

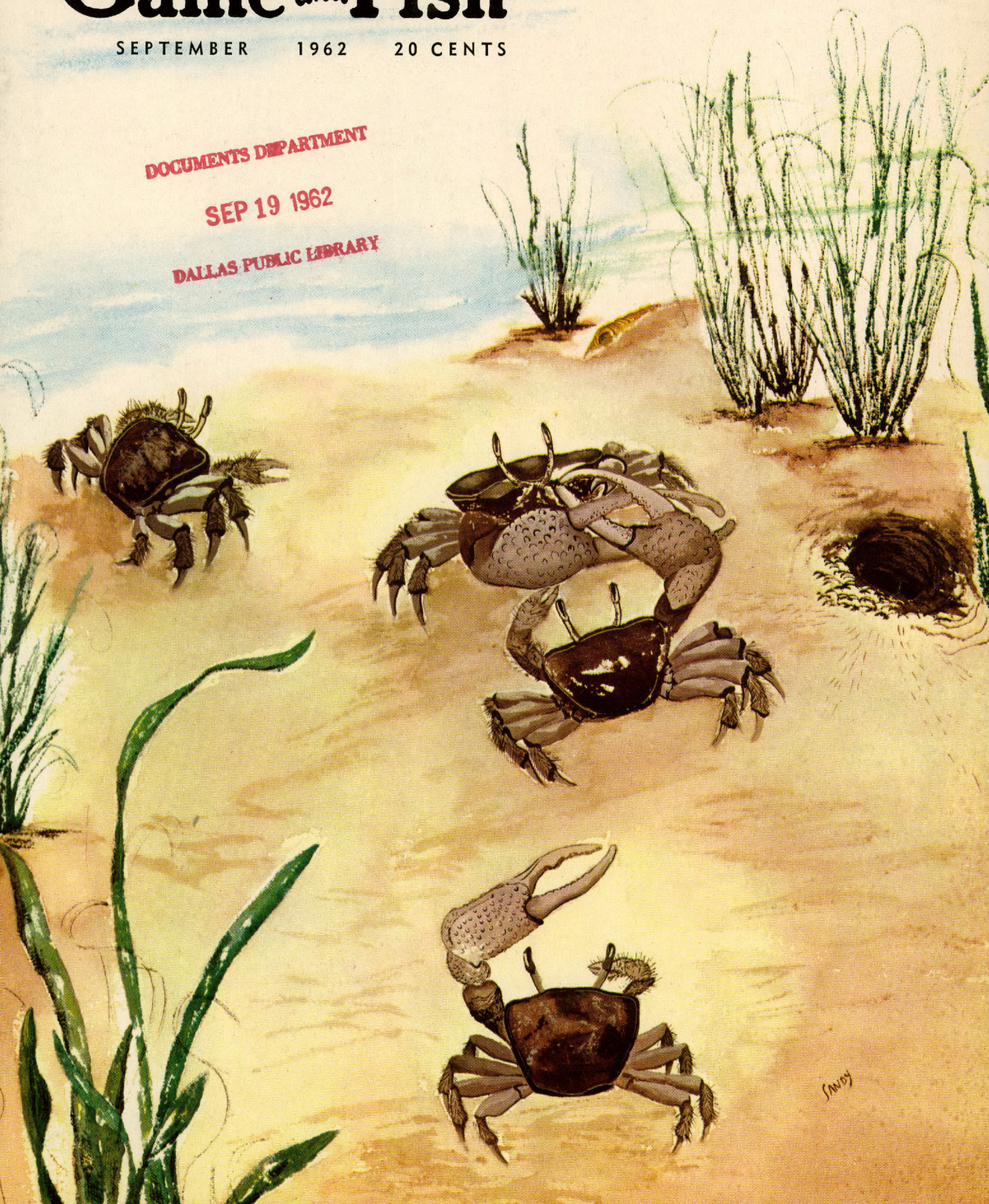
Texas Game and Fish

SEPTEMBER 1962 20 CENTS

DOCUMENTS DEPARTMENT

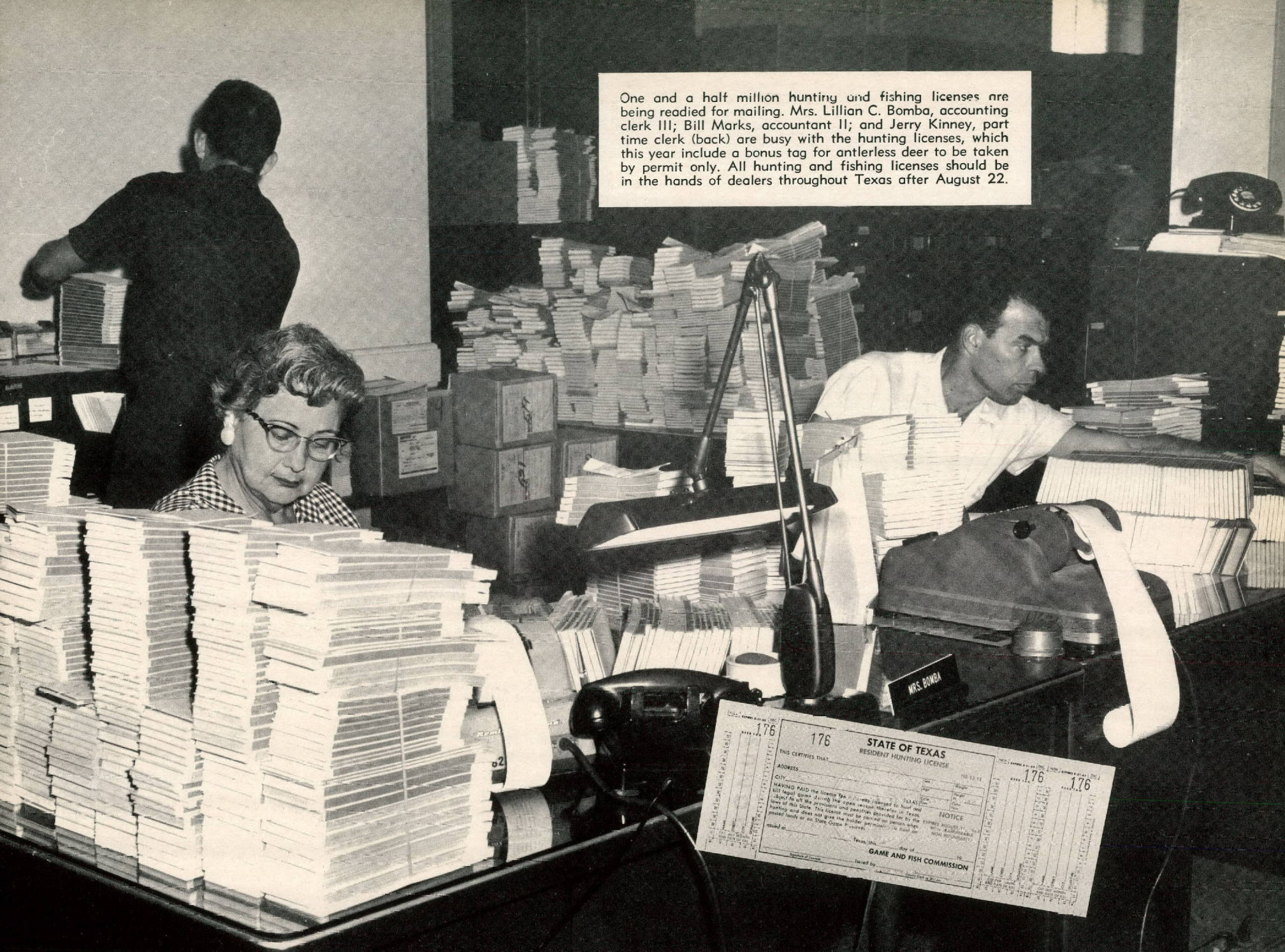
SEP 19 1962

DALLAS PUBLIC LIBRARY



SANDY

One and a half million hunting and fishing licenses are being readied for mailing. Mrs. Lillian C. Bomba, accounting clerk III; Bill Marks, accountant II; and Jerry Kinney, part time clerk (back) are busy with the hunting licenses, which this year include a bonus tag for antlerless deer to be taken by permit only. All hunting and fishing licenses should be in the hands of dealers throughout Texas after August 22.



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STATE OF TEXAS
RESIDENT HUNTING LICENSE

THIS CERTIFIES THAT

NAME: _____ SEX: _____ AGE: _____

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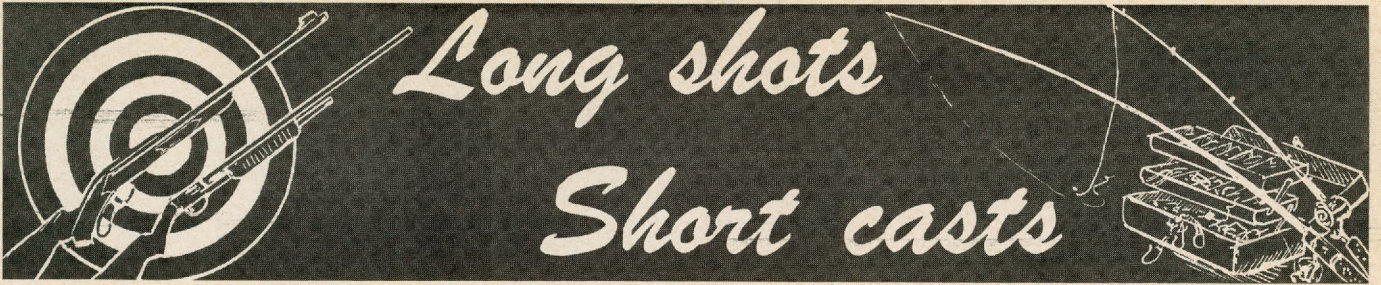
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NOTICE: HAVING PAID the license fee a license is issued to the holder of this license. It is the responsibility of the holder to keep the license in his or her possession and to use it only for the purpose for which it was issued. This license may be forfeited for any violation of the laws of this State. This license may be forfeited for any violation of the laws of this State. This license may be forfeited for any violation of the laws of this State.

GAME AND FISH COMMISSION



BOOK DEBUT: The National Wildlife Federation recently approved a recommendation to develop a national magazine, NATIONAL WILDLIFE, to be dedicated to conservation education and issued six times a year. Anyone may obtain the magazine by applying for an associate membership (non-voting) in the Federation. The membership fee is tentatively established as \$5 per year.

THEY GOPHER THIS: The Bureau of Sport Fisheries and Wildlife has developed a contrivance, the burrow-builder, to construct artificial pocket gopher burrows and drop lethal bait at intervals. This makes the bait available to the gophers, but not to non-burrowing animals. There have been many demands for demonstrations by farmers in the western states.

STAMPS STAKE SCHOLARSHIPS: The National Wildlife Federation has announced awards of \$10,207 in conservation education grants to 15 students for the 1962-63 academic year. This includes nine undergraduate scholarships, two of which are in forestry, four in wildlife management, two in conservation education, and one in biological science. Six graduate fellowships are being awarded, of which three are in wildlife management, two in wildlife conservation, and one in conservation education. During the twelve years of the Federation's grants program, more than a quarter of a million dollars have been awarded. The program is made possible through voluntary contributions in return for the Wildlife Conservation Stamps issued annually.

DO-IT-YOURSELF BAIT: Persons interested in raising their own fish bait may wish to know about these publications: "Raising Fishworms for Bait," and "Raising Crickets for Bait," may be had from the Agricultural Experiment Station, Auburn, Alabama. The pamphlet, "Earthworms for Bait," may be obtained from the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service, Washington 25, D.C. Also, "Raising Bait Fishes," (Circular No. 35), price 45¢, is available from the Superintendent of Documents, U.S. Government Printing Office, Washington 25, D.C. When ordering, the title of the publication and the leaflet or circular number should be given.

HUNT JUDGMENT: The Audubon Society is sometimes considered to be opposed to all hunting. This is a misconception, according to its president. In a statement prompted by inquiries on the bill introduced in Congress to prohibit hunting of mourning doves, he said: "A case for it cannot be made on conservation grounds because all available evidence indicates the mourning dove is not endangered but has, in fact, been doing very well in recent years in all major parts of its range." On the general subject of hunting the National Audubon Society has never opposed hunting per se, although they have never hesitated to speak up when in their judgment hunting needed to be restricted or eliminated in order to conserve a species of wildlife.

PRICKLY PAD: During recent years, starlings have become established in the southwest deserts of Arizona and California--their "last frontier." The adaptability of these birds to new environment is illustrated by a pair found nesting in a gila woodpecker hole in a giant saguaro cactus in Arizona, in June, 1961. The following April, four pairs of starlings with nestlings were observed in the same cactus, along with a pair of gila woodpeckers. The oldest starling brood was judged to be 14-16 days old.

ALIAS LIST: The National Wildlife Federation suggests that all fishermen and outdoor writers write to the Outdoor Writers Association of America, 10 East Fayette St., Baltimore 2, Md. for copies of the Association's newly-revised "Standard Check List for Common Names for Principal American Sport Fishes." The pocket-sized, 32-page booklet is free; just send a self-addressed, 8-cent stamped envelope. Use of the suggested names will eliminate confusion.

Texas Game and Fish

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The Cover



Peering at its surroundings with large stalk eyes, the fiddler crab is a silent, quick-motioned inhabitant of Texas beaches and edges of brackish marshes. Each adult fiddler digs its own burrow and expertly plugs it at the onset of each high tide. The identifying feature of the male fiddler crab is one oversized claw, which is used in courtship and battles with fellow males. Painting by Sandra Pounds Leary. See related story page 4.

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

SEPTEMBER, 1962

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Family in the Field

SEPTEMBER SIGNALS the beginning of another hunting season. Traditionally, the swift-winged mourning dove is the target which sharpens the hunter's eye for larger birds that become legal game later on. However, to many the mourning dove rates number one among the small game birds and the dove season is the highlight of the hunting year.

Dad, take the family dove hunting with you. Introduce them to the out-of-doors—it's part of their heritage too, you know! There is no greater opportunity for strengthening family ties than in sharing the beauty, wonders and challenges of field and stream.

Here is your opportunity to demonstrate the shooting mechanics of lead and follow through; to stress the importance of a clean firearm and reliable ammunition; to teach the rules of field safety and courtesy; to learn more about the game you seek—its habits, needs, and your responsibility in its conservation.

Get out early in the afternoon. Try some "jump" shooting if your hunting area has fields of sunflowers, dove weed or small grain. With your first kill take time out to examine a mourning dove. Point out the streamlined body which contributes to the speed and graceful flight of our most widely distributed migratory game bird. Open the crop and identify the seeds the dove has been eating. You might find mixed in with the sand and gravel a few kernels of corn along with hehari, sunflower, croton, ragweed, or even bull nettle seeds. Knowledge of the food and feeding habits of game becomes a key to hunting success in the eyes of the young sportsmen in your group. The physical exercise will be good for the family and make the relaxing water hole shooting session more welcomed later on.

When the doves start coming in for that afternoon drink, you might assure the family that they haven't

necessarily been "hiding" nearby but that doves are known to fly 40 miles or more for water. They require it every day and the experienced hunters, who have only an hour or two for shooting, often choose the period just before sunset to visit a stock tank or farm pond.

Here again, at the water hole, you can insist on safe handling of firearms. It may be that you will take turns shooting—giving each observer a chance to learn and make corrections when it's his time to fire.

With any luck and, of course, some skill, you should bag game—enough doves for a gourmet's supper. Here's your chance to stress that the game you take home is really an added bonus to the educational and recreational rewards the family received from being outdoors together.

Our hunting philosophy is changing from the days of the "one shot" tradition when man depended on wildlife for food, clothing or shelter. Wildlife's value today lies more specifically in the esthetic, educational and recreational uses we make of it. Time and ammunition spent in teaching our youth to be hunters, sportsmen and conservationists are not wasted. As a father, you can teach by setting a good example. This can be a valuable contribution to your youngster's future and the wildlife which he soon will be challenged to conserve.

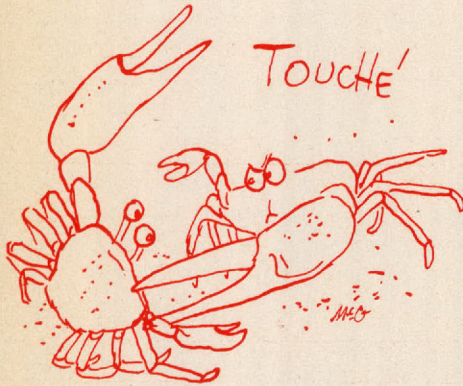
September gives you a chance to prove to your family and your neighbors a lot you should already know: the practice of good sportsmanship in hunting builds character; promotes a better understanding of man's relationship to his natural environment; provides wholesome recreational activities—there's more to hunting than just the shooting! **

T. D. CARROLL

Coordinator

Information and Education Branch

AT EARLY DAWN, a fisherman carrying a spade and bucket as he fights the mosquitoes through a grassy salt flat looks for a clear spot in the muddy sand. He spots telltale holes and burrows and starts to dig, soon filling his bucket with small brown, indignant crustaceans commonly known as fiddler crabs. These little creatures are choice



bait for redbfish and drum; when placed on a small long-shank hook tied to a small line and dropped carefully between the rocks on a jetty, the fiddler is a real winner for a passing sheephead.

Besides being a victim of the fisherman, the fiddler crab is natural prey of an assortment of shore birds including sea gulls, various herons and long-beaked curlew.

Fiddler crabs, prolific inhabitants of Texas' marine environment, set up their burrow colonies on practically every available spot of marsh mud banks, bayshores and other brackish water

areas. The crabs usually dig their burrows between the low and high tidal marks, or just slightly above high tide. Each crab digs its own burrow, carefully packing the mud with its legs and pressing the mud against its body to form hard pellets which it piles up at the end of the burrow. The tunnel extends for perhaps three feet, ending in a small horizontal chamber. Of course, the onset of a high tide may become a threat to a burrow built too low. The fiddler seems to anticipate the rising of the water level and carefully packs mud into his entrance to keep the water out. When the water recedes, he dislodges the mud and re-opens his burrows.

The fiddler is a very sociable creature which has all the basic problems of modern living. Fiddler crab communities are like small towns with their daily chores of burrow keeping, burrow cleaning, eating, baby-crab rearing, and social activities of courtships and neighborhood arguments.

