

Texas Game and Fish

OCTOBER

1960

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Photo by L. A. Wilke

UNIQUE NATIVE—the pronghorn, one of Texas' strangest animals, settled thousands of years ago in this state and has no other living relatives on earth. *Antilocapra americana*, as it is known scientifically, is a creature of odd body characteristics. It has two hoofs to the foot, like deer and cattle, but without dew claws, like the gi-

raffe. It has a gall bladder and hollow horns like the goat; yet, each year it sheds its horns like deer and wapiti, but only its outer shells fall off, leaving the cores as guides over which grow new shells. This picture was taken on the Reynolds Ranch in the Davis Mountain country of the Trans-Pecos.



NEW WILDLIFE DIRECTOR: Thomas L. Kimball, director of the Colorado Game and Fish Department, has been named new executive director of the National Wildlife Federation. He succeeds Ernest F. Swift, who resigned due to ill health. Swift will continue to serve as a conservation advisor. In his new job, Kimball will coordinate the activities of the federation's affiliated sportsmen's groups and promote national wildlife legislation.

PREDATORS KEEP OUT: Duck nesting boxes can be protected from predators, according to the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service, by mounting them on one or two galvanized-steel channel fence posts to which a stiff sheet-metal panel has been bolted on the concave side. Unperforated posts are preferable but more difficult to obtain. If punched posts are used, hooks should be hammered flat to eliminate claw-holds for climbing predators. The protective panel should be eight inches wide and three feet long, preferably constructed of 16-gauge aluminum.

THIS MAKES SENSE: "If we can afford to spend billions of dollars developing the resources of foreign countries, surely we can afford to spend a few million dollars in conserving the resources of our own."—Sen. Richard B. Russell of Georgia.

NEW DESIGNATION: We now have a new, official land category in the country—National Grasslands—corresponding in many respects to our National Forests. Nearly four million acres of public land in 11 Great Plains and western states have been given this designation by the Department of Agriculture. Unsuitable to cultivation and subject to recurrent drought, the land was purchased by the Federal Government in the depression years and managed and developed. The U.S. Forest Service now has the responsibility of managing the grasslands on a multiple-use, sustained yield basis.

THE MAT IS OUT: The Chinese talking Myna may be entered into the United States without a permit, although other species of myna are prohibited entry in most cases. However, the importer of the privileged species (*Gracula religiosa*) must declare that the bird or birds will be confined in a cage.

THE RIGHT LABELS: The second edition of A LIST OF COMMON AND SCIENTIFIC NAMES OF FISHES from the United States and Canada is off the press. This publication of the American Fisheries Society is especially interesting to fishery biologists. Copies may be purchased from the Society. The list includes 1,892 entries, more than a threefold increase over the 1948 edition, primarily due to additional marine species. The authors state that common names may be more stable than scientific ones, and that there is a clear need for standardization and uniformity in vernacular names.

TREE TREND: Growing trees as a crop under a voluntary program sponsored by the nation's forest industries continues to gain in popularity across the United States. As of July 1, some 53,064,185 acres were listed in certified Tree Farms. In addition to helping assure a plentiful wood supply for our nation, Tree Farms furnish food and habitat for wildlife, protection for soil and water, and opportunities for recreation.

Texas Game and Fish

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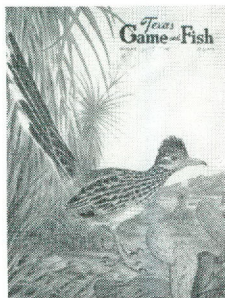
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The Cover



The roadrunner, or paisano, often is seen racing across roads in front of automobiles, only to stop inside a fence at the brush's edge to gaze at its intruder. This month's cover, by Anne Marie Pulich, shows the strong legs, long tail, shaggy crest, and bright colorful head, of this unique bird. J. Frank Dobie perhaps knows more about this mysterious bird than any other one individual. For related story by Dobie see page 16.

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

October, 1960

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Weapons

and

Wildlife

by HOWARD D. DODGEN

Executive Secretary

Game and Fish Commission

NEVER in all the history of firearms have there been so many new and efficient guns as we have today. Within the past year every manufacturer has announced new models and new calibers. Ammunition has been improved until our old ballistic tables are out of date.

Today, as hunters, we are equipped to go into the fields with the very best. We should be able to kill more game and kill it easier than ever before.

Fortunately, right now Texas has a fair amount of game as compared with some very recent years. How long this game can stand up under our modern gun pressure depends a great deal on what we do about it.

Biologists, during the last few years, have been able to come up with some valuable information on Texas wildlife. They have made annual counts of game populations, and determined the wildlife carrying capacity of our land and the types of food and cover that will provide the most for birds and mammals.

The Game and Fish Commission owns seven widely separated tracts of land throughout the state, where the study of wildlife management practices is carried on intensively so that knowledge gained may be applied to other similar areas.

Many landowners have joined in the program and have made their

property available for study and management.

Some experimenting with new species is done in an attempt to find additional game which may better meet the demands of a growing population and a desire for hunting and fishing.

The white bass is a typical example of this type of research. It will be remembered that 30 years ago a dozen white bass were planted in Lake Dallas. Since that time they have spread across the nation and today it is tops in the esteem of fishermen everywhere.

There is yet a great deal to be learned about fish stocking. It is more than just dumping a dozen or so into a body of water then stepping back and watching them grow. Before water can be stocked with a given species we must know whether conditions of that water will permit growth and reproduction.

The same thing is true of wildlife. Considerable effort was spent in an attempt to introduce the Coturnix quail, not only in Texas but through the Middle West. Characteristics of this bird in its home land indicated it might do well here in the United States. So far the results are negative.

Now an attempt is being made to introduce chukars in the mountainous parts of the state. Other western states have had a remarkable degree

of success with this overgrown partridge.






























New blood in our wild turkeys has been brought in by swapping with other states. Exchanges of our javelina for turkeys and chukars have been made; deer from Texas have gone from Florida to California. In turn we have brought back some of their game species.

In addition to this, private shooting resorts are being established throughout the state. They will provide shooting of both upland game birds and waterfowl. The owners will charge a few dollars, but hunter success will be assured.

There are those who may not care for this type of shooting. Nevertheless, in populous areas it has been found to be an effective way to provide legal hunting for masses who otherwise would have no hunting at all.

The Game and Fish Commission is attempting not only to keep abreast of the demand for more outdoors, it is trying to get ahead. So far we have made progress, perhaps faster than some people think. But this study, this research and this work must proceed in an orderly manner if we are to meet the demands of future years.

Our modern firearms, our efficient tackle and all the things that go with them will be of less value if there is not provided the places to hunt and fish and the game to bring home. **

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Shootin Days

deer and turkey are not required to pay the \$3.15 fee but must have exempt licenses.

All hunters must have special permits to kill doe or antlerless deer anywhere in the State. Landowners will have these permits which are issued by the Commission. Permits also will be required of all persons who take antelope. Landowners will issue these to hunters as they gain permission to hunt on a piece of land.

On October 26, the goose season begins. Duck season opens on November 11 while whitetail deer and turkey hunting begins on the 16th.































Be certain to check on bag and possession limits before going on the hunt. If in doubt check with the Commission's district office or the game warden in your area. Either will

THE HUNTING season is here. On these pages four calendars are presented which show what species of game can be hunted during a month and the days on which they can be killed. The silhouettes in a square indicate what game can be taken legally on that day. For instance, on December 1, ducks, geese, doves, deer, quail and turkey are legal game.

On October 1, a half hour before sunrise, the pronghorned-antelope season opens in the Trans-Pecos area. It ends October 7, a half hour after sunset. A week later, on October 14, the antelope season begins in the Panhandle area, ending on the 19th.

On October 7, dove season opens in the South Zone and continues through December 5. It closes in the North Zone October 31.

A \$3.15 hunting license is required of every Texas citizen not less than 17 nor 65 or more years of age who hunts outside his county or residence, and all citizens who hunt deer or turkey anywhere in the State. All citizens who hunt deer or turkey on land on which they reside, and those less than 17 and 65 or older, hunting

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are clear of obstructions, and that you have only ammunition of the proper size for the gun you are carrying. Remove oil and grease from chamber before firing.

4. Always carry your gun so that you can control the direction of the muzzle even if you stumble; keep the safety on until you are ready to shoot.

5. Be sure of your target before you pull the trigger; know the identifying features of the game you intend to hunt.

6. Never point a gun at anything you do not want to shoot; avoid all horseplay while handling a gun.

7. Unattended guns should be unloaded; guns and ammunition should be stored separately beyond reach of children and careless adults.

8. Never climb a tree or fence or jump a ditch with a loaded gun; never pull a gun toward you by the muzzle.

9. Never shoot a bullet at a flat, hard surface or the surface of water; when at target practice, be sure your backstop is adequate.

10. Avoid alcoholic drinks before or during shooting. **

be glad to give you the details.

The quail season opens on December 1. Dove hunting ends on the 5th while deer and turkey hunting continues through the month ending on December 31. The mule deer season opens on December 1 and ends on the 8th.

The goose season plays out on January 8. Eight days later, on the 16th, quail hunting ends and so does the hunting season for 1960.

BEFORE going into the field to hunt, know the special laws which might govern the hunting in your particular area. Recall also, the ten commandments of safety with guns and ammunition. They are listed here again for your convenience:

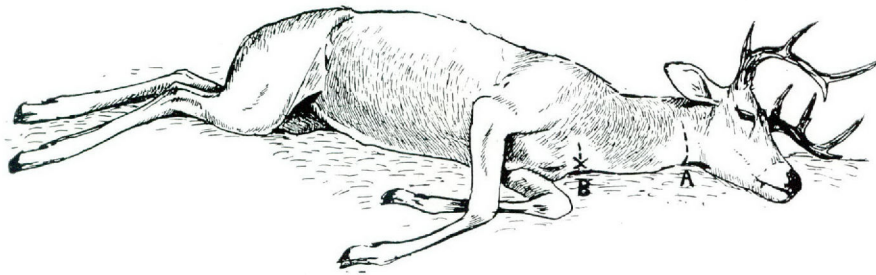
1. Treat every gun with the respect due a loaded gun. This is the first rule of gun safety.

2. Guns carried into camp or home, or when otherwise not in use, must always be unloaded, and taken down or have action open; guns always should be carried in cases to the shooting area.

3. Always be sure barrel and action

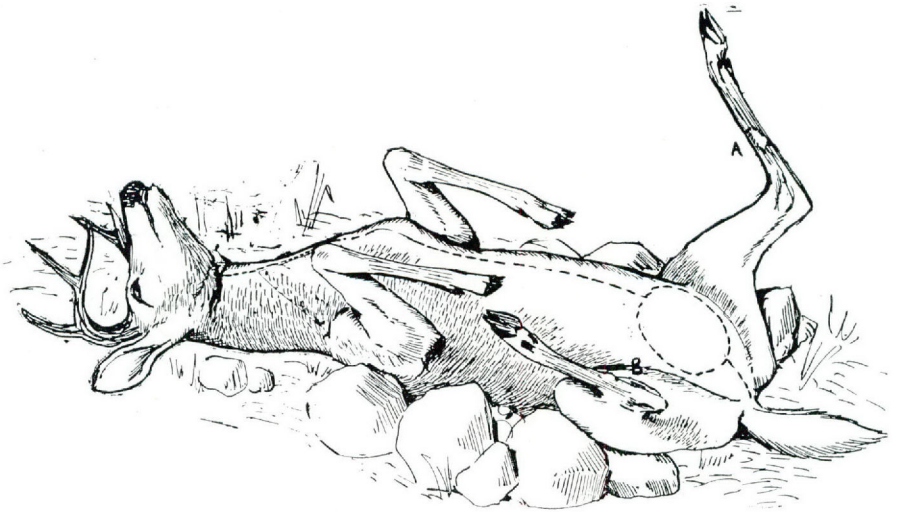
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Carcass



Bleed deer by cutting throat at A. If a trophy head is to be mounted, bleed by puncturing throat deeply at B. This should be done as soon as the animal is killed.

Prop deer, belly up, and remove genitals or udder, cutting circular area shown in drawing. Remove musk glands (A and B) to keep them from tainting meat.



Cut deer hide from tail to throat, but do not cut into the body cavity. Peel hide away from cut to keep hair from getting into the meat. Cut through pelvic bone and turn carcass down hill to let viscera sag into the rib cavity. The large intestine can be cut out of the pelvic cavity, but do not sever it from viscera.

