

# Texas Game and Fish

JUNE

1962


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All of us like the big outdoors  
And are glad as can be when Dad takes us there.  
Mom gets away from her household chores  
And we like the smell of that nice fresh air.

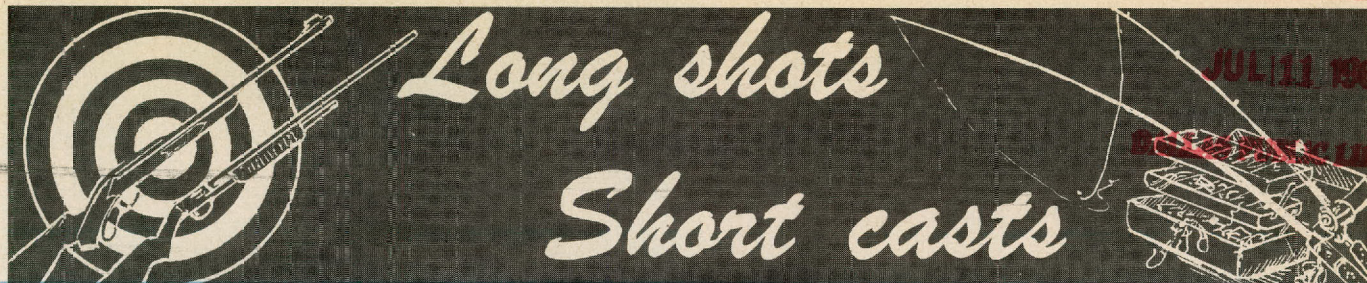
Big Sis likes to look at the moon 'n stuff,  
And my brother wants to climb every tree.  
Dad catches fish, and is big and tough  
'N his face isn't worried, and as for me—

I can run and shout and play all day  
And chase the bugs and smell the flowers.  
And gee, it feels good to be able to stay  
And splash in a tub for hours and hours.—*Joan Pearsall*

Photo by Dan Klepper

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**CAMP STAMPEDE:** The trend toward family camping in the National Park System campgrounds is expected to hit an all-time high this year. The new record should surpass last year's 5,000,000 camper days, as park superintendents make increasing efforts to accommodate campers who want the experience of spending a night in the park. In the national parks, camping areas are in three classifications: Type A, which numbers 15,564 campsites having good roads, parking spaces, drinking water and sanitary facilities, including flush toilets and community refuse containers; Type B, which total 5,708 sites located in more remote areas, but generally on access roads, offering a minimum of facilities; and the 515 Type C areas reserved for use by organized groups. These group camps provide large fireplaces, tables and parking spaces for buses or a number of cars.

**DWINDLING WATERFOWL:** Wintering grounds observations prepared by the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service indicate that the downward trend in the continental waterfowl population has reached the lowest point in 11 years. Of the favored hunting species, only the scaup and the Canada goose show consistent increases. Mallards and pintails, which usually provide the most hunting for the most hunters, have recorded a 9-year low. The number of black ducks observed was the lowest since 1950. The canvasback continues to be critically low. In the Central Flyway, the overall picture indicates a drop of 22 percent in total waterfowl. Divers were down 17 percent; puddlers, 27; and geese down 13 percent.

**PASSING OF A CHAMPION:** King Buck, probably the world's greatest retrieving dog, died this spring, just one week before his 14th birthday. The famous black Labrador was the dog appearing on the 1959-60 Federal duck stamp. It was the first time in history that a dog had been featured on a United States stamp, and the honor was appropriately paid to a game-saving retriever. King Buck was the winner of two consecutive national retriever championships, and he completed 83 of 85 national championship competition series in seven years, an all-time record.

**CRIMINAL CLUES:** The Bureau of Sport Fisheries and Wildlife has prepared a guide, to help farmers recognize which predator has been victimizing them: 1. Birds killed every night, one or two birds at a time with their heads and necks missing--the predator is an owl; 2. When several birds are killed every night and partly buried, the predator is a fox; 3. When several birds are killed every fourth or fifth night and found with their crops partly eaten, and possibly their heads missing, probably a raccoon has been around; 4. When many birds are killed occasionally and found with small bites about the head and neck, it can be caused by minks or weasels; 5. When many birds are on occasion found badly mauled, start looking for a dog that is getting onto the range or into the pens.

**HOW TO FOIL TOIL:** Camp cooking will be a lot easier if you take along some aluminum foil. It can be a small-scale pressure cooker, an open pan or a skillet, a dishpan, drinking cup, or heat reflector. Food may be prepared in it at home, then carried, cooked, and eaten from the same container. Points to remember: Use a drugstore fold to make a pressure-cooker type of package (it's airtight); allow room for expansion to prevent splitting of the package; food can be browned quickly by leaving the top of the foil packet open; holes should be punched in top of the packet after it is taken from the fire, to release steam. A coat hanger and a double fold of foil can be used for a frying pan. To make a dishpan, fit a fold of foil in a small hole in the ground and fill it with water. Always use heavy weight foil for outdoor cooking. And when you have finished, don't leave the foil around. Dispose of it properly, or take it back home with you.

# Texas Game and Fish

THE OFFICIAL MAGAZINE OF THE GAME AND FISH COMMISSION DEDICATED TO THE PROTECTION AND CONSERVATION OF OUR NATURAL RESOURCES; AND TO THE IMPROVEMENT OF HUNTING AND FISHING IN TEXAS.

JUNE, 1962

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## The Cover



Camping can be fun for all ages. There's some sort of fascination about getting away from home and pitching a tent, building a fire, eating camp cooking, seeing the sights, observing the wild creatures, breathing some different air and just generally letting down the hair and kicking up the dust. Texans can consider themselves more fortunate than many others, in that we do have numerous camping areas in a variety of settings. But, with civilization spreading out like a grass fire, how long will this last?—Photo by Dan Klepper.

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To our readers we dedicate this,

# Our Camping Issue

**I**F THIS ISSUE of *Texas Game and Fish* magazine incites you to grab the bedroll and coffee pot, it is purely intentional. This is the beginning of vacation time in Texas, and this year there will be more people camping than perhaps at any other time in the history of America.

Camping out is deeprooted in this country. When the earliest explorers touched the coast of Texas, some used sail cloth from their shipwrecked boats, to make camp. Probably when our Pilgrim Fathers landed on Plymouth Rock, they set up tents in which to live until they could construct log cabins. Of course, we might even go back to Bible times, when Moses took his followers out in the wilderness in search of the Promised Land.

But the campers of 1962 come well equipped. It is not as raw as it once was. Most have modern equipment, including automobile tents, scientifically constructed bedrolls and air mattresses for our comfort. For cooking, we no longer need to depend on wood. We have efficient stoves burning gasoline and LPG fuel. We have cooking utensils of shiny aluminum, station wagon ice boxes, gasoline and electric lanterns. We go prepared with snakebite kits, insect repellants, aspirin and modern fishing equipment.

Throughout the state we have many fine parks, the Forest Service and other public lands where camp sites are available. All of these are for the pleasure of those in Texas who like the outdoors, from the hikers who

rough it to those who prefer their wilderness a little civilized.

To these people we have dedicated this issue of *Texas Game and Fish* magazine, in hopes that it will give a great deal of helpful information, as to where to go, what to do, and how to get the fullest enjoyment. The articles in this issue of the magazine are written by persons of experience, and the photographs are actual unposed scenes of camplife in Texas.

We hope this is a magazine you will want to keep for reference. We hope you will take time to tell your friends about it, and urge them to become members of the great number of interested readers of the magazine.

Basically, *Texas Game and Fish* magazine is interested in the renewable resources of Texas. Camping out, hunting and fishing, bird watching, and other recreational sports are inevitably a byproduct of conservation and sound management. It is intended that we take pleasure in the outdoors, along with our preservation of it.

If you enjoy your camping trip this summer, we would like to hear about it. We would like to know what you found that gave you satisfaction. Yes, and we would also like to know those things which caused you inconvenience or unhappiness. Perhaps in knowing these we may be able to better provide information for those who will camp out next year and all the other years from now on. \*\*

THE EDITORS

# Canvas Along the Coast

by CASH ASHER

**WHEN THE SPRING SUN** looks across refreshing horizons, it casts a strange spell over people. They want to break away from cultural, comfortable surroundings and enjoy a bout with the primitive. They inspect their camping equipment and begin assembling it for a weekend jaunt into the haunts of nature.

They take off for state or county parks, islands, rivers, lakes, or secluded, undeveloped fragments of wilderness that have resisted exploi-

tation. They carry food, including hotdogs and marshmallows, items that top the menu for most campers, especially if they have children. They have tents, or stretches of canvas, sleeping-bags or army cots, rough cooking utensils, plenty of matches and, if they are thoughtful, a first-aid kit.

Like most others, my wife and I felt the urge early in March and decided to take an overnight trip down Padre Island. Anyway, we wanted to know what it looked like after the

hurricane; and we needed some pictures of other campers.

If you haven't taken a trip down Padre to the Shell Banks, you have missed an exciting adventure. Still, we don't advise you to go unless you have a four-wheel-drive car, and are accompanied by someone acquainted with the moods of the sea and the wind along the beach of the Great White Island.

It was late afternoon when we left the causeway at Corpus Christi and turned down the beach. The weather

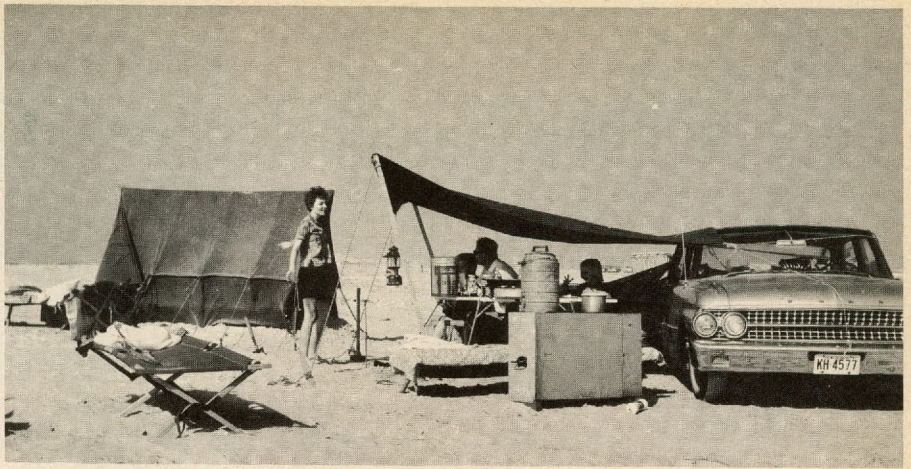


Hurricane Carla carved this dune along the beach of Padre. It was made to order for these boys.

was mild, but the beach was rough, so we coasted along at 15 miles an hour, avoiding ruts and pieces of driftwood. By 9 o'clock, we were at Yarborough Pass. In another hour we were at Big Shell. We were getting along fine when suddenly the car stalled. We jacked up the wheels, put some boards under them and drove the car safely out of reach of the sinister fingers of the tide.

The waterfront was littered with driftwood so it didn't take us long to get a campfire burning. It was close to midnight. The wind was blowing, but we managed to broil a steak, and fry some potatoes. This, with coffee, satisfied our appetites for the night.

Coyotes began yacking behind the

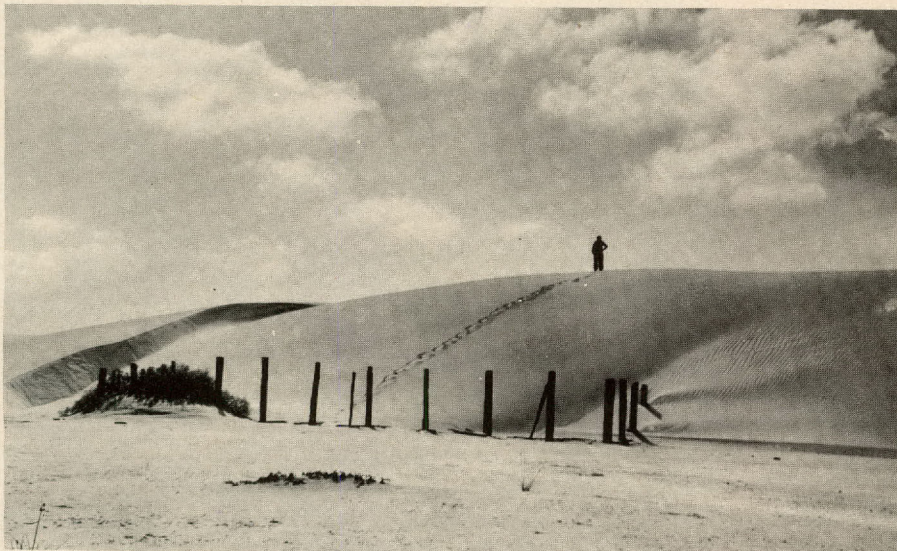


After four days on the island, the R. J. Kniefs, of Gregory, were still enjoying their outing.

steaming over the fire. Bacon and eggs tasted especially good there

the car in midmorning and brewed some more coffee. Then we drove about ten miles back toward Yarborough Pass. There we parked again, and went behind the dunes for more exploring. For many miles in that region, the water had invaded the land. We discovered several places where the sea had left its cargoes of wreckage against the sides of dunes. We picked up a few foreign bottles, some shells, a green glass float and a large piece of brain coral that had been torn from a reef far out in the Gulf. Jackrabbits, surprised in their daytime hideouts, leaped away from us. Coyote tracks were etched in the sand. Birds were

• Continued on Page 45



Down near Yarborough Pass, winds had moved a dune, uncovering the posts of an old corral.

dunes as we prepared our sleeping bags. My wife went to sleep, but I sat before the fire for a long time, while millions of stars sprinkled the sky and a half moon hung over Laguna Madre. The waves broke in an unending rhythm and the wind loosed banshees among the dunes. We were only 50 miles from Corpus Christi, yet we were surrounded by a primitive world. There were no other campers within 25 miles of us. Our fire was the only light along the beach. It disturbed the coyotes. They barked and howled in the dunes a few hundred yards away. The warmth of the fire brought out a few hibernating ghost crabs.

With the breaking of dawn, my wife stirred and soon we had coffee

in the fresh morning, with the platinum Gulf stretching out to the horizon and as daylight was washing out the stars. The dunes formed a barricade against the sea and the driftwood decorated beach close around us.

With some difficulty, we maneuvered the car up to higher ground, and left it there. Then we explored the ravines and rough expanses of ground behind the dunes.

My wife found a beautiful sun-glow bottle on the side of a dune. The winds of Hurricane Carla had apparently uncovered it. It was ancient and had been colored deep purple by years of exposure to the ultraviolet rays of the sun.

Growing weary, we returned to



Standing atop a wind-rippled dune, a young couple gaze across the Gulf.

# Palo Duro Canyon, a masterpiece of erosion, charms those who camp below its rims.

by WINNIE H. SMITH

**P**ALO DURO CANYON, one of the most colorful natural wonders in the United States, cuts through the fringe of the Llano Estacado or Staked Plains of the Texas Panhandle. The canyon is 120 miles long, as wide as 20 miles in places, and is a quarter of a mile deep. It comprises between 400,000 and 600,000 acres of the roughest terrain in Texas. Part of the canyon has been set aside as a state park where visitors may enter the year round.

The Palo Duro State Park of Texas with its 15,103 acres, has 15 miles of roads, four camp grounds with running water and rest rooms and many shaded picnic areas beneath giant cottonwood trees.

The awesome splendor of Palo Duro has changed little since Col. Charles Goodnight, 85 years ago, drove ten thousand buffalo out of the canyon to make room for 1600 cattle he had herded down from the head-

waters of the Canadian River in New Mexico. It has changed little since Coronado in the 1540's with his followers and his droves of cattle and horses came there looking for gold.

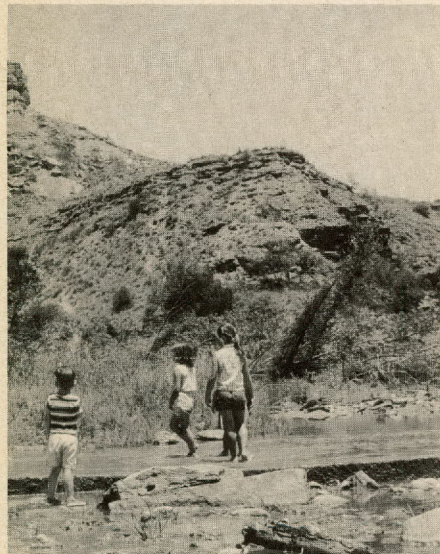
The only entrance to the park is down an 18 percent grade along the walls of the canyon. The way was so narrow and steep when Colonel Goodnight came that he had to dismantle his wagons and have them and his goods brought down on mule back.

The park entrance is 12 miles east of Canyon via State Highway 217, and 17 miles southwest of Amarillo over State Highway 1541. Both cities have numerous accommodations for tourists. At Canyon on the campus of West Texas State College is a fine museum where one can learn all about the canyon, its geology and history.

This unspoiled park has only two concessions. These enable visitors to see areas that are inaccessible by autos. One is the riding stable where horses can be rented. The other is a narrow gauge railroad two miles long with a public address system. A little train with open top takes riders past Sad Monkey Peak, past the Spanish Skirts, named after the many brilliant colors of the geological strata, and near the picturesque Indian carvings on the canyon walls. Gertrude Buchanan, a lady with a pleasant voice, is conductor. She comments on the sights as the little train chugs by.

Campers intending to stay a few days must take their own provisions. There are fireplaces and garbage cans and park attendants are always around in case one needs information or help.

At the entrance is a gate where tourists register. Before they make

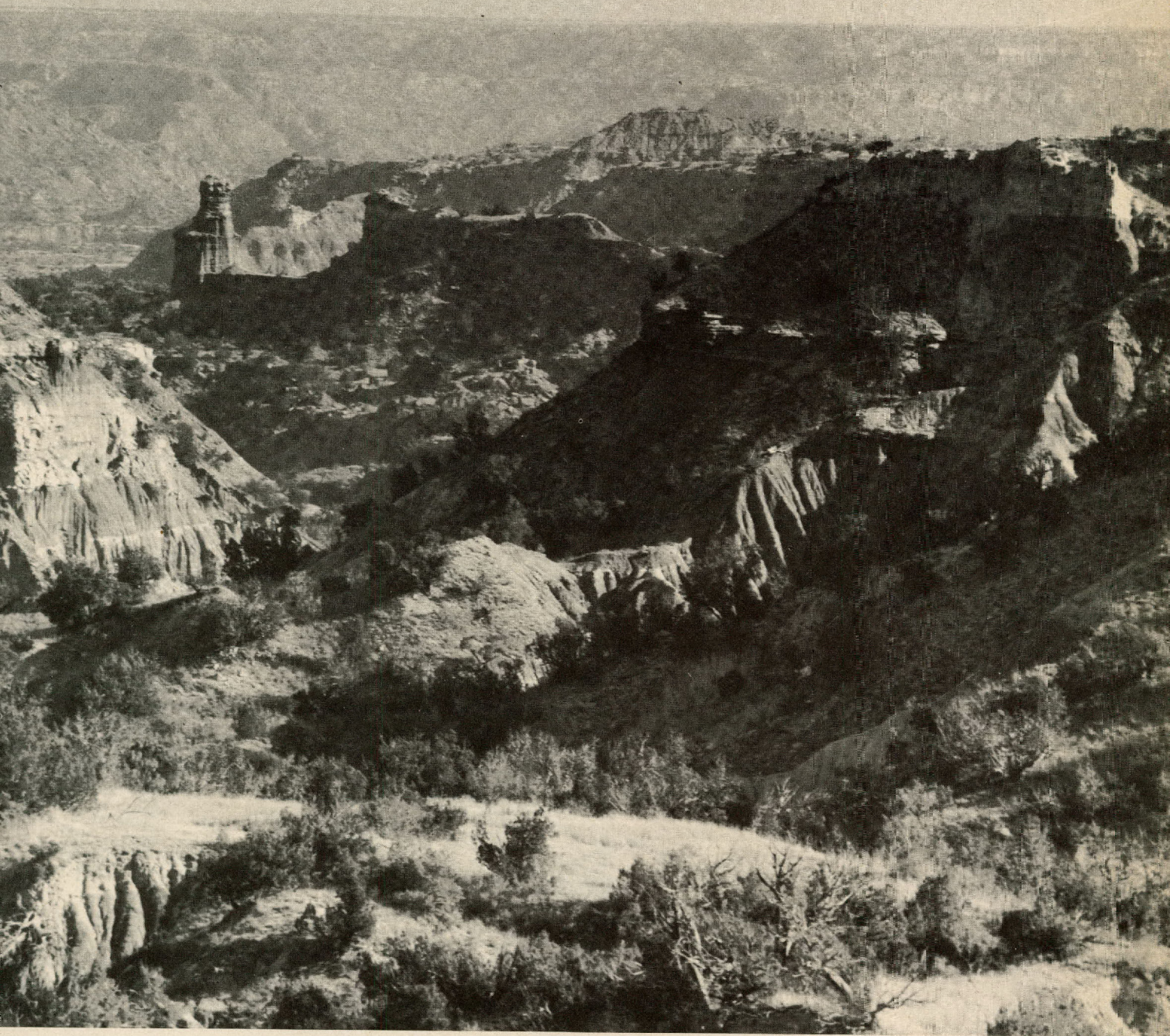


Children splash in Prairie Dog Town Creek, once carver of the canyon.