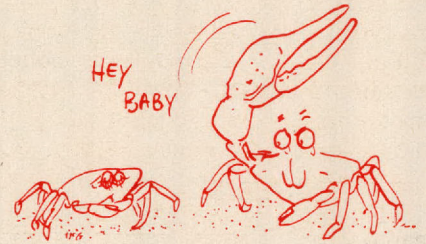
The male fiddler crab is distinguished by its huge oversized claw. The female has only two small claws. The male's large claw plays an important role in the crab's life in social and routine matters as well as in self-preservation. The fiddler is very particular about what it eats. It wanders over the mud bank sorting out with its claws the tastiest morsels of food which it devours like a gourmet. The large claw can also double as a spade and trowel for burrow-building and mud-packing.

When a disagreement arises, whether over a lady-friend, a trespass violation, or personality clash, the male fiddlers

waves his huge claw in beckoning motions to the passing females. When a female is finally attracted, perhaps many hours later, mating occurs. The female soon deposits thousands of tiny eggs in a spot on her abdomen, where they cling to many fine hairs. After two or three months, the eggs hatch into free-floating larvae in the water and become part of the vast world of plankton life. At this time, they look very little like true crabs. Many of these larvae meet an early death because of a hungry fish. Those that survive go through a series of molts and changes until they become mature crabs and settle into walking positions.

Scientifically, the fiddler belongs to the large tribe of *Brachyura*, to which all true crabs belong, as opposed to *Anomura*, to which belong hermit crabs and mud shrimp. Fiddlers belong to the family *Ocypodidae*, making them first cousins to the ghost crab which is so common on Texas' Gulf beaches and which also digs burrows in the high zone near the sand dunes.

Fiddlers belong to the genus *Uca*, and in this genus there are six different species native to Texas including *Uca*



Feisty Fiddler

by SANDRA POUNDS LEARY

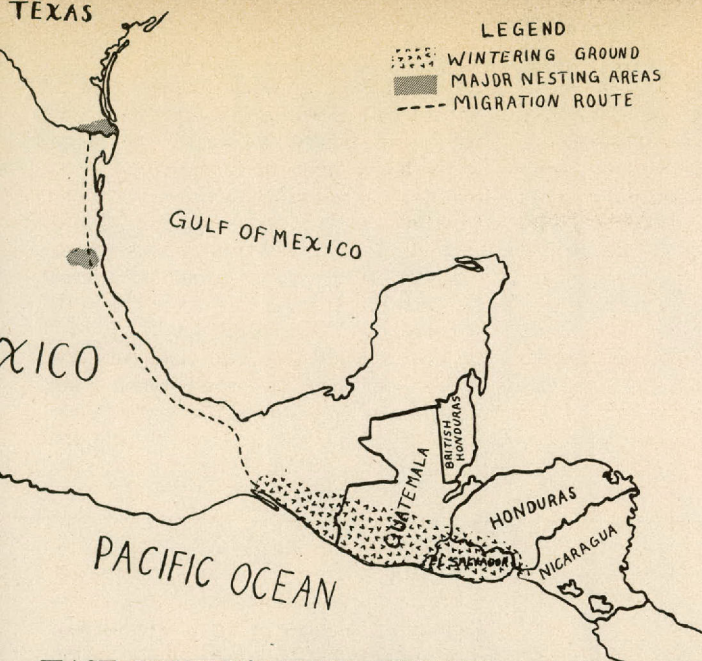


settle the dispute via hand-to-hand, or claw-to-claw, combat. The two crabs grip claws and wrestle until the argument is settled. The crabs then go their separate ways.

When spring warms the mud banks, the young crab's fancy turns to girl-crabs, and courtship proceedings begin. The male stands before his burrow and

minax, the red-jointed fiddler, *Uca pugilator*, the sand fiddler, and *Uca pug-nax*, the mud fiddler.

These crabs get their common name from the large claw. When the claw is held in front of the body it resembles a fiddle. Thus the half-dollar sized crustaceans are miniature fiddlers of the coastal shores. **



Valley Venture

by CALVIN W. VERNOR
 Biologist II

with nesting birds and there is no room there for displaced birds.

During June, a biologist and five summer assistants (undergraduate biology students) banded some 8,600 whitewing nestlings in Mexico. Most of them were banded in the large nesting areas near Mante and San Fernando, Tamaulipas, Mexico. Respectively, the two areas are approximately 85 air miles and 250 air miles south of Brownsville.

In the area around San Fernando, about 95 per cent of the nests were found in prickly pear cactus. This is in direct contrast to the nest sites in Texas, where the birds use large trees such as ebony, anaqua, brasil and citrus. Why the whitewings choose the cactus for nesting sites is not known. Other brush and trees are available, but these particular birds prefer cactus. The tendency to use citrus trees in Texas has become so great that about 65 per cent of the Valley whitewings now nest in the groves, so the winter's freeze made deep inroads into this year's bird production. Even though some of the birds nested in the young citrus trees, there was just not enough protection. Predation, especially by boat-tailed grackles, was unusually heavy.

The clearing of large tracts of native brushlands each year is also making serious encroachments on available nesting sites. Biologists are doing some experimental work in re-establishing this native brush on areas from which it has been cleared. This work, so far, has been on very small areas. Biologists report that the work will be a difficult, costly, long-range procedure. They expect the job would be easier and much faster in areas where irrigation is available. They report that it is much better to preserve the land in its native state. Much more work in this field needs to be done before definite conclusions can be reached.

While working in the dense brush and cactus of Mexico, biologists encountered many obstacles. Humidity near 95 per cent, temperatures well over 100 degrees, biting flies, blister bugs, giant rattlesnakes, a multitude of all kinds of thorns and 18 inches of rain in four days didn't improve the working conditions.

• Continued on Page 26

LAST WINTER'S HARD FREEZE and the resultant loss of old citrus trees in the Rio Grande Valley is reflected in this year's smaller white-winged dove crop and shorter hunting season (Sept. 7 and 9 compared to Sept. 7, 8 and 9 last year). This lighter crop is another problem for biologists working on an extensive banding program begun several years ago.

Although the program is still new and banding and hunting season analysis figures from several more years are needed, biologists already have collected data important to advances in the dove management field. When enough data has been collected, biologists will be able to compare mortality rates of adult and young birds during hunting season and to survey the loss on their wintering grounds.

Last spring, when the white-winged doves arrived in the lower Rio Grande Valley, biologists were prepared to give them a welcome. Traps had been set and baited with grain on the Pate Ranch near Hidalgo and on the Longoria Unit of the Las Palomas Wildlife Management Area, four miles north of Santa Rosa. These hardware cloth traps caught more than 3,000 adult whitewings, which were banded and released to continue raising families.

From the many bands received each winter, project biologists have learned that these Valley whitewings winter on the Pacific side of southern Mexico, Guatemala, Honduras, El Salvador and Nicaragua. Loss on the wintering ground is thought to be due partly to disease and partly to commercial trapping of birds.

They have also learned something about the bird's life span. Bands show that most birds live less than two years, but occasionally a band is taken from an eight- or nine-year-old bird.

The researchers have discovered that whitewings return, year after year, to nest in the area where they were hatched. There are, however, exceptions. The whitewings sometime return to find the native brushland has been cleared, leaving no trees for nesting. They remain for days searching for their lost homesteads. Where they go after they leave this site is still not known. The brushlands in the area are already saturated



PORT ISABEL TEXAS

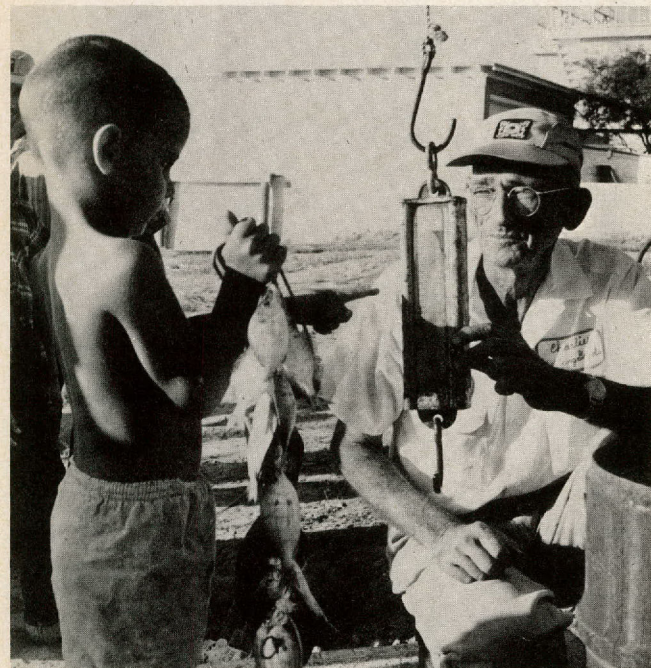
LONG SWELLS LIFTED THE BOAT gently up to the peaks, then lowered it gracefully into the troughs. The early morning sun sparkled on the wrinkled face of the Gulf and scorched the faces of two fishermen seated in fishing chairs in the rear cockpit. Mullet baits trailing on a line clipped atop the outriggers skipped along on the surface. Suddenly, a red flash crashed into one of the baits, jerking the line from the out-rigger. Automatically, the fisherman seated at the right heaved back on his rod to set the hook.

The battle was short. The fish turned out to be a huge red snapper. A drama like this doesn't happen very often since these snappers normally remain near the bottom to feed. But the fishermen reported snapper all around the boat just below the Gulf's surface. Before the day was over, they had landed several nice snapper.

Charley Holmes from Ingleside, hooked a sailfish in the bill and landed it. However, on the bill was a clump of nylon rope which had grown into it. The sail hit at the bait and the hook became entangled in the fuzzy nylon ornament on its bill. "It was like hooking a bull in the nose," kidded Holmes, "and the fight wasn't what you would expect from a sail."

All of this was happening at the 24th Texas International Fishing Tournament at Port Isabel August 2-5. This seemed to be a year for oddities at the coastal tournament.

Tom Holleron, San Antonio, was coaxing a sail in when an anxious ling zoomed in and clobbered the mullet which had slipped off the hook onto the line. The ling took the mullet and left Holleron's line in two



Four-year-old Jason Ray of Port Isabel tries to convince Jody Golsby, one of the weighmasters, that his string of pin perch which weighed 1¾ lbs. deserves the BIG scales—the ones for sailfish and tarpon.



Tommy Caldwell displays one of the two big sailfish he caught on a 12-pound test line. The Corpus Christi man won the tournament grand championship title.

by CURTIS CARPENTER

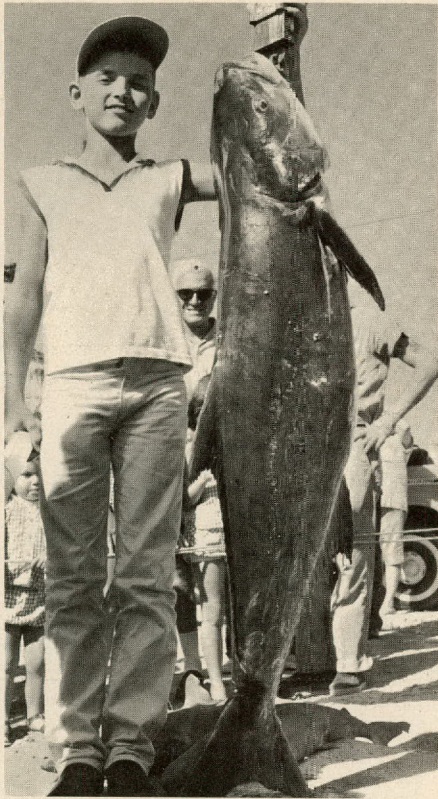
pieces. Another fisherman lost three sails. The first escaped when a reel blew up. The second one got off when the line became entangled in the tip of his rod and snapped. The third sail was brought alongside for gaffing and as the guice grabbed the leader the sail twisted off the hook and disappeared into the deep blue.

Three ambitious fishermen spent all three days tempting hundreds of tarpon rolling in the "tarpon hole" just off the causeway entrance. They threw everything but the motor at the tarpon. They landed one silver side, and learned one lesson: Tarpon are independent characters. Each day, they returned to the dock to tell a story of a section of water literally saturated with small tarpon and of a frolicsome skate which would burst through the bay surface, beat its flippers a couple of times, and smack back into the water.

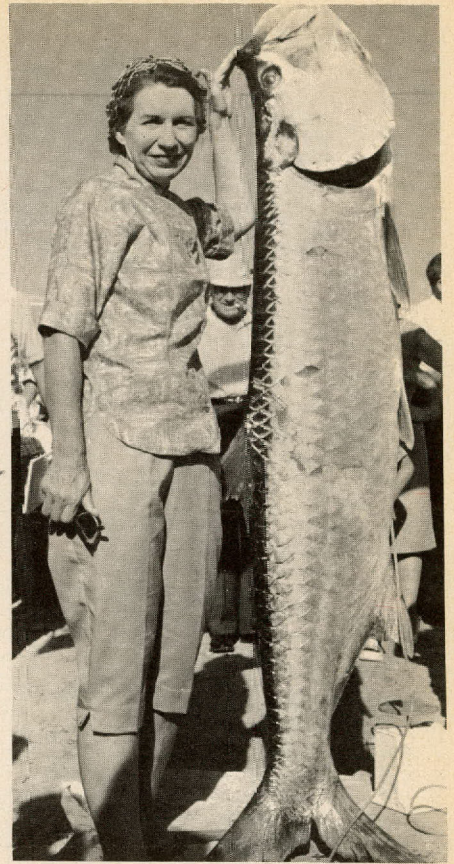
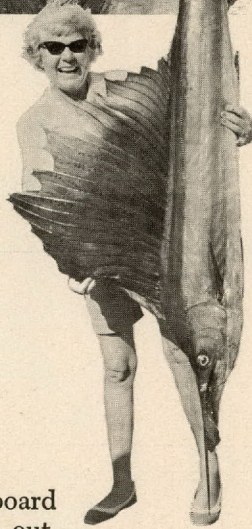
The story goes that Francis Knapp, Brownsville, spotted a man thrashing in the water alongside a boat some 22 miles offshore. Realizing that he was in trouble, Knapp dived into the water and helped to get the man aboard.

One other couple had some difficulty in getting to a

Glen Arthur of Donna weighed in the largest sailfish of the tournament (right). It tipped the scales at 55 lbs. and measured 7 ft. 7 in. He racked up the second highest overall score.



Twelve-year-old Butch Beck, III, won the largest ling trophy of the men's division with this 71 lb. catch. Young Beck is from Corpus Christi.



Mrs. Don Sheldon of Donna won the tournament tarpon title with her 105 pounder. She has won first in the women's tarpon division for the past three years. Her husband caught the second largest tarpon of the 4-day tourney.

At left, Mrs. Lester (Cissy) Brusse of Ingleside beams beside one of the fish that won her first in women's sailfish division. She also won first in ladies' offshore fishing competition.

spot where they could fish. The first day, their outboard refused to start. They got it going and headed out, only to have it conk out in the middle of the bay. They had to be towed in. The second day, the motor purred like all good motors should, but the gearshift wouldn't work. Disgusted just a little, they decided that on the third and final day they would surf fish, to heck with the boat. So down Padre Island they traveled, only to get stuck in the sand.

It's these unexpected bits of entertainment and the unheard of action which make tournaments fascinating. When in the midst of wild waters, a person can expect all kinds of surprises. Probably the biggest thrill of all, is to learn that you have more points than the others, and a championship is yours.

Tommy Caldwell has a habit of winning tournaments. He took the Texas International Fishing Tournament Grand Champion Fisherman trophy. He won a similar title at Port Aransas just a few weeks before. One previous year he won the Port Aransas tournament, and just last season he placed first in the heaviest sailfish division. Being a light-line specialist, he took his sails on 12-pound test line, and this built up points fast. The points are figured on a formula using the size of fish and the line size. The smaller the line, the higher the score on a catch. So, a fisherman has two choices:

a chance of more fish on heavier line to build up a score, or a chance for less fish on lighter line but a possible high score. Caldwell chose the light line and won.

Glen Arthur, Alice, placed second with two sails taken on 20-pound test line. His largest, 55 pounds and 7 feet, 7 inches long, was the largest sail taken during the tournament.

Mrs. Lester Brusse placed first in the women's offshore fishing and sailfish divisions, after bringing in a sailfish each of the final two days.

Mrs. Don Sheldon, for the third time in a row, took first place in the tarpon division with a 105-pound fish.

• Continued on Page 26

Charles Holmes hooked this sailfish in an odd fashion. The hook caught in a mass of nylon rope which had been clinging to the sailfish's bill for years. There were no hook marks present.



