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JULY 1964 20 CENTS



Wade fishing is effective and popular at Dam B. See tournament coverage. Photo by Curtis Carpenter.



SEAL OF AGREEMENT: Representatives from the United States, Canada, Japan and Russia met in Moscow in February to continue the traditions of one of the most famous compacts in conservation history--the 1911 Fur Seal Treaty. When these four countries first agreed to conserve the fur seal, in 1911, the seal was well on the way to extinction. Since then, the seal herd on the Pribilof Islands, off Alaska, has grown from a low of 134,000 to about 1½ million animals. Because the fur seal is migratory, both living on land and ranging far at sea, special problems in conservation occur. The 1911 Treaty prohibited harvesting the animal at sea and provided for the sharing of the land-based harvest with those sealing on the open sea. The Pribilof Islands seals are managed and harvested by the Bureau of Commercial Fisheries of the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service. Biologists study the seals. The fur is among the most valuable in the world, a full-length seal coat costing from \$1,500 to \$3,000 or more. From 50,000 to 60,000 processed pelts are sold each year for the account of the United States Government, and have brought altogether more than \$25 million to the Federal Treasury.

MOVE OVER, MEN: Of the nearly 15 million licensed hunters in the nation last year, The National Shooting Sports Foundation, Inc. estimates 1,180,000 were women. During the last decade members of the fair sex have been joining the ranks of the hunting fraternity (or sorority) at a much faster rate than men, and their impact on the sport is becoming increasingly apparent. Special hunting clothing designed for the female figure is now being manufactured. Sporting firearms makers have also been considerate of lady sportsmen in marketing lightweight shotguns with reduced recoil. Women have traditionally been good shots and the Foundation says they possess the discipline to observe safety measures that should be characteristic of all good sportsmen.

LITTER LESSON: Litterbugs, take note! A forest ranger, patrolling a stream, was impressed by how free of cans and bottles the banks were. He was even more so when he found two large piles of debris near the shore, indicating that someone had troubled to clean up the banks. But, to his disillusionment, he found the work wasn't the result of a thoughtful camper. A beaver, whose dam was being littered by cans and bottles tossed into the water upstream, was making repeated trips between his home and the bank of the river, busily cleaning his own house and piling the man-made debris on the shore.

CINDER INSURANCE: Peaty soils found in many areas can harbor smoldering fire for long periods, even though you extinguish them carefully. Don't take chances on starting a major blaze. Build your fire on a double sheet of aluminum foil. Douse the fire when through, roll up foil, ashes and dead coals and deposit in the nearest trash container.

OYSTER BOOSTER: The U.S. Dept. of Interior's Bureau of Commercial Fisheries has flattened a favorite oyster myth, that oysters shouldn't be eaten in any month without an "R" in its name. Oysters are fatter and taste better in spring when they begin to store glycogen, an animal starch, in preparation for the summer spawning season. During summer and early fall, oysters become thinner, their nectar becomes comparatively watery and their flavor declines, which would indicate that changing the peak of the oyster harvest from fall to late spring would be beneficial all around--if people would just forget that "R"! The origin of this prejudice is believed to be due to the spawning methods of the European oyster, which is unique in that its young are retained by the mother until tiny shells are developed. The presence of the small gritty shells makes the European oyster less desirable for human food during the non-R months.

CAMP COOLER: Here is a simple way to improvise an insulated container in which to keep beverages hot or cold. Set a half-gallon jar inside a large oatmeal carton, then pack crumpled paper between the sides of the jar and carton.

—Joan Pearsall

Texas Game and Fish

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The Cover



A native Texan poses for an "at home" shot in a typical arid background. Distinctive with its long horns and fearsome appearance, it is very popular with tourists but is not happy and loses appetite away from heat of the Southwest. See the related story.

Photo by Dan Klepper.

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JULY, 1964

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Small Beginnings

CONSERVATION is every Texan's business. Unfortunately, some don't seem to realize their responsibility. Others do. Hundreds of sportsmen's organizations and clubs, with conservation projects and interests, work in Texas. Texas Garden Clubs, Inc., is a good example of those who take seriously their responsibility toward wise use of renewable resources.

Of Texas' 1400 Garden Clubs, almost every one reported some type of conservation project last year, according to Mrs. Howard S. Kittel, president of Texas Garden Clubs, Inc. Some are rather spectacular and some simple. The Odessa group had their city proclaimed as a bird sanctuary. The Grand Prairie club is working to eliminate pollution in Chambers Creek, which runs through their city park, to permit it to sustain life. Mrs. Kittel, as president, recently gave testimony on behalf of conservation to the Southwest Regional Hearing of the Jones Subcommittee on Natural Resources. Her remarks were incorporated into the Congressional Record in Washington. The Edinburg Garden Club saved several hundred trees, shrubs, and rose bushes when a right of way was acquired through a nursery. They drew up plans for landscaping the courthouse square, library, hospital and county offices; they supervised the removal of freeze-damaged trees from the sites, and were responsible for almost 6,000 plantings, with county prisoners doing the actual labor.

Besides the various club projects slanted toward conservation, the bi-monthly magazine, *The Lone Star Gardener*, calls attention to the needs of natural resources. For example, the February-March issue covered State and National Forests in Texas; the April-May issue was devoted to State and National Parks; a coming issue will cover Texas wildlife.