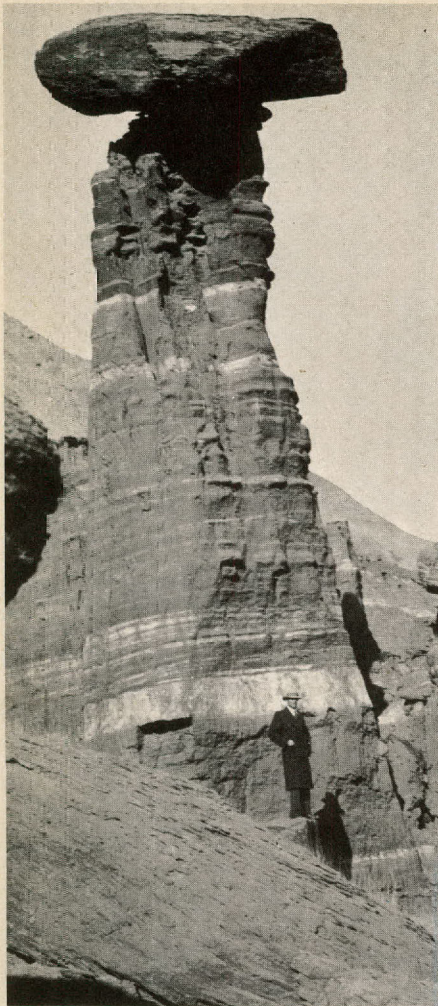
A





# Camp in the Canyon

JUNE, 1962



woodpeckers, Bullock's orioles, red-eyed vireos, western kingbirds, eastern kingbirds, cardinals, blue-gray gnatcatchers, killdeer plovers, black-capped chickadees, blue jays, the vultures, and, reigning over all, the majestic golden eagles.

"Rockhounds" are rewarded with new finds at every turn. The creek bed is lined with polished pebbles and rocks of all colors glistening in the clear water. Great boulders of pure white crystallized gypsum lie at the base of the cliffs. The geological formations are of sedimentary origin, formed through eons of time.

Of the animals, the most magnificent is the Aoudad sheep introduced into the canyon in 1957. They are native to the cragged heights of the Atlas mountains of Africa. Wildlife biologists in the area estimate that the original herd of 44 has increased to over 200. These splendid creatures have horns with a spread of over four feet, and about 12 inches around at the base. Their wool is white and shaggy in front, but the

remainder is brown. In a few years, limited hunting for them might be permitted.

All animals in the canyon are protected; consequently, they are relatively tame. The mild-eyed deer come into the roadway and watch with ears alert as you pass; one reason is that the speed limit in the park is 20 miles an hour. Beside the deer and sheep, there are badgers, raccoons, rabbits and the inquisitive prairie dogs.

Botanists will find many wild flowers in the park. Within a week, one woman collecting for a museum in Florida pressed and mounted over 60 species.

Dirt roads lead to interesting sights and secluded spots where parties can picnic. Bridle paths and hiking trails lead to interesting geological formations, historical monuments and ruins such as the Good-night dugout.

At the end of the paved road are rock houses with walls two feet thick and huge fireplaces no longer in use.

the descent into the canyon they come upon a lodge at the brink of the canyon and overlooking it, where refreshments and souvenirs are sold.

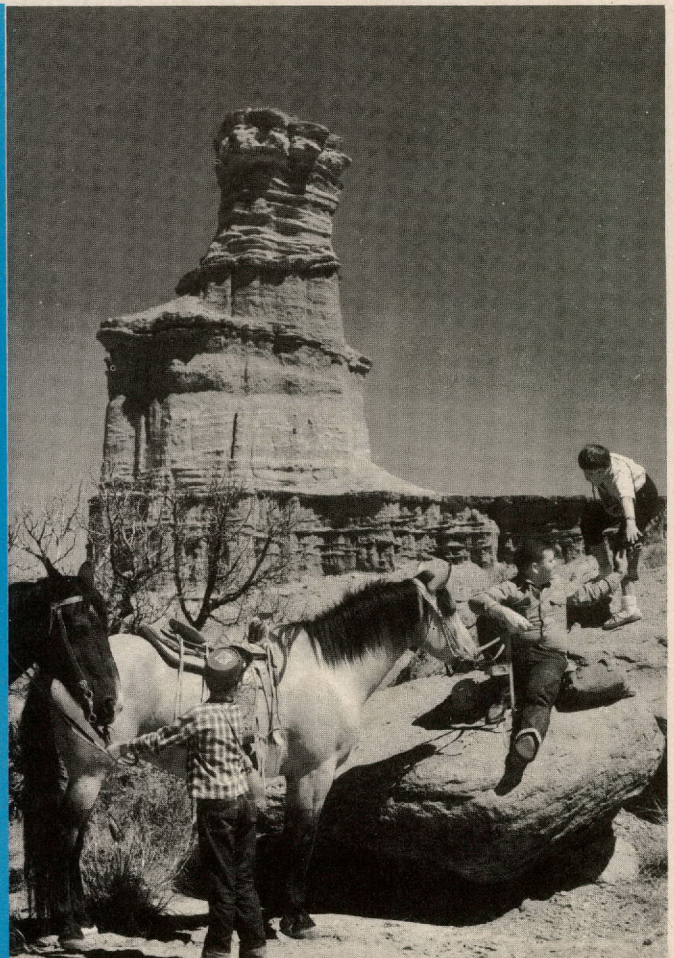
Palo Duro in Spanish means "Hardwood." Down on the floor of the canyon are a great variety of trees including the hardy mesquite, cedar, chinaberry and cottonwood.

Campers are often treated at dusk with the thrill of seeing a flock of wild turkey flying up to roost in the tall cottonwood trees. Their chucklings and cluckings back and forth to each other and their flappings among the leaves and twigs furnish amusement until dark comes and they all settle down for the night.

There are other birds, of course. In the canyon most any day of the summer months one can count the scaled quail, mockingbirds, canyon wrens, house wrens, catbirds, mourning doves, yellow-billed cuckoos, nighthawks, bank swallows, cliff swallows, painted buntings, golden-fronted woodpeckers, red-headed

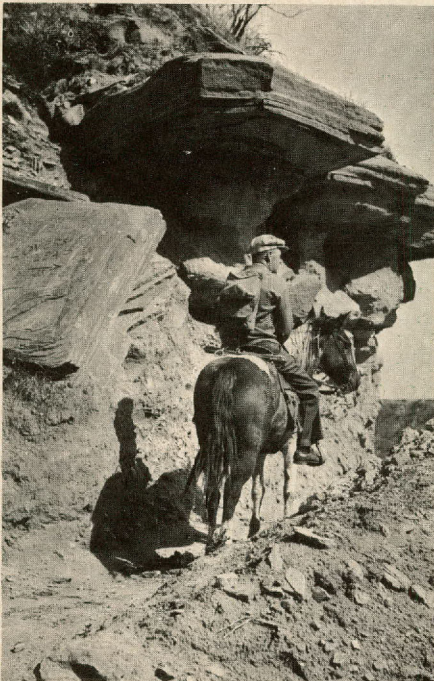
The towering Devil's Tombstone looms over a pensive figure.

Horses and riders take a breather near the bulk of Lighthouse Rock.



These were built to accommodate visitors in the early days before they began to bring their own house trailers and tents.

A person inside the canyon usually has an illusion of being among mountains. There are hills and mesas, and the canyon walls loom steep and imposing. R. Magruder, in an article about Texas' 48 state parks in *Travel Magazine* for March, 1957, wrote of Palo Duro's "Moonlike terrain." It is similar to that of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, only on a smaller scale.

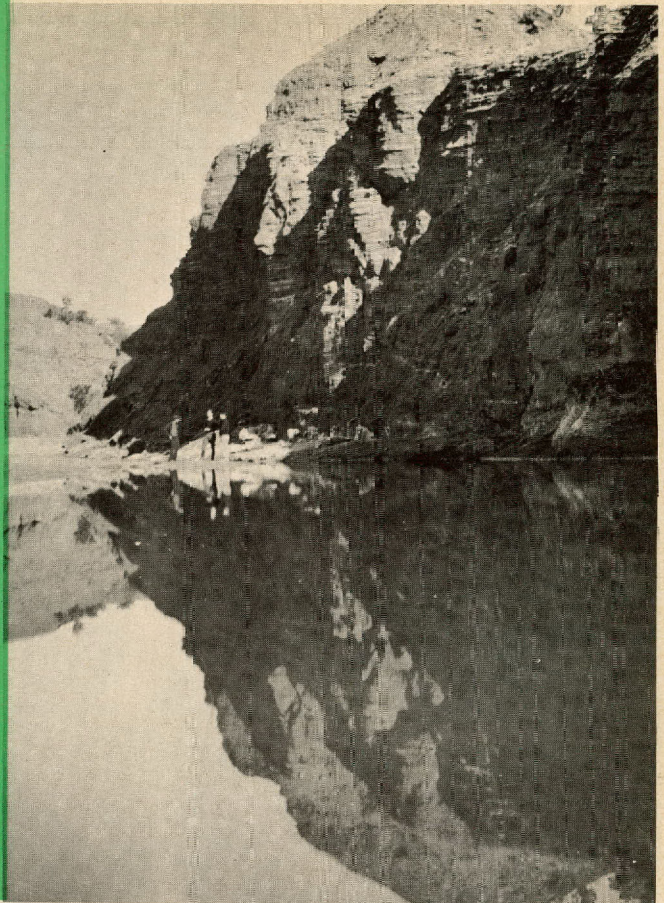


The creek that carved this great gash in the earth's crust is an old stream in geological terms. It winds like a snake in agony through the 120-mile canyon. It took Prairie Dog Town Creek, the main fork of the Red River, many million years to erode its way down to its present level. No bridges span it. Instead there are fords at five crossings with clear cool water running about six inches deep in normal times. There, children delight in wading and splashing among the many-hued minnows and chasing the spotted frogs.

Palo Duro held a fascination for J. Frank Dobie, the Southwest's favorite author. Throughout many of his books are found references to it. Professor Eugene Hollon, University of Oklahoma, in his new book,

A sightseer and his mount gaze across the canyon at the legend-encrusted cliff known as Lovers Leap.

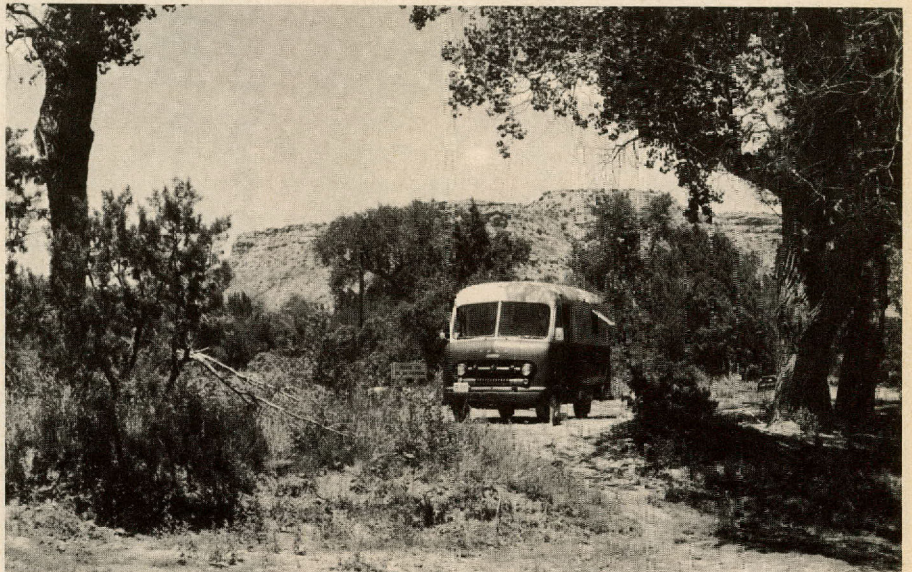
The shallow creek accurately measures the height of a colorful bluff.



*The Southwest, Old and New*, mentions the canyon in several places. It has figured in many episodes of history.

The canyon offers rewards to people whether their interests be geology, archaeology, wildlife, or just plain relaxing amid nature and pleasant surroundings.

More people every year are finding out about this little-known park. From an altitude of 3500 feet one looks down 1200 feet to the floor of the canyon. One tourist filled with awe and surprise at coming upon such a sight exclaimed, "Wow, something must have happened here!" \*\*



The occupants of this home-on-wheels find seclusion and beauty in the park.

# Texoma Tenting

by JOHN CLIFT  
Derision-Herald



It's hard to beat the fun of pitching camp right on the water's edge.

**WE DON'T HEAR AS MUCH** about "togetherness" as we did a couple of years ago. Then, it enjoyed the same prominence as the "twist" does today.

Yet, there are lots of people who credit the popularity of the push for togetherness as being one of the biggest reasons for the phenomenal growth of camping.

The old ballad, "We're Tenting Tonight," really holds true once again in this country, and on a far larger scale than ever before. The "tenting" is done with everything from push buttons to driving stakes.

But by and large, the day of the

camper going out and chopping up tent stakes is long gone. When a person buys a tent today it comes with windows, doors, and even canvas bottoms to eliminate the potential snake and bug problem that used to bug early day campers.

While "togetherness" brought families together, the economic necessity created by the purchase of that big boat and motor is the biggest single factor that promoted that "togetherness."

"I can remember ten years ago," said one camper interviewed, "when we left the children home and my wife and I went to the lake. We got

a room in a nice resort or camp and rented a boat and motor. Then we bought our own rig and changed all that.

"No longer did we have money to pay out for resort rooms for the entire family, and certainly not for meals. Besides, the kids loved the idea of camping out. As a result, I bought the best tent I could find, one with a floor, windows and the works. We had cots, mattresses, a Coleman cooking stove complete with an oven, ice chest and the other conveniences.

"It was camping, but it was today's modern version," the speaker added.

Another camper went for the pick-up truck unit and ruefully admitted that "by the time I got this equipped, including the cost of a used truck, I could have bought either a deluxe trailer or built a lake home!"

However, for the camper who likes convenience, this is it. Everything is built in, with a place for everything and "everything has to be in its place when you lock it up," admitted the owner.

maps with the attendants. They ask about cabins, rates, and food prices, then nonchalantly ask about launching ramp locations, picnic tables, water, camping shelters, rest rooms, etc.

"I look for a site next to a good resort," said one camper. "I know that the clientele will be good and the chances of loss by burglary slight. Then, if the weather socks in, I can put the wife and kids in a camp, or,

to 1,500 hamburgers on a weekend. I work harder but I make more in the end."

The U.S. Engineer Corps is making Texoma more popular with campers this year with water wells added for the first time, plus picnic shelters and other facilities that have been lacking.

Generally, today's camper will cook at least one meal over an open fire—if that term "open fire" can be



Oldtimers sit back and relax in the cool shade and soft lake breezes.

Tents that fasten to station wagons have proven to be popular, too. In this manner, the camper actually has his bed in the rear of the wagon for the missus and gal campers, while he and the boys "rough it" in the canvas floor tent.

Campers today are "shoppers" for sites. When they find a site that suits them, they follow the same pattern as the midwesterner who every year goes back to the same cabin at the same resort at the same time and meets the same people doing the same thing.

They take in a sports and vacation show and go over the resort area

at least we can eat there."

One resort operator said the past five years have changed his way of running his business completely.

"The bottom has dropped out of boat rentals. I've sold down to a dozen rental boats from 100 and I don't have a single motor, when I used to have 18. Once I stocked up on steaks, fish and chicken for the cafe, but now it is hamburgers and pop.

"But don't get me wrong, we get the volume today as compared to a more select clientele a few years ago. Where I sold a dozen steaks in an evening, today I'll sell maybe 500

so construed as to include the grills available at most camping areas, whether they are elaborate brick stoves or fancy metal grates.

The start of good spring fishing brings out the first flight of campers. But the big push on camping space doesn't come until school is out in the summer. Then, camping areas all over the nation are virtually tent-to-tent with campers.

"I think," said one resort owner, "that I can safely say camping in the Texoma area of North Texas and Southern Oklahoma has multiplied ten times in the past seven to eight years." \*\*

# The Fire

by J. FRANK DOBIE



**“WE SAT DOWN** with the greatest philosopher on earth—the fire.” That sentence I forged out of one by Frederic Remington. After I had forged it, I went down to Live Oak County on the ranch where I was born and reared and where the mesquites grow big and hauled out some mesquite logs, had them sawed into thick slabs, had the slabs morticed together, and then got my friend, Hal Story, to carve deep across the front the words just

quoted. I often contemplate this mantelpiece. Someday it will be placed where many people can enjoy it—strong, beautiful, the philosophy of the fire carved into it.

In harsh, cold, wet weather a wood fire in an ample fireplace is one of the purest comforts and most genial comrades known to man. To people used to coal, a coal fire seems just as genial. In any kind of weather, though a windbreak is desirable against wind, a campfire can be the

*summum bonum* of benedictions. I remember certain campfires as I remember certain faces, certain friends, certain experiences that make human sympathies glow. For me, the connotations of fireplaces and campfires are all cheerful.

The earliest specific campfire I recall was late in the year 1897. I was toward three months beyond my ninth birthday. I can be precise on the date because of a written contract among my father's papers. My

Uncle Jim Dobie had contracted to buy around 415 head of stock cattle, calves thrown in, in the YO, the YO Bar, and the 44 brands from my Uncle Neville Dobie for \$5,100. Uncle Jim in turn had transferred the contract to my father, R. J. Dobie. He took me along with a wagon and several Mexican vaqueros to receive the cattle and drive them to our ranch, between two and three days' travel by cloven hoofs to the south. Before we got to Uncle Neville's ranch a cold, wet norther hit us. Everybody got shivering wet, and we "made camps" in a thicket of heavy brush and trees.

In those days in that part of the world, many things were homemade. Mexicans on the ranches lived in jacales thatched over with bear grass and burned their own soda. Some of the men wore rawhide *chivarros* (leggings, now often called chaps), the hair turned in. When rawhide gets thoroughly wet, it becomes as limp as a wet dishrag. When it dries, it sets as stiff as a board. One young Mexican with us who wore rawhide leggings went to drying them by the campfire. The rain had quit falling, and we were all feeling mighty cheerful from the warmth and glow of blazing mesquite wood. I guess this vaquero didn't pay much attention to the drying process. He was quite loquacious, and after we had filled up on hot bread out of a Dutch oven, a pot of frioles with plenty of bacon in it that had been brought along already cooked, and sorghum molasses, the young vaquero noticed his leggings. They were as dry and stiff as a pair of stovepipes. He stood them up in front of him, and there in a theatre of earth and firelight extemporized a kind of play. He talked to them and had them talk back to him. Everybody was laughing. I have no recollection whatsoever of anything that was said. I only remember the bright fire, its wonderful warmth after the cold and wet, and the colloquy between fire-flushed vaquero and fire-hardened rawhide leggings standing up empty in front of him.