AMARILLO

DAY	SEPTEMBER		OCTOBER		NOVEMBER		DECEMBER	
	RISE A.M.	SET P.M.	RISE A.M.	SET P.M.	RISE A.M.	SET P.M.	RISE A.M.	SET P.M.
1	6:19	7:14	6:41	6:31	7:08	5:52	7:37	5:35
2	6:20	7:13	6:42	6:30	7:09	5:52	7:38	5:35
3	6:20	7:11	6:43	6:28	7:10	5:51	7:39	5:34
4	6:21	7:10	6:44	6:27	7:11	5:50	7:39	5:34
5	6:22	7:08	6:44	6:25	7:12	5:49	7:40	5:34
6	6:23	7:07	6:45	6:24	7:13	5:48	7:41	5:34
7	6:23	7:06	6:46	6:23	7:14	5:47	7:42	5:34
8	6:24	7:04	6:47	6:21	7:15	5:46	7:43	5:35
9	6:25	7:03	6:48	6:20	7:16	5:45	7:44	5:35
10	6:26	7:01	6:49	6:19	7:17	5:45	7:44	5:35
11	6:26	7:00	6:49	6:17	7:18	5:44	7:45	5:35
12	6:27	6:59	6:50	6:16	7:19	5:43	7:46	5:35
13	6:28	6:57	6:51	6:15	7:20	5:42	7:47	5:35
14	6:29	6:56	6:52	6:13	7:21	5:42	7:47	5:36
15	6:29	6:54	6:53	6:12	7:22	5:41	7:48	5:36
16	6:30	6:53	6:54	6:11	7:22	5:40	7:49	5:36
17	6:31	6:51	6:54	6:10	7:23	5:40	7:49	5:37
18	6:32	6:50	6:55	6:08	7:24	5:39	7:50	5:37
19	6:32	6:48	6:56	6:07	7:25	5:39	7:50	5:37
20	6:33	6:47	6:57	6:06	7:26	5:38	7:51	5:38
21	6:34	6:45	6:58	6:05	7:27	5:38	7:51	5:38
22	6:34	6:44	6:59	6:03	7:28	5:37	7:52	5:39
23	6:35	6:43	7:00	6:02	7:29	5:37	7:52	5:39
24	6:36	6:41	7:01	6:01	7:30	5:36	7:53	5:40
25	6:37	6:40	7:01	6:00	7:31	5:36	7:53	5:41
26	6:37	6:38	7:02	5:59	7:32	5:36	7:54	5:41
27	6:38	6:37	7:03	5:58	7:33	5:35	7:54	5:42
28	6:39	6:35	7:04	5:57	7:34	5:35	7:54	5:42
29	6:40	6:34	7:05	5:56	7:35	5:35	7:55	5:43
30	6:41	6:33	7:06	5:55	7:36	5:35	7:55	5:44
31			7:07	5:53			7:55	5:45

AUSTIN

DAY	SEPTEMBER		OCTOBER		NOVEMBER		DECEMBER	
	RISE A.M.	SET P.M.	RISE A.M.	SET P.M.	RISE A.M.	SET P.M.	RISE A.M.	SET P.M.
1	6:07	6:54	6:24	6:17	6:45	5:44	7:10	5:30
2	6:08	6:53	6:25	6:15	6:46	5:43	7:10	5:30
3	6:08	6:51	6:25	6:14	6:46	5:42	7:11	5:30
4	6:09	6:50	6:26	6:13	6:47	5:41	7:12	5:30
5	6:10	6:49	6:26	6:12	6:48	5:40	7:13	5:30
6	6:10	6:48	6:27	6:10	6:49	5:40	7:13	5:30
7	6:11	6:47	6:28	6:09	6:50	5:39	7:14	5:30
8	6:11	6:45	6:28	6:08	6:50	5:38	7:15	5:30
9	6:12	6:44	6:29	6:07	6:51	5:38	7:16	5:31
10	6:12	6:43	6:29	6:06	6:52	5:37	7:16	5:31
11	6:13	6:42	6:30	6:05	6:53	5:36	7:17	5:31
12	6:13	6:40	6:31	6:03	6:54	5:36	7:18	5:31
13	6:14	6:39	6:31	6:02	6:55	5:35	7:18	5:31
14	6:14	6:38	6:32	6:01	6:55	5:35	7:19	5:32
15	6:15	6:37	6:33	6:00	6:56	5:34	7:20	5:32
16	6:16	6:35	6:33	5:59	6:57	5:34	7:20	5:32
17	6:16	6:34	6:34	5:58	6:58	5:33	7:21	5:33
18	6:17	6:33	6:35	5:57	6:59	5:33	7:22	5:33
19	6:17	6:32	6:35	5:56	7:00	5:33	7:22	5:34
20	6:18	6:30	6:36	5:55	7:00	5:32	7:23	5:34
21	6:18	6:29	6:37	5:54	7:01	5:32	7:23	5:35
22	6:19	6:28	6:37	5:53	7:02	5:32	7:24	5:35
23	6:19	6:26	6:38	5:52	7:03	5:31	7:24	5:36
24	6:20	6:25	6:39	5:51	7:04	5:31	7:25	5:36
25	6:21	6:24	6:40	5:50	7:05	5:31	7:25	5:37
26	6:21	6:23	6:40	5:49	7:05	5:31	7:25	5:37
27	6:22	6:21	6:41	5:48	7:06	5:30	7:26	5:38
28	6:22	6:20	6:42	5:47	7:07	5:30	7:26	5:39
29	6:23	6:19	6:43	5:46	7:08	5:30	7:27	5:39
30	6:23	6:18	6:43	5:45	7:09	5:30	7:27	5:40
31			6:44	5:44			7:27	5:41

Sunrise - - -

Sunset

Texas hunters look to the sun as their guide to legal shooting hours. The following sunrise and sunset charts are from ten general weather stations over the state, compiled by Hoye S. Dunham, meteorologist in charge of the Austin weather bureau. They are listed according to Central Standard time zones except El Paso, which is Mountain Standard. Interpolation for your town from these key stations will give satisfactory times.



BEAUMONT/PORT ARTHUR

DAY	SEPTEMBER		OCTOBER		NOVEMBER		DECEMBER	
	RISE A.M.	SET P.M.	RISE A.M.	SET P.M.	RISE A.M.	SET P.M.	RISE A.M.	SET P.M.
1	5:53	6:39	6:09	6:02	6:30	5:29	6:54	5:16
2	5:53	6:38	6:10	6:01	6:30	5:29	6:55	5:16
3	5:54	6:36	6:10	5:59	6:31	5:28	6:56	5:16
4	5:54	6:35	6:11	5:58	6:32	5:27	6:56	5:16
5	5:55	6:34	6:12	5:57	6:33	5:26	6:57	5:16
6	5:56	6:33	6:12	5:56	6:34	5:26	6:58	5:16
7	5:56	6:32	6:13	5:55	6:34	5:25	6:59	5:16
8	5:57	6:30	6:13	5:54	6:35	5:24	6:59	5:16
9	5:57	6:29	6:14	5:52	6:36	5:24	7:00	5:17
10	5:58	6:28	6:15	5:51	6:37	5:23	7:01	5:17
11	5:58	6:27	6:15	5:50	6:38	5:22	7:02	5:17
12	5:59	6:25	6:16	5:49	6:38	5:22	7:02	5:17
13	5:59	6:24	6:16	5:48	6:39	5:21	7:03	5:18
14	6:00	6:23	6:17	5:47	6:40	5:21	7:04	5:18
15	6:00	6:22	6:18	5:46	6:41	5:20	7:04	5:18
16	6:01	6:21	6:18	5:45	6:42	5:20	7:05	5:19
17	6:01	6:19	6:19	5:43	6:43	5:19	7:05	5:19
18	6:02	6:18	6:20	5:42	6:43	5:19	7:06	5:19
19	6:03	6:17	6:20	5:41	6:44	5:18	7:07	5:20
20	6:03	6:16	6:21	5:40	6:45	5:18	7:07	5:20
21	6:04	6:14	6:22	5:39	6:46	5:18	7:08	5:21
22	6:04	6:13	6:22	5:38	6:47	5:17	7:08	5:21
23	6:05	6:12	6:23	5:37	6:48	5:17	7:09	5:22
24	6:05	6:11	6:24	5:36	6:48	5:17	7:09	5:22
25	6:06	6:09	6:25	5:35	6:49	5:17	7:10	5:23
26	6:06	6:08	6:25	5:35	6:50	5:17	7:10	5:23
27	6:07	6:07	6:26	5:34	6:51	5:16	7:10	5:24
28	6:07	6:06	6:27	5:33	6:52	5:16	7:11	5:25
29	6:08	6:04	6:27	5:32	6:52	5:16	7:11	5:25
30	6:09	6:03	6:28	5:31	6:53	5:16	7:11	5:26
31			6:29	5:30			7:12	5:27

BROWNSVILLE

DAY	SEPTEMBER		OCTOBER		NOVEMBER		DECEMBER	
	RISE A.M.	SET P.M.	RISE A.M.	SET P.M.	RISE A.M.	SET P.M.	RISE A.M.	SET P.M.
1	6:10	6:49	6:22	6:17	6:38	5:48	6:59	5:38
2	6:10	6:48	6:22	6:16	6:39	5:48	7:00	5:38
3	6:11	6:47	6:23	6:14	6:39	5:47	7:01	5:38
4	6:11	6:46	6:23	6:13	6:40	5:46	7:02	5:38
5	6:11	6:45	6:24	6:12	6:41	5:46	7:02	5:38
6	6:12	6:44	6:24	6:11	6:41	5:45	7:03	5:38
7	6:12	6:43	6:25	6:10	6:42	5:45	7:04	5:39
8	6:13	6:42	6:25	6:09	6:43	5:44	7:04	5:39
9	6:13	6:41	6:25	6:08	6:43	5:43	7:05	5:39
10	6:13	6:40	6:26	6:07	6:44	5:43	7:06	5:39
11	6:14	6:39	6:26	6:06	6:45	5:42	7:06	5:40
12	6:14	6:38	6:27	6:05	6:46	5:42	7:07	5:40
13	6:15	6:36	6:27	6:04	6:46	5:42	7:08	5:40
14	6:15	6:35	6:28	6:03	6:47	5:41	7:08	5:40
15	6:15	6:34	6:28	6:02	6:48	5:41	7:09	5:41
16	6:16	6:33	6:29	6:01	6:48	5:40	7:09	5:41
17	6:16	6:32	6:29	6:00	6:49	5:40	7:10	5:42
18	6:17	6:31	6:30	6:00	6:50	5:40	7:11	5:42
19	6:17	6:30	6:31	5:59	6:51	5:39	7:11	5:43
20	6:17	6:29	6:31	5:58	6:51	5:39	7:12	5:43
21	6:18	6:28	6:32	5:57	6:52	5:39	7:12	5:43
22	6:18	6:26	6:32	5:56	6:53	5:39	7:13	5:44
23	6:19	6:25	6:33	5:55	6:54	5:39	7:13	5:44
24	6:19	6:24	6:33	5:54	6:54	5:38	7:14	5:45
25	6:19	6:23	6:34	5:54	6:55	5:38	7:14	5:46
26	6:20	6:22	6:34	5:53	6:56	5:38	7:15	5:46
27	6:20	6:21	6:35	5:52	6:56	5:38	7:15	5:47
28	6:21	6:20	6:36	5:51	6:57	5:38	7:15	5:47
29	6:21	6:19	6:36	5:50	6:58	5:38	7:16	5:48
30	6:21	6:18	6:37	5:50	6:59	5:38	7:16	5:49
31			6:37	5:49			7:16	5:49

DALLAS

DAY	SEPTEMBER		OCTOBER		NOVEMBER		DECEMBER	
	RISE A.M.	SET P.M.	RISE A.M.	SET P.M.	RISE A.M.	SET P.M.	RISE A.M.	SET P.M.
1	6:02	6:53	6:21	6:12	6:45	5:37	7:12	5:21
2	6:02	6:51	6:22	6:11	6:46	5:36	7:13	5:21
3	6:03	6:50	6:23	6:10	6:47	5:35	7:13	5:21
4	6:04	6:49	6:23	6:08	6:48	5:34	7:14	5:21
5	6:04	6:47	6:24	6:07	6:49	5:33	7:15	5:21
6	6:05	6:46	6:25	6:06	6:49	5:32	7:16	5:21
7	6:06	6:45	6:25	6:05	6:50	5:32	7:17	5:21
8	6:06	6:43	6:26	6:03	6:51	5:31	7:17	5:21
9	6:07	6:42	6:27	6:02	6:52	5:30	7:18	5:21
10	6:08	6:41	6:28	6:01	6:53	5:29	7:19	5:21
11	6:08	6:39	6:28	6:00	6:54	5:29	7:20	5:22
12	6:09	6:38	6:29	5:58	6:55	5:28	7:20	5:22
13	6:09	6:37	6:30	5:57	6:56	5:27	7:21	5:22
14	6:10	6:35	6:31	5:56	6:57	5:27	7:22	5:22
15	6:11	6:34	6:31	5:55	6:57	5:26	7:22	5:23
16	6:11	6:33	6:32	5:53	6:58	5:26	7:23	5:23
17	6:12	6:31	6:33	5:52	6:59	5:25	7:24	5:23
18	6:13	6:30	6:34	5:51	7:00	5:25	7:24	5:24
19	6:13	6:29	6:34	5:50	7:01	5:24	7:25	5:24
20	6:14	6:27	6:35	5:49	7:02	5:24	7:25	5:25
21	6:15	6:26	6:36	5:48	7:03	5:23	7:26	5:25
22	6:15	6:24	6:37	5:47	7:04	5:23	7:26	5:26
23	6:16	6:23	6:38	5:46	7:05	5:23	7:27	5:26
24	6:17	6:22	6:38	5:45	7:06	5:22	7:27	5:27
25	6:17	6:20	6:39	5:43	7:07	5:22	7:28	5:27
26	6:18	6:19	6:40	5:42	7:07	5:22	7:28	5:28
27	6:19	6:18	6:41	5:41	7:08	5:22	7:29	5:28
28	6:19	6:16	6:42	5:40	7:09	5:21	7:29	5:29
29	6:20	6:15	6:42	5:39	7:10	5:21	7:29	5:30
30	6:21	6:14	6:43	5:38	7:11	5:21	7:30	5:30
31			6:44	5:38			7:30	5:31

DEL RIO

DAY	SEPTEMBER		OCTOBER		NOVEMBER		DECEMBER	
	RISE A.M.	SET P.M.	RISE A.M.	SET P.M.	RISE A.M.	SET P.M.	RISE A.M.	SET P.M.
1	6:21	7:06	6:37	6:30	6:56	5:58	7:20	5:45
2	6:21	7:05	6:37	6:28	6:57	5:57	7:21	5:45
3	6:22	7:03	6:38	6:27	6:58	5:56	7:22	5:45
4	6:22	7:02	6:38	6:26	6:59	5:55	7:23	5:45
5	6:23	7:01	6:39	6:25	6:59	5:55	7:23	5:45
6	6:23	7:00	6:39	6:24	7:00	5:54	7:24	5:45
7	6:24	6:59	6:40	6:22	7:01	5:53	7:25	5:45
8	6:24	6:58	6:40	6:21	7:02	5:53	7:26	5:45
9	6:25	6:56	6:41	6:20	7:02	5:52	7:26	5:45
10	6:25	6:55	6:42	6:19	7:03	5:51	7:27	5:46
11	6:26	6:54	6:42	6:18	7:04	5:51	7:28	5:46
12	6:27	6:53	6:43	6:17	7:05	5:50	7:28	5:46
13	6:27	6:51	6:43	6:16	7:06	5:50	7:29	5:46
14	6:28	6:50	6:44	6:15	7:06	5:49	7:30	5:47
15	6:28	6:49	6:45	6:14	7:07	5:49	7:30	5:47
16	6:29	6:48	6:45	6:13	7:08	5:48	7:31	5:47
17	6:29	6:47	6:46	6:11	7:09	5:48	7:31	5:48
18	6:30	6:45	6:47	6:10	7:10	5:47	7:32	5:48
19	6:30	6:44	6:47	6:09	7:11	5:47	7:33	5:49
20	6:31	6:43	6:48	6:08	7:11	5:47	7:33	5:49
21	6:31	6:42	6:49	6:07	7:12	5:46	7:34	5:50
22	6:32	6:40	6:49	6:06	7:13	5:46	7:34	5:50
23	6:32	6:39	6:50	6:05	7:14	5:46	7:35	5:51
24	6:33	6:38	6:51	6:05	7:15	5:46	7:35	5:51
25	6:33	6:37	6:51	6:04	7:15	5:45	7:36	5:52
26	6:34	6:36	6:52	6:03	7:16	5:45	7:36	5:52
27	6:34	6:34	6:53	6:02	7:17	5:45	7:36	5:53
28	6:35	6:33	6:53	6:01	7:18	5:45	7:37	5:54
29	6:35	6:32	6:54	6:00	7:19	5:45	7:37	5:54
30	6:36	6:31	6:55	5:59	7:19	5:45	7:37	5:55
31			6:56	5:58			7:38	5:56

EL PASO

DAY	SEPTEMBER		OCTOBER		NOVEMBER		DECEMBER	
	RISE A.M.	SET P.M.	RISE A.M.	SET P.M.	RISE A.M.	SET P.M.	RISE A.M.	SET P.M.
1	6:41	7:30	6:59	6:51	7:22	6:16	7:48	6:01
2	6:41	7:29	7:00	6:50	7:23	6:15	7:48	6:01
3	6:42	7:27	7:01	6:48	7:23	6:15	7:49	6:01
4	6:43	7:26	7:01	6:47	7:24	6:14	7:50	6:01
5	6:43	7:25	7:02	6:46	7:25	6:13	7:51	6:01
6	6:44	7:24	7:02	6:45	7:26	6:12	7:52	6:01
7	6:44	7:22	7:03	6:43	7:27	6:11	7:52	6:02
8	6:45	7:21	7:04	6:42	7:28	6:11	7:53	6:02
9	6:46	7:20	7:04	6:41	7:29	6:10	7:54	6:02
10	6:46	7:18	7:05	6:40	7:29	6:09	7:55	6:02
11	6:47	7:17	7:06	6:38	7:30	6:09	7:55	6:02
12	6:48	7:16	7:07	6:37	7:31	6:08	7:56	6:02
13	6:48	7:14	7:07	6:36	7:32	6:08	7:57	6:03
14	6:49	7:13	7:08	6:35	7:33	6:07	7:57	6:03
15	6:49	7:12	7:09	6:34	7:34	6:06	7:58	6:03
16	6:50	7:10	7:09	6:33	7:35	6:06	7:59	6:04
17	6:51	7:09	7:10	6:31	7:36	6:05	7:59	6:04
18	6:51	7:08	7:11	6:30	7:36	6:05	8:00	6:04
19	6:52	7:07	7:12	6:29	7:37	6:04	8:00	6:05
20	6:52	7:05	7:12	6:28	7:38	6:04	8:01	6:05
21	6:53	7:04	7:13	6:27	7:39	6:04	8:02	6:06
22	6:54	7:03	7:14	6:26	7:40	6:03	8:02	6:06
23	6:54	7:01	7:15	6:25	7:41	6:03	8:03	6:07
24	6:55	7:00	7:15	6:24	7:42	6:03	8:03	6:07
25	6:55	6:59	7:16	6:23	7:43	6:02	8:03	6:08
26	6:56	6:57	7:17	6:22	7:43	6:02	8:04	6:09
27	6:57	6:56	7:18	6:21	7:44	6:02	8:04	6:09
28	6:57	6:55	7:19	6:20	7:45	6:02	8:05	6:10
29	6:58	6:53	7:19	6:19	7:46	6:02	8:05	6:11
30	6:59	6:52	7:20	6:18	7:47	6:02	8:05	6:11
31			7:21	6:17			8:05	6:12

MIDLAND/ODESSA

DAY	SEPTEMBER		OCTOBER		NOVEMBER		DECEMBER	
	RISE A.M.	SET P.M.	RISE A.M.	SET P.M.	RISE A.M.	SET P.M.	RISE A.M.	SET P.M.
1	6:24	7:13	6:42	6:34	7:05	5:59	7:31	5:44
2	6:25	7:12	6:43	6:33	7:06	5:58	7:32	5:44
3	6:25	7:11	6:44	6:31	7:07	5:58	7:33	5:44
4	6:26	7:09	6:44	6:30	7:08	5:57	7:34	5:44
5	6:26	7:08	6:45	6:29	7:08	5:56	7:34	5:44
6	6:27	7:07	6:46	6:28	7:09	5:55	7:35	5:44
7	6:28	7:06	6:46	6:26	7:10	5:54	7:36	5:44
8	6:28	7:04	6:47	6:25	7:11	5:54	7:37	5:45
9	6:29	7:03	6:48	6:24	7:12	5:53	7:37	5:45
10	6:29	7:02	6:48	6:23	7:13	5:52	7:38	5:45
11	6:30	7:00	6:49	6:22	7:14	5:52	7:39	5:45
12	6:31	6:59	6:50	6:20	7:15	5:51	7:40	5:45
13	6:31	6:58	6:51	6:19	7:15	5:50	7:40	5:46
14	6:32	6:56	6:51	6:18	7:16	5:50	7:41	5:46
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30	6:42	6:35	7:03	6:01	7:30	5:44	7:49	5:54
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SHREVEPORT, LA./NORTHEAST TEXAS

