet our ears, wild and free as they were when Indians alone roamed these lands.

The employees of the Parks and Wildlife Department are in frequent contact with the wild creatures of the outdoor world. The paragraph above, perhaps, expresses our thoughts at this period of 1964 when most Texans pause to count all blessings, and to remember with humility that some place there's an individual who has less. In this great State, rich in resources and picturesque with natural and historical splendor, we realize the natural, wild, untarnished outdoors is one of our choicest assets.

Not only do Department personnel labor at the research and management of wildlife and the parks system, but we have a very sincere love and concern for the outdoors. We're thankful that the only shots being fired on our soil are intended for the harvest of surplus game. And we are grateful that rains came in time to green up the woods and fields and fatten up the game for the harvest.

The bountiful gifts are there. And we rejoice! Not only for what has been, but for what shall be tomorrow and for as long as men willingly join together to reach a common goal.

THE EDITOR

Season's Greetings

The Parks and Wildlife Department



The Promised Land of Moses Austin

by ELAINE BOSTIC

Of the 664-acre Stephen F. Austin State Park, 557 acres were part of the original five-league grant from the Spanish Government to the town of San Felipe. The establishment of San Felipe de Austin (the townsite is located in Stephen F. Austin State Park) was ordered by the Spanish government in July, 1823, but the chain of events which led up to its establishment was started by Moses Austin just two days before Christmas, December 23, 1820.—Editor.

Moses Austin, a 22-year-old native of Connecticut, joined his brother in the general merchandising business in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania in 1783. The business flourished to such an extent that Moses moved to Richmond, Virginia, to establish a branch store.

The restlessness that was to characterize his life soon had him following the rainbow to Wythe County, Virginia, to seek his "pot of gold" in the lead mining business. This venture proved none too successful and in 1798 he and his family, still following that elusive rainbow, moved to Missouri.

At that time, Missouri was part of the area known as Louisiana Territory and belonged to Spain. So Moses Austin took the oath of allegiance to the Spanish King and thus became a Spanish subject. A seemingly natural action at the time, it would later play an important part in his life.

In Missouri his lead mining ventures proved to be successful and he branched out into banking and other investments.

In 1800 Spain returned the Louisiana Territory to France and Moses Austin became a French citizen. Three years later the area was sold to the United States and he again became an American.

Two occurrences took place in 1819 which were to greatly affect the course of his life. The first was the official drawing of the boundary of the Louisiana Purchase to exclude Texas. Legislatures of the western border states passed resolutions declaring Texas belonged to the United States and should never have been given up.

In the same year, a serious depression swept the country. The finances of the Austins along with those of many other families were wiped out.

About this same time Congress reduced the price of land from \$2.00 an acre to \$1.25 but required the total amount cash in advance.

Cheap land on favorable terms had drawn people westward. Now the hope of owning a homestead was destroyed and again people looked west toward the seemingly never-ending lands to be had. But not all people were looking west, for that elusive rainbow of Moses Austin's seemed to say South . . . Texas.

For some years before these

events, Moses Austin and his son, Stephen, had talked of investigating colonization in Texas, with the possibility of speculating in land in that province, or even perhaps of permanently settling there. With this in mind Stephen Austin had established himself in Long Prairie, Arkansas. Here he was near the border of Texas and in a position to assist those whom he might persuade to move into Texas when the time came.

The loss of the family fortune brought the Austins to a final decision: the time had come to leave for Texas.

After a conference with his son at Little Rock, Arkansas, in October, 1820, Moses Austin, accompanied by a Negro servant, Richmond, left there for Texas. Meanwhile Stephen moved to New Orleans, where with the assistance of men of influence, he could be of more help to his father in his hopes for colonization of Texas.

After a long hard journey, Moses Austin arrived in San Antonio in the midst of Christmas festivities. He went directly to the governor's palace to lay his request before the Spanish Governor, Antonio Martinez.

With the trouble of the Nolan, Magee and Long expeditions fresh on his mind, the governor certainly wasn't in the mood to listen. In these former colonization attempts the

colonizers tried to take Texas by force. Only the quick mobilization of the Spanish army (which was needed elsewhere due to civil and military unrest) in time had caused failure. Now here was another "Yanqui" seeking permission to colonize Texas.

The Governor exploded: not only did he not want to hear of Austin's plans but he wanted him out of San Antonio at once and out of Texas as soon as possible!

Dejectedly, Moses left the governor's palace and started to cross the plaza. As he moved through the celebrating throngs, he bumped into an old friend, Baron de Bastrop. The Baron was excited at seeing Austin again and inquired what had brought him to San Antonio.

Deeply depressed, Moses explained his plans for colonization of Texas and his unfavorable interview with the Governor and the orders for him to leave Texas at once.

Leave!!! The Baron couldn't understand this. He told Austin to wait right there while he went to see his good friend the Governor on Austin's behalf.

At His Excellency's office he explained that the governor had made a grave mistake: Austin was a Catholic and had once been a Spanish subject. This certainly threw a different light on the matter.

The waiting Austin was quickly ushered in and given a warm reception. In the friendly interview that followed, Austin assured the governor that he wished to resume his Spanish allegiance, and settle with his family in Texas to raise cotton, sugar, corn and other products. He also wanted to bring as many as 300 peaceable families, who as former Spanish subjects, desired the same privilege.

The reasonable statements and the courteous manner of Austin made a favorable impression upon the governor, but he hesitated to make such an important decision by himself. To let 300 "Yanqui" families settle in Texas was a question that higher authorities would have to decide. But in the meantime wouldn't Austin care to join the Yuletide festivities?

The governor consulted with the

ayuntamiento (Town Council). On December 26, 1820, after some deliberation by that body, they decided to refer the matter to Joaquin de Arredondo, commandant general of the Eastern Interior Provinces.

On January 17, 1821, that official, acting on the recommendations of the San Antonio *ayuntamiento*, granted Austin's application. Austin had not waited for the official word on his grant, but had started his return home.

On the return journey Austin suffered many hardships and delays. The winter was severe. There was much rain and the creeks and streams were swollen.

Austin and his servant became ill. He was forced to leave Richmond with a family on the road.

On March 23, he appeared at Hazel Run, the home of his daughter. It had taken more than two

months to make the return trip. Weak from the experiences of the winter, knowing that he might not be able to return to Texas to fulfill his dreams, he sent for his son, Stephen, hoping to encourage him to take over his plans. While enroute home, Stephen learned of his father's death. He wrote his mother immediately that he would take up his father's colonization dreams for Texas.

Take up those dreams is just what he did. And Stephen F. Austin lived to see those dreams come true and more. Not only the colonization of Texas by Americans, but a bitter war fought in which Texas emerged as a Republic. After his death the final milestone was passed in which Texas became the 28th State in the Union.

A good deal of the history of these events is recorded in Stephen F. Austin State Park.



Stephen F. Austin had a neat hand with maps. This one he made in 1835 shows land grants made to the "old three hundred." The present park bearing his name is at old San Felipe de Austin.

Redfish Riot



by ED HOLDER
Port Arthur News

WHEN the hot, humid days of summer finally give way to the first cool nights of fall, there emerges from hibernation along the Gulf Coast a peculiar breed of fishermen.

Men of this breed believe that in all the thrills of fishing, none can compare with matching brain and brawn against a bull redfish in the waters of a rumbling surf. And those cool nights of fall mean that their time of year has arrived. For it is then, more than at any other time, when the schools of bull redfish move into the shallow surf.

The first "run" of bull reds usually comes early in September, and continues spasmodically until late November or early December. During that period there are times when "redfishermen" flock to the beach as if on a prearranged signal.

In sense, it is on a signal—a signal given by the weather. The rougher the weather, the more obvious the signal. That's because the best redfishing conditions in the surf come when a nasty east or southeast wind is sending big, muddy breakers pounding into shore.

The rougher the water, the better the redfish seem to like it. Take for example that day in September of 1963 when Hurricane Cindy arrived. She moved inland about 10 a.m., passing almost directly over High Island, where a 1,000-foot fishing pier jugged out into the surf.

As the outer third of the pier was being demolished by big breakers, a handful of fishermen stood on the shaky base of the pier, catching redfish.

The following day, as the surf continued to boil and pound in Cindy's dying throes, more than 100 bull redfish weighing from 20 to 40 pounds were hauled in by fishermen standing on what was left of the battered pier.

A few miles down the coast, at the Rollover fishing pier, other fishermen were landing bull redfish. And several miles west at Galveston others were doing the same.

Under normal conditions, however, fishing for bull redfish isn't quite so dangerous. In fact, it's usu-

ally a quiet, peaceful way to fish, with a lot of time between strikes.

The best fishing hours normally are at night (although there are exceptions, as happened during "Cindy").

And, on those nights when surf conditions are right, the lighted piers along the upper Texas coast are dotted with fishermen. Other anglers, who prefer the solitude of the beach, park their cars along the sandy shore and fish in the surf. Some come alone. Others come with partners. And some bring their families. The action usually comes in brief spurts as the redfish move through an area. When things happen, they happen fast—several strikes coming within a few minutes. Then, for hours, no one will catch anything.

This means that bull redfishing is a waiting game . . . one that requires an infinite amount of patience.

Many redfishermen bring folding chairs with them when they walk out on the piers for a night of fishing. And some, who fish in the surf near their cars, set up tents where they nap between checking their lines.

The number of fish they catch depends on several factors—their tackle, their knowledge of the right time to fish, their patience and their luck.

Some anglers catch several bulls

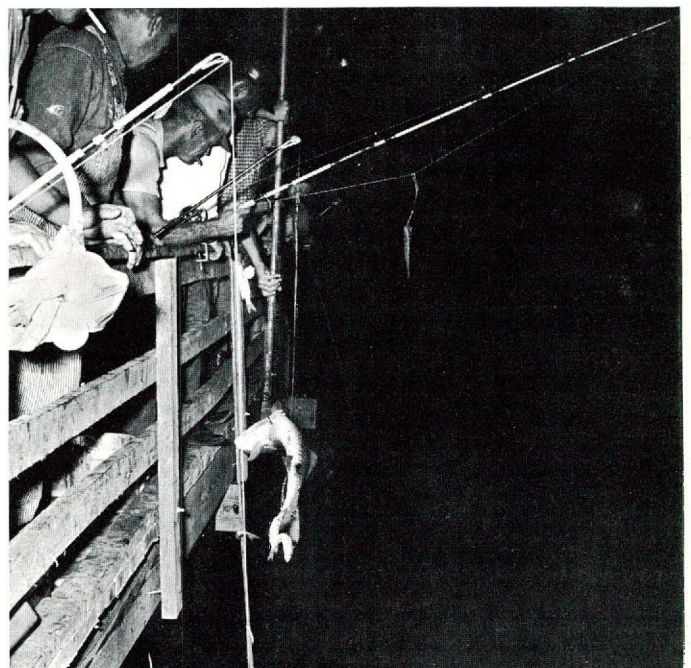


Dr. and Mrs. J. Fults, Orange, and 28-pounders caught in the surf, make a striking line-up.

during a season. Some don't catch any. A few have been at it for years and haven't beached a bull redfish yet. Then there are many who have caught several in one night.

There are almost as many types of tackle used for redfishing as there are fishermen. Some try their luck and skill with light gear, such as popping rods, light casting reels and 15- or 20-pound test line.

But most of the experienced redfishermen prefer something heavier, such as a medium-weight surf rod, a



Many eyes watch eagerly as a bull redfish is gaffed and landed on the pier.

Penn 350 reel, and at least 35-pound test line. They like the heavier tackle because the fish they expect to hook will weigh from 20 to 40 pounds. A few are even larger.

For terminal tackle, they prefer heavy pyramid sinkers that have the weight and shape to hold tight in the surf, with big hooks of about 6/0 which will dig deep into the tough tissue of a red's jaw and hold.

A popular way to rig these hooks is to tie them on 18-inch leaders made of heavy monofilament (50-pound test). The leader can be tied to the line at the sinker, or slightly above it. This keeps the baited hook drifting around in the current on or just above the bottom.

Some fishermen use two hooks on such a rig. But others prefer just one, believing in the theory that if a bull



red passes close by, he'll find one bait as quickly as he'll locate two.

The most popular bait, by far, is mullet. Most fishermen cut large mullet into chunks about two inches long. A few of them prefer whole small mullet. Some swear by cut croaker or sand trout. And a few fishermen like to bring live mullet.

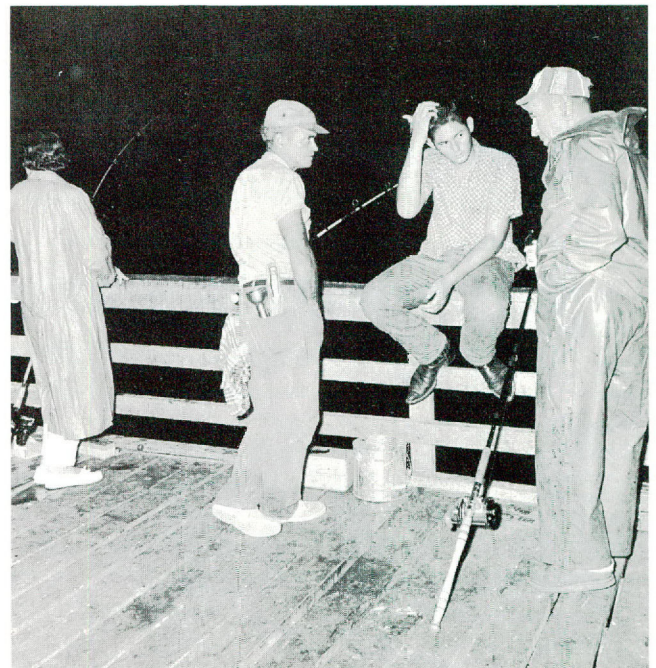
Whatever the bait or tackle they choose, one thing seems clear. The longer they keep their bait in the water, and the rougher and muddier that water is, the better their chances are of setting a hook in a bull redfish.

For this definitely is a waiting game. **



For anyone else a hurricane means take cover. To redfishermen, it's a golden chance to reel in the fish that revel in rough water. These two at High Island are braving even Hurricane Cindy.

Patty, 2, would rather sleep than fish just now. Some day, maybe she'll follow example of her mother, Mrs. Martin Franzen.



It pays to be patient in the waiting game of redfishing. Relaxed fishermen chat, waiting for strikes.

