

Texas Game and Fish

MAY

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This scrub jay (Texas jay) gives beauty to the spring scene.
Photo by Dade Rayfield. See wildlife pictures in this issue.



Long shots

Short casts



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FISH BOWL DE LUXE: Construction of a \$10 million National Fisheries Center and Aquarium in Washington, D.C., on a self-supporting basis, was authorized by Congress in 1962. Funds for construction and operation are to be repaid from admission fees. The Center will be administered by the U. S. Bureau of Sport Fisheries and Wildlife. It will contain research laboratories, and both unusual and commonplace aquatic animals from all parts of the world will be studied in near-natural habitats. Studies will include research into genetics, reproduction, nutrition, fish diseases, antibiotics produced by marine animals, and experimental ecology, with much of the research being related to human biology and medicine. The entire spectrum of water habitat and its aquatic animals will be presented, ranging from inhabitants of a freshwater stream, fed by a mountain lake, to the dark abyss of the ocean. Visitors are expected to number three million annually; student groups will be admitted without charge. Single copies of the new publication, "A Preview of the National Fisheries Center and Aquarium," may be obtained from the Fish and Wildlife Service, Dept. of the Interior, Washington, D.C., 20240.

FLIES RIGHT: Holding trout flies in the steam from a teakettle spout will quickly straighten out crumpled feathers.

GOONEY NEWS: Those stubborn gooney birds (Blackfoot or Laysan albatross) on Midway Island have finally met their Waterloo. Although no one personally minds their presence, and there's even a law making a sailor liable to court-martial if he's caught molesting a gooney, Navy officials are concerned about the danger to men and aircraft. Aircraft damage caused by collisions with gooneys--who have wing spans of 8 to 12 feet--runs \$27,000 a year. For more than 20 years, the birds have resisted all efforts to move them from the two square miles of land they share with 3,000 servicemen and dependents. Now, with the sanction of Carl W. Bucheister, president of the Audubon Society, who visited the island, a humane method of eliminating the birds with gas is to be used, which will cost \$500,000. Bucheister insisted that three federal bird sanctuaries on the nearby uninhabited atolls of Pearl and Hermes Reef, Lisianski and Laysan, must remain absolutely inviolate. Only the 20,000 or so birds that nest near the runways are to be exterminated. The remaining 230,000 will be left to their own devices if they behave themselves.

THERE'S A CATCH TO IT: Don't rely too heavily on that safety catch! Safeties on shot-guns are apt to give a sportsman a false sense of security. The safety snap only blocks the triggers so they can't be pulled. It doesn't block the hammers so they can't fall and hit the firing pins. And hammers are what fire the guns!

CHEMICAL DETECTIVES: The Federal Government has awarded a major contract to private researchers to examine cancer-causing potential of some 40 widely used pesticides. On the list are various fungicides, weed-killing urea compounds, and chlorinated hydro-carbons. Research will go beyond cancer. Target is to learn whether such chemicals may cause genetic changes in human cells.

WE'D BETTER HEED: Burning has been proved an antiquated and impractical way to remove weeds, and it does not make grass green sooner. There are weed trees, vegetable weeds and weed grasses. When the soil becomes so poor through misuse it will not grow the better grasses, weed grasses such as sandbur move in. Instead of killing undesirable grasses, burning merely eliminates some of the weed's competitors. The best way to get rid of weed grasses is to increase the fertility of the soil, enabling other plants to take over. Healthier plants thrive where the ground is richer and where fire has not destroyed its fertility. Grazing animals are quick to pick out the choice grasses on fertile soil, and will prefer unburned sections every time. —Joan Pearsall

Texas Game and Fish

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The Cover



Just like a human mother who often wishes for an extra pair of hands, this red-winged blackbird could use an extra beak very handily just now. Trying to fill up those ravenous, cavernous young mouths keeps her continually on the hop—and still there is an unfed one yelling 'favoritism!' J. R. Smith of Lubbock caught this typical spring moment in the blackbird menage.

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

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Ban the Bug!

“SUMMERTIME an’ the livin’ is easy,” the song tells us. Unfortunately, in summertime the livin’ is also apt to be messy.

This is the time when trash-tossing litterbugs come out in greatest numbers, reminds Keep America Beautiful, Inc., the national litter-prevention organization.

“Though littering goes on twelve months a year,” says a spokesman for the group, “the time between Memorial Day and Labor Day is the heyday for the litterer.”

As vacation time arrives, more and more people take to the highways across the nation. More people go boating, hiking, fishing and picnicking. And the volume of litter strewn across the landscape increases in direct proportion. Furthermore, *this litter will continue to increase unless we intensify our efforts to prevent it.*

The national bill for cleaning up after litterbugs along highways is more than \$100 million a year. The taxpayer, of course, pays it. What a blessing if this money could be put instead into such projects as new schools, better roads, or other constructive uses!

We can take consolation, however, in a pioneering study of the litter problem sponsored by the Glass Container Manufacturers Institute, Inc. This study turned up some facts that raise renewed hope for the litterbug’s eventual extinction.

It was found, for example, that litterers, by and large, are not psychologically, economically or socially different from other people. Littering, rather, was found to be a careless or thoughtless act. Carelessness and thoughtlessness certainly can be overcome.

Also on the hopeful side, the study proved that people are readily responsive to vigorous anti-litter campaigns. The No. 1 remedy for littering, it was indicated, is public education—education that emphasizes the fact that littering is an anti-social, costly and often hazard-producing pursuit.

Additionally, the educational program must be bolstered by adequate litter disposal facilities and up-to-date state and local laws against littering.

The significance of these findings is that *littering can be stopped*, if we apply the proper measures against it.

With the help of organizations like Keep America Beautiful on the national scene, and clean-up and beautification groups on the state and local level, the litter problem can be controlled. The rewards for success will be great—in terms of our esthetic enjoyment of a beautiful America, and in terms of the taxpayers’ satisfaction in whittling down a national clean-up bill of half-a-billion dollars. **

Guest Editorial

Keep America Beautiful, Inc.

Inland Reds

by KENNETH C. JURGENS
Inland Fisheries Supervisor, Rockport
L. V. GUERRA
Aquatic Biologist

Stocking of redfish is being done for experimental purposes only. Redfish are not available to the public for private stocking.—Editor.

FOR more than 10 years, personnel of the Parks and Wildlife Department's inland fisheries research staff have been in quest of a fish species which would biologically control over-abundant forage or trash fish in Texas' inland waters. Such a fish would have to be desirable as a sport fish, be of good food quality, grow to large size, and be an efficient predator. Possible candidates for this job, thus far, have been the walleye, the snook, the

striped bass, the speckled trout, the flounder, and the redfish. All of these, with the exception of the walleye and snook, are saltwater fishes and in each case, prior to 1962, have been experimentally transplanted from coastal bays to saline inland waters. Experiments so far indicate some possibilities for using the redfish in controlling freshwater trash fish.

The earliest attempt to make use of a non-native predatory fish species as a biological control on unwanted fish came in 1952. At that time, walleye, or yellow pike-perch, over a million strong, were planted in Lake Travis, near Austin. Additional walleyes, also in large numbers, were stocked in Lakes Walk, Marble Falls and Granite Shoals. None were ever recaptured.

In 1954, some 58 young-of-the-year redfish were placed in the more than 22,000 acres of Lake Kemp, near Wichita Falls. These were followed in 1957 with 1,382 additional young redfish plus 184 young, speckled trout. Overall, the stocking rate for redfish was approximately 65 per 1,000 surface acres and, so far as is known, none of these fish as yet have been recaptured.

Snook are known to migrate into warm, sub-tropical freshwater streams from coastal waters, but no attempts have been made to transplant them into Texas' inland waters because they are extremely susceptible to cold, winter water temperatures.

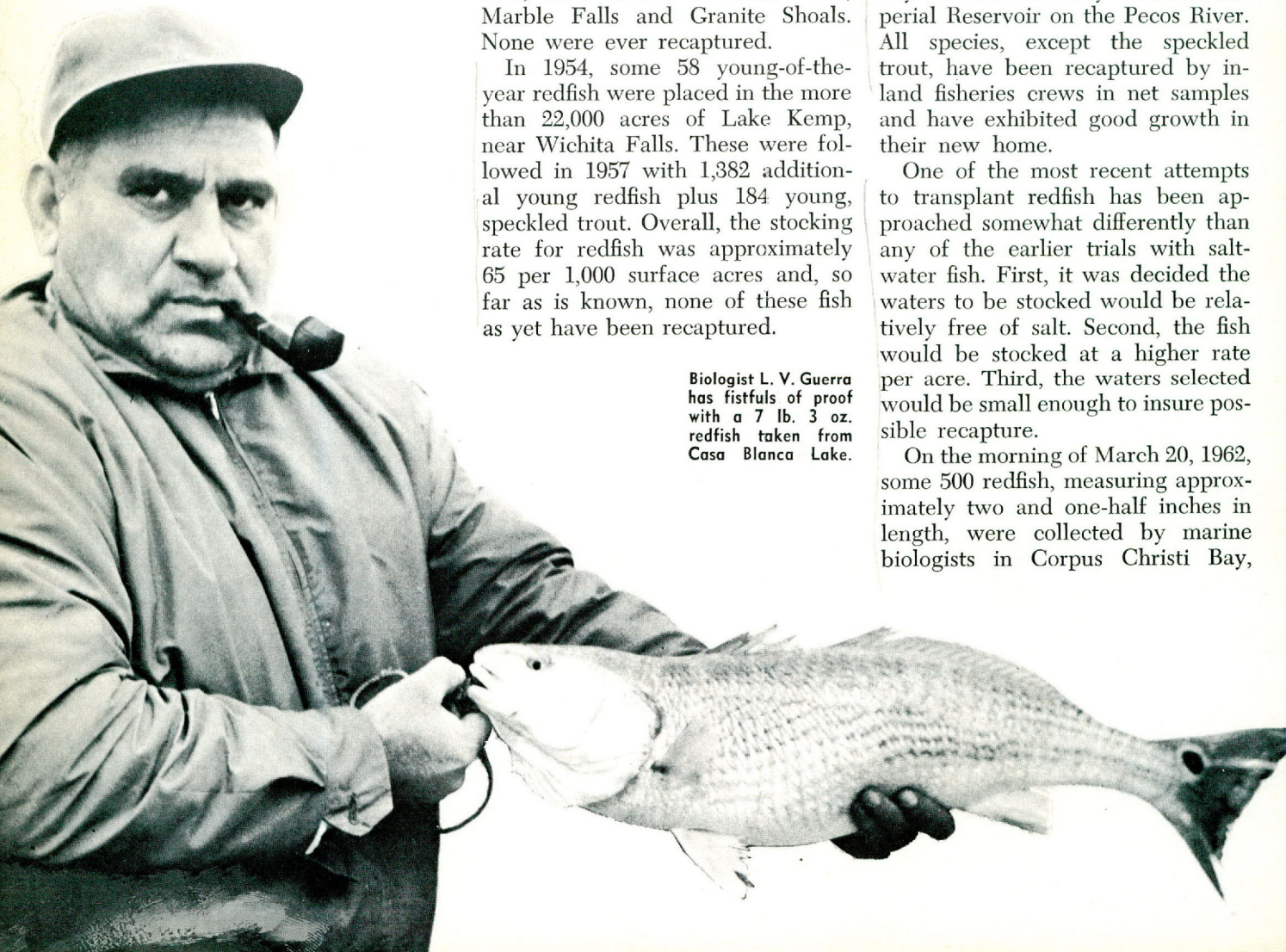
Saltwater stripers were imported from California in 1960, when 791 of these fish were placed in Lake Diversion near Wichita Falls. Nothing as yet is known about their survival.

In April 1950, some 871 saltwater fishes, including 246 young redfish, 50 speckled trout, 75 southern flounders and 500 golden croakers and spots were transplanted from coastal bay waters to the salty waters of Imperial Reservoir on the Pecos River. All species, except the speckled trout, have been recaptured by inland fisheries crews in net samples and have exhibited good growth in their new home.

One of the most recent attempts to transplant redfish has been approached somewhat differently than any of the earlier trials with saltwater fish. First, it was decided the waters to be stocked would be relatively free of salt. Second, the fish would be stocked at a higher rate per acre. Third, the waters selected would be small enough to insure possible recapture.

On the morning of March 20, 1962, some 500 redfish, measuring approximately two and one-half inches in length, were collected by marine biologists in Corpus Christi Bay,

Biologist L. V. Guerra has fistfuls of proof with a 7 lb. 3 oz. redfish taken from Casa Blanca Lake.



near Ingleside. Some eight hours later, after transport by hatchery truck, they were released in Casa Blanca Lake at Laredo. Because of drought, this 1,700 acre lake was reduced to approximately 600 surface acres. On this basis, the redfish stocking ratio amounted to 80 per every 100 acres.

Information from marine biologists of the coastal fisheries section, suggested that the 146 parts per million of chlorides, or salt, dissolved in the waters of Casa Blanca Lake, though hardly noticeable in drinking water, were sufficient for survival of the young redfish. (Sea water, where the fish were spawned, contains approximately 35,000 parts per million of chlorides.)

The first news of the success of the redfish transplant came during April, the first month following their arrival, when a crappie fisherman at Casa Blanca, using small minnows on a small hook, caught a "red" which was about five and one-half inches long. This was a three-inch increase in length.

About the time of the first redfish capture, the river carsuckers in the lake began to spawn. A food supply for the young redfish was assured.

Since the first redfish was caught at Casa Blanca Lake in April 1962, five others have been taken and each, in turn, was significantly larger than its predecessor. The one most recently caught by a sport fisherman measured 17 inches in length and weighed two and one-fourth pounds. It was caught on October 6, 1962 and in six months had grown some 13 inches in length and had gained more than two pounds.

From October 1962 until January 1964 no other redfish were taken and after many thousands of feet of gill net and trotlines had been set, it began to look as if there were no other redfish left in the lake. Hopes for the transplanted redfish were fading fast, but on January 30, 1964 a 27.2-inch redfish was caught in test nets set by inland fisheries biologists on a routine check of the lake.

In its 21 months in the lake, this fish had grown as much as a redfish normally grows in three years in coastal bays. Laboratory studies showed that it was an immature

A real redfish gives emphasis to already striking wanted sign, posted after release at Casa Blanca Lake.



male, was resistant to parasites, was extremely fat and healthy, and that it had been feeding on freshwater shad about four inches long.

That redfish stocked as fingerlings will survive in fresh water has been established. The specimens from Casa Blanca Lake and others held experimentally at the Olmito Fish Hatchery have proved this. The next steps in this study should be to determine if the species will spawn in fresh water. Though not likely, this is not impossible.

More likely it will be necessary to develop methods of artificially obtaining the young fish for transplant. This will probably involve the capture of spawning-sized fish in the Gulf of Mexico and in taking fertilized eggs for hatching at inland hatcheries. The young fry would then be reared until they were large enough to be transported to the lakes where they would be stocked.

In preparation for the time when equipment becomes available for going out into the Gulf to obtain

breeding-sized redfish, considerable experience could be obtained by working with other fishes of the same family group, such as the black drum, the speckled sea trout and the golden croaker. All of these are readily available in breeding condition during much of the year in coastal bays and should provide a ready supply of specimens for experimentation.

Regarding those now in Casa Blanca Lake, it remains to be seen how large redfish will grow in fresh water. Just an idea of how large they can grow in waters hardly more salty than those of Casa Blanca Lake was learned during August of 1962. Test nets set at Brownsville in the Resaca de la Guerra captured a redfish measuring 35 inches in length and weighing more than 15 pounds. How this fish got there is a mystery, but it might have been carried into the resaca with high water during a hurricane. The results of this work so far seem to indicate that redfish in fresh water have possibilities. **



IT'S NOT AN ODD coincidence that truckloads of bass fishermen save their time off for the months of March and April. And, it's no accident that big bass and big bass fishermen just happen to clash on Texas lakes during these two months. Certainly, bucket-mouth bass would like to avoid the meeting—but bait slinging pescadores wouldn't have it any other way. They know that if they ever catch a mounting-sized largemouth, it'll happen sometime in the early months of spring.

Many anglers start their "bass watch" in early February. They wait for a break in the weather. "Give us two or three days of warm weather and someone will pick up a good fish," they say. "The big ones are anxious—they'll start hitting any day now."

And so, the few fishermen who make up the "Big Bass Fraternity" return to the lakes each weekend, each day off, determined to be on the water bouncing a bait along the bottom when the monster largemouths strike out.

In Texas, fishermen are subject to catch taxidermy specials in numerous lakes scattered all over this great land. A few lakes outstrip others in big bass catches not especially because the bass are thicker, but because there are fewer trees and brush in some lakes than in others. It's just naturally much more difficult to fight a big bass into the net if the water is loaded with trees, stumps, bushes and other line-breaking obstacles.

Fishermen probably take more big bass each year from Granite Shoals Lake in Central Texas than any other lake in the state. It doesn't produce the biggest bass, but the fishing fraternity find it to be consistently dependable for lunger catches. Fishermen claim this is true because the lake has ideal habitat for bass, and because the lake has lots of open water to play in the big fish.

When the Big Bass Bite

by CURTIS CARPENTER

TEXAS GAME AND FISH

The early months of spring are prime for hauling in giants because this is the time when bass set up housekeeping. March is a good month to pick, if you wish to choose just one. It's during this period that males move into the shallow water to sweep out a nest. The females stay a little farther off shore until conditions are perfect for depositing their eggs. During this period of spawning, both male and female are in no mood to tolerate the ill-mannered habits of lead-head jigs and other bottom-bouncing baits.

In some instances the big bass will inhale a bait with the intentions of filling an empty stomach. Usually, it is more concerned about getting the pesky creature off its nest. That's why, in many instances, the big fish simply picks up the artificial morsel in its chompers, transports it a safe distance from the back door and spits it out. An experienced fisherman will detect this defensive move and plant a piece of barbed steel in the fish's jawbone. Then the fight is on.

The fisherman doesn't feel badly about eliminating a few nesting fish, because he knows thousands more will succeed in producing millions of tiny new offspring, more than enough to maintain a healthy population in the lake.

Catching the big large-mouthed bass doesn't always demand skill. All that produces isn't talent—many times it's pure and simple luck. Frequently the big 'uns are caught by a beginner from a pier in the midst of boat traffic on a seldom-used bait tied to a rotten line feeding off a cheap rod and reel combination. It is true that fishermen who know the water and go prepared to handle large fish, will catch more big fish. It is also true that the few who spend all their spare time invading the watery haunts of bass have the law of average on their side. It's only natural that they catch more big fish.

Because the big "spawners" are hugging the bottom in true nesting fashion, baits which bounce, crawl or slide over that water-logged area are usually the best producers. These include jigs, plastic worms,

pork eels, spoons and pork, jigs and eels and lipped baits which work on the bottom. In most instances, a weedless bait eliminates the loss of precious minutes of fishing.

Long casts are not necessary. Numerous short casts are better than a few long casts. If the water is extremely clear, long casts away from the boat would be more suitable. By keeping low and making short casts, your chances for catching a good fish are right up with the best of them.

Three other factors are important in fishing for the big fish: silence, patience and determination. Lacking any one of these virtues, a fisherman is in trouble. What's left is not enough to catch the suspicious and cautious king of the rod-kinkers.

An exceptionally quiet angler can sneak right up on the bass household and jerk papa out the skylight. Many a den-wall specimen has been hooked right under the boat. When it comes to taking the logs, unnatural sounds can mean the difference between an ice chest full of one fish and no fish at all.

Fishermen quite often plead, "I don't see how they can stand and cast all day, just for one fish. It's not worth it." Perhaps not to those who want a good fish, but just don't have the patience and determination to stick with it until that shoulder-jolter clamps its big mouth around the bait. These are the ones who with fate in their favor accidentally catch one from the pier on rotten line.

Recently a fisherman, wearing a smile as big as Lake Texoma, posed for a photo with his eight-pound 12-ounce black bass. "I have fished this lake five long years for a bull like this. I'd do it again!" he assured. Some bassers churn artificial lures hundreds of miles and never catch one that size.

The dream of catching the big one, and hoping the next cast will be the one that snags it, is the fuel that drives fishermen on year after year. To those who have a memory mounted and hanging on the wall, it's reason enough to be on the lake when the big bass bite. **



This is one he wanted to be sure didn't get away! Not even for posing purposes would A. W. Schmitz of Austin let his lunker 7-pound bass off the stringer. He caught it in Lake Austin.



The Day the

LAST September 12, early in the morning, the 65-acre lake in Tyler State Park was nestling serenely among towering pines and heavy hardwoods. A faint breeze rippled the water; the tranquil scene gave little indication that misfortune was about to strike, but strike it did with no warning whatsoever and a lake died standing on its feet.

The earthen dam, holding thirteen hundred acre-feet of swimming, fishing and recreation water, heretofore an ideal setting for public enjoyment, suddenly collapsed because of seepage. Three hundred feet of dam was washed out with the effect of pulling the stopper from a bathtub. No one was on the lake at this particular time, and fortunately so, because in a matter of 45 minutes on-rushing water tore down trees and shrubs, sucked away a concrete retaining wall and left the lake completely dry. The large gaping hole was a scar on a once-beautiful landscape and there was only ugliness where beauty had been taken as a

matter of course. Exposed on the bottom of the impoundment were boats, motors, tackle boxes, rods and reels, and other implements of fishing and fun that visitors had lost over a period of 30 years.

Tyler State Park is one of the 38 recreational parks in the state of Texas, and one of the 24 such establishments of the Parks and Wildlife Department that boasts a lake. As such, it's in almost year-round popular demand. Thousands each year enjoy the recreational facilities of the 994 scenic acres.

Just as if one in a complex row of machines had broken down, the Department threw into gear fast-moving mechanics to expedite the immediate repair of this important public enjoyment area.

Representatives of the Parks and Wildlife Department began arriving almost by the time news media had printed and aired the occurrence. They surveyed the damaged structure and began a series of meetings with Tyler civic leaders, and within

A serene Eden—before the dam broke. Framed in pines and hardwoods, Tyler State Park's 65-acre lake was a picture of tranquility.

their own Department began mapping out the almost endless survey and estimate work that would soon restore, and perhaps improve the park site. Fisheries biologists also began making plans to increase fishing potential against the day repair was complete.

Other agencies entered the picture, and at a January 28 State Water Commission hearing a permit for the impoundment was granted. Bids from construction firms were asked for and received. A contract of \$42,474.30 was awarded to Hoffman and Borders Construction Company, Waco. Parks and Wildlife Executive Director J. Weldon Watson said at Tyler, "Tyler State Park hosts more than a quarter of a million recreationists annually, and is located within two miles of new Interstate Highway 20. This makes it one of the State's most important parks. Actual repair of the dam will begin

with the least possible amount of delay.”

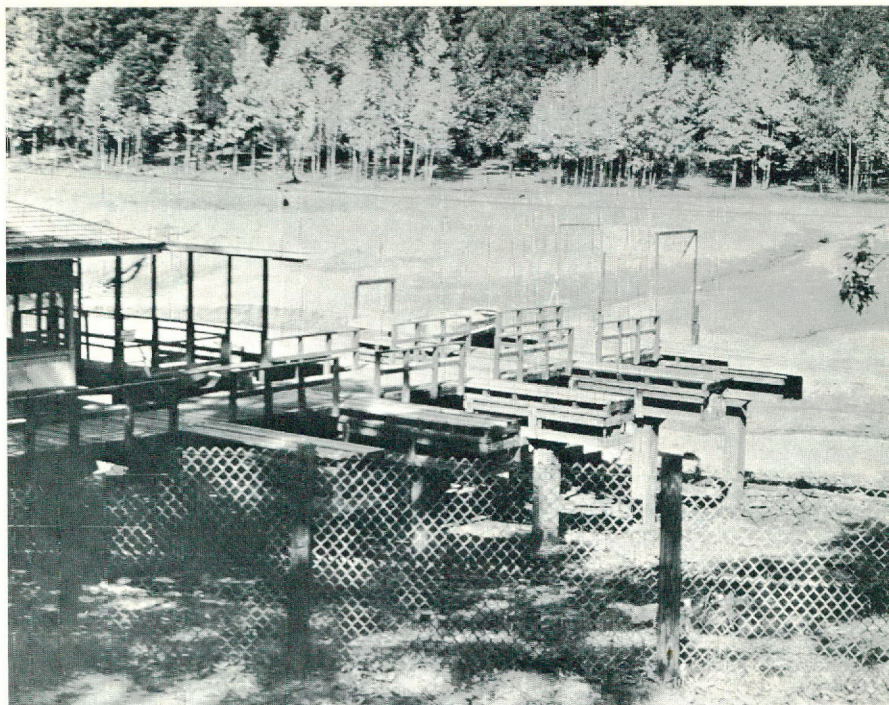
In the meantime, Governor John Connally earmarked \$40,000 from the governor's special fund for the repairs. The remainder of the money needed will come from Department funds.

Repair work began February 24. The lake bed resounded with the roar of tractor motors as grass was planted to provide an indirect food supply for fish to be stocked when the structure is mended and the lake refills. Meantime, sunlight and air were penetrating the soil of the lake bed releasing fertility elements otherwise unavailable.

Individuals, families and church civic groups use the parks as a tranquilizer for frayed nerves, tense

• Continued on Page 27

Alongside the damaged dam below is a sign of regeneration, in the ryegrass planted in lake bed as indirect food supply for future fish.



Deserted boat docks, left high and dry when the lake died, are forlorn evidence of mishap.

Dam Broke

by W. R. LONG
I & E Officer, Tyler



Thickets of Trotlines

by ERNEST G. SIMMONS

Coastal Fisheries Supervisor, Rockport

FISHERMEN, over the centuries, have developed many strange and diverse methods of capturing their prey. One of the most effective of these is the saltwater trotline. People raised on rivers, and accustomed to using trotlines for catfish, would certainly think this saltwater tackle strange, for there are no weights and no real baits.

The average trotline, as used in the Laguna Madre, is 500 to 600 feet long and contains about 100 hooks. Stakes are placed at intervals of 30 or 40 feet and the main line is stretched tightly between them about two feet above the water. Between the stakes are hung stagings and hooks. These stagings are made just long enough for the hooks to reach the water. The main line is attached to the stakes in such a fashion that it can be raised or lowered quickly with changing tides.

Bait is no problem. As a rule, there are no minnows, perch, suckers, helgramites or similar items to catch; instead there are small diamond-shaped bits of red, yellow, blue or varicolored plastic. Since each plastic strip barely hits the water, every wave makes it move around a little, thus, there are literally dozens of artificial lures dancing at the surface simultaneously. Some trotlines use perch and mullet at times, and this appears to increase the effectiveness of the method.

Even with plastic baits, the job is not easy. Tides are capricious and often influenced by the wind. Lines must be adjusted frequently. Dead grass often covers the hooks, and lines may be broken by passing boats. Sometimes, however, conditions are just right and the

fisherman can cruise along his line pausing only to remove fish or replace a lost bait.

The method is a good and effective one and particularly useful for catching redfish and trout. Its very simplicity, however, often leads to abuse. There is a definite tendency to put out more and more lines during periods when fish are scattered and an equal tendency to abandon some of these lines when fish become more abundant. Some fishermen are probably capable of properly working several thousand hooks; others try and fail. Quite often a fisherman simply becomes disgusted and quits, leaving his lines untended in the water.

The results of these failures and abandonments are readily seen in the Laguna Madre. In some areas, there is literally a jungle of stakes. Some are new; some appear to have been there for years. The casual boater is never quite sure if any particular stake bears a line or whether it is simply an old forgotten pole. This, of course, leads to considerable ducking and dodging and zigging and zagging and occasionally culminates in bodily injury. Conscientious trotline operators mark the ends of lines with brush or flags and line up all end stakes so that easy boat passage is insured. Others apparently don't care. This leads to considerable complaining by people passing through the area and very often, trotlines are cut, not entirely by accident.

An abandoned trotline does not always quit fishing. The nylon line, plated hooks, and plastic baits deteriorate very slowly. The owner may be long departed for more profitable endeavors, and the line may be lying loose in the water, but redfish and trout still hit those flashy strips or even the empty, shiny hooks. Since this is normally not witnessed, the fish can only die—and rot.

The haphazard trotline operator poses a hardship to many people. A sport fisherman may be justifiably angry when he can't get to where he's going or when he sees spoiling fish. He may even go so far as to cut or tear down those lines in his path. When this happens, the conscientious trotliner suffers as much as the haphazard one.

Trotline fishermen are beginning to be self-policing. Those in the Port Mansfield area have already pulled up and disposed of several thousand abandoned stakes. Uniform marking of trotline ends would be helpful as would fishing only those lines which can be properly maintained. The removal of stakes upon completion of fishing activity would help solve the problem. **



HE LACKS the tremendous body-shaking leaps of the tarpon, the tail-walking dance of the sailfish, and the long speed run of the kingfish. He is minus the spectacular fighting characteristics of many game fish. Yet old Cyn-neb (*Cynoscion nebulosus*), the speckled trout, is still the most popular of all saltwater fish along the Texas Coast.

Popularity of the fish stems from its abundance and the fact that it knows no seasons. Winter, spring, summer or fall, speckled trout are around and can be found in Texas waters—that is, if you know their habits.

In spring and summer the best trout fishing is found in the surf, throughout the numerous coastal bays and in the deep water around the jetties that protect harbor en-

the chances are excellent that there are others around. Specks are rarely loners. It generally holds, however, that the larger they are, the fewer they are in number in any particular school.

Speckled trout are extremely wary. The least bit of foreign noise—bumping the boat bottom or splashing the anchor—can send a school finning for the county line. Consequently, the fish must be approached with stealth. In shallow water this means killing the engine early and poling in the last hundred yards. If you're wading, it means moving slowly and quietly. Shuffle your feet along the bottom to avoid any splashing noises.

Special tackle means a long, limber rod with bait, spincast or spinning

artificial lure, a leader is a must. Use monofilament or gut, never wire. Wire restrains the action of live shrimp and ruins the action of spoons and plugs.

In the spring and summer when clear water in the Gulf moves right up to the beach, surf fishing for speckled trout can be terrific. Cast to the water beyond the seaward breaker or fish near the cuts and passes that connect the Gulf with the bays. In this type of fishing, use a float to keep your live shrimp off the bottom and generally away from bottom-feeding catfish.

Equally good in the spring is wading the grass flats in the bays. The right time is on flood tides. Excellent catches of big trout can be

About Trout

by A. C. BECKER

Galveston Daily News

trances from Sabine on the Texas-Louisiana border to Brownsville, the jumping off spot for Old Mexico.

When fall's northers put a chill in the water, the wily speckled trout moves from the surf and shallow bay flats to the deeps of cuts, bayous and boat basins.

Although speckled trout are numerous and found the year around, they are by no means caught—consistently, that is—by just dropping a baited hook into the water.

The speckled trout angler who wants to keep waterhauls few and far between must know his fish and have a reasonable amount of special tackle for the job.

First, let's talk about the fish. It's a school fish. When you catch one,



A tasteful composition, this stringer has a little of everything, but mostly speckled trout.

reel. The rod must have a lot of whip so that light baits and lures can be cast a long distance.

That whip is a must when fighting a speck, especially a big one. In many waters the fish is known as the spotted weakfish. The only weak thing about the fish is its mouth, which is quite tender. Too hard a strike or attempts at horsing the fish in usually result in the hook being torn from its mouth. A whippy rod can cushion sudden lunges—and put the fish on your stringer.

Prime bait for specks are live shrimp, the friskier the better. Spoons and sinking lures run a neck and neck second to live shrimp. Whether you use natural bait or

made by working spoons and plugs rather rapidly just a few inches below the surface. In this type of fishing, you're seldom in water more than two or three feet deep. Never attempt this kind of fishing from a boat because the fish spook very easily in such shallow water.

During the hot summer months, specks will often move out into the bay to deeper, cooler water. They'll also move to deep jetty waters in hot weather.

The bays in mid-summer offer excellent drift- and bird-fishing. With drift-fishing you let the boat drift until you get a fish. Then you slip over the anchor—quietly—and work

• Continued on Page 30

Nestlings Get a

by TED L. CLARK
Wildlife Biologist

BANDING studies have showed that Texas white-winged dove populations are not replenished by Mexican birds, as many hunters have long thought ("Birds Across the Border," *Texas Game and Fish*, April 1964). In fact, biologists believe that many Texas white-wings displaced by loss of habitat have adopted Mexican nesting sites. To gain such information requires many hours of banding in Mexico as well as Texas.

To make their factual picture as complete as possible, Parks and Wildlife biologists have augmented their Texas whitewing banding program with annual forays into Mexico. Since 1950, they have, with the permission of the Mexican government, each spring banded a number of nestling birds on Mexican breeding grounds. Through 1963, 22,034 whitewings have been banded in Mexico: 21,697 nestlings and 337 adults. Virtually all of these birds were banded in either the San Fernando or Mante colonies, the largest in Mexico.

To initiate the banding program in Mexico, the biologists first had to locate the major nesting colonies south of the border. During 1950-54, an extensive reconnaissance was made of that portion of Mexico east and north of a line from Nuevo Laredo south to Ciudad Valles, hence east to Tampico.

As early as 1952, preliminary call count transects were established in the more important Mexican colonies. In other words, the biologists studied the number and frequency of whitewing calls in these colonies to gain some idea of nesting populations. These early investigations indicated widespread distribution of the species over the more arid regions where live water courses and waterholes occurred and where, at the same time, dense low-growing brush existed. Mountainous areas with lush vegetation as well as the rank coastal type of vegetation (dense growths of bamboo and willow) had practically no nesting birds. Major nesting concentrations were found east of San Fernando on the Rio Conchos, along the Rio Soto la Marina and its tributaries east of Padilla, in the vicinity of the village of San Jose de los Russios, and along the Rio Guayalejo approximately 15 miles east of Ciudad Mante (Figure 1).

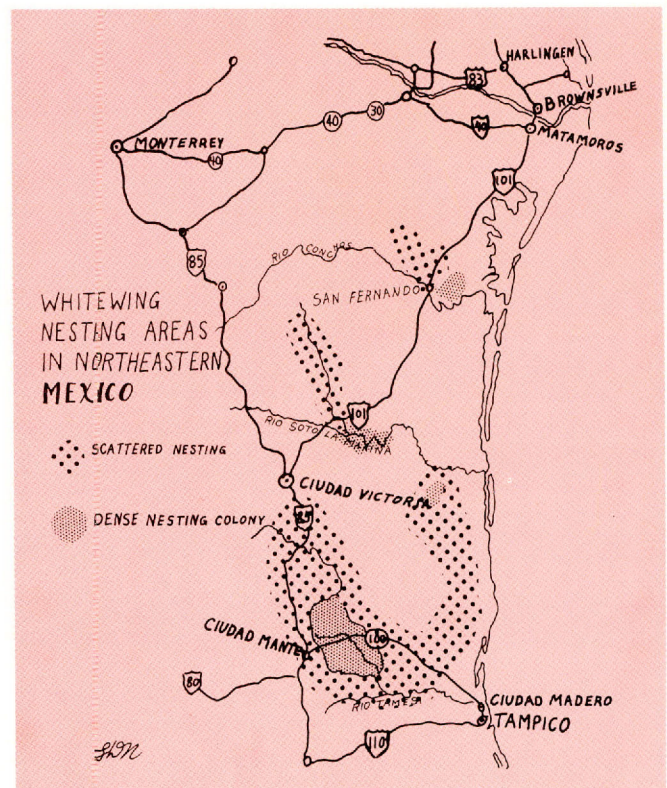
By 1955 the call count technique of determining population trends, described earlier, had been refined

and was established as the best method of getting population indexes for the colonies. It is the basis of techniques now used for both Texas and Mexican banding projects.

From their data, biologists found that a comparison of whitewing population fluctuations in Texas and Mexico reveals similar trends for the period 1955-61 (Figure 2). This indicates that both the Texas and Mexican populations are being subjected to the same decimating factors on their common wintering grounds in southern Mexico and Central America.

But, during the two nesting seasons since the devas-

Figure 1



Map shows major nesting areas—east of San Fernando, on Rio Conchos; along Rio Soto la Marina, and tributaries east of Padilla near San Jose de los Russios; along Rio Guayalejo, 15 miles east of Ciudad Mante.

Number



Biologists foray south of the border annually, for long hours of heat and hardships, in order to band the whitewings and learn their secrets.

tating freeze of 1962, in which much of the Texas citrus nesting habitat was wiped out, the Texas population trend showed a drastic decline while the Mexican population showed a tremendous increase. Clearing operations of native brush in the Valley which continued during this period, contributed still further to the loss of suitable nesting sites in Texas. Biologists believe that Texas whitewings displaced by this loss of nesting habitat are nesting in Mexican colonies.

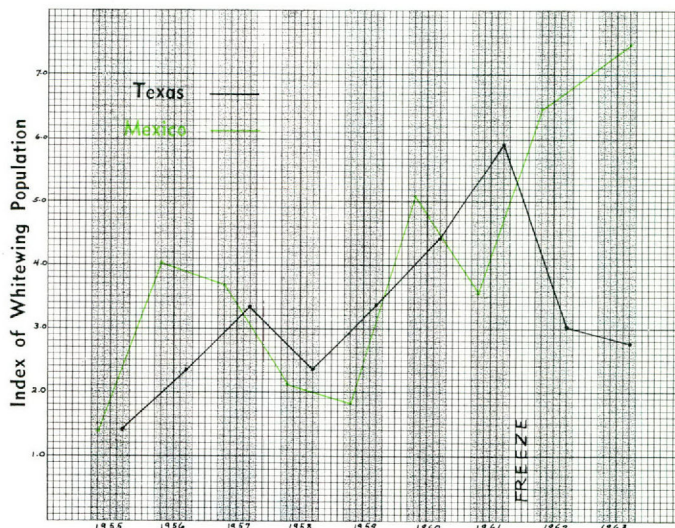
A typical day during banding operations in Mexico is tough for the crew of one or more trained biologists and several student assistants usually from Texas A. & M. University. They roll out of bed at 3:30 or 4:00 a.m. After an early breakfast, everyone piles into a pickup for the trip to the nesting grounds, which often are in a rather remote sector. To take advantage of the cooler early morning hours, banding begins as soon after dawn as possible.

The morning's banding ends at 11:00 a.m. when the crew returns to camp for lunch and a rest during the mid-day temperatures, which often soar to 110 degrees and more, in the dense brush of the nesting colony. The crew is usually back in the brush by 3:00 p.m., to band until dark. After cleaning up, eating dinner and writing the banding records, the men are eager to turn in for the night; they seldom suffer from insomnia.

Timing is important in the banding project. The crew must be on the nesting grounds at the time the young birds are at the proper age for banding—5-10 days old. The feet of younger birds will not always retain a band, and birds over 10 days old are prone to leap from the nest at the bander's approach. To determine the optimum time for banding nestlings in Mexico each year, biologists study the stage of incubation in a sample of eggs collected from each of the major colonies. By examining the eggs, they can predict the date of hatching. And, the yearly banding expedition is scheduled to coincide with the time most of the young in a colony will be 5-10 days old.

The banding program in Mexico is strenuous and tedious for crews. Giant rattlesnakes, mosquitoes, heat and millions of thorns add no pleasure to the project, but each year's banding session across the border contributes to better management of a Texas favorite. **

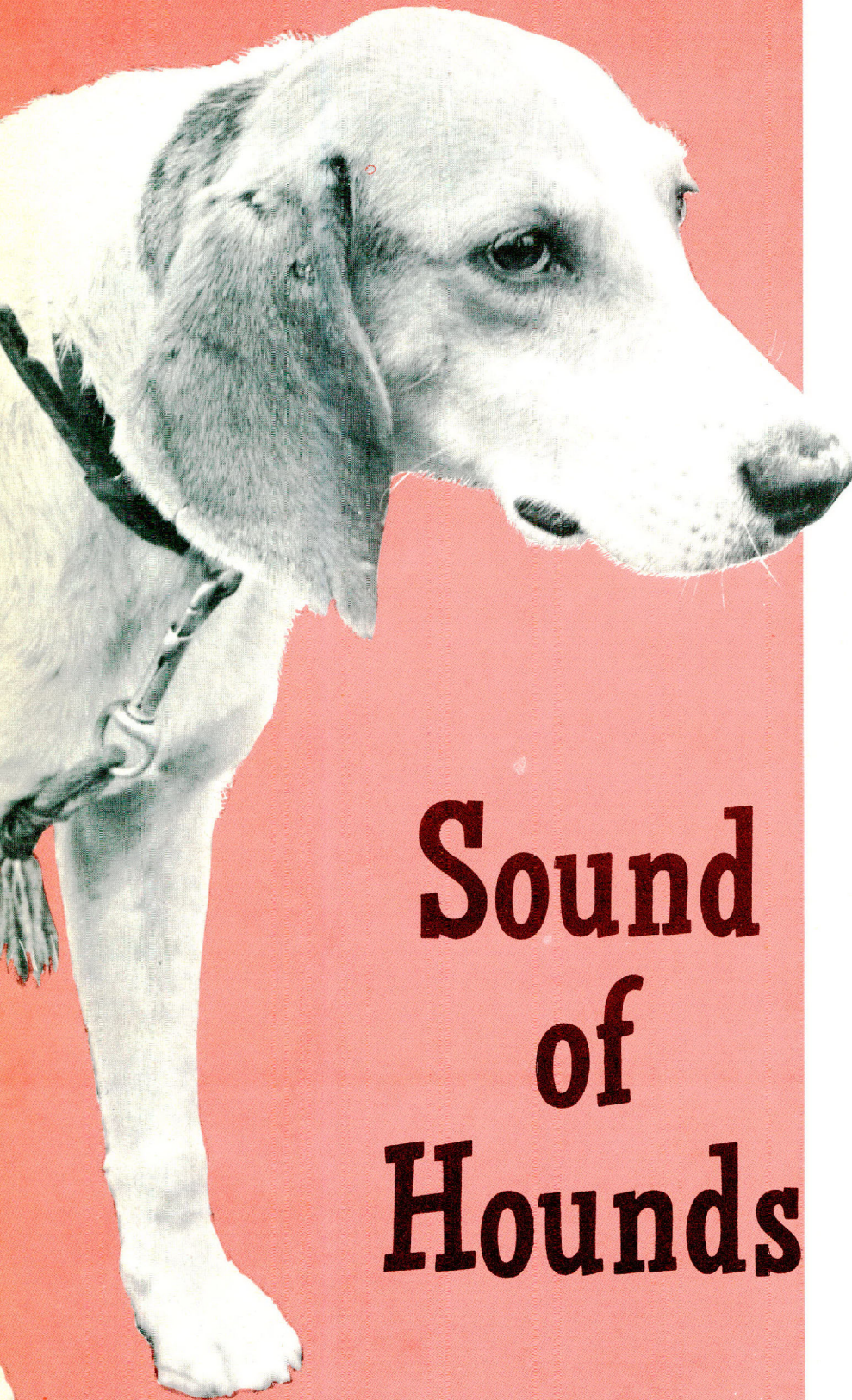
Figure 2



Graphic comparison of whitewing populations in Texas and Mexico shows similar trends during 1955-61. A big freeze affected 1961-62 figures.



Serene in their nesting habitat, they're the focus of all the teamwork and study. Whitewings are most successfully banded at 5-10 days.



Sound of Hounds

THIS spring's Texas Open Fox and Wolf Trial began with the killing of two wolves, starting a beehive of activity north of Linden, near the Almira community.

Ordinarily a one-store crossroads, miles from town, Almira, in Cass County, became a small city of tents, campers, electric lights and lanterns. The meet, with 185 dogs running at one time, in pursuit of red and gray fox, was for four days. Four nights too, because the chases began at 4 a.m. each day and lasted for six hours. Most of the dogs were Walker foxhounds, bred carefully to hunt, trail and have great speed and endurance. President of the sponsoring Texas Open Fox and Wolf Hunters

by W. R. LONG
I&E Officer, Tyler

Field Trial Association, X. Powell of Longview, was holding trophies, ribbons and certificates, and he had a listening ear for the decision of the judges.

This Texas Open Field Trial is a rough and rugged event. It is known for separating the dogs from the pups, the purebred strain from the mongrel. And if men could show pleasure in the way of dogs, there would have been much barking and wagging from the owners who stood beneath the tall green pines of this forested area and listened to the music that swelled from the throats of 185 running, panting, tired but happy dogs. The days were cold enough to make every breath a pleasure, and dog and owner alike took pride in their accomplishments. Not many dogs would finish, but all were trying.

Came the fourth day and dogs from eight states were covered with burrs and scratched by briars, but the races were over, and the decision of the judges would be final. The Number One trophy was awarded to a Walkerhound with a Yankee accent named Jerry. His full name is Midwest Jerry, indicating his home state of Illinois. Jerry looked at his master, Lee Brown of Fairfield Ill., and sniffed as if to say, "Hey Boss, these Texas foxes don't amount to so much."

There were other hounds who

would have disagreed with that verdict because only 49 of the original 185 dogs managed to finish the competition. Each received a blue ribbon award for completing the grueling chase.

Others who placed in the top 10 were Moon, owned by Gary Loyd of Little Rock, Ark.; Little Poe, Dick Dale of Vidalia, La.; Nig, Jan Richey of Benton, Ark.; Squeak, Dick Dale; Gayle Steel, R. D. Matthews of El Dorado, Ark.; Preacher, Ira Dillard of Grand Saline; Tom, Bill Garver of Quillen, Mo.; Betty, Dick Green of Linden; and Star Dust, Claude Miller of Selman City.

Powell stated that it was the largest meet yet enjoyed, and the organization is growing each year. The Linden area was wisely selected for its abundance of game, and the members, not taking any chances, added to the population with some pen-raised fox before the chase began.

The officers of the club invite correspondence concerning all future meets. Jack Rayford, Box 1009, Henderson, is secretary and will answer queries. **

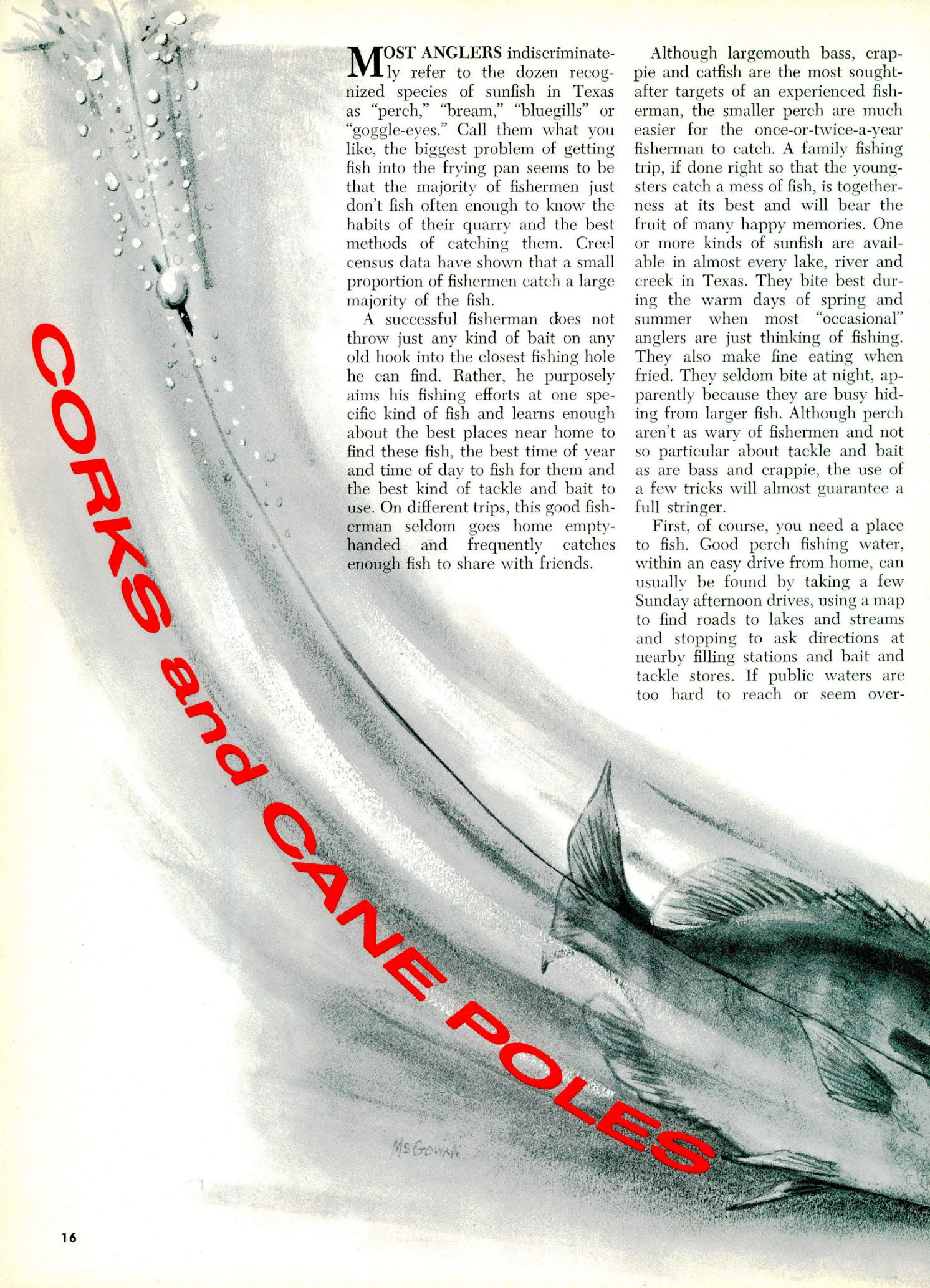
J. W. Elliot of Mexia stencils the competition number on the side of another contender in the Texas Open Fox and Wolf Trial near Almira.



Dr. N. G. Ferrell, Silsbee, and X. Powell, Longview, left a fox, taken during the trial.



Gary Loyd of Little Rock, Ark., shows off this fourth-place winner.



MOST ANGLERS indiscriminate-ly refer to the dozen recognized species of sunfish in Texas as "perch," "bream," "bluegills" or "goggle-eyes." Call them what you like, the biggest problem of getting fish into the frying pan seems to be that the majority of fishermen just don't fish often enough to know the habits of their quarry and the best methods of catching them. Creel census data have shown that a small proportion of fishermen catch a large majority of the fish.

A successful fisherman does not throw just any kind of bait on any old hook into the closest fishing hole he can find. Rather, he purposely aims his fishing efforts at one specific kind of fish and learns enough about the best places near home to find these fish, the best time of year and time of day to fish for them and the best kind of tackle and bait to use. On different trips, this good fisherman seldom goes home empty-handed and frequently catches enough fish to share with friends.

Although largemouth bass, crappie and catfish are the most sought-after targets of an experienced fisherman, the smaller perch are much easier for the once-or-twice-a-year fisherman to catch. A family fishing trip, if done right so that the youngsters catch a mess of fish, is togetherness at its best and will bear the fruit of many happy memories. One or more kinds of sunfish are available in almost every lake, river and creek in Texas. They bite best during the warm days of spring and summer when most "occasional" anglers are just thinking of fishing. They also make fine eating when fried. They seldom bite at night, apparently because they are busy hiding from larger fish. Although perch aren't as wary of fishermen and not so particular about tackle and bait as are bass and crappie, the use of a few tricks will almost guarantee a full stringer.

First, of course, you need a place to fish. Good perch fishing water, within an easy drive from home, can usually be found by taking a few Sunday afternoon drives, using a map to find roads to lakes and streams and stopping to ask directions at nearby filling stations and bait and tackle stores. If public waters are too hard to reach or seem over-

COORKS and CANE POLES

McGowan

crowded with fishermen, you can probably find some privately-owned lakes with reasonable fees. After deciding on a certain body of water, you still need to find the best spots. Perch congregate near protective cover and are seldom found in open water. They need a weed bed, sunken bush or tree, jumble of rocks or similar cover to dodge into when a bigger fish, heron or snake comes around with a hungry look. Also, the aquatic insects, snails, worms and small minnows that the perch feed upon are found in the same type of underwater cover. Look around the lake of your choice for such spots; an hour or so used to find good cover can save hours of wasted fishing time where there just isn't any cover. Try to find several areas with good cover. You'll want to move from one to another when you're fishing.

The proper tackle is the next problem. Perch can be taken with almost any kind of tackle from kite string, a bent pin and a willow limb, to a fifty dollar fly rod outfit. An excellent outfit, aimed strictly at perch fishing, is simple: a one-piece cane pole about 12 feet long, 25 feet of braided nylon line of about 10- or 15-pound test, a split shot sinker and a long shank, size 8 hook. Many "furnished" lines in complete packages are to be found in tackle shops. The jointed, two or three-piece poles are too heavy and the ferrule joints often wobble and slip; the lines are too heavy and usually black or white, enough to scare even a perch; the red and green wooden floats are too heavy and slow down the gentle-firm, pull-jerk needed to hook a perch; the hooks are almost always far too large.

A homemade outfit is simple to

by AL FLURY
I&E Officer, LaPorte

prepare. To make up a good perch rig, tie the end of your green or gray line to the pole about two feet above the butt end just below a node and then make a single loop of the line around the pole behind each node, two feet to the tip. (This is just insurance against an occasional bass or catfish breaking the pole and getting away.) The tip of the pole should be about half as big around as a lead pencil. Wrap the line



around the tip several times and tie it with two or three overhand hitches. Cut the fishing end of the line off so that it will be about a foot or eighteen inches shorter than the pole. This length allows efficient casting and ease in retrieving the hook for rebaiting. Tie the hook on the end of the line and clinch a buckshot-size split-shot on the line about six inches above the hook.

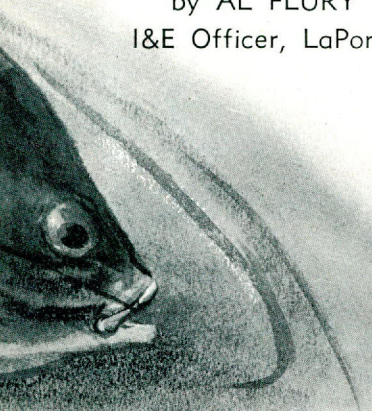
If you insist on using a cork, get a small one. The round, unpainted ones about an inch in diameter are as good as any. Before putting on the hook and sinker, run the line through the hole in the cork and push in the wooden peg so that the hook will hang about three feet deep. Now you're ready to bait.

As with tackle, there are several

kinds of baits that will catch perch, but the common earthworm is by far the best. Small worms two or three inches long are better than the large ones; you can dig them from your garden, grow them in a worm bed or buy them packaged at bait stores near any lake with public fishing. A whole worm strung or looped onto the hook is not only an unnecessary waste but will also aggravate the fisherman when perch nibble at the loose ends. Hook a piece of worm about one-half to three-quarters of an inch long through the body once and string the rest over the barb. Be sure the very tip of the point of the hook is covered with meat. This one detail will let you catch twice as many fish as you would with the worm looped on the hook with the point uncovered.

Hold the butt of the pole in one hand, lift it and swing the bait out over the water. Gently let it down into a small opening between the branches of a sunken bush. Let the hook down at least two feet; three or four feet is usually better. Any perch biting at the worm will send a tiny tremor up the line and pole. A gentle but firm upward pull will almost surely hook him. Don't leave now: the fishing is just starting. Usually a half-dozen or more good size perch can be taken from one clump of weeds or brush. After about 15 minutes at one piece of cover, move on along the bank to a new bush. Of course, pick out a brush pile or other cover that is in water four to eight feet deep. There's little chance of catching perch if the baited hook is allowed to reach the bottom, but the larger perch will be found in deeper water.

As we've said, perch can be caught in a number of ways but the simple method explained here is a tried and proved one. Just remember to aim your perch fishing at perch, not just any fish. Rig the right tackle and get the right bait. Locate a place to fish and then locate specific spots that have protective cover. Keep the point of the hook covered. Close attention to these few secrets will help you catch a lot more perch than all the "fisherman's luck" in a bucket. **





Photos by Dade Rayfield



Those first glimpses of the world can be a bit bewildering for some youngsters. This whitetail fawn gingerly takes stock of the strange surroundings.

Spring in

A cheeky young roadrunner, confidently poised on a limb, is monarch of all that he surveys.



A mother's work is never done. A husky cardinal offspring clamors for yet another helping.



This exuberant young rock squirrel can hardly wait to find out what the world has to offer.

Meanwhile, back in the nursery, mother cardinal still tries to fill up chick, big as herself.



Their Step



Biologist Charles Boyd beams approvingly at the arrival from Florida, about to try its wings in a new Texas home. This wild turkey is one of many imported in a recent management program.

MORE TURKEYS FOR TEXAS

by ED HOLDER
Port Arthur News

THE BROAD WINGS of the big turkey tom broke the silence with a staccato swishing as the bird darted away from the arms of Charlie Boyd and began climbing toward the tops of the tall pine trees overhead.

Majestically, the big bird con-

tinued upward on a 45-degree angle along the opening of an old logging road, shot out over the tree tops, set its wings and disappeared from sight in a beautiful, graceful glide.

And thus a long trip ended for another wild turkey—one of eight that were released on the Robert

Barnes ranch about eight miles northwest of Chester. The release of those turkeys was the last step in a story that started back in June, when residents of the area requested the Department to create an Eastern turkey release area in their county. The area was inspected by the Department's biologist in charge of this program in September 1963. He found this area suitable and requested a meeting of landowners in an 80,000-acre stretch to discuss the signing of wildlife management licenses. These landowners met in November at a camphouse near Chester and agreed to sign the licenses which closed turkey season on their property for five years.

Following the groundwork, officials of the Department contacted the Florida Game and Fish Commission and arranged for another shipment of wild Eastern turkeys. The Florida Commission has furnished turkeys for previous transplants on an exchange basis.

These turkeys are the same species that was once plentiful in East Texas, but which was near extinction only a few years ago. They differ from the Rio Grande turkey found in Central and West Texas in that they survive better in the wet forests of East Texas.

Florida biologists went to work on the Texas order. They began "baiting" wild turkeys in an area along Fish Eating Creek, on the western shore of giant Okeechobee Lake. When the turkeys were coming to the feed readily, the biologists set their cannon nets, and at the right moment fired the projectiles which carried the big net up and over the birds.

The birds were removed from the net, banded and placed in cardboard boxes. They were taken to a nearby highway, where traffic was stopped so that an airplane could land and pick up the birds. The plane, a twin-engine craft flown by F. W. Neujahr of the Florida Game and Fish Commission, headed west for Texas with its load.

The plane landed at the Tyler County airport at Woodville, where Charles Boyd and Roy Oglesby, biologists, and Game Warden Gene Samford were waiting. The birds

were transferred to a truck and carried to the remote site northwest of Chester where they were removed from their boxes, banded again—this time with a Texas number—and released.

Two such releases were made during January in the same area. Seventeen birds were released the first time, including 14 hens and three gobblers. The second release was made in February with eight birds—six hens and two gobblers—making a total of 25 birds. All birds were released shortly before sundown. "We do that so the birds won't go far before finding a roosting site. This tends to keep them in the general area where they're released," Boyd explained.

Another step was taken to keep the birds in the area. A hundred pounds of corn was spread in a large circle around the release site—stretching outward about 400 yards.

This latest effort to restock the wild turkey in East Texas is actually the third step in a Parks and Wildlife program that started back in 1959. At that time, turkeys were brought into two other areas of Southeast

Biologist Boyd and Warden Gene Samford detain impatient immigrant to give mark of new citizenship—band with a Texas number.



Texas. The first to receive birds was the 35,000-acre Alabama Creek area in the Davy Crockett National Forest. Next area was the East Texas Wildlife Conservation Association lease with its 70,000 acres near Silsbee. In all cases, the areas were closed to turkey hunting for a period of five years.

Already the turkeys on the Alabama Creek area and the East Texas Wildlife Association's area have

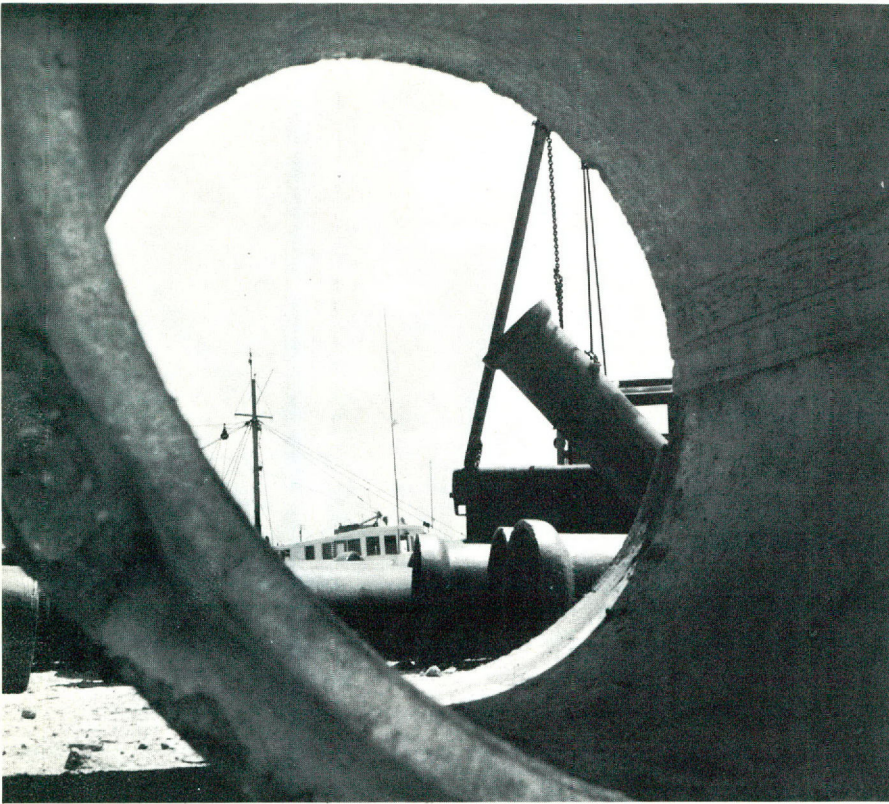
made progress, multiplying and spreading into the surrounding areas.

Biologists believe that given adequate protection by sportsmen and landowners, the turkeys have a good chance of reaching harvestable numbers within a few years.

If and when that does happen, it will be the result of cooperative management, in which landowners have an important role. **

Now a bona fide resident, the bird stretches ruffled wings and sets off, to do its bit in the turkey restocking project, near Chester.





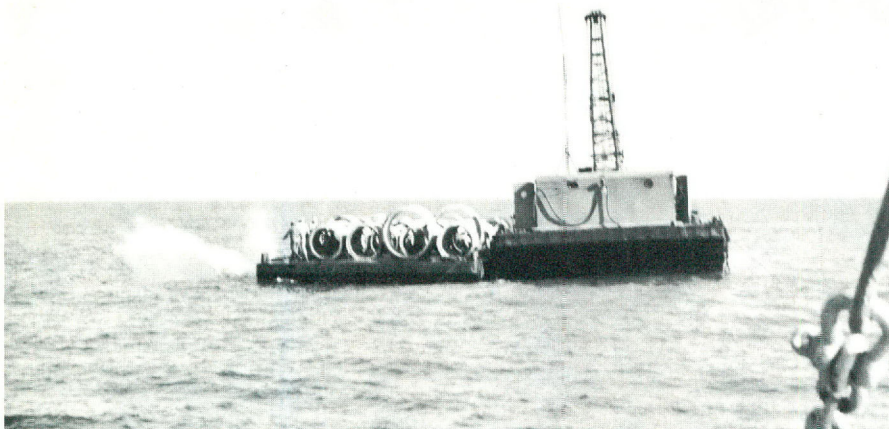
A pipe's eye view shows loading of heavy debris, to be dumped in Gulf for the fishing reef. Concrete contributions and concrete pipes, plus Wildlife Dept. help, prove happy combination.

Fishermen's Pipedream

by ROY SWANN
Corpus Christi Caller-Times

A COMMUNITY EFFORT spliced with the backing of the Wildlife Department has resulted in a fishing reef off Port Aransas that is proving a boon to red snapper fishermen and even those who prefer

kingfish and other sportsters. The reef, about five miles offshore in the Gulf of Mexico, started in June of 1963 when the Port Aransas Boatman's Association appropriated \$1,000 from its own treasury to buy



Over the side goes another bargeload of pipes, at the site near Port Aransas. A fine example of group effort, this fishing reef is redhot for red snapper and other game fish.

heavy debris, such as concrete sewer pipes, for the reef.

The boatmen then asked Commissioner Ben Vaughan of Corpus Christi and the old Game and Fish Commission to help on the project. The Commission agreed to place the debris in the Gulf and to supervise the project.

Word went out by newspaper and radio about the concrete reef, and donations of material and money began to pour in. The City of Aransas Pass donated space on its barge dock for storage. The dock soon was crowded. Companies from Corpus Christi, San Antonio and Rockport donated material.

The first bargeload was dropped at the site of the game department's first car body reef, where a lighted buoy still marked the spot. It is about one and one-fourth miles southwest of the sea buoy in 10 fathoms (60 feet) of water.

The joint project continued to snowball and in November, 1963, the Parks and Wildlife Department lowered two more bargeloads of concrete pipe and tile.

The project brought offers of help from many and varied areas. One unique offer came from an Air Force reserve squadron commander at Carswell Air Force Base. He wrote Outdoor Editor Roy Swann of the *Corpus Christi Caller-Times* that he could furnish nine planes to haul the heavy concrete debris. He said the airlift would give his men practice in dropping supplies at an exact location.

Since then, the donations have dribbled in and Port Aransas Boatman's Association hasn't let the reef plan die. In fact, the group joined with the Aransas Pass-Port Aransas Chamber of Commerce and requested permission to build five small reefs in the surfs of St. Joseph and Padre Islands. Objections from shrimpers at Aransas Pass stalled this plan.

An indication of fishing at the Port Aransas reef came even while the crewmen were dumping a load of pipe. They decided to try their luck. A piece of wiener from a lunch pail caught a sand trout which was used for cut bait. And, with the sand trout, they began catching snapper. **

Farm Pond Strategy

by RUSSELL TINSLEY
Austin American-Statesman

THE DIMINUTIVE sunfish in its various forms is a striking fish, vividly colored. Many fishermen describe it as "pound for pound, the fightingest fish that swims." Yet to owners of farm ponds the sunfish (or bream or perch, whatever you wish to call it, and perhaps a few other uncomplimentary nicknames not fit for print) is nothing but a headache. Sunfish soon knock the game fish ratio out of balance with their sheer reproductive potential. There soon are so many of the critters that later generations of sunfish become stunted, and if this in itself weren't bad enough, this stunted effect carries over into other fishes like black bass which must compete for available food.

Controlling the fish population of a small body of water has always been the basic problem. The only answer, at present, is either to treat the pond periodically with chemical to kill the fish and restock, or to drain it and restock. But in the future there may be a new answer. The Parks and Wildlife Department is on the verge of at least two major break-throughs which could go a long way toward solving this farm pond overpopulation problem, particularly with sunfish where it is most acute. These two solutions involve hatchery research—one on flathead catfish and the other on a sunfish hybrid.

The possibility nearest to reality is the use of flathead (yellow) catfish to keep sunfish in check. The flathead prefers live food and sunfish rate high on the list. Several flatheads in a farm pond can go a long way toward keeping in balance the sunfish population.

The problem hitherto has been to obtain flatheads for farm pond stocking. Until recently flatheads would not reproduce in captivity. There simply were none unless you went to a stream and attempted to seine a supply, which is a very difficult feat to accomplish. But now the Parks

and Wildlife Department hopes to produce enough young flatheads to make them available for farm pond stocking.

Biologists at the state fish hatcheries started by catching a pair of flatheads from a stream, a male and female, putting them together and hoping they would mate. They wouldn't. The next step was to put many flatheads in a pond and hope a few would pair off and produce offspring. They did. But not enough fingerlings resulted to be of consequence.

Then it was discovered that a hatchery-raised male and female could be paired off and made to spawn in ceramic spawning jars, which simulate rock crevices in streams where flatheads normally set up housekeeping. Captive fish that knew no other environment thus would readily mate in a hatchery pond. But since flatheads must be at least four years old to reach sexual maturity, the department is just now

building up a productive supply of brood stock.

With the problem of spawning solved, however, another difficulty arose. It was discovered that once offspring were obtained, they could not be raised in the hatchery. They simply refused to eat, and they died of starvation. But now Harmon Henderson, superintendent of the state fish hatchery at San Marcos, believes he has found the solution to this complication.

"We found, in aquarium studies, that when a flathead reaches a certain age, about an inch in length, it requires live food, the regular diet of all flatheads," Henderson observed. "This year we expect to start feeding the fingerlings tiny minnows and we hope that solves our feeding problem."

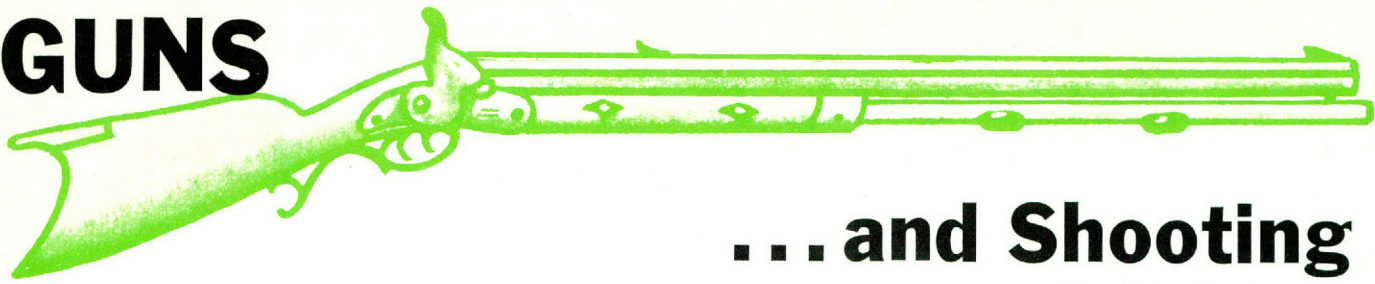
Although Henderson stresses that flathead propagation is still in the experimental stage, he feels hatcheries are now on the right track and

• Continued on Page 30



Superintendent Harmon Henderson checks the flathead bridal suite. Such ceramic jars as this provide a spawning retreat similar to their natural one, which encourages the fish to mate.

GUNS



... and Shooting

This Month: Varmints

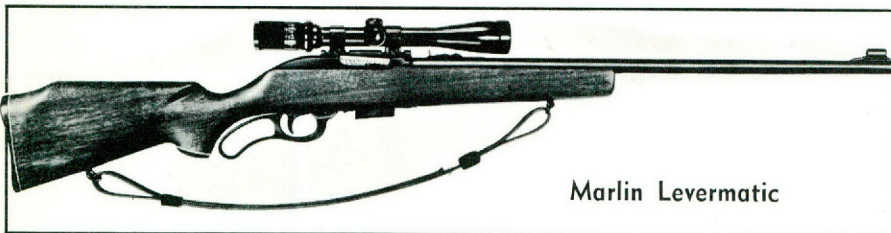
By L. A. WILKE

VARMINT shooting, together with calling, has become a spring and early summer sport, not only in Texas, but everywhere. In Texas, however, a great deal of the varmint shooting has been done with small caliber ammunition, espe-

Now there are two more calibers with appropriate guns, which fall into the real varmint-shooter classification. They are the .256 Winchester magnum, and the .22 Remington Jet. As has been reported before, these are two loads that were devel-

For a comparison of the shooting qualities, you might be interested in the following figures:

	Muzzle Velocity	Muzzle Energy
.256 Magnum	2800 f/s	1040 f/p
.22 Jet	3000	800
.22 Magnum	2000	355
.22 Long Rifle	1335	158
.22 Long	1240	90
.22 Short	1125	81



Marlin Levermatic

cially in the variations of the .22.

The .222 Remington long has been a favorite for those who want to reach way out to bust a coyote. Ammo for this gun, except in the case of reloads, gets a little expensive, however, so many have turned to the .22 Winchester Magnum.

oped long before guns were ready for them.

Now there is a real handy rifle chambered for both these cartridges. It is the well-known Marlin Levermatic. The model 62, as illustrated here, comes equipped with a Marlin variable scope and a sling.

This load in this gun provides superior accuracy for varmint shooters. Because of its side ejection, the scope can be mounted very low.

The Levermatic also is made to handle the .22 magnum and the famous trio, short, long and long rifle.

Even though the .22 short is far behind the others ballistically, don't take a chance on it. It is a deadly little bullet and certainly dangerous to shoot at random. Mainly now it is gallery ammunition, but many squirrel and rabbit hunters use it.

None of the above calibers should ever be used on deer. All will kill deer, when the shot is placed right, but there is too much chance for a cripple.

The top three, however, are powerful for varmints, up to and including coyotes, within range. That range can be stretched to 200 yards, but it would be better to call the animals much closer, if possible.


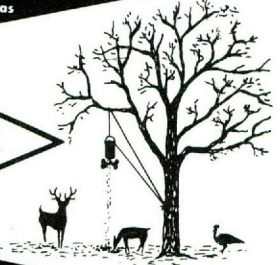
Marlin is the first shoulder arm to be made for these two high-power varminters. Originally the Jet came out for pistol use. Although very accurate in a heavy pistol, they have a terrific muzzle blast and too much flash to suit target shooters. In the rifle, the story should be different. **

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Marina Raised

FROM the ship-shape appearance of the Eisenhower Marina on Lake Texoma in a May setting of summer greenery and pleasant breezes, the damaging snows of last January seem far away. But they are not quite forgotten.

Last January the operators of the marina discovered that although the weight of a snowflake is infinitesimal, 100 pounds of snowflakes are just as heavy as 100 pounds of lead.

Tons of snow piled on top of the aluminum-roofed marina. The snow forced the north stringer of slips right down to the surface level of the water, creating a "sub-marina" rather than a marina. Before Manager A. A. Parker could get all the boats removed from these slips, 12 of them—up to 24 feet in length—were sunk. However, out of the 12, 10 remained tied and were easily pumped out later, but two went to the bottom in 80-foot water.

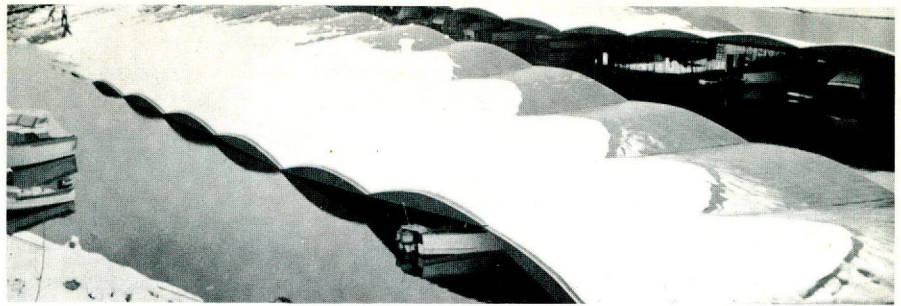
The 80-slip south stringer didn't sink to the surface level, primarily because it was filled with large cruisers and the tops of the cruisers provided additional floatation for the tons of snow.

The combination 32-slip open sail boat and covered cruiser slips tilted over and the covered area sank and was a total loss, according to Parker.

However, of keen interest to the boating public was the fact that once the snow was removed from the roof of the boat houses, they rose up from the bottom.

"There was about 10 per cent damage to the slips," said Parker. "If nothing else, this has proved to us that we have a real fine marina here. I think in the future, we'll be better prepared for such an event. If we had about two to three high pressure hoses, for example, we could have kept the snow off the roofs and never been in any trouble."

There was additional damage to boats not removed in time and some



re-painting, etc., required on the cruisers that helped to keep the south stringers of the marina afloat.

Here in this land of sunshine where normally snowflakes are as rare as a dog sled in Florida, both the marina owners at Texoma and those who had boats berthed there, are more than happy over the minimum damage done by that great snowfall of 1964. The sinking and

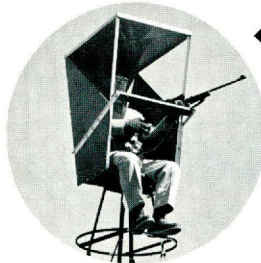
subsequent resurrection of the Eisenhower Marina will be remembered as long as or longer than the record snowfall.—*John Clift* **

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Texas To Host National Writers

TWO GROUPS of national outdoor publicists, Outdoor Writer's Association of America (OWAA) and American Association for Conservation Information (AACI), have picked Texas as the site and June the month for their annual conferences. The members of these two organizations probably produce better than 75 per cent of all outdoor information released in the U. S. and Canada.

The OWAA active membership consists of individuals who produce outdoor information for use in the news media. These people work as outdoor editors for newspapers, mag-

azines, radio, television and other media, and many of them freelance for the numerous state and national outdoor publications.

Each year OWAA members meet to enjoy the fellowship of all in the fraternity and to hold workshops where new ideas that will help the writers can be shared. With the new tourism program just created, Texas is very fortunate to have this group visiting in June.

AACI is an organization of outdoor publicists with state game, fish and tourism agencies from all over the U. S. and Canada. This group specializes in the production of conservation information. The state, federal and provincial agencies hold membership. Each year these agencies send representatives from their information and education sections to the AACI Conference. Recent membership data revealed 57 agencies in 46 states and six Canadian provinces as active members, plus a number of governmental and non-governmental organizations inter-

ested in conservation as associate members.

AACIers produce the department magazines such as TEXAS GAME AND FISH. They provide the news media with information connected with the work of conservation agencies. Most of the material concerning fish and wildlife management, seasons and bag limits, published in the nation's newspapers originates through the efforts of AACI members. They also act, in most instances, as the tourism and recreation outlets. Texans are indeed privileged to play host to this very vital group of information specialists.

OWAA will meet at McAllen, on the Mexican border, June 20-26 at the Fairway Hotel. L. A. Wilke, P.O. Box 9003, Austin, is program chairman for this event. Some 400 outdoor writers from all over the U. S. are expected to attend. For more information contact Wilke.

AACI takes place June 14-17 in Austin at the Terrace Motor Hotel on South Congress. The anticipated attendance is between 150 and 200. Curtis Carpenter is program chairman and can provide the details of this conference. He can be reached in care of this magazine, John H. Reagan Building, Austin.—CC



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The Day the Dam Broke — From Page 9

muscles and tired eyes. Within the tree-studded area one can escape from the whistle, horn and bell of the office and factory. Flora and fauna may be wrapped around the shoulders like a green blanket, and the visitor may enjoy swimming, hiking, nature study, photography, camping, fishing and boating, and he may relax in the soothing balm of breeze-kissed trees, grassy meadows and soft sand of a man-made beach.

The Park supports a few deer, and many small mammals and fur-bearers such as fox, jackrabbit and cottontail, fox and gray squirrel, raccoon, opossum, mink, and more than a few armadillo.

Several species of reptiles have been found inside the park, and alligator have been noted from time to time over the years. Many species of migratory waterfowl visit there annually, and the Tyler Audubon Society lists 272 species of birds that have been officially charted in the county, any of which may possibly be seen in or near the confines of the park itself. Family fun abounds, and campers enjoy the concrete picnic tables, metal barbecue grills, the miniature golf course and a highly developed swimming area. Boats are available for fishing. Roofed and

screened shelters may be rented at a low price.

Park Manager W. A. "Pete" Palmer, past winner of the Department's Park Manager of the Year award, has endeavored to make the area an ideal playground for both area residents and vacationers, and through his efforts many people are finding

that the world is a much larger place than the panel backstop of office walls.

Soon now, Tyler State Park will be back in the business for which it was intended: a recreation and pleasure haven to be enjoyed and appreciated by those who love the outdoors. **



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What Others Are Doing

by JOAN PEARSALL

IN THE PINK: "Chumpy" salmon—a cross between chum salmon males and pink, or humpy, females—are becoming popular with Washington State sports anglers. Some 155,000 fingerlings of this hybrid were released by the state's Department of Fisheries in 1961 in an attempt to provide an even-year returning pink salmon, which ordinarily run in Washington State waters only in off years.

CONTROVERSIAL CONSTANCE: If you think we have problems about different users and various jurisdictions over water for recreation, take a look at the situation on Lake Constance in Central Europe. German officials have for two years been trying to get rid of motorboats on the lake, and several German municipalities have levied extremely high taxes on pleasurecraft there. The body of water—one of Europe's largest—is bounded by Germany, Austria and Switzerland. The Austrians say all three nations share authority over the entire lake, and dispute the authority of the Germans to put into effect proposed zoning plans, a position which is shared by the Swiss.

AGAINST THE TIDE: The flamingos of the Camargue in the Rhone delta of Southern France, their only breeding place remaining in Europe, are destroying the islands upon which they depend as they scoop up the mud to build their curious nests. Now, aided by a grant from the World Wildlife Fund, the Société Nationale de Protection de la Nature is going to restore the islands.

FISHY DISTINCTION: In the first organized study of fish varieties, Arkansas was found to have 247 varieties more than any other known region in the world, except Southern China.

WORTH A STUDY: The New Hampshire Fish and Game Department has received a \$38,000 grant from the National Science Foundation to permit study of a litter of five "unidentified wild canids" held in captivity by the Department since their capture in 1960. Scientific techniques will be used to compare these animals with dogs, wolves, coyotes and known hybrids.

ANGLING FOR THE LADIES: Women may fish free in Czechoslovakia, while men must pay a \$2 to \$3.50 fee. The official Czechoslovakian news agency says this is to stimulate an interest in the sport among women.

NO COMPETITION: Deer may now be hunted in Florida as you would jackrabbits. Closed deer seasons and bag limits have been eliminated there. This is all because there have been no screw-worms in Florida since the highly successful eradication program.

ABOVE PAR FOR THAT COURSE: It was a very tangible birdie that a golfing Seattle doctor scored one recent weekend. His tee shot on one hole struck a low flying wild goose and knocked it dead. Happily, the season was open and the doctor had his hunting license in his pocket.

PROTECTIVE PARTNERSHIP: Tennessee's Department of Agriculture and the State Game and Fish Commission are now co-operating closely to minimize the threat of pesticides to fish and wildlife. A pact, approved by the Governor, calls for the submission of spraying plans to the Commission for study, field inspection of areas proposed for spraying, recommendations to protect fish and wildlife, and field evaluation following applications of chemicals for insect and plant control.

Texas

Tackle Talk



by CURTIS CARPENTER

MANY ANGLERS turn to wading about this time of the year. Others want to, but they consider this type of fishing extremely dangerous. It is—unless you know what you are doing.

Wading takes in everything from the creek bank to the seashore. Each setting requires some different safety measures, but includes some of the same.

Ten rules that work in all waters are as follows: 1) Wear long trousers if wading without rubber waders. 2) Wear light, durable wading shoes with good grips. 3) If you can't swim, *always* wear a life belt. 4) *Always* strap a belt tightly around waders at the waist to keep out water in case you fall. 5) Walk *very* slowly, sliding feet along bottom to feel for holes and drop-offs. 6) *Never* go deep enough so that boat wakes and natural wave action will fill waders or unbalance you. 7) *Always* try to wade fish with a partner nearby. 8) *Never* let yourself become so exhausted that you can't make it back to shore. 9) *Don't* stay in the water more than two hours without waders. 10) *Always* plan ahead what you would do in case of an emergency, and be prepared.

On the coast where there are sharks, the risk is greater. To prevent attacks by sharks, place the fish you catch on a long stringer that will float far behind you as you wade ahead. Sharks usually attack the stringer of fish. If the stringer is against your legs, the man-eater will just naturally hit your legs too. I

have fished the coast wading for more than two decades and have yet to see a shark close by.

The very fact that sharks have attacked keeps me alert and cautious. Even dragging a small tub along for the fish might not be a bad idea. On the surf, it's wise to take your fish in to shore as you catch them.

On the coast there's the danger of stepping on a sting ray. These fish lie flat on the bottom, slightly covered with silt; they are hard to see. By sliding your feet along the bottom, when you bump a ray, it will zoom off. When you step right in its middle, it will pop you with its tail just like a scorpion.

Be careful of sharp edges. Watch for tin cans and broken bottles in the inland lakes and streams, and oyster shells and barnacles along the

coastal waters. One of the dangers of slipping your feet along the bottom is a possible collision with a razor-sharp object. If you move your feet as slowly as you should and wear suitable wading shoes, chances are slight that you will get sliced. Fish can feel vibrations from active feet, so the slower and quieter you wade the better.

Remember the golden rule of wading: *Don't ever take anything for granted*—know the water and the bottom and practice safety rules of wading. **

When Fawns Grow Up

Photo by Florida Game & Fresh Water Com.



A "helpless" fawn which is such a temptation to take home is capable of doing bodily damage like this, when it becomes a grown-up pet. Aubrey Rowells of Wewahitchka, Fla. was trying to scare a buck deer from his yard when the fight occurred. Rowells is recovering.

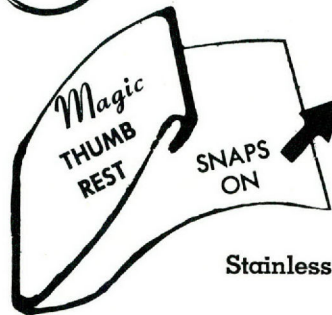
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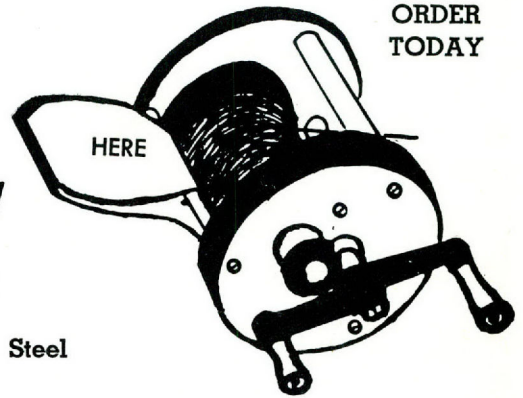
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A farm pond can't be overfished.

Farm Pond Strategy ————— *From Page 23*
before long there will be enough flatheads to make them available for farm pond stocking.

"Flatheads not only make fine game fish themselves, but they do a valuable job of keeping the sunfish in check in a pond," he said.

And to quell any notions that flatheads won't reproduce in farm ponds, Henderson tells about a tank near Breckenridge, in West Texas, where biologists seined one that weighed 103 pounds, and in all removed from the pond ten flatheads which weighed an aggregate of 640 pounds.

The other important contribution to farm pond sunfish control—hybridization—is a personal experiment

of Henderson's, and he's quite enthusiastic about it. Thus far, he has found no reason why he can't raise useful hybrids in large quantities, for pond stocking.

The hybrid under study is a cross between a red-eared sunfish and a green sunfish. Henderson picked these two particular subspecies for his cross-mating because of the red-eared sunfish's size and the large mouth of the green sunfish, to bring more food consumption and consequently quicker growth.

There are several good features of this hybrid. One is that it will grow to a respectable size. Henderson already has raised some in excess of one and one-half pounds, and a sunfish that size is a real scrapper on fishing tackle, and fine eating. Another feature, key in the farm pond problem, is that they won't mate. Since there is no reproduction, there is no danger of overpopulation and stunted fish. This is strictly put-and-take fishing, the sensible approach to small pond fishing.

Contrary to popular belief, a farm pond cannot be overfished. In fact, it is impossible to keep game fish in check simply with sporting methods. The basic trouble with a typical farm pond is not a lack of fishes, but rather a gradual buildup of an overabundant sunfish population. As sunfish reproduce (and experiments in hatcheries show they do so as often as three times a year), they put too many fishes in the available water and the sad result is a population of stunted fish.

The current programs may go far toward alleviating this situation. Long-time hatchery superintendent Harmon Henderson thinks so, anyway. **

Watch for flocks of circling gulls.

About Trout ————— *From Page 11*
the school until it moves away. Then start drifting again.

In bird-fishing carry plenty of fuel. You'll need it running back and forth across bays. Watch for flocks of circling or feeding sea gulls. Run upwind of the birds and then let the boat drift back. Many monster specks—eight and nine-pounders—have been taken this way.

With the approach of cool weather—and cooler water—in the fall, speckled trout fishing moves from near the surface to down deep. In extremely cold weather the fish are usually caught right on the bottom, using a very slow retrieve.

Specks in warm weather hit hard. It's the opposite in cold weather when their strike is hardly more than a tap.

But whether the fish hits with a jolt or just a faint tap, the speckled trout—old Cyn-neb—is number one on the Texas coastal fish parade.

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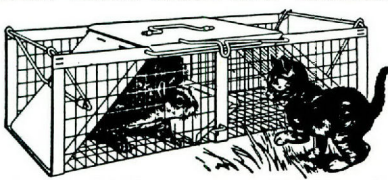
TWO LITTLE SAVAGES, by Ernest Thompson Seton; 286 pages, including black and white illustrations by the author. Published by Dover Publications, Inc., 180 Varick Street, New York 14, N. Y., \$1.50.

Only a sensitive pen can make childhood come alive on the pages of a book. Ernest Thompson Seton, renowned naturalist and wildlife author, did it more than 50 years ago and today's readers are enjoying a new Dover paperback edition of the charming American classic. It's the simple story of a young boy, Yan, whose delight is in birds, animals and Indians. The secrecy of his own special glen and his laboriously built shanty can snatch the imagination of a young reader and delight the recall of an older reader who has passed a similar way.

"He soon learned that the more he studied those tracks the more different kinds he found. Many were rather mysterious, so he could only draw them and put them aside, hoping some day for light. . . . The curios that he gathered and stored in his shanty increased in number and in interest. The place became more and more a part of himself. Its concealment bettered as the foliage grew around it again, and he gloried in its wild seclusion and mystery, and wandered through the woods with his bow and arrows, aiming harmless, deadly blows at snickering Red-squirrels—though doubtless he would have been as sorry as they had he really hit one."

Entertaining and true to life is the unfolding of Yan's experience with a widening circle of friends, some very unlikely ones such as the witch, Old Granny de Neville, who knew the secrets of herbs and tonics that would cure a man "after all the daughters in the country hed give him up."

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Yan's burgeoning friendship with Sam, with whom he had come to live for a year, is aptly described.

"The boys were getting on well together now. They exchanged confidences all day as they met in doing chores. In spite of the long interruptions, they got on so well that Sam said after supper, 'Say, Yan I'm going to show you something, but you must promise never to tell—Swelpye.' Of course Yan promised and added the absolutely binding and understandable word—'Swelpe.' . . . Sam

led up a ladder to the loft . . . when on invitation Yan had once more 'swelped' himself, he [Sam] rummaged in a dirty old box and drew out a bow, some arrows, a rusty steel trap, an old butcher knife, some fishhooks, a flint and steel, a box full of matches, and some dirty, greasy-looking stuff that he said was dried meat."

Besides giving a delightful glimpse into youthful wonders, the book also provides a store of woodlore, and a practical one, with Seton's line drawings of animal tracks, leaves, tepee blueprints, as well as sketches illustrating the most exciting narrative passages.

Those who enjoyed the antics of Jim, Scout and Dill in *To Kill a Mockingbird* will surely find pleasure in the pages of *Two Little Savages*.—Ann Streetman

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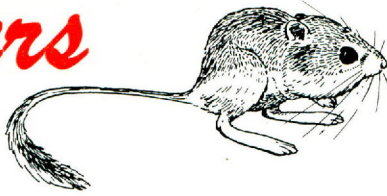
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CLEBURNE	CLEBURNE	X		X	X	X	X				X	X	X				X
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GOOSE ISLAND	ROCKPORT	X		X	X	X	X						X	X			X
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INKS LAKE	BURNET	X	X	X	X	X	X			X	X	X	X				X
KERVILLE	KERVILLE	X	X	X	X	X	X				X	X	X				X
LAKE BROWNWOOD	BROWNWOOD	X	X	X	X	X	X			X	X	X	X				X
LAKE CORPUS CHRISTI	MATHE	X	X	X	X	X	X				X	X	X				X
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MOTHER NEFF	MOODY	X		X	X	X	X							X	X		X
PALMETTO	LULING	X		X	X	X	X							X	X		X
PALO DURO CANYON	CANYON	X		X	X	X	X							X	X		X
POSSUM KINGDOM	CADDO	X		X	X	X	X			X		X	X	X	X		X
TYLER ISABEL LIGHTHOUSE	TYLER	X	X	X	X	X	X			X		X	X	X	X		X
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INDIANOLA	PORT LAVACA	X		X	X	X	X			X	X			X	X		X
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MONUMENT HILL	LA GRANGE				X	X	X										
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STEPHEN F. AUSTIN	SAN FELIPE	X		X	X	X	X							X	X	X	X
VARNER-HOGG PLANTATION	WEST COLUMBIA				X	X	X										
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ACTON	GRANBURY													(Burial Site Only)			
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EISENHOWER BIRTHPLACE	DENISON																X
*FANNIN	FANNIN																
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Letters



to the Editor

Dam Error

Editor:

In reading through my February issue of *Texas Game and Fish*, I notice a correction should be made. You have given a list of recreational and scenic parks and have described their facilities. I appreciate having information such as this to plan my summer vacations. You are probably aware that Tyler State Park does not have facilities for fishing, swimming, or boating, and will probably not have these facilities this summer.

Last year our dam broke and for some reason beyond my knowledge, they are not making an exerted effort to repair the dam. I feel your readers should be advised that these facilities are not available in order that they do not plan a vacation based on your published information.

Richard S. Hillbish
Tyler

(We appreciate your drawing this to our attention. These activities have been removed from the list until once again there is water behind the dam. The corrected list appeared in the March issue of the magazine.—Editor)

Skimmer Stray

Editor:

A few months ago we were fishing below the Meadow Lake Dam of the Guadalupe River and came up the steps to a manhole at the top, and happened to look down into the hole. We saw a bird just about to drown, and with a long stick with a hook on it we were able to bring him up where we could reach him by hand to bring him through the slit in the top.

The next day, I took the bird out to Brackenridge Park Zoo to see what kind he was and to see what could be done for him. He was starved and blind in his right eye.

Mr. Stark told us he was a black skimmer. He said he only ate fish and that he was a very lovable bird.

For weeks I have handfed him, because with only one eye he could not see right to pick his own food from the water. It has been hard to keep enough fish for him, because as one of your magazine articles said, he can really eat.

Then I noticed his sight was returning, and now he feeds himself.

The question I would like to know is, does he need salt in water? Are most skimmers all black on their backs, or are the feathers both black and white? Does this bird come inland very often? I have

never seen a bird like him on the Guadalupe before or after I got him.

He hasn't learned to fly but about two or three feet. Does it take him a long run to be able to fly? Everyone I show him to is very surprised to see his bill. I would appreciate an answer so as to be able to care for him better.

Mrs. Albert H. Love
San Antonio

(It is unusual for a skimmer to be found as far inland as the Guadalupe River. We find that it is not necessary to give such captive birds salt water for drinking, but it would be a good idea to see that your skimmer gets some saltwater fish in its diet. Immature skimmers have a good deal of white in their plumage, and usually they have a brownish hue. We are not certain at what age young skimmers learn to fly, but we do not believe they need a long run to take off. Keep us posted about the progress of your skimmer friend.—Editor)

Screwworm Aid

Editor:

This letter is to you and your many readers of *Texas Game and Fish* Magazine in regards to the work of the Schertz Sportsman's Club, Inc., which next June celebrates its 11th anniversary. The current president is Pete Kramer of New Braunfels. Yours truly was the first president.

The club made a cash contribution to Guadalupe and Comal counties toward the screwworm eradication program. This was made possible by a club-sponsored turkey shoot and raffling off of a 575-pound steer calf.

Allan Biegert
Schertz

(We were most interested to hear of the work of the Schertz Sportsman's Club, and hope it will keep going strongly for a good long time.—Editor)

A Big Cleanup

Editor:

After 37 years of hunting and fishing all over the United States and other countries, I have come to the conclusion that Texas is Number one and can't be beaten for freshwater fishing, and this includes the states of Florida and California.

I am enclosing a picture of my wife and 55 fish we caught within two hours while fishing Falcon Dam. Included are several cats weighing up to five pounds and several black bass three pounds or better!!! Falcon Dam is one of the better

fishing places in Texas, but there are many others including Lake Belton!!!

I enjoy reading *Texas Game and Fish*

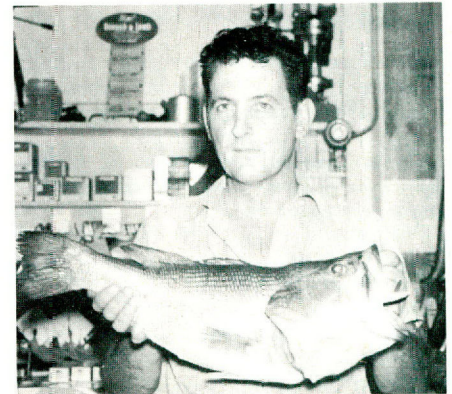


very much and believe that it is one of the better if not the best magazines in the country dedicated to hunting and fishing.

Art Leverone
McAllen

(That festoon of fish certainly backs up your enthusiasm for Texas fishing! We hope you continue to enjoy good fishing, and also good reading in our magazine.—Editor)

Pipe Creek Bass



Editor:

Enclosed is a picture of Jimmy Baird and his seven-pound, five-ounce black caught at a stock tank in Pipe Creek near Bandera. Jim is a member of the San Antonio Bass Club.

Always glad to see a good bass article in your magazine. Keep up the good work.

G. G. Gale, Jr.

Pres., San Antonio Bass Club

(With such expert fishermen, your club must be really thriving. Good luck to you all.—Editor)

Junior Sportsmen



Learn While You Loaf

by JOAN PEARSALL

SOON you'll be trooping out of school for the last time in this grade, and scattering to the woods, streams and fields. It's exhilarating to leave confining walls behind and feel as free as a bird. But don't make up your mind when that school door closes that you are through with learning for several months! In a way, you are exchanging one classroom for another. The University of Nature has many secrets to teach a person with open eyes.

Have you ever noticed that things are even more enjoyable when you have put

something of yourself into them? Unselfish caring and responsibility about the outdoors will give you a sense of pride that is well worth the effort. We like a young man who phoned us recently. He was very anxious because a friend had killed a mockingbird, which is a protected songbird, and was getting ready to kill another. The friend had said: "Aw, it's just another bird," when he tried to stop him. The boy who phoned was not wanting to tell tales, but he was deeply concerned about the birds.

With this attitude, the boy will appreciate and find a great deal more pleasure in the outdoors than the friend who *thought* he was having fun. Quite a lot of youngsters (and grown people) have the pitiful idea that destroying and killing just for the sake of it, without any regard for conservation, makes them seem

big or something. They have no real sense of beauty and delight in nature.

You Junior Sportsmen are mighty important people. You may not think it, but things you do now can have a tremendous effect on the future. Hunt and fish when you are supposed to and obey the laws (they have been worked out for very good reasons). How about thinking up some project this summer that will benefit wildlife? Or just being alert to things that need to be put right or reported? One suggestion is that you could declare a personal war on litter. If every youngster out in the country picked up just a handful of litter, that could make quite a difference, couldn't it?

All of you can have a big part in seeing to it that Junior Sportsmen have a lot to look forward to for many, many years to come. ○○

First Buck

Editor:

Enclosed is a picture of my first buck. I killed it in Nolan County. I was on a stand by myself just before dark one day



last November. I saw him walk out of the brush about 150 yards away and I lay down on a big rock to shoot him with the 257 Weatherby magnum. The shot hit him high in the lungs. He dropped instantly. He was a big red deer that we think weighed 200 pounds. He had eight points and a 20-inch spread.

I am 12 years old and read your magazine from cover to cover every month.

Dee Warren
Merkel

(Congratulations on a very fine achieve-

ment, Dee. We are concerned, however, about your safety under such hunting conditions—about dark, using a very powerful weapon. We encourage hunting and fishing for Junior Sportsmen, but we hope that all precautions are taken for the safety of young hunters. Although the deer had a reddish hue, it was not the exotic red deer but a very fine whitetail.—Editor)

Bigger Than It Looks

Editor:

My little girl, age five, caught this six and one-half pound catfish with a perch hook and worm while perch fishing in a



private lake in Liberty County. The fish nearly pulled her in the lake and her mother had to finally help her pull it in,

it had nearly straightened the hook out. Being like all fishermen, when she shows the picture to someone, she says it really was bigger than it looks.

I am the father of four girls and this is my only fishing and hunting buddy. Her name is Kathy.

Kenneth Mann
Houston

(We think Kathy could reel 'em in with that smile alone! You must be as proud of her, Mr. Mann, as she is of that fine catfish.—Editor)

October Cover

Editor:

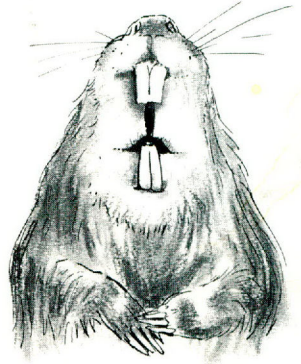
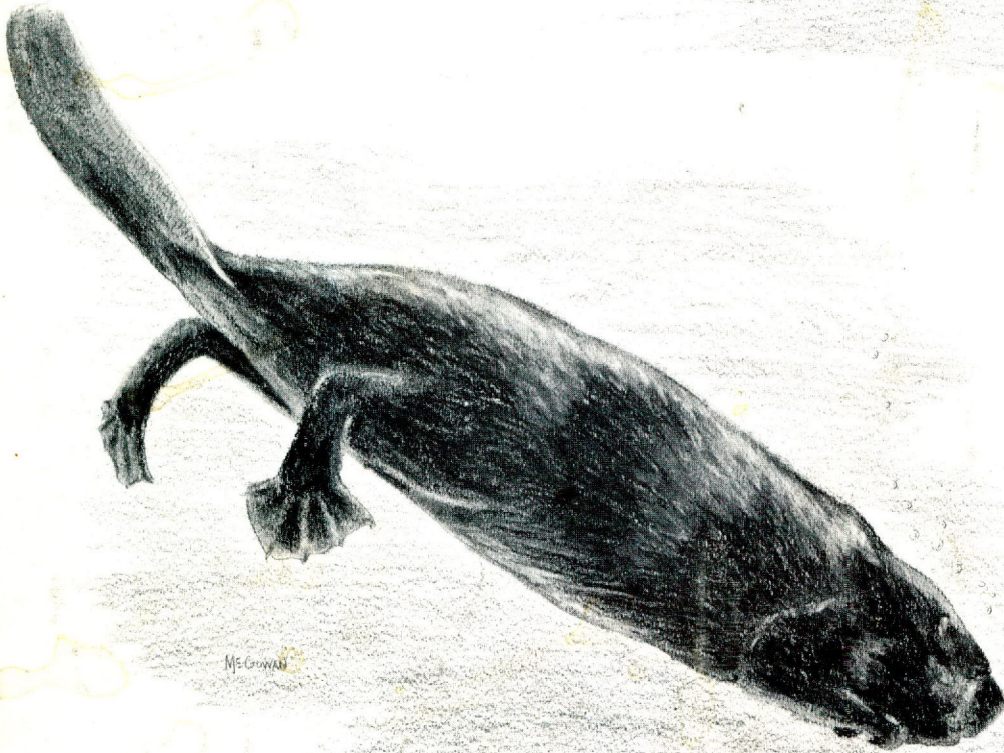
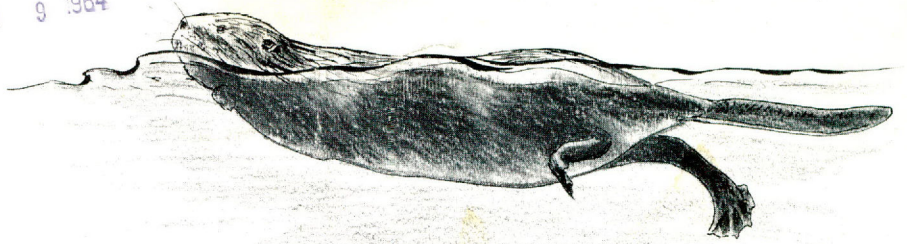
Where was the front cover picture of the October *Texas Game and Fish* magazine taken? (Big buck and trees in background.) I wish you could always take such beautiful shots for the cover. I think you have the finest sportsmen magazine but I wish you would print more articles like the one, "Now That You've Killed It," and more stress on hunting and less on fishing (my opinion).

Mack Steffey
Littlefield

(We are pleased to know how much you enjoy the magazine. The picture on the October cover was taken in the fall of 1960, in Llano County. We do try to balance our hunting and fishing stories. Hunting gets emphasized a little more in the fall, of course, during the seasons.—Editor)

JUN 9 1964

Beaver Below



A lumbering lout on land, the beaver shines once he slips into his pond. Numerous adaptations make him such a master of the water that only a hungry otter can best him in his element. The beaver's webbed hind feet deliver the powerful thrust which launches him on his way. Ducklike, these fold up when drawn forward and spread when stroked back. An unhurried beaver kicks his feet together and glides until momentum subsides before exerting himself again. But when he's on an important errand or putting distance between himself and an enemy, he switches footwork to alternate beats. A speeding beaver can thus surge along the surface at five to six miles per hour. The forearms are hugged tightly against the chest. The paws are clenched into fists, which act as fenders against debris and at the same time streamline the body. A dense, well-oiled fur coat safeguards the beaver's skin from waterlogging. The hairs of the coat become slick and glossy when wet, to facilitate friction-free passage through the water. As the

beaver submerges, a downward stroke of his broad tail and backward thrust of his hind feet force the rest of his body under the water. Once under, the tail operates as a diving plane and rudder. It does not move like a fish's tail. As a diving plane, it determines the angle of dive; as a rudder, it aids in maneuvering. Upon submersion several automatic water-proofing devices go into operation. Valves in the ears and nostrils snap shut. A membrane slides over the eye to protect it from debris and to enhance underwater vision. Folds of skin at the jaws meet tightly behind the jutting front teeth, barring entrance of water, or splinters when the beaver whittles. During submersion, the heartbeat slows; less oxygen is required. An extra large liver and spacious lungs also enable the beaver to store enough air and oxygen-rich blood for dives. About three minutes is the beaver's usual dive, but under duress, he can stay under up to 15 minutes and can swim submerged one-half mile. —Nancy McGowan

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