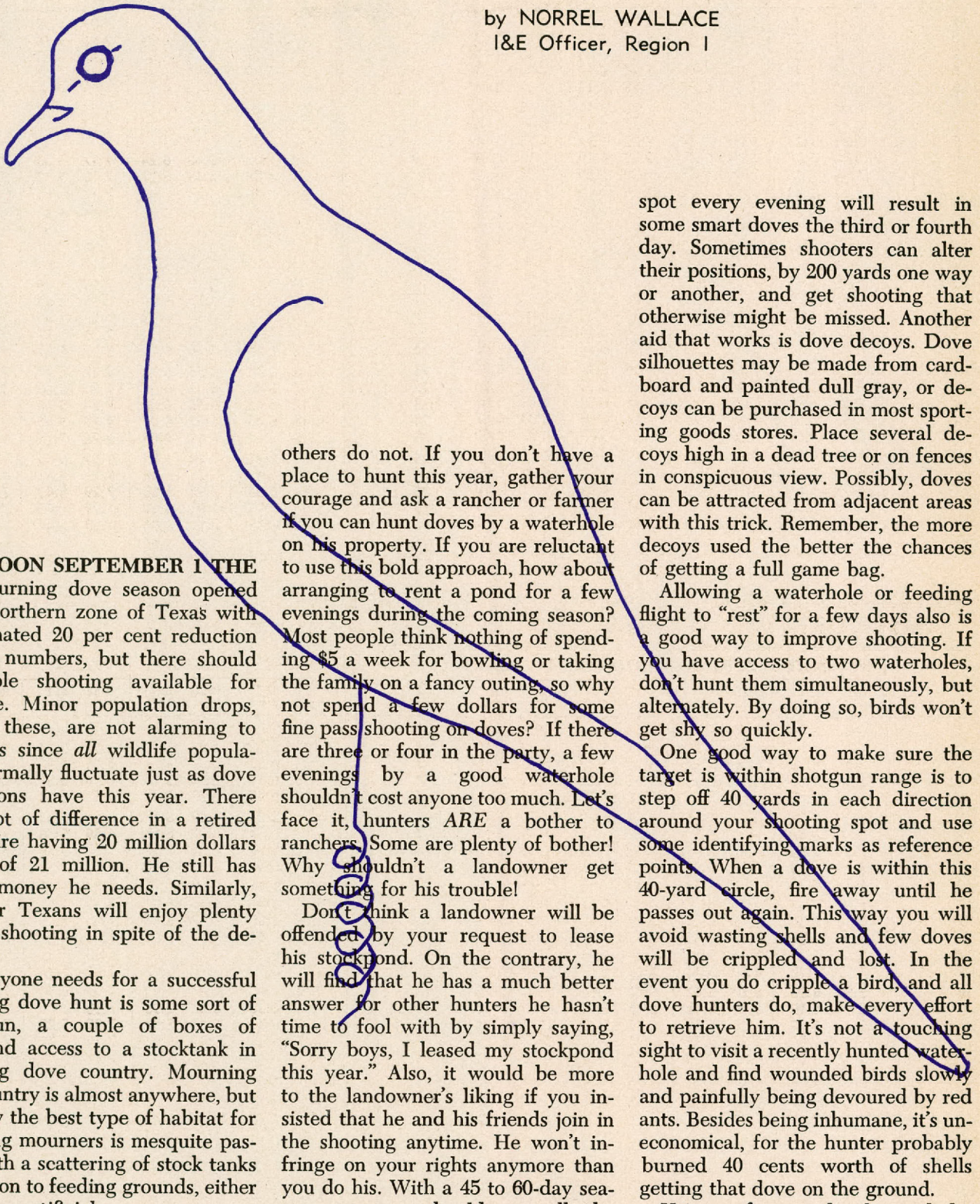
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29	6:08	6:03	6:30	5:28	6:57	5:10	7:16	5:19
30	6:08	6:02	6:31	5:27	6:58	5:10	7:16	5:19
31			6:31	5:26			7:17	5:20

WICHITA FALLS

DAY	SEPTEMBER		OCTOBER		NOVEMBER		DECEMBER	
	RISE A.M.	SET P.M.	RISE A.M.	SET P.M.	RISE A.M.	SET P.M.	RISE A.M.	SET P.M.
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8	6:12	6:51	6:33	6:09	7:00	5:36	7:27	5:25
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29	6:27	6:21	6:51	5:45	7:19	5:25	7:39	5:34
30	6:28	6:20	6:52	5:44	7:20	5:25	7:39	5:34
31			6:52	5:43			7:39	5:35

Altering Odds

by NORREL WALLACE
I&E Officer, Region I



AT NOON SEPTEMBER 1 THE mourning dove season opened in the northern zone of Texas with an estimated 20 per cent reduction in dove numbers, but there should be ample shooting available for everyone. Minor population drops, such as these, are not alarming to biologists since *all* wildlife populations normally fluctuate just as dove populations have this year. There isn't a lot of difference in a retired millionaire having 20 million dollars instead of 21 million. He still has all the money he needs. Similarly, this year Texans will enjoy plenty of dove shooting in spite of the decrease.

All anyone needs for a successful mourning dove hunt is some sort of scattergun, a couple of boxes of shells and access to a stocktank in mourning dove country. Mourning dove country is almost anywhere, but probably the best type of habitat for fast flying mourners is mesquite pastures with a scattering of stock tanks in addition to feeding grounds, either natural or artificial.

Many sportsmen have access to fine dove hunting spots, but many

others do not. If you don't have a place to hunt this year, gather your courage and ask a rancher or farmer if you can hunt doves by a waterhole on his property. If you are reluctant to use this bold approach, how about arranging to rent a pond for a few evenings during the coming season? Most people think nothing of spending \$5 a week for bowling or taking the family on a fancy outing, so why not spend a few dollars for some fine pass shooting on doves? If there are three or four in the party, a few evenings by a good waterhole shouldn't cost anyone too much. Let's face it, hunters ARE a bother to ranchers. Some are plenty of bother! Why shouldn't a landowner get something for his trouble!

Don't think a landowner will be offended by your request to lease his stockpond. On the contrary, he will find that he has a much better answer for other hunters he hasn't time to fool with by simply saying, "Sorry boys, I leased my stockpond this year." Also, it would be more to the landowner's liking if you insisted that he and his friends join in the shooting anytime. He won't infringe on your rights anymore than you do his. With a 45 to 60-day season everyone should get all the shooting he wants.

Shooting doves from the same

spot every evening will result in some smart doves the third or fourth day. Sometimes shooters can alter their positions, by 200 yards one way or another, and get shooting that otherwise might be missed. Another aid that works is dove decoys. Dove silhouettes may be made from cardboard and painted dull gray, or decoys can be purchased in most sporting goods stores. Place several decoys high in a dead tree or on fences in conspicuous view. Possibly, doves can be attracted from adjacent areas with this trick. Remember, the more decoys used the better the chances of getting a full game bag.

Allowing a waterhole or feeding flight to "rest" for a few days also is a good way to improve shooting. If you have access to two waterholes, don't hunt them simultaneously, but alternately. By doing so, birds won't get shy so quickly.

One good way to make sure the target is within shotgun range is to step off 40 yards in each direction around your shooting spot and use some identifying marks as reference points. When a dove is within this 40-yard circle, fire away until he passes out again. This way you will avoid wasting shells and few doves will be crippled and lost. In the event you do cripple a bird, and all dove hunters do, make every effort to retrieve him. It's not a touching sight to visit a recently hunted waterhole and find wounded birds slowly and painfully being devoured by red ants. Besides being inhumane, it's uneconomical, for the hunter probably burned 40 cents worth of shells getting that dove on the ground.

Using a few good rules and devices, you can put doves in your bag this month. **

OLIVER

The



ONE APRIL DAY as I was plowing I noticed a large coachwhip snake. I tried to run over it with the plow, but to my surprise the snake crawled on the plow, from the plow to the tractor and from the tractor to my back inside my shirt and out the collar. I have a fear of snakes so off the tractor I went. As I lay on the ground, I noticed the snake had wrapped itself around the steering wheel of the tractor. Oliver, my year-old dog, who was following closely behind the tractor, came up to investigate. He looked at me, wondering what was wrong. I pitched a couple of clods of dirt to get the snake off the tractor. Then Oliver saw the snake and jumped on the tractor to get a closer look. As he poked his nose toward the snake, it bit him. Oliver decided this was war! The second time he came off the tractor, shaking the snake. From that day on, he killed every snake he saw.

I had gotten Oliver the month before. Early one Sunday morning in March of 1956, I had received a phone call from my Dad, asking if I still wanted a dog. He told me

Oliver Young, the porter at the local Elks Club, had one.

I had been looking for a dog—didn't make much difference what kind. I did want a small dog that would hunt rabbits and squirrels to keep me company when I worked on my small farm. At Oliver Young's house, I saw the dog confined in a small chicken pen, tied with a rope big enough to hold a bull. He was white with a black head and black saddle on his back and a black spot on his rump. He had long ears and tail and looked as if he were hungry.

I took him home wondering what my wife would think of him. . . . She didn't think much of him at first, but after a few days we were both fond of the little affectionate fellow. With time, he demanded attention and had a cache of tricks to get it. I named him Oliver for the man who gave him to me.

Oliver's second reptile encounter came in June of that year. I was walking through some thick brush looking for a new-born calf when I heard Oliver barking. I thought he had something treed, so I went to

see. When I got about 50 yards from him, I couldn't see what he had, but I could hear rattling. I knew what the dog had. As I moved closer to Oliver, he charged the snake. The snake struck him on the head, but he grabbed the snake and flung it into the air and caught it before it hit the ground. He gave it about a dozen hard shakes, and that was the end of a 3½-foot rattler. Within five minutes, Oliver's head was at least twice its normal size. I took him to a veterinarian. The vet gave him an injection and told me to take him home and keep him quiet. The next morning Oliver was still swollen, but he was not sick.

From 1956 to 1962 Oliver killed 30 or more rattlesnakes. I have not kept count. They ranged in size from 2 to 5½ feet. Some of them he practically pulled from under my feet. He was bitten 10 or more times. Many people say that animals build up immunity to snakes, but I found this false in Oliver's case. I gave him the same treatment after each bite. Sometimes he would not even go off his feed; other times he would be sick for a week or so.

In May of 1959, Oliver suffered another bite. I did not see the snake, but I found Oliver soon after he had been bitten. The bite was just above the left eye and was the worst bite he ever had. He lost the left side of his face and his left eye from it. He was sick about a month, and the sore never did heal completely. During the time Oliver was recuperating from this bite, our family moved out

Snake Killer

by R. H. BAUER JR.

to the farm. There he was happier than ever, and he was soon back to the business of killing snakes.

I have watched Oliver kill rattlers many times. He always used the same tactics. He would keep circling the snake just out of its striking range. After the snake would start striking, Oliver would wait for his chance and at the opportune moment he would grab the snake, toss it high into the air and catch it before it hit the ground. He always caught it just behind the head. After a dozen or so hard shakes, it would be a dead rattler and Oliver was through with it.

One thing I learned the hard way was that Oliver needed and accepted no help to kill the snakes. A few times when I got close to him, he grabbed his snake quickly. He was bitten this way a couple of times. Then I learned to leave him to his business.

On March 29 of this year, Oliver fought his last reptile battle. It was with a four-foot rattler. I heard Oliver barking and knew why. It was spring-time for battle. Oliver had the snake in a large pile of dead brush. He went into the brush pile and came out with the snake hanging on his left (blind) side. Oliver stumbled and fell when the snake came loose, and appeared to be unconscious. But before I could take two steps he was on his feet again and had the snake. After he killed the snake, I took him to the vet for his treatment, but about an hour and

a half later Oliver was dead.

Of course, I hated to lose Oliver, but he was getting old, and I guess he died doing what he enjoyed most. He didn't seem to suffer at all.

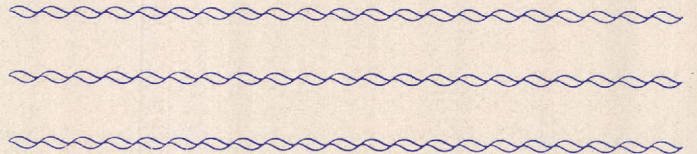
But war on rattlers at our farm

may not be ended. In April a litter of Oliver's pups was born and I have kept one with markings like Oliver's. Maybe next year the pup will take his father's place in reptile battle. **



P-R in

by VERNEN LILES



WE HEAR A LOT about federal aid in Texas these days. Whether you are for it or against it, federal aid is here. And it affects each of us.

Last year, more than \$908,000 in federal funds to aid in wildlife restoration were administered by the Texas Game and Fish Commission.

This program of state-federal participation in wildlife restoration and conservation is one of the least understood phases of the Commission's work. Yet, it would be difficult to find anywhere in Texas an individual—whether or not he hunts—who does not in some way benefit from the Commission's part in such work.

September marks the 25th anniversary of this federal aid program. It all dates back to the depression of the 1930's.

Serious threat to the survival of America's waterfowl during those years convinced conservationists that immediate remedial action was necessary if hunters ever again were to enjoy their favorite sport. Such action would have to provide well watered breeding, nesting and feeding areas; in many cases, feed itself had to be provided.

Biggest problem, in those lean years, was that the states lacked

money for wildlife restoration programs. They could neither purchase the land or water areas nor supply the immense funds needed for research and management.

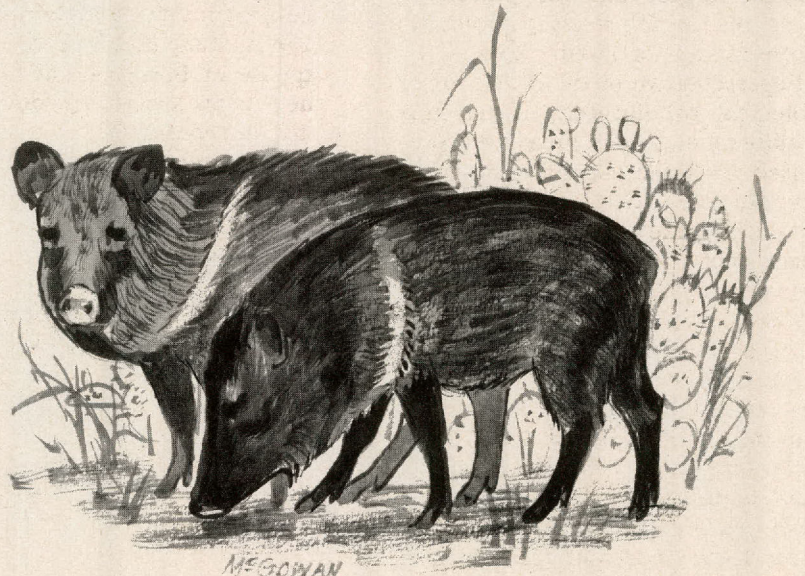
National thinking was that management of waterfowl and other migratory birds was the responsibility of the federal government, but that each state also had a big stake in the outcome and—thereby—in its financing.

Now, a quarter of a century later, conservationists feel that a large part of the waterfowl and migratory bird

problem has been solved, although there never will be an end to the need for wise *management* of these renewable resources.

Legislative machinery through which this has been, and is being, accomplished is known as the Federal Aid in Wildlife Restoration Act, or the Pittman-Robertson Act. Effective July 1, 1938, the bill was sponsored in Congress by Sen. Key Pittman of Nevada and Rep. (later Senator) A. Willis Robertson of Virginia.

Administration of the program was



Progress

handled by the Department of Agriculture's Bureau of Biological Survey until 1940, when the department began a series of transfers that finally placed administration under the Bureau of Sport Fisheries and Wildlife in the Interior Department.

All project costs are borne first by the state, with federal reimbursement not exceeding 75 per cent of approved work costs after completion. But title to all land thus acquired remains with the individual state.

Of total funds made available nationwide in the quarter century of P-R operation, 20 per cent was obligated for land acquisition, 51 per cent for development of habitat, 23 per cent for research, and the remainder for administrative purposes.

What has this program meant to Texas? After 25 years of participation, Texas ranks fourth in land acquisition: 145,016 acres forming nine wildlife management areas costing \$2,667,320.

Total apportionment of P-R funds in Texas since 1938 has been \$10,916,350—largest amount placed in either of the 50 states, Guam, the Virgin Islands or Puerto Rico.

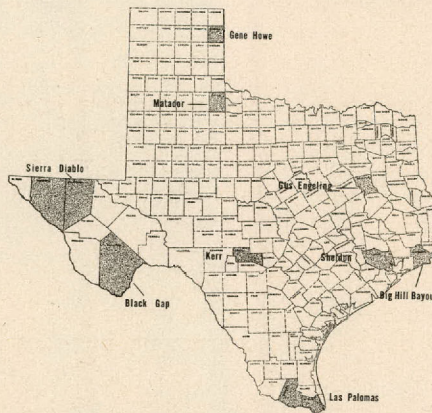
Representative of the state's major ecological subdivisions, Texas' nine wildlife management areas were purchased for research and demonstration purposes. On them, biologists carry out game management experiments not possible on privately-owned land.

These nine wildlife management areas are the Big Hill Bayou, specializing in waterfowl and furbearers; Sierra Diablo, for bighorn sheep and mule deer; Black Gap, quail, mule deer and javelina; Matador, quail; Gus Engeling, deer, turkey and quail; Las Palomas, white-winged dove; Kerr, deer and turkey; Shel-

don, waterfowl; and Gene Howe, quail and turkey.

On these areas today abound not only waterfowl, but also these other game species in ample numbers. Each year, surplus game populations are made available for public hunts.

Operating on the premise that those persons who most enjoy the harvest of wildlife resources should contribute most to the nationwide



restoration process, Congress began by levying excise taxes at the manufacturing stage of sports arms and ammunition. In Texas, the hunting license fee provides matching funds.

Hunters, therefore, bear the brunt of expense of this program because all such levies are passed down the line to the consumer.