Many years later, over a considerable period of time, I made various pack trips, mostly alone except for a mozo, across the Sierra Madre and

winding around through the mountains of western Mexico. I can look back on myself at certain campfires on those trips as another man.

After riding all day in the cold, without seeing a human being or a fence, he makes camp behind a windbreak of trees. A creek of clear water flanks it on one side, and a glade of matted mesquite grass on the other. After watering and hobbling their horses and pack mules, the man and his mozo build a fire, wash hands and faces, roast a side of fat venison ribs and eat most of them. The mozo, after cleaning up, rolls into his pallet. The man puts fresh wood on the coals and sits down where the warmth comes steady and there is no smoke. He fills his pipe and smokes it, looking into the fire.

He is comfortable inside and out. The sound of the wind, only moderately high, in the branches adds to his feeling of being an unstriving master of Time, and of being in place—without ambition to turn the place into capital gain.

The coyotes, smelling the cooked meat and serenading the cold moon, talk to him also. They seem to go with the fire.

The man's mind tracks back to many things—to love, to his childhood hearth, to action, to illuminations out of literature, to good companions. Thoughts come to him on subjects far remote from the life he is leading; yet nothing seems remote to the light and the warmth of the fire. He spreads his hands before it, not because they are cold but out of geniality. He remembers with understanding the ancient Persians who worshipped fire. He feels thankful to the Unknown for wood and the mystery of its burning.

He gets up to put on more wood and stands with back to the blaze. He looks out to the shadows rising and falling on a tree trunk by which his pallet has been spread. The silent play of shadows from the fire, silent also except for now and then a hardly perceptible pop, when a coal cracks, makes his mind more active without marring serenity. The activity is comfortable in the way that the sound of his horse cropping grass just beyond the tree is.

He turns back to the fire. He has known good company, good talk, but none better than this. Yet recalling good talk by other fires, he wishes a certain person, maybe two or three certain persons, were here now, perhaps to talk, perhaps to be silent, certainly to be genial with the fire. At the same time, he is glad to be alone. The whole man is composed of many parts.

He has time and again been burned by fire. He has seen fire released from the air consume cities and has traveled over a nation devastated by it. He has seen it annihilate a family's all in less time than it takes to be born. He knows nothing more awful than fire can be. But he is so in harmony with the little campfire that he seems to himself to be a part of it, as he is a part, a mere particle, of the elements—the elements that according to the ancients consisted of earth, air, water and fire.

Many hunters nowadays lodge in hotels and tourist camps in the vicinity of their hunting grounds. They get their nightly hot baths, sit in chairs at a table and order from banal menus, and may kill just as much as if they were camping out. But to my taste, they miss more than half the pleasure and recreation that belongs with a hunt.

I remember one campfire in the desert of Sonora, against the Gulf of California, where I sat on the vertebra of a whale that had been dragged out of the surf by Indians. Old King Cole had not a more comfortable chair. Another camp—in desert country of Chihuahua—where we had a hard time boiling coffee with nothing but stems of weeds for fuel, while the unremitting wind blew too much sand to make sitting on the ground bearable, makes in memory a brighter lodging than any room in any New York hotel where I have lodged. Mere comfort without geniality is never memorable. What a difference between talking to somebody from one's own town in a hotel lobby and talking with somebody who belongs to the hunting grounds—belongs as the badger belongs in his den, as the buck to his thicket, as the sandhill crane, crying his long, lone cry belongs in the eve-

ning sky. Or, the talking can be only with the fire. It belongs to the ground, just as machined air belongs to machinery.

I like the campfire when it is blazing and lighting up bushes and earth around. I like it when the coals are dying under white ashes. I like it in the evening before supper. I like it in pitch darkness after supper, and I like it in the morning before breakfast. I like the smells of wood and coffee and simmering beans and fried bacon and meat roasting on a spit—the spit nothing but a green stick stuck slantways into the earth. I like the fire's brightness, and I like the last dim glow of its embers. I like talk by it and I like silence beside it. It makes company more companionable, and it makes solitude richer. It is the core of camp and the kernel of a hunting trip.

Sitting in silence by a hunter's fire, I have watched a woodrat scurry for a piece of bread that had been tossed away, heard an old doe snort, listened to a pair of horned owls *who-whoing* to each other, regarded the coming up of belted Orion—which Mexicans call The Three Marys—from the east, and realized how easy it would be to dance with fairies. But it is recollections and reflections, rather than observations, that mostly come to a sitter beside a campfire. They come to me in such numbers and with such diversity that many pages of writing would not hold what passes through my mind during 30 minutes before daylight. Some of them I would not want to impart.

Many times I have fallen into remembering a before-daylight visit a long time ago with Jack Maltsberger at his Abras Ranch out from Cotulla. Jack was living in town and nobody was staying on the ranch but Mexican hands. Beside their bunk cabin they had for kitchen and dining room an unroofed corral of tightly wedged mesquite pickets. They were sitting on chunks of wood or standing about the fire in this kitchen-corral drinking coffee when we drove up. I guess the coyotes had been listening to our car. As soon as we stopped and went to the fire, they opened up.

After the first few low words of greeting nobody was saying any-

thing. The day before I had been hunting on the Olmos Ranch, twenty-five miles or so down the Nueces River. While riding horseback, I had come upon a patch of greasewood (*governador*) on a ridge out from the river on the south side. I like to smell greasewood, especially after a rain and especially the incense from its burning. I had broken off three or four leafy sprigs and put them in a pocket of the ducking jacket I wore. Now, beside Jack Maltsberger's fire, I pulled the sprigs out and pitched them on coals. They are rich in oil, and they burned brightly, the strong, pungent odor pervading the air.

One of the Mexicans silent there was old Jacinto de los Santos, which name literally translated means Hyacinth of the Saints. He looked no more like a hyacinth than I look sweet sixteen. He was *puro* Indio in blood and as swart as the Moor named Othello. His features were solemn and sad, and when he spoke, the words seemed to come from deep down in his strong frame. He was more fence-builder and tanker than vaquero; he could have told you how many strands of barbed wire were stapled to posts fencing in 40 or 50 big pastures; he was as much of the *campo* as any keen-scented wild thing that ranged it. He and two of his boys, both superb vaqueros, squatted by while the burning greasewood scented the air.

"You have been to Los Olmos?" Jacinto de los Santos stated. There

is where we had come to know each other years back.

"Yes."

"The *governador* grows on the long ridge across the river from the Olmos ranch house," one of the boys said.

"Yes," Jacinto nodded solemnly, "and there is another patch north of La Mota." Then followed minute directions to this other patch, not far from the relics of a sheep pen that began falling down before the stage from San Antonio to Laredo quit running. Presumably no other greasewood grew in an area of several hundred thousand acres of land in that country.

I am sitting alone in the cold dawning by my campfire; I have old Jacinto de los Santos for company. He was honest and kind, and if there be a company of saints in some ethereal region of the universe I doubt his being with them. He ceased to be here on earth long ago. My imagination is limited, and I can't imagine any place of disembodied spirits where Jacinto de los Santos would be as much in place as at a ranch campfire before daylight in a vast land where he knew every trail, every fence gap, every particular patch of greasewood, ceniza, coma, palo verde and dozens of other thorned species belonging to the arid soil in which he was rooted. If I can't have as company one who belongs to the ground on which a campfire flickers, the fire itself is sufficient to make me feel ample. \*\*

J. Frank Dobie reads the philosophy of the fire on his mantelpiece at his ranch, "Paisano," just outside of Austin.





**T**HIS YEAR an estimated 10 million campers will fan out across the United States during the summer vacation season. In campgrounds there will be just about every contraption imaginable for making the life of the camper more functional and comfortable. But one of the innovations which will draw the most attention is a camping outfit that rides atop the family automobile.

Car-top camping is nothing new. There have been campers of this type around for more than a decade. But they never received much widespread popularity because of a glaring drawback—lack of space. The campers, just as wide as the autos themselves, would sleep only two persons, at the most.

Modern engineering, however, has corrected this deficiency. Nowadays the car-top campers will sleep as many as four persons. And when not in use they fold into compact packages that are little larger than conventional car-top carriers.

As yet, engineers haven't come up with the "ideal" camping rig, one that suits the need of every family. Each person buys a rig which comes closest to satisfying his personal wishes.

Tents, for example, are versatile, but they take valuable space within the auto in transport. Camp trailers put at least two more wheels on the road, which increases the chances of blowouts and flats, and there are some people who simply don't like to haul a trailer on an extended trip. Camp buses are out of the price range of the average pocketbook.

The major selling point of the car-top camper, such as the one manufactured by Campotel in Fort Worth, is the transportation convenience, not taking any of the space within the automobile. Everything, including sleeping bags, air mattresses and miscellaneous gear, is stored inside the camper when it is folded up for travel. Another advantage is that campers are up off the ground, away from rain run-off and up where there will be more prevailing breeze.

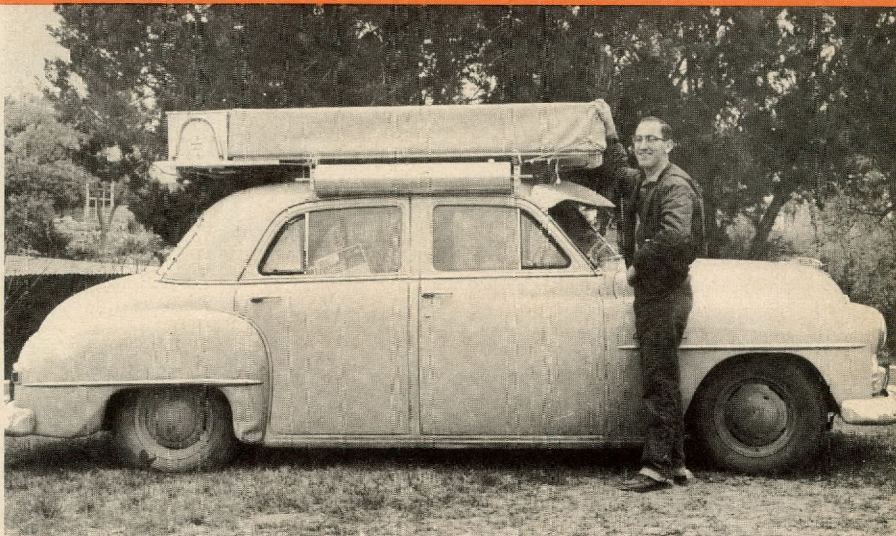
Foremost disadvantage of such a rig is limited flexibility for moving about, once the outfit is opened and set up for living. The car cannot



This roomy and sturdy tent will comfortably sleep two, or a friendly foursome. Up off the ground, breezes shoo away flies and mosquitoes.

## Car-top Camping

by RUSSELL TINSLEY



All neatly stowed and ready to move on. The packing operation takes about 15 minutes, once the camper is skilled at it.

be used to run about to different places without first folding the sleeper up. A car-top camper will appeal to the person who will spend no more than one night in a spot, or one who will be content with staying put once established. Although setting up one of the campers is no drawn-out chore, requiring less than 15 minutes, flexibility still is its no. 1 deficiency.

Cost of a car-top camper falls somewhere between the better tents and camp trailers, with a basic rig costing about the same price as a quality tent, which is another appealing feature.

When not in use the camper can be lashed to the rafters of the home garage, and simply lowered down on the automobile and buckled in place when the need arises. \*\*

**T**EXAS NOW HAS a population of approximately 10 million. Most of 'em are looking for a place to pitch camp.

And if you find a nice secluded place to pitch your camp, chances are before nightfall you'll say that half of them followed you.

It is estimated that this year the camping population of the United States will reach the 10 million mark. This is equal to the population of Texas.

Camping out is a lingering desire in the minds of every American, some of whom remember how camping used to be. In others it is a kinship for the great outdoors. It is a release from tension, albeit fraught with mosquitoes, red ants and poison ivy.

In putting together this special camping issue of the *Texas Game and Fish Magazine* efforts have been made to cover the various facets of this form of outdoor recreation.

By reading this magazine you may be able to solve your own camping problems more easily. You may find added enjoyment in the out-of-doors.

bottles in the lakes or streams. Broken glass can be very dangerous.

Don't swim in unknown waters or alone. Keep a watch over the kiddies at all times.

Be careful of insects and snakes. Have insect repellent and snake bite kits available.

Plan your trip so that every member of the party knows "what, where, when and why." This will eliminate confusion and sometimes hazards.

Leave firearms at home. If you must take them, don't do any promiscuous shooting in the woods or over the water.

Don't molest young of the wild. Stay out of the bird nests and don't try to make pets of animals.

Tree climbing is dangerous, too. And if you decide on mountain climbing, use extreme caution.

Don't get into a boat without a life preserver.

Most state parks in Texas have campsites for overnight or even weekly stops. Some of these parks are equipped with cabañas. In other areas you can camp in the open.

# Be Prepared

by L. A. WILKE

There are, however, some points which should be stressed. In the first place, you should earnestly plan each camping trip. Decide where you are going and what facilities you expect to find. Then be sure the place where you want to camp is available. There are many public areas in Texas where camping out can be delightful. There also is a great deal of privately owned land where camping can be done, but only with the permission of the land owner.

Trespassing on private property, even to set up an overnight camp, can result in prosecution.

Perhaps the most important thing to consider is safety, both for yourself, other members of the party and for the area. Camping injuries can be fatal, painful and certainly expensive. The careless tossing of a match, a cigaret butt, or the failure to extinguish a campfire can be disastrous.

Take along your own fresh water. If you must use creek water, boil it or treat it.

Keep your camping area clean. This best can be done by digging a pit and burying your refuse. Of course, if you are at a public camping ground receptacles have been provided for your refuse. Don't throw beverage

One of the most interesting camping areas in the state is on South Padre Island, where Cameron County has provided camping areas with cabañas. Nominal charges are made for their use, but they give adequate protection in bad weather. They also have sanitary facilities, plenty of water, a nice sandy beach and good fishing.

Campsites also are available in the Big Bend National Park, but in such areas camping is restricted to designated places.

In preparation for any camping trip, efforts should be made to get by with the minimum of equipment. This doesn't mean that you should plan to do without necessary items, but you can sift down your equipment to essentials.

If you are in doubt about what to take, ask most any Boy Scout. The scouts have organized camping programs and have learned what is essential in overnight or weekend camping.

And the most important thing of all, is to return from any camping trip in a better condition both physically and mentally than when you started. \*\*



The forests of East Texas are not all pines. Boykin Springs, Angelina National Forest, shows a great variety of trees.

**D**EEP IN THE HEART of the piney woods of East Texas are located the four Texas National Forests. They are as follows: 1. Angelina National Forest—In Angelina, Jasper, Nacogdoches and San Augustine Counties. 2. Davy Crockett National Forest—In Houston and Trinity Counties. 3. Sabine National Forest—In Sabine, San Augustine and Shelby Counties. 4. Sam Houston National Forest—In Montgomery, San Jacinto and Walker Counties.

Within the boundaries of the Texas National Forests one will find campgrounds picked for their scenic beauty, shade, forest environment and outdoor recreational opportunities. The general theme of development for each camping area is to accentuate the natural beauty of the area and to keep commercialism to a minimum.

Facilities in each campground include tables and benches, fireplaces, toilets and garbage receptacles. In some areas beaches, diving boards, bathhouses, parking areas, tent platforms and community shelters are available. All major areas have drinking water that is periodically tested and approved by the Texas Health Department.

No charges for use of the recreation facilities are made. They are available on a first-come-first-served basis. On three of the major camping areas (Ratcliff, Red Hills and Double Lake) concessionaires are responsible for cleanup and policing, and for this service, they are permitted to make nominal charges for services rendered such as checking clothes, reservations for shelters, and sale of soft drinks; etc.

Many of the National Forest camping areas are located on small lakes that vary from five to 60 acres in each area. Because the lakes are so small, and in consideration of the safety of fishermen and bathers, no

# Texas National Forests

by JOHN W. COOPER  
Forest Supervisor

motor boats are allowed.

Campers should bring their own tents, bedding and cooking utensils and food.

Besides camping and picnicking, opportunities for hiking and making scenic drives are common in all the National Forests.

The chart lists the facilities available at each area and the map shows the location of the campgrounds.

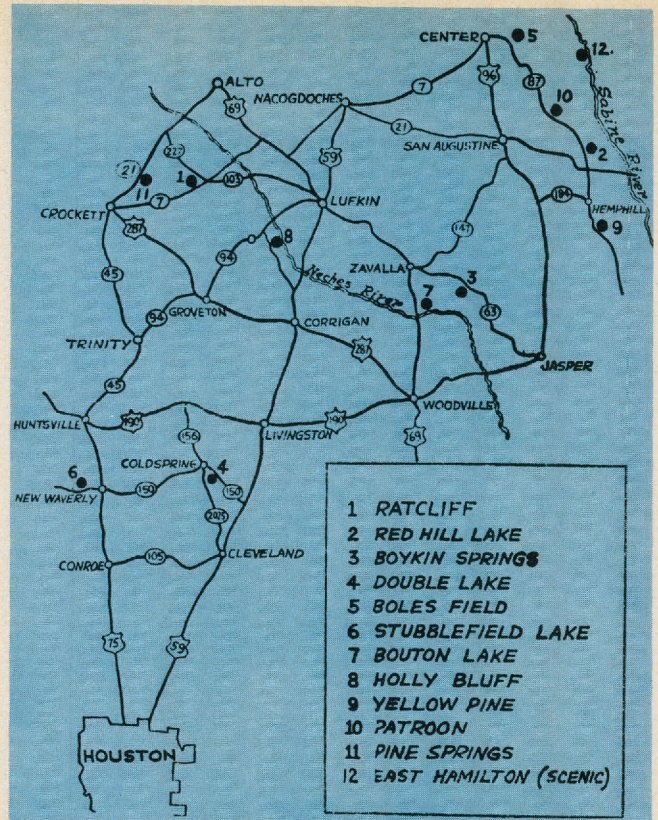
The National Forests are *yours* to enjoy. \*\*

## For Additional Information:

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Numbered dots show U. S. Forest Recreation areas. All-weather forest service roads connect them with major highways.



Continued on Next Page



Double Lake, Sam Houston National Forest, brings back happy memories to its regular visitors: pine-scented air, spring-fed lake, perch galore.



Young adventurers beach their canoe in prompt answer to the dinner bell. This is Ratcliff Park, Davy Crockett National Forest.

SABINE NATIONAL FOREST	Picnicking Camping	Swimming	Boating	Shelters	Concessionaire	Trailer Parking	Restrooms	Hiking Trails	Drinking Water	On Lake	On Stream	Scenic Area	Family Units
<b>Major</b>													
Red Hills Lake	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X			X
Eoles Field	X	X		X			X	X					X
<b>Minor</b>													
Yellowpine Lake	X	X					X		X				X
Fatron Creek	X	X					X			X			X
<b>Scenic Areas</b>													
East Hamilton				X				X		X	X		
<b>ANGELINA N. F.</b>													
<b>Major</b>													
Boykin Springs	X	X	X	X	X		X	X	X				X
<b>Minor</b>													
Bouton Lake	X	X	X				X	X	X				X
<b>DAVY CROCKETT N. F.</b>													
<b>Major</b>													
Ratcliff Lake	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X		X
<b>Minor</b>													
Pine Springs	X	X					X						X
Folly Bluff	X	X	X				X			X			X
<b>SAM HOUSTON N. F.</b>													
<b>Major</b>													
Double Lake	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X			X
Stubblefield Lake	X	X	X				X	X	X	X			X

Big Thicket District Ranger Leonard J. Moore  
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Cleveland, Texas  
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Neches District Ranger Ed T. Grushinski  
Post Office Building  
Crockett, Texas  
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Raven District Ranger Joseph E. McPherson  
Gibbs-Vinson Building  
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Tenaha District Ranger Walter Fox  
Parker Building  
San Augustine, Texas  
Telephone: CRESTWOOD 5-2632

Trinity District Ranger Louis L. Davis  
Rice Building  
Groveton, Texas  
Telephone: 3591

Yellowpine District Ranger Robert C. Beam  
Sutton Building  
Hemphill, Texas  
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**WE WERE CHASING JAVELINAS** on motor scooters in the South Texas brush country when we first came up with the idea of traversing Padre Island from end to end. Since the scooters were working out so well on the javelina hunt, we decided to use them for transportation on the island venture. At first it was just talk. Then it became reality.