Wing Ding Singer

by NANCY MCGOWAN

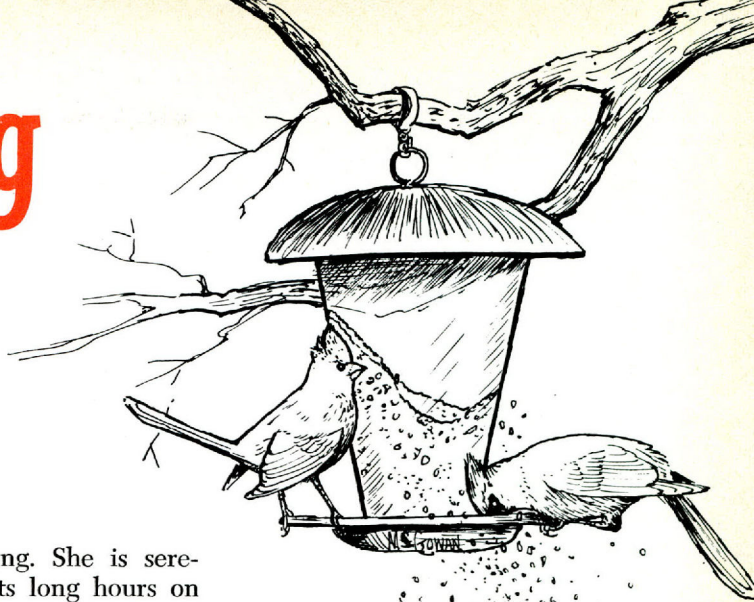
WHAT cheer! What cheer!" proclaimed the lusty solo from a treetop. A cascade of song from the highest limb identified the singer perched there as a cardinal. At a brief pause for breath, cardinals in adjoining territories added their "cheers" to his.

For all the good tidings and admonitions of "Cheery, cheery, quick-quick-quick!" the male cardinal is an aggressive defender of his home property against other cardinal trespassers. He will fight windows, cars, hubcaps and bumpers to the point of insensibility. In a futile effort to chase away the intruder, he doesn't understand the handsome bird who

and courted by song. She is serenaded while she sits long hours on her eggs. She even joins her mate in a duo, the cardinal being one of the few species of birds in which female birds sing.

But singing is not the cardinal's only talent. Idleness is unknown to him especially during the nesting season. He patrols vigilantly for trespassing neighbors, and corrals his own mate when she strays away. His sharp eyes spot the movement of a predator in the brush and his staccato warning whistles alert birds of all kinds. He tenderly feeds his mate while she warms the eggs. Later he tirelessly assists her in gathering insects and berries to fill the apparently bottomless stomachs of their babies. While a second clutch of eggs is being brooded he continues to feed and supervise the growing fledglings.

The red bird with his rich voice seems to flash here, there and everywhere as he dashes around on multiple errands. But when cold winds snatch the leaves from the trees, voice as well as belligerence diminishes, and he becomes as secretive as his cinnamon colored family. All attention is directed to keeping alive on scarce berries and seeds. Cardinals are non-migrants. The male and his family usually settle in as permanent residents, ranging widely in the area during the cold season. They endure the ice and freezes of winter quite well but can become panhandlers at a feeder. The cardinal's little band will camp conveniently nearby. The male bosses lesser birds there. All his family believes that the most delicious seeds lie at the bottom of the seed trough.

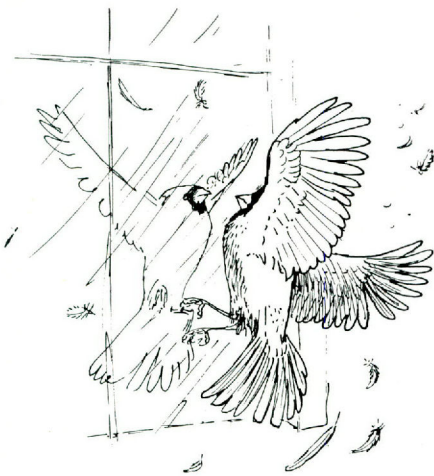


When all the seeds have been raked to the ground, the cardinal is then positive the Seed of all seeds must be down there. Smaller birds feeding on the seed-strewn ground scat-



ter as he plummets confidently into their midst. Despite his bossy ways all birds profit from his vigilance. A hawk's shadow, or the twitch of a cat's tail sends him into a frenzy of agitated whistles. All wise birds take heed and head for safer perches.

His matchless voice and flashy appearance caused the cardinal to be popular years ago, as a cage bird. Called "Virginia Nightingales," thousands were captured or raised from raided nests for export to England and Europe, particularly France. Fortunately for this spirited flame of the woods, this practice is now illegal for he is a protected species. Fortunate too, for every person who loves the outdoors, to be assured of the continued presence of this vivid bird. **



delivers such a solid punch is his own reflection. He will even attack red objects which have little resemblance except for color.

During the warm months cardinals seem to be everywhere. The male flits from post to post displaying his dazzling scarlet plumage, and flooding the woods with song. Territory claims are staked and guarded by song displays. The female is attracted



Bank Fishing for

Hopper Cats

By T. D. CARROLL

Photos by Tom Diltz

AFLY swatter, paper bag, fish stringer and spinning tackle made up my equipment list. Access permission from a landowner friend; a “crop” of king-sized grasshoppers and a good flow in the river completed the recipe for a day of channel catfishing on the Colorado.

It was a beautiful fall day — cool and sunny — and it was a good thing! A half hour of grasshopper chasing can heat a person up pretty completely. There are easier ways to get bait than the method I was using but this was a spur-of-the-moment outing and I particularly wanted grasshoppers to fill my number 6 hooks.

There were droves of hoppers — some “canary bird” size.

Often in stubborn pursuit of one that caught my fancy, I’d pause be-

tween hops and look around to see if there were any spectators observing the pre-catfishing ceremony. I could imagine how silly a grown man would look running around in a weed patch with a fly swatter and a paper bag. I could almost visualize a man in a white uniform with a big net after me.

The hopper hunt was finally completed. I dispatched each of my victims and removed the long jumping legs, the wings, head and thorax. All that was left was a rather unappealing glob of grasshopper tails—filet mignon for hungry channel cats.

The rig I had used with success called for 8-pound test line, a strong but small short-shanked hook and a split buckshot clinched to the line about nine or ten inches above the

hook. Long casts were not necessary and, fished upstream, the weight was sufficient to get to the bottom but not too heavy to prevent the current from moving the bait downstream in a fairly natural manner.

A gentle bend in the river, where the current raced over a series of coarse gravel bars, was my chosen fishing spot. Several willow trees had fallen into the river and their branches had collected piles of brush and other litter. Bermuda grass overhung the undercut bank and provided cover for grasshoppers and other insects as well as feeding grounds for fish.

Three threaded hoppertails completely covered the hook as I cast the bait about a foot short of an exposed brush pile and the eddy it



That grasshopper bait proved enticing! While the fisherman's attention was diverted on trying to adjust the drag on the reel, a two-pound channel cat obligingly caught himself.

created. While I was trying to adjust the drag on my reel, the line pulled taut and a two-pound channel cat had caught himself.

My next cast was in the full current just outside the eddy where number one cat had been taken. The line bowed and I could sense the split shot catching a rock for a temporary halt as the bait worked its way downstream. A gentle tug on the line would free the weight when it lodged in one place too long. Just as I raised the rod tip to help the bait along, the line began to move of its own accord — but upstream, and fast!

It was just a matter of taking up the slack in the line and keeping Mr. Whiskers out of the tree limbs and roots he was headed for. I wondered why the cats, when hooked, always seemed to head upstream. If they took advantage of the current and swam off downstream it would surely put the fisherman in a jam. But they don't, so small hooks and light line make ideal sporting gear for them.

Number two catfish was a twin to number one. He had swallowed the bait, so instead of retrieving the hook, I merely slid the slit shot toward the rod tip and cut the line an inch or so up from the hook. By doing this, the fish would remain alive

on the stringer and I could get the hook back when I cleaned the fish. It was a simple matter to attach another hook.

Occasionally a yellow-breasted sunfish or a turtle would try to snatch a grasshopper meal, especially if the bait worked its way into still water. Now and then a black bass would

strike the lure as it bounced along the bottom or as it was retrieved. But most often it was channel catfish.

A fisherman can find a good spot, get comfortable, and let the fish find him, if he prefers. I like to move around, locating channels, root networks and brush piles as I fish. By doing this I get a chance to study the river for future trips. I have found that once you locate a good spot, you might catch a couple of good fish and return an hour or so later and pick up a couple more. This moving about is not for exercise — I usually get all of that I need by chasing grasshoppers!

Soap, cheese, prepared blood baits, stink baits and other concoctions will take channel and blue catfish at times.

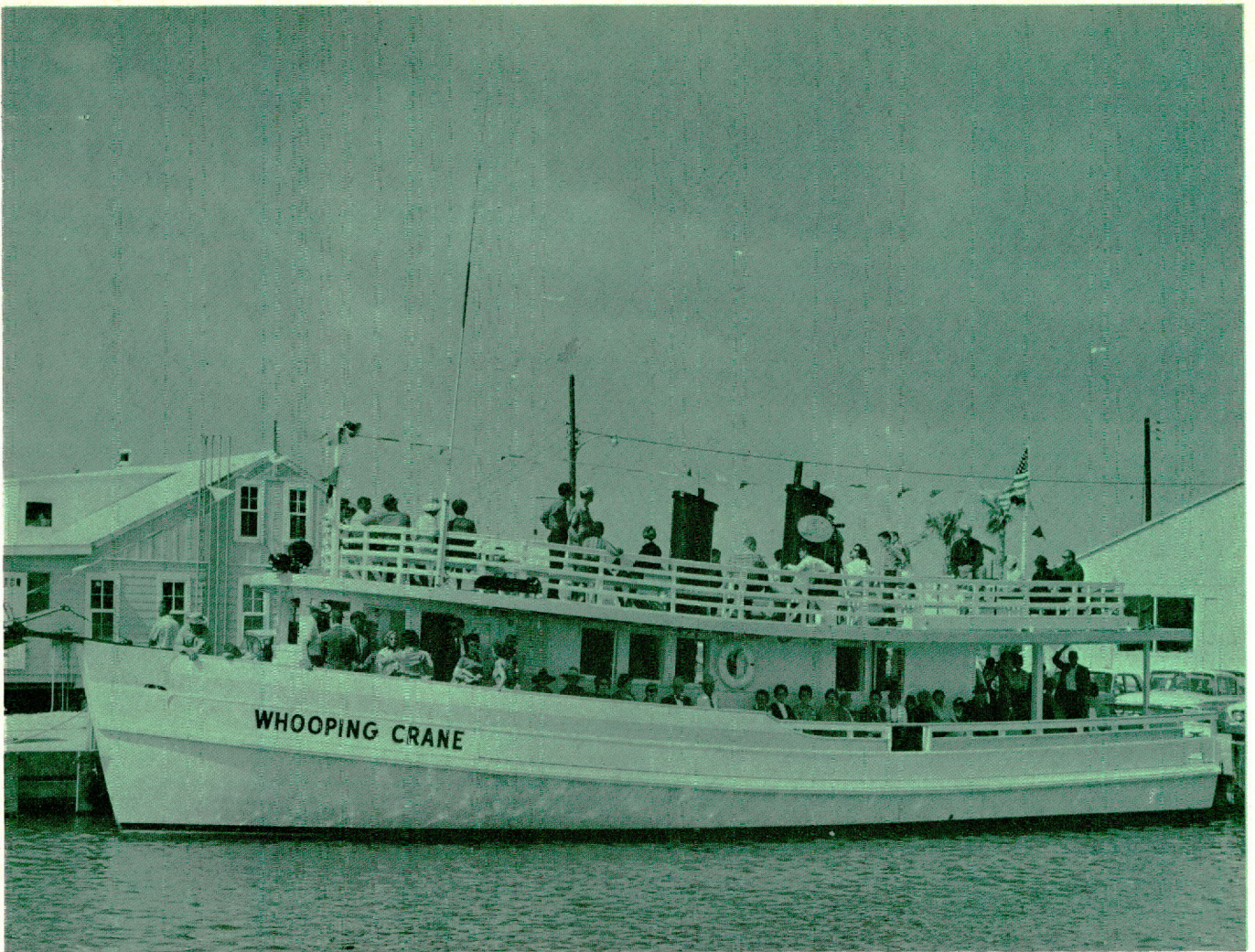
But natural foods are sure fire for fish baits. Grasshoppers (in season), shiners and hellgramites are some of my favorites.

To me, fall catfishing using grasshoppers, is a midday affair. While it's generally agreed that fishermen should be out at the crack of dawn, or just at sunset to fool the wary bass, catfish on the prowl for grasshoppers don't have much luck at night when the hoppers are inactive.

• Continued on Page 28



The author takes time out to check on a highly satisfactory stringer, mostly channel cats.



Photos by Paul Hope

Voyage to Whooperland

by NELLA DIETER

ANOTHER chapter in the continuing saga of this continent's most noted bird species, the whooping crane, began this fall at Mill's Wharf, nine miles north of Rockport. On a bright Sunday afternoon, October 18, the SS *Whooping Crane* cast off on its maiden voyage into "whooperland."

This first excursion aboard the 65-foot all-weather vessel was conducted with the fanfare, speechmaking, whistle blowing and punch drinking common to such historical events. It was the initiation of regular tourist voyages into the remote bays of the Aransas National Wild-

life Refuge, winter home of the world's only flock of whooping cranes. The Sea Gun Sports Inn, headquarters for the SS *Whooping Crane*, hosted 130 civic and nature organization leaders, refuge conservationists, outdoor writers and photographers on this first voyage.

Sea Gun, whose marina includes well-known Mill's Wharf, will send the motor vessel into bird territory each Wednesday, Friday and Sunday. Captain F. M. (Brownie) Brown, formerly of Corpus Christi, is the ship's skipper. He can conduct as many as 175 passengers to within naked-eye view of the whooping

crane family groups as they feed in coastal marshes fronting on the Intracoastal Waterway. A summer attraction will be the roseate spoon bill, another species threatened with extinction.

Jerre Ledbetter, Sea Gun Inn-keeper, said the resort has dredged a channel from its dock out to Marker 13 on the Intracoastal Waterway. The L-shaped route is maintained by the Inn for the *Whooping Crane*, especially to take tourists to the birds. The round trip requires about five hours from Mill's Wharf at a cost of \$5, and will be open to the public.

On the maiden voyage, Ledbetter, via microphone, introduced Bob Shields, Aransas Refuge Manager, Gordon Folzenlogan, Assistant Manager, and Reagan Lee, National Audubon Society Warden. The two Department of Interior conservationists took turns briefing guests on the sights and on the aims of Aransas National Wildlife Refuge. Shields stressed the interdependence of the fish, mammal and bird life in the unspoiled marshland environment through which the *Whooping Crane* was traveling.

Shields explained that the almost extinct flock of whooping cranes (32 left the refuge for their Canadian nesting grounds last spring) are territorial family birds. Each family group jealously requires living space of about one square mile, which is quite a large stake, Shields observed. This condition, complete with food, is met at the 47,261-acre Aransas Wildlife Refuge, their "winter inn." These gentlemen will not go on all future voyages, but someone will be aboard to help.

Guests were told that the majestic white cranes will allow different bird species on their claim, but they fight off other whooping cranes. They spend most of the daylight hours in that part which fronts the ponds, lakes and marshes. Here they find an abundant natural supply of fiddler crab, blue crab, mullet and shrimp.

The fact that tugs, barges and pleasure boats are plying the Intra-coastal Waterway, within about 50 feet of where the birds are preoccupied with feeding and preening, seems to have no disturbing effect, the Refuge Manager said. This, confirmed over the years since 1938, makes feasible such controlled nature excursions as that which the *Sea Gun* is offering, Shields commented.