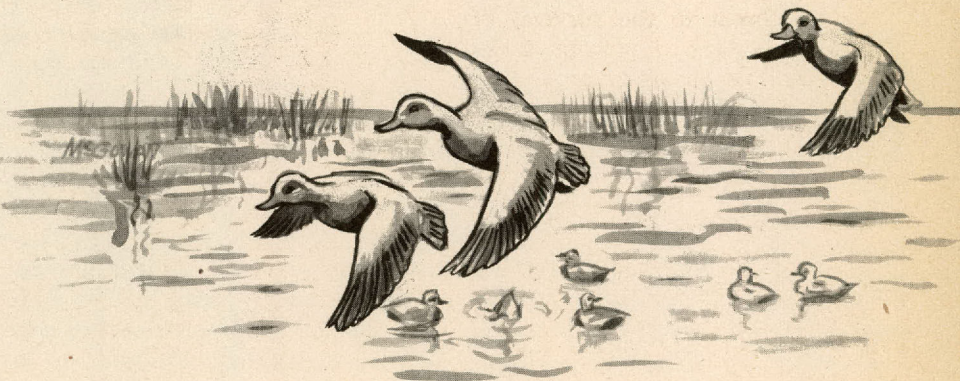
But everyone else also benefits, in-



directly. With the increase in huntable game populations came the policy of landowners leasing hunting privileges on their property—a good revenue source in many parts of the country, especially in Texas.

Still more hunters' dollars flow into sporting goods stores, motels, grocery stores, service stations, restaurants, and the countless other firms that serve the needs of sportsmen. And, as those businesses prosper, so do other phases of Texas economy. Every Texas community reaps some form of economic benefit from the state's participation in game conservation-management programs that receive federal aid money.

A similar program, in which Texas receives other federal funds, is the Dingell-Johnson program, inaugurated in 1951, involving work in restoration and perpetuation of the state's recreational fishing resources.



Trotlining:

nothing to it

I BADE MY HUSBAND, Sam, and our oldest son, Ross, a gloomy goodbye. It wasn't that they would be gone so long with their week's work at the ranch. It was that I had just watched them load equipment into the pickup for fishing each evening after work, and I wasn't going along to share in the fun.

An hour after their departure, I decided to check over what remained of our fishing gear—just in case the lure of *pescado* might strike while the two were absent. Then one thing led to another, and I found myself suggesting a little excursion to the river to my 18-year-old daughter, Dana, and my 12-year-old son, Parks. Dana shared my love of fishing, but with Parks it was different. I guess he had been along on too many dry runs, too young.

"I would surely like to set out a trotline," I wistfully mentioned.

"Why don't we, Mom?" Dana said with the undaunted enthusiasm of youth.

"I've never set one out in my life. Sam and the men have always done that."

"I bet we could."

"But we would need a boat," I said, eyeing the slick new Skeeter boat with trailer in our garage. A couple of hours later the three of us were bouncing down a dusty country road with four dozen perch in a milk can, five dozen minnows in our bait bucket, a new commercially made trotline with 36 hooks, rods and reels—and boat attached.

The adventure that followed is proof enough that anyone can have the time of his life trotlining in Texas rivers and creeks.

The afternoon sun boiled down as we drove down a steep embankment to a spreading solid rock shoal on the Clear Fork of the Brazos. To the south of us was a small hole of water that snaked around a bluff and out

of sight. To the north, banked protectively with tall green trees and thick brush, was a longer stretch of the river that flowed to and over a shallow underwater shoal, around a bend, and into another big, deep hole.

"Let's try to put the boat into the big hole. I caught some really fine channel catfish on stink bait around that bend down there last winter," I said.

Miles from any sort of help, we didn't dare try to back the trailer onto the wet, graveled edge of the river for fear of getting stuck. I had little idea that the three of us were strong enough to unhitch the trailer and manually roll it into the water. But there's only one way to find out, and we heaved, fell down, struggled, and succeeded.

"Mama, you promised that you would take me over to the cattle tank and let me shoot bullfrogs with my pellet gun," Parks chimed up.

Thoughts of sitting in the cool shade of a nice pecan tree and lazily fishing with my rod and reel almost overpowered all the promises I had made to my young son in tempting him into this trip. But there's something inside of me that just won't let me renege on my word to a child—he might not want to come along next time. So, with the bait stashed in the water, we jogged to the tank.

Upon our return to the river at 5 p.m., with several very dead bullfrogs, I said, "Well, children, let's give it a try."

We loaded the trotline and perch into the boat and shoved off. For 50 yards we could touch bottom with the paddle, but suddenly the bed of the river dropped sharply off to deep water. Thirty feet beyond we selected a low growing willow and tied one end of the trotline firmly to it. Then we spotted a low limb across

by MARY K. SLOAN

and down the river and drifted toward it with Dana keeping us straight in the current with the paddle. I sat in the middle of the boat, holding the bulk of the trotline, which Parks, at the head of the boat, fed out through his fingers.

"Let's go slow now," I cautioned. "I surely don't want to get this line tangled."

That did it. It snarled into a million knots.

Sometime later, with the line untangled, our project continued, but at the opposite bank the trotline lacked several feet reaching the selected spot. No other tie-on place was near, so we spliced the line with some nylon cord and fastened it to the limb. Then, baiting and tying on the hooks and staging began. The three of us were proud of our assembly-line technique and were soon back at the rock shoal.

At last I could sit down in the shade and fish. I laughed to myself. Now convinced, I remembered the comment, "you're fixing to go to work," made to me in town by the men at the bait shop when I told them of our proposed trotlining venture.

Parks decided to be cook and served me a well charred hotdog. Dana rigged up a throw line for the small hole of water. I kept getting excited over my reel, which at intervals would sing 90-miles-an-hour.



It didn't take long, however, to discover the reason why—GARS.

At twilight, thousands of frogs deafened us with the beginning of their nocturnal chirping. I began to think about snakes. I had seen two swimming close to the bank only minutes before.

"Let's run the trotline before it is completely dark. I bet the gars have swiped every bit of our bait," I said.

In the boat our group drifted slowly toward the line, which, as we drew near, started jerking this way and that. "We've got a fish!" Parks said, the excitement in his voice betraying that at last we had another fisherman in the family.

He hauled in the line to see a two-pound silvery drum securely hooked. Then checking the line to the weight in the middle, we found that the gars had completely cleaned us of bait.

"Mom, look at the other end of this line!" Dana exclaimed. It whipped into the water, up and down, like a chopping knife.

"Let's get down there fast. We've got a fish that amounts to something," I said. "Get the dip-net ready."

As we neared the turmoil in the water, the line nearly jerked from our hands. I slowly pulled the cord upward; Dana quickly slipped the net under the fish and slung it into the boat. It was a six-pound channel-

cat. Happy with our catch, we baited all the hooks again and paddled back to the shoal.

It was a weary trio that crawled into bed at 10 p.m. at a closeby house available to us. Our plan was to arise at 4:30 a.m. and return to the river. Promptly the coyotes began to howl, answered by the pack of wolf hounds penned near the house. There was no let up in this mournful communication, and I tossed and turned in the din.

Finally at midnight I could stand it no longer and tiptoed over to Dana's bed. "Dana, I can't sleep. Why don't we go run the trotline?" I whispered. She arose like a sleep-walker and the two of us slipped out to the car. There was no need of awakening Parks; he had been a thoroughly pooped little boy at bedtime.

We drove down the embankment and stopped on the rock shoal. Immediately the headlights attracted a solid curtain of flying insects. "Let's douse these car lights quickly." But the insects had us located, and they swarmed our flashlight beam, followed us to the boat and down the river. They were in our eyes, noses, and mouths, yet we couldn't gather the courage to turn off the light for dread of bumping into a snake.

Neither fish nor bait was on the first end of the trotline, and we were disappointed. But as we dropped the

center weight back into the water and continued running the second section, we heard a terrific splashing down the river and felt a mighty jerking on the line.

"Ye gads, did you hear that? That must be a big one," I said. A feeling closely akin to fear prickled up and down my spine. I was remembering the size of some of the 40-pound yellowcats that I had seen Sam land. We didn't even have a gaff, and suddenly I felt very helpless.

The splashing and tugging at the line grew stronger as we silently pulled the boat along the cord. We were very close to the commotion now. All at once something solid slapped the bottom of the boat, and the beam of the flashlight illuminated a broad flathead lunging in the dark water.

"It's a monster!" I exclaimed. "Dana, you hold up the line and I'll try to get the net under it."

Dana followed instructions and through the fog of tormenting insects, I tried to net the fish.

"Mom, you're not under it. You've got the net on top of his head, pushing him back into the water."

"I can't see for these confounded bugs."

"He's hooked good. Why don't we just pull him into the boat?"

"Okay, but let's be careful. We just can't lose this one. Let's grab

• Continued on Page 29



Electrically

by CURTIS CARPENTER

motors like a kitten takes to milk. Others refused to believe that this new contraption actually aided the fishermen, but thought it about as helpful as a coon tail on a radio antenna.

"It's nice," some said, "but I can get along without it." "Does it work?" others reply, "why, I will never fish for blacks again without one."

Regardless of how the opinions might vary, electric motors are more than just ornaments. They work amazingly well, and more than satisfy the job for which they were designed. Undoubtedly, they will be around as long as there are fish in the water.

Why they are called troll motors leaves room for discussion. A better

ELECTRICITY HAS TAKEN A prominent place in this era of modern conveniences. In most homes there are so many mechanical time-savers powered by this invisible energy that Mom nonchalantly goes about her housekeeping pushing buttons and throwing switches. Dad has stepped into the picture more in recent years with electric yard implements, saws, drills, razors and even more recently, DC powered gadgets for his outdoor activities.

More recently, the two-arm powered boat paddle has been replaced in fishing by a battery powered troll motor. And so the positive-negative automation has moved into the fishing circles. However, in the end it has not taken from fishing, but has added greatly to it. The paddle muscles may suffer, but the fisherman's luck has been improved.

Nowadays, it is a common sight to see well equipped fishing boats rigged with two motors, a big gas

powered engine for darting from hot spot to hot spot, and a small battery powered motor for coaxing the boat silently and slowly along the shores and through the brush.

Some sport fishermen have spent many hours designing chairs to match the electric fishing motors. Some have built comfortable chairs

The Electra Pal is adjusted so the prop clears moss. It can be raised completely when using a gas motor for long maneuvers.





This motor simplifies working banks and holding a difficult position (top left).

Twelve speed adjustments are ready at the fisherman's quick twist of a knob (below).

It's easy, even for a woman (bottom left).

name would be fishing motors, or steering motors. Few people use them for trolling. Usually, fishermen rely on the little noiseless pushers to move boats slowly along while they cast into bass hangouts. And they are extremely dependable for working a boat through the brush or holding it in a desired position long enough to work an area completely before moving to another.

When the motors first hit the market, they were designed to operate off a six-volt battery. Today a person can purchase motors which will work off either six or twelve volts. Most fishermen will run them off six volts until the power runs low and then switch to twelve volts by connecting one clamp on the cable at the middle post and the other two sides to the outside posts.

There are several electric motors available. Some have pushbuttons on top of the tiller, some have dials for various speeds, and others have handles which govern the speed. In all models the operation is simple so the fisherman can run them without losing much time from his fishing. By setting his motor at a slow idle the fisherman can maneuver his boat quietly along and never miss a cast. He can work his bait accurately and productively without the worry of juggling a paddle around from cast to cast. If the boat moves too fast, the fisherman simply has to switch the motor off quickly with one hand, or with his foot after a little practice, and never stop fishing.

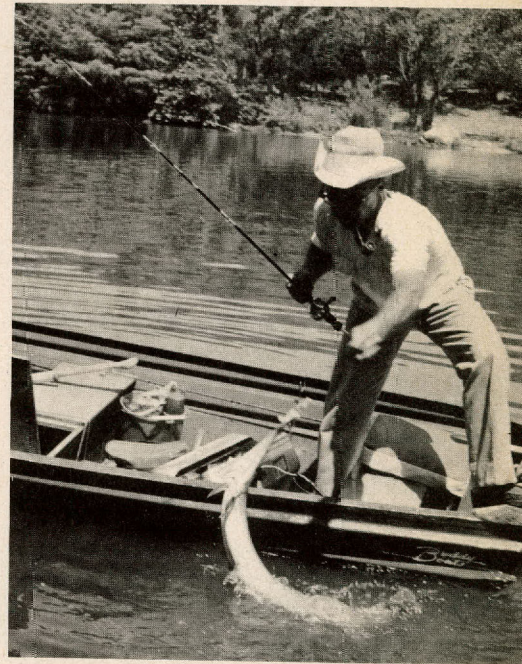
"Sure it beats using a paddle," one die-hard remarked. "But I still use



my big motor for fishing. That noise doesn't bother the fish." This may be true, but most top bass fishermen are using the electric motors today.

Perhaps the most outstanding feature of the electrics is that they free the fisherman's hands so he can concentrate 80 or more per cent of his efforts on his fishing. But, the fact that the motors are virtually noiseless is strongly considered when an individual invests about \$90 of his hard earned cash in the machine.

There must be something to the noiseless factor. Most big bass fishermen will agree that those "coke-bottle" bass will take a bait even when their scales are shaken loose by outboard motor racket. But, some of those old temperamental "grand-paws" will hide in the shadows and pass up a fat perch if the sounds around them aren't all natural. And



these old "King Kong Specials" are why fishermen spend so much time and money in fishing.

Of course, when a person buys an electric motor, he must invest another \$12 to \$25 in a heavy duty battery. Then he will need a battery charger to keep his battery charged up. A well charged battery will run a motor all day under heavy fishing pressure, and two or three days in light fishing.

As many fishermen read this, they probably will say, "I'm not going to spend \$120 or so on an electric motor rig." The only logical suggestion here is, if you don't plan to buy one, don't ever fish with one that first time. The thing has converted many a fisherman in the last few years. As one proud fisherman remarked, "If you ever use one you'll not be satisfied until you own one. As for me, I couldn't get along without one of the dern things."

So, along with the electric reels, it looks like the DC motors are here to stay. Regardless, don't throw that paddle away. Nothing is as dependable as muscle power when automation unexpectedly goes on the blink. **

LAKE GRANITE SHOALS, on the middle Colorado in Central Texas, is best publicized for its six-pound black bass.

But, there is no lake which has contributed more than the shores of this moss-covered body of water to the influence of construction projects.

Its granite adorns the facades of skyscrapers in many states. The State Capitol building in Austin is constructed of granite from the area of the lake. And now the multi-million dollar construction program of state office buildings including the one that will house the Game and Fish Commission gets its daily shipment of granite chiseled from the granite mountain on the shores of the lake.

Also from Granite Shoals are thousands of feet of granite seawall and jetties along the Texas coast

which hold back the high waves of tropical hurricanes and keep passes open for ocean traffic.

With all this, Granite Shoals is still looked upon as a wonderful fishing lake. Created by the construction of the Albert Wirtz dam above Marble Falls, today it is the largest constant level lake in the state. Because of this, it is fast becoming a hot spot for recreational activities.

Measured by other big lakes, it isn't so large, covering only 6,400 acres at the top conservation pool level. It has a total storage capacity of 145,200 acre feet. High above it on the Colorado is Lake Buchanan, with 23,200 surface acres and below it is Lake Travis with 18,900 surface acres.

The thing that makes Granite Shoals so popular with those who want homes on a lake is its constant water level. It lies directly below

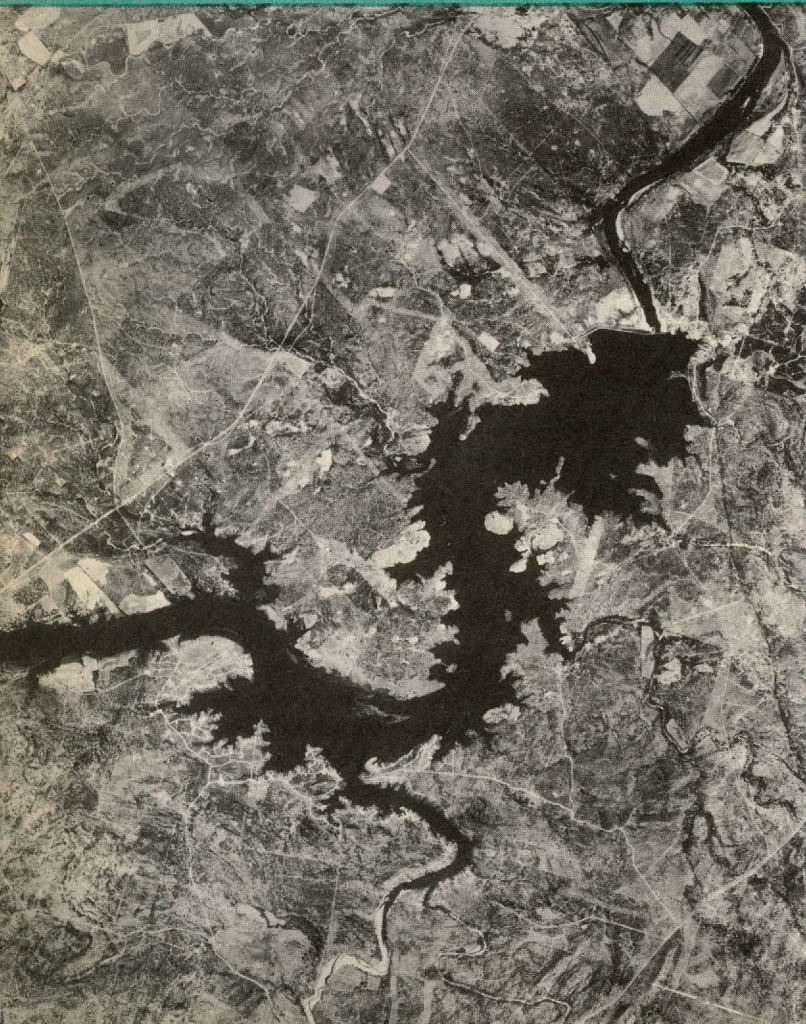
Inks Lake, which is between Granite Shoals and Buchanan.

Inks and Buchanan dams hold back the flood waters. This means that water is released into Granite Shoals in just the right amount to keep it at a fairly constant level. The only time Granite Shoals isn't constant is when there is a heavy rise on the Llano, which flows into the lake, and that usually can be controlled. Granite Shoals lake was created for flood control, domestic water, hydroelectric power and other purposes.

Now all lakes are built with recreation as one of the criteria.

Although this wasn't done for Granite Shoals, developers now have many excellent areas around the lake. Much more remains undeveloped. There are such places, however, as Kingsland Estates, Sherwood Shores, Blue Lake Estates, Sunrise Beach, Sandy Shores, Honey-moon Point and numerous other smaller developments where lots are available with utilities.