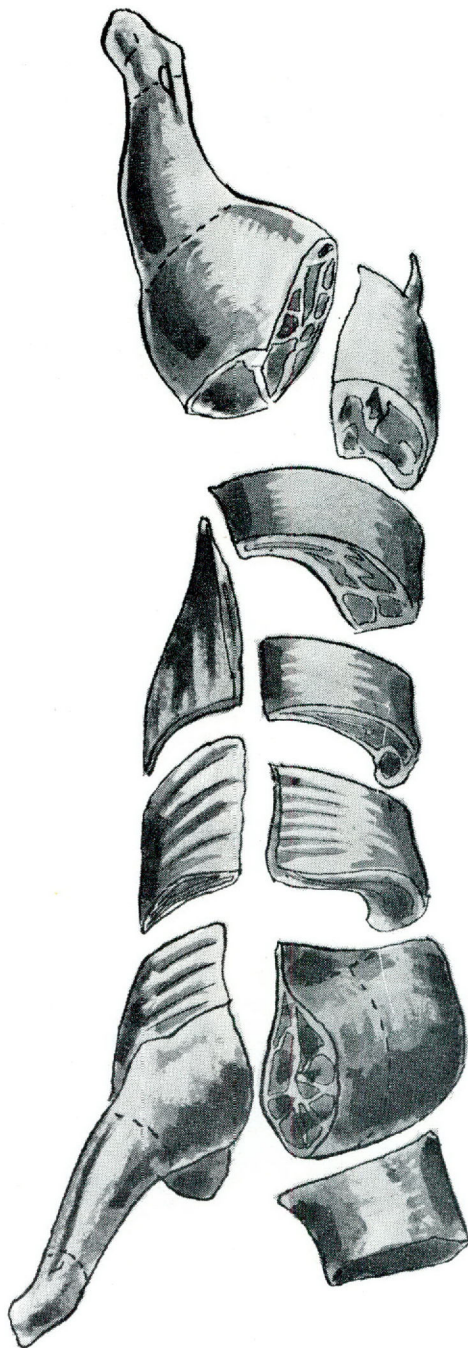
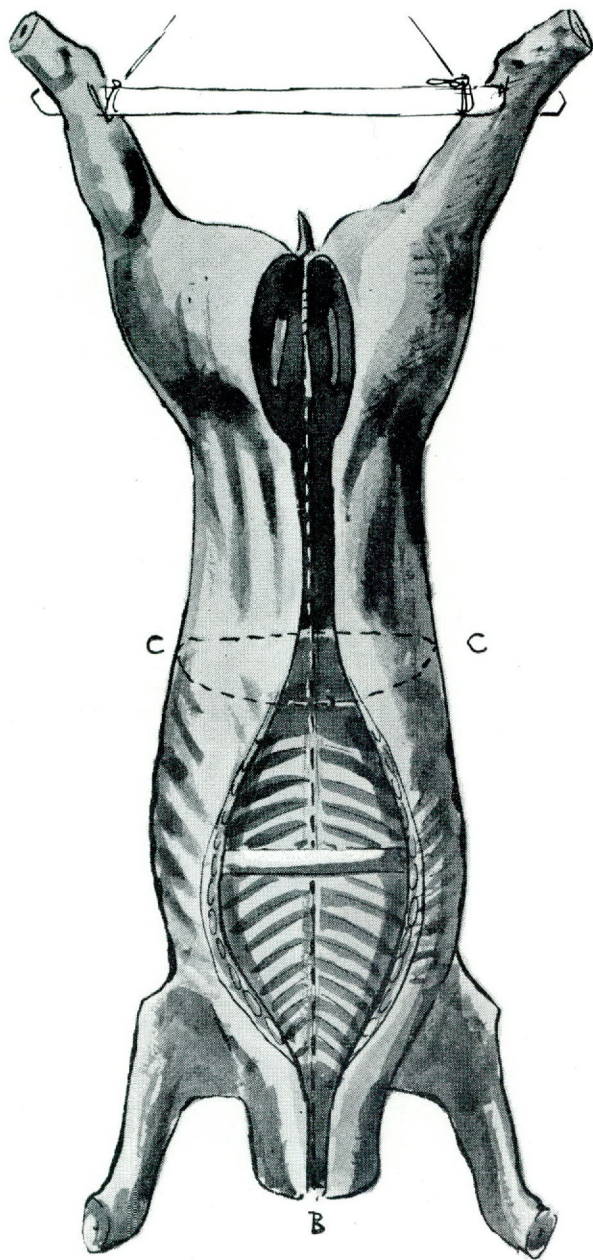
Cut through the length of breastbone and into the neck to expose the wind pipe. Free gullet and pull out with viscera.



Care

Art by

Nancy McGowan



Hang the carcass, skinned and washed with a damp cloth, in a cool place for at least 36 hours. During this aging, a gambrel should be inserted through the rear hock tendons to spread the hindquarters, and a stick inserted to hold the rib cavity spread as shown.

After aging is completed, cut excess fat and blood shot portions away. Split the carcass in half by cutting down the length of the backbone from tail to point B, then half again at point C. These quarters make for easier handling of the meat.

Cuts of meat shown above from top to bottom are shank roast, round steak, rump roast, sirloin, flank stew or ground, loin chops, ribs stew or roast, rib roast or stew, brisket stew, shoulder roast or steak, knuckle roast, shank roast, and neck stew or ground.



They discovered 150 points is a lot on the

Trophy Hunt

BEGAN to shiver in the fast approaching dusk of November in North Central Texas. It was white-tail deer season and three hours previously I had taken a stand behind a decayed log to watch a small clearing, sparsely covered with green wild rye. Faintly in the distance came the clanging of pipes by an oil well drilling crew and more sharply, and closer at hand, rang the staccato barking of a pack of coyotes.

Suddenly I spotted a doe slipping silently through the bare thorny mesquites. She paused knee-deep in the silvery needle grass. Two more does soon joined her.

A moment later I had a glimpse of

antlers through the brush. My hand tightened on my .30/06. A buck stepped into view. He was only a young six-pointer (Texas count). This fellow wasn't due my bullet. I was hunting a record book head.

Darkness was closing in and I had heard no shots from my two hunting companions, my 13-year-old son, Ross, and his young friend, Smitty. Returning to the pickup truck, I drove down the rough pasture road toward our meeting place by a barn. Some distance away the headlights silhouetted two waving boys.

"No luck?" I called.

"Didn't you hear me shoot?" Ross asked. "I've got a small buck down about a mile north of here."

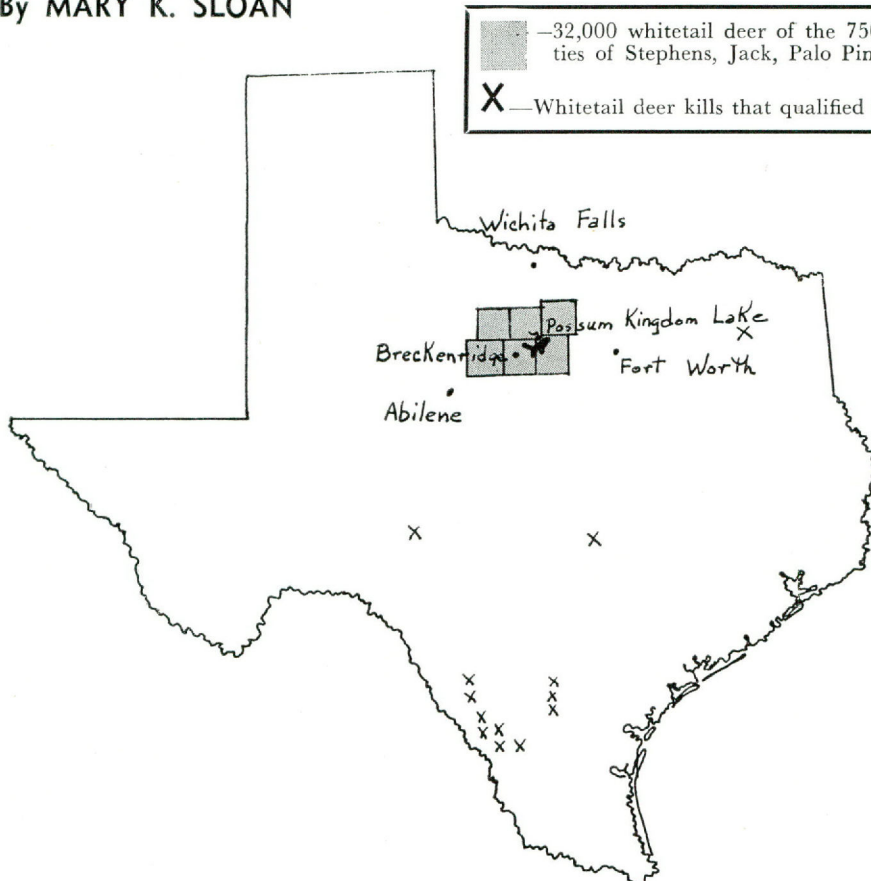
As the three of us drove northward, I glanced occasionally at my son's unrevealing face, for a trace of a smile. His shooting a small buck just didn't stack up. We bumped off the road toward a barbed wire fence that marked the boundary of an adjoining pasture.

"This is the place," Ross said. "He's about 100 yards across the fence."

Reaching the carcass, I quickly flashed on the light and focused my eyes on the biggest 11-point whitetail rack I had ever seen in this country. Not only were the main beams thick and the points long, but the spread seemed tremendous.

"Ross, he's really a beauty!" I exclaimed and the glow of the flashlight

By **MARY K. SLOAN**



■—32,000 whitetail deer of the 750,000 Texas deer population inhabit the counties of Stephens, Jack, Palo Pinto, Shackelford, Throckmorton, and Young.
 X—Whitetail deer kills that qualified for entry in the Boone and Crockett records.

disclosed a beaming boy about to explode with eagerness to tell the details of his kill.

Smitty, whose luck at fishing usually exceeded Ross', was as excited as Ross and I. The three of us dragged the buck to the pickup and quickly drove the 20 miles to town.

Ross' elation dimmed slightly when applying the tape to the antlers proved a measurement of 138 points, 12 points shy of the 150 point minimum required for entry in Boone and Crockett Records of typically antlered white-tailed deer. Although only 13 of the 207 entries in the above mentioned records have come from Texas, we had high hopes of finding such a trophy in our area.

Eight days were left of the 19-day whitetail season in Stephens County, which is joined by Young County to the north and Palo Pinto County to the east. These three counties form the 310-mile shoreline of Possum

Kingdom Lake and in the past 15 years have become a deer haven.

According to Texas Game Supervisor Captain A. W. Lewis, 895 deer were released in the Possum Kingdom and surrounding areas from 1941 to 1946. These, plus the native deer, have fared well and in 1958 the deer population showed an increase of 40 per cent over the preceding year. Of the estimated 32,000 deer inhabiting this rugged territory of cedar choked canyons and rolling mesquite land, 4,100 were killed in the 1959 season. Local Game Warden N. E. Glover states that 1,800 of this count were from Stephens County alone. While some of the bucks taken weighed 140 pounds, field dressed, the average buck dressed out at 105 pounds.

Deer hunting was excellent in this area in 1959 and drew hunters from various parts of Texas as well as non-resident hunters. The majority of hunters leased privately owned land for the entire 19-day season; the going rate ranged from 50 cents to one dollar per acre. Some parties preferred to "day hunt" at the cost of \$10 per day or three days for \$25. Besides the several sportsman motels or camps at Possum Kingdom Lake, excellent accommodations were available at reasonable rates in Breckenridge, a 30-minute drive from the heart of the hunting area. By writing to the Chamber of Commerce or to Merrill's Sport Center, both of Breckenridge, hunters made arrangements to hunt and obtained all necessary information.

With the closing of the season in the Possum Kingdom area, we had seen only two other bucks that might have exceeded in size the one Ross bagged. One of these offered an impossible shot and the other was shot at and missed.

Adjacent to Stephens County on the northwest is Throckmorton County, whose 1959 whitetail season extended from November 16 to December 15 and whose bag limit was two bucks. In this region lay a rugged and remote 23,000-acre ranch that was reported to be headquarters for bucks of exceptional size, both in body and antlers. It was there we planned to hunt with Kelton S. Tilley, our friend and taxidermist from Fort Worth, and his 20-year-old son, Joe.

For several years the Tilleys had noted that among the largest Texas bucks they received for mounting were outstanding heads from the country immediately south of our hunting destination. Their interest, like ours, was to get a record book head, if possible.

It was with great expectations that Mr. and Mrs. Tilley and Joe drove down the graveled lane with my husband Sam, Ross and me, to the Throckmorton County ranch.

We immediately were aware of the abrupt change in terrain. Across the vast hazy grey mesquite flats loomed high limestone littered hills covered with prickly pear cactus and dense brush. These hills broke into steep shadowed canyons of massive size.

Scouting this territory several days previously, Sam, Ross and I had driven the jeep into parts where only a horse team and wagon had dared to venture before. During the day we spotted 17 bucks, 30 does, at least 500 wild turkeys, and many hogs. Domesticated in origin, these hogs had roamed in an untamed state as long as memory. It was hard to believe that such country should remain so wild and untouched only an hour's drive from civilization. As evening approached, a doe suddenly burst from a brushy flat with three bucks in speedy pursuit.

"Man! Look at that lead buck!" Ross shouted, grabbing for the binoculars.

The deer raced up a high hill 1,500 yards distance and over the top.

Putting the jeep in low range, we chugged around the hill and immediately spotted the deer standing 350 yards above us. Sam grabbed his .300 Weatherby magnum. The buck moved slightly and the glint of the sun highlighted an uncommonly good rack. Sam pressed the trigger and the buck fell. We found that he had 10 unusually long points with sturdy beams and beautiful symmetry.

Although this buck and the one shot earlier by Ross were excellent heads, neither scored the 150 points. With two days left in which to find the buck of our dreams, we eagerly turned to hunting with the Tilleys.

As our caravan of two pickups and one jeep arrived at the weathered old ranch house at 7 a.m., Sam advised the Tilleys, "We saw lots of deer down

by the river and up on the tops of the canyons that drop toward the river."

Arranging to meet later at the point where the road crossed the river shoals, our party immediately split, with Sam driving Mrs. Tilley, Ross, and me in the jeep to other canyons farther north. During the morning the four of us saw only three bucks, one of which was outstanding but was out of shooting range. In the early afternoon our group returned to the river, where we saw Tilley and Joe washing their hands.

"I killed a really nice buck about two miles north of here," Joe said. "He's an 11-pointer and has a darn good spread."

"Congratulations, Joe," I said. "Did you down one, too, Tilley?"

"Yes, I've got a dandy buck," Tilley answered. "This beats any deer country I've ever seen and I've hunted whitetails for 40 years.

"Suddenly, I heard the darndest racket below me. I knew at once it was a deer, stomping and taking on. Peering through the scope, I saw an exceedingly fine 12-point buck, his reddish gray body quivering alertness, his eyes flashing alarm, and his nose testing the air. He had winded me but didn't know yet where I was.

"Easing the rifle to my cheek, I put the crosshairs on the shoulder of my nervous observer and squeezed the trigger. He collapsed. He's sure a fine buck."

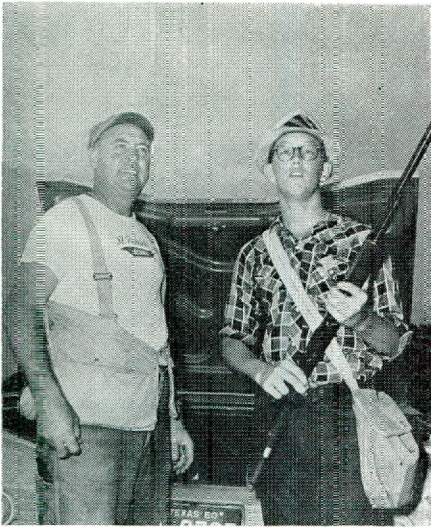
After the 60-day waiting period required by the Boone and Crockett Club, Joe's buck measured 140 points and Tilley's went 148, only two points under the minimum.

Next day none of the hunters reported seeing bucks whose size exceeded that of the ones already shot except Joe, who that night exclaimed, "Well, folks, today I saw the one we've been looking for! He had a whopper of a spread with 12 long points. I spotted him just before he jumped the fence. Then he really shifted into high. With only an hour of daylight left it was too late to try a stalk. But I'll be thinking about that old buck for a long, long time."