It's a human failing to underestimate the value of one individual's part or one group's contribution to the solution of complex problems. Most persons are hard to convince that they, individually, make a difference in the world, regarding conservation, politics, charity or whatever. But dubious though we may be, small instruments help bring to pass big changes.

The Garden Clubs are just some among many local and state organizations whose members make conservation reforms come to life. ° °

THE EDITORS

Saltwater and Solitude

by JAY VESSELS

THE NATURAL fascination of Texas' State Parks is no better demonstrated than in the three public-recreation Gulf Coast areas. Two of the three parks are as devoid of improvements as a bare West Texas mountain peak, but nature has compensated for this deficiency.

One reason for these parks' popularity in the heat of summer is that the prevailing inshore winds generally maintain a comfortable temperature even at mid-day, with 100-degree plus temperatures just a few miles inland.

Here a combination of salt water and sun under those deceptive circumstances does call for some top-

side cover for neophytes and hot-house nymphs alike.

Yet, it's almost worth the risk after you leave the blow-torch inland readings, cut off the air-conditioning, lower your windows and breathe deeply of the invigorating cool breezes.

There is a touch of civilization at Goose Island State Park, which comprises 307 acres of woodland and raw beach front. This area is easily accessible, just off Highway 35. It is about 10 miles east of Rockport and within a short distance from the Aransas National Wildlife Refuge, wintering grounds of the famed whooping cranes. Unsophisticated



With cute freckles and smiles and a landing net, these young ladies are well fortified. Raylene and Debra Wyatt, of Highlands, are typical Goose Island State Park vacationers.



Yep, she's a pretty good fisherman, for a girl! At Goose Island State Park, Doris Torno of Sinton joyfully shows her speckled trout to admiring audience, Kenneth Knauss, of Arlington.

birders don't seem to miss the whoopers, which are nesting 2,500 miles away in the Yukon country. The dearth is filled by the gaudily-colored roseate spoonbills, conspicuously pink-tinted large birds. The refuge is also heavily populated with uninhibited deer, wild turkey and javelina, which stroll about without fear of molestation.

The beach population is also plentiful at the largest state park coastal site 150 miles to the east—Velasco State Park. Visitors find primitive privileges on the 26-mile stretch of sand and surf near Freeport. This park is so barren it doesn't even have a name—that is so you can see it. And when the tide is abnormally high the park itself is actually out of sight.

None of this deters the surging throngs from the surrounding heavily populated areas, particularly metropolitan Houston only 50 miles distant. What Velasco lacks in accommodations, it makes up in its intriguing climate and close-to-nature dividends. You may drive your car, at low tide, into the remote areas and talk back to the roaring surf without being challenged by a raised eyebrow. But on weekends and holidays, elbow room is scarce. A modern highway is a further enticement to visit this remote playland.

The genuine sequestered spot is

• Continued on page 30

Hand 'em a Line

by CLIFFORD FARMER

THERE was a streak of gray across the eastern horizon when Stacey Waites and Robert Clark, Memphis, Texas fishermen untied their boat to run their trotline on Possum Kingdom Lake.

In a few minutes, Robert held up his hand. Stacey cut the motor and swung the boat in toward the bushy bank. His companion grasped the line where it sloped down into the water.

"You take 'em off and I'll bait up," said Stacey.

Robert pulled the boat along until he came to the first hook, still baited. The second hook had a small channel cat, about two pounds; he lifted it into the boat and removed the hook. Stacey had a piece of cut shad ready and slipped it onto the hook, then dropped it into the water as Robert moved the boat on down the line. There were more hooks with bait undisturbed, then another small channel cat.

"We'll have to beat this if we have a fish fry today," Stacey said.

Robert moved the boat slowly past several hooks, still baited. "I thought you said this was a good place for a line," he commented.

"It is. I caught two big ones here last summer. Don't you feel anything on the line?"

Robert shook his head. "Just a little tugging, like maybe another small one."

Robert worked on down the line, past several hooks. Suddenly, there was a big swirl in the water in front of the boat.

Stacey grabbed the landing net. "Hang onto that line!" he said. "Don't lift it out of the water. That's a big cat—I saw his tail!"

They moved closer, peering into the blue water, both holding to the trotline. Then, Robert saw the big

form below him. "You better land him," he said.

For answer, Stacey handed him the landing net. "Just ease the net under him, but don't touch him with it."

Evidently the big cat saw the boat for he surged against the line and rolled to the top, sending spray over them. Robert followed it with the net and, together, the two men brought fish and trotline into the boat.

"What a fish! What a fish!" Robert exclaimed as Stacey removed the hook. "What will it weigh?"

"Fifteen, maybe 16 pounds. Now we can have fish steaks!"

That big yellow catfish marked the start of a fine fishing trip for the Waites and Clark families last April. Before the week was over, they had a nice string of cats and Robert said it was his best fishing trip. But, it was nothing new for the Waites family.

Stacey Waites and his brother, Wesley, have for many years been going after—and catching—big catfish. They prepare and fish for the big ones. And they bring home their prizes, too. They have taken cats of 18, 23, 25, 26 and 33 pounds from their trotlines, and many, many more of lesser size.