This aerial view shows Lake Granite Shoals as an ebony expanse with jagged fingers in a strange patchwork of roads, land and trees. Photo by Edgar Tobin Aerial Surveys.

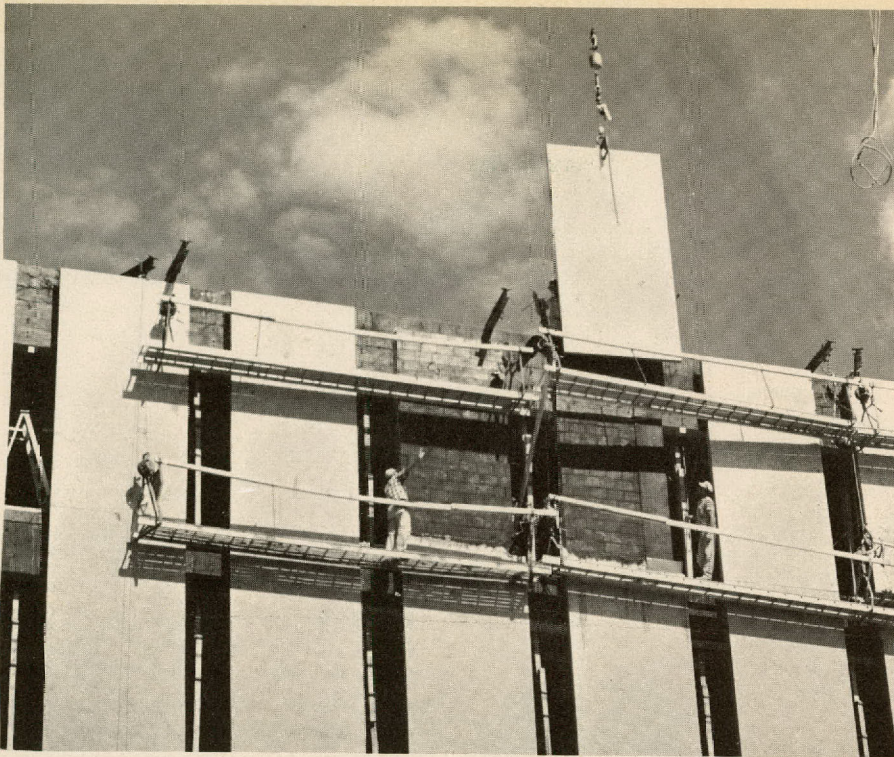


Granite

Granite Shoals Lake is a part of the great Colorado basin. This is the longest river entirely within the state, rising in far West Texas, just south and east of the New Mexico line.

It flows through many different formations before finally reaching Granite Shoals and even more before it gets into the Gulf of Mexico. It wiggles like a mighty snake between sandy lands, red lands, black lands, through limestone on one side and granite on the other, to become a stream of many complexions.

The Colorado and its tributaries are dotted with smaller impoundments as a part of the system of holding back flood waters. These waters in years gone by have done millions



A huge crane sets into place a slab of granite from Granite Shoals on the new million dollar building which will house the Game and Fish Commission and several other state agencies.

General tillable soil in the vicinity of Granite Shoals is sandy. In places there is considerable gravel, but the soil is productive, especially in the bottom lands that have been inundated in the floods of yesteryears.

Mostly the lake is thought of in connection with fishing, because it has been fabulous. Some big bass, up to eight pounds, have been taken from the potholes in the moss beds of the lake. Because the lake does maintain its constant level there is a great deal of moss.

This moss is good for fishing, despite the fact it is a nuisance. It covers hundreds of acres along the shores and around several of the small islands. However, there are many more acres of water, free of moss, which permit a wide variety of water sports.

Granite Shoals is a haven for deer and turkey. In fact, there is no more abundant spot in Texas for white-tailed deer. They can be seen every day along the lake shores and in the open places along the highways. Back in the oak and mesquite there is an extremely heavy concentration. The Colorado forms the boundary line between Llano and Burnet counties, and these are among the top deer producing counties in the United States. **

little can grow except a few cacti that protrude from small cracks in the rock. Sometimes even small trees grow from these breaks.

Only a few miles away from the granite shores are limestone caverns, some of them only partially explored.

Trove

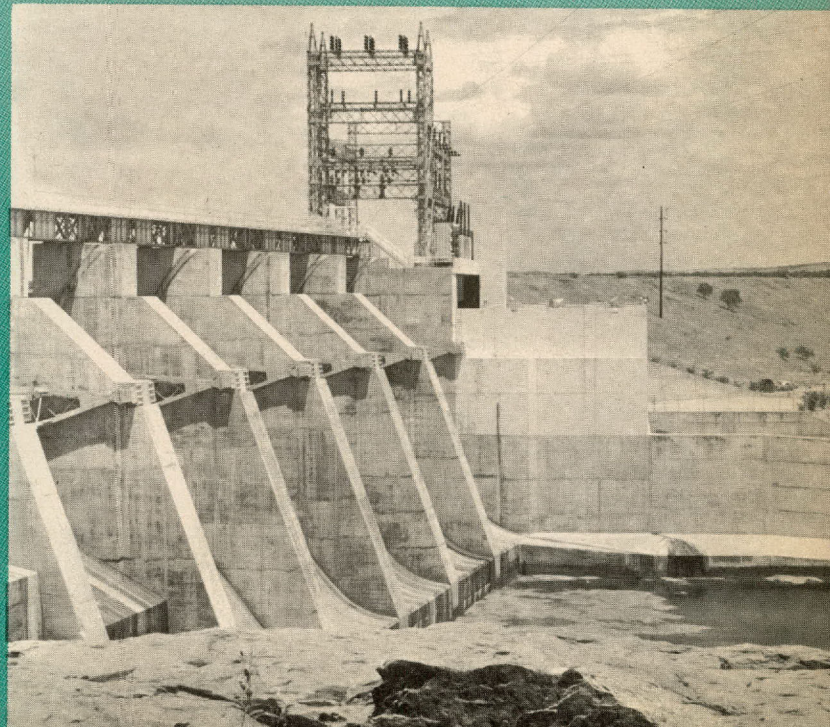
by L. A. WILKE

in damage to lands within the influence of the basin.

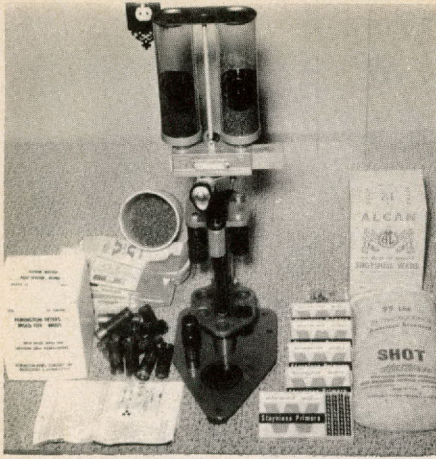
Rainfall on the Colorado ranges from 16 inches in the High Plains to approximately 30 inches annually at Granite Shoals. The chemical quality of the Colorado varies, with heavy salt content in the far reaches, especially in the tributaries. Most of this salt is diluted, however, before it reaches Granite Shoals. The diluted water has an excellent taste and is not too hard for domestic uses without treatment.

The Wirtz dam, which impounds the lake, is tied into solid granite walls on either side. Below the dam there is a heavy exposure of granite. In the general area there are great knobs of granite exposed, where

A million tons of concrete and steel form Wirtz Dam, which regulates Lake Granite Shoals.



Shelling



Required equipment for handloading shells

IF YOU PLAN TO SAVE money handloading shells—forget it.

Handloading is an economical way to get more shooting per dollar invested but whether or not any actual savings occur is a debatable matter. Usually when a hunter or shooting enthusiast starts handloading it is with an eye toward savings. He usually ends up shooting more shells and becomes so engrossed in shooting that he spends the same amount as or more than he would have spent on shells to begin with.

It is true, however, that the hand-loader gets to shoot more for the same money invested. Also, the person who does a lot of skeet shooting is not going to save money on loading shells, but he can shoot two or three times as much for the same price.

The hunter, who shoots consistently during bird season or has a wife who is equally interested in hunting, can save money with the handloader. The average hunter will shoot up a case or more during the bird seasons.

A box of 25 shells averages \$3 at a retail outlet while the handloader can load shells for 90 cents to \$1.25 per box. The 35 cents difference depends on whether or not empty cases are available, type of shell loaded, quantity of component purchases and the amount of bargain shopping accomplished.

The beautiful part of handloading is not the cost, but that it allows the hunter to load his own in any combination of shot sizes and powder charges that he desires and load them all on the same machine.

The person who has never hand-



Knocking out old primer is first procedure

loaded shells is primarily interested in what the initial cost is and how soon the savings start.

Supplies required include empty shells, primer, felt wads, over-powder wad, powder and shot. In the initial cost there must be included the price of a loading tool—the most expensive initial item.

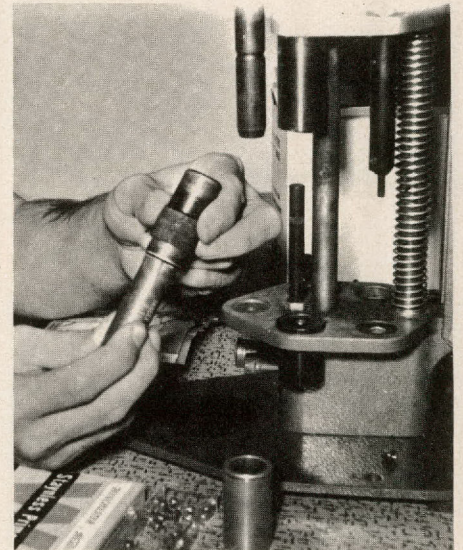
The range and quality of loading tools on the market are many. There are two inexpensive hand tools (a wooden one at \$4.95 and a steel one at \$9.95) with the seating of the primer done by a light tap of a hammer. These are not recommended for those who plan to do a great deal of handloading.

Better loaders cost \$24.95 up to the expensive turret model which does everything automatically and costs in the \$100's.

An average loader costs less than \$50 (\$49.50) which is a satisfactory manual operating loading machine. These loaders are dependable and seldom are replacement parts re-

quired. However, replacement parts and adapters are available.

The loader can be mounted on a loading bench or it can be used on the kitchen table, provided the hand-loader has an understanding wife. An understanding wife is needed



Second, insert empty shell into sizing die

because the lead shot is messy to handle and often may splatter over the floor. Also, powder leaves black stain. This can be removed with a damp sponge.

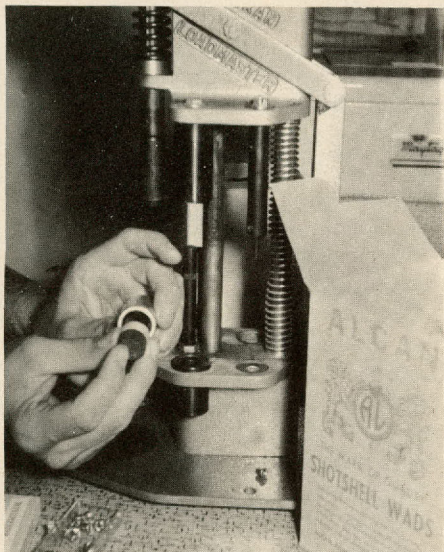
The biggest danger in using the kitchen table is in the loading. When the hunter's wife can see that he saves 50 per cent, she becomes interested in shooting and the hunter winds up spending more than if he

Out

by CARL DINGLER
photos by BILL LONG

.....
.....
had bought the shells from the friendly gun shop down the street.

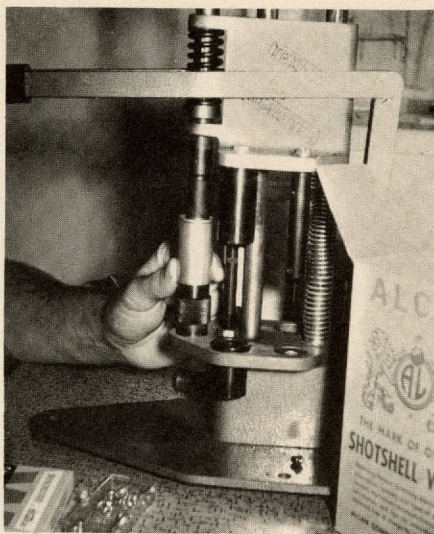
After the loader, empty shells are the next concern. Often shells can be obtained from skeet ranges, from around dove tanks, stock tanks or any other place hunters shoot. The



Over-powder wad and felt go into wad guide

shell cases also may be purchased from retail stores at an average cost of five cents. This, of course, will be a big savings when reloading, provided the spent shells are saved. New plastic shells now on the market are not good for reloading on a standard reloading tool without an adapter. Plastic shells are hard to recrimp with the regular loader.

Primers cost \$1.75 per box of 100



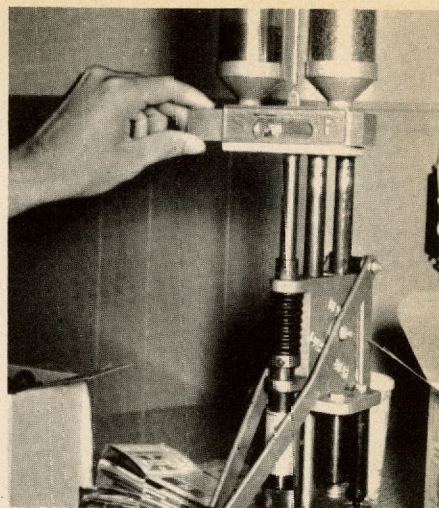
Proper pressure forces, sets wads in shell

and the brand used depends on individual preference.

Next, felt wads—big thick wads that cushion shot—costs \$1 per 500. No special kind is favored over any other. Then to seal the burning gas of ignited powder from the shot charge, over-powder wad is required. This cardboard wad costs \$1 per 1,000.

Powder may be purchased in half pound cans or in any quantity up to 20 pound kegs. The minimum cost is nominal, about \$1.50 to \$1.75, depending on type of powder used. The individual is the deciding factor. Some prefer slow burning, others prefer fast burning, etc. Powder should be handled with care because it ignites readily.

The purchase of shot, like the other ingredients, depends on individual taste. It can be bought in any size desired, depending on the amount and type of shooting planned. For instance, quail hunters use 8 or 9; trap shooters 7½; dove



Shot bar allows proper amount to enter shell

hunters 6 or 7½; duck and geese hunters 2 or 4; and deer hunters .00 buckshot.

Shot is cheaper by quantity. A five-pound bag loads approximately three boxes of 12 gauge shells, provided a standard field load is used as a measure. This requires 1½ ounces in each shell. Of course, this again depends on shell and individual. The five-pound purchase costs \$1.75 and a 50-pound bag averages \$10—thus a \$7.50 savings on shot with the quantity purchase.

Considering a minimum purchase, the prospective handloader has an initial outlay of approximately \$61.70. With this initial cost the handloader can load three boxes of shells that would cost \$12 retail.

All that is required the second time shells are loaded is more shot and primer at a cost of \$3.50, which would be \$8.50 cheaper than the boxes retail. And with each loading session the average cost decreases considerably.

Handloading, in fact, is an easy way to get more shooting for the dollar invested when a great deal of shooting is planned.

It takes less than a minute to load a shell after adjustments and supplies are set up in an assembly-line manner.

Using the Texan Loadmaster Loader as an example the following steps are required to load a shell.

1. Pick up fired shell, place on decapping hole located on extreme right of loader. Pull loader handle

• Continued on Page 25



Pronghorn Prospects

by TOMMY HAILEY
Wildlife Biologist



Hunters check their rifle sights before the season opens. This range is opened free of charge by the Big Bend Sportsmen Club every year for the benefit of sportsmen. A free barbecue is also part of the annual festivities.

THE 1962 TRANS-PECOS antelope season promises to be another successful year for sportsmen. Following long needed rainfall in July, vegetative conditions improved greatly over the entire area. Antelope herds ranging the broad flats and rolling hills west of the Pecos River are doing well and should be in excellent condition for the October hunt.

An aerial census taken during late spring and early summer is the primary method used to determine antelope populations. All Trans-Pecos hunting areas are strip flown to insure complete coverage and non-duplication of counts.

During 1962, counts of Trans-Pecos antelope herds included 2,896 bucks, 4,543 does, and 1,598 fawns, with a combined total of 9,037 head. The 1961 survey showed a population of 3,302 bucks, 5,038 does, and 3,677 fawns for a total of 12,017 head. The sharpest contrast between counts in 1961 and 1962 is in the fawn crop. Fawn production in 1961

was 73 per cent and this year's fawn production dropped to 35.2 per cent. The relatively low fawn crop, as compared to 1961, is attributed to an extremely cold winter and a prolonged dry spell extending from early winter in 1961 through June of this year.

There will be approximately 2,000 permits issued to landowners who have antelope on their ranches in the Trans-Pecos. The Game and Fish Commission issues permits directly to landowners who may dispose of them as they see fit. Sportsmen interested in bagging a Trans-Pecos trophy should contact either ranchmen in Pecos, Brewster, Presidio, Jeff Davis, Culberson or Hudspeth Counties, or the Chamber of Commerce near antelope hunting areas in the Big Bend country.

Past records of antelope hunts show the number of hunters is steadily increasing. The annual antelope harvest is beneficial to all parties concerned.

Hunting success figures remain consistently high, although many permits issued to ranchers are never passed on to sportsmen. The season was extended two days this year to provide two weekends of hunting. Open season is Sept. 29 through Oct. 7.

Antelope hunting may be an experience long remembered by the hunter who bags a fleet-footed pronghorn for a trophy. There is an added challenge for a hunter who stalks the wary pronghorn on foot and succeeds in making a one-shot kill. Although some hunters prefer a running shot, an antelope 250 yards out and traveling 40 miles per hour is a very elusive target. Several of today's flat shooting rifles are suited for this type of hunting. The old reliable 30-06 and 270 Winchester; more recent 243 Winchester, 244 Remington, 264 Winchester and 7mm Remington magnum are a few that are well adapted for antelope hunting. Since shots are usually beyond 200 yards, a scope sight is preferred by most hunters.

Antelope hunters have the advantage of being able to locate their quarry from a vehicle, size up the situation, and then bag an antelope. Some hunters prefer to take a stand on a rise and scan the surrounding country with binoculars. When antelope are spotted, the hunter can stalk from behind screening brush up low draws to within shooting range. Few hunters who make a trip to the Trans-Pecos leave empty-handed since hunting success is consistently above 90 per cent.

