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Deer grow larger on the plateau where I live. I swat flies more because of the way they shadow my reading light than I do because of the noise they make. Rattlesnakes and horned lizards and red ants are also bigger up here than they are in the lowlands. I find snake skins out in the pasture that look like the covers off the barrels of artillery pieces.

I've given up of trying to convince deer hunters and visitors of the different standards. I don't even bother to give the Mertzson or San Angelo coffee drinkers a run down on the trophies I'm apt to see crossing my ranch roads, or passing through the fences.

These giants aren't limited to the outdoors. Last week I hooked onto a stinging scorpion with a clothespin and it put on a show on my cabinet counter that'd make the country's rodeo stars think they'd lost their touch. By the time he'd bucked free he'd knocked the sugar jar and flour can back from the wall. On his last big jump, the pin slipped down in his flanks and he threw it so close to my right eye that if I hadn't ducked at the right moment, I'd have been blinded.

I learned by accident from a famous coon and possum trapper how to handle heavyweight scorpions. The way he caught his hard cases was by putting a piece of aluminum foil on the trigger of a trap and making his set in a water through. He said a lot of trappers thought that the reason a coon would throw a trap was because he was attracted to the shiny object, but he claimed the real secret was that coons are real vain and always get caught trying to adjust the foil so they can see themselves better in the moonlight.

I've watched old gals coming back from their Thursday afternoon beauty shop appointments that had all three of their rear view mirrors so out of focus that the President's motorcade could be following them without their ever knowing it. To be honest, I don't settle well after I've been to the barbershop. It's sometime three days before I don't steal a glance from a shop window.

So using the trapper's lore and my own knowledge of how mean and territorial stinging scorpions are, especially the males, I washed away the human odor off the cabinets and laid a piece of foil on his trail.

At bare daylight he made his first and last move. The second he caught sight of his reflection in the foil surface, he struck so hard with his stinger that he broke his main vertebrae four joints up on his back. After he'd whiplashed, he went into a hopeless head spin. Once I was able to calculate the windage and his course, I dropped him with a head shot with my boot heel that ended the toxic gentleman's career without so much as a quiver.

If I say so myself, it takes a bit of a sport to live up here among these record breakers. I keep thinking I'll buy a wide angle lens for my camera and record some of the bigger trophies. Were I a horn or tail hunter, I'd sure fork over the coin to hunt on this ranch. Until I get a steadier hand, I'm not going to do any more clothespin trapping.