Is there a record book whitetail buck in the area we hunted? We think so. *And—we plan to bring him in this season.*

**

Whitewing Workout



Chester Ingersol and Chester Jr., of Corpus Christi, got their limit early and went home.

By L. A. WILKE

A CHANGE in weather conditions drove thousands of white-winged doves out of the Rio Grande Valley for the three-day hunting season, Sept. 9, 10 and 11. Heavy rains preceded the season and fell throughout the opening day. Side roads were impassable, and fields were covered with water during most of the shooting time.

Most hunters got a few whitewings, and nearly all hunters got a combined limit of whitewings and mourning doves.

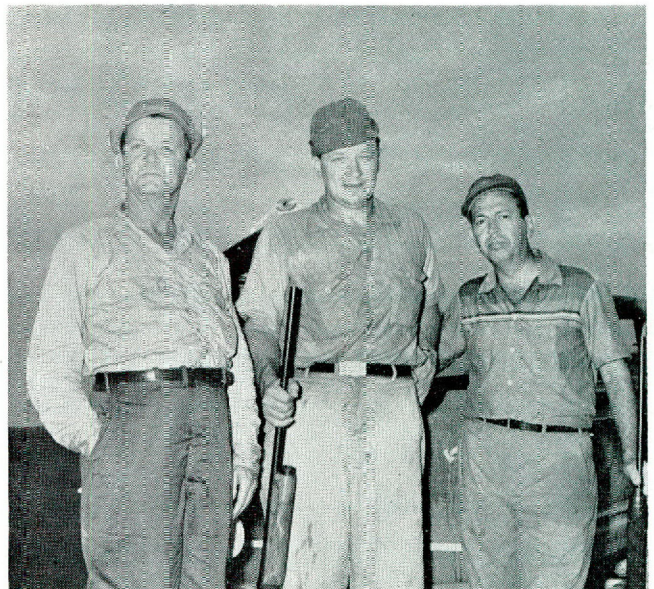
Final results of the hunt are yet to be tabulated, but the kill dropped far



Soaking wet hunters, left to right, top row, are W. M. Hemphill and P. K. Shotts; lower row, Ruth Cameron, L. L. Hasfeldt and J. R. Grubbs. They hunted near the Santa Rosa floodway.



Lulu Ashcraft of Harlingen, stood in the high grass along the fence to drop her birds in the plowed field in front and prevent losses.



These shooters walked out of the rain with their limits early. Left to right they are R. D. Benson, P. W. Berry and John Parker, all of Houston. They also had a boat along for fishing.

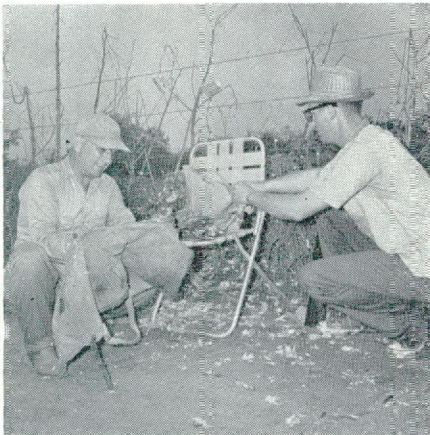


Dr. Joe Linduska of the Remington Farms of Chestertown, Md., and Dr. S. C. Whitlock, of the Michigan Department of Conservation, were among the Valley whitewing hunt visitors.

below previous years, according to biologists.

Many birds also were lost because farmers had been unable to get into the fields with plows. As a result the land was covered with high weeds, creating additional difficulty in finding lost birds.

There were heavy flights of doves between showers in some areas. They soon learned to fly high and it was estimated that an average of five shots were fired for every bird picked up. **



J. L. Luddington and Joe of Harlingen, made up another father-son team, picking their birds.

Picking doves and eating hot tamales after the hunt, are Vera Bruce of Houston and Dorothy Yarbrough, Francis Hurly and Myra Baldrige of Harlingen. They got their limits.

Conservation Kingdom

By J. H. CHEEK

WHEN you see deer tracks as thick as fleas on a mongrel pup, squirrels playing in the roads, and photographic proof of recent big fish "catches" you know you are in good hunting and fishing territory.

As I drove into the ranch and wildlife preserve of D. B. Clonts, deep in the heart of the "big woods" of eastern Wood County, I counted six squirrels at one time in the road ahead of me.

A few hundred feet farther I came upon a spacious log-cabin type house that seemed to blend perfectly with the giant oaks and towering pines that furnished shade for it at all times.

On the cool, screened-in back porch of this comfortable home, overlooking Big Sandy Creek, sat Mr. and Mrs. Clonts watching their ranch hands preparing to bale hay, and the fishermen passing by on the way to their favorite fishing places.

Clonts is chairman of the board of supervisors of the Wood Soil Conservation District and is a hard worker at the job. While discussing soil, water, and wildlife conservation for the ranch, Clonts showed me a picture of a 49½-pound catfish recently caught in a small lake only a few hundred feet from the house.

Hugh Pickering, a neighbor of the Clonts', caught the big Opelousas Cat on a set hook while night fishing with two other employees of the Sohio Oil Company.

Clonts has three lakes and two streams on his 5000-acre holdings that furnish good fishing. Holly Lake is artificial and covers about 50 acres. Moore and Gladsby are smaller, natural lakes. Big Sandy and Holly Creeks, like the lakes, are stocked with bream, bass, crappie, channel

cat, and other species.

Only 300 acres of this ranch have been cleared of trees and brush. Most of these open acres are seeded annually to vetch, oats, sorghums, clovers, peas and grasses that furnish grazing for 150 head of cattle, and as many deer if tracks are dependable criteria.

Clonts is proud of 125 acres of oats and vetch growing on the deep, coarse, sandy soil that blankets all of the "big woods" area.

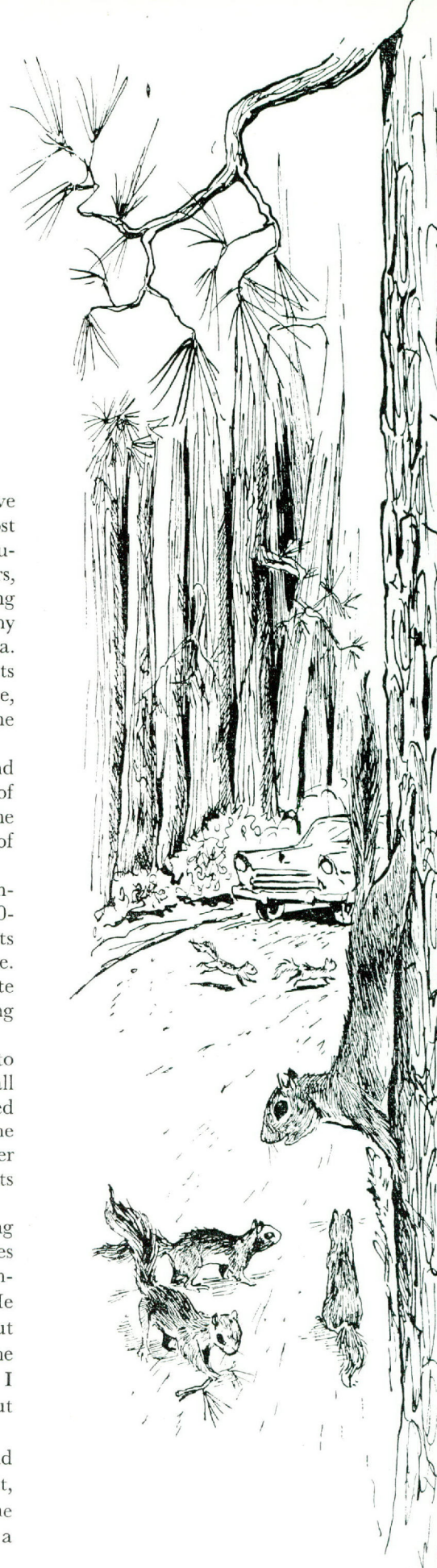
He has cut 3000 bales of oats and vetch hay from about 100 acres of this sandy soil. He says: "Some of the land produced 40 to 50 bushels of oats per acre."

When questioned about the management he said 300 pounds of 10-20-10 fertilizer was applied to the oats and vetch per acre at planting time. And 100 pounds of ammonium nitrate per acre was put on as top dressing 30 days later.

Besides the large fields planted to grasses and legumes, many small openings in the woods are seeded especially for the deer to graze. One of Clonts' neighbors counted 19 deer feeding on one of these small plots recently.

Hundreds of acres of pine ranging from new plantings to towering trees 75 years of age and older are managed as a timber crop by Clonts. He said, "If I had known as much about woodland conservation when I came here 15 years ago as I know now I would have gotten \$40,000 more out of the timber I have sold."

Income from timber, fishing and hunting permits, cabins, boats, bait, livestock, all contribute to making the Clonts a comfortable living and a pleasant life. * *





Casa Blanca Lake

OASIS

By Alvin Flury

Aquatic Biologist

AS A TROPIC isle on a wide sea, little Casa Blanca Lake is an oasis on the near-desert of Webb County. Rolling caliche hills sparsely covered with cactus and low thorny brush, 60 miles between towns, southwest Texas is typically hot and dry. Casa Blanca Lake, 1,700 acres of cool, clear water, is out of character but a welcome relief.

During the summer months, which may extend from March through October, swimmers, boaters, picnickers and fishermen from Laredo, the nearby Air Force base and the surrounding country make good use of the lake. Tourist fishermen from farther away seem to overlook the small lake and go on to famous Falcon Reservoir, 50 miles farther down the Rio Grande.

Formed by a large dirt dam built across Arroyo Chacon by Webb County in 1950, the lake is only five miles from Laredo and is the heart of a county recreation area. A golf course, club house, concession stand and dance pavilion, boat docks, swimming area, and picnic tables round out the facilities of the area.

Like any other spot, fishing is seasonal, meaning that anybody can't go out just anytime and catch a mess of fish. The old fisherman's saying is "You shoulda been here yesterday!" Numbers of large mouth bass from five to seven pounds and large numbers of smaller bass, clear water and lots of brush cover make the lake a Mecca for plug casters in early spring. During late February through early April dedicated bass fishermen commonly take strings of five or more bass totaling 20 to 30 pounds in weight, releasing fish smaller than three pounds.

This is no place for a beginner. Surface plugs worked right up in flooded stands of willow, mesquite, and thorny brush produce many more strikes than other methods but the percentage of fish landed is low. Carrying only one red and white "Lucky 13" is just a way to make a fast trip back to the tackle store. During the rest of the year it takes a good (and lucky) fisherman to catch a respectable string. Night or early morning fishing along shallows and submerged weed beds should produce a few good bass during the summer and deep trolling in winter is usually fair to good.

Still fishing whether with cane pole or rod and reel from the banks or drifting with the wind in a boat is very good. White crappie, gasper-gou and various kinds of sunfish are numerous and very easily caught with the right kinds of bait. Live minnows, usually available at the boat dock, are by all odds the best bait for crappie and also take bass.

Drifting across the main body of the lake, just above the dam, trailing a weighted live minnow rig is probably the best method on this lake. The more common system of tying up to a dead tree and still fishing in submerged brush, either in daytime or under a lantern at night, is also good.

Sunfish and gasper-gou are caught mostly by bank fishermen using worms, shrimp, cut fish or other baits. Many good banks and beaches along the dam and around the lower part of the lake which are accessible to the public are good spots with convenient parking places.

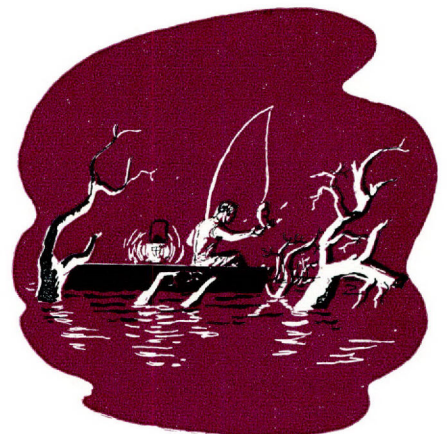
Shade is at a premium and most family groups are seen in late afternoon during the summer months.

Most good fishermen know that summer is the very worst time to fish, but nevertheless, between the kids being out of school and the old man getting a vacation, summer is when most fishermen are out.

Catfishing is not good in the lake but surprisingly, believable reports were heard of good strings of big catfish being caught prior to 1953. During a survey of the lake in 1956 and 1957, Game & Fish Commission biologists set a total of 64 gill nets and took only nine bullheads, and one channel catfish. In later resurveys of the lake, as many as six or eight channel catfish were taken per net, so, perhaps, they will again develop into good numbers if protected. Occasional commercial netting is beneficial to the lake through removing undesirable carp and buffalo. The county commissioners have stopped the sale of catfish taken by netters which would otherwise ruin the catfishing. Hunting and trotlines are not allowed on the lake by county regulation because of the danger to other users.

In drought periods the lake shrinks

◊ Continued on Page 32





Tip o' Texas

TARPON

This 130-pound tarpon, exhausted from its struggle to get free, comes in nearly close enough for the gaff. Note the popping cork used in the shallow waters of the Laguna Madre.

By Gus Getner

WE WERE drifting across Laguna Madre Bay just off Port Isabel casting for trout and redfish when I noticed a muddy streak in the water just off starboard. Tarpon were popping mullet all over the place. They were big ones—too big for spin gear with light line.

Nevertheless, my first choice was a spin rig with 12 pound test line. Jack Bartholemew, one of the Gulf coast's best tarpon guides, was with me and on his suggestion I abandoned the light rig for one with 27 pound test line.

The first ten minute drift across the streak produced action. A 145-pounder inhaled my bait and raced

off through the shallow water churning up moss and mud along its trail. When the big silver-sided fish finally came near enough for the gaff, an hour later, a bundle of grass half the size of a basketball had accumulated above the leader. A lighter line probably would not have held this proud king of fighting fish.

Although some tarpon specialists use and recommend lighter gear, a stiff boat rod and 27 pound line with a heavy leader is average for this type of fishing. Grass floating in bays often bunches on the line as the tarpon rolls, sometimes causing light line to break.

September and October are the

months when productive waters off Port Isabel at the tip of Texas are teeming with tarpon silently patrolling the shallow bay water for mullet or piggy perch. It's a sight to make any real tarpon fisherman itch for a good fishing rig and his favorite plug. At this time of the year, the tarpon are especially active when hooked.

Tarpon enthusiasts have a choice of trying for a big one by drifting or trolling in the bay and Brazos de Santiago Pass, or gunning for the smaller school tarpon by wading the shore line of Port Isabel or Padre Island.