Antelope, ideal weather, and adequate facilities this year await the hunter's arrival. **

INCREASE IN HARVEST

Year	No. of Permits Issued	No. of Antelope Killed	Hunter Success
1956	945	807	96.9%
1957	942	774	95.2%
1958	1,208	813	94.0%
1959	1,846	1,062	92.0%
1960	2,050	1,349	94.3%
1961	2,448	1,807	95.6%

These figures show the increase in pronghorn harvest for the past six years.

Usually one over-powder wad and one felt wad is used for 12 gauge.

Shelling Out

From Page 23

to knock out old primer.

2. Insert shell into the sizing die as far as it will go easily (only goes in one way). Die remains around shell until final step.

3. Put die and shell on loader, push handle all the way down and shell is resized. Sometimes there is a small bump but ordinarily the handle works smoothly. New shell cases should be resized also.

4. Insert new primer in primer slot on loader and place shell over primer and pull loader handle. Primer is seated.

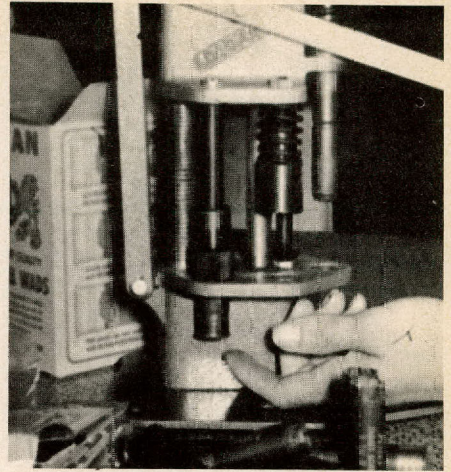
5. Move die to powder slot on loader and push measure bar which

is labeled. Of course, powder and shot should have been added in their proper containers before loading started along with other settings. Push the measure bar and powder drops into case.

6. Insert wads into the wad guide tube according to manufacturer's specifications (the instruction sheets furnished with the loader should be read before attempting to load shells). Usually one over-powder wad and one felt wad is used for 12 gauge.

7. Place the wad guide tube on top of shell and pull loader handle. Rod forces wads into shell case and puts required pounds of pressure on wads according to manufacturer's specifications. On a standard field load 90 pounds of pressure is used. The first time, adjust the stop rod on loader so that each successive shell will have the same amount of pressure. This helps make loading faster.

8. Remove the wad guide and

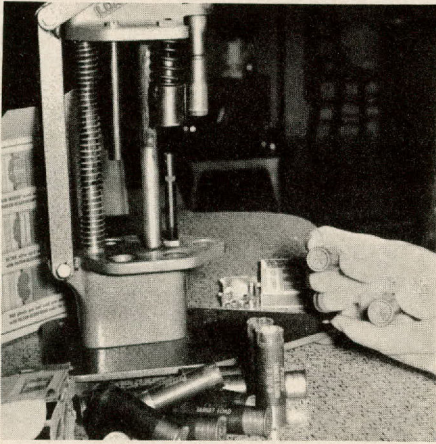


Final step is to separate shell from die

move shot bar to drop in selected shot charge according to velocity shell loading in instructions.

9. Move shell to the next slot on loader, pull handle and crimper neatly seals top of shell.

10. Move die and shell to the extreme left position on the loader and pull loader handle to separate shell from die, forcing loaded shell into container. ●●

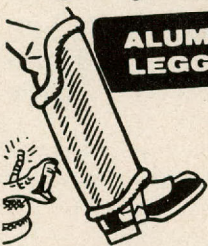


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THE WORLD'S MOST USED, MOST PROVED SCOPES

One summer assistant tangled with a large rattlesnake which buried its fangs in his boot.

Valley Venture

From Page 5

One overgrown diamondback struck at a summer assistant, managing to hit him on the boot. Although not recorded for posterity, the action produced was violent and the language colorful.

A live tournament is something to see.

Port Isabel, Texas From Page 7

Her husband was second with a 60 pounder.

Butch Beck, just a small fry himself, boated the largest ling of the tournament. It weighed 71 pounds, a big ling for any fisherman. Scooter Monk, Harlingen, won the junior boys' division. Caroline Smith, Mandeville, Louisiana, placed first in the junior girls' division. Pope Noell, III, Harlingen, and Johnny Caldwell, Corpus Christi, were winners in the junior shark division.

Some 301 contestants participated in this year's TIFT,

Tournament Results

Texas grand champion fisherman and first place men's sailfish, Tommy Caldwell, Corpus Christi; largest sailfish in women's division, Mrs. Ed Kilgore, Alice, 21 pounds; largest sailfish in men's division, Glen Arthur, Alice, 55 pounds and 7 feet, 7 inches; largest tarpon and first place women's tarpon division (for third consecutive year), Mrs. Don Sheldon, Donna, 105 pounds.



First tarpon and largest fish caught from an outboard, Billy Massey, Harlingen; first place in men's tarpon division, Don Sheldon, Donna, 60 pounds; offshore fisherman in women's division and first place in women's sailfish division, Mrs. Lester (Cissy) Brusse, Ingleside.

Junior sailfish division, John Moore, Houston; first sailfish, Francis Knapp, Brownsville; grand champion in men's bay fisherman and largest redfish in men's division, Otto

WORLD RECORD CUBAN SNAPPER

Fishing luck took a thrilling change for Beaumont dentist M. W. Normand this year when he landed a 106-pound Cuban snapper, shattering his previous four-pounder record. Dr. Normand broke more than his personal record. He took a slight edge over the old world's record of 104, which was set by Arthur S. Jones of West Palm Beach, Fla., in July 1952.

"It was like an irresistible force meeting an immovable object. It wouldn't move, and I wouldn't give an inch of line," he said.

After about five minutes of the deadlock, a third party, F. N. (Blackie) Miller, also of Beaumont, joined the battle momentarily.

Twenty minutes after the first tug, Dr. Normand had won a proud victory. **

Year after year, bits of information are pieced together to give a clearer picture of the life history, the behavior pattern and the ecological needs of this grand game bird of deep South Texas. **

one of the most successful held along the coast this year. A total 56 boats fished the productive waters off Port Isabel. Junior fishermen totaled 78 this year.

The sailfishing picked up momentum from three the first day, to 15 the second, and a record 23 sails brought in the final day. The wind blew most of the time; however, the offshore fishing waters were not as choppy as those inshore. All contestants were enjoying the action, and the tournament seemed to have more life than some in the past. And, a live tournament is something to see. **

Schvab, Harlingen; runner-up in men's bay division, Dial Dunkin, Harlingen; women's grand champion bay fisherman and largest redfish in women's division, Alice Woods, South Padre Island.

Winning boatman, Totsy Belcher, Port Aransas; largest trout in men's division, largest flounder and winner of junior division (13-16), John Cicerich, Mission; runner up in men's bay division and largest trout of second day, H. C. Conn, Edcouch; runner up in women's bay division, Mrs. Haskell Hodge, Harlingen.

Largest black fin tuna, Mrs. Scott Frost, 19 pounds, Houston; largest ling in men's division, O. J. (Butch) Beck, III, Corpus Christi; largest ling in women's division, Carol Sheldon, Donna; largest dolphin in men's division, E. L. Caldwell, Jr., Corpus Christi, 16 pounds; largest dolphin in women's division, Mrs. Norman Williams, Indianapolis, Ind.

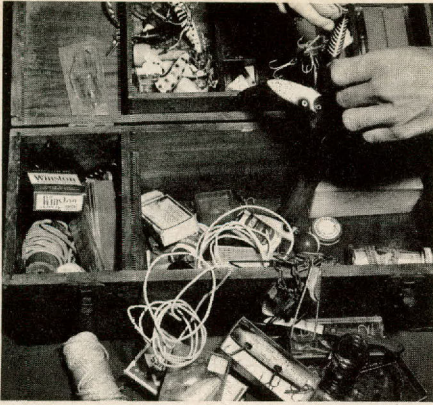
Largest kingfish in men's division, Earl Rahn, Jacksonville, Fla., and Billy Pugh, Corpus Christi, tie, 22 pounds; largest kingfish in women's division, Mrs. Charles (Mary) Holmes, Ingleside, 22 pounds; largest barracuda, E. L. Kilgore, Alice, 21 pounds.

Largest wahoo, Steve Barker, Austin, 20 pounds; winner junior girls' division (13-16), Thelma Colley, Port Isabel; winner junior boys' division (tots-12), Scooter Monk, Harlingen; winner junior girls' division (tots-12), Caroline Smith, Mandeville, La.; junior winners in shark division, Pope Noell, III and Johnny Caldwell, Corpus Christi. **

His and HERS:

Classified Clutter

by ANN STREETMAN



WHEN your husband shakes his head and says, "How can you ever find anything in that purse?", investigate his tackle box. This little box could be a new source for verbal ammunition in the friendly battlefire of the sexes.

I recently examined a tackle box, hoping to find it as packed and chaotic as the proverbial lady's handbag. Sitting together on the desk, each unopened, the tackle box and a handbag looked neat enough, but when they were opened. . . .

On one side of the desk was a pile containing a billfold, reading glasses, a clump of green stamps, a crumpled letter, a pair of perforated nylons, a folded lunch bag, a recipe for Ritz cracker pie, a small bottle of medicine, a chewing gum pack with half a stick of gum, two combs, several book store and grocery cash register receipts, an empty postage stamp cardboard, a black shoelace, a scribbled scrap paper map, two lipsticks, a broken pencil and a sharpened one, a brush hair roller and accompanying spear, a paper clip, a pair of sunglasses, a couple of newspaper clippings, a small white book showing important family birthdates, several lipstick-smeared and tattered facial tissues, etc. etc. etc.

In the other pile were 25 lures of many colors and shapes, eight plastic worms, a host of hooks which were scattered about as well as stored in olive jars and boxes, a key with a plastic cord, a fresh water fish stringer, a roll of heavy cord, a jar of baby cream, a paring knife, a host of sinkers, two fishing licenses rolled into an olive jar, two folding measuring sticks, a multitude of matches including a large box of them as well as penny boxes and folders, several



bobbers, a bottle opener, two mantles for a kerosene lamp, two empty staple boxes, a pack of cigarettes, a salt water fish stringer, a pair of pliers, a hook remover, an extra spinning reel spool, two lantern holders for a boat, an old spark plug and enough other items to finish filling the 20 x 8 x 6-inch wooden box.

The owner of the latter pile of property would simply comment, "Just fishing equipment."

As for the lady, "They're just little necessities."

An empty postage stamp cardboard?

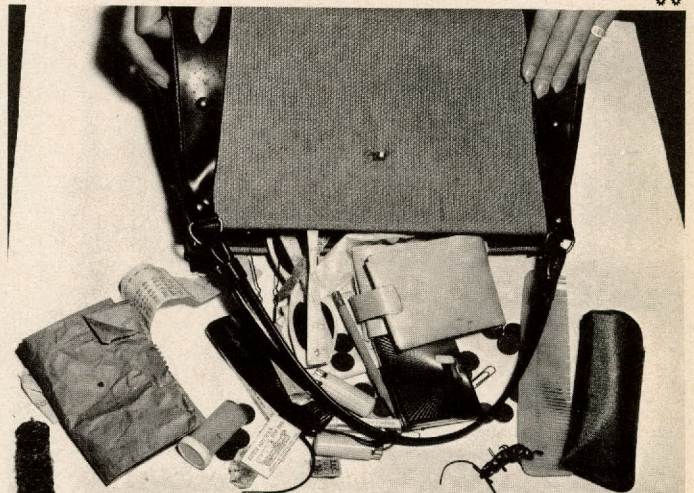
"You never know when you might need something."

The contents of the tackle box were not as neatly arranged as cans on a grocer's shelf. Lures were several deep. Hooks and sinkers were scattered. One stringer was entangling several items. Most of the lures, however, were in the top section, and the other items had a semblance of arrangement.

The handbag . . . CHAOS.

But, ladies, the tackle box challenge may still be a good rejoinder for you. All tackle boxes, I'm told, aren't as neat as the one I examined. And all handbags aren't like mine.

A splash of color and barbs spills from the tackle box (above) while a hodgepodge of items tumbles from the lady's handbag.



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What Others Are Doing

by JOAN PEARSALL

KEEPS THEM HOPPING: There's a season on frogs in West Virginia. This year, the dates were June 16 to July 31. The nightly limit, running from noon to noon, was 10 frogs, with possession limit, after the first night, 20 frogs.

HEAP BIG ATTRACTION: Nebraska has a tourist station, complete with Indians and tepee, buckboard and western-styled hostesses. It is housed in a picturesque split-log cabin, and the grounds offer a prairie dog town, picnic area with fireplaces for cooking and playground for children. In the tepee, Indian arts and crafts are displayed. The Indians are dressed in their traditional costumes, and the three hostesses in western clothing.

KILL CHECK: The Bethlehem Steel Company recently paid the Pennsylvania Fish Commission \$1,522.80 in settlement for damages resulting from a fish kill which occurred last spring. The fish killed by the pollution included all of 2,000 trout which had been stocked in the affected area two weeks earlier. The source of the pollution was a cyanide discharge from a Bethlehem Steel Company plant.

LURE FUROR: Three waters in New Mexico are limited in the matter of lure for fishing, the regulation stating that only artificial lures may be used in those particular areas. Confusion arose as to the definition of an artificial lure. According to Webster's Dictionary, "artificial" means "made or contrived by art—opposed to natural; made to resemble a raw material; synthetic; a human creation." Therefore, on the New Mexico waters in question, a fisherman may use an artificial fly but not a real fly; an artificial minnow but not a real minnow, live, pickled or just plain dead; an

artificial worm but not a real worm. He may not use corn, marshmallows, fish eggs, bacon rind, or any other edible substance.

GIVE A DOGFACE HIS DUE: New Hampshire has respect for its veteran dogs. No fee is required for registration and licensing of a dog which has served with the forces of the United States during World War II and has received an honorable discharge.

BIRD NURSERIES: Six new wildlife refuges have been established in the western Arctic by the Canadian government to "protect waterfowl nesting grounds of continental significance." Their combined area, 32,870 square miles, increases Canada's total area of migratory bird refuges sixfold. Establishment of the sanctuaries does not prevent mineral exploration and development, but merely effects some measure of control on these activities. The new refuges will be administered by the Canadian Wildlife Service. Canada now has 108 migratory bird refuges covering more than 39,000 square miles.

WORTH THEIR KEEP: In China, after a recent series of natural disasters, a scheme was produced which was designed to ease the critical food shortage. Because it was discovered that wild birds were each reputedly consuming a large amount of food per annum, instructions were given two years ago for the destruction of all wild birds, to conserve the nation's food supplies. The result has been a spectacular increase of rodents, insects and other pests, disastrous to standing crops and food reserves. China has been compelled to import grain from overseas and the slaughter of birds is now a punishable offense.

Eager to check the trotline, we skipped breakfast and drove to the shoal.
Nothing To It _____ *From Page 17*

the cord on each side of him and heave together."

"We've got another one on the next hook!" I shouted. Momentarily forgetting our precise plan for landing the first fish, I gave one huge heave and slung the initial fish over my shoulder and into the boat as if he were a minnow.

Later, when we had both fish boated and were rebaiting the hooks,

Dana grinned and remarked, "You know, Mom, sometimes it's really dangerous fishing with you." Then tying up the boat at the shoal, we carefully and proudly lugged the fish to the car. Both were yellow cats; one weighed 15 pounds, the other, eight.

Next morning at 5 a.m. Dana, Parks, and I were so eager to check the trotline that we skipped breakfast and drove through the first gray light of day to the rock shoal. There, the trotline held two more channel cats. One was a two-pounder and the other weighed seven.

Completely out of bait by now, Dana cut the small fish into chunks, which she and Parks planned to use for baiting several hooks on the line. The sun had pushed above the steep banks of the river and was chasing away the early morning chill. I remained at the shoal to rod and reel a bit, and the children were left in the boat to bait the hooks and do a little exploring. An hour passed before they paddled back to the trot-

line, where they found a six-pound blue cat snagged deep in the mouth.

Moments later on the shoal, as Parks excitedly showed me the blue cat and we weighed our entire catch to 45 pounds of fish, I looked at his smiling face and said with mock surprise, "Why, Parks, I didn't think you liked to fish."

"But trotlining is different," he said.

When Sam and Ross returned from the ranch, I held my breath and asked, "What was the biggest fish you all caught?"

The answer was 12 pounds. **

Hunt Season Error

In our August issue there were several mistakes in the article, "Commission Extends Three Seasons."

Most glaring was the establishing of a SPRING DEER SEASON in Bowie and Harrison Counties. This portions should have read:

"Bowie and Harrison Counties will have a spring squirrel season during the full month of May, as well as the fall season of Oct. 1 through Dec. 31." Our apology to the deer hunters in these counties who had their hopes raised.

In the section devoted to the EDWARDS PLATEAU DISTRICT, Hays County should be omitted from the October archery season. Webb County which comes under the SOUTH CENTRAL DISTRICT will have the same October archery season as last year.

Also under the EDWARDS PLATEAU DISTRICT, only the part of Lake Travis within Burnet County will be governed by regulatory authority and will have a 25 white bass limit per day.

Then in the SOUTHEAST DISTRICT Trinity and Walker Counties will have the same squirrel season as the rest of the counties in that district. The season will be Oct. 15 through Jan. 15.

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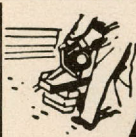
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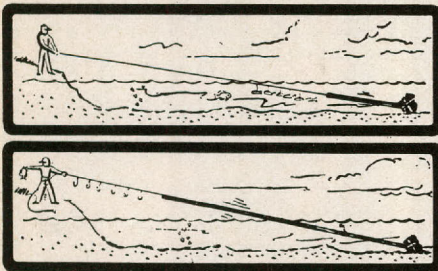
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Who Catches Fish?

by L. D. NUCKLES
I&E Officer, Region V

BY COMBINING THE FIGURES of the Belden Report, a survey made by an independent research organization, and returns from fish tagged by the Game and Fish Commission, Ernest G. Simmons, Supervisor, Coastal Fisheries, Region V of the Commission found that trout are woefully underfished on the coast. What is even more surprising to the ordinary person is that sport fishermen took the lion's share of this harvest.

In one year, Simmons found, 1,242,000 pounds of trout were

caught in the Aransas Bay area. Tag returns indicated that this was not more than 10 per cent of the total trout population. The sport fishermen took 66 per cent of the total harvest, almost twice the 34 per cent taken by the commercial people. It can be readily seen that 90 per cent of our trout were left to accumulate, to migrate or to be wasted through death from natural causes. For instance, 10 million pounds of trout were killed and wasted in a freeze in 1951. Another 1,500,000 pounds were frozen in 1962.