It takes good equipment, the right kind of bait and some "know how" to be successful with a trotline. I am convinced that the Waites boys are masters of the cat-catching art.

I asked about bait—one of their favorites is cut shad. I learned that there is an art to preparing shad for a trotline. Take a shad of a pound or two, scale it, then place it in a flat pan or on a square of plastic to catch and save the blood, and remove the head. Cut the fish clear through with a sharp knife, from

side to side, starting at the fork of the tail and moving to the gills. Remove the entrails, then cut into small chunks, carving at right angles to the lengthwise slash, and going completely through the fish with each stroke of the knife.

This provides many V-shaped pieces of bait which are just right to slip onto a hook. Place these pieces in a pail or jar, pour in the blood and place in a refrigerator to cool. The blood will congeal around the cut shad, making it a very fine catfish bait, according to the Waites brothers.

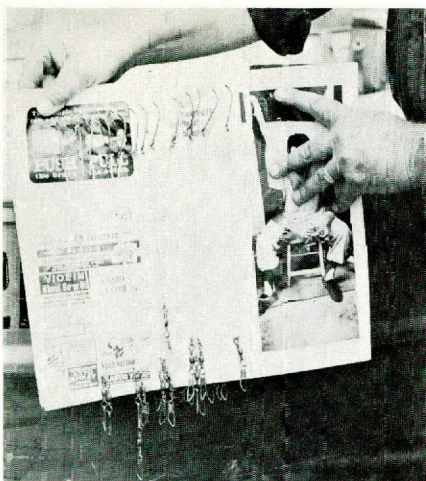
Their second choice for bait is a large minnow or small perch, hooked through the back just below the dorsal fin so that it can swim freely. In some waters, crawfish make excellent bait, but they have not found them effective in Possum Kingdom. In mid-summer, large grasshoppers and worms make good bait.

There are times, Stacey said, when you have to wait until after dark to bait the line to prevent small fish from stealing the bait. Most cats feed after midnight, he said, except when the lake or river is on a rapid rise. Then, they may bite throughout the day and night.

There is nothing more disgusting to a fisherman than to run his trotline and find a piece of staging wrapped around the line, marking a lost fish.

"Give Mr. Cat a chance to tangle the staging and get some leverage, and he'll pull loose every time," Stacey said. "We lost our share of hooked fish before we learned how to make a trotline," he added.

Their present trotline is the best one they have ever used, according to Stacey, lacking many of the faults of their earlier lines. They spent many hours making it.



A magazine has many uses. The Waites convert an old book to hookholder for their trotline.

They bought 350 feet of 400-pound test nylon line, 100 feet of 120-pound test nylon for staging, 50 large ringed swivels, 50 large snap swivels and 50 2/0 steel hollow point hooks. In addition, they used a bottle of red fingernail polish. Fifty-hook trotlines are permitted in Possum Kingdom, but before making, or using a trotline, Waites warned that you should check your local regulations as to the length of line and the number and size of hooks permitted. Also, there may be some regulation as to the spacing distance between the hooks.

They decided on five-and-a-half-foot spacing of hooks. For a measuring gauge, they cut a five-and-a-half-foot length of a 1-by-12 board. Then, measuring off 30 feet for tie-line to the first hook, they marked the line with red nail polish and wrapped the rest of it the length of the five-and-a-half-foot board. Across each end of the board, the line was painted with the red nail polish, thus marking the place for each staging line.

While they were waiting for the paint to dry, they tied six-inch loops in each end of the line, then touched a burning match to the loose ends of the line to melt and to weld the nylon strands to prevent unraveling. Next, the staging was cut into two-foot lengths and the ends seared.

With the paint-spacing marks dry, the entire length of the 400-pound test nylon was rolled into a tight ball. The ringed swivels were to be placed at each five-and-a-half-foot mark. The line was run through

one ring of the swivels until all had been laced onto the line and moved down to the first paint-mark. Then knots were tied on each side of the last swivel, leaving one inch spacing between the knots, and the rest of the swivels were pushed ahead to the next mark.

This is not an easy task for one person, but two can handle it easily. Stacey, to make the knot, makes a large loop in the line and passes the roll of line through the loop, shuttle-like. It is very important to have the line through one swivel ring so that it can swing freely, allowing the cat on the hook to cartwheel around the line without tangling. The extra swivel on the staging is another safe-

guard, allowing a hooked fish a chance to wear himself down with little chance of getting free.

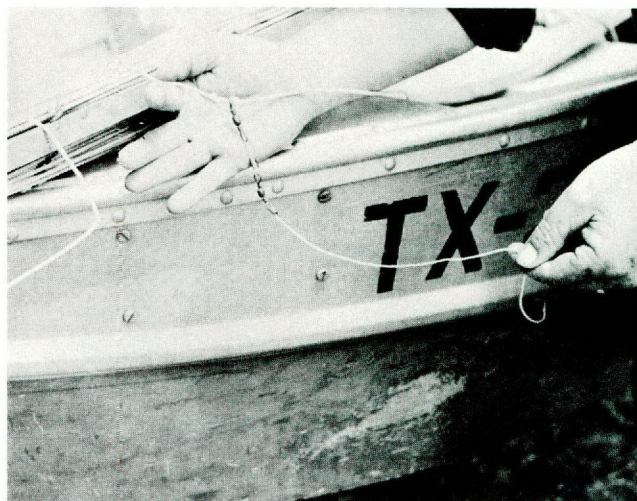
Rigging the staging is a simple matter. Tie a hook on one end and snap swivel on the other. Waites used nail polish on each knot to prevent slipping. (They have never lost a fish from an untied hook.)