Out boarders who fish the shallow Laguna Madre for tarpon of the six-

foot class use a method developed by Bartholemew, and the one we used that day to outwit the 145-pound silver king.

An eight or ten inch mullet is drifted a few inches off bottom while the wave motion bounces the bait along with the aid of a large float similar to those used for trout popping. Big tarpon lying on the edge of potholes cannot resist the bait and practically run into each other in their mad rush to strike it. For these big boys, heavy machinery is best if a fisherman hopes to land many.

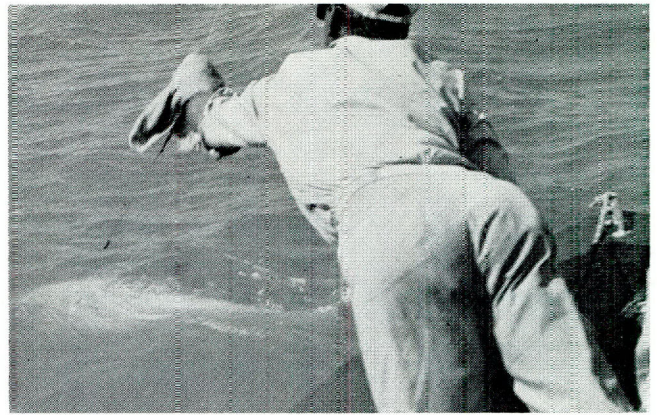
Spin fishermen have a chance to test their ability against four to six foot tarpon by wading the shallow flats and around the edges of deep holes found in the bay. Often this method produces the most action. One of the favorite wading areas is the popular "Tarpon Hole" or the flats located southwest of the Queen Isabela Causeway. Waders dressed in shorts and sneakers regularly hang into good-size tarpon in that vicinity.

A nine foot rod and a salt water spinning reel loaded with 10 or 12 pound line is the gear usually used in the area since it is relatively clear of floating grass. Casting minnow-like plugs, such as the King Bingo, that run deep into the "Tarpon Hole" pay off with tarpon of various sizes. When wading the flats light spoons and surface plugs produce the most action.

Nothing is harder on the nerves, or more exciting to watch, than to see a six-foot tarpon slowly turn and zero in on a surface plug slowly splattering along in two feet of water. The strike, a huge, sand swirling moment, is nothing short of spectacular and not easily forgotten.

For those who like to troll for their tarpon places in the Port Isabel area like the Brazos de Santiago Pass and the mouth of the Rio Grande River are the most likely areas to tie into some big ones. Heavy tackle is needed in the pass because of the fast currents whipping around the end of the North and South Jetties. A tarpon, when hooked in deep water, generally runs deep and seldom jumps. Heavy gear is necessary to pump the fish out of the deep, fast water. Deep running plugs in red and white, and yellow and black, have proved best for trolling the historic old pass.

Guide Bartholemew stretches for the leader after silver-sides is brought in close enough for gaffing.

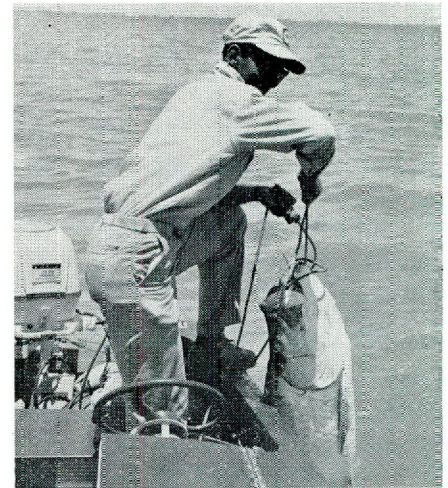


Boat fishermen usually work the entrance to the pass a couple of times and if results are negative, they fish close to the jetties. If anglers can't produce in the pass they head southward toward the mouth of the Rio Grande River, nationally famous as a tarpon hotspot. In the 1930's tarpon fishermen over the country journeyed here to get their tarpon. During the war years, however, fishing fell off. It wasn't until recently that tarpon fishing made a comeback in the Rio Grande.

Trolling off the mouth of the river is very good, as is trolling in the river itself. Large crafts cruise back and forth in search of fish that haunt the bar just off the mouth. During high tides smaller boats go over the bar to troll in the river as far as five miles upstream. Proof that big tarpon are found in the river is shown by the 1958 Field and Stream Fishing Contest records. The second place winner, a 161 pounder, was taken in the Rio Grande River.

How big are the tarpon found in the Port Isabel area? No one really knows. Bartholemew, who has spent several years studying the area, has seen tarpon weighing close to 200 pounds. During the 1959 Texas International Fishing Tournament I hooked and lost one that we guessed at 185 pounds. Tarpon weighing 150 pounds are fairly common during September and October.

All present conditions show that tarpon in the Port Isabel area are going to be bigger than ever this autumn mullet, crabs, and shrimp are plentiful and huge schools of various sized tarpon have been working since early March.

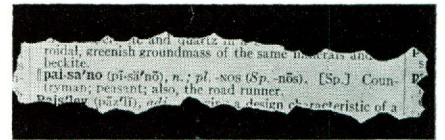


Jack hoists 132-pounder from water after it has been tied with rope to the boat.



Jetner with tarpon weighing 125 and 95 pounds taken from waters off Port Isabel.

PAISANO



BORN and reared in Southwest Texas, I was grown before I knew that the roadrunner had any other name than paisano (pronounced pie-sah'-no), by which Mexicans of Texas and northern Mexico know it. The word means *fellow-countryman, compatriot, native*. It is sometimes said to be a corruption of *faisan* (pheasant), a word changed in some Mexican localities to *faisano*. Yet the bird belongs to the cuckoo, and not to the pheasant family. Its scientific name, *Geococcyx californianus*, signifies "ground cuckoo," the type specimen having been collected in California. It is known to Mexicans also as *corre camino* (runs the road), *churella*, *churrea*, and other names.

The names in English are just as numerous, varying according to locality. Roadrunner, chaparral cock, chaparral bird, and chaparral are the more common names, exclusive of paisano—which name I intend to keep on using, because it expresses a quality that is to me fundamental. The bird and I are fellow natives of the country.

Descriptions of the bird, with emphasis always on its long legs, a tail that serves as a brake, running ability, brilliantly colored head, comical antics and insectivorous appetite, are to be found in many books. But the best description I know is Eve Ganson's in her delightful and delightfully illustrated *Desert Mavericks*.

The Road-Runner runs in the road,
His coat is speckled, á la mode.
His wings are short, his tail is long,
He jerks it as he runs along.
His bill is sharp, his eyes are keen,
He has a brain tucked in his bean.
But in his gizzard—if you please—
Are lizards, rats, and bumble bees;
Also horned toads—on them he

feeds—
And rattlesnakes! and centipedes!
"On Them He Feeds"—Now that the urban hunter is envious of every quail that makes the morning cheerful and

the evening tranquil with his call, the roadrunner has been charged with eating quail eggs and killing and eating young quail, and is even being killed out in many places on the assumption that this charge is true. It is a pity that authentic evidence is not as easy for the public to digest as superstition and rumor.

It must be admitted, however, that a few roadrunners do at times destroy a few young quail. Yet there is no evidence to support the common belief that roadrunners in general are persistent and customary predators on young quail; and in all the evidence both oral and written I have examined I have not found one single authentic instance of a roadrunner's having destroyed quail eggs. It may be that occasionally a roadrunner does eat quail eggs. But there are numerous instances of the destruction of mice, large wood rats, and various kinds of snakes by the bird—and snakes and rats are undoubtedly much more destructive of quail eggs and young quail than the roadrunners are themselves.

An old-time Mexican *ranchero* whom I met at Parral, in the state of Chihuahua, told me that country people in that region sometimes catch the paisano young, tame it, and utilize it to catch mice and rats.

Nature balances itself far better than man can ever balance it. The most roadrunners I have ever seen are in that part of Texas where the blue, or scaled, quail are admittedly more plentiful than anywhere else in the United States. I refer to the brush country of Southwest Texas centering around the counties of Duval, McMullen, La Salle, and Webb. By riding a day in some of the big pastures of this region in late summer of seasonable years a man might count a thousand blue quail, many bobwhites, and easily a hundred paisanos. In the sand hills north and east of these counties, still in the brush country, bob whites used to abound by the thousands—and yet plentiful on some

protected land—along with many, many paisanos.

Once while watching at a dirt tank on a ranch in Webb County, I saw a paisano that came up to drink peck at a frog, which escaped. A Mexican told me that the day preceding he had seen a paisano catch a small frog, beat it to death on the ground, and swallow it. Yet paisanos are characteristic of a country generally devoid of frogs, and certainly they are not generally frog-catchers. At a well not ten miles away from the one just mentioned, I saw half a dozen paisanos running around and around on the rim of a circular water trough, trying to reach down for a drink. The water was too low. Out in the middle of the trough, which was about eight feet in diameter, floated a good-sized board attached to the valve float; this board was half covered with frogs. Not a paisano had sense enough to jump to the board and drink from it, and no paisano had the least intention of catching a frog.

I placed a dead mesquite limb in the trough so that one end of it went down into the water while the other rested on the rim. Not one had sense enough to walk down the limb to water. Two or three paisanos were at the same time running around on the tin roof of the cistern that fed the trough, trying to get at water. The saying in Southwest Texas, "as crazy as a paisano," seemed here well founded, although in some ways the bird certainly is not "crazy." Paisanos cannot swim at all and they frequently drown in cement troughs and cisterns.

The average clutch of eggs seems to be from four to six, but two or three often compose the number, and there are records of up to 12. As soon as the first egg is laid, incubation begins, and the succeeding eggs are laid irregularly. In consequence, the birds hatch off over such a long period of time that the first fledgling will sometimes be ready to leave the nest before the last egg is pipped. After the sec-

By J. FRANK DOBIE



J. Frank Dobie has a most unusual letterhead. In the left hand corner where usually is printed a man's name or his business, there is a picture of a paisano bird. But this is typical of Dobie, who believes in putting his fellow countryman first. When we picked the paisano bird for this month's cover we naturally turned to Dobie for a piece about the bird itself. He had previously prepared an essay about the paisano and has given permission to the Texas Game and Fish to reproduce portions of it.

ond or third bird is hatched, the adults—for the cock is said to do a share in setting—spend little daylight time on the nest, the body heat of the young sufficing to keep the eggs warm. According to Mrs. Bruce Reid, the male bird takes care of the first young ones to come off the nest, while the female feeds the last nestlings. Mrs. Reid had a pet male three years old that adopted and took charge of feeding two baby roadrunners she brought home; he favored in many ways the female of this pair of young ones.

The nest is loosely built in an old log fence, in a Spanish dagger, up in a mesquite, within a clump of brush, etc. Owing to the long neck and longer tail of the bird, one sitting on a nest appears to be cramped, but perhaps isn't.

While not to be classed as migratory, roadrunners do, I believe, shift their grounds to an extent in the winter. In August of 1936 I counted between 75 and 100 in a day on the old Buckley ranch near Cotulla. I could not be sure of the count, for some of the birds were certainly met twice. The next December on a deer hunt on the same ranch I saw only one bird during the day. Mexicans said the paisanos were down in the thickest thickets, but I was not convinced. A man who has a stock-farm but a short distance from San Marcos says that a particular roadrunner stayed on his place, often appearing about the barn and corrals, for several years. It would disappear during the winter and reappear with early spring.

Paisanos are found far from water and in waterless deserts. Some observers have thought water not essential to them. This may well be in places where they have adapted themselves to desert conditions, especially since they eat animal food containing

a high per cent of fluid. In Sonora there are deer that almost never drink water, although the same deer in other parts of the world drink more or less regularly. Where water is available, however, roadrunners are thirsty drinkers in the hot summer. In South-west Texas they are exceedingly methodical and regular in coming to water. One time while I was watching a gasoline engine pumping water for cattle during the dog days of August, a period when the wind habitually fails to blow enough to turn windmills, I noticed how a particular paisano came every day about a quarter of twelve o'clock to drink. He was as regular as the sun.

The bird has a great deal of curiosity and is easily domesticated if taken young. One will hop into the open door of a house and stand there a long time, looking this way and that. Perhaps he has an idea that some shade-loving creature suited to his diet is in the house. He will come up to a camp to investigate in the same way. I never tire of watching one of these birds dart down a trail or road, suddenly throw on the brakes by hoisting his tail, stand for a minute dead still except for panting and cocking his head to one side and then to the other, and then suddenly streak out again. The way he raises and lowers the plumage on his lustrous-feathered head while he goes *cut, cut, cut* with his vocal organs in an endless fascination. He must surely be the most comical bird in America. He will go through more antics and cut up more didos in an hour than a parrot can be taught in a lifetime.

How the idea that he cannot fly at all got started, I cannot imagine. Down a hill or a mountain he can volplane for long distances. Frequently one will fly up into a tree to get a

wide view. Of course, however, he is essentially a ground bird. His speed, like nearly everything else connected with him, has been greatly exaggerated. Any good horse can outrun one on a considerable stretch.

That paisanos, singly and in pairs, kill rattlesnakes is a fact established beyond all doubt, although folk-lore amassed around the subject has made ornithologists slow to admit the fact. One vice of erudition is that it tends to patronize popular knowledge, great-natured men of science like Audubon and W. H. Hudson being exceptions to the general tendency. In the fall of 1928 near Robstown, some dogs overtook a roadrunner unable to get out of the way because of a rattlesnake in its mouth. They killed the bird before men could stop them. After a photograph was taken of the dead bird with the snake dangling out of its bill, the snake was extracted and measured. It was eighteen inches long and had four or five rattles.

The very track of the roadrunner has among some of the Pueblo Indians of New Mexico given the bird significance and protection. This track shows two toes pointed forward and two backward, and Indians duplicate it on the ground all about the tent of their dead so as to mislead evil spirits seeking the course taken by the departed soul. Again, an Indian mother will tie the bright feathers of a roadrunner on the cradle-board so as to confuse evil spirits that would trouble her child's mind. Here the feathers signify the track, which not only points two ways but is four-directioned like the Cross.