Dan Klepper, *San Antonio Express-News*, my partner on the hunt, who actually came up with the idea, was in on all of the planning. Bill Lane, salesman with the Bonham Corporation, makers of the rugged little off-the-highway Tote Gote Scooters, agreed to come along and provide us with five new machines for the trip. Ed Holder, *Port Arthur News*, and Chuck Cadieux, U.S.

food purchased and readied several days before the trip began.

Packing the perishable foods turned out to be a snap. I simply froze everything I could—lunch meat, eggs, bacon, steak, hamburger mix, oleomargarine . . . everything.

On the bottom of a styrofoam Go Cooler ice chest I stored a dozen small cans of tomato juice, V-8 juice, and a can of orange concentrate juice. The rest was packed in the chest atop the juices and, in the end, the lid barely closed. The food was to be its own refrigerant.

Actually, it worked better than we expected. I had figured our menu so the last of the perishable food would be eaten the third morning. Our second night

# Scooter Safari

by ROY SWANN  
Corpus Christi Caller-Times

Bill Lane fills up his scooter for another long run down island. Ed Holder looks on.



Fish and Wildlife, joined the team.

We wanted to take a look at most of the area picked as a national seashore site and get some good pictures for possible stories. It's possible that some of us just wanted to see if the scooters would hold up. So, we lined out the trip as a three-day expedition and planned to criss-cross the island a time or two. We would work in some beachcombing and fishing along the way and camp out at night.

Klepper worked out the fuel problem and arranged to have an Airnews plane to meet us halfway to augment our supply. He more or less worked out our travel schedule. He also arranged for camping equipment, at least as far as tents and bedding were concerned, and worked up a list of things each of us would furnish such as sleeping bags, flashlights, air mattresses, etc.

I agreed to handle the cooking, along with the unofficial duties as trail boss. A daily menu was worked out,

the hamburger meat still was cold and frozen right in the center and next morning the last of the bacon and eggs was cooked. The rest of the menu called for canned goods.

Loading the Gotes took time—most of Friday night, Feb. 9—but with all the accessories Lane furnished, it really was no problem.

The gear was distributed so each scooter would carry about 100 pounds. There were a couple of two-gallon cans of gasoline hanging from the rear luggage carrier in saddle bags. Other gear was stacked atop the carrier, on the handle bars and in a storage box over the front wheel.

It was 8:30 Saturday morning when we left Red Dot Bait Stand at the Intracoastal Canal south of Corpus Christi and it was 8:55 when we left the hardtop at Padre Island Park and the remains of old Bob Hall Pier.

The north portion of Padre Island, I knew, would be about the easiest part we would travel. The beach is hard-packed and wide. We encountered no serious trouble at all.

The only mishap came when the throttle spring on my machine broke and the throttle stuck—wide open!

It isn't difficult to recognize the area of the island known as Little Shell. It's the end of the route for two-wheel drive autos and the sand and ruts are deep where vehicles plowed in and stuck, dug out and stuck again. Jeeps and Scouts and powerwagons also have the beach cut up.



Quite often the travelers would pause to scan the dunes.

Dan and Chuck, left, discuss the trip and plans for the next day. The beach was an ideal setting for their camp.



That's where our work really started . . . and it didn't end for two more days. High tide was crowding us from the water's edge and the small bluff became more pronounced. Loose sand above the steep bank was cut up by heavy vehicles so we had to search out the smoothest areas.

We also were getting acquainted with our scooters. We learned that they'd run fine even in loose sand around the dunes if there were no car tracks or ruts. Ruts did us in. The front wheels of the scooters would grab and we had to fight to stay balanced and upright. Sometimes we didn't!

Between Little Shell and Yarborough Pass, which is 29 miles south of Padre Island Park, we found the beach only slightly better. There were only a few stretches where it had packed harder and was less cut up by traffic.

About three or four miles south of Yarborough Pass, we started into the roughest portion of all Padre Island. Big Shell was the worst it has been in ages. Even the regular beach fishermen had quit fighting it. All were headed home by midafternoon.

We stopped to chat with one oldtimer who has fished the island regularly for years. We had traveled no more than a mile into the Big Shell area, but he had already been farther south and had backed out. "It's 12 more miles of pure hell," he volunteered.

That's where we wore ourselves to nubs fighting loose shell, sand that seemed to have no bottom and ruts that almost buried our scooters. Even when we could run next to the water we encountered loose powder shell. It had no foundation at all; it was bottomless. We had to hold as much weight as we could off the scooters and just keep them moving to keep from sinking and getting swamped by a Gulf swell.

Occasionally, one of us did get caught. Then we had to dry the spark plug, feeder wire and, once, the magneto, before getting rolling again.

By 5:15, just about four miles into Big Shell and an hour and 15 minutes after first hitting the area, we decided to stop and hit it again at low tide the next morning. At 6 o'clock, we started making camp.

Our camp was a complete one, too. Cadieux brought

along a four-place pop tent American Thermos had furnished him. Klepper had a pup tent and while they readied the tents, I set up the Coleman two-burner stove and removed the ice chest from my Gote to have a complete kitchen.

The menu called for charcoaled steaks, though, so the stove was used only for the first pot of coffee. After that, we had a huge fire going, to furnish a supply of coals.

It had been a tough day, so we were in our sleeping bags early.

Lane, who was carrying the heaviest load and riding a heavier scooter than the rest of us, had had the roughest day of all. Particularly since hitting Big Shell, his had been a constant battle to keep the machine from burying itself. He got up at 4:30 next morning, put on his clothes and crawled out of the pop tent.

He stumbled back inside in a couple of minutes and began undressing.

"What in the world are you doing?" Cadieux asked.

"I heard the Gotes running," Lane mumbled, "and I thought we were getting ready to go."

Nobody ever told him, but the rest of us heard Gotes most of the night, too.

We were up early Sunday and decided to move fast and break camp. But we had forgotten one important thing. Moisture, particularly that around sand and salty atmosphere, had settled over the machines. It had condensed on the plugs and ignition system and it took an hour of wiping of plugs and magnetos and pulling of starter cords before all five Gotes were running.

It was 8:35 when we hit the beach, but this time it was firm, so we had smooth sailing through the rest of Big Shell. The tide was low and we played tag with the breakers in an attempt to stay on the hard-packed sand—between the cut bank and the water.

Running so close to the water did cause some delays, though. An occasional swell caught several riders and the ignition systems had to be dried out before the machines would start again. And once Lane hit a soft spot in the beach as he was racing along. He lost control and went down. The Gote rolled over twice and landed on top of him. Holder, who was following closely, rammed into the overturned Gote. At the same time, a large breaker submerged both Lane and his Tote Gote.

Lane was bruised, but unbroken. The Gote was thoroughly drowned out and a rod and reel strapped to Lane's bedroll was completely battered.

Generally it was smooth, easy riding until high tide, and even then we were near the Wreck of the Nicaragua about 69 miles from where we hit the beach. And the high beach there was nothing to compare with Big Shell. From there to the Port Mansfield jetty, it remained good. We made it there, 84 miles from Padre Island Park, at 5:30 p.m.

By estimate, we had traveled about 42 miles each of the first two days.

The Airnews Cessna which was to meet us at 2 p.m. that afternoon was right on schedule. We shut down

our machines a couple of minutes early to wait out the plane and it was right there overhead. Unfortunately, we still were in soft sand and we were forced to wave it away. Dan and I traced a big "NO" in the sand and all of us waved him off.

When we arrived at the Port Mansfield jetty, state game warden Norman Swanberg and boatman Harvey Van Meter were waiting. They were watching for some illegal netting activity and had to be on the bay. Roy Hodges of Redfish Motel in Port Mansfield had sent along 10 gallons of gasoline to refill our stock. They also brought more bread and other food.

Our schedule up till now was right on the button. Only things we had missed were trips across the island to Laguna Madre and some fishing in the deep holes we had passed along Big Shell and the Wreck of the Nicaragua.

Monday, our third day on the beach, was our day of play. We hit the beach, coincidentally, at 8:35 once again. It was low tide and the beach was firm and usually wide. There were few of those cut banks, or bluffs, to crowd us.

We took full advantage of it, too, and even with a few stops for pictures and such, we reached the black-topped road at South Padre Island at 12:10 p.m. The last 30 miles had been a pleasure after the first two days of battling the beach.

Sight of the blacktop almost turned out to be our undoing, though. In fact, from then on our production changed from adventure to comedy.

Instead of going on in to Port Isabel, we backtracked up the beach to eat lunch and to look over the dunes. Lane and his big Tote Gote were first to hit trouble . . . trouble that caused a 30-minute delay after he plowed into knee-deep water standing on the beach.

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Chuck takes a big slug of water beneath the rays of a tropical sun.





# The Hard Way

by L. A. WILKE

**T**ODAY'S COOKING facilities have their advantages, although a great deal can be said for some of the equipment used a generation or two ago.

For instance, there was the popular dutch oven. They are hard to find now. Some general merchandise

stores in smaller West Texas ranch towns stock 'em, but generally they are not listed in mail order catalogs or found in discount houses.

The dutch oven and the coffee pot constituted most of the camping equipment, especially in the West, for many years. The coffee pot was

the standby. It was on the fire at all times. The recipe was simple. The pot was half-filled with pot-hole water. Then enough coffee to float a horse shoe was added and it was slipped over a bed of live coals where it simmered for hours.

The dutch oven, however, has many purposes. Basically it is a big skillet with a concave iron lid. Some dutch ovens have three legs, others are flat-bottomed. Some had bail handles, others handles like skillets.

The cook made down a bed of hot coals. The dutch oven was settled over these coals. For frying or stewing, the lid was seldom used.

For baking, however, the top of the lid was covered with live coals. Biscuits or cobbler can be baked and browned to perfection in one of these country ovens.

Although iron pot hangers were frequently found around camps, it was possible to make them out of limbs. The ideal hanger, however, was made of two long pins driven into the earth, with a piece of pipe or a heavy iron bar across the top. Hooks then were bent to hang the pots from these bars. And that's the way outdoor cooking was done. Today it's different. \*\*

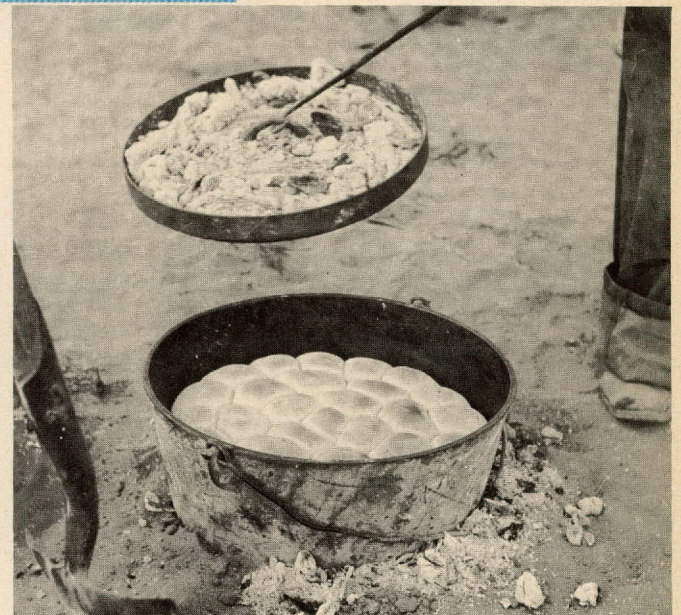


Earl Webb, Sweetwater sportsman, cooks his flapjacks over army surplus grill.



Ranch cooks still like the dutch oven, hanging over hot coals.

And the biscuits they bake turn out fluffy and brown.



On \$50 we took a

# Trans-Pecos Tour

by DAN KLEPPER  
San Antonio Express-News



**T**HE ARID LANDS of West Texas offer the camping family what I consider to be the most magnificent scenery found in the state.

It's hot, dry, wind-swept country. No one can deny that. But its mountains, deserts, strange plants and close association with the romance of the Old West overshadow the fact that the Trans-Pecos country lies a long way from nowhere.

My wife, Nancy; our three children, Connie, 6; Dan, 5; and Jennie, 18 months, and I camped throughout much of West Texas last summer. Our camping vacation took us from San Antonio west to the Big Bend and then north into the Davis Mountains.

Prior to last summer, we weren't a "camping family." My job as outdoor editor of the *San Antonio Express and News* required me to spend a large part of my time in the field, and overnight camping trips had been considered a necessary part of my work.

Then I was handed a check for \$50 and an assignment . . . to see how far we could go and how long we could stay gone—on a camping vacation with the money.

I already had most of the necessary gear . . . lantern, ice boxes, stove, cots, tent and a pickup truck with an aluminum cover. The truck, which I used on hunting and fishing trips, was equipped with two fold-down

metal bunks.

We spent five days and four nights on the road, camping in a different spot each night. We traveled a total of 1,076 miles and spent only \$49.74!

Our money was spent for groceries, gasoline, ice, camping fees, tickets for a tour through the Sonora Caverns, candy for the kids, postcards of Big Bend and three cents (a penny for each kid) for the wishing well in the Davis Mountains State Park.

In planning a camping trip, a family must first select an area where camp sites are available. Camp grounds are not abundant in the land west of the Pecos, but we managed to plan our trip so that we wouldn't be driving more than four or five

hours each day.

The Trans-Pecos country is not long on state or federal parks. The largest in that area is Big Bend National Park. State parks include the Davis Mountains State Park near Fort Davis and Balmorhea State Park near Toyahvale.

In addition, we located two private campgrounds, one on Devil's Lake, a few miles outside Del Rio, and another a few miles west of Sonora.

We left San Antonio on a Monday and headed for Devil's Lake. The campground is located 23 miles out of Del Rio off Highway 377.

The camp owner charges \$1 per car per night for camping, and the campground is located under a grove of huge willows on the lake shore. Drinking water and restrooms are available. The campground can accommodate about 20 families.

We pulled out of Devil's Lake before 9 the next morning. We had a long way to go and at least two stops to make on the way.

The first was at the Pecos River canyon bridge, the highest highway bridge in the Southwest. It rises 273 feet above the clear waters of the Pecos. There is an excellent view of the bridge and canyon from a roadside park situated on the southeast side of the bridge.

Our second stop was at Langtry for a quick visit to the Jersey Lily Saloon where Judge Roy Bean, the law west of the Pecos, held court. This tiny community of adobe huts, curio shops and a western museum is located just off Highway 90 near the banks of the Rio Grande.

Although the saloon, which stands in its original condition, is interesting, the garden surrounding the weathered building is even more so. In this garden you'll find almost every native plant of the area, and each is labeled.

We were soon back on the road, again headed west . . . toward the magnificent land of contrasts, the Big Bend.

A herd of antelope showed us the white of rump patches as the pickup jolted to a halt on the gravel shoulder of Highway 90. I broke out the binoculars, and we watched the graceful pronghorns kick up a cloud of dust on the prairie.

Marathon, the small West Texas town which generally marks the beginning of antelope country, was just down the road. And Marathon bears another mark of distinction. It is the turning point for travelers seeking the scenic beauty of the Big Bend National Park.

The highway south toward the park winds over rolling, grass-covered hills and across arid flats of greasewood, sage and prickly pear. The lonesome Spanish daggers and the spider-like arms of the ocotillo are the tallest plants on the flats.

In the distance the many mountain ranges, the Santiagos, Christmas, Chalk, Rosillos and Sierra del Carmen form a hazy blue background for the heat waves rising off the bare earth and brush of the desolate prairie.

Seventy miles south of Marathon we passed through Persimmon Gap, the entrance to the park. We now

could see the jumbled crags and peaks of the Chisos, our destination.

We fueled the pickup at Panther Junction and began the 10-mile climb into the mountains. The road wound steadily upward, past the mile-high point, 5,280 feet. Above us rose sheer walls of wind-swept rock.

We reached the highest point of the road, Panther Pass, 5,800 feet, and began dropping into the Basin, a fantastically beautiful natural bowl surrounded by the bald majesty of Casa Grande, Lost Mine Peak and the highest mountain in the Chisos, Emory Peak, elevation 7,835 feet.

The park itself covers more than 1,000 square miles of some of the most remote, isolated country in Texas. It is a land of tall mountains, deep canyons, desolate washes covering thousands of acres, and some of the most interesting forms of plant life to be found in the United States.

A total of 1,100 plants have been

The Kleppers take a look at one of the tall Century plants in bloom in the Chisos Mountains.



identified in the park to date, and the list includes such notables as the red-padded prickly pear, century plant, ponderosa pine, pinon pine, Douglas fir, drooping juniper, Texas madrone, and even a small stand of quaking aspen.

The main campground in the park is located in the Basin. There are 57 sites. Water and very modern, clean restrooms are available. All camp sites are equipped with tables and wood-charcoal camp stoves, and many are shaded by ramadas.

The park is open all year. In addition to the campground in the Basin, there is another modern campground at Boquillas Canyon and an uncompleted one at Santa Elena Canyon. There is no charge for camping in the park.

Cabins, horseback riding and dining room facilities also are available in the Basin. A curio shop, service station, post office and grocery store, with limited staple foods, are located in the same area.

Our drive out of the Big Bend National Park was even more scenic than the drive in the day before. We took the "back way" out, the 108-mile trip from the Chisos Basin to Alpine.

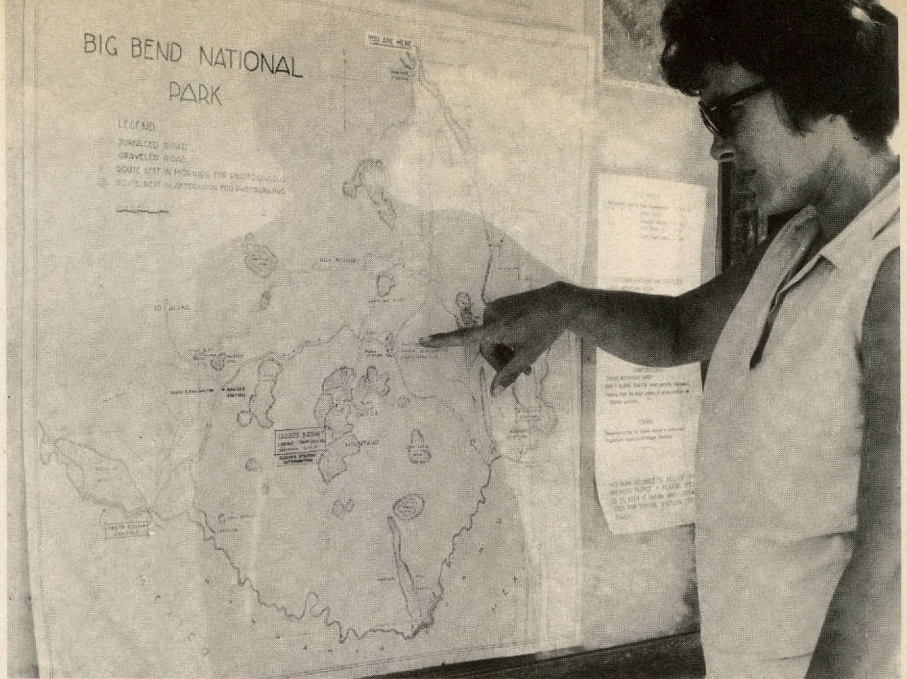
The drive up Highway 118 out of the park passes through the Christmas and Chalk Mountains before leveling off on the flats. We had planned to have lunch half way between the park and Alpine, but we had to drive within 30 miles of the highland city before we found a tree tall enough to make shade!