When the line was finished, they wrapped it lengthwise on a 30-inch line holder, fashioned from soft wood. This is handy for storing and for setting out the line. The hooks and staging lines are kept between pages of an old magazine, points of the hooks attached to the paper.

Locating a good spot for a trotline is very important, and this varies



There was a surprise in store that time! Wesley Waites and Robert Clark examine the 15-pound yellow cat bonus they found on the trotline that they thought held only small ones.



One of the keys to the Waites brothers' success is their double swivel combination.

with the time of year. Except during the spawning season in spring when fish are in shallow water, you can count on catfish hanging out where they are handy to food, Stacey said. Study the lake or river before deciding on your location, or ask a local successful fisherman, he advised.

In setting a line, the Waites brothers like to tie both ends of the line where they can find them easily, securing to stumps or dead trees left standing in the water. If necessary, however, they will tie one end exposed above the water with the other

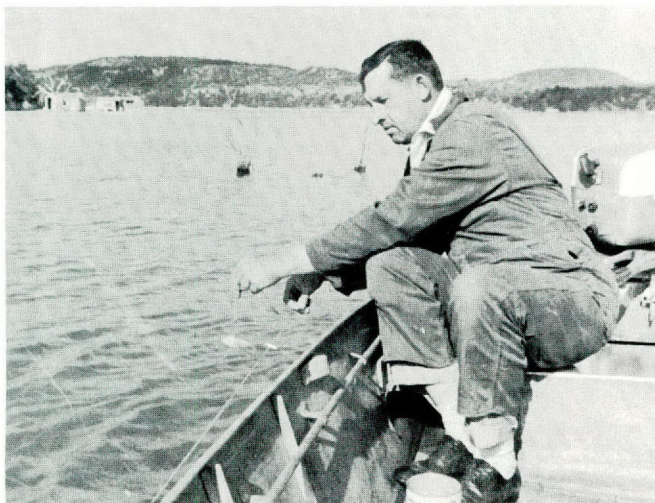
end anchored with a large rock in deep water. If both ends must be under water, a jug or other float may be used as a marker with a line attached to the trotline to bring it to the top for baiting and removing fish.

Once the location has been decided upon, the brothers tie one end and then use their boat to unwind the line to the other anchoring spot. They put on weights and floats to get the proper slack in the line before attaching the staging and hooks.

"We try to have our hooks about



For the Waites there are no long waits for results. Here is a typical, impressive string of channel catfish that was taken during one of their trotlining trips on Possum Kingdom Lake.



You do have to have a successful "come-on," of course. Stacey Waites baits the line with live shad.



Mrs. Stacey Waites has dinner well in hand, with catfish from a Possum Kingdom trotline.

six inches above the bottom," Stacey said.

Pieces of window weights or short lengths of gas pipe make good line weights, spaced every 40 feet, with a small float midway between each weight. Bottles of pint or quart size are used for these floats, just enough to keep the hooks from settling in the mud.

After this is all rigged up, they are ready to bait the trotline.

"We always have a large landing net in our boat when we run our line," Waites said. "When I feel the throb of a fish, especially if I think it is a big one, I keep the line under water and pull the boat slowly until I get close to the fish. Then, with the landing net in one hand and the other holding the trotline, I work the net down and under the cat. This can save losing a fish not firmly hooked."

The Waites brothers formerly used a gaff hook but now prefer a landing net. They have boated cats weighing up to 25 pounds in this manner. A 33-pound giant was landed with a gaff hook in the lower jaw.

Using the Waites method tailored to local requirements, a fellow can have catfish steaks almost any night.



To the amazement of resident waterfowl, the peaceful river erupts into straining activity as the water safari starts off at San Marcos.