On October 18, only one of the famous birds had arrived for the "dress-up" trip which Bill Straley, *Sea Gun* sales manager, had planned. The whooping crane which the guests saw was one nicknamed "Old Scarface" last year by the Refuge authorities. A "loner," this bird has a scar on its neck. For the *Sea Gun* festivities he appeared in the exact marsh area that Shields and Folzenlogan had anticipated.

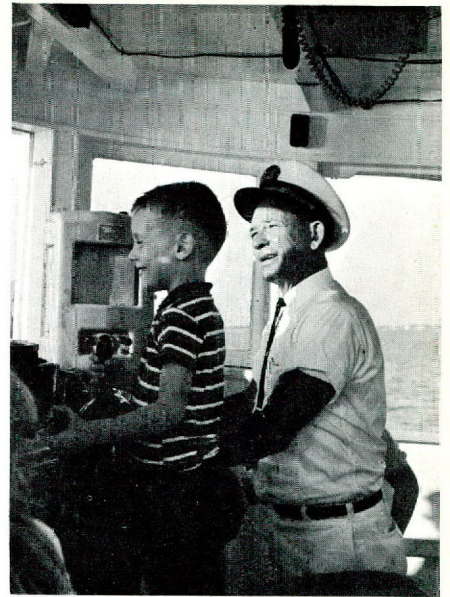
There was excitement aboard the two decks of the diesel-powered vessel as the word went over the microphone. Captain Brown maneuvered the vessel so all could look their fill. They watched the bird feed and preen. It ruffled a bustle of white tail feathers, unconcerned with such manmade intrusions as a hovering airplane which had been making a hopeful check for new arrivals, the noisy microphone and the rumbling engine.

Folzenlogan told viewers that the sex of Scarface is not known because both male and female whooping cranes look alike. He said it is believed this particular bird has lost its mate within the past few years.

Scarface tarried so long in May, the Refuge began to speculate he might not take off for the 2,000-mile journey to the Canadian Wilds for the summer. However, one morning he had disappeared. In late September, Salt Plains National Wildlife Refuge near Jet, Oklahoma, notified Aransas Refuge that a whooping crane with a scar on its neck had been seen there. This bird, which had been the last to leave, was the first to return.

Although the prospect of sighting whooping cranes was the exciting feature of the excursion, an abundance of white pelicans, cormorants, curlews, and several heron species scattered about small islands and channel markers, provided interest along the way.

Gull and tern followed the excursionists, and at one point a pair of porpoise played at the bow.

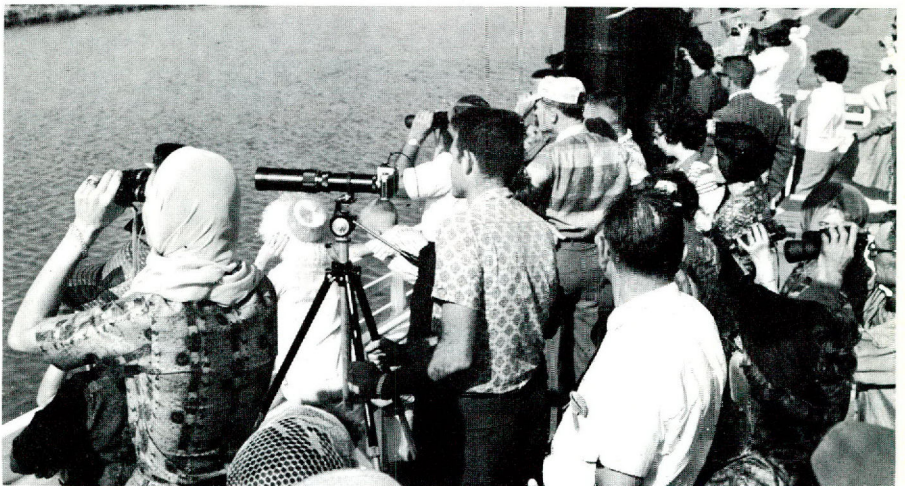


The only problem for this delighted youngster is what he'll brag about most, the thrill of guiding the boat with the captain, or having had a glimpse of the famous whooping cranes.

A carefully kept chart of dates since 1940 shows that November 11 is about the latest date for arrivals at the Refuge. As this magazine goes to press, Scarface has been joined by 31 adults and 10 young, bringing the number to date, 42.

So, both innkeepers of men and innkeepers of birds are in suspense during the precarious days of this year's whooping crane migration. Will all the adults make it safely? And—so very important—how many young will be with them?

Perhaps the combined concern of the coastal tourist promoter and the conservationist bodes well to make popular a new set of values regarding Texas wildlife. **



All eyes are alert: the sights of this trip will provide rare conversation for quite some time.

The Least of These

'Twas the night before Christmas,
The hillsides were white,
Many creatures were moving
By sparkling starlight.

All the turkeys were roosting,
Secure in their boughs.
Nearby grazed man's creatures,
The sheep, goats, and cows.

The deer quietly browsed,
To the whippoorwill whistle,
They were brought to "alerte,"
By a stray cacomistle.

There was danger abroad,
And a mountain lion prowling.
Peter Cottontail shook,
To the lone coyote's howling.

When suddenly high
In the Heavens above,
Came a soft light so blinding
And the call of a dove.

Every creature looked upward
And strained eye and ear,
To see what was happening
And make sure to hear.

The young man-thing peered
From his crude cabin door,
Heard faintly sweet music
And listened for more.

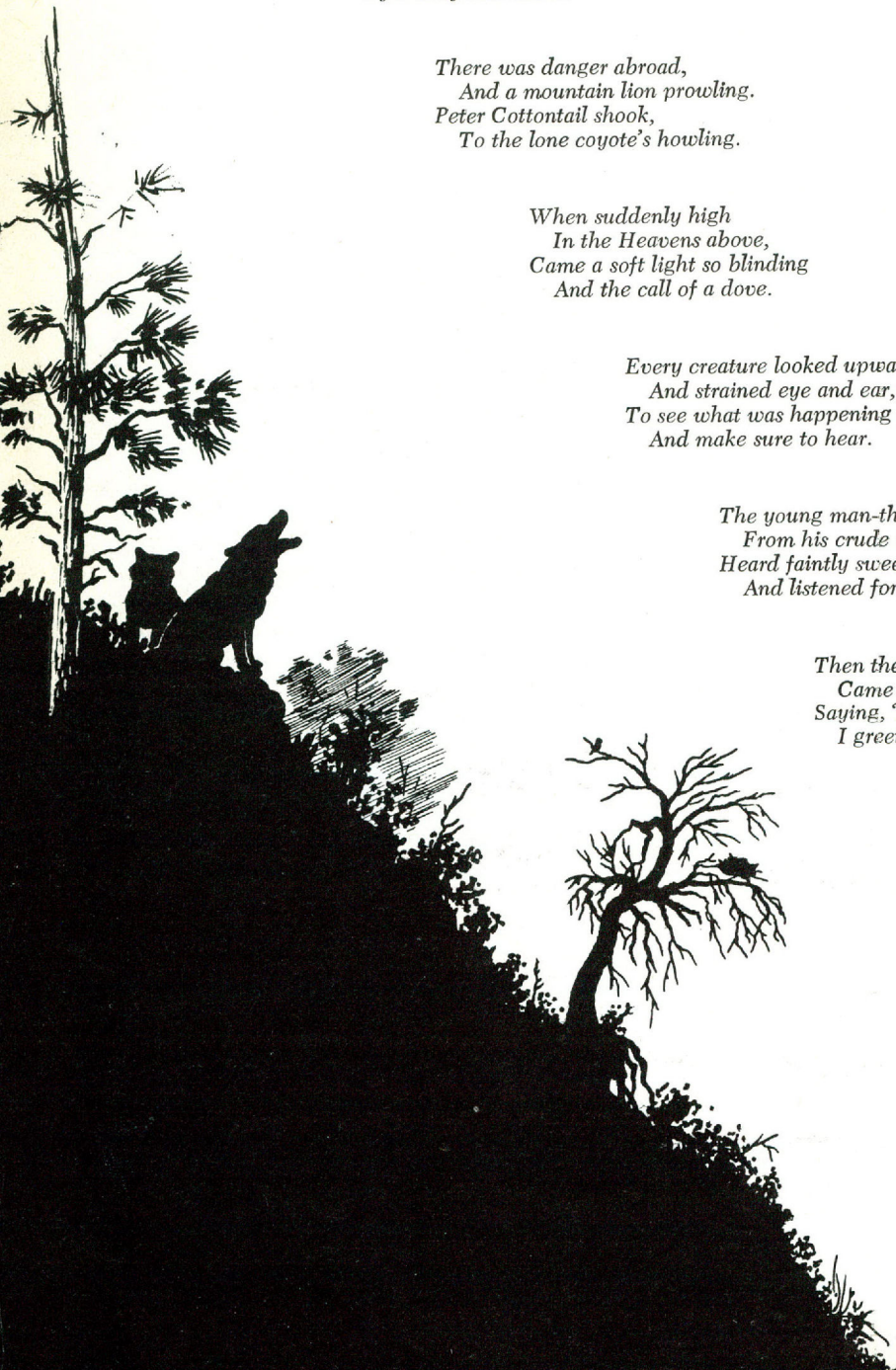
Then the voice of the Master
Came out of the light
Saying, "Listen, my loved ones,
I greet you this night.

"May there be peace among you
When dawn brings tomorrow.
Be ye gentle and kind,
And to nothing bring sorrow."

Then the sweet music faded,
And the light seemed to pale,
Creatures stirred on the hillsides,
In meadows and vale.

As they passed by each other
With dawn on its way,
They spoke in their language,
"Merry Christmas today."

—By T. D. Carroll



Dish of Distinction

by JOAN PEARSALL



LOOKING for something different and delicious, a sure conversation piece, for your holiday menu? In the place of honor, gracing the center of your Christmas Eve dinner table, display a splendid carp!

Does this raise some eyebrows? A *carp*, a looked-down-on rough *fish*, the high spot of the feast? What kind of newfangled idea is that? Well now, we didn't say it was new, but different. It's different from present-day custom in this part of the world, that is. For centuries, people of many nationalities have held the carp in very high esteem.

In Austria, Czechoslovakia, Poland and Germany, selection of this choice fish is a most important part of the Yuletide preparations. Days beforehand, the housewife scours the market until she is satisfied she has found the best available. It is essential to get one with roe, as that will ensure good luck for the family. Then, the fish is kept alive right up to the time it is to be cooked.

The method of preparing this special dish varies with the different countries, but it is always of great interest and usually watched by every member of the family. In Austria, the carp is fried, in Czechoslovakia it is baked and served with a dark sauce. It is preferred with a gingersnap sauce in Poland and Germany.

Significance has been attached to the carp from the earliest times. In China and Japan, where it was originally native, it is a sacred fish and, because of its red color, symbolizes courage and strength. Because it struggles against currents, it is said there to typify perseverance and war. It is a masculine talisman and kites are frequently sent up on festive days in the shape of a carp.

The ancient Egyptians also had various beliefs about

the carp. It was thought to be the bravest of all fish, and to have the power of bestowing perseverance and good fortune on all mortals who ate it. It was supposed to have strength to leap waterfalls and eventually to ascend to the Chariot of the Sun. The carp was a particular favorite of Isis, Goddess of the Moon, and she would guarantee a full catch and a safe return to men who fished for carp, if they wore emerald rings! Not least of the attributes of carp was the highly satisfactory effect it was said to have on lovers.

As early as 1227 this distinguished fish was introduced to Europe. It came in one form as the goldfish, a result of selective breeding by the Orientals. As a food delicacy, with its aura of folklore adapting to the different localities and religion, it began to be reared extensively in artificial ponds. Now, in Europe, it grows to as much as 75 lbs. or more, so it is easy to understand how it can be such a commanding feature of the festive board.

Since the carp was brought to America in 1876, its status has taken somewhat of a slide here. The immigrant might be said to have done well for itself in one respect: it multiplied with great élan, escaped into streams and is now found in practically every state. But it has not endeared itself here because it devours natural water plants which supply oxygen, and crowds out other more valuable fish.

Not even considered good eating, it has come to be a nuisance rough fish. Even so, it does have a small devoted following. Bowhunters and fishermen have become converts when they discovered the challenging sport carp can offer, and those who have given it a try have found it can indeed be tasty.

• Continued on Page 25

IT WAS big country, gashed by wide draws choked with mesquite and greasewood and heaped with high rugged hills, its horizon reaching into infinity. Except for an occasional oil tank battery glistening in the midday sun, the terrain appeared untouched.

"Get ready. You should get a shot at an antelope *pronto*," said tall, slender Chile Holt, sitting to my left and driving the jeep down the dusty pasture road.

"You take the first shot," I called over my shoulder to my 14-year-old son Parks, who was riding in the back seat beside Jack Chamberlain, Chile's stockily-built pal.

The driver swung the jeep from the road and angled sharply upward alongside a gas line. The vehicle protested, yet it ground, lunged and finally chugged to the top of the long hill. "Look there!" Jack exclaimed.

Just over the crest was a herd of 18 pronghorns. As the animals broke into a lope, Parks jumped over the side of the jeep and slammed a bullet into the chamber of his rifle. "That buck in the rear is a big one. Let him have it," Chile said.

At about 125 yards off, the old buck trailed behind the does and fawns. His horns were black and heavy in contrast to his delicate-seeming body of tan and white.

Parks found his target in the 4X scope and pressed the trigger. The bullet went high, exploding dirt beyond the buck.

Capable of speeds in excess of 45 miles an hour, the animals shifted into high to plunge down the boulder-studded hillside. When the buck again became clear of the herd at 200 yards, the boy fired offhand. It was a miss; the antelope disappeared into the draw below.

"I just knew I had him that first shot," Parks declared with a mixture of disbelief and embarrassment.

"Don't worry, son," Chile said. "That herd will probably circle through the draw and come out on

Pronghorns Pronto

Not to be outdone by her son, Mary Kay Sloan also had a buck to show for a good day's hunt.

by MARY KAY SLOAN



top again at the opposite side. We'll head that way. You'll get another shot."

As the jeep jarred forward, I regretted that business had detained my husband, Sam, at our home in Breckenridge, Texas. Only this morning my son and I had driven the 216 miles from there to Big Lake, Texas, to take part in the October 3 through 11 antelope hunt on the Rocker B Ranch near Barnhart. The first hunt ever held on this 269-section ranch had taken place the year before and had produced many outstanding trophies, the largest having 17 $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch horns. Since word of these fine kills spread rapidly, the demand for permits for this 1964 hunt greatly exceeded the allotted number of tags, 150 for bucks and 50 for does. The buck permits cost \$50 each and the doe permits \$25.

Parks and I had reached the checking station on the western edge of the Rocker B Ranch at noon. L. L. Farr, III, Ranch Manager of this tremendous spread, furnishes drivers

and vehicles for the hunters.

Since upon our arrival all conveyances were in the field, local citizens, Chile and Jack, offered their services. "We've been working on our jeep and want to give it a trial run. We'll be glad to take you hunting," they said. Eager to get started, my son and I grabbed our binoculars and rifles and climbed into the jeep.