In his "Report" on New Mexico, printed by the United States Government in 1848 and containing much on the fauna and flora of the region,

• Continued on Page 28

Coastal Windrows

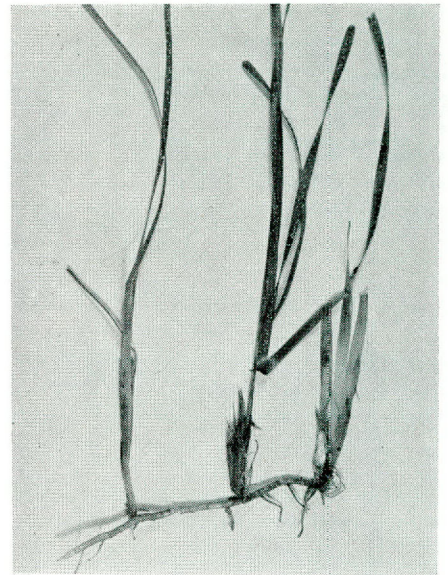
By RONNEE SCHULTZ



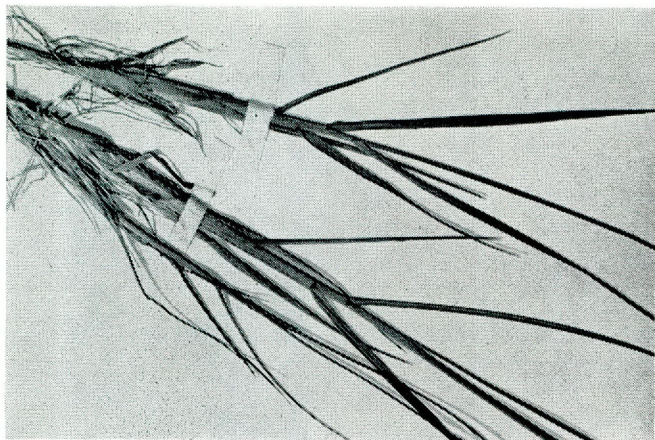
Sargassum

THOUSANDS of people visit the seashore every year to hunt, fish, swim, or just plain loaf. They can't help coming in contact with the more common marine plant types, for these grasses and seaweeds wash onto the beach and lie along the water's edge. What are their names and of what importance are they to our marine resources?

There are literally hundreds of species of plants found along our coast, from the smallest microscopic algae to grasses which grow to several feet in height. These plants are separated into *Spermatophytes*, indicating plants that reproduce themselves by seeds, and *Thallophytes*, the plants having no seeds or flowers and belonging to the group commonly called *algae*. Marine algae are abundant ma-



Turtle Grass



Cord Grass

rine plants but are not as noticeable to the average person as our marine grasses or spermatophytes.

A popular misconception sometimes held by bayshore residents is that the floating masses or windrows of grasses washed up on the shore at certain times of the year are caused by the shrimpers and their trawls. Trawls do not tear up this grass from the bay bottom, for most of the shrimping is done in deeper waters where the grasses do not usually grow. Widgeon grass, turtle grass, and eel grass are most frequently found near the shore and they are more closely associated with shallow water.

Our marine grasses are like trees which lose their leaves every fall. Each autumn and occasionally at other times of the year, due to high water temperatures and especially salinity extremes, these plants lose their leaves or die out, not to appear in any numbers again until the following spring.

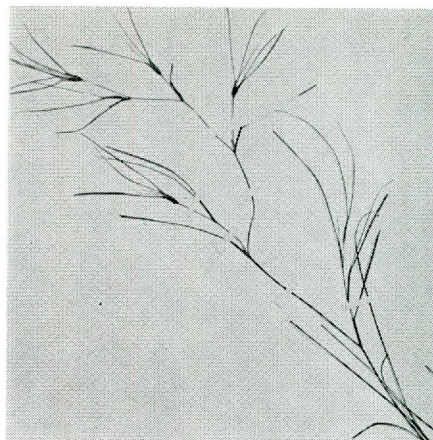
All those seaweeds and grasses are fine, but what good are they? Many seaweeds are harvested commercially for agar, iodine and other commercial uses. However, the importance of these plants in our state is not immediately commercial. The real value of our marine flora lies in its importance as food, shelter and nursery material for young game and forage fish and food for waterfowl.

They are likewise important to the waterfowl that make Texas their winter home. The food provided for the waterfowl is itself a natural resource invaluable to the people of Texas, and any plant reduction will likewise reduce the number of waterfowl in the area.

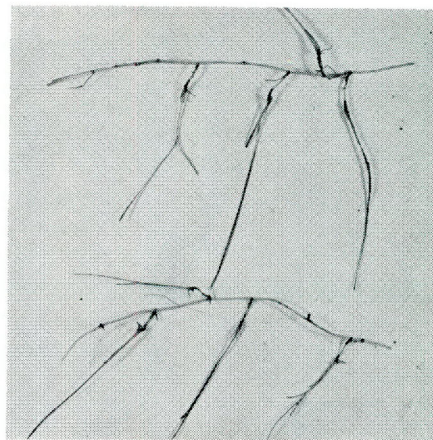
One of the plants we are most likely to see is the common member of the brown algal group, called *Sargassum* (Photograph 1). This plant is more abundant in other parts of the world and is the one from which the Sargasso Sea derives its name. *Sargassum* is characterized by the little brown berry-like air bladders found scattered over the plant. These air bladders enable the plant to float and be carried by the currents to all parts of the oceans, though it originates in the region of the West Indies where it grew attached to the bottom in long streamers. Storms and currents break it loose and send it forth on its nomadic life.

Another plant frequently encountered is *Thalassia testudinum* or turtle grass (Photograph 2). This plant is very abundant in our shallow bay areas and provides food and shelter for many plant and animal species. Turtle grass is easily recognized by its flat, ribbon-like leaves which grow out of a creeping buried root. If the tip of one of these leaves is placed under a magnifying glass it is found to be finely toothed, a characteristic used by botanists in its identification.

Along the more protected shores of the bays and salt flats can be found one of the most common emergent plants of the eastern coast of the United States, *Spartina alterniflora* or cord grass (Photograph 3). Cord grass is a perennial with a stout stalk rising from a tough cord-like underground runner. The leaves are long and overlapping. At full growth, in late summer, this grass is more than three feet in height and can be identified by its



Widgeon Grass



Eel Grass

close association with the salt-water shoreline as are few other grasses.

Two plants encountered in shallow flats and bays are *Ruppia maritima* or widgeon grass (Photograph 4) and *Diplanthera wrightii* (Photograph 5), eel grass. Widgeon grass and eel grass are quite similar in their appearance but if one compares the leaves of the two under a magnifying glass, the eel grass leaves are found to have three points at the tip of each leaf while widgeon grass has only the single point on the end of each leaf. Widgeon grass has its shorter leaves rising from a rounded stem while *Diplanthera* has its leaves growing from a buried root-stock.

For further identification of other marine plants consult W. C. Muenster's *Aquatic Plants of the United States* or Dawson's *Field Guide to the Seaweeds*. * *

MAKO



By CURTIS CARPENTER

THE MAKO shark, seldom caught along our Texas coast, is actually considered by most big game fishermen to be one of the fightingest game fishes inhabiting the Gulf waters. Not only is it a game fish, but a tasty food fish as well, and one of the most beautifully colored big fish when alive.

Several makos have been boated this year along our coast. Ben Vaughan, III., of Corpus, defeated one in a 17-minute battle off Port Aransas during the annual Deep Sea Roundup. He described his eight-foot, 241-pound mako as one of the leapingest game fish he'd ever tied into. It turned out to be the main attraction of the entire event.

A short time later, two big makos were taken by one boat off the coast from Freeport. George Ross, a 10-year-old from Houston, and his young teen-age friend, John Adams of Overton, landed one over 300 pounds. A few minutes later, George's father, Fred C. Ross, landed another slightly smaller.

The mako, a member of the family *Isuridae*, when alive displays a brilliant silver and blue body. When brought to gaff along side the boat, glistening in the sun's rays, one would swear it is a rainbow color.

Its vicious looking teeth send chills bouncing along the spines of spectators who glimpse of them. The sharp, pointed upper and lowers are smooth edged with an inward slant, and capable of snipping off a leg. Although primarily a fish eater, it is considered a man-eater by many, and like most big sharks, probably wouldn't hesitate to attack a human if hungry.

The largest mako ever caught on a rod and reel was a 12-foot, 1,000-pound monster pulled from the waters of New Zealand March 14, 1943. One just over 10½ feet was taken from the Atlantic off Florida and another, just over 10 feet off New York Harbor.

Vaughan's mako probably was the first ever taken during a fishing tournament along the Texas coast. He wasn't sure just what he had on at first as the big sharp-nosed shark leaped gracefully and fought near the surface just as a sail or a marlin would. What will he do with it? Of course, he'll have it mounted—it was

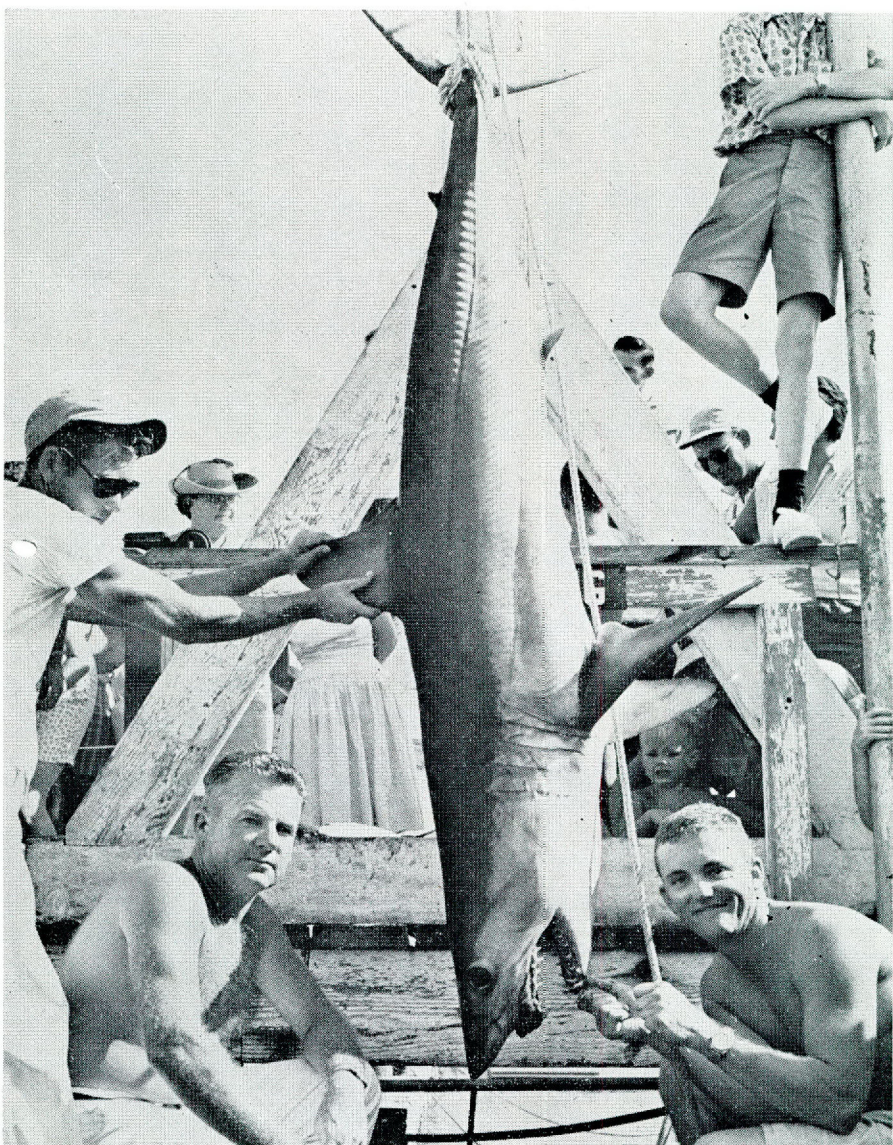
one of the toughest game fishes he's ever tamed.

In contrast, one fisherman several years back claims he tied into a mako while fishing with a light rig for snapper just off Port Isabel. He had been using a heavy rig. When he discovered that only small fish were on the reef, he turned to a lighter rod and reel so he could feel the bumps below.

As he was retrieving a small snapper, his line suddenly went limp. Quickly, he reeled in slack. When most of his line was back on the reel, something like a water-logged tree refused to give up more line. Whatever it was moved out slowly and circled the boat which was at anchor. The fisherman said he walked around the boat a half dozen times, with his rod in one hand and grasping the

hand rails on the cabin with the other. Once, the shark cut across under the boat and dragged the line across the keel. However, the fish never did make any wild runs or sound. Finally, it surfaced just behind the boat and he saw for the first time that it was a mako shark.

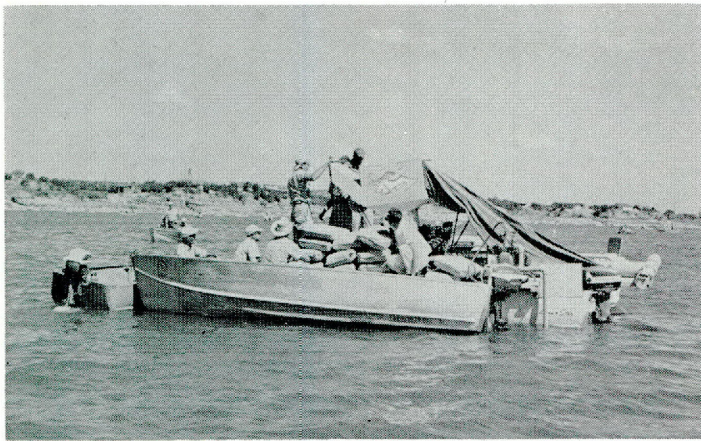
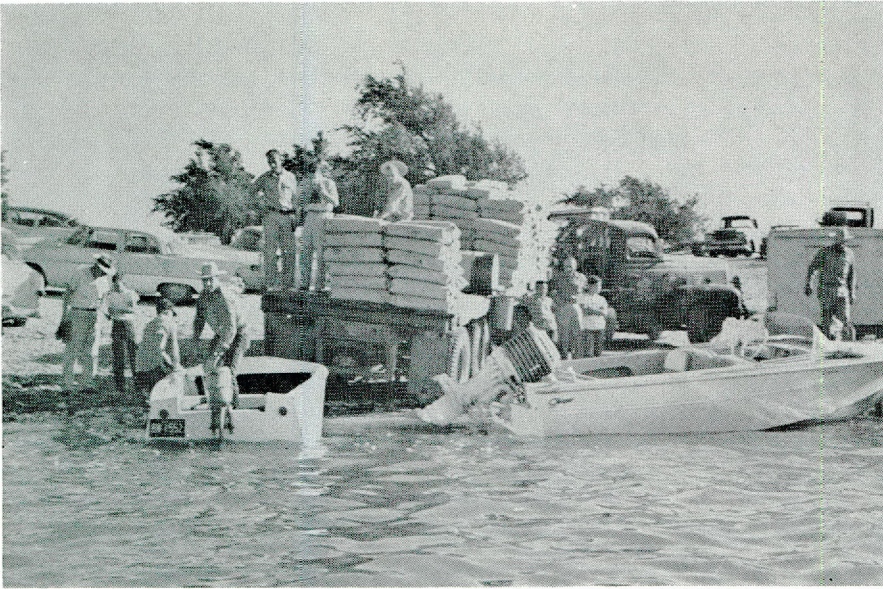
The shark swam right up to the side of the boat. When the skipper attempted to slip a noose over its tail, that ended the shark's gentle attitude. With one big swish of fins and tail, the beautiful fish roared off, peeling line from the reel, and nearly jerking the fisherman over when the line played out and broke. He judged his shark to be about eight feet long. He had 18-pound test line on his reel. This gentle characteristic isn't common in the mako. **



Ben Vaughan, III, right, with his guide, Aubrey Nelson, center, and deck hand, Bruce Reiter, shortly after they brought Vaughan's mako to port during the 1960 Port Aransas tournament.