We continued to drive north that afternoon, into the Davis Mountains and through Fort Davis. A mile outside of town is Old Fort Davis, where a few of the buildings of what once was called "the finest fort on the western frontier" stand in various states of disrepair.

It is but a short drive of six or seven miles to the Davis Mountains State Park where we spent our third night of the trip.

Although the Davis Mountains are higher (Mt. Livermore, or Baldy, is the highest point in this range, 8,382 feet) than the mountains in the Big Bend, they can't compete with the stark grandeur of the Chisos.

The state park covers 2,200 acres



Nancy Klepper points out the main route through Big Bend to the Chisos Basin camping area.

in the heart of the mountains, and the central point in the park is Indian Lodge, a pueblo type structure that houses 16 living units, restaurant and curio shop. Ice and groceries also are available at the lodge.

The campground in the park consists of 12 tables and a restroom. Fresh water is available, and Nancy and I were pleased to find that for a \$1 deposit we got a key to a clean, modern bath house sporting showers with hot and cold running water.

The camping fee at the park is \$1.50 per car, and with the availability of a shower, it's certainly worth it.

We were up early the next morning, for we had more than 230 miles to travel to our final overnight stop, the Caverns of Sonora, located seven miles south of Highway 290 eight miles west of Sonora.

A total of 5,100 feet of the 3½ miles of explored sections of this cavern has been opened to the public. The cave was not officially opened to the public until July, 1960.

Restrooms and fresh water are available at the private campground opened recently by cave owners. Extensive development of the campground, including water to each

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The three youngsters help their father set up camp at a private campground near Sonora.

# Possum Kingdom

by MARY K. SLOAN

**I** BRAKED THE CAR to a stop at the edge of a post oak grove, which was the campsite of 40 archers and their families. As prearranged, my teen-age son, Ross, was there to meet me with his camping gear ready to load for the homeward trip.

"Say, Mom, what utensil do *you* usually eat chili with?" Ross asked, a half-grin crinkling the corners of his eyes as he leaned against the car and peered with feigned astonishment at me behind the steering wheel.

"Why, a spoon—of course," and then as I watched his face break into a smile, I realized what I had left out of his grub-box the day before—SPOONS!

Despite such minor catastrophes, outdoor camping is an extremely popular family activity in the Possum Kingdom Area of Texas. While some groups set up an outdoor home for only the pleasure of sleeping under the stars, most campers have some definite sport in mind. Whatever it may be—hunting, fishing, boating, water skiing, skin diving—you'll find excellent opportunities in the Possum Kingdom locality.

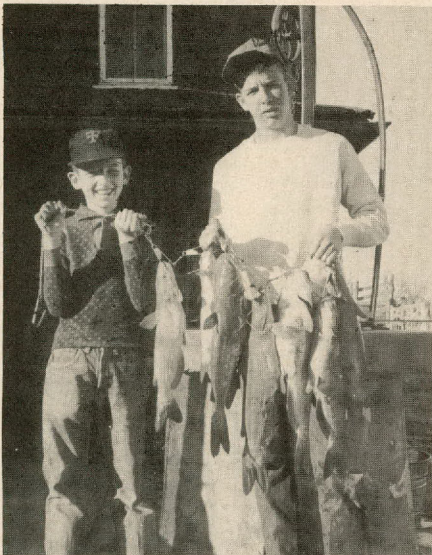
The aforementioned incident with Ross took place on Pete Kelly's Walking Cane Ranch near Caddo, where my son had been invited to camp out overnight and to hunt whitetail deer with the Panther City Archery Club of Fort Worth. Each year this club and the Big D Archery Club of Dallas erect similar, yet separate, "tent cities" on the ranch during deer season. The agreement

between these groups and Pete is a fine example of good hunter-landowner relationship. Like arrangements are made between many gun-hunters and ranchers in the area, also. (For detailed information, write Merrill's Sport Center, Box 32, Breckenridge, Texas.)

Deer hunting is tops in this country, but as one season fades into another, other sports urge the outdoor camper to load his family and gear into the car and head for Possum Kingdom Lake or its tributaries. Not only do numerous anglers contend that the lake has the prettiest water in the State, but boating enthusiasts claim that the rugged 310 mile shoreline, with its towering rock cliffs in places, is the most picturesque in the South.

Free campgrounds can be reached at Possum Kingdom State Park, off Highway 180, 15 miles east of Breckenridge. Picnic tables, fireplaces, trash disposal, pit toilets, and a good place to launch boats are offered here. More than 25 commercial camps are located around the lake, several of which provide space for the outdoor camper at a minimum fee that includes shower baths and restrooms, as well as the above mentioned conveniences.

A favorite of my family is to camp on one of the rivers that feeds Possum Kingdom Lake and fish for catfish. This is a year-around sport, and when the conditions are right, the catch is excellent. Open to the public, and frequented by many fishermen to the west of the lake, is Eliasville on the Clear Fork of the Brazos River, and South Bend at the convergence of the Clear Fork and the Brazos between Breckenridge and Graham. A number of campers prefer the handy roadside park north of the lake at Rock Creek on Highway 245. To the south and below the dam are three commercial camps on the banks of the beautiful Brazos River four miles west of Mineral Wells. In some instances, river camping conditions may be crude—but when the stringer hangs heavy with fish, who cares? \*\*



Parks and Ross Sloan heft the stringer of channel cat, caught on stink bait.



The hunting is over for the day, and now the coffeepot is the main attraction.

# Shoestring Camping

by RUSSELL TINSLEY  
Austin American-Statesman

**T**HE MODERN-DAY CAMPER never had it so good. No longer can the man who likes to sleep under the stars say he is going out to "rough it" for a few days. What with the highly functional and quality equipment available today, spending the night in the woods isn't much more of an ordeal than staying at home.

Shelter no longer is a problem

with compact, lightweight tents, or perhaps sleepers which fit on the bed of a pickup truck, or small mobile homes. Gasoline stoves and cooking kits take the drudgery out of camp meal fixing. Sleeping bags and air mattresses provide the ingredients for a restful night's sleep.

The estimated 16 million campers in this country who go afield this summer will be armed with many

of these items which will make camp life a comfort and a joy. The average camper doesn't realize how well off he really is. What if he had little or none of this equipment? How, then, would he fare in the woods? Could he survive?

I can answer that last question with a "yes . . . if." That "if" is important. He could survive if he had some of the basics, if he had the know-how and if he had the determination. But without the comforts of the equipment, he wouldn't like it, certainly not over an extended length of time.

I know. On assignment for *The Austin American-Statesman*, for which I write a daily outdoors column, I took my family and headed into the woods to live off my wits



Armed with a torn-up bed sheet, the author lashes cedar twigs along the sides of a lean-to.

and woodsman's skills for two weeks, to study survival techniques. For fourteen long days my wife Marjorie, our four-year-old son Reed, myself, and the family dog, a Basset hound named Abby, survived primarily on what we could find, kill or catch.

Whether anyone ever will have to escape to the woods, to forge a self-reliant existence, is open for debate. Some people argue that it might be necessary to survive a hydrogen bomb attack; others claim a person can never escape the fallout, no matter how far he travels. He must be dependent on fallout shelters. But how many of us today have ready access to shelters?

I am not going to open a needless controversy by taking sides. Rather, I feel it is something vitally important to know, whether or not it ever will be of use in war. Also, there is one facet of survival training which hasn't been mentioned during the scare headlines of the atomic age. I'm speaking of staying alive while lost in the woods, surviving until help arrives.

Every man, no matter how experienced, can become lost. It is no disgrace to become confused in the woods, not knowing the route to take back to civilization. The disgrace is to panic, to take a negative outlook. If you know anything about camping out on a shoestring, living on practically nothing, it is no great feat to live for as long as a week just on your wits, and no matter where you might be, if you remain in one spot for that long, help will come.

Which brings us back to the two weeks that my family and I spent in the woods, the things we learned.

To wit: A gun is a valuable tool of survival, and knowing how to shoot accurately and how to be a skillful hunter are important fundamentals for remaining alive in the woods.

The gun I used on my survival test was a .22 rimfire rifle. This, I feel, is the most logical survival weapon. It is lightweight, will kill just about any game animal if bullet placement is accurate, and the ammunition is compact and easily carried. I had two boxes of ammo, or one-hundred rounds. Of this, I used thirty-eight

A fat turtle, caught on a bank line, provides most of the ingredients for turtle soup.



cartridges. I did this by hunting only early and late in the day, when game animals are up and about and most susceptible to the hunter, and by taking only the surefire shots, those at a range less than fifty yards and only when the animal was standing still. We existed primarily on cottontail rabbits and fox squirrels.

But what if you had no gun? One alternative is a series of simple snares, loops of wire or rope hung over known game trails, to catch and choke any animal that might come running down the trail. Or if the person is near water, he can catch fish.

No fancy equipment is needed to outwit a fish. A piece of string and a hook are basic ingredients. Hooks can be fashioned from wire or bone or that strip of steel where tin cans are sealed. Threads from your clothes or shoe laces can substitute for fishing lines. A little fishing kit, with the bare essentials, can be carried in a plastic box in your pants pocket. It's good insurance for the person who prowls about in the outdoors.

Fish bait is no problem. It is everywhere. Grasshoppers, crickets, earthworms, minnows . . . the list is endless. On our trip we caught fish on bank lines using mostly minnows for bait. How to catch minnows without a seine? Easy. We had a pint-sized fruit jar with metal lid. In the top I cut a small hole, about a half inch square. We had a few crackers and I crumbled these for bait. Putting a few crumbs into the jar, I'd

submerge it in the creek which ran along our survival camp. (The site was at the junction of the Llano River and Honey Creek in central Texas.) Minnows would be attracted to the bait, and every time one ventured into the small opening I'd quickly jerk up the bottle and remove it.

Fish were either spit broiled, buried and baked or baked on a flat hot rock. Fortunately, we had a salt supply, but if we were without one, we thought about searching for a natural salt formation, or if in a country where domestic livestock is ranged, salt is always available. The only thing is time to scout about and search for the supply that has been put out by the rancher.

We also lived on natural foodstuffs found growing in the woods, things like wild onions, watercress and boiled dandelions.

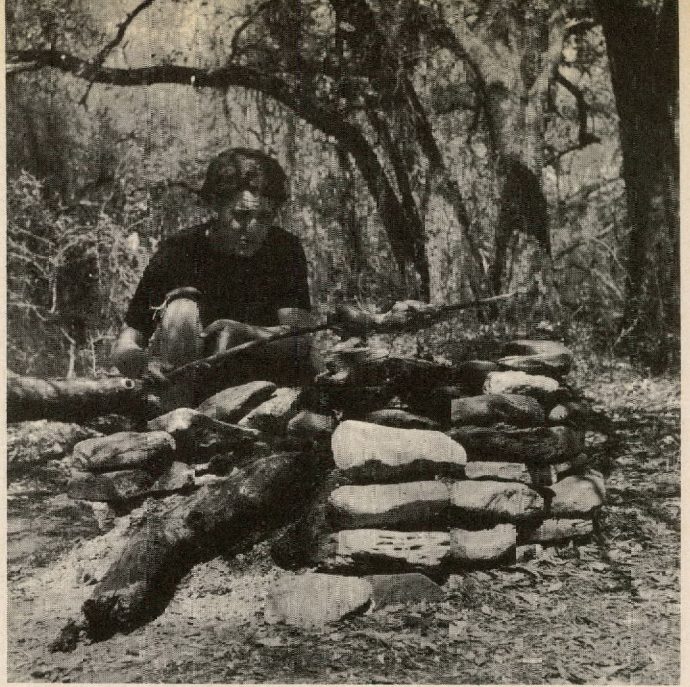
There is always something growing wild in the woods which can be eaten. The kind of plants vary with different parts of the country. The wise outdoorsman knows what he can utilize in case of an emergency. For drinking we drained water from the spring-fed creek through a rag to remove the particles of moss and boiled it. Our lean-to was constructed of five-foot-high stumps cut from saplings to make permanent poles, with ridge poles running back at a forty-five degree angle. Through a structure of sticks, lashed together with strips of an old bedsheet, we

wove a thick carpet of cedar. It turned water quite well.

In ways, our experiment was unique. We figured that a person fleeing his home to escape an atomic attack wouldn't be caught empty handed. He'd have some warning, if only a few brief minutes, and in this time he could gather some essentials together for living in the woods. We took ten minutes, timed by an observer. In this span we came up with things like a gun, fishing tackle, flashlight, hatchet, old bedsheet, alcohol, sleeping blankets, twenty-four can goods, and some spare clothes. Most everything we utilized, but we *could* have gotten by without some of it. We came home with three can goods still intact, depending primarily on what we found in the woods for our menu. The hatchet was invaluable, but I would have preferred a small axe. A shovel would have come in handy, too. I had to use a tire tool from the auto and a tin can for all digging. Also, an assortment of cooking utensils would have been convenient. We had only a small frying pan and a quart-sized sauce pan.

We cooked over a crude fireplace made of rocks. I always had a blazing fire going in the front of the fire-

A cottontail is spit-broiled over live coals.



place, while the live coals were pushed to the rear for cooking heat. This way we always had a ready supply of coals available.

We had a skimpy supply of matches, but every morning there were enough smoldering coals left to start a fire.

The toughest part of the project, we found, was adapting to the dry diet of wild animal flesh. We had to spit broil most of our food and consequently the body fats were lost.

We were hoping to perhaps kill an opossum or raccoon or armadillo, since all have pork-like flesh. From this cooking fat could be rendered. But we never found one.

An omnipresent danger was infection. Religiously, each day, we boiled water and bathed. Each scratch and cut was cleansed thoroughly. Out in the wilds there is no ready physician to combat disease.

For this same reason we con-

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At night, the only light was from the campfire. Flashlight was for emergency only.





# For The Cook

**WILDERNESS COOKERY**, Bradford Angier, 248 pages. Published by The Stackpole Co., Harrisburg, Penn., \$3.95.

**WILDERNESS COOKERY** is an item for your knapsack that will make your June camping trip a delight for both you—the cook—and those bottomless appetites. A quick study of the book before you leave for the outdoors adventure will eliminate meal planning blues in the woods and leave you free to enjoy extra hours of fishing, boating, exploring, or just sunning. Written in lively narrative style, **WILDERNESS COOKERY** contains suggestions on equipment needs, packing and storing supplies as well as tasty recipes.

A host of fish recipes is included for those who want to live by their own resourcefulness. Here's Angier's suggestion for **GRILLED FISH**.

"The smaller the fish, the hotter the grill should be. If the fish sticks or breaks when you attempt to turn it or to take it up, then odds are you didn't let the grill get hot enough to start with. Too, grease it well at the onset.

"Either salt the inside and outside of the fish up to an hour before broiling, or sprinkle the inside with pepper and lemon juice just before it goes on the heat. Whole fish may be split or not, depending on your preferences and on the size. Even when the fish has a thick skin well cushioned with fat, basting will add to the flavor. Once the translucency of the flesh has clouded to opacity, the fish will be ready for serving."

If you want to be more rustic, you might try **PLANKED FISH**.

"These days if you can't easily come by a clean, sweet hardwood plank several inches thick, you can use almost any handy slab, shake, or other piece of wood of suitable size by first sheathing the working side with aluminum foil. The wood should be slightly longer and wider than the split fish.

"Nail or peg the opened and flattened fish to the plank with the skin side toward the back. Salt and pepper. Either spread it with butter or margarine or brush it with cooking oil. Lean near the fire, turning the plank now and then and occasionally basting. As soon as the fish is flaky, it is ready. The saltiness of melting butter touches up the taste. If you've enough to go around, serve each fish with its individual hot plate attached."

**BAKING FISH IN CLAY** offers a primitive touch to a twentieth century campout.

"This really seals in the flavor, but you need the kind of fine sticky clay that makes good log cabin chinking. If it isn't already wet, work it with water until it reaches the consistency of a stiff dough, then mold it about an inch thick completely over the whole fish. Bury in hot embers until you have what resembles a hard, hot block.

Baking will take about 15 minutes per pound of fish. When you break open the shell, you'll find such externals as fins and scales embedded in it, leaving a steaming savory feast."

The section on cooking vegetables offers variety for camp meals without much extra effort for the cook. For example, here is an idea for baking potatoes, camp style.

"A good way to cook this native American vegetable is to bake the large ones in their skins in hot ashes, not glowing coals, until they become pretty well blackened on the outside. They're done when a thin sharpened stick will run through their middle easily. Bake out, break in half, and serve at once with margarine and salt."

For a more substantial dish using vegetables Angier offers **BAKED HASH**.

"1 can corned beef  
2 cups cold boiled rice  
3 diced raw potatoes  
1 can tomato soup  
¼ cup bread crumbs  
margarine  
salt and pepper

"Break up the corned beef with a fork.

One of the other canned meats may be used instead, of course, in which case it may be easier to cube it. Place the meat, rice, and diced raw potatoes in alternate layers in a greased pan or baking dish. Season well. Empty a can of tomato soup over them. Sprinkle the top with ¼ cup of bread crumbs, dot with margarine, and bake in a moderate oven 20 minutes."

**ROAST CORN** is another camp favorite.

"You'll want sweet, young corn for this. Carefully strip the husks down to the end of the ear, leaving them attached. Pull off the silk. Soak the corn in cold salted water for ½ hour. Drain. Then brush the kernels with margarine or butter and sprinkle them with salt and a little pepper. Pull the husks back up around the corn and twist tightly together. Make a hollow of coals at the edge of the campfire, cover it with an inch of ashes, lay in the corn, cover with more ashes and then hot coals, and roast about ½ hour. Peel the husks back again and use as a handle.

"If you're where there is green corn, probably aluminum foil is available, too. If you want, then, wrap and twist each ear tightly in foil before consigning it to the ash-insulated coals. This way you can poke the corn around occasionally to assure more even cooking, and even take a look, while it is roasting to taste."

The book even has some bread recipes for camp cooks who really want to please their crowd. This one is **CORN PONE**.

"Mix two cups corn meal, 1 teaspoon salt, and 1 tablespoon shortening. Add enough milk, about 1 cup, to make a stiff dough. Shape into thin ovals. Bake in a hot oven or reflector baker a half hour or

until rich brown."

**ASH CAKES** are handled similarly.

"Form the above dough into balls the size of eggs. Roll in flour, or wrap in foil or clean sweet leaves. Bury in hot ashes at the edge of the fire."

A section on desserts offers some suggestions ranging from complicated top-offs to simple quick fruit dishes. One of the simple ones is **BAKED DRIED APPLES**.

"Put 2 cups dried apples in an equal volume of boiling water. Set immediately off the heat and allow to stand 1 hour. Grease a shallow baking dish. Place the apples and liquid into this. Sprinkle with ½ teaspoon nutmeg, ½ teaspoon cinnamon, and 1 cup sugar. Slice ½ cup of margarine over the top.

"Bake in a moderately hot oven or reflector baker ½ hour. Serve hot with milk."

Besides the many recipes in **WILDERNESS COOKERY**, there are helpful sections on outdoor cooking terms, substitution of one ingredient for another, measures and a combination calorie-portion chart.

For the campers who would like to supplement their provisions with fresh fruit around their campsite, there is a section on "Eating for Free," describing edible berries, other fruit and greens. This section is illustrated with line drawings to help in identification.