Now, the four of us held tightly to any support available in order to stay aboard as the vehicle bounced toward a point where we hoped to intercept the antelope. Suddenly we saw the herd moving up out of the valley to cross 150 yards in front of us.

Chile applied the brakes, and Parks leaped out to take a rest across the hood. The driver turned off the motor so the vibration would not jiggle the boy's scope. Appearing unconcerned, the does crossed in a trot and headed up the adjoining incline. Then the old buck walked quickly into the clearing. Parks put the crosshairs forward on his shoulder and squeezed the trigger. Again the bullet went high. Startled into a run, the buck sped over the top behind the does and vanished.

This last bad luck dumbfounded me almost as much as my son's facial expression betrayed him to be. I knew Parks was a good marksman, for in previous years I had watched him make four one-shot deer kills. I wondered if he were overly excited, which I could well understand, or perhaps the alignment of his scope had been knocked awry.

"I see another bunch of antelope," Chile said, pushing in the starter of the jeep. We trained the 7 x 35 binoculars toward the animals, nearly a mile to the northwest. With their keen eyesight that equaled our optics, the group of 15 had spotted us and was working nervously toward the back side of the hill which lay directly in our path.

Abruptly we realized that while the starter on the jeep continued to whirr, the motor remained dead. All efforts to start the vehicle failed.

"Come on, Parks," I said, reaching for my rifle. "We'll go on foot after the last antelope we saw." By this time the animals had disappeared behind the hill.

Parks Sloan wears an understandable grin, as he looks over his fine trophy antelope.



The two of us took off in a run upslope, slowing to a stooped position as we neared the rim. Carefully placing each step to avoid noise, we eased our eyes over the edge. Nothing. Then 500 yards below we saw the pronghorns dashing around the point of the escarpment. They raced through the valley and climbed to the summit where Parks had first shot.

When we returned to the jeep, Chile told us that Jack was hiking to a line camp which lay two miles to the west. "There, he'll telephone for a pickup to come after us," he said. The three of us climbed to a high vantage point, took a stand, and waited. In the distance beyond an adjacent valley we watched another herd of antelope work away from us southward.

"Do you think I'll get another chance at that big buck?" Parks asked dejectedly.

"You'll get plenty of shooting before sundown," Chile assured him.

Presently far across the lonely landscape we saw clouds of dust boiling skyward from a road. A pickup soon bumped up to us and out stepped Farr and a grinning Jack.

The hunt was on again. With Parks in the back of the pickup, alongside Chile and Jack, and with me in the cab by Farr, we wormed our way through large rocks to the top land.

"There's your big buck, Parks," Jack announced.

As Parks vaulted to the ground, the buck walked uneasily in and out of the sparse mesquite. "Hold low," Chile whispered. The boy centered the crosshairs at the bottom of the shoulder and touched off a shot. The 180-grain bullet slammed into the spine; the animal collapsed. We all let out a yell of victory.

It was a fine trophy, with 13½-inch horns and with good breadth at the prongs. My son was well pleased. As the men dressed the kill, Farr explained, "Because of the extreme drought we've had, most horns are running two inches shorter this season than those of last year's hunt."

"Now, it's your turn," the men said, putting the pressure on me.

"Let's go," I retorted, wondering how my shooting ability would hold up against the fleetest of all game on the North American continent, perhaps of the world.

• Continued on Page 25



Lantern Light Flounder

by ERNEST SIMMONS
Coastal Fisheries Supervisor

IN THE distance, several yards from the high shoreline, a single bright light sparkled in the black night. The silence of the bay was interrupted only by the occasional squawk of a disturbed gull and the low mumbling from the light.

The glow moved slowly along, bobbing about and stopping frequently. Two individuals materialized, one hanging onto a stick which he had just jammed into the soft bottom, and the other with a line dragging something through the water. It seemed to be an odd occupation.

Many folks who know little about the activities along our reeling coastline, may have witnessed this same sight. When the conditions are just right one may see many such lights shining brightly out of the night. It is a very relaxing and exciting way to spend the evening. The people wading along behind the glare of lanterns are not searching for clams or any other shellfish—they're after flounder, one of the strangest but tastiest fish in the ocean.

The southern flounder, a gourmet delight, offers sports fishermen a combination of all the thrills of hunting and fishing. Waters which appear barren during the glare of day often teem with life at night. The flounder fisherman may encounter shrimp, crabs and many kinds of fish in addition to those he seeks. There may even be hidden danger in the form of buried stingrays, although this danger is vastly over-rated by the uninitiated.

Many flounder are caught on rod and reel but more are captured by gigging. Those using rods have had success fishing the edges of channels and pot-holes. Gold spoons, with or without a trailer, are usually bumped slowly along the channel edges and live shrimp or strips of squid are fished in the same manner.

Fishermen using gigs form a select group, guilty of abandoning wives and kids at the drop of a windless night to head for the bays. Many families have joined together to work as teams.

The equipment used is not overly expensive. A good lantern is a necessity; a poor one is a source of constant irritation. Most people use a single mantle lantern since it is fairly light and economical and casts an adequate reflection. The double mantle job, while it burns longer and is somewhat brighter, becomes extremely heavy after a few hours of wading. Kerosene lanterns burn brighter but are difficult to start without smoking up the globe.

Whatever type is used must be equipped with a reflector to avoid blinding the user. Reflectors may be purchased or good ones may be made by lining half the inside of the globe with heavy aluminum foil.

A heavy wire should be attached from the top of the lantern to the base with a cork strung on this wire to serve as a handle. Rope should not be used since it will burn in two. The lantern is carried in one hand, tilted toward the water, and the gig occupies the other hand.

Gigs may be purchased cheaply or may be hand made. Single prong gigs are sometimes used but these allow flounder to spin after being hit. Double or triple prongs work better. Actually flounder have been giggered with screwdrivers, butcher knives, crowbars and axes. As with any type of fishing, a stringer should be carried to retain the catch.

Special skill is not required although it is a good idea to have an experienced person along the first time to point out the camouflaged fish. Simply wade in the water

are migrating to the Gulf to spawn. Right now is a good time.

In spring and fall seek out channels leading to passes. During the summer try further into the bays along the edges of channels and bars and on bars. Slightly silty areas yield more fish than firm sand as a rule. Small bars extending into the bay should not be overlooked.

In the fall many flounder are giggered in Cedar Bayou Pass, near Port Aransas, along the bulkheads in Corpus Christi Bay and along Padre Island, the Landcut and the East

Photos by Al Flury



Now you see him, now you don't! A flounder in the mud shows off his abilities as a camouflage artist.

swinging the lantern slightly so as to cover as much area as possible.

When a flounder is spotted an attempt should be made to thrust the gig through the forward part of the body, preferably through the gill cover. Once giggered the fish may be lifted from the water on the gig although a more certain method involves placing a hand under the flounder and lifting gig and all out of the water. Experienced fishermen do this only when they are sure the fish is a flounder and not a stingray. When stringing the fish, care should be taken to avoid placing fingers in its mouth. Flounder have very long, sharp, fang-like teeth and the bite is very painful.

Some folks ask quite often when is the best time to flounder. The usual season of abundance extends from early spring when the fish are moving into the bays, through November or December when many

Cut in the Laguna Madre.

Winter fishing is not a total loss because a sizeable resident population remains in the bays and these are usually big fish.

Calm nights are best for floundering since high winds increase wave action and muddy the water. But even then, sheltered shores can sometimes be found. Dark nights are normally better than those with bright moonlight but even these should not be overlooked. The fish are still there; they are just harder to approach.

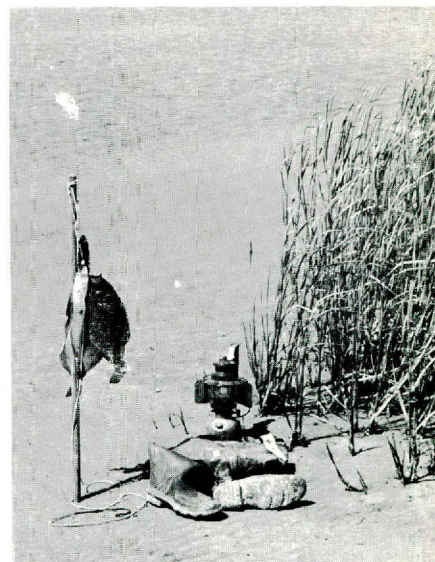
Most people flounder on a high tide since these fish usually move into shallower water as the tide rises and drop back into channels as it falls. At such times, very shallow water only a couple of inches deep should be inspected while at low tide deep pot-holes should not be overlooked.

The next time you see lanterns

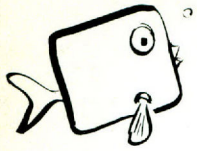


Home heads the well-laden flounder. The trip, not much on comfort, was worth each minute.

swinging in the night, out where the water chills a person nearly to the knees, don't pause to wonder what it's like. Find a partner who's been before and discover the thrills of floundering for yourself. **



This paraphernalia, boots, lantern and heavy stringer, tells a tale of a night well spent.



The Way Fishes Swim



by ALAN MOFFETT
Marine Biologist



FISHES use many methods of locomotion. Some walk on top of the water or on the ocean floor. Others may leap or appear to fly through the air. Some, like the flounder, burrow in the sand. A few even climb trees. The most conventional type of locomotion is, of course, swimming.

The ways fishes swim are varied. Many are fast, strong swimmers, while a seahorse (as Dr. Leonard P. Schultz points out in his interesting book *The Ways of Fishes*) may spend five minutes swimming the length of a bathtub.

Among the fast swimmers, like the mackerels and some sharks, fins play a somewhat minor role. Many swim well after the fins have been removed. Such fish rely on lateral undulations of a long, strong tail. In other species, fins are the principal structures for locomotion.

The ways fishes swim can be separated into three basic divisions. The

method employed by the eel is called anguilliform. Locomotion simply results from alternate muscular contractions very similar to the movements of snakes on land.

The most common swimmers are the so-called carangiform swimmers named after the jack-like fishes. These are the fastest, strongest and most efficient swimmers. They swim by moving their long tails laterally from one side to the other. Forward motion is accomplished by the backward force of the tail against the water after a sideward sweep. All have a very streamlined or fusiform body shape, similar to an airplane, to reduce friction and facilitate speed. The fins of these fishes are used for steering. Speckled trout, redfish, drum and croaker are a few of the many carangiform swimmers.

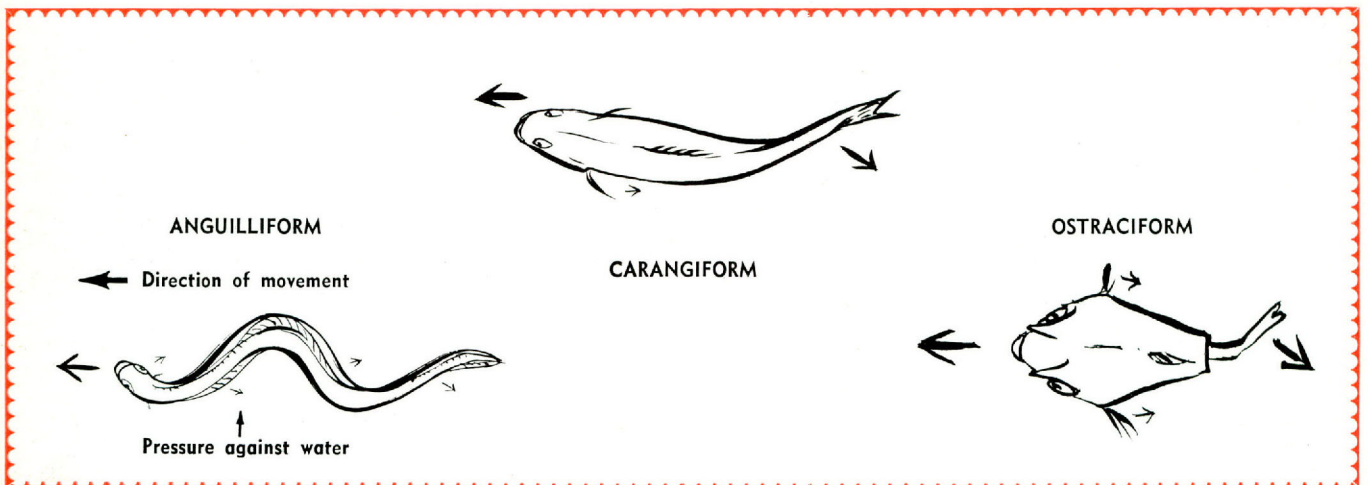
Despite the fact that carangiforms are the most efficient swimmers they are more primitive than the so-called ostraciform swimmers. The latter are

fish with rigid bodies and movable tails.

The caudal or tail fin is of major importance. Locomotion results from rapid oscillation of the caudal peduncle or flexible tail portion in a paddle-like sculling motion. Nature has provided these slow swimmers with special means of protection from enemies to compensate for the lack of a fast swimming ability.

Many, like the trunkfish, have rigid bodies. The spiny box fish and puffers swell to prevent being swallowed by larger fishes. Some ostraciform swimmers are poisonous.

Needless to say, the ability to swim is a necessity that allows a fish to escape larger predators, catch food, move to more suitable habitat and move to mating grounds. It may take a confirmed angler to appreciate the ability of a fish to swim, for what fun would fishing be if fish could not? **





Mark Gosdin, assistant director for parks, stresses "taking on the professional look."

Parks staff readies

THE WELCOME MAT

by JAY VESSELS

THE MAN from Palo Duro Canyon State Park needed counsel on discouraging the over-eager against risking bones and even life sliding down the canyon walls.

The man from Bentsen Rio Grande State Park needed help on how to brief expertly his bird-watching winter visitors.

The man from Goose Island State Park needed aid in restraining the exuberant land lubbers, embracing the refreshing coastal surf.

The man from historic Varner-Hogg State Park needed support for his problems in politely restricting visitors to protect the priceless objects on display.

The man from Palmetto State Park had chronic trouble disciplining visitors to his "botanists' dream" where poison plants and poisonous snakes could menace the uninitiated.

Problems all, but they all had many things in common, because the staffs at the 58 state parks were exchanging ideas at a Parks and Wildlife Department seminar at Bastrop State Park. Yes, regardless of geographical location, they have to dispose of trash, police the grounds and generally babysit roughly 8,000,000 guests every year.

For the best part of a week they "consulted and consoled" about current situations. And that's a fertile field for Texas state park managers because they are a resourceful lot, getting the job done with a minimum of overhead.

Hours were spent on such subjects as landscaping, vehicle and general

equipment maintenance, purchasing, inventory, sign locations, and cooperation with other state agencies.

These public servants were buoyed by the opening address by J. Weldon Watson, executive director, that loyalty, tenacity, hospitality and versatility will qualify them to share in the surge of parks popularity.

They were assured by Mark Gosdin, assistant director for parks, that

"ours is a fast-growing opportunity for public service."