With redfish the story was essentially the same. The harvest amounted to 662,000 pounds. This was found to be 15 per cent of the total population. Again the sport fisherman has asserted himself by taking 61 per cent of the total catch to the commercial fisherman's 39 per cent. Once again a great majority of the available fish, this time 85 per cent, were left to pursue their merry way undisturbed by the fishermen.

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Outdoor Books



HOW TO GO LIVE IN THE WOODS ON \$10 A WEEK, by Bradford Angier, 269 pages, illustrated with photographs and line drawings. Published by The Stackpole Co., Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. \$5.

A lot of us are working harder than we want, at things we don't like to do. Why? In order to afford the sort of existence we don't care to live. How about you? Would you rather go where meat is free for the hunting, fish for the catching, vegetables and fruit for the gathering and a home for the fun of building? Dream on.

Sounds too good to be true, doesn't it? Anyone who has ever dreamed of such a place will certainly want to read how this one-time Boston editor managed to accomplish such a feat. True there were hardships and still are in settling in Alaska or northern Canada but the author's zeal makes it sound more like play.

A lack of maps to illustrate the thorough descriptions of areas available, a lack of more specific money details and a too general account of jobs actually available that one could do part time to supplement income after getting settled are weak points in Angier's story. It leaves a doubt as to the minimum nest egg required to continue to live in the wilderness.

Because of the lengthy descriptions and many recipes toward the end, the book tends to be dry reading at times.

However, this is more than offset with factual accounts of the weather, living conditions, hunting, survival and the truth of heretofore exaggerated stories concerning the wilderness.

Interest is maintained with factual methods of tracking, the extreme cold and the many, many wonders of the great outdoors.

Angier tells how to own the cabin of your dreams outright without any waiting, get a horse or boat if you want, and settle down to some unforgettable living. He tells how you can sit down to free steaks, roasts, or stews every day of the year. Besides the moose, "where a hunter can get a year's supply of meat with a single shot," he tells of the importance of the grizzly bear, caribou, the abundant bird life and wild fruits for the taking. One such fruit, wild rose hips, grows everywhere. This juice is up to 24 times richer in vital vitamin C than oranges. He discusses how to grow all the yeast you need, how to

get a year's supply of pure white shortening for nothing, even how to use some of it to make your own soap. Other topics include the best places to go, how to make the break, how to get land you want for nothing or for a dollar or two an acre, how to buy, store and cook food and how to get a free education.

If a trip is anticipated into the far north this book is certainly worth reading because of the many tips offered on hunting, where and when to buy equipment and how to live off the woods. Also, there are

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numerous places to write to obtain further information.

Perhaps you've been wondering how you can manage early retirement on a modest fixed income. Maybe you'd like your share of Alaska's adventure lands while they're still available for the taking. Could be you just want to quit the rat-race before it quits you—dream a little further.

—Carl Dingler

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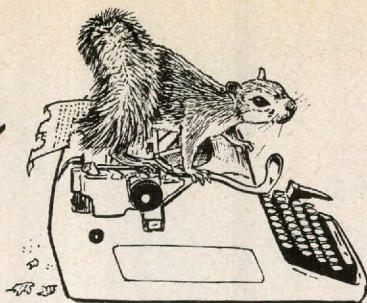
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Letters



to the Editor

Pines Lake Defended

Editor:

I look forward each month to receiving my copy of *Texas Game and Fish* magazine, and especially to reading articles about our favorite spot, Lake O' The Pines!

Earl Golding's article, "Fish Aplenty," was fine in as far as it was about the "Pines." However, he shouldn't have said that about the size of our bass—"it turns out number of bass, not size!" My brother Albert has caught many over three pounds, six over five pounds, and a couple of six-pounders. I have done the same and caught one weighing eight pounds, four ounces!

Eight and a half pounds from this lake noted for number and not size.

All these bass can be authenticated by the owners of Island View Landing, Watts and Allen, and by Mr. Thomas, the federal man up there. The *Longview Daily News* took pictures, etc., etc., etc.

Chubby Grigg I've known since high school and he's right about his fishing and about Mr. "Charlie" C. E. Chaffin. That is, I'd agree he's the best! Only thing, some of us don't fish seven and a half days a week!

The Waco man just went to the wrong end of the lake, that's all!

Another thing that might interest you is a wild raccoon we see along the bank or shore in the woods at the "Pines." My 7-year-old son, Scott, and I see him each time we bream fish. We got to calling him "Cooney" from a distance. Last Saturday I was alone and "Cooney" came out on a floating log to my boat and was boarding it when I first saw him. I had a bream on my hook and swung it within the 'coon's reach. He grabbed and ate it, almost swallowing the hook before I jerked! I fed that 'coon five fish before he disappeared!

I know Mr. Golding won't believe this story, but it's true and I will say here and now I'm not noted for my lying and it's a known fact that I am a teetotaler, so you see I wasn't drunk.

I guess you are glad you don't get many of these long letters—too long to publish, but you have my permission to use any part or all of it if you like.

Don't knock our "lake with the pretty name" as ole Earl says.

Paul Sullivan
Longview

(When we do not give a lake the credit

it deserves, we are always happy to stand corrected. In this case, you were more than justified to call our attention to the fact that Lake O' The Pines does produce some big bass, and lots of them. Thanks also for sharing with us your interesting experiences with "Cooney."—Editor)

Sporting Goods Store On Wheels



Editor:

Here are a couple of photos of Goswick's Garage, located in the garden-like plaza next door to the modern five-story plant of the *Dallas Times Herald*.

Also shown in the pictures are one (1) truck and one (1) cowboy who serves part-time as outdoors editor of the newspaper.

Ol' Tex here built the camper unit himself. It has marine mahogany sides and fiberglassed-plywood top. It is keen.

Accoutrements within the unit include two lengthwise boxes built around the wheel wells and a collapsible table. Thieves who might break into this mobile sporting goods store could bankrupt the owner by making off with half a dozen guns, ditto number rods and reels, tackle box, foul weather gear, extra hunting clothes and boots, sleeping bags, blankets, insulated unmentionables, one (1) admiral's cap, ammunition, a deck of greasy cards, several ruptured beer cans, tool box complete with camp equipment, a roll of binder twine for fashioning huts of limbs and leaves on survival stunts, can of extra gasoline, kerosene lantern, gas lantern, sterno stove, gas stove, built-in ice chest which has space for either a whole cut-up antelope or two and one-half cases of beer, first aid kits, fire extinguisher, box full of goodies such as sun tan lotion and a lot of other junk no one can locate when needed.

All the stuff is contained in the two boxes which are fitted with foam cushions and tarp to double as bunks. The boxes can be easily removed from the truck by only five or six lumberjacks, thus simply clearing the bed of the truck for such part-time services as cleaning out people's garages. (Only \$15 per load, call FL 7-7850.)

Constant two-way radio communication

within two miles of any citizen's band station is also part of this modern equipment. A box attached to the door on the driver's side contains map, gloves, flashlight, matches, hunting knife and various animal calls for practicing en route to work.

Often mistaken for a game warden, I have made five arrests so far this year and collected \$412.50 in fines.

Dick McCune

Dallas *Times Herald*, Dallas

(Thanks for letting us in on your ingenious camper and your "sideline" activities!—Editor)

Barber Brags

Editor:

First of all let me express my appreciation for your fine magazine. I enjoy it very much.

I read on the letters page about the barber fisherman, Mr. R. E. Blanton, who claims he has been barbering for 45 years in the same town. He issued a challenge to anyone to do better. I accept his challenge. We have a barber in Castroville, Mr. Alfred Mann, who has been barbering in this place for 55 years and is still going strong. He is now 73 years old. Mr. Mann barbered for 14 years with hand clippers and kerosene lamps. He later used carbide lamps and then gasoline lamps before getting electricity. Mr. Mann not only fishes but also entertains with a few tunes from his trusty violin.

Best wishes to Mr. Blanton. Perhaps we could get these two barbers together to swap yarns.

Victor Tondre
Castroville

Editor:

The challenge of R. E. Blanton of Claude, Texas (in the July issue) is hereby accepted!

Harry Reasonover of Austin is still one of the best fishermen in the state. And, he has been barbering in Austin continuously since 1902. He has been barber for every governor of Texas since 1902, with the exception of Ma Ferguson, and is still working every day at the Driskill Hotel Barber Shop.

This 60 years of continuous fishing and barbering would make Mr. R. E. Blanton still a youngster.

Bill Shackelford
Austin

(Congratulations and best wishes to both Mr. Mann and Mr. Reasonover.—Editor)

Junior Sportsmen



PRICKLY PET by ANN STREETMAN

MIKE WAS LYING in the front yard staring at the frothy white clouds. He squinted his left eye and then his right and turned his head a little, trying to see the bulky shape of an elephant in a large patch just over the roof of a nearby house. He tired of the game as the elephant gently disintegrated.

Then he turned to studying the prickly blades of Saint Augustine grass that carpeted his large front yard. As his eyes roamed to the still water sprinkler a few feet away, he noticed a slight movement in the grass. Knowing that the animal, insect or whatever it was would be frightened by a sudden movement, he crept slowly toward the sprinkler, inching along on his hands and knees.

Just as he got close enough to feel the dampness of the recently-watered patch, he saw a strange looking brown and black creature with a horned head. Stiffing a sudden small feeling of fear, Mike reached out and covered the creature with his hand. It felt strange against his fingers. It was spiny and rough. Mike saw tiny black eyes staring through a small crack in the hand-prison.

"Mother! Mother!" shouted the seven-year-old as he raced toward the front door. Just outside the door he stopped. A smile crept across his face and a mischievous twinkle sparkled in his eyes. He waited a few moments while his panting quieted and then began to steal toward the kitchen. Peeking around the kitchen door, he saw his mother peeling potatoes at the sink. Just then she put down a potato and walked into the utility room to move the clothes from the washer to the dryer. Quickly and quietly Mike tiptoed to the sink and placed the strange creature on the drainboard. Then he sneaked into the hallway to watch the fun. A few seconds later his mother returned, crossed over to the sink, and glanced over to the drainboard to get another potato.

"Eeeeh!" she squealed. Then she turned around to see Mike spring from his hiding place in a volley of giggles.

"I found him out in the front yard by the water sprinkler," Mike explained between giggles. "It's a horned toad, isn't it, Mom?"

"It s-u-r-e is," Mother said, picking up the toad. "It's also called a horned lizard.

He must have been getting a drink of water. Horned toads soak water through their skins."

"He's a funny looking thing. Feel his horns, Mom," Mike said.

"Ooooh, he is rough. These horns discourage snakes from swallowing him," she explained.

"Can I keep him, Mom? He'd make a good pet; I just know he would. Huh, Mom? Can I?" Mike pleaded.

"Yes, I think so. You can keep him for a while anyway. Since you're going to keep him, you need to find out more about his habits. Let's go see what your reptile book and the encyclopedia have to say about this fellow."

"Reptile book? He's not a snake, Mom," Mike exclaimed.

"You're right, Mike. He's not a snake, but he is a reptile. Snakes are just one type of reptiles. Lizards like your little fellow are another kind," his mother explained.

As the two walked toward Mike's room, Mother said, "They eat insects—ants, beetles, grasshoppers. They catch them with a lightning quick flick of their tongue."

In Mike's room, Mother knelt to get the "R" encyclopedia, and Mike scrambled for his reptile book.

"Here it is," said Mother, as she sank into the desk chair and Mike settled on the edge of the bed. "See, Mike, here is a horned lizard that looks just like yours." Mike looked at the flattened lizard in his hand and then at the picture captioned, "Texas Horned Lizard." "There are other kinds of horned lizards, it says, but this one is most common," Mother continued. "It lives in Texas, New Mexico, Arizona, Kansas, Oklahoma and Mexico. Look, it says they like to lie in the sun for hours at a time and they like to move around during the middle of the morning and late afternoon. . . . They eat only when the temperature is warm. Here's something. The horned lizard has an extra eyelid that can break and spurt blood. But it happens only when the toad is very excited."

"I hope mine does that!" Mike said, peeking at the lizard in his hand.

"I hope he doesn't," said Mother. "It probably would not be good for him. If you handle him very carefully, he won't

do it. Don't frighten him."

"Here's something you might not know, Mike," Mother said. "The horned lizard is a cousin to the Tyrannosaurus Rex, a huge animal that was king of the reptiles many, many years ago. You remember seeing that monster in your pre-historic animals book, don't you?"

"Hey, I think I'll get that book and take another look," Mike said, and he sprang from the bed.

In several more minutes of studying the encyclopedia and other books, the two learned that the horned lizard has three kinds of scales—small scales like grains of sand, smooth overlapping scales and pointed scales. They learned that its short, cone-shaped teeth are used for biting but not chewing since it swallows its food whole. They also read about the toad's ears which look like the covering on a drum. Although the toad has ears, he is not frightened by loud noises.

Finally, Mike decided his pet might be hungry and charged off to find a meal of insects.

The next morning Mike was especially eager to get to school, for he was taking his horned lizard for his friends to see.

A crowd of children gathered around Miss Barton's desk where Mike had put the toad. They took turns touching him, under the careful eyes of both Mike and Miss Barton.

At the beginning of play period, Miss Barton called Mike to her desk and asked him a question in a very low voice. Mike was thoughtful for a moment and then broke into a wide grin as he nodded his head, "yes."

After recess, Miss Barton said, "I have some good news. Mike has decided to share his new pet with us. And we're going to build a home of sand and glass for him." The children broke into happy applause, and a stir of excited plans buzzed around the room.

"Mike," Miss Barton said, "what's your toad's name?"

Mike thought a moment and announced in a proud voice, "Stoney." **

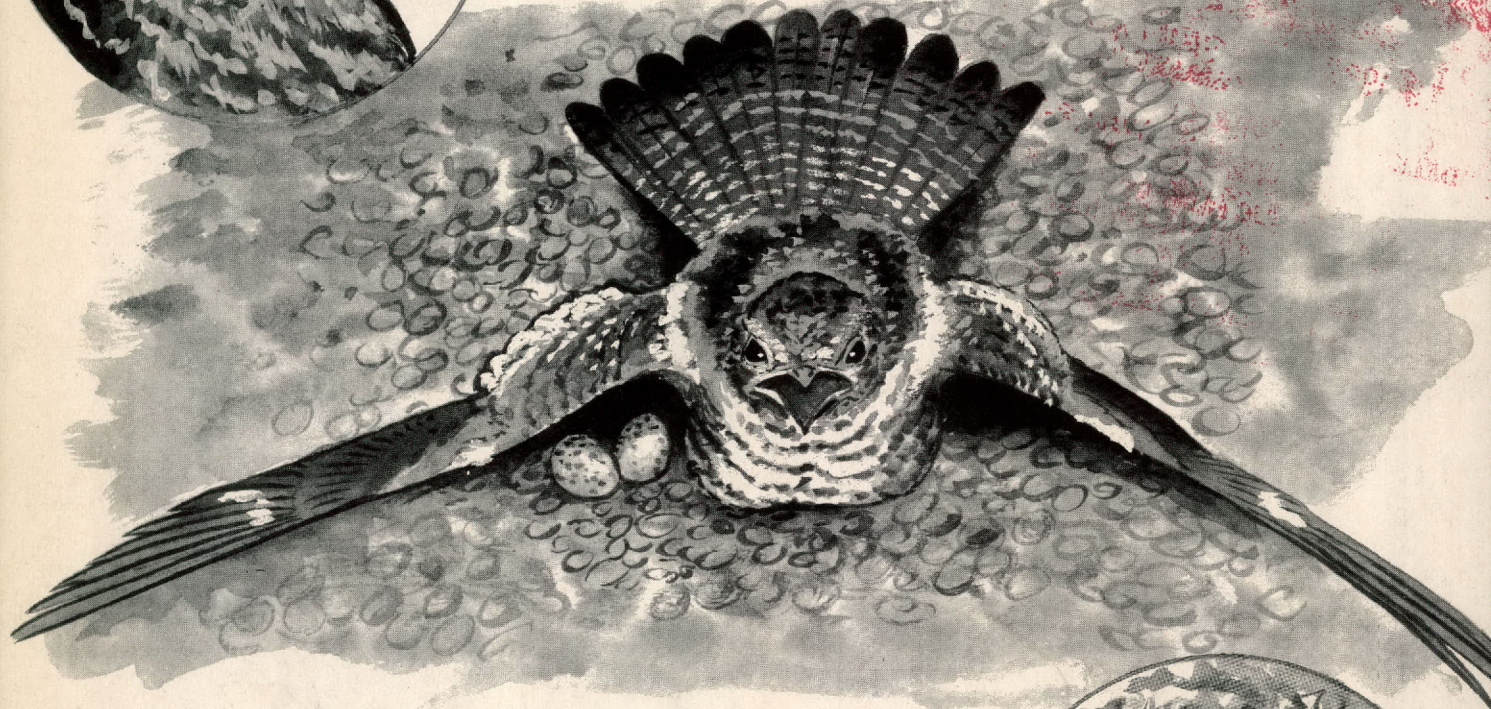
ATTENTION PET OWNERS

If you have a pet toad, skunk, turtle—some animal other than a dog or cat, write us about your adventures with it. Tell us how you got him, what he eats and does.

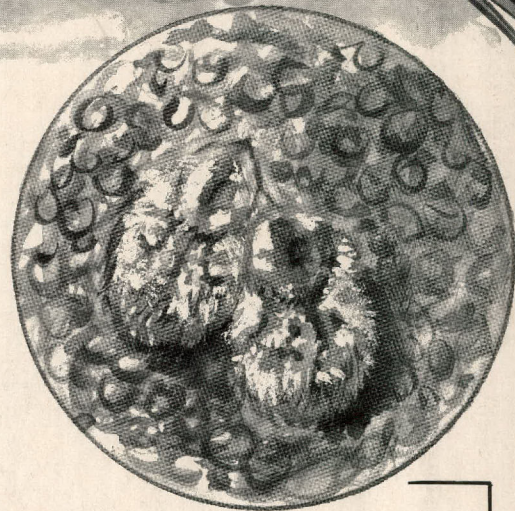
Write us today!—A. S.



Nighthawk



The nighthawk is an alert bird with slim, powerful wings and flashing dark eyes. Because of the position of its eyes, the nighthawk can see both forwards and sideways. Although its beak protrudes only slightly, the creature has a wide, deep mouth which serves as a good trap for insects. The female nighthawk builds no formal nest, but she fiercely protects her eggs which she lays on the ground, in an open field, on a large rock, on a building roof, or in a woodland clearing. The nestlings, like many other wildlife species, are well protected by their coloring which blends with their surroundings.



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