Operation Scoop

By L. A. WILKE



MORE THAN 20,000 persons watched Game & Fish Commission biologists treat Lake Sweetwater with 8,000 pounds of rotenone for a complete fish kill in late August. It was estimated that approximately 40 tons of fish were killed. More than 1,000 boats were on the lake during the kill and approximately 3,000 pounds of fish were picked up. Only about 300 pounds, however, represented bass and catfish.

The top picture shows the tractor-trailer combination, loaded with rotenone.

At left center, a boat load of rotenone is being transferred to the barge in mid-lake. At right center, a fisherman floating in the deeper water holds up a bass he has just found.

In the lower right picture, scores of boats are congregated around the barge. The white flecks on the water are dead shad.



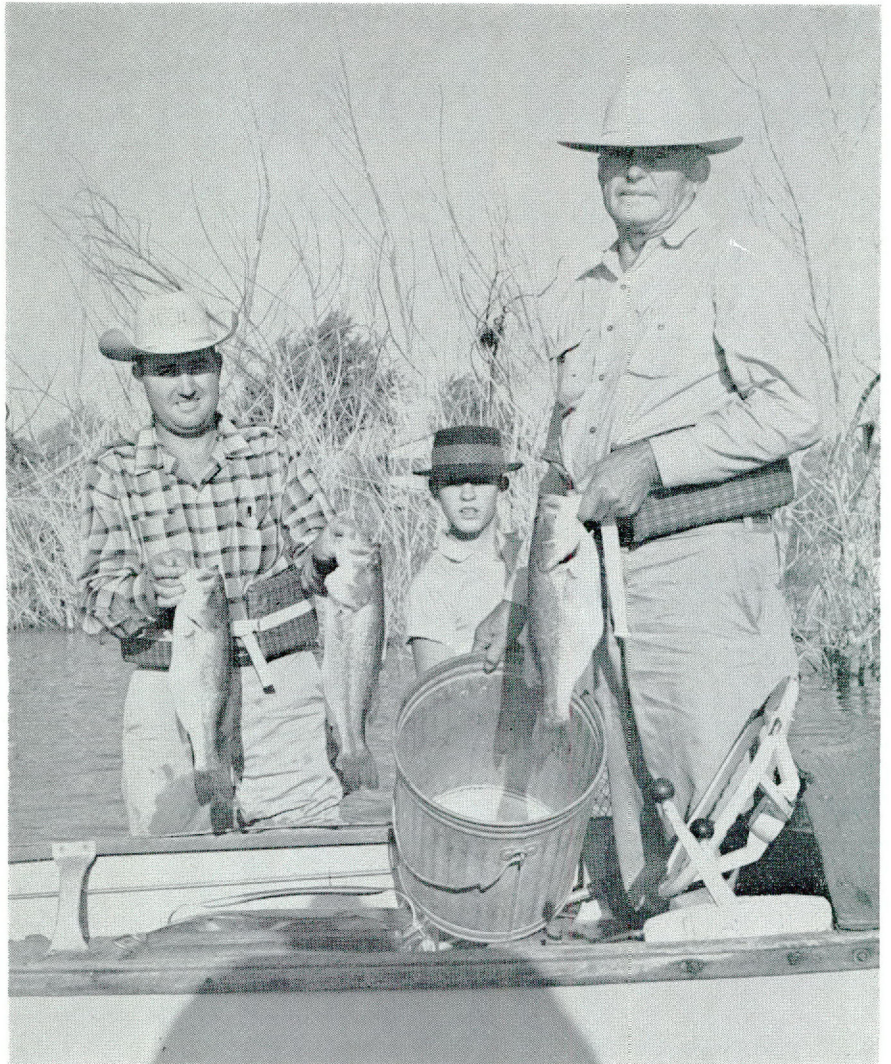


Above, a Sweetwater archer, is shown holding a carp he took with a bow and arrow after it surfaced.

At left three boaters got some nice blacks, which surfaced after the rotenone treatment.

A plastic clothes hamper is used by the boater below to gather up floating fish.

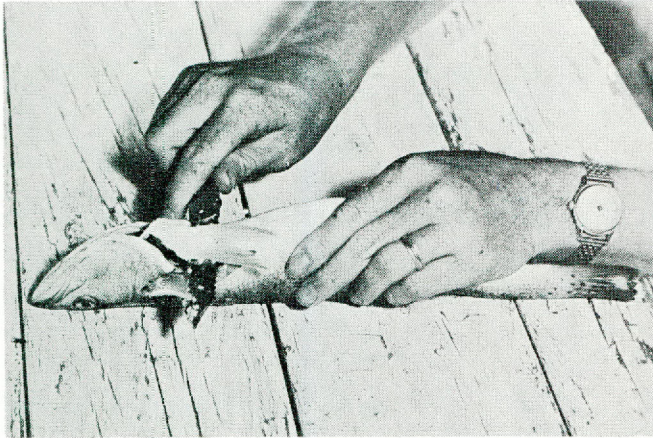
At right bottom a game warden points to dead fish which have floated ashore. **



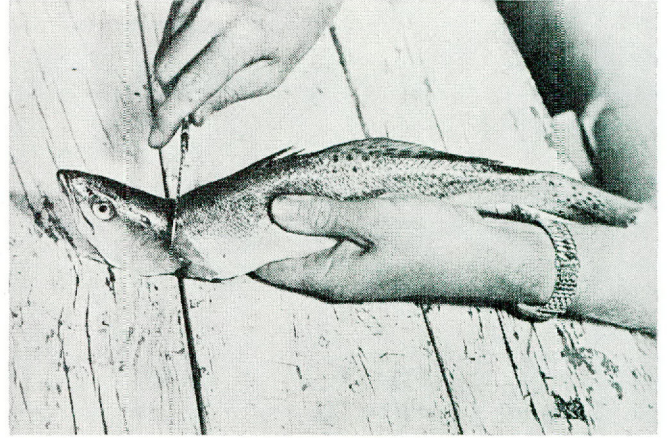
Six Easy Steps To **TROUT FILLETS**

WITH a little practice, even the beginner can learn to fillet fish. Below shows how to handle a trout. This method, however, can be used on other fish as well. Next time you bring home a mess, try this proven method.

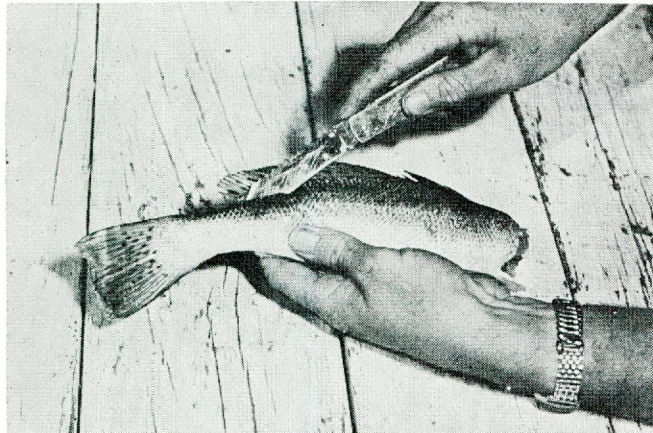
by ROY SWANN
Corpus Caller-Times



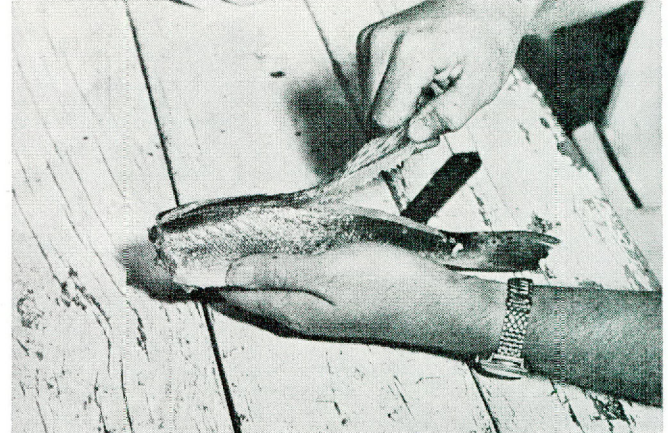
With a trout scaled and gutted, slice throat and fins behind gill covers.



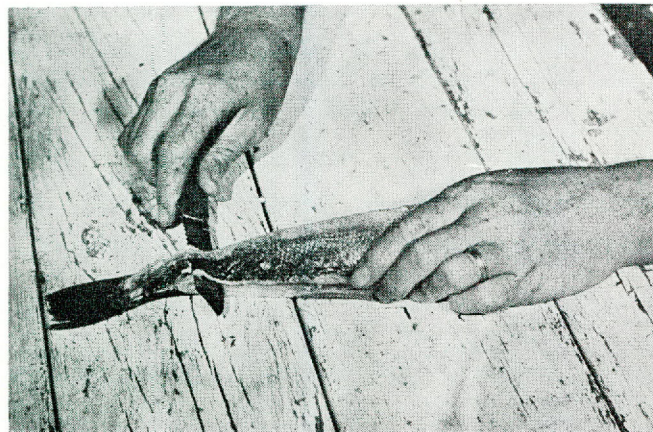
Cut through to remove head and fins close to head as shown.



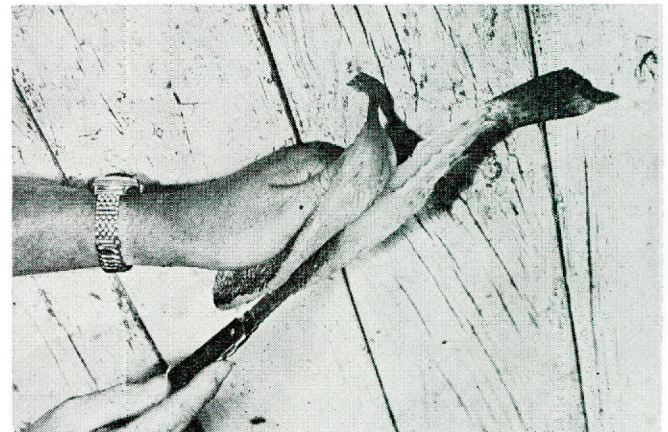
Slice deeply along each side of dorsal fin for length of fish.



Twist and pull gets dorsal fin out with bones; repeat for anal fin.



Slice against spine toward head until blade hits ribs around stomach.



Run blade along spine from top to ribs, tearing fillet out with fingers.



Photos by L. A. Wilke

William J. Murray keynoted the meeting. To his left are Representative Ben Atwell, conference moderator; Henry LeBlanc, SCOT president and Cecil Reid, SCOT secretary.

they talk BOAT safety

By JAY VESSELS

Safety, Lewis Berry, executive secretary of the Texas Sheriff's Assn., and State Game Warden Charles McCallum of Lake Lavon.

Henry LeBlanc of Port Arthur, president of SCOT, presided at the all-day meeting.

The present boating bill was passed at the last session of the legislature as a modification of the original measure sponsored by Rep. Atwell and supported by SCOT.

Proposed amendments to the new bill would strengthen it from an enforcement standpoint and make it more nearly in compliance with federal legislation, according to the speakers.

They also discussed water education as a means of reducing boating accidents.

It was pointed out that persons 19 and under are responsible for fewer accidents than older persons. **

PROBLEMS of boat safety and suggested changes in the current boat legislation came under scrutiny in Austin in September when a statewide meeting was sponsored by the Sportsmen's Clubs of Texas.

A number of additional safety restrictions were advocated in an amended bill to be offered to the next session of the legislature. Representative Ben Atwell of Falls, author of the original bill, acted as moderator of the meeting. He said the challenge today is: 1, save lives and prevent

accidents; 2, advance individual rights, and 3, protect the public.

William J. Murray Jr., SCOT director and member of the Texas Railroad Commission, was the conference keynoter.

Other talks were made by Robert J. Townsley, chief motor boat registrar of the Texas Highway Department, on recommended refinements in the present bill; Ben Stone, representing the Outboard Boating Clubs of America; Col. Homer Garrison, director of the department of Public



Townsley



Berry



McCallum



Stone



Garrison



It Happened This Way . . .

Kenneth Scheffler of Cuero caught a yellow catfish on Labor Day, 1958, which weighed approximately three pounds. He put it on a metal stringer with safety pin-type catches for each fish, and somehow this fish got away in the night with the safety pin catch in his mouth.

This fish was later re-caught within 10 feet of where it was first caught, and had the catch still in its mouth. Its approximate weight the second time was five and a half pounds.

Beauty Bug

No wonder folks disliked me,
I was such an awful chump.
I used to treat the highway,
Like a part of the public dump.
But one day I discovered
Dumping trash along the way
Is like throwing money out the
window
Every single day.

Today I am a Beautybug
With a trash bag close at hand,
I'm keeping America beautiful
And I'm loved throughout the land.

By Carl Lucas

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What Others Are Doing

By Joan Pearsall

PACT WITH THE SIOUX: The South Dakota Department of Game, Fish and Parks has made a new fish and wildlife pact with the Tribal Council of the Rosebud Indian Reservation. Lands on this vast tract in southwest South Dakota now will be open to hunting and fishing by non-Indians and Indians not living on that reservation. Non-residents must purchase from the Tribal Council \$2 fishing licenses, \$5 big game licenses and/or \$2 hunting licenses to hunt other game birds and animals, in addition to the required state licenses. This money will be used to develop hunting, fishing and recreational potentials of the lands, and the Council has agreed to adopt state game and fish regulations.