They were challenged by E. A. Walker, assistant director for wildlife, to benefit to the maximum from the new working routine with game wardens and other personnel from the wildlife branch.

They were promised complete cooperation from their new associates

• Continued on Page 28

Fine cooking of Chef Buddie Robinson, right, drew eager chowhounds. At noon-time buffet are, left to right: Regional Ranger Bill J. Smith; Park Ranger P. Shelley; Superintendent Jim Reeves; Park Ranger H. M. Walton.



Regional Ranger W. B. Hoskins directs the group on important aspects of meeting the visitors.

Busted Bubbles

AS THE TITLE suggests, we're going to talk about detergents. I originally thought of entitling this subject, "Bubble, Bubble, Soil and Trouble," but this sounded too much like a "witch hunt" and I wouldn't want to do that. At any rate, if you don't like the title, you can change it to suit yourself.

Just what is a detergent? Very simply, a detergent is just a cleaning agent. Do all detergents foam and make bubbles? No! In fact, most of them do not. Is everything that foams a detergent? No! As any beer drinker will testify. Let's take a look at some of the more common detergents and see if we're talking about the thing you thought I was going to write about.

One of the first detergents that comes to mind is water—just plain water. It can do a fair cleaning job alone, but with soap, which is also a detergent—it can do a better job. Incidentally, the amount of foam you get and the persistence of the foam depends to a great extent on whether you have a "soft" water or a "hard" water. The softer the water the more foam and the longer it lasts. Keep these words in mind because I'm going to mention them again later on and these words, "hard" and "soft," will mean something entirely different as they relate to detergents.

ANOTHER COMMON detergent used for cleansing is common ordinary sand. And sand, of course, reminds some of us "old timers" of

corn cobs, whole and otherwise. Ground corn cobs, by the way, are now used in very large amounts as industrial cleaners. Some additional detergents, just to name a few, are: dry cleaning compounds containing petroleum and coal byproducts, alkalies such as soda, ash, caustic soda and alkali phosphates, abrasives such as diatomaceous earth, silica pumice, rottenstone, cuttlebone and "horses tail." Shampoos, face creams, hair curling lotions, hair straightening lotions, medicinal products and motor oil, all contain some detergent. One of the most amazing detergents is high frequency sound.

Now if we are all agreed on what we're talking about and we can use the word "detergent" without getting your dander up, we can discuss the so-called synthetic detergent developed during World War II. This is the one which has stirred the pot. This is the famous "alkyl benzene sulfonate." Sounds bad, doesn't it? We call it ABS for short. This is the so-called "hard detergent" or non-biodegradable kind. The word "non-biodegradable" is not a bad word either. All the word means is that it doesn't decay, break down, decompose or rot. What's wrong with that? A great deal! A few thousandths of one per cent can produce a persistent foam. When this foam began to show up in our streams and our water supplies, the detergent industry using the ABS type of cleaner became alarmed as did various conservation groups,



by DAVE PAPIER

Chairman, Chemical Research
Committee, League of Ohio Sports-
men

Reprinted from Ohio Conservation Bulletin.

or "Death of a Detergent"

women's clubs and health departments, and they realized that something had to be done and done fast. Not so much because of any harm this foam might do, but primarily because they didn't welcome seeing this foam for the second time after knowing where it had been the first time.

THIS PRODUCT had become so well accepted by the public and by industry because of its superior cleaning properties, particularly in hard water, that it could not be abandoned or outlawed until something else could be developed to take its place. The textile industry, the rubber industry, the cosmetic industry, the auto wash and the laundromat industries, as well as the housewives, had all become dependent upon it. Last year some 4 billion pounds of detergents containing ABS were sold in the United States alone with indications that sales will continue to increase. The amount of ABS in these detergents has been dropping, however. For example, the average ABS content in household detergents dropped from an average of 13.5 per cent in 1952 to 8.7 per cent in 1962 and is still dropping.

By 1965, industry will have spent more than \$100 million on new factories and "know how" in order to accomplish the changeover from "hard" to "soft" detergents. A detergent is known as a "soft" detergent when it becomes subject to break-

down or decay by microorganisms. To put it in a simpler way, you could say that the "soft detergents" are more readily digested by decay organisms than are "hard detergents." Today industry-wide research expenditures for "soft detergents" to replace "hard detergents" exceed \$5 million per year. There is now no reason why the mass changeover from "hard" to "soft" detergents cannot be accomplished within the self-imposed deadline date of 1965.

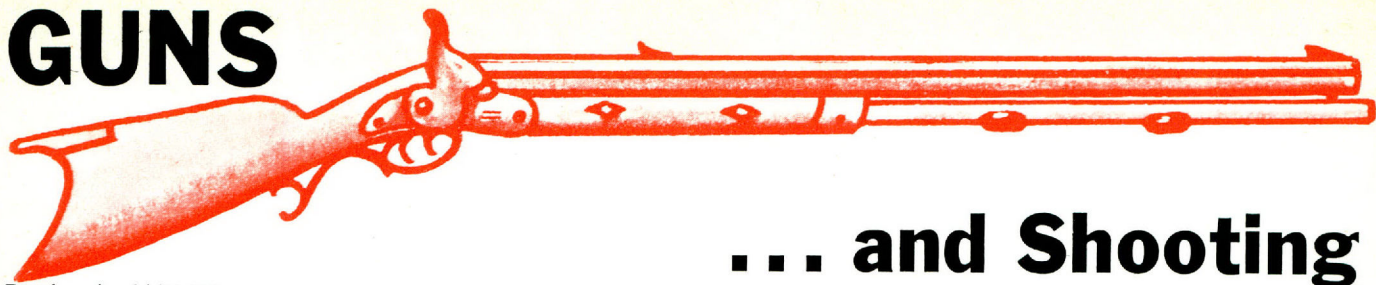
SELDOM HAS THERE been an effort for the public good as cooperative and intensive as this one, and industry should rightfully get the credit it deserves just as it received the blame.

"Soft" substitution products for "hard" detergents which are just as good and only a little more expensive have now left the "pilot plant stage" and are going into full production as fast as factories can be constructed. Major companies like Atlantic Refining, Phillips Petroleum, Colgate-Palmolive, Sears, Roebuck and Co., Wyandotte Chemicals, Stepan Chemicals, Jefferson Chemicals, Rohm and Haas and many others are either in full production now or will be shortly.

A great deal needs to be done, however, in setting up realistic standards or criteria for biodegradability. This is now one of the "good" words and will be used more and more as an advertising gimmick to sell cleaners of all sorts. **



GUNS



By L. A. WILKE

... and Shooting

This Month: Safety

SINCE the winner of a presidential election now can be "projected" from the results of about the first ballot box counted, you may be interested in some figures that may project future hunting accidents.

For instance, if you are under 19 years of age, carrying a shotgun at 4 o'clock in the afternoon and are hunting deer, your mathematical chances of becoming a casualty are excellent. And if we go by the statistics, you won't be more than 10 yards from the blast that hits you.

This is a deduction from figures compiled by the safety officer for the Virginia Commission of Fish and Wildlife and published in the *Virginia Wildlife* recently. They were established in a survey made between July 1, 1961 and June 30, 1964. They are up-to-date!

First, it was established that a shotgun was involved in 71 per cent of the accidents reported; high-powered rifles in only 16.4 per cent and small-bore rifles 9.4. The remainder involved handguns and bows and arrows.

Exactly 50.8 per cent were at distances of not more than 10 feet from the muzzle. This would indicate that the victims were definitely careless, perhaps in taking guns from cars or in cleaning or handling them.

On a percentage basis according to the report, youth was responsible for most of the accidents. Individuals 19 and under were involved in 47.7 per cent of the accidents. And 35.4 per cent of the victims were also under 19. This could be conclusive evidence of a greater need for shooting education. Those over 60 got by easy, with 4.7 per cent of the shooters and 3.7 of the victims being old-timers.

Approximately one-third of the accidents were connected with deer hunting, with rabbit hunting next at 17.1 per cent.

Carrying the projection further, the statistics show that weather was clear when 68.8 per cent of the accidents occurred and that 50 per cent of them happened in the open. Most of the accidents took place between 11 a.m. and 4 p.m. with 26 per cent at that hour.

The magazine points out that the Virginia commission has cooperated with the National Rifle Association in training more than 1200 in certified hunting safety in that state.

Unfortunately, Texas records are rather incomplete, but these from Virginia might serve as a reminder of the necessity for greater precautions in gun handling. With so many getting guns for Christmas this year, there should be a good course of instruction with each one.

Manufacturers attempt this by including in each gun package the "10 Commandments for Gun Handling." Perhaps you might like to read them again.

1. **TREAT EVERY GUN WITH THE RESPECT DUE A LOADED GUN.**
2. **WATCH THAT MUZZLE!** Carry your gun safely; keep safety on until ready to shoot.
3. **UNLOAD GUNS WHEN NOT IN USE,** take down or have actions open; guns should be carried in cases to shooting area.
4. **BE SURE BARREL IS CLEAR OF OBSTRUCTIONS,** and that you have ammunition only of the proper size for the gun you carry.
5. **BE SURE OF TARGET BEFORE YOU PULL TRIGGER;** know identifying features of game you hunt.
6. **NEVER POINT A GUN AT ANYTHING YOU DO NOT WANT TO SHOOT;** avoid all horseplay.
7. **NEVER CLIMB A TREE OR FENCE OR JUMP A DITCH WITH A LOADED GUN;** never pull a gun toward you by the muzzle.
8. **NEVER SHOOT A BULLET AT A FLAT, HARD SURFACE OR WATER;** at target practice be sure your backstop is adequate.
9. **STORE GUNS AND AMMUNITION SEPARATELY,** beyond reach of children.
10. **AVOID ALCOHOLIC BEVERAGES** before or during shooting.

FOOT HUNTING SHOOTING DOGS

Brittany dam is daughter of National Champion Towsey Pointer sire, has bloodlines that produced three national champions. Short-haired, stylish, fast snappy retrievers.

L. L. GROSSNICKLE
508 Vermont Rd. Austin, Texas 78702

DEER CLEANING KIT

KEEP CLEAN
WHEN CLEANING DEER

Kit contains:

- 2 Long Plastic Gloves
 - 2 Bags and Ties
 - 2 Moist Towelettes
- Send \$1.00 to:

KEEP KLEAN CO.
P. O. Box 7012
San Antonio, Texas 78207

Broiled Venison Steaks, Ummm!

THE HUNGRY SPORTSMAN'S FISH & GAME COOKBOOK

More Than 400 Recipes \$1.00 Postpaid
Fish, Big Game, Small Game, Wildfowl,
Turtles, Frogs, Mushrooms, Etc.

EDDIE MEIER
Box 3030—Scottsdale, Ariz.

Go European and add carp to your holiday fare.

Dish of Distinction ————— *From Page 15*

As well as being savory in its own right, treated in different ways it can also taste like salmon, tuna, sardines, chicken or beef!

Other kinds of fish also are part of Christmas tradition. The fish was an important symbol among early Christians. Also, in Catholic countries Christmas Eve is a fast day, and therefore meatless.

If you are an eel lover, an Italian menu is the one for you. Stewed eel, "capitone," although expensive, is so important to Italians at Christmas that price is no object.

Fish is one of the chief items at Yuletide in Norway, Sweden and Denmark and the largest, finest ones are

saved for this important occasion. "Lutefisk" is made from dried cod. It is soaked for some hours in lye water, then the flaky bits are cooked and served with melted butter and lingonberry sauce.

Salt cod, with a special sauce, is often eaten in Spain at the holidays. In Finland, boiled cod, seasoned with allspice and accompanied by creamed potatoes, is enjoyed. Pike is the fish most commonly used in Lithuania.

But in America, because of their elbowing-out tactics, the more carp that are caught the better it is for the balance of nature. So, anyone who does decide to go European and add carp to his holiday fare, or just wants to enjoy trying his fishing skill on them, can at the same time have the satisfaction of doing a good turn for conservation. **

For Christmas Carp recipes see page 27

The bullet struck home, back of the rib cage, and the animal plummeted to the ground.

Pronghorns Pronto —————

————— *From Page 17*

Once from a lofty drop-off, a quarter of a mile away we watched two herds of pronghorns mingle together, totaling around 40 animals. Farr said the estimated antelope count on the Rocker B Ranch was 1,138 head. Moments later I got a shot at a running buck from still another group.

"Well, that's miss number one," I said, crawling back into the pickup.

Soon we intercepted the herd again. As Farr stopped the vehicle, I jumped out and took a rest off-knee. Quickly I located the buck, trotting at about 150 yards, in the scope. Leading him a few inches in front of his shoulder, I pressed the trigger. The bullet struck home, back of the rib cage, and the animal plummeted to the ground. "You got him!" everyone shouted.

An hour later when we drove up to the checking station, Mrs. Ethel Herrmann, attractive tabulator of statistics, reported a 97 per cent hunter success for the season.

The men promptly hung our kills in the conveniently-provided refrigerated truck. Farr reminded us as we piled into our car, "If you plan to hunt antelope next year on the Rocker B, be sure to get in an early request to assure you permits."

We wrote that letter the next day. **

CAST NETS

100% Nylon, Small Mesh, Six-Foot Spread. Complete with Draw Strings and Hand Line. Tax and Postage Prepaid. Satisfaction or Money Back Guarantee. \$20.00 Value For Only \$16.00.

LONG SHANK SALES
Box 218
SEADRIFT, TEXAS

HUNTING

100 sections, Mule Deer. Mountains, Flats, Valleys and Hills. Season Nov. 28—Dec. 12th.

\$50.00 per man. Day Hunting \$7.50 per day first week and \$5.00 per day afterwards. For Reservations call or write

J. T. NELSON
P. O. Box 186 Ph. DI 5-9906
Sanderson, Texas



**Is it Alive?
No—Mounted Lifelike
By**

SMALLWOOD'S
Taxidermist and Tanner

28 Waugh Drive
Houston, Texas 77007
Write for price list and literature.

NOTICE TO HUNTERS

If interested in hunting native antlerless deer, buck deer, Mouflon bighorns native to Islands of Mediterranean Sea, or black antelope, native to India, contact

MARK A. MOSS & SON
Bar O Ranch
P. O. Drawer 157
Llano, Texas

17-Jewel
Swiss

CALENDAR

Diving Watch
Anti-Magnetic
Luminous-Dials
Rotating-Bezel

\$30.00

Same Model with
EXPENSIVE-FULL
LEVERAGE
movement
(AUTOMATIC)

\$50.00



RUGGED STAINLESS STEEL CASE with matching **ADJUSTABLE** band. Ideal for **SKIN-DIVERS** and **OUTDOOR-MEN**

Pressure tested to 500 feet
(GUARANTEED to 330 feet*)

*with case, crown and crystal intact
Airmailed Registered from Switzerland

Send cash or American Express Money Order to
J. Seapin & Son Dept. D (Imports)
1230 N. Vineland Ave.
La Puente, California U.S.A.

HANES THERMAL UNDERWEAR



ORIGINAL GENUINE THERMAL KNITS DEVELOPED BY THE U. S. NAVY FOR THE MAXIMUM WARMTH IN COLDEST WINTER.