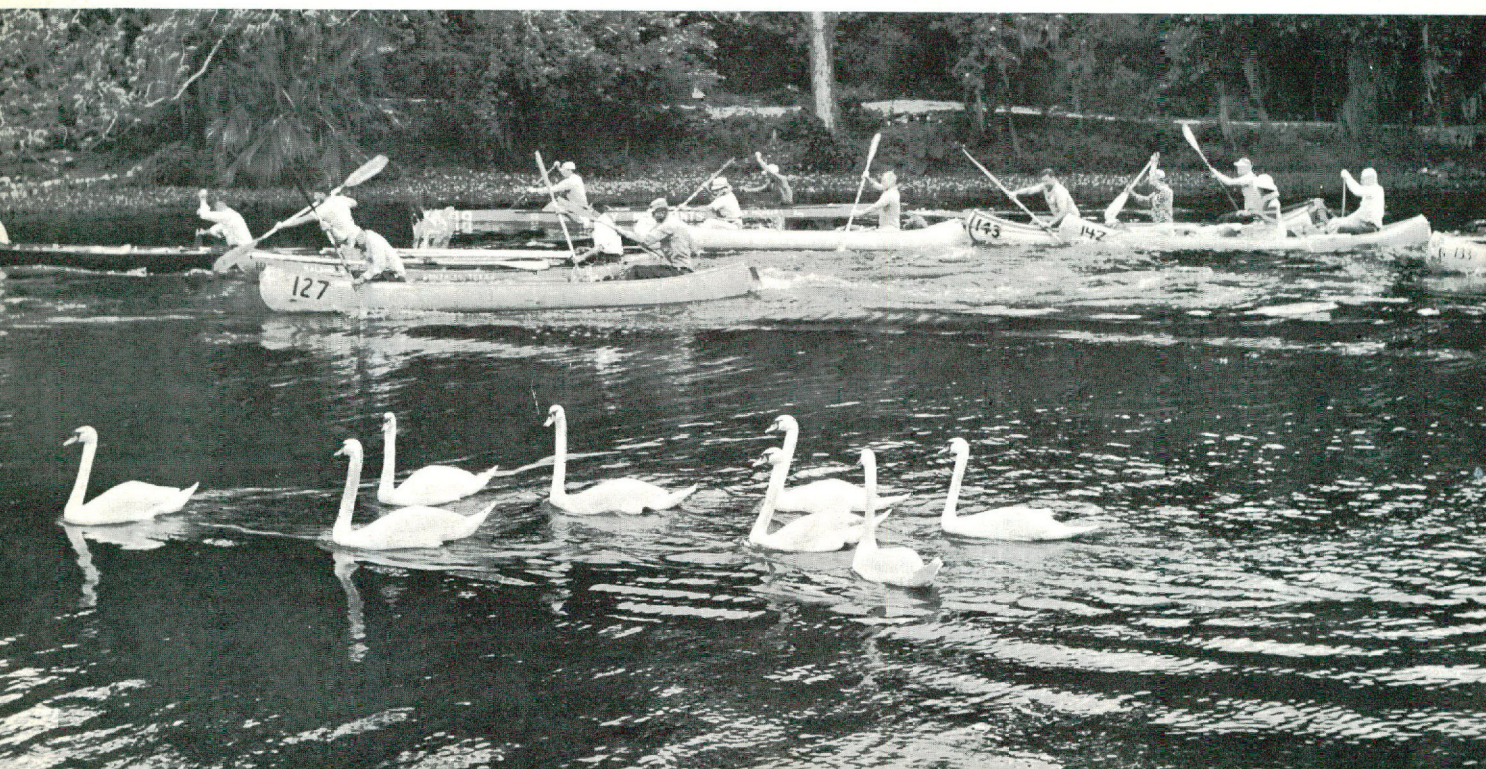
Muscle Marathon

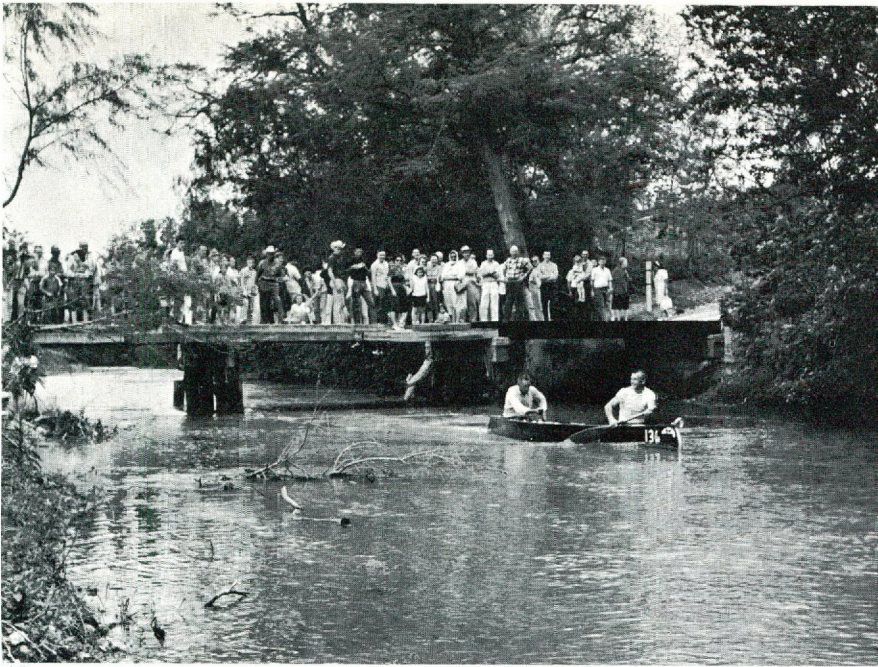
by CURTIS CARPENTER

SUDDENLY THE WATER shook, and began to swirl in all directions. A white foamy froth coated

the surface as a fleet of canoes shot through the water and headed for the dam at the lower end of the lake. The crashing of wood and fiberglass

The race may go to the swift, but the canoeists begin with unexpected competition in the matter of style, from these in-the-swim swans.





Leaders from the beginning, Robert Gillings and Albert Widing of Holly, Michigan, were first in elapsed time in the second annual Texas Water Safari, a grueling river and bay race.

sent schools of sunfish scurrying beneath the moss-coated bottom.