**WILDERNESS COOKERY** is a must for a camping family's library shelf and camping pack.

—Ann Streetman

## Tenting Tips

**GOOD CAMPING** technique calls for slackening all guy ropes at evening time. The damp night air will tighten these, along with the tent fabric, with the result that stakes may be pulled loose. An unexpected rainstorm will cause even greater tautness of lines and fabric, possibly pulling up stakes or even tearing tent seams. Be sure, then, before retiring, that the entire shelter is slack enough to allow for shrinkage.

A tent should always be pitched with some slack in it.

If ditching is necessary, the secret is to dig a trench on the two uphill sides of the tent, with a runoff ditch carrying the water away from your shelter.

If your tent lacks a sewed-in floor or sod cloth, dig your ditch three or four inches from the tent wall, and no more than six inches deep. Deposit the earth between the ditch and the hem of the wall. This will not only keep out water, but will also prevent insects from getting in and small camp items from getting out.



# Brush Country

by HAL SWIGGETT

**N**ATIVES CALL IT the South Texas Brushlands. Once you have camped out in it, you may feel that "Badlands" would have suited the area much better.

To give you a general idea of the location get a state map and pencil. Draw a line through the center of Kinney, Uvalde, Medina and Bexar counties. Include all of Wilson, Karnes, and Goliad counties. From there start your line towards the tip of Texas but keep it about thirty miles inland from the Gulf of Mexico. Your curved line will run into the gulf where Kenedy and Kleberg counties come together. Everything south of that line is considered brush country.

The most common vegetation in the area includes mesquite, catclaw, huisache, blackbrush, guajillo and prickly pear. There are a good many more but they all have the same characteristics—big thorns, little thorns and middle sized thorns.

Most of the brush is little more than head high but so thick it is practically impossible to walk in a straight line. It is likewise practically impossible to get a bearing on a distant object. Consequently, I consider the brush country of south Texas one of our most dangerous spots for the neophyte outdoorsman.

I'm not trying to discourage anyone from invading it. We all should take a "first trip" at one time or another.

I'm just passing along a gentle warning to be careful.

My first experience in the area took place about 30 miles out of Laredo. I had permission from a landowner to take a friend and camp out for a week. We were bow and arrow hunters and wanted a goat or javelina plus maybe a few rabbits and rattlesnakes.

The landowner took us to the pasture we were to hunt, showed us where to camp, then drew an outline in the dirt with a stick. "The pasture is shaped like this," he said. "If you don't cross any fences you shouldn't have any trouble. It is only 27,000 acres." Only 27,000 acres! Bear in mind that 640 acres makes a square mile. Men with our lack of experience could get lost in a place that size and then spend the rest of our lives trying to get out. Needless to say, we took time to put up a comfortable camp. Practically all our hunting took place within a few hundred yards except for some long walks along senderos. Even in these open paths, we were careful to mark every turn we made with piles of rocks or sticks.

This, my first brush country camp, consisted of a 12 x 15 foot tarp stretched between brush and tied about head high. It gave us a good ceiling to keep off rain if any fell. But primarily we were interested in protection from the hot May sun. By not letting any sides hang down, we benefited from any breeze that happened by.

We used a conventional fire for cooking, after first clearing all brush and grass from the immediate area. Fire is a constant threat during the summer in that hot, dry region. So, we had to be extra careful when we built our campfire.

We washed our dishes, our clothes and ourselves in a stock tank about a hundred yards from camp. Brush country camping isn't like anyplace else. You seldom will have an opportunity to camp near a running stream as some outdoor writers would have you believe is necessary for a successful venture. The best you can hope for is to get near a good stock tank, but not too



Bucky was never far from camp. When the camp was vacated, he immediately came in and ate any food left or wrecked whatever he could get into.



The "Pop-tent" has a sewn-in floor so that sleepers are free from worry about rattlesnakes in their bedroom. In this part of the country they are worth worrying about.

near. Try and get a good spot at least a hundred yards from the water and above it if at all possible. Mosquitos are pests, even in the brush. The higher you are the better.

Unless you are on an extended trip, firewood is no problem. For cooking, most campers use small gasoline stoves nowadays so if a fire is needed at all, it is only for atmosphere while sitting around at night.

Any tent that is to your liking will serve for south Texas. One of the more popular types is known as Pop Tent. It comes in two and four sleeper sizes. It is by far the most compact of all the tents and is completely self enclosed. No poles to cut or carry, or stakes to bother with. It has a sewn-in floor. This in itself is a worthwhile feature since south Texas is rather heavily inhabited by rattlesnakes. At least you don't have to worry about stepping out of bed and onto a rattler.

Bedding needed will vary according to personal tastes but in no case will you need much.

Your biggest problem will be water and ice. Chances are slim that you will be near a source of drinking water, so take plenty then add a little extra for good measure. Camp clean-up water can be obtained from the stock tanks, but don't try to drink it!

The subject of ice boxes can get really involved. There are all shapes and sizes. My only suggestion is to get at least one size larger than you think you will need. Chunk ice keeps much better than crushed and both will keep better if you get a box with a drain plug and keep the water drained off.

Wrap your foodstuffs in plastic bags to keep them from getting water-soaked.

If you are getting gear together for your first camping adventure or are about to invest in a new lantern make it the type designed for overhead use. They are far more convenient. Be sure and include a couple of flashlights with extra batteries and bulbs for walking around at night.

Brush country camping is no different than any other camping. It's just that the country is a little more rugged, and with the exception of deserts you will find

• Continued on Page 44

# The State Parks of Texas

by JAY VESSELS  
State Parks Board

**T**HE CAMPER IS KING in most Texas State Parks. In 38 parks from distinctive Palo Duro Canyon to the primeval Palmetto State Park His Majesty, the outdoor-minded person, really reigns supreme.

And he is quite conscious of that superior rating now that the popular trend, nationally speaking, is to get out into the open and rough it, if you please.

If the trend was the other way and folks were demanding more luxury and conveniences, the Texas State Parks would be sadly pushed.

In fact, the parks are hard put now to handle the surging trade, even with the shift toward the minimum requirements. Lack of funds has permitted parks to lag in keeping pace with the demands for accommodations.

But the 67,000 acres take everybody off the hook, at least for the

moment. Because, there is every conceivable kind of camping space.

You can camp in the rugged areas of Palo Duro Canyon State Park, in the Texas Panhandle, and Garner State Park in Southwest Texas, or relax among the stately, towering pines of Caddo State Park in far Northeast Texas and Tyler State Park in the same general area.

You can pitch a tent under the rustling palms at Bentsen-Rio Grande Valley State Park on the Rio Grande at Mission and at the ocean's edge in Goose Island State Park on the Gulf Coast near Rockport.

You can set up camp among the shifting sand dunes at Monahans Sandhills State Park in far West Texas near the New Mexico border.

You can camp along fresh water shores in widely scattered areas of Texas. This is the big favorite for the outdoor fans mainly because that

means fishing and swimming.

Among the more popular and larger fresh water camping spots are Bonham, Caddo Lake, Cleburne, Daingerfield, Fort Parker, Garner, Huntsville, Inks Lake, Lake Brownwood, Lake Corpus Christi, Possum Kingdom, Tyler and Lake Whitney.

Some locations appealing to the more rugged type individual are undeveloped sites such as Falcon on the Mexican border, Atlanta in Northeast Texas and Eisenhower on Lake Texoma.

Actually, a person could spend almost a lifetime painstakingly probing Texas State Parks camping facilities. In some of them, podner, you might want to just chuck everything and stay put for the duration.

There are areas of placid, still waters where you can sleep near the murmuring waves; there are areas beside raging rapids where you can sleep, even daytimes, to the music of the racing waters.

Some may prefer a place where they can envision pioneer times, and without needing to leave the tent flap open to hear the stirring night time call of the marauding coyote or the exciting dawn sounds of the prowling wild turkey.

Some of the camping areas, although manned, call for patience. The facilities oftentimes are limited. Showers and such accommodations currently are inadequate in some areas and, now and then, in the more congested areas, the patrons have to wait their turn at the fresh-water fountains.

But the short-handed park staffs report that in the main, the outdoor types are a congenial lot and don't mind the thought of regimentation to gain access to the sparse facilities.



Garner Park, near Comanch, has trailer facilities, cabins and tree-shaded spots on river for tenters.

If the dyed-in-the-wool camper insists, he can just chuck all this and find a remote location along a mountain stream or a fresh-water lake front and work out his own problems.

The necessities of life generally are available in an area, although sometimes the shipments of caviar may be running a little behind schedule.

There are some parks where you can find just about everything. One

of the more heavily patronized parks is Garner, where almost 700,000 happy visitors rallied last year. Here you can splash in a racing mountain stream or snuggle up to your dancing partner on the club patio.

The nomadic types who have to worry only about intercepting their monthly retirement checks may have their trailer homes set up in most state parks. These usually are the pride and joy of park managers because they know the road, under-

stand people and appreciate problems incidental to catering to the trade.

Yes, camping has become big business. Frankly, it has created a mighty economic stimulant. But the main thing, camping is providing a needed outlet for the energies of jaded city folks who are hurting to separate themselves from metropolitan noises and to, if you please, drink of the greatest tonic anywhere—the nectar of nature itself. \*\*

RECREATIONAL AND SCENIC PARKS	LOCATION Located Near The Town of	OVERNIGHT FACILITIES										Picnicking	Groceries	Dining Room	Fishing	Swimming	Boats	Golf	Nature Study	Hiking	Saddle Horses	Museum				
		Camping Permitted	Shelters	Group Camp	Trailers Permitted	Restrooms or Showers	Cabins	Fishing	Swimming	Boats	Golf												Nature Study	Hiking	Saddle Horses	Museum
ABILENE	BUFFALO GAP	X	X		X	X		X													X					
ATLANTA	QUEEN CITY	X			X	X		X					X	X								X				
*BALMORHEA	TOYAHVALE	X	X		X	X	X	X				X														
BASTROP	BASTROP	X		X	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	X	X							X				
BRAZOS ISLAND (Open Gulf Beach)	BROWNSVILLE	X			X			X					X	X							X	X				
BUESCHER	SMITHVILLE	X	X		X	X		X					X								X	X				
CADDO LAKE	KARNACK	X		X	X	X	X	X					X		X						X	X				
CLEBURNE	CLEBURNE	X		X	X	X		X					X	X	X							X				
DAINGERFIELD	DAINGERFIELD	X			X			X					X	X	X						X	X				
DAVIS MOUNTAINS	FT. DAVIS	X			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					
FT. PARKER	MEXIA	X		X	X	X		X					X	X	X	X					X	X				
FRIO	DILLEY					X		X																		
GARNER	CONCAN	X	X		X	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							X	X				
INKS LAKE	BURNET	X	X		X	X		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	X	X	X						X	X				
LAKE CORPUS CHRISTI	MATHIS	X	X		X	X		X	X	X	X	X	X	X							X					
LAKE STAMFORD	STAMFORD	X	X		X			X					X	X												
LAKE WHITNEY (Landing Strip)	WHITNEY	X			X	X		X	X	X			X	X	X						X					
LOCKHART	LOCKHART					X		X					X								X					
LONGHORN CAVERN (Daily Cavern Tours)	BURNET	X			X	X		X													X	X				
*MACKENZIE	LUBBOCK					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			
MOTHER NEFF	MOODY	X			X	X		X													X	X				
PALMETTO	LULING	X			X	X		X													X	X				
PALO DURO CANYON (Symphonic Drama - July-Aug.)	CANYON	X	X		X	X		X													X	X	X			
POSSUM KINGDOM	CADDO	X	X		X	X	X	X	X				X	X	X						X	X				
TYLER	TYLER	X	X		X	X		X					X	X	X	X					X	X				
VELASCO (Open Gulf Beach)	FREEMONT	X			X			X					X	X							X	X				
<b>HISTORICAL PARKS</b>																										
FT. GRIFFIN (Texas Longhorn Herd)	ALBANY	X			X			X					X								X	X				
GOLIAD	GOLIAD					X		X					X								X		X			
GOV. HOGG SHRINE	QUITMAN					X		X															X			
INDIANOLA	PORT LAVACA	X			X			X					X	X							X	X				
JIM HOGG	RUSK	X			X			X																		
MISSION TEJAS	WECHES	X			X			X													X	X				
MONUMENT HILL	LA GRANGE					X		X																		
*SAN JACINTO	DEER PARK					X		X															X			
STEPHEN F. AUSTIN	SAN FELIPE	X			X	X		X													X	X	X			
VARNER-HOGG PLANTATION	WEST COLUMBIA					X		X															X			
WASHINGTON	WASHINGTON	X			X	X		X																		
<b>HISTORIC SITES</b>																										
ACTON	GRANBURY																									
*ALAMO	SAN ANTONIO																						X			
EISENHOWER BIRTHPLACE	DENISON																						X			
*FANNIN	FANNIN																									
GEN. ZARAGOZA BIRTHPLACE	GOLIAD																									
OLD FT. PARKER (Fort Restoration)	GROESBECK																									
PORT ISABEL LIGHTHOUSE	PORT ISABEL																									
SAN JOSE MISSION (Historical Drama - July-Aug.)	SAN ANTONIO																						X			
SAN SABA MISSION	MENARD																									

\*Facilities not operated by Texas State Parks Board



# OPEN AIR CAFE

by L. A. WILKE

**A** MODERN APPROACH to camping is the "cookout." Here you get the taste of outdoors food, but usually without the proverbial smoke in your eyes and sand in your sugar.

Biscuits are prepared on an old Army range under a tree.

Cookouts have been developed in two separate fields. One is the backyard cookout. Many new homes have fireplaces and patios in the backyards where the cookout can be enjoyed by families or groups.

The other is the organized cookout. These usually are a part of the atmosphere of guest ranches, where provision is made for meals in the open.

Some of these cookouts are served from old-fashioned chuckwagons. Others have modern equipment, including concrete tables, and even dance floors.

Typical of these are the cookouts on the Fort Clark Guest Ranch at Brackettville.

During the heavy season it is possible to get three meals a day in the open, starting with a chuckwagon breakfast at dawn.

Guests are taken to a beautiful spot on the Las Moras creek which flows through the ranch. Here the chuckwagon is ready to serve a ranch style breakfast, usually with the Mexican border flavor. Guests can eat from the cook-prepared meal, or they can take a frying pan and cook their own bacon and eggs at



Oak coals give barbecued chicken a tangy flavor.

small fires nearby.

Then at noon there is a big luncheon cookout beside the huge Las Moras spring, where a heavy meal is served, usually consisting of cabrito, frijoles, Spanish rice and big pies or cobblers cooked in dutch ovens.

The evening cookout usually is a steak fry or big thick ranch-grown steaks broiled over cedar, oak and mesquite coals.

There is a portable dance floor available, with *mariachis* furnishing music with a Latin beat.

Fort Clark, located at Brackettville, has been operated for the past dozen years as a guest ranch. Prior to that it was one of the principal forts along the Mexican border. All the old buildings have been restored and it furnishes an interesting outdoors recreation spot in Southwest Texas, especially where cookouts are in order. \*\*



An example of the meals turned out by the chefs in the outside kitchens.



And beneath the shade of an oak, chow is served.

# The call of the Piney Woods

by CURT S. CARPENTER

Everyone rests after  
the hunt.

Part of the fun is just  
sitting and talking.



**T**HE EAST TEXAS PINEY WOODS have a pleasant way of hypnotizing the people who choose their needle-carpeted floors for campsites, or hideouts from the noisy world about them. The silent pines stand in rows reaching nearly to the clouds, while pine-land citizens, from the smallest bird to the largest mammal, gossip in echoing tones about the day and all it means to them.

One group which loves to camp beneath the towering pines is the fox hunters. Recently, the Texas Open Fox Hunters' Association held its annual field trials just outside Carthage along the Texas-Louisiana border, midst the flowers, the green grasses, buzzing honey bees and all else refreshing in a spring-tinted forest.

They pitched camp just off FM 123 at a site set aside by the International Paper Company especially for fox hunters and their two popular field trials, the Texas Open and Heart of Pines. It is just a typical patch of ground for that part of the country.

A lot can be said about fox hunters. Usually, it's not in their favor, and as untrue as truth can get. But, this is for certain, fox hunters are about the best campers around. They know how to camp, they camp as often as any sportsmen, they love to camp like few other campers, and



they get more out of camping than most others.

Actually, there are a number of sights and sounds around a fox hunter camp that you won't find in any other camp. The rows of dogs chained from tree to tree, and their constant growling, whining and yelping is unique only to the camps. An unusual assortment of portable kennels, trucks and trailers dots the camping area. In no other camp will

you find nearly all the stories built around dogs and fox hunts. Perhaps the very sounds and smells which spice the air around such a camp are different from all others.

In the evening when the sun slips behind a wall of handsome pines, and the shifting shadows of a day's end steal through the woods, a fox hunter's camp becomes just another camp, except for an occasional howl and the jingling of chains. Gradually



darkness creeps in, and each tent and house trailer exists only within the lighted areas. Outside in the black, boundless night, sleeps the great forest, with its many nocturnal creatures stirring about in search of food.

As each camp light blinks out, each fire is quenched and the last sniff of coffee aroma is absorbed by the pine-scented night air, all is still, all at rest. A fox hunter's night is short, however, and as the clock ticks to 2 a.m. the sleeper's silence is

abruptly broken by the distinct squall of a hunter's horn.

As if directed by a baton, each of the chained dogs joins in with the artificial howl and soon a symphony of hound music rings through the tall timber. Lights pop on, and hunters murmur and laugh as they get dressed for another hunt.

A person might find camping equipment well represented in a fox hunter's camp, from the most expensive house trailer to a skimpy

shelter-half fashioned into a protective covering.

There will be flickering campfires and gassy camp stoves, lights of all sorts, chairs, cots, inner spring mattresses, and plain old bed rolls.

Usually, hunters pitch their tents on high ground and trench them well for that unexpected thunder cloud. Most hunters love neighbors so they never set up camp so far off that they must yell to the man next door.

Fox hunters hit the sack early, and they get up VERY early, especially during the Texas Open Field Trial. At one time, nearly everyone cooked his own meals. Many individualists still fire up the heat in the morning and whip up some eggs and bacon, and create their favorite blend of country coffee. Perhaps they are not as interested in lining the stomach as they are in filling the air with that delightful fragrance which makes camping so great. In the interest of time, nowadays, large camps have mess halls, where meals are prepared for the entire group.

Following the hunt, and the recovery of dogs, hunters stroll about the camp area, stopping off here and there to visit with old fox hunting partners, to meet new clan members or just to sip a cup of burnt java and discuss the day's hunt with other contestants.

Finally, the dogs are scored for all four days of hunting, and trophies are awarded to the lucky contestants whose dogs managed to survive the grueling test. It has been a jolly time of long hunts and short naps.

The tents and equipment are packed away and trailers are fastened to their hitches, ready for the trip back home. Driving home, the fox hunters know that their tents won't be idle long.

Sometime, in the very near future, whether on another field trial or just a get-together with a few hunting partners in some lonely wooded area, they will camp again. In the meantime, they can recall the event just past. From time to time they will laugh again at the jokes, talk about the hunt and enjoy the exciting feeling as they return in memory to the campsite deep in the magnificent wilderness of the tall pines. \*\*



The tall pines reach for the clouds above a family-sized tent.

One of the finest campers was this truck-trailer combination.

# GUNS



## ... and Shooting

By L. A. WILKE

This Month: **Leave It At Home**

**WHAT KIND OF GUN** should I take on a camping trip?"

This is a typical question we receive at this season of the year. The answer is a simple word: "Don't."

There was a time perhaps when a gun fitted well into any kind of camping trip. Times have changed now. This, of course, has no reference to the trip during hunting season when you camp out on land where you have permission.

But for summer camping, a gun does not fit into the picture. Taking one along just adds to the load and increases the possibility of trouble.

In the first place most of the summer camping is done in public parks, forest service areas or other places where shooting is prohibited.

In some organized camping programs marksmanship classes are held under proper supervision. This is fine.

However, if you are just taking the family camping, then leave the gun at home.