Wear less this winter and actually keep warmer. Thousands of tiny air pockets knitted into the fabric trap warm air close to the body . . . seal heat in, lock cold out.

Non-Irritating Combed Cotton SHIRTS OR DRAWERS \$2.50 ea. plus 2% sales tax.
S, M, L, XL.

Send 25¢ for 2-color 16 pg. Hunters' Catalog
Catalog sent Free with your order.

Kaufman's
100 S. Flores San Antonio, Texas

Please send me:

____ Shirts, Size ____ at \$2.50 ea.
plus 2% sales tax.

____ Drawers, Size ____ at \$2.50 ea.
plus 2% sales tax.

Name _____

Address _____

City, State _____

What Others Are Doing

by JOAN PEARSALL

FISHY IDEA: Scientists have long wondered about the bluefin tuna's small horizontal keels, like the stabilizers of an airplane, which occur at the point where the tail is joined to the body of the fish. Also, they have been puzzled by the tuna's ability to capture fast-swimming prey, such as the mackerel. An English ship-building firm concluded that the small keel enabled the big fish to turn quickly, and thus gain an advantage over mackerel and other underwater speedsters. They fitted one of their new tramp freighters with similar keels, and found that it not only turned more easily, but gained about half a knot in speed over her sister ships; also, fuel consumption was less. The new keels are fastened to each side of the ship, immediately forward of the propeller. They are 16 feet, 3 inches long, and have a maximum width of 3 feet, 10½ inches.

UNPAID AID: New Mexico has many reserve conservation officers all over the state, that not only help the regular officers of the Dept. of Game and Fish with law enforcement, but distribute literature, give safety programs, man check stations, and look for lost hunters. These RCOs, who wear an arm patch and badge, come from many walks of life and are unsalaried. They have been helping the Game Dept. since 1897. In the early years, there were only a few regular wardens and it was impossible for them to know what was happening in all corners of their huge districts. The RCOs filled the gap. They knew the problems in their particular locale and kept the district wardens posted. At first, these deputies were untrained and learned the hard way. Now, they are hand-picked by the local district conservation officer, and put in a minimum of 25 hours of Game Dept. schooling.

AMBASSADORS IN PLASTIC: The United States this spring made a gift to Morocco of 20,000 muskellunge and 20,000 chain pickerel eggs. They were air shipped in plastic bags and, after hatching, the fry were planted in suitable waters. This is the first time these species have been planted in Morocco, and their introduction was received with wide acclaim by the Moroccan press and radio.

ALL IN THE SEA-SONING: Octopus cooked in its own ink is a great Mexican dish, also popular in the Mediterranean countries and in such Asiatic countries as India, China, Japan, Indonesia, Oceania and the Philippines, where octopus is considered one of the major delicacies offered by the sea. In the Orient and the Mediterranean, octopus, squid and cuttlefish have been eaten for centuries. Another item found frequently on Mexican menus is omelette with baby eels.

ADD-A-ROOM ADDICTS: The bald eagle, our national emblem, lives to be very old. Each year it builds a new nest on top of the old one, and the structure may become very large. Near St. Petersburg, Florida, a nest has been in the process of building for 40 years. It is now 20 feet high, 9½ feet across and is estimated to weigh several tons.

CAT TRAP: Someone in a California town dreamed up a wild scheme recently: they stuffed a live and kicking bobcat into a suitcase and left it in front of a bus station. Along came four men in a car. One dashed out, grabbed the suitcase and the car roared off. Three blocks away, two men burst from the car followed shortly by the two others, sprinting and shrieking. Then, the wildcat emerged and vanished into the night.

• Continued on Page 27

WEIHNACHTSKARPFEN

Our thanks go to Miss Hildegard Chwala, University of Texas student from Vienna, Austria, who very kindly obtained for us these authentic European carp recipes

Carp in Beer (recipe from Czechoslovakia)

1½ pints dark beer, onion, celery, bayleaf, thyme, salt, parsley, ¼ lb. butter, 2 lbs. carp, 3 oz. gingerbread crumbs.

Mince onion, celery, bayleaf, thyme, parsley; add beer and salt, bring to a boil. Divide carp into pieces, place into the sauce; cook for 10-15 minutes on low fire. Remove carp from sauce; thicken sauce with gingerbread crumbs, strain, stir in butter. The sauce must be creamy and hot; then pour it over carp. Serve with mashed potatoes.

Carp recipe from Styria (southeastern part of Austria)

2 lbs. carp; 1 lb. combined total of parsley, carrots and celery; onion,

salt, peppercorns, thyme, bayleaf, garlic, vinegar, sugar.

Cut parsley, carrots, celery into thin slices (like noodles), add 1½ pints water and bring to boil. Add the other ingredients to taste. Add carp and cook on low heat until well done. Serve with potatoes.

Serbian carp

2 lbs. carp, ¼ lb. butter, salt, red pepper, flour, garlic, 2 minced onions, 3 tbsps. tomato paste, ¼ lb. minced mushrooms.

Add salt to carp, smear with red pepper, add flour, sear in butter. After removing carp, sauté onions and mushroom slices. Add tomato paste, little water, put in carp, and stew until well done.

Mix garlic with salt and butter and put on each piece of carp. Serve with vegetables and potatoes.

Fried carp is often served with potato salad in Austria. In some households, fried codfish is substituted, since it has less bones! However, the carp is the traditional Christmas fish. **

No Goldfish allowed while fishing in Florida

What Others

From Page 26

AIM FOR MATURITY: It is illegal, under Nebraska laws, for anyone under 18 years of age to possess a pistol.

BUT THEY GET THE LAST WORD: Game rangers in the Lawton, Oklahoma area are likely to keep a tight lip nowadays as they write citations for violations. Last spring, due to a typographical error, some forms they were using identified their agency as the Oklahoma Conversation Department.

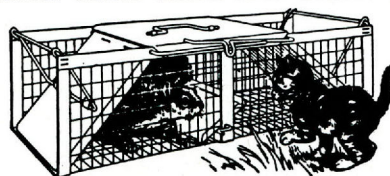
TRAVEL LIGHT: Leave the pet goldfish at home when you go fishing in Florida, and don't overload yourself with tackle. The law there prohibits the possession of any goldfish or carp while fishing, and, even when the fish are biting, a fisherman cannot use more than three poles and lines or three rods and reels at a time.

FOREIGN DEER

AXIS, JAPANESE SIKA DEER AND BLACK BUCK ANTELOPE FROM THE FAMOUS RICKENBACKER RANCH . . . LIVE DELIVERY GUARANTEED ANY PLACE IN THE STATE OF TEXAS IN LOTS OF 6 OR MORE.

WRITE FOR PRICES, AT RANCH OR DELIVERED.
P. O. BOX 21158 SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS
WA 2-1158

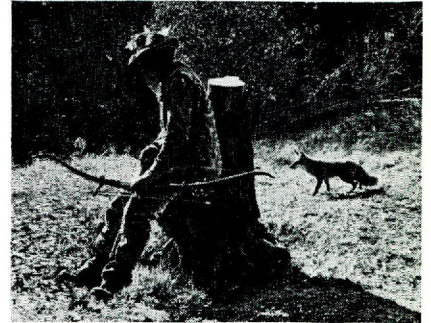
CATCH THEM ALIVE AND UNHURT!



Amazing HAYAHART trap captures raiding rats, rabbits, squirrels, skunks, weasels, etc. Takes mink, coons without injury. Straying pets, poultry released unharmed. Easy to use — open ends give animal confidence. No springs to break. Sizes for all needs. FREE booklet on trapping secrets. HAYAHART, 149-D Water St., Ossining, N. Y. Please send me FREE new 48-page booklet and price list. Name _____ Address _____

HUNTERS WON'T BELIEVE ME . . .

'til they try my new calling sounds!



CALL FOX WITHIN 10 FEET

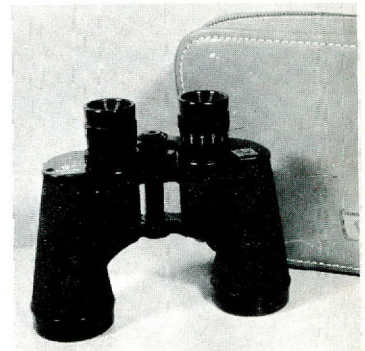
Use my new calling sounds and varmint calls will almost run over you! Crows will fly within a few feet of your head! Coyotes, wolves, bobcats, coons, hawks, owls . . . all kinds of animals and birds will rush to you day or night, year-round!

SEND NO MONEY!

I'll show you how it's done. I'll mail you a FREE FOLDER filled with calling photos . . . and thrilling stories about game calling! Send me your name NOW! A card or letter will do.

JOHNNY STEWART
BOX 7765 DEPT.-TG 12 WACO, TEXAS

THE INSIDE STORY OF BINOCULARS



Generally binoculars look alike externally but it is the INSIDE construction of precision workmanship and fine raw materials that determine the excellent performance of a pair of binoculars. Our brochure on HOW TO EXAMINE, TEST AND SELECT BINOCULARS and other optical instruments sent FREE on request.

MELTON INDUSTRIES

1901 Levee Street
Dallas 7, Texas
RI-8-0566

MOUFLON SHEEP
HUNTING RAMS AFTER JANUARY 1ST
BREEDING STOCK NOW FOR SALE
ROB ROY RANCH
JONESTOWN, TEXAS
 R. F. COFFEE HI 2-5693
 2200 Rabb Road Austin, Texas

PROTECT YOURSELF FROM POISONOUS SNAKE BITE!

Lightweight - Adjustable
ALUMINUM LEGGINGS
 Positive protection for work or recreation in the woods. Slips easily on or off. Made from top grade, light-weight aluminum. So light and comfortable you hardly know you have them on.
ONE SIZE FITS ALL \$15.75 PAIR
 plus tax and 50¢ mailing fee.
 4 pairs or more \$15.00 each, plus tax and postage

Please send me _____ pairs Aluminum Leggings at \$ _____ a pair plus tax and mailing fee.
 Check enclosed _____ Sorry, no COD's.
 NAME _____
 ADDRESS _____
 CITY _____ STATE _____
Kaufman's
 100 S. Flores San Antonio, Texas

Season Open Now
 You can Call **FOX.. CAT COYOTES**
 C-3 Long-Range DeLuxe \$3
 S-2 Close Range Fox Call \$2 Day or Night It's Easy
SPECIAL OFFER: Both Fox Calls Plus \$2 Instruction Record (78 or 45 rpm) ONLY \$5
 Surefire unbreakable BURNHAM calls featured in Aug. '56 TRUE "The CRITTERS come When CALLED." Burnham calls lured up 121 Fox, 33 Raccoons, 165 Coyotes, 11 Bobcat, and hundreds of Hawks on their dry run. Thousands of these calls in use everywhere. Letters tell us of amazing results—"Very first time I used your call I called up 5 Coyotes"—P.T.C., New Mexico. BURNHAM calls must give you close shot at above mentioned game or your money back!
ORDER TODAY! FREE Catalog. For new booklet THRILLS OF GAME CALLING, many pages of rare and exciting photos—Send 35¢
BURNHAM BROTHERS
 P. O. Box E-12, Marble Falls, Texas

Far West Greeting
 by JAY VESSELS

VISITORS come and go at Texas' scenic state parks but the memory lingers on. As in the case of an unusually pleased customer from California.

Ray McKnerney of Reseda, California, was excited, and surprised, when he stopped over at "The Lost Pines," or Bastrop State Park, while enroute to Florida. Of course, he arrived on a fall week-day and had the entire park to himself, practically.

He parked his camper in the shade of two friendly pine trees, got out his writing paper and proceeded to alert the folks at both ends of the route—in Florida and California where they know about tourist accommodations. "One of the prettiest spots I ever saw," said the visitor



who is retired from his position as supervisor of the re-tooling department for Lockheed Aircraft. And this is from a man who spent 20 years in the vaunted San Fernando Valley.

Convert grasshoppers to catfish steaks with a lot of fun.
 Bank Fishing for Hopper Cats _____ From Page 11

Between 11 a.m. and 3 p.m. I caught all the fish I could use.

Bobwhite Quail
 Booking Orders Now
 Mature Birds (10 min.) 90¢
 6 to 8 wks. (20 min.) 50¢
 Special prices on large restocking orders.
 Gift Packed Oven Dressed Quail \$16. per Dozen (1 doz. min.)
 No C.O.D.
 F.O.B. Ft. Worth
J. C. COX
 Box 13453, Dept. C Phone 817-289-2705
 Ft. Worth, Texas 76118

This was not my first try for catfish on the Colorado: it has become a yearly fall affair. From mid-September till the first freeze you can convert grasshoppers to catfish steaks with a lot of fun for the effort.

Every fisherman has his own technique and what works for me may not produce for you. But if you're a channel catfish addict whose luck has been off—let me invite you to try my recipe of grasshopper tails a la Colorado next year. **

New EZE-STRECH Deer Carcass Spreader
 Stop using unsanitary, makeshift methods . . . use the handy EZE-STRECH Spreader to properly air out the dressed animal.
 Rustproof plated finish. 7 adjustments 8" to 14" with positive spring catch.
 Patent Pending **Price prepaid \$3.95** Texas residents add 2% tax
 Order today! Send check or money order to
BRADEN WIRE & METAL PRODUCTS, INC.
 Box 5087, San Antonio, Texas, 78201
 Another Texas Hunter Product

Painting & patching for next season.
 The Welcome Mat _____ From Page 21

by departmental chiefs, including J. B. Phillips, coordinator of law enforcement, who said good public relations are indispensable.

The information and education division, under T. D. Carroll, tried to spell it all out in illustrated presentations.

Now the parks field staff is literally scattered to the four corners of the state beginning the off-season job of painting, patching and generally readying up the premises all in preparation to apply the ideas gathered at the Bastrop State Park short course. **

Texas

Tackle Talk

by CURTIS CARPENTER



ONE fisherman commented recently that when winter arrives he goes hunting and doesn't do much fishing. This seems to be a fairly accurate description of the winter life for many of the piscatorial fraternity.

"Do you hunt every day of the week?" I asked.

"Nope," he replied, "just when I feel like it."

When probed for an explanation of what he does with his spare time during the hunting season, both while at home and at his hunting camp, he smiled big and answered, "I do a lot of reading and a lot of thinking about fishing." Then, as he flipped his lure into a dangerous-looking hole in the moss, he glanced back over his shoulder and added, "You see, I like to hunt, but I like to fish best."

For this gentleman and all others who like to fish best, here is a list of some fishing books that might help fill a few hours or minutes of free time when the frigid winds are whistling through the trees. Some are fresh off the press, others have been available for many months.

Doubleday and Company, Garden City, New York, has several books on the market which make interesting reading. Look this variety over and pick one:

THE STUDY OF FISH MADE SIMPLE, by Eugene V. Mohr, 159-page soft back illustrated with black and white line drawings. \$1.45. This is one of the most interesting books of this type that I have ever read. If you want to know numerous interest-

ing facts about fish, get this for your library. You'll learn about fish that breathe air, walk over dry land, hatch their eggs in their own pocket, and those that use glowing worms for bait.