A flock of swans paddling near

their huge paddles digging in water like scoop shovels, the men from Michigan began to set all kinds of

the activity, quickly swapped ends and raced off with the boats. A small flock of mallards joined the swans. More than likely, none of the contestants noticed the feathered competitors.

It was the beginning of the wildest canoe race anywhere, the Texas Water Safari. When the 44 boats starting the race disappeared, the sunfish eased out of their hiding places, not to see such a disturbance for another year.

But, for the anxious contestants in the race, the excitement was just beginning. It didn't end for many until some 500 miles and numerous hazards later at the beach in front of Corpus Christi.

River Run

Two Michigan teams with canoes especially built for racing led the way on the river run. Both teams displayed perfect coordination and the power of horses as they sent their respective canoes slicing through the waters of the San Marcos and Guadalupe rivers. Spectators gathered at bridges and dams all along the 400 miles of watery course. With

new records. By the time they had reached Luling, it was obvious that only disaster could prevent them from far out-classing most other competitors.

Not far behind the racers from Michigan was a Texas team from

Houston. Not experienced canoeists like their Yankee competitors, the beginners were making a good showing.

It was a night and day rush to the coast. No eyes closed among the leading teams, unless for just a few minutes. The same log jams, dams, rapids, sand bars, low bridges, throw lines, low hanging limbs, mosquitoes, poison ivy and oak and the hundreds of other torturing obstacles which challenged safari contestants last year, reduced the contestant numbers again this year.

Averaging some six miles an hour on the river run, the first boat with LeRoy Widing and Ed Adams from Holly, Michigan, set a new record of 63 hours and 20 minutes.

Albert Widing and Robert Gillings, the second Michigan team, in the pitch of night made a wrong turn after leading the race most of the way, and ended up 30 minutes behind the number one boat.

J. L. and Harold Blutworth, two very tough Houston sailors, never

ceased their determined rowing, and came in just 56 minutes behind the leaders.

A big 18-foot canoe manned by four—Lynn Maughmer and Jim Jones, last year's Safari champions,

• Continued on page 30



Fred Hurd, Jim Jones, Archie Clark and Lynn Maughmer, all Texans and all veterans of last year's competition, came in fourth this year. Jones and Maughmer came in first last year. Hurd and his partner Sam Hare were second in elapsed time in the rugged 1963 water safari.

"Gabbie"

The Great

One of Galveston's treasured legends. Reprinted from Texas Game and Fish,

DURING his five years as a resident of Galveston, Gabbie endeared himself to the entire population. In the intervening years memory of him has become one of the city's treasured legends. While legends are apt to be embroidered as time goes on, the writer has listened to these tales about Gabbie over a period of 37 years; he has heard them related by so many and with such a striking similarity of detail, it is his conclusion that the story told here is true.

In the year 1895, Sanford Southwick lived in the eastern part of Galveston. He had three sons who were enthusiastic fishermen and hunters. They spent all their leisure time in their trim sail boat, the *Silver Cloud*, sailing on the extensive waters of Galveston Bay, hunting and fishing.

One day the three boys were sailing near the shore in a remote part of the Bay when they noticed a commotion in some low scrub growth near the water's edge. Upon investigation they found a great blue heron entangled in the dense growth making a feeble effort to free himself.

The heron is fond of snakes and frogs and the assumption is that he made a dash into the bushes in pursuit of a frog or snake and became so entangled he could not free himself. At any rate, when discovered he was nearly exhausted and, instead of showing fear when the boys undertook to release him, appeared grateful for their aid. Once free, instead of trying to escape, he started in his own language to thank them for their kindly aid. He was so friendly that, after some debate, they loaded him into the boat and started for home, agreeing that they would release him as soon as he was sufficiently rested to fend for himself.

On the way home the bird received a good deal of interested attention. The boys had caught some fish and, cutting one into small pieces, they offered it to the heron. He gobbled it up with great relish, indicating that he was hungry as well as exhausted. No effort whatever was made to restrain him; except for his exhaustion he could have flown away at any time. He seemed as much interested in his human friends as they in him and kept up a constant chatter of small talk. Before they reached the Galveston dock one of the boys laughingly called him "Gabbie," a name by which he was to be known for the remainder of his life.

Incidentally, it was no small task for the boys to carry the great bird from the dock to their home, not because of his weight, but because of his size. Any one who has not had the privilege of meeting one of these splendid fowls will be interested to know that Gabbie's normal height was about four and one half feet. When he stood erect with his neck and bill extended upward, he towered more than six feet; he had a wing spread of about six feet and this was a good deal of live bird to be carried in one's arms. His general coloring was slate gray, slightly tinged with blue; his breast and neck, white; his crest, black, and there was a tinge of brownish pink on the scruff of his neck, on the feathered part of his legs and on the elbow of his wings.

The great blue heron is often confused with the gray sandhill crane, which is an entirely different species of wild fowl. The heron flies with his neck folded; the crane with his neck extended. The crane has no crest; instead he has a close-fitting scarlet cap directly above his eyes, as compared to the black crest of the heron. The cap is the only vivid coloring on the crane.