A number of reasons can be listed:

They are unnecessary because all seasons are closed.

Shooting around public camping areas is hazardous.

They are not necessary for self-defense in today's camping.

If a snake shows up a stick or a hoe is just as effective and not nearly so dangerous.

If you get mad at your neighbor you won't be wanting to shoot him if you don't have a gun around.

Children sometimes get careless with a gun out in the open.

Perhaps a dozen other good reasons could be found, but these are justification enough to cause you to leave the gun at home. This is not

intended to cause you to cut down on your summer target practice. Again, however, target practice should be done in an organized manner, either over a public range or in an area where you have permission of the land owner.

If you are using a rifle, be sure there is a backstop for your bullets. Shoot into the creek bank, gravel pit, or have a mountain in back of your target. In this way you may avoid killing a land owner's cow, wild game or even another person.

Keep in mind that guns always have a place in the scheme of things. Every home should have one, but again they should be kept in a safe place. Build a cabinet for them; keep them away from the hands of youngsters who don't know their danger.

At the same time, teach those youngsters to respect a gun. Teach them how to handle it, whether it be a pellet gun shooting BBs, or a high-powered rifle or shotgun.

But don't take one camping this summer. \*\*

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## Sunshine Can Be Lethal

**K**NOW THE DIFFERENCE between heat exhaustion and sunstroke! Both, although affecting the victim differently, are the result of overexposure to the sun or overactivity on a hot day. Heat exhaustion symptoms include a weak pulse, slow shallow breathing, pale face and sweating. The patient is usually conscious. Wrap him in a blanket, give him stimulants such as tea, coffee or small amounts of alcoholic liquor, rub the body to stimulate circula-

tion. Hot water bottles or hot stones wrapped in cloth to prevent burning, will help. Keep the patient out of the sun.

Sun stroke is usually more severe than heat exhaustion and the symptoms include flushed face and body, hot and dry skin, with the pupils of the eyes often enlarged. Unconsciousness sometimes develops. Get the victim into a cool area, apply ice or ice-water packs to the face, neck, arms, and shoulders. If the patient is conscious give him a cool drink in small quantities, *but no stimulants!* Get the victim to a doctor.

Avoiding sunstroke or heat exhaustion is simply a matter of good judgment. Take it easy on hot days. Don't sit all day in a boat hatless, and if there is no breeze, don't sit in the sun for more than a few minutes at a time. Be careful especially about sun-bathing. \*\*

### WATER SAFETY

Before a family group enters the water in a strange lake, have one of the good swimmers explore the bottom along the shore line for sharp dropoffs. Make sure nonswimmers remain in shallow water and young children wear life-jackets. Never dive into strange waters without being sure that no rocks or stumps await you under water. Save wild exuberance for supervised swimming areas.

## Unwelcome Visitors

**M**OSQUITOES, black flies, and midges are the bane of most camping trips. Your tent should have an insect netting, and you should choose a campsite so the prevailing breeze will help keep these pests down. Keep away from stagnant water, deep grass or thick brushy woods.

For personal protection, spray clothing with a bug bomb and spray exposed skin with bug repellent such as "6-12."

Ticks are another type of menace. If removed within four to six hours, there is little danger of infection. The natural reaction upon finding a tick on your body is to brush it off. This is the worst thing to do, for the head will break off and remain imbedded. Instead, apply rubbing alcohol, or a lighted match to the tick's body. It will pull out its head and can then be picked off. Don't squeeze the tick while removing it for fear of releasing infected fluid. Apply a good disinfectant, such as iodine, or more rubbing alcohol.

None of the insect repellents will give absolute protection against ticks. The surest method is to examine yourself frequently. \*\*

### JUMBO RINGNECK PHEASANT EGGS

\$15.00 Per Hundred  
\$5.00 Per Twenty-Four  
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## new miracle formula STING-STOPPER

. . . an anti-venom, poison neutralizer for immediate relief from bee stings, insect bites, jellyfish and poisonous plants.

**BE PREPARED!** Before you get stung, get **STING-STOPPER** — have it with you at all times. **FOR YOUR PROTECTION . . .** Picnickers, gardeners, fishermen, hunters, swimmers . . . **BE PREPARED!** . . . if you get stung — **QUICK! GRAB STING-STOPPER!**



### Successful Users Praise Quick Relief From Application of STING-STOPPER

Mgr., Ira's Bait Shop, Padre Island Park, Texas, says: "My customers say that Sting-Stopper has been used with relief on catfish finnings and Portuguese Man of War stings. Users claim fast relief."

Mrs. J. M., Housewife, San Antonio, Texas, says: "I was stung by a wasp and suffering acutely when my husband rushed in with Sting-Stopper. One application gave me immediate and soothing relief. It really worked."

### BE PREPARED . . . GET YOUR STING-STOPPER TODAY!

"STING-STOPPER is sold only through leading distributors and their dealers—drug, food, department and sporting goods stores."

# Weather Warnings

by JOAN PEARSALL

Here are some time-proven weather rhymes which will prevent your being surprised by weather changes.

When the wind is in the South  
The rain is in its mouth.

When the smoke goes West, gude  
weather is past,

When the smoke goes East, gude  
weather is neist.

A helpful sign on a windless day is sound. When you hear distant sounds, such as voices on the opposite shore of a lake, so that they are clear and distinct, the lowering canopy of clouds usually present under these conditions will open up on you shortly. Hence the rhyme:

A stormy day will betide  
Sound traveling far and wide.

Red sky at night, sailors' delight,  
Red sky at morning, sailors take  
warning.

Mackerel sky and mare's-tails  
Make tall ships carry low sails.

Mackerel skies are cirro-cumulus clouds arrayed in a mottled pattern to form a mackerel-scale effect. Mare's-tails, flying at extremely high altitudes, are cirrus clouds, thin wispy curls, that speed across the sky. When they form a filmy overcast with mackerel formations underneath there'll be rain within a day or so.

Evening fog will not burn soon  
Morning fog will burn 'fore noon.  
When the grass is dry at morning  
light

Look for rain before the night;  
When the grass is dry at night  
Look for rain before the light.  
When the dew is on the grass  
Rain will never come to pass.

Rainbow to windward, foul fall  
the day;

Rainbow to leeward, damp runs  
away.

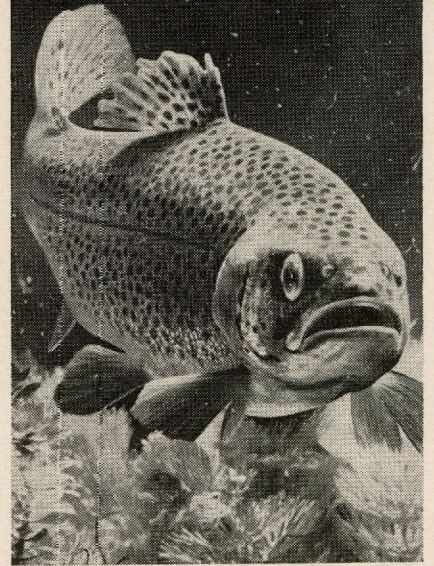
## Before you go, do you have...

Air mattresses  
Air pump  
Aluminum griddle  
Axe  
Broom (or small rake)  
Buckets  
Camp stove, gasoline or canned gas type,  
two-burner  
Canteen  
Canvas windbreaks or tarpaulins for shade  
6 x 18 feet  
Chain, tow-chain for car, or steel cable,  
hook at each end—15 feet  
Cleaning material, detergents, sponges,  
soap, steel wool, etc.  
Coffee pot  
Compass  
Cook outfit, 4-man aluminum nesting type,  
add kitchen and table ware, knives, forks,  
spoons, can opener, spatula, salt and  
pepper shakers, butcher knives, extra  
plastic dishes, towels, washpan, dishpan,  
etc.; small broom.  
Flashlights (2) with batteries and extra  
bulbs.  
First-aid kit.  
Funnel for filling gasoline stove and lantern  
Gasoline, white gas for outboard motor,  
gas stove, and lanterns (5 gal.)  
Gasoline can  
Ice box  
Jacket and extra clothing for each member.

Rain gear for all.  
Lanterns, electric (optional), gasoline or  
canned gas type. Extra gas mantles,  
generators, wrenches, canned gas for  
lantern and stove.  
Matches.  
Mirror.  
Night clothes  
Pillows (2)  
Plastic wash bowl  
Scout knife with blade, leather punch, can  
opener and screw driver (2)  
Shovel  
Tent and fly large enough to accommodate  
family (1), complete with poles, stakes,  
and extra rope  
Water can, large mouth jeep can 5 gal.

*Optional*  
Aluminum and canvas folding chairs  
Books and games for the family  
Bug-bomb  
Camera  
Charcoal briquettes  
Kits and kit bags, duffel bags for tent and  
sleeping bags, sewing kit (army type)  
Maps, road type and Geological Survey  
contour, large scale of area  
Saw  
Sleeping bags and ground cloths (2), or  
jungle hammocks  
Tarpaulin 10 x 10-feet

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CORPORATION**  
Department TG  
P. O. Box 153, Bryan, Texas

Please send me your folder on water plant identification and proper control of aquatic weeds.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... Zone..... State.....

Dept. TG

# Poison Ivy



Poison Ivy (*Rhus cotinoides*) is distinguished by its three leaflets to each main leaf. Two of these are at right angles to the center leaflet. The leaves may be light to medium dark green, turning red, yellow and orange in the autumn. Leaves, berries, stems and even the roots of poison ivy are coated with an irritant, a non-volatile oil. There are recorded instances where children have died from eating white waxy berries of poison ivy. However, its greatest danger is to the touch.

Every year countless numbers of people are victims of poison ivy. In practically every instance, this suffering could have been avoided had the person been able to identify on sight the treacherous plant.

Poison ivy may take the form of either vine or shrub, but in each form the leaf arrangement, *always in three*, is the same, as are the greenish-white tiny flowers, followed by waxy white berries. Many people mistake poison ivy for the pretty Virginia creeper, which has five leaves to each stem, or the thick-leaf cow itch vine.

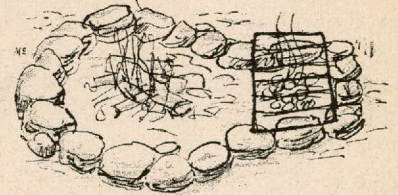
Occasionally, there is found some person who is not allergic to the poison of this plant, but most are not so fortunate. The itchy welts, blisters and general aggravation resulting from poison ivy are usually very difficult to cure, and it is much easier to prevent than to cure. Therefore, everyone should learn to recognize and avoid poison ivy.

Persons who are susceptible can get the poison by brushing against plants, handling tools or animals that have been in contact with the plants,

or by permitting smoke from burning plants to touch their skin. When flowering the poison may even be blown upon passersby. Regardless of the great amount of publicity which has been given poison ivy, many people do not have proper respect for this Public Enemy No. 1 of the plant world.

When exposed to the oils of this plant, the worst effects of the poisoning can be prevented by immediately washing with soap and water. Consult a doctor if serious symptoms develop.

## Keyhole Fireplace



For an extended stay at one camp, the keyhole fireplace has many features. Use flat rocks to build it so pots and pans can be set on them. Steer clear of shale and stones from streams. These rocks will explode with great force when heated. A grill, store bought or from an old icebox shelf is placed over the small end of the fireplace. The main fire stays in the large end and coals are raked out of it as needed.

**For hunters, fishermen, campers and everyone who lives and eats outdoors**

**Steaks, chops, even  
complete meals**

**you don't have  
to keep in a  
refrigerator**



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it a little hotter. Thorned vegetation is in abundance and rattlesnakes are nearly as plentiful. Either can cause serious complications.

One of the best brush country camps I have had the pleasure of using was near the town of Tilden. Our group of bow and arrow hunters were allowed to use the ranch for javelina hunting and we always camped out instead of using a hunting cabin offered us. Our campsite was near a 35 acre tank well stocked with bass. Meat for our meals consisted of rabbits killed with our bows or fish caught from the tank. We never took anything but bacon with us. Once in a while we would bag a young javelina and roast it.

The camp had one major problem. A young buck deer had gotten tangled up with a fence, and came out second best. Because of the injury his horns never developed, except two long spikes always covered with velvet. He became the ranch pet and was tagged with the name "Bucky." Believe it or not, "Bucky" ruled the roost.

If we went out in the boat he would swim around till fishing was out of the question. If we went on a hunting foray and found ourselves a good spot for a little still hunting we would hardly get settled down

to careful watching before "Bucky" would show up, trailing just like an old hound dog.

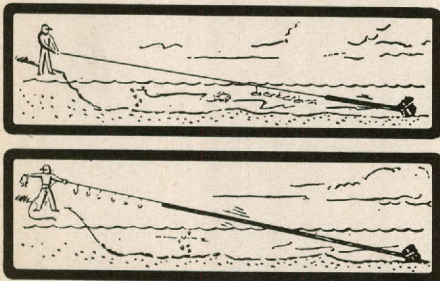
The pay off always came when we would leave camp without putting all our food in the tent and tying the flap securely. "Bucky" would eat anything he could find. Then, if the tent was left open, he would enter and tear the place up. He was boss and he wanted all inhabitants of the area to know it.

Texas has very little publicly owned land in the brush country section of the state. There are four state parks, but the one at Falcon Lake is undeveloped at the present time. Frio, on U.S. 81 near Dilley; Tips, on FM 63 out of Three Rivers; and Lake Corpus Christi on U.S. 59 at Mathis, are open and their use for camping is encouraged.

Getting access to a good camping spot other than those mentioned above can present a major problem. Possibly, by contacting a Chamber of Commerce in some of the towns you might locate landowners willing to let a family camp out for a few days.

South Texas is rough, rugged and tough, but nothing a good camping family can't handle in its stride and have a good time doing it. \*\*

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Kit contains approximately 50 ft. 70 lb. test nylon line, 20 ft. rubber, 6 Snelled No. 2-O hooks.

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**The storm had brought in a wealth of new objects**

*Canvas Along The Coast*

everywhere—great blue herons, sand-hill cranes, egrets, spoonbills, curlews, sandpipers, terns and gulls.

While most people go on camping expeditions to escape business responsibilities and household routine, some take off for specialized recreation or particular hobbies. On the way down the first 10 miles of Padre's beach and on the return, we saw shell-collectors, birdwatchers, beach-combers, swimmers, fishermen and baseball players. And we saw people just strolling along the beach, apparently wrapped in thoughts, responding to the emptiness of the sea, the distant horizon, the flight of gulls and the refreshing wind.

They came in tourist cars, jeeps and old station wagons. Their campfires were burning. Many sat under canvas awnings playing cards, and others were sleeping or resting. There were children, of course, dogs and an occasional cat, seemingly unhappy in these rugged surroundings.

The many shacks built along the beach during the years had been washed or blown away by the hurricane and dunes had shoved inland.

**Even on a weekday every campground was crowded**

*Trans-Pecos Tour*

table, are planned. There is no charge for camping.

Facilities in both the Davis Mountains State Park and Big Bend National Park will be increased as money becomes available. I purposefully started our vacation on a Monday with the thought in mind that we would find ample camping sites.

Every campground we visited was crowded, however. Within an hour after we arrived in the Chisos Basin, all 57 campsites were occupied!

The vast lands of West Texas are

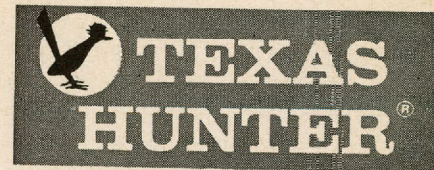
*From Page 5*

Inland ponds and lakes of captured salt water gleamed in sapphire blue as one viewed them from the top of dunes.

Padre had changed greatly. It looked more like it did when the causeway opened it to visitors in the summer of 1950. Prior to that only a few people had driven down its beach. But millions had gone there after that, stripping it of ancient bottles, grotesque pieces of driftwood and shells. The storm had brought in a wealth of new objects, including the wreckage of ships, millions of shells, bottles, and fishing floats. But, primarily, it had washed away the old landmarks and the "permanent" camping places people had built. Carla had returned it to a primitive hideaway, perfect for old fashioned camp-outs.

It was nearing sundown when we ended our search and started home. By the time we arrived and cleaned up, it was midnight. But, still, we were not tired. Padre is like that. It invigorates the wanderer with its ultraviolet light and salt-laden air; lends freely from its storehouse of energy; stimulates with its electrified

sand; offers unforgettable experiences and fills the mind with rich memories. \*\*



**With Added Features for 1962**

**ENCLOSED DEER BLIND**

- 1/4" thick siding throughout
  - insect-proof window frames
  - smoother operating door
- Shooting ports on four sides have bypassing glass sections and panels in divided channels of extruded aluminum. Blind may be used on ground or on our Texas Hunter rigid, all-steel 10- or 15-ft. tower as illustrated. Shipped knocked down in easy-to-handle packages. Simple to assemble.



**DELUXE SWIVEL "HIGH CHAIR"**

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- stronger, rigid top
- 1/4" full-height back panel
- greater protection from weather . . . hides you from game

Silent, 360° turn. Framework is all-metal construction. Wide base spread for extra safety. Side armrests . . . front safety bar may be used as gunrest. Available on 10- or 15-ft. stand. Shipped knocked down.



**ECONOMY SWIVEL "HIGH CHAIR"**

Seat can be mounted on either 10- or 15-ft. stand.



**SWIVEL ARM CHAIR**

Aluminum and wood chair is extra strong, comfortable and roomy. Shipped knocked down.



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*From Page 26*

badly in need of additional campgrounds, both public and private. \*\*

**PRO-NOXFISH . . . Rotenone liquid used to kill scrap fish. Used by conservation authorities.**

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**HUNTING LEASE**

320-Acre Ranch 10 miles Southwest of Austin; plenty deer and turkey—Complete privacy in Scenic Area on Beautiful Barton Creek. Large Shady Picnic grounds, good swimming and fishing; Rifle Range; Furnished house. Sept. 1 through Dec. 31, 1962, \$600. Maximum 5 guns. Yearly lease available.

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**PLASTIC FOLDING DROP MINNOW NETS**

Drags with less friction. **Three by three foot spring steel frame.** Made of woven plastic sewed with nylon thread. This drop net is made of the same durable plastic material that is used in making the minnow seines. Should give years of service. Guaranteed. Postage prepaid. \$6.30 plus 2% sales tax.

**KIMBLE SEINES**  
Box 362 Junction, Texas

The camper who talks of the "old days" can have them

Shoestring Camping

From Page 30

structed tables from rocks to get our food away from the dusty ground. The mere six-inches elevation was a great help.

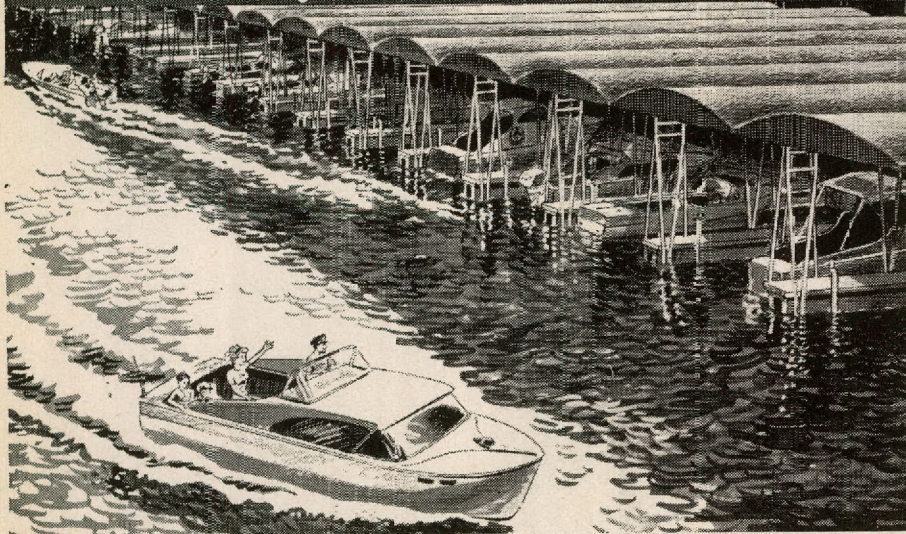
From the experiment we proved, to our satisfaction, that a family, with the bare essentials, could survive in the woods for at least two weeks, maybe even longer. But it wasn't any fun.