CLEAN-UP CAMPAIGN: The Ozark Wilderness Waterways Club, on one of its canoe floats down the Current River, Mo., staged a contest among its teen-agers to see who could fill up a gunny sack of litterbug debris first. The kids collected 500 objects from the stream's bottom, mostly beverage cans. The entire contest cost only \$4.50 in prize money.

SLIMY CUSTOMER: At a "flies only" portion of a stream in Pennsylvania, a game protector approached a man who appeared to be using bait, and noticed dirt particles around the fisherman's shirt pocket. At that moment a worm crawled out of the pocket and onto the man's shirt. After paying the penalty, the fisherman explained: "I use bait just to arouse the fish, after which I catch them on flies."

A REAL NEED: The editor of the Wildlife Cookbook recently published by the Missouri Conservation Commission received a rush order for a copy of the book. It seems the writer had caught a nice string of fish and was keeping them on his back porch until he had a suitable recipe.

GEESE SECRET BEING UNCOVERED: What may be a hitherto unknown source of Canada geese in the mid-Missouri migration has been explored this summer by two Missouri Conservation Commission biologists. They spent six weeks in the York Factory area of Hudson Bay, accompanied by two Indian guides, and traveled nearly 500 miles by canoe in an uninhabited wilderness area, banding Canada geese. Geese from the south are known to join flights to southern Illinois, while those from the north fly to mid-Missouri. But geese in between have been an enigma and until this summer there were no prospects of any answers.

SOMETHING LACKING: Anybody seen a stuffed horse? The Nebraska Game Commission is looking for a life-sized model to accompany a shiny black ranch buggy recently placed at its Blair tourist station. The buggy is a top tourist stopper for easterners first hitting the Land Where the West Begins, but it needs some horsepower.

THINKING TURTLE?: In Pennsylvania a game protector was demonstrating removing snapping turtles from ponds in which they have taken many ducks. He happened to stand near an electrically-charged fence, and the turtle he was holding clamped its jaws over the wire. He quickly learned that a wet turtle is a good conductor of electricity. The turtle let go first, causing a difference of opinion—did the game protector have more nerve than the turtle, or was the turtle the quicker thinker?

PHEASANT BOOM: The longest and most generous pheasant season since the peak bird populations of World War II years is on tap for Nebraska this fall. Faced with increased numbers in the state's primary pheasant range, the Nebraska Game Commission announced a 79-day season, carrying over into 1961, with limits of 5 and 15 in the bag and possession.

• Continued on Page 27

PUSH BUTTON LECTURES:

The manager of Rockwoods Reservations in Missouri has hit on a novel way to reach a large number of visitors with the conservation message. It would be impossible for their small staff to personally guide all the estimated 200,000 people who tour Rockwoods each year. By wiring the wildlife and forestry exhibits with sound, over 15,000 sightseers in July heard an on-the-spot explanation of each exhibit, by pushing a button. Rockwoods Reservations now has three self-guiding nature trails where a visitor with map and instruction sheet in hand follows a marked route.

CAUSE TO REFLECT: A blaze of reflected light from a motorboat's registration numbers led to a nighttime rescue on a Nebraska reservoir. On a dark, threatening night a conservation officer set out to look for a missing fisherman. After a long search of the lake, he spotted what appeared to be a small beach fire. It was the reflection of the missing boat's numbers in the beam of his flashlight. The motor had failed, and the owner had drawn the boat up on shore and waited. **

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The FEED-ALL

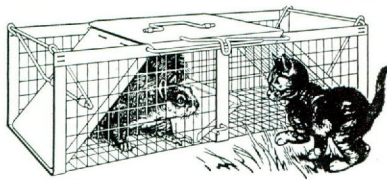
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Paisano

Continued from Page 1

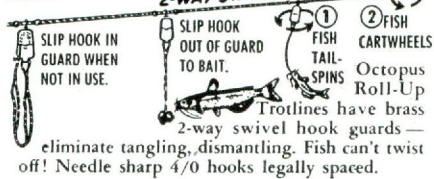
Lieutenant J. W. Abert inserts a curious note concerning the bird's toes. Although they are, he quotes an informer as saying, "disposed in opposite pairs, as in other species of the cuckoo family, yet the outer hind toe, being reversible and of great flexibility, is in either position (whether pointed forward or backward) aptly applied in climbing or perching as well as on the ground. Thus he at

times pitches along the ground in irregular hops; again, when the outer hind toe is thrown forward, he runs smoothly and with such rapidity as always to be able to elude a dog in the chaparral without taking wings." Did anybody ever see paisano tracks with three toes pointing forward?

Certain of the Plains Indians hung the whole skin of the roadrunner—to them the medicine bird—over a lodge door to keep out henchmen of the Bad God. Before setting out on an expedition, a warrior would attach one or more paisano feathers to his person.

Continued on Page 29

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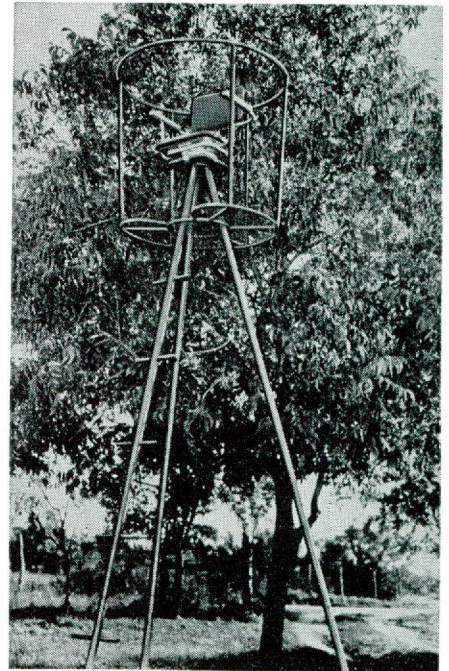
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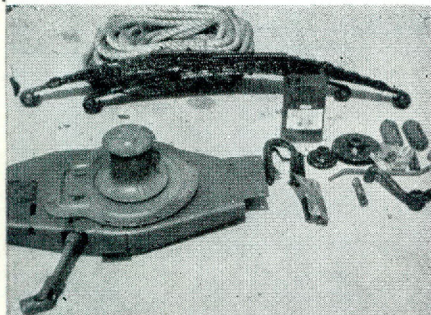
At least one tribe of California Indians used the feathers for adorning their head-dress—probably with symbolic intent also.

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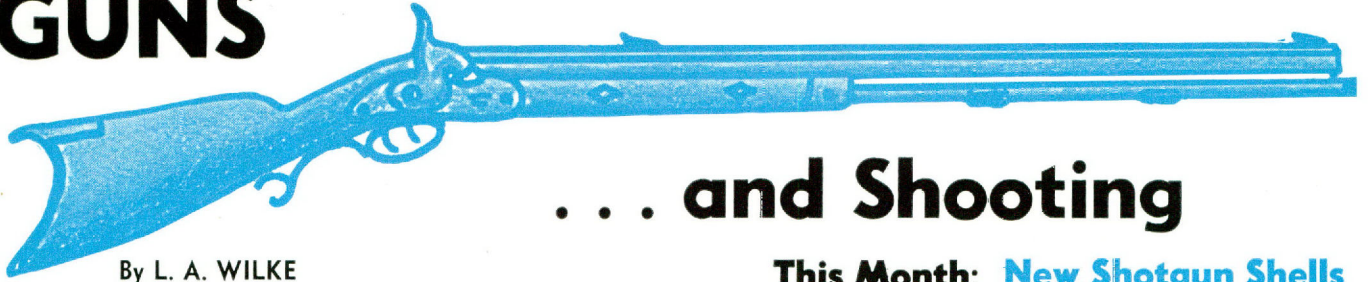
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GUNS



... and Shooting

By L. A. WILKE

This Month: **New Shotgun Shells**

THE NATIONAL Rifle Assn. has proposed that all its member clubs throughout the United States conduct a "Gun Sight-in Day," for the benefit of hunters who will go out with rifles this fall. Range facilities of local clubs would be made available, together with instructions and aid from club shooters.

Unfortunately there are many small towns which have no clubs, but the same idea can be carried out, perhaps sponsored by a local service club or other organization.

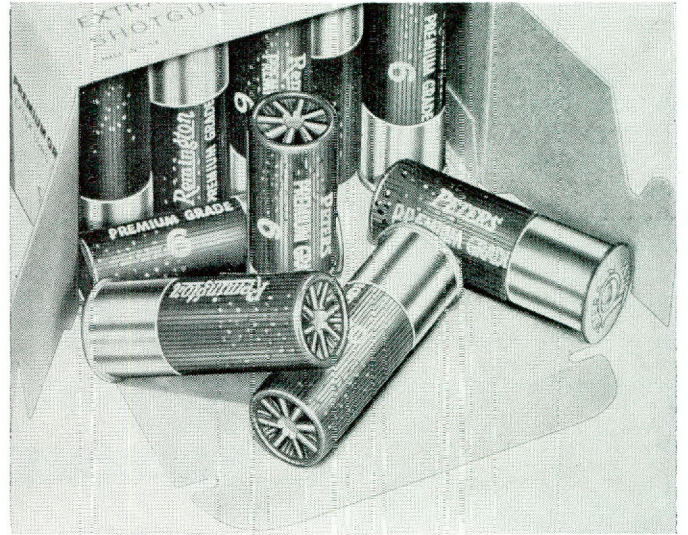
One of the greatest disappointments on any hunting trip is missing a trophy because of failure to properly sight-in your gun. And equally as important is familiarizing yourself with your gun.

If there isn't a target range in your area with sufficient backstop for high-powered rifles, then make arrangements with a landowner for permission to shoot-in your rifle. It is best to find an embankment of some kind. Then either buy or make some good bull's eye targets and begin the process of checking your sights.

It is best if you can train it in at 100, 200 and 300 yards. But if you do not have a range where this can be done, study some ballistic charts and determine the impact point of your gun at equal distance. For instance, most high-power rifles can be zeroed in at around 35 yards and be accurate at 100 yards.

You can get these ballistic charts from your local sporting goods dealer, or it can be found in such books as the *Gun Digest*.

You can see the shot inside the new SP shell made by Remington and Peters



Whatever target you use, be sure it is large enough so you can tell where your shots are hitting.

After you get your gun sighted in so it will zero, it might be well to make some silhouettes of heavy card or plywood. Place these at intervals, again with a good backstop, and get a little practice at shooting at life-size objects. This will really pay-off, especially if you haven't been doing any shooting for sometime.

Then there is such thing as "dry" shooting, where you just swing and snap. But before you start this, be sure the gun is empty. Otherwise you might put a bullet through the living room wall.

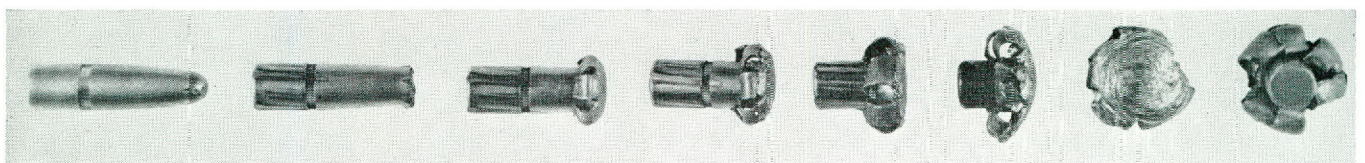
And most important of all, don't wait until the last minute. Get at it right now. **

Bird shooters this year will have a new and revolutionary shot shell, the product of Remington-Peters.

It is a premium grade shell, made with steel heads and linear polyethylene bodies. They are known as "SP's" and are offered in addition to the regular line of Remington-Peters ammunition.

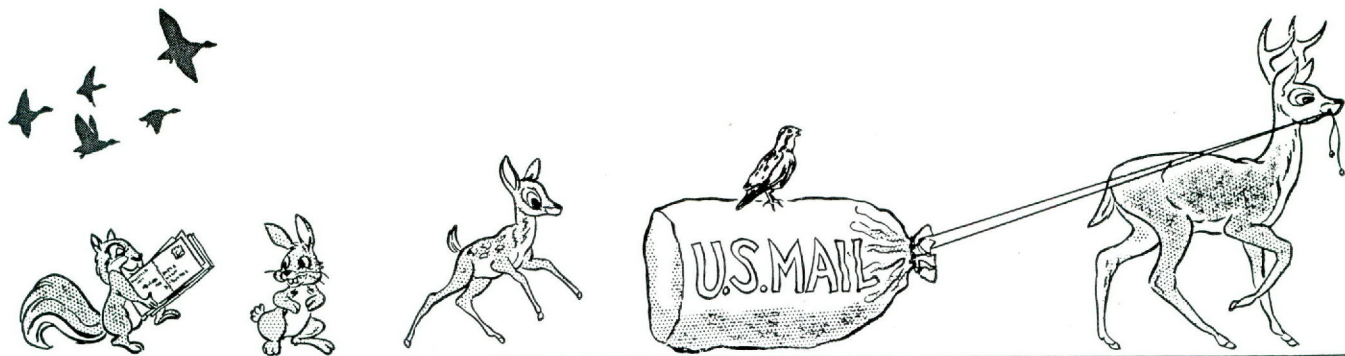
Currently the cartridge is made in 12 gauge only, and loaded with 2, 4, 6 and 7½ shot sizes. The Remington shells are green and the Peters are blue in color, but each is translucent, which permits the shooter to see the shot charge within.

The new rib-locked crimp gives a superior top closure and the shells have a much greater durability than conventional loads. They are not subject to water damage and will not scuff or mar. **



Hunters will have a new line of improved soft point bullets for the coming big game seasons. Winchester-Western "POWER-POINT" bullets offer a choice for thin-skinned animals ranging from small pests to the largest North American game. The new bullets have been

designed for controlled expansion at all practical hunting ranges. Progressive stages of upset on entry into tissue for the .308 Winchester 180 grain POWER-POINT bullet are illustrated above. This controlled action releases the full shocking power of the bullet in the vital area.



Editor:

The above picture shows 34 blue and channel catfish we caught at Alcoa Lake near Rockdale, Texas, July 15. They were all caught on rod and reel by Alvin Patschke of Lexington and me.

The largest one weighed seven pounds.