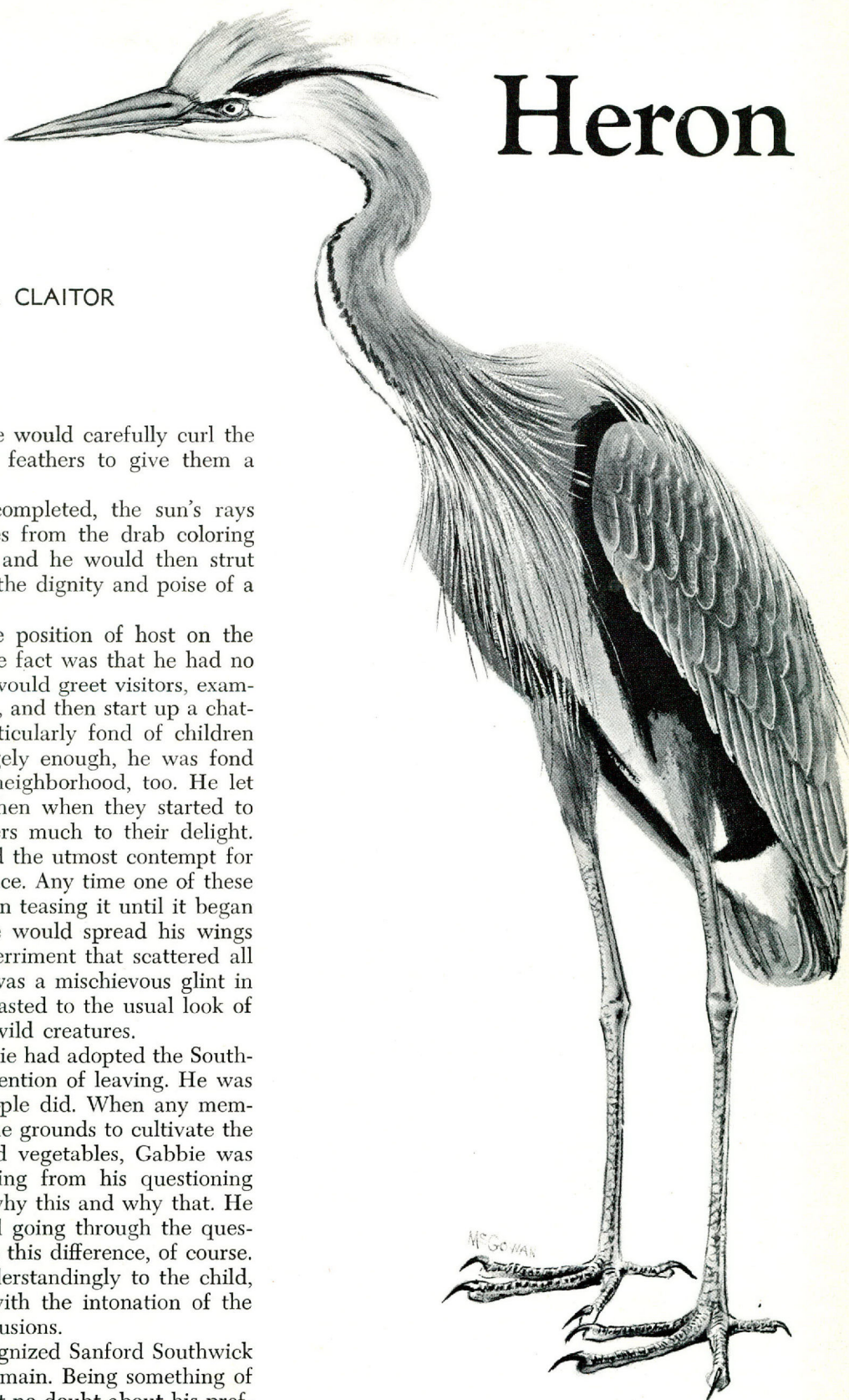
The Southwick home was set in extensive grounds. In addition to the shade trees, there was a spacious lawn, a flower and vegetable garden, a poultry yard and stables. Once there Gabbie was deposited in the poultry yard, where there was an immediate commotion among the chickens, ducks and geese. These fowls sought the nearest refuge, giving vent to their excitement with a bedlam of squawks and cackles, all of which was noted by the heron with complete disdain.

Gabbie quickly became the center of interest of the whole Southwick family and, as the word of his arrival spread through the neighborhood, friends came to see him. He greeted all with his usual chatter and without showing any sign of fear.

In a few days he had sufficiently recovered to be on his feet and he was then given the freedom of the premises, the family believing that as soon as he felt able to fly he would take to his wings and be off. He had no such idea. On the contrary, he spent most of his time the first few days preening himself. His recent experience had ruffled his feathers considerably and it became obvious from the beginning that, in his personal attire, he was a meticulous fellow. Every feather had to be carefully smoothed and polished with his

Blue

Heron



April 1952 by the late J. D. CLAITOR

long, keen bill. This done, he would carefully curl the edges of his wings and tail feathers to give them a plume like appearance.

Once his grooming was completed, the sun's rays brought out iridescent shades from the drab coloring of his back, wings and tail, and he would then strut around the grounds with all the dignity and poise of a Lord Chesterfield.