This book will help you identify all the common species of fish, the habits of each and how they survive. And it's written so even children can understand the facts.

FISHING SECRETS OF THE EXPERTS, edited by Vlad Evanoff, 288 pages, black and white photos and line drawings. \$4.95. The book contains just what the title implies. Twenty chapters by 20 popular writing fishermen reveal some of their long-learned tricks to catching many popular game fish consistently. It's a good one to have around if you're one to be interested in how the others do it.

FISH AND FISHING, a Better Homes and Gardens Book written and illustrated by Maynard Reece, published by Meredith Press, Des Moines, Iowa, 224 pages beautifully illustrated with four color and black and white photography. \$7.95.

Want to see 80 fresh water fish species in full color? This fine book has eight chapters covering where to fish, how to catch fish, where to catch fish, when to fish, how to iden-

tify fish, how to clean fish and how to cook fish. It offers seven suggestions for exciting vacation trips, such as hike trips, float trips, trips by boat, canoe, horseback and airplane.

HOT MEAL

A Texas newspaperman who has spent time in a dismal foxhole and on a bleak deer stand longing for a "hot" meal thinks he has the answer. It is a super-charged but plain old Texas chili. His name is Wick Fowler of the *Dallas News*. He calls his product "Fowler's 2-alarm chili." It is a "package deal" in that the ingredients are prepared in a compact container with only the ground meat portion required. Chili fans, Fowler insists, envision the simple preparation as a full meal with long-range effects sufficient to keep the system warm on into the chilly hunting or fishing routine. **

CAR-TOP BOAT STORAGE

Outdoorsmen often have a problem storing their car-top boats. This can be done easily if the hunter or fisherman will mount a 400- to 500-pound capacity block to the center beam of his garage. Then simply drive the car into the garage, hook on the tackle and raise the boat off the top of the car high enough to be out of the way. This safely stores the boat out of the way until the next trip.

BIG MONEY RAISING MIRACLE RED fishworms, part or full time. Start NOW for next season! Lively, fat redworms! Giant size! Money back guarantee! **1,000, \$4.50; 5,000, \$21.10; 10,000, \$39.50.** Get the finest worm, **MIRACLE REDS** for your breeding stock. **MIRACLE WORM GARDEN-2-BOB GARNER, Hallsville, Tex.**

MEALWORMS

Choice **FISH BAIT**. Feed for monkeys, finches, all birds. **300, \$1.00, 1000, \$3.00.**

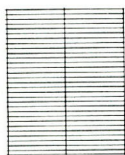
NEUMANN

Rt. 1, Box 392L San Antonio, Texas

NOW Set or Take up Trotline in 5 Minutes!
BOOKLET ON HOW TO 20 PAGES
Catch 'em!

"TROTLINE FISHING SECRETS"... written by experts. How, when, where to set trotline, illustrated. Baits laws, tackle. Send 25¢ for mailing cost.

LAWRENZ MFG. CO., DEPT. T, P.O. BOX 3837, DALLAS, TEX. 75208



**Graders
Grills
Agitators
Dip Nets
Hauling
Tanks**

Factory: 6000 Bowman Springs Rd.
Factory Tel. No. GL 1-0112
B. W. Womack
Owner

Write for free catalogue
CRESCENT MFG. CO.
P. O. Box 3303 — Ft. Worth, Texas



THE re-opening of a small lake, especially one that promises excellent fishing, creates considerable excitement anywhere. But in the Lower Plains of Texas, where lakes are certainly not overly abundant, excitement reaches an unusually high pitch.

Perhaps that is why news of the early opening of Lake Pauline near Quanah lured several hundred anglers out at daylight for the October 15 opening day. Anglers from as far away as Lubbock, Amarillo, Fort Worth and Austin were also present.

Hunt EVERY Day

**GUIDES, TRANSPORTATION FURNISHED!
MEALS, ACCOMMODATIONS AVAILABLE!**

- CORSICAN WILD RAMS
- INDIAN AXIS DEER
- JAPANESE SIKA DEER
- INDIAN BLACKBUCK ANTELOPE

Y. O. RANCH

MOUNTAIN HOME, TEXAS
OL 4-2076 OL 4-2071 OL 4-2073

Lake Pauline Reopens

by CHARLES TALBERT, Game Warden

In April, 1963, just 18 months ago, Parks and Wildlife Department Fisheries crews completely destroyed existing fish populations in Pauline because carp, shad, stunted crappie and bullheads heavily outnumbered game fish. Rough fish numbers were so high that game fish growth was seriously suppressed. A complete kill was the best approach.

Following treatment, roughly 250,000 game fish fingerlings were released in the lake. Frequent checks during the past 18 months proved that game fish in the "clean" water of Lake Pauline were growing very fast, in fact, faster than fisheries biologists had expected. So an earlier opening date was set and anglers were anxious to try their luck.

Many fishermen thought getting a limit would be easy while others had doubts about what to expect from fish only 18 months old.

Some came prepared to spend a

week or more, but most fishermen planned to fish only one day.

The age of the anglers represented on opening day was quite varied. Some were too small to throw out a line while one older gentleman was seen attempting to cast with one hand and keep his balance with a cane in the other.

Many limits were taken the first day. The largest catfish caught weighed 6½ pounds. The biggest bass weighed 3 pounds. Not bad production for an 18-month old lake.

Parks and Wildlife Department personnel were frequently amused by the hundreds of anglers fishing with plugs, worms, stink bait or minnows. It seemed a contest was in progress to see which type of bait would produce the best fish.

From concessionaire reports, minnows and spinners were the most popular baits, but worm and stink bait fishermen had ample proof that their system worked all right too, at the end of the day.

Creel censuses showed all species of fish caught were in excellent condition. Blue catfish, stocked from Sheldon Hatchery near Houston last November, won the blue ribbon for plumpness.

Many more good fishing days are in store for anglers on Pauline and the crowds haven't decreased much since opening day. Some fishermen have tried their luck every day for the last two weeks with good success.

Lower Plains sportsmen are pleased that once again they have a good fishing lake close to home, good for several years of exciting angling.

TIMELY FEEDER

Lehman Automatic Game Feeder

Saves Time and Cuts Labor and Feed Costs.

Will feed from 6 oz. up at any selected time—unattended.

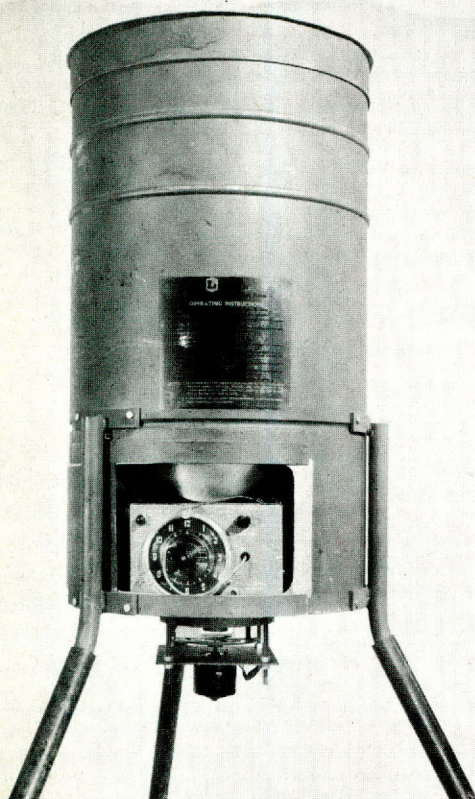
Throws feed in circle for 50-100 feet in diameter, depending on height feeder is installed.

Hang from Tree or set on leg extensions.

Operates on 6-volt Dry Cell Battery from 3-6 months.

Sturdy Galvanized Construction.

Hopper Capacity—Approx. 250 lbs. (to 900 lb. capacity available)



PATENT PENDING

WRITE FOR FREE BROCHURE

MANUFACTURED BY

LEHMAN EQUIPMENT COMPANY

RT. 3, BOX 53

CORPUS CHRISTI, TEXAS

DEER HORN MOUNTING KIT

**DO-IT-YOURSELF
OLD OR NEW
HORNS
IT'S FUN & EASY
KIT—FOR \$3.75
PLUS TAX**



SHIELD PLAQUES \$1.00 ea.

NO COD'S PLEASE. SEND CHECK OR M.O. TO:

DEER HORN KITS

P. O. BOX 6802 SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS

Outdoor Books



THE DEER OF NORTH AMERICA, edited by Walter P. Taylor, 668 pages illustrated with black and white photos and line drawings. Published by The Stackpole Company, Harrisburg, Penn. \$12.50.

Neither man nor machine can describe perfectly or completely all the products of deer hunting, in this state, this land or those beyond our boundaries. Stanley P. Young, author of the first part of **THE DEER OF NORTH AMERICA**, probably comes as close to describing the importance of the object of deer hunters as any before or after him. "With the possible exception of the bison, the deer is the best known native North American hoofed mammal, and the one that has been most serviceable to man in providing meat for his food, skins for his clothing, and sport for his recreation," writes Young.

Young explained in his chapter that "the early Mound Builders of the Mississippi Valley, if not themselves the first comers, were among the earliest inhabitants of North America. Study reveals clearly the importance of deer in the daily lives of these people. The majority of animal bones recovered from kitchen middens in all village sites of the prehistoric American Indian, from the Folsom forward, were deer bones."

The deer ranked high in the colonial times, on the American Frontier and continues to wear the crown of popularity in this age of space ships and mechanical brains.

Remington Kellogg, in his chapter, "What and Where Are the Whitetails," writes, "No less than 30 subspecies of white-tailed deer have been named. These range from the Atlantic to the Pacific and

from the latitude of Hudson Bay in Canada south to the Isthmus of Panama."

Unlike many wildlife species, the white-tailed deer met the changing times headon and has survived with fantastic success. As E. L. Cheatum puts it in his chapter, "Some 15 or 20 million years have passed since something deer-like came to America. Whatever it was, it apparently was a hardy beast because it endured many climatic variations." And (although not in all areas

where it once roamed in numbers) the deer still hangs on and provides both food, wearing apparel and recreation.

What do you want to know about American deer? The growth and development, beginning with embryos and ending with the size of adults? Growth of antlers, selection of mates? Food and cover or management recommendations? How about the primitive hunting of deer or the best cartridges for deer? These subjects and more are covered.

Eleven subspecies of mule and black-tailed deer inhabit the North American Continent: Rocky Mountain, California, Southern, Peninsula, Inyo, Desert, Cedros Island and Tiburon Island mule deer; and Burro Deer, Sitka Deer and Columbian Black-tailed Deer, or Coast Deer.

If you cannot purchase this fine book, the ultimate in deer information, at least read it in your local library. Whatever you do, don't miss it.—Curtis Carpenter.

Mallards With Wild Rice, Ummm!
THE HUNGRY SPORTSMAN'S
FISH & GAME COOKBOOK
 More Than 400 Recipes \$1.00 Postpaid
 Fish, Big Game, Small Game, Wildfowl,
 Turtles, Frogs, Mushrooms, Etc.
EDDIE MEIER
 Box 3030—Scottsdale, Ariz.

Hunt Africa?
 write
 John Russell, Professional Hunter
 P. O. Box 291
 Nanyuki, Kenya
 East Africa

RECREATIONAL AND SCENIC PARKS	LOCATION Located Near The Town of	OVERNIGHT FACILITIES																	
		Camping Permitted	Shelters	Group Camp	Trailer Permitted	Boat Slips	Cabin	Picnicking	Groceries	Dining Room	Fishing	Swimming	Boats	Golf	Nature Study	Hiking	Saddle Horses	Museum	
ABILENE	BUFFALO GAP	X	X	X	X														
ATLANTA	QUEEN CITY	X		X	X						X	X							
BASTROP	BASTROP	X		X	X	X	X				X	X			X	X			
BENTSEN - RIO GRANDE VALLEY	MISSION	X		X	X	X					X				X	X			
BIG SPRING	BIG SPRING			X															
BLANCO	BLANCO	X	X	X	X	X					X	X							
BONHAM	BONHAM	X		X	X	X					X		X						
BRAZOS ISLAND (Open Gulf Beach)	BROWNSVILLE										X	X							
BUESCHER	SMITHVILLE	X	X								X				X	X			
CADDO LAKE	KARNACK	X		X	X	X	X				X	X			X	X			
CLEBURNE	CLEBURNE	X		X	X	X	X				X	X	X		X	X			
DAINGERFIELD	DAINGERFIELD	X		X	X	X					X	X	X		X	X			
DAVIS MOUNTAINS	FT. DAVIS	X		X	X	X	X				X		X		X	X			
EISENHOWER (Modern Boat Marina)	DENISON	X		X			X				X	X	X		X	X			
FALCON	FALCON	X		X							X	X	X		X	X			
FT. PARKER	MEXIA	X	X	X	X	X	X				X	X	X		X	X			
GARNER	CONCAN	X	X	X	X	X	X				X	X	X		X	X		X	
GOOSE ISLAND	ROCKPORT	X	X	X	X	X					X		X		X	X			
HUNTSVILLE	HUNTSVILLE	X	X	X	X	X	X				X	X	X		X	X			
INKS LAKE	BURNET	X	X	X	X	X	X				X	X	X		X	X			
KERRVILLE	KERRVILLE	X	X	X	X	X					X	X	X		X	X			
LAKE BROWNWOOD	BROWNWOOD	X	X	X	X	X	X				X	X	X		X	X			
LAKE COPUS (CHRIST)	MALHE	X	X	X	X	X	X				X	X	X		X	X			
LAKE WHITNEY	WHITNEY	X	X	X	X	X					X	X	X		X	X			
LOCKHART	LOCKHART	X		X	X	X					X	X			X	X			
LONGHORN CAVERN (Daily Cavern Tours)	BURNET	X		X	X	X					X	X			X	X			
*MACKENZIE	LUBBOCK			X	X	X					X	X			X	X			
MERIDIAN	MERIDIAN	X		X	X	X					X	X	X		X	X			
MONAHANS SANDHILLS	MONAHANS			X	X	X					X	X	X		X	X		X	
MOTHER NEFF	MOODY	X		X	X	X					X	X	X		X	X			
PALMETTO	LULING	X		X	X	X					X	X	X		X	X			
PALO DURO CANYON	CANYON	X		X	X	X					X	X	X		X	X		X	
POSSUM KINGDOM	CADDO	X	X	X	X	X	X				X	X	X		X	X			
TYLER	TYLER	X	X	X	X	X					X	X	X		X	X			
VELASCO (Open Gulf Beach)	FREEPORT	X		X	X	X					X	X	X		X	X			
HISTORICAL PARKS																			
FT. GRIFFIN (Texas Longhorn Herd)	ALBANY	X		X		X					X				X	X			
GOLIAD	GOLIAD					X					X				X			X	
GOV. HOGG SHRINE	QUITMAN					X					X				X			X	
INDIANOLA	PORT LAVACA	X		X		X					X	X			X	X		X	
JIM HOGG	RUSK					X					X				X			X	
MISSION TEJAS	WECHES	X		X		X					X				X	X		X	
MONUMENT HILL	LA GRANGE					X					X				X			X	
*SAN JACINTO	DEER PARK					X					X				X			X	
STEPHEN F. AUSTIN	SAN FELIPE	X		X	X	X					X	X	X		X	X		X	
VARNER-HOGG PLANTATION	WEST COLUMBIA					X					X				X			X	
WASHINGTON	WASHINGTON	X		X	X	X					X				X			X	
HISTORIC SITES																			
ACTON	GRANBURY																	(Burial Site Only)	
*ALAMO	SAN ANTONIO																	X	
EISENHOWER BIRTHPLACE	DENISON																	X	
*FANNIN	FANNIN																		
GEN. ZARAGOZA BIRTHPLACE	GOLIAD																	(International Historic Site)	
OLD FT. PARKER (Fort Restoration)	GROESBECK																		
PORT ISABEL LIGHTHOUSE	PORT ISABEL																		
SAN JOSE MISSION (Historical Drama - July-Aug.)	SAN ANTONIO																	(National Historic Site)	
SAN SABA MISSION	MENARD																	X	

*Facilities not operated by Parks and Wildlife Dept.

BOBWHITE QUAIL
Christmas gift-boxed OVEN DRESSED QUAIL
 12 for 14.40
 24 for 28.00
 50 for 55.00
 100 for 100.00
 shipped pre-paid within 600 miles of Ft. Worth, Texas
TED'S QUAIL
 2904 Stanley
 WA 3-8122
 FT. WORTH, TEXAS
 *LIVE MATURE QUAIL...90¢
 F.O.B. FT. WORTH, TEX.



Hunter's Choice

Editor:

A situation came to my attention in last year's hunting season that gave me considerable reason to do a lot of serious thinking on the subject. It had been several years since I had had the privilege of going deer hunting and this is the first time I had hunted when the killing of a doe was legal. I hesitated very seriously before intentionally taking a shot at a doe. To be truthful, I hunted two solid days attempting to find a buck rather than kill a doe. After considerable fruitless hunting for bucks, I decided that if I intended to get anything at all I had better consider killing a doe and this I did.

I saw only one buck deer at a very long distance (almost out of gun range). There were a number of fawns playing around and by their actions I could easily see they were doe fawns with the possible exception of one. After looking at them via binoculars I found that this one fawn was a buck, but had very small horns. There were approximately 30-40 doe fawns in this crowd. Finally, one little scrawny, sick,

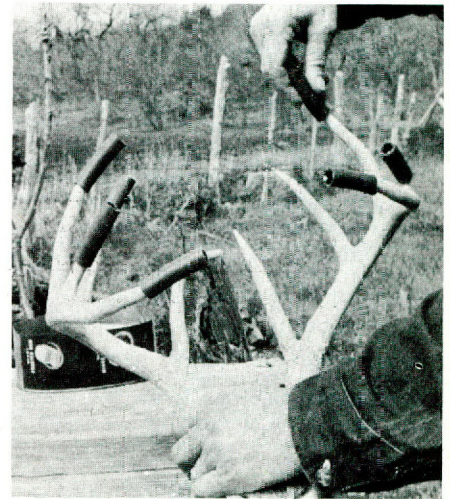
poorly nourished, and possibly diseased fawn came up and upon checking this one with binoculars, I found it to be a buck. All in all, the deer situation is very serious and needs some very careful study. I would like to recommend either closing the buck season for two years or reducing the kill to one buck only and two does. I have changed my mind about the embarrassment of shooting a doe as they are healthy, highly overpopulated and definitely need thinning out. Also, the buck population needs to be permitted to increase and get back on a healthy level. I am told by others that the situation is equally the same elsewhere as it was in the locality where I hunted. I hunted in the Kerrville territory, northwest of Ingram.

J. Earl Smith
Dallas

(Thank you for your interesting and concerned letter. Your experience should provide some valuable advice for many who have wondered about killing does. It is a fact that many of our counties are greatly overpopulated with female deer. It helps when people are willing to face up to this

and want to do something about it. I can assure you that this Department is well aware of the problem and has been working on it for a number of years. We appreciate having your views on the subject.
—Editor)

Antler Guards



Editor:

Enclosed is a picture showing the use of pieces of $\frac{3}{4}$ " rubber hose on tines to prevent their punching holes in the sacks used to cover the field dressed carcass. For twenty-five years my wife patched deer sacks. Since using the pieces of rubber hose she has lost a job. This idea should be worth passing on to readers of *Texas Game and Fish*.

M. W. Carlton
Lockhart

(No doubt many readers will be glad of this timely suggestion, and the wives also! Thanks.—Editor)

Savory Sausage

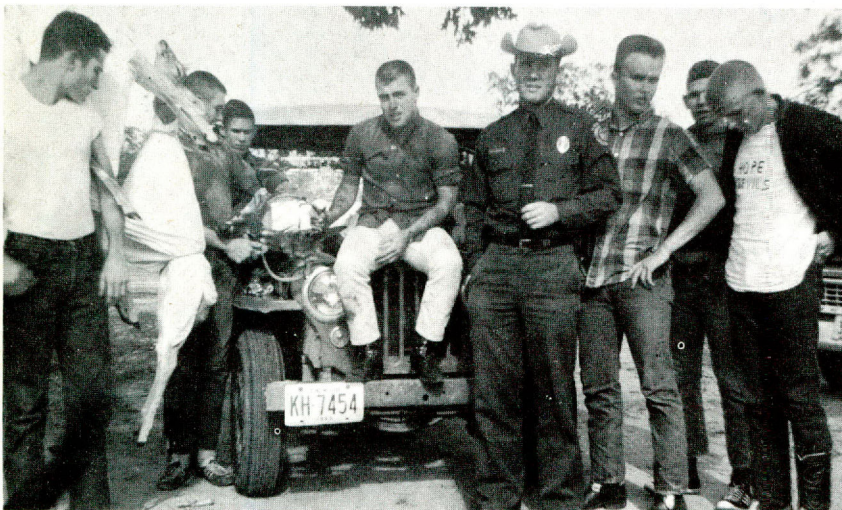
Editor:

I would like to voice my opinion dealing with venison sausage. For the last four or five years, I have been keeping venison sausage in my home freezer, and it lasts about nine months of each year. I use equal parts of venison and pork (shoulder) with a commercial sausage seasoning. I put up packages in one and one-fourth pounds; and I have not had the misfortune of my sausage turning flat or rancid. I have had marvelous results, and the last package has had as good a flavor as the first.

Clyde A. Beall
Pasadena

(This will be of interest to many of our readers—and you have our mouths watering!—Editor)

A Day for Youth on Goliad Ranch



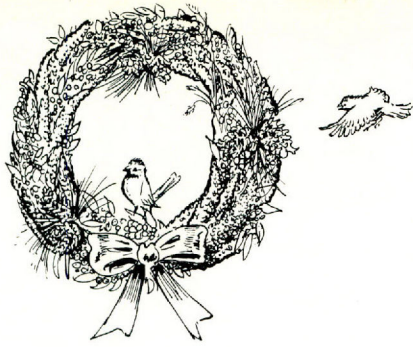
Editor:

I am enclosing a picture of some boys on a deer hunt from the South Texas Childrens Home at Beeville, taken last year on the W. W. Perkins ranch, near Goliad. Mr. and Mrs. Perkins enjoy entertaining young people. They asked me to work out arrangements with the Home, and Game Warden Roy Winburne and Mr. A. G. Garrett, Vocational Agriculture teacher in Goliad High School to work out the plan to place a man with each boy in each deer blind, in strategic places on the ranch. The boys killed two bucks and four does for a good day's hunt. Mrs. Perkins served

a delicious country style dinner, and after further hunting provided a bountiful supper. Left to right in the picture are: Billy Ray Lunsford, Edward Hightower, Butch Hales, Douglas Tilley, Game Warden Roy Winburne, Ernest Pennington, John Cooper and Donald Fisher. This was a very generous thing for Mr. Perkins to do, and mention of this might inspire other ranchers to do the same this year.

Earl Hill, Pastor
Goliad

(We are glad to know of this very thoughtful gesture, and hope that others may be similarly inspired.—Editor)



Junior Sportsmen

A Tasteful Ornament

by JOAN PEARSALL

There's something very special about a Christmas gift or decoration that you have made yourself. Probably many of you already are hard at work on them. How about something that the birds will enjoy? You can use this idea as an unusual and eye-catching decoration, and then let the birds have a Christmas feast. Or, it will make a welcome gift for any bird lover you have on your list.

To make a wreath like the one in the diagram, about 8 inches in diameter, you will need: seed clusters of milo maize

(small spikes are prettiest and easiest to manage), bunches of red pyracantha or cotoneaster berries, dried pods and cones, beef suet, wild bird seed, an 8-inch heavy wire wreath frame, a ribbon bow, and spool of light florist wire. As substitutes, or to combine with milo maize, you can use seed spikes of other grain, such as wheat, spray millet, barley, and wild oats.

First, melt the fat out of the suet by placing it in a slow oven. Then add wild bird seed to the fat and let it cool. When the fat is almost set, stuff it into acorn

cups, open pods, large eucalyptus seed capsules, or pine cones.

Wire the spikes of milo securely to the frame to make a full wreath. For interest, tuck in some pine cones or seed pods filled with the fat from suet. To add some bright color to your wreath of golden and chocolate browns, add several clusters of red berries and a perky red bow.

If you like, you may think up some variations of your own. In any case, this thoughtful treat is very likely to start the birds in your neighborhood caroling.

Expert Rattler

Editor:

The young man in this picture, who was then just 14 years old, went out alone one



petition. Except for that, the taxidermist who mounted the horns said they measured out to be #55 in the record book.

It seems to me to be a shame that this boy who accomplished a feat any man three times his age would have "popped his shirt buttons" over should receive so little commendation and recognition for it. If you can give him some space in your magazine, his proud parents, two sisters and I will be most grateful.

Wallace L. Williams
Fort Worth

(We agree this is a feat that should not go unrecorded. You are justifiably proud of this young man, whose hunting career has been launched so outstandingly. We wish him continued success.—Editor)

Young Hunters

Editor:

There was an article in one of your late 1963 issues that showed that you did not like the idea of young hunters about 8 to 11 years old. I think that if the young hunters have been taught the good safety rules of hunting and have learned how to use their firearms right they shouldn't be considered hunters that have not had good education on the subject.

I am eleven years old and have had many good hunting trips. I started going on hunting trips with Dad when I was seven, but did not carry a gun. I started using a gun when I was nine.

Burton Randall
Fort Worth

(We were most interested to receive your letter on this subject. We couldn't agree

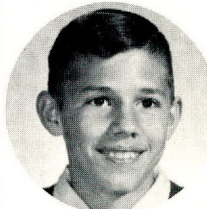
more on the importance of good gun education. If we could be sure that all youngsters have had the careful training you have had, we would not be so reluctant to approve hunting for under-twelves. In most cases they have not had this good preparation, which is why we adopt this general policy. We strongly encourage all junior sportsmen to learn as much as they can, not only about hunting and fishing, but also all other aspects of the outdoors. More knowledge leads to greater appreciation and sportsmanship, as it is plain from your letter that you realize.—Editor)

Leaves

When the leaves start to drop,
In the prime of fall,
It's only once that they stop,
And then that's all.

They never do care,
As to where they rest,
For the winds determine where,
And the winds know best.

Truly not a soul,
Could find such a sight,
As the leaves in the fall,
When they're in flight.



Lynn Short
Dallas
12 years old, 7th Grade

December. He carried nothing but a Winchester Model 88 in .243 caliber, ammo, knife and a pair of rattling horns. He was unadvised and unaided.

This boy "rattled up" a most magnificent typical South Texas Whitetail buck, which he dispatched neatly. His father, Larry Weatherford, manager of the 10,000 acre Ritchie Ranch, a deputy warden and very capable judge of game weights, estimated this buck at 170 lbs., field dressed.

Unfortunately, one of the bullets necessary to dispatch this "buck of a lifetime" broke an antler. That made it ineligible for entry in the Boone and Crockett com-

FIT FOR A KING

It is not necessary to go out of state for that prized game bird, the pheasant. Parts of Texas are within its range, and, in the Panhandle primarily, there are huntable populations.

For the hunter who is wondering how to handle the bird he has bagged, the "Pennsylvania Game News" has these tips. "When a pheasant is harvested, the hunter should never pack the birds in grass or straw to preserve them until they are to be eaten. In damp or warm weather such treatment will heat or sweat them. They must not be frozen either, for after thawing the flesh will quickly spoil. Pheasants to be prepared for shipment where refrigeration is not available, should be drawn, washed inside until perfectly clean, then dried thoroughly. As food in the bird's crop soon sours, that organ should be removed at once." If charcoal is available, they suggest filling the cavity with pieces of it in thin cloth, and that putting powdered charcoal in the bill, ears, eyes, and other openings will keep off flies and prevent decay. "Birds thus cleaned and prepared should keep sweet and untainted for several days.

"Fat, well-fed pheasants may be prepared by any of the methods used for cooking chickens. If the flesh seems dry, extra fat may be added. The flavor of the flesh is not hurt either by plucking the feathers or by skinning. When the bird is plucked, it should be done as soon as it is killed, or the feathers will stiffen into the skin, making it difficult to remove them without tearing the skin itself. In any case, the skin should not be scalded as it is very tender."

Two ways to bring the bird to the table in fine style are:

ROAST PHEASANT

Temp.—450 deg. Fahr.
350 deg. Fahr.

Time—15 minutes-30 minutes
to the pound

1 pheasant (2 pounds dressed)
¼ pound sliced bacon

3 ounces butter
flour for thickening
salt and pepper

Carefully cut all shot from the bird. Wash inside and out with soda in the water. Rinse several times and dry with a clean cloth. Fill bird with dressing. Skewer legs and wings to the body. Lard breast with slices of bacon. Season well with salt and pepper. Place in hot oven and bake as directed until tender, basting it frequently with the drippings and melted butter.

Make a gravy of the drippings. Thicken the gravy with flour browned in a tablespoon of butter. Bring to a boil in the gravy and serve very hot.

Stuffing:

1½ cups bread crumbs
1 cup celery, cut fine
1 onion, chopped

½ cup butter
1 tablespoon sage
½ cup carrot, grated
salt and pepper

Boil the celery. Use water from the celery to moisten the bread crumbs. Mix all the ingredients together, seasoning them to taste.

PHEASANTS FRICASSEED (Century-old Game Recipe)

Prepare and cut up two pheasants; put them in a stewpan with some butter, parsley, a bayleaf, thyme, two cloves, mushrooms, and a slice of ham. Let them stew until scarcely any sauce remains, then add a little flour, warm water, salt, and pepper; stew it again and reduce the sauce. When nearly done, put in the yolks of three eggs beaten up with a little cream or milk; thicken it over the fire, but do not let it boil; a small quantity of lemon juice or vinegar may be added. Place the breasts and bones of the pheasants on a dish, lay the legs and wings over them, and then pour the sauce over the whole; garnish with mushrooms. Take off the skins before you cut up the pheasants if you wish the fricassee very white.