When I go camping nowadays I have a new-found respect for the wonderful equipment available to the camper. And I'm all for anything which makes the camper's life more bearable.

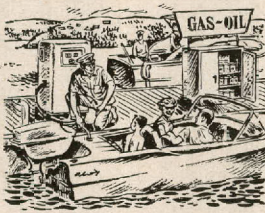
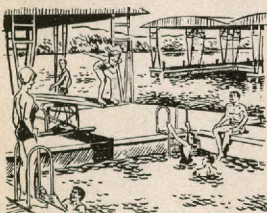
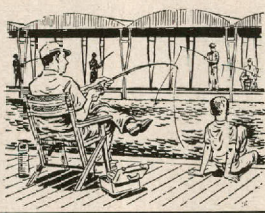
Camping is supposed to be fun, relaxing, wholesome. Modern equipment has made it that way. The camper who remembers the "good

old days" just hasn't lived with the modern conveniences. If so, he wouldn't have it any other way. \*\*

# Family Fun Afloat



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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 4 Pair or More \$15.00 PAIR

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Please send me, postpaid, \_\_\_\_\_ pair ALUMINUM LEGGINGS at \$15.75 per pair (4 pair or more, \$15.00 per pair). My check for \$ \_\_\_\_\_ including 2% State Sales Tax, is enclosed. GF

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*Keechi*

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It thoroughly drenched his magneto.

Then, as we neared the blacktop a second time, Cadieux ran into trouble. Once before, he had the sparkplug come loose and we had had to crossthead the plug to get it to stay in the aluminum head. This time it bounced out again and I found it lying in the sand in his track.

The plug did crossthead a little easier this time and the engine raced off.

But that wasn't all, because he went not a mile before some loose sand dumped him and his machine. I helped him get atop his scooter, pulled the cord and dark smoke, caused by oil in the cylinder, billowed from the exhaust. The Gote had trouble burning the oil and kept dying out. Then to make it worse, the starter cord broke.

The long beach ride had taken its toll by then. We rewound the starter with a piece of nylon tent cord, reassembled the machine and got it started. We didn't stop this time until we reached the end of our road at the Queen Isabel Inn at Port Isabel.

Little else was done this day, but rest. We arrived

at 3:30 and by 6 p.m. had cleaned up and were ordering dinner. Then we began to enjoy the trip.

Actually, we beat our schedule for the 100-mile-plus trip. We had traveled well, slept well and eaten well.

We burned up about 24 gallons of gasoline and had 12 gallons to spare. Our food budget hit exactly \$29.99 except for that purchased at Port Mansfield and we had some canned goods left over.

The trip was started with about 100 pounds of gear, plus the rider, for each scooter. We arrived only slightly lighter, having begun with 16 gallons of drinking water and winding up with about three.

Next afternoon, after a good night's sleep, everyone could agree:

Dan wasn't surprised that we had any trouble on the beach . . . he was more amazed that we had made it.

Bill simply was ecstatic. His main problem would be in making the people back home in Utah believe the beach really was that rugged. "It doesn't even compare to the Mojave Desert; the desert's a picnic."

The rest of us? We were just glad it was over. \*\*

## To Keep Flies Down and Health Up, a Clean Camp Is a Must

**C**AMP SANITATION is rarely a problem in organized grounds where garbage cans are provided, and toilet facilities are maintained. When camping off the beaten track you will be on your own.

Carry a small shovel to dig a garbage pit. Burn the food refuse and bury it well. Cans should first be burned and then crushed before burial. Many wilderness campers toss garbage into the nearby woods, and then wonder where all the flies come from, or why they are bothered by skunks, coons, porcupines and mice!

Important for health as well as esthetic reasons, is the camp latrine. Walking into the woods with a roll of toilet paper in one hand and an innocent look on your face doesn't comply with the rules of health and decency. Dig a small pit some distance away from camp and well away from the water supply. Leave the shovel there and after using the latrine cover the waste with dirt. Toilet paper can be kept there, propped on a stick with a tin can inverted over the roll to keep it dry.

Don't leave dishes unwashed from one meal to another, or even for a short time. These will attract flies and other camp pests. Always keep your camp looking as if you expected company at any moment. Don't

throw dishwater into the woods. It's better to drain it into a pit filled with coarse gravel, if such is available.

Otherwise, rocks and sand will do. If you use a camp stove, wipe off all grease that is on it.



### TAKES YOU WHERE THE BIG ONES JUMP

Tote Gote, America's first off-highway cycle, has taken the work out of hunting and fishing. The rugged, powerful machine has opened new vistas of unmatched adventure for the outdoorsman. The Tote Gote is capable of carrying 1,000 pounds of man and gear over the most rugged terrain.

Now you can choose from three models: the powerful 6 h.p. machine to handle extra tough jobs; the 3 h.p. standard of the industry; and the 3 h.p. lightweight, compact model, ideal for women and kids.

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1018 York St.  
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**ALL ABOUT CAMPING**, W. K. Merrill, 262 pages. Published by The Stackpole Co., Harrisburg, Penn., \$3.95.

"Let's go camping," chimed two little boys as they pored over a camping story in a national outdoor magazine.

Many Texas fathers are hearing that plea now. For the father or head of the house who has never taken his brood on an outdoor excursion, it may bring consternation. But the novice camper-father need not dodge the trip because of his ignorance of woodlore. ALL ABOUT CAMPING answers all the how's before and during the trip. Written by W. K. Merrill, retired U. S. park ranger, the book is a perfect guide for family camping whether the vacation spot be beach, woods, mountains, or desert.

ALL ABOUT CAMPING even helps to answer the first question that arises. "Okay, we'll go, but where?" The little how-to book offers some suggestions including a guide, "Where To Write for Information," on national forests, national parks, game laws, travel, and places of interest.

Then getting down to the heart of the novice's problem, Merrill discusses tents, cooking equipment, axmanship, pathfinding by compass and maps, outdoor measurement by shadows, making campfires, and numerous safety and emergency rules.

These safety and emergency suggestions range from what to do in case of a car accident to how to deodorize clothing and campsite after a skunk's visit. For the latter emergency, Merrill suggests that surroundings be sprayed with vinegar or household ammonia and clothing be washed in a hot solution of one of them.

ALL ABOUT CAMPING is the answer to a novice's problems. It should go at the top of his camping checklist.

—Ann Streetman

## Book Directory For the Camper

It's frustrating to have the vittles all out—potatoes ready to be baked in glowing embers, coffee ready to be steamed, fish ready to be fried—and discover that the gigantic pile of oak and ash wood you've gathered won't start a roaring campfire. Perhaps you already know that soft wood is better than hardwood for starting a fire, but there are probably other details of woodsmanship or scenic information that you need to review. Below is a list of camping and outdoor guides that will give you a quick briefing or review before you leave for the outdoors. These books, also, are fairly small and could be packed for

handy first aid reference and other details on the trip.

**THE EASY WAY TO OUTDOOR COOKING**, Joseph D. Bates, Jr., 32 pages. Published by Joseph D. Bates, Jr., P.O. Box 414, White Plains, New York. Free. This is a pocket guide covering make-shift cooking equipment, cooking with foil, a few dessert recipes, and essential equipment list. Fair.

**BRILL'S OUTDOOR GUIDE TO OKLAHOMA AND TEXOMA**, Tom Ladwig and Edward H. Hoffman, 252 pages. Published by The Outdoor Guide, 1630 South Main, Tulsa, Okla. \$1. This pocket guide is limited to places of interest in Oklahoma and Texoma. It is primarily a scenic guide rather than a book on woodsmanship and camping.

**CAMPING DIGEST**, Kenneth Chasey, 225 pages. Published by The Naylor Company, San Antonio, Texas. \$3.60. This is a hard-backed book covering a few essentials of woodsmanship. Its main value is the listing by states of U. S. roadside camps, national parks and monuments, national forests, state parks, and reservoir recreation areas. Good for campground information.

**WILDERNESS COOKERY**, Bradford Angier, 256 pages. Published by The Stackpole Co. \$3.95. It is excellent for reference on needed equipment, supplies, and tasty recipes.

**CAMPING AND OUTDOOR COOKING**, Rae Oetting and Mabel Otis Robison, 260 pages. Published by T. S. Denison & Co. \$4.95. This hard-backed book contains a few essentials of camping lore, but it is a camping and outdoor cookbook.

**ON YOUR OWN IN THE WILDERNESS**, Townsend Whelen and Bradford Angier, 324 pages. Published by The Stackpole Co. \$5.00. This book contains excellent basic camping information.

**CATCH 'EM AND COOK 'EM**, Bunny Day, 114 pages. Published by Doubleday & Co., Garden City, New York. \$1.95. Here is a good cooking guide for a family trip to a lake or the Gulf. This little book explains how to catch, open, clean, and cook clams, crabs, lobsters, mussels, oysters, and scallops. Good.

**THE SPORTSMAN'S COOKBOOK**, Ted Karry and Margaret Key, 214 pages. Published by Doubleday & Co. \$3.50. This hard-backed book is excellent for the family who plan to live by their fish hooks on the outing. It contains many fish recipes along with game delicacies for later reference.

**AMERICA'S NATIONAL PARKS**, Nelson Beecher Keys, 260 pages. Published by Doubleday and Co., Garden City, N.Y. \$7.50. This is a photographic encyclopedia of national parks. It contains 33 full-color photographs and 494 black and white photographs. Good for scenic guide.

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## Junior Sportsmen

# Camping Crosswords

by ANN STREETMAN

Family camping means fun! Wandering in the woods, fishing, boating, swimming, sunning, eating outdoor treats cooked over a campfire—all this is camping.

Family camping also calls for teamwork to make the chores part of the fun. You can be an important member of the team by gathering firewood, helping with the cooking, and helping set up the sleeping quarters. Why not read a good book or guide on camping before your trip so that

you will be a good team member.

Here is a puzzle to help you get into the camping mood. Some of the items are things you will help pack for your trip. Others are things you will probably see and do during your outdoor adventure—all except **SPRAIN**, which you will want to avoid!

Begin with **WANDER**, which is near the center of the puzzle. Hope you enjoy this little teaser. Good Luck!

2-Letter  
NE (Northeast)  
GO  
HO

3-Letter  
ASH  
KIT  
COT  
AIR  
MUD  
ANT  
AIM  
BAG  
NET

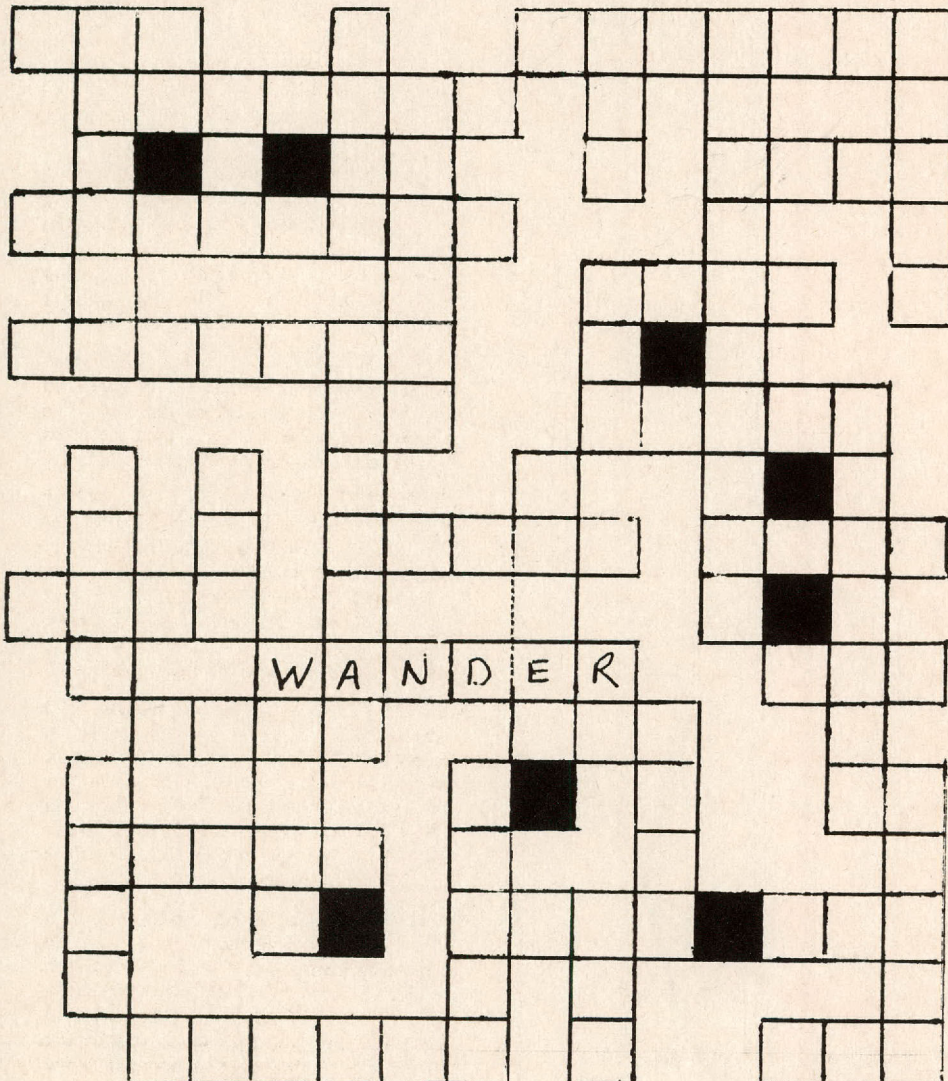
4-Letter  
MOON  
BUGS  
NAIL  
HOOT  
TEAM  
BUNK  
COOK  
STAR  
BANG  
ROCK

5-Letter  
GLOWS  
CLEAN  
TRACK  
WATCH  
SCRAM  
CABIN  
WATER  
TENTS  
OTTER

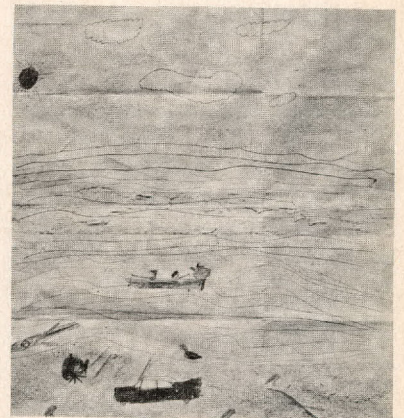
6-Letter  
SPRAIN  
SCRAPS  
SEEING  
WANDER

7-Letter  
HATCHET  
COMPASS  
ASPIRIN  
SAILING

8-Letter  
BANDAGES  
10-Letter  
CAMPGROUND



## Camp Scene



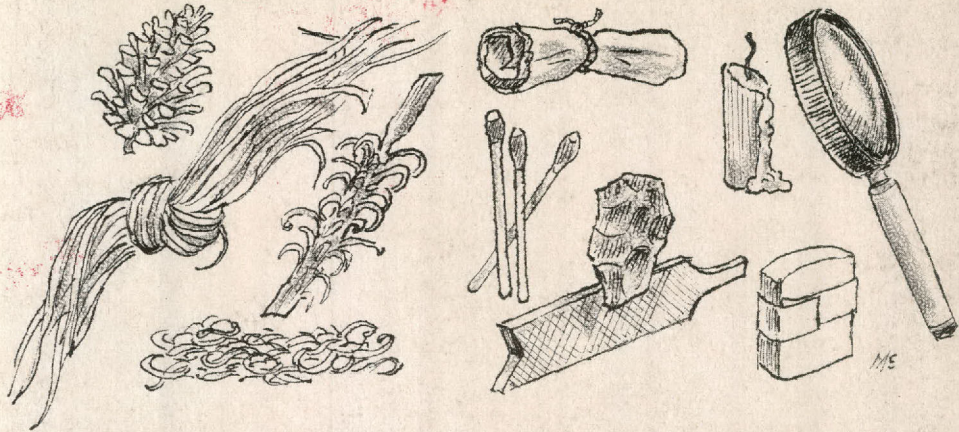
Editor:

Here is a picture that I have drawn myself. It is a drawing of my mother and daddy fishing on Lake Texarkana. I am 10 years old, and I thought that you might like to use this drawing in your magazine.

Larry Duane Thrapp  
Texarkana

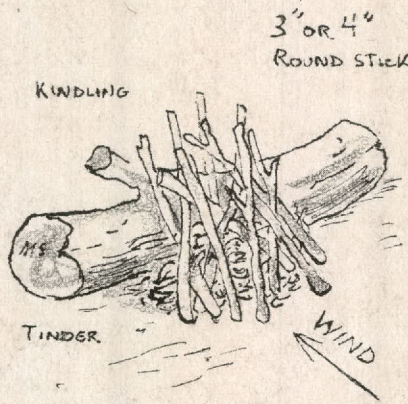
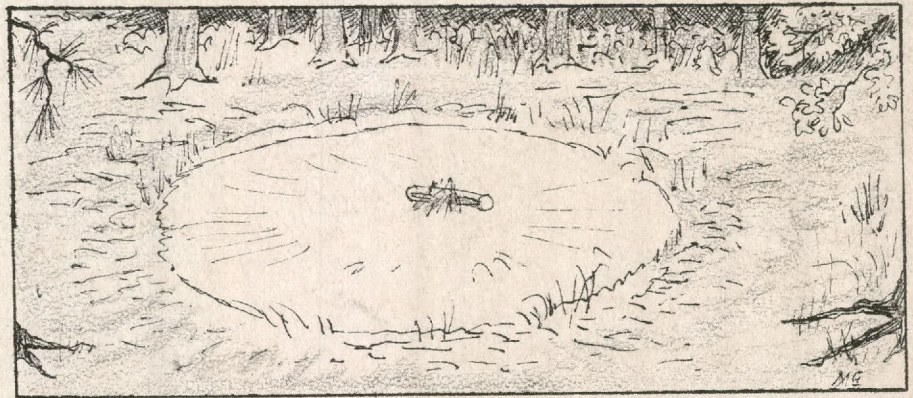
# Campfire Review

Some fire makings: cones do not light quickly, but once flame has a hold they'll burn briskly. Dried grass, bunched and knotted, will smolder and burn much longer than paper or dried leaves. Shavings, of any wood, make fine tinder. An old woodsman's standby is the "prayer stick" several of which are almost certain to get a fire started. Cut up milk cartons are handy. Matches should be water-proofed by dipping in nail polish or melted paraffin. Flint and steel will set a spark to dry shavings. Candles are a must. A magnifying glass will soon set any combustible material aflame on a sunny day. Make sure your lighter is filled and taped shut.



Before starting scrape away all burnable material, litter, leaf mold, etc. six to ten feet in diameter. Build the fire away from overhanging trees. Make sure no exposed roots are by the fire. Flames will travel along a root and come to the surface days or weeks later.

Once you have suitable tinder and dry kindling gathered the secret to starting the fire is to keep the weight of the kindling from crushing the tinder to the ground. Tinder needs air to burn and if crushed, it dies for lack of air. To avoid this, lay a dry stick in the fireplace. Place the tinder next to it. Lay a dozen or so kindling sticks criss-cross against the large stick. Kindling should not be over 1/2" thick. Start the fire gradually, and build it up to your needs. Keep it small. A small fire with a bed of coals gives as much heat as a large one and there's less work hunting wood to keep it going. When you have finished with your fire, put it out completely. A pail of water will not put it out. Water should be poured on it until the ashes float. Stir with a stick, making sure no glowing coals remain. Keep at it until it is cool enough to put your hand on. If there is no water handy, stir moist dirt or sand into the coals until they are dead out.



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