Very soon he assumed the position of host on the Southwick grounds. A notable fact was that he had no apparent fear of people. He would greet visitors, examine them curiously but kindly, and then start up a chatter of welcome. He was particularly fond of children and they adored him. Strangely enough, he was fond of the friendly dogs in the neighborhood, too. He let them sniff at his long bill; then when they started to play, he joined in their capers much to their delight. Contrasted to this, he showed the utmost contempt for the domestic fowls on the place. Any time one of these came near he took great joy in teasing it until it began to scream or cackle; then he would spread his wings and let out a "whoosh" of merriment that scattered all the poultry to cover. There was a mischievous glint in his eyes at all times, as contrasted to the usual look of sadness in the eyes of most wild creatures.

Soon it was clear that Gabbie had adopted the Southwicks and that he had no intention of leaving. He was curious about everything people did. When any member of the family went into the grounds to cultivate the garden, or gather flowers and vegetables, Gabbie was right in their shadow. Judging from his questioning chatter, he wanted to know why this and why that. He was like a four-year-old child going through the question-asking period. There was this difference, of course. While one might explain understandingly to the child, Gabbie had to be satisfied with the intonation of the voice and draw his own conclusions.

Gabbie almost at once recognized Sanford Southwick as the master of this small domain. Being something of a king in his own right, he left no doubt about his preference for fraternizing with the master when present, instead of other members of the family. Southwick was a jolly, wiry, little man, with a great flowing white beard. When anything pleased or amused him he frequently gave expression to his pleasure by dancing a

jig wherever he happened to be. One day in the garden, amused at the antics of Gabbie, he started to laugh and dance. To Gabbie this was a new and intriguing kind of play that pleased him. He, too, then started to

laugh and dance. In no time at all he caught the rhythm of the step and was keeping time with the old gentleman. After that, each time the two met face to face in the garden, Gabbie expected to dance and the master graciously and joyously obliged him by leading off the step.

Picture, if you will, this fine, old gentleman, who looked like the paintings we have of our Biblical prophets, and this magnificent bird that towered above him when he extended his neck upward, sedately walking through their lovely garden, side by side, discussing the state of affairs that concerned them. Gabbie talked continuously. He expected his questions to be answered and his comments to be noticed; he was no idle gossipier. Whenever anything pleased or annoyed him, he would extend his neck and wings and let out a great "whoosh" that could be heard for blocks.

At this point, Walter Grover, a young naturalist, whose home was near that of the Southwicks, entered the picture. Walter had spent much of his life in the remote marshes around Galveston Bay observing wild fowls. He, like John James Audubon, possessed to a great degree the rare talent of making friends of wild birds. It had become a habit with him to sit in the marshes for hours, still as a statue, waiting for the birds to accustom themselves to his presence. Sooner or later, impelled by curiosity, they would come near enough to examine him more closely. It was then that he would soothe their fears with his own particular kind of bird talk. This accomplished, the birds would resume their normal habits and thus give him the desired opportunity to study their conduct in their native haunts.

It is easy to understand then why Walter and Gabbie at once became friends. Gabbie could more nearly understand Walter's bird talk than he could that of any other human friend. In addition, with Walter's great understanding of wild fowl life, they had something in common that drew them together. They could carry on a conversation for hours, neither seeming to tire of the interesting chit-chat. Furthermore, Gabbie was so completely charmed by this friendship that, to entertain Walter, he would stage all his little tricks and cavort around him like a happy puppy. When Walter was around, Gabbie could see none but him. Even his venerable master, Sanford Southwick, went unnoticed.

In the course of time, Gabbie apparently tired of being simply a spectator and conversationalist at the Southwick menage. When members of the family gathered flowers or vegetables, Gabbie would lend a hand (or bill), generally with disastrous results insofar as the flowers or vegetables were concerned. They would be mutilated beyond use, but since he was trying to make himself useful, there was nothing the family could or would do about it, except to let him have his way.

One day Southwick was in his garden, transplanting a long row of young orange seedlings. He was no longer young and, when he got to the end of the row, he straightened up and heaved a sigh of relief to have the job completed. When he turned there was Gabbie in his wake. Gabbie had pulled out every plant and had laid them meticulously in a neat line in emulation of his master's planting.

This was too much for even a good natured old man. He started to shake his fist and shout at Gabbie. His attitude was menacing and the heron quickly sensed it. He had not been accustomed to anything but kindness and doubtless this sudden change of manner was a shock. At any rate, it aroused his own anger, and when a heron is angered he is like a domestic goose in the mating season; he will attack anything responsible for his anger. So now he raised his wings, let out a hair-raising "whoosh" and darted for Southwick with his dagger-sharp bill extended for the attack.

Sanford Southwick was a small man, with nothing belligerent in his make-up. He realized that he would be no match for this great bird with flailing wings and sharp bill. He made a break for the house with Gabbie chasing him and "whooshing" at every step. He reached the door and slammed it shut just in time to avoid being pricked from the rear. For hours Gabbie strutted back and forth before the door, indulging in all the bird profanity he could think of and daring Sanford to come on out and see who was the better man.

Southwick reasoned that as soon as Gabbie's anger subsided they would resume being friends and things would go on as before. Alas! It did not work out that way. Instead Gabbie laid in wait for him at either the front or back door and the moment he stepped outside Gabbie would ruffle his feathers and make a dart for him. He was not one to forget an affront.

The situation soon became intolerable for Southwick. Before he could leave or enter his home, he had to find out which door Gabbie was guarding and then sneak in or out through the other. One morning on his