Fred Morris
Lexington

Editor:

I wish to take this opportunity to express my thanks for your splendid magazine. My husband and I enjoy it thoroughly.

I also wish to ask a question. Are cardinals with black (or very dark) bills rare? Feeding stations in my patio have attracted a fair number of cardinals and in recent weeks we have observed the male cardinal feeding young red birds with very dark bills. Is the dark bill an uncommon characteristic of young cardinals, or was I merely mistaken in believing that all cardinals had red bills?

Mrs. Leonard A. Huffhines
Dallas

("You are a good bird observer. The young cardinals do often have black bills, I have observed a full clutch all with black bills.

("The immatures of a species often differ from the adults in plumage, bills, and legs, but a field guide cannot carry every change as the book would be too large, fine for library work, but no good to take into the field.

("Your letter was sent by the editor for me to answer, and I am glad I could answer your inquiry."—Connie Hagar, Rockport, Texas.)

Editor:

I am a regular subscriber to the Texas Game and Fish magazine and am thoroughly familiar with the four poisonous snakes of Texas, and although I do not believe the following, some of my good friends of Stockdale, Texas, swear that a snake they call the "spreading adder" or "puff adder" is deadly poison. Will you classify this snake and advise us as to its deadliness.

Nelson W. Evans
San Antonio

("The snakes of the genus *Heterodon*, commonly called hog-nosed snakes, spreading adders, hissing adders, blow vipers, hissing sand snakes or puff adders are not poisonous.

("To justify many misconceptions, these snakes practice some most extraordinary habits. When threatened they will flatten their heads and necks, hiss loudly and inflate their bodies with air, producing a show of hostility that has earned them their bad reputation. If the intruder fails to retreat or prods the snake with a stick, it will soon roll on its back, open its mouth, give a few convulsive movements and then lie still as though dead. If the snake is turned right side up, it will promptly roll over again, giving away its bluff.

("For additional information concerning these snakes Roger Conant has recently written *A Field Guide to Reptiles and Amphibians*. This book, and a variety of other reference books, may be available at your local library."—W. K. Tiller, Information-Education Div.)

Editor:

We have fished for 14 years and we have never seen red fishing as we saw it this spring.

The Game and Fish Commission surely knew what they were doing when they opened Cedar Bayou. It was one of the finest improvements for the pole and line fishermen. Keep up the good work, boys.

The reds we caught in March ran small—two and five pounds. In April, they were larger—up to seven and eight pounds. Then in May, 10 to 13 pounders were taken from the jetty, pier, and surf. We hit reds in the surf that were real tackle busters.

I did some counting on my own just for kicks, having been a Kansas Game Warden from 1932 to 1937. The average was 100 winter fishermen dunking bait

every day of March, April, and May, when the weather permitted. The average expense of each person was \$5 per day. Multiply 90 x 100 x \$5—they must have spent \$45,000.

Don Welsher
Antonio, Colorado

Editor:

A while back you published a letter about road-runners killing young quail. More than once, I have watched helplessly while turkeys, half-grown and older, completely destroyed a hatch of baby quail. The turkeys would just peck the babies until they were lifeless, then leave them alone.

C. K. Gay
Columbus



Editor:

Mr. Roy Duddlesten and Lee Singleton of Raymondville are shown in this picture with their catch of 20 ling caught just outside the jetties at Port Mansfield July 16. The school appeared to contain several hundred ling, some very large. The fishermen lost five of their 54-pound lines.

Large catches of red and flounder have also been brought in during the past few weeks from the Port Mansfield Gulf entrance. Trout fishing has been exceptionally good in the channel about a mile or two from the Gulf.

Hotel and boat accommodations are plentiful at Port Mansfield and live bait is available.

Charles R. Johnson
Port Mansfield

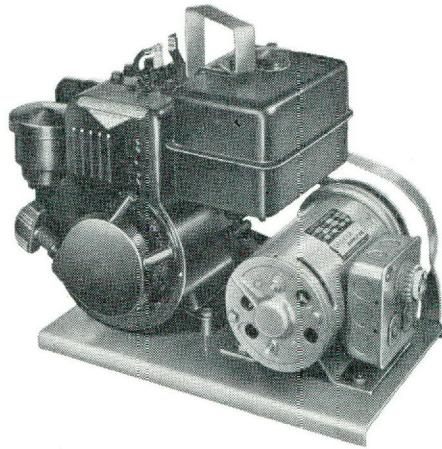
to about 600 acres and just a few fishermen and water skiers on the lake can make a considerable congestion. Rainfall is the only source of water and annual average is just 19.5 inches. However, rains usually come in cloudbursts and one good one will fill the lake.

A smaller dam built in 1949 by the City of Laredo was taken out just a week after completion by one of these heavy rains. It was probably at this time that fish from the Rio Grande entered Casa Blanca and remained to be the seed stock of the present overabundance of rough fish. Gizzard shad and especially river carpsucker are very abundant in the lake. In our survey, we found that carpsucker constituted 50 percent by weight of the fish taken in nets. Although the shad one day may be selectively controlled by rotenone treatment, there is at present no known way of removing the carpsucker without killing all fish.

Thick brush and wide shallow flats preventing full access to boats and the irregularity of results when rotenone is applied by plane have caused the postponement of a shad kill. One day newer methods or chemicals may be found. Surprisingly, only one gar was taken in our netting. It may be due to the absence of these large predatory fish that the carpsucker have become so dominant. Stocking of larger flathead catfish or even alligator gar has been considered as a means of control.

In spite of the rough fish problem, the lake still remains good for big bass and crappie fishing. Anyone

planning a trip to Falcon or those having spare time during deer hunting season should take a shot at Casa Blanca. **



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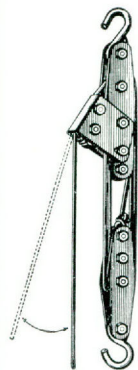
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THE 12-letter word at the top of this puzzle is GRASS-HOPPERS. By filling in the word, can you complete this month's Junior Sportsman's puzzle? It deals primarily with insects and related words.

2-letter
BE
IO

3-letter
BOT
CUT

EGG
FLY
ORL
PAL
SOW
SAP
WEB

4-letter
BARN
EROS
FLEA
FLIT
HOPS
HORN
MICE
MOTH
PUPA
SIDA
TICK
WOOD

5-letter
ADULT
APHID
DAMON
EMBLA
FLEAS
GNATS
LARVA
LOUSY
NYMPH
VILLA

6-letter
BEDBUG
HORNET
MANTIS
NYSSON
PRUNER
SLAVES

7-letter
BEETLES
CICADAS
EARWIGS
KATYDID
PANICEA

8-letter
ANTEATER
RUBYWASP
SILKWORM

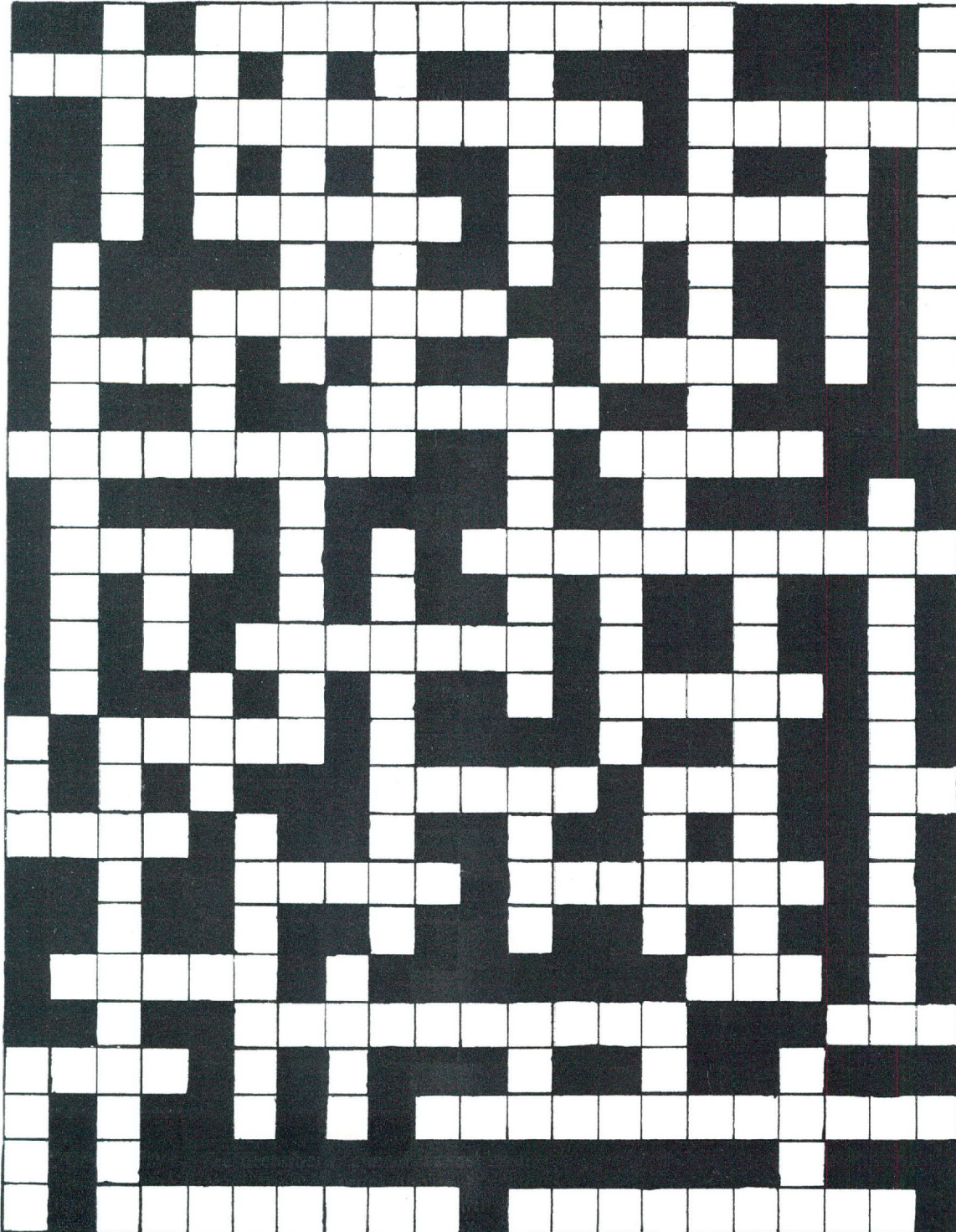
9-letter
BUTTERFLY
COCKROACH
DRAGONFLY
QUEEN BEES

10-letter

ACTIAS LUNA
DOODLEBUGS
MOSQUITOES
SNAKE-FLIES
SPHINX MOTH
WOOLLY-BEAR

11-letter
FROGHOPPERS
SWALLOWTAIL

12-letter
CATERPILLARS
GRASSHOPPERS
LIGHTNING-BUG



BIG BROWN BAT

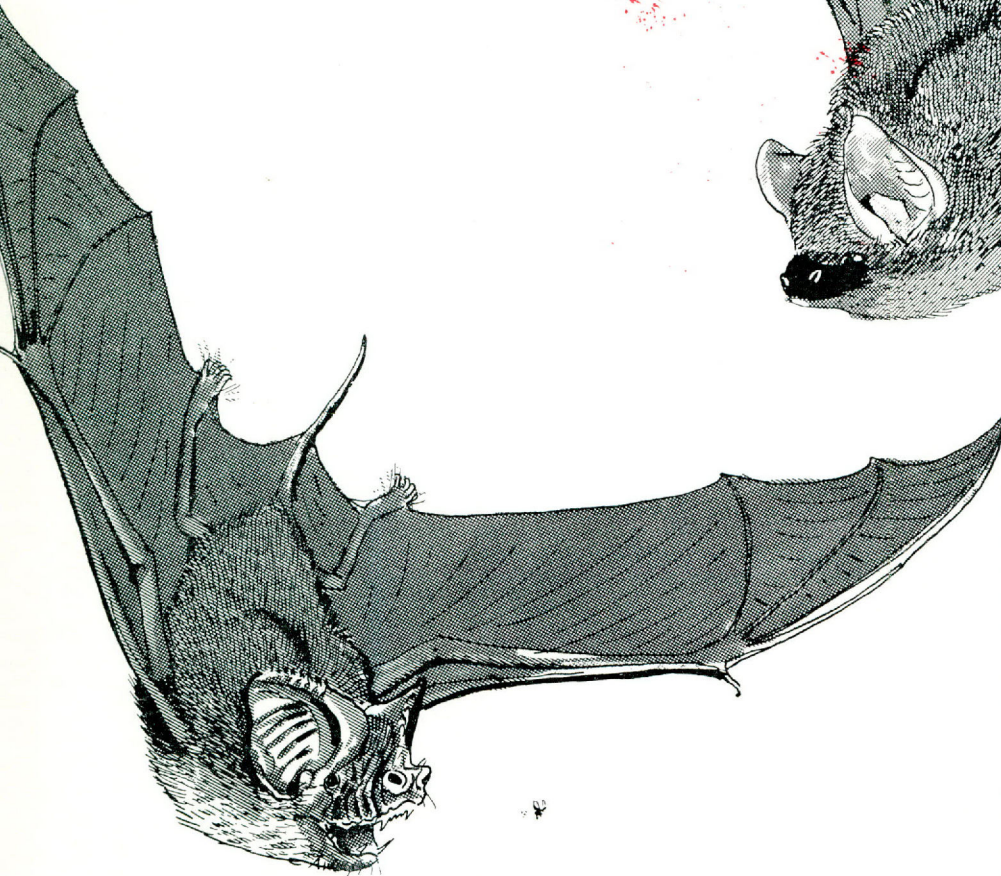
Eptesicus fuscus, commonly known as the big brown bat, is the most widely ranging bat in the United States. It can be recognized by its large size and slow deliberate flight at treetop level. The drawing on the right illustrates this bat's actual size. Its coloring varies from dark brown in East Texas to buff in West Texas. Membranes and ears are black. One or two young are born during May through August. It prefers forest retreats, but will also roost in attics and caves, and will bite if handled.



MEXICAN FREE-TAILED BAT

The Mexican Free-tailed bat, *Tadarida mexicana*, belongs to an odiferous family of bats which have tails extending well beyond the tail membranes. It prefers caves in which to sleep during the day. Young are born in June and July.

The velvety fur is dark red or black in color; underparts are lighter with black membranes and ears. Flight pattern is high-flying and erratic. Moths make up 90 percent of its insect diet. The Mexican free-tail can swim well by paddling its wings if it falls in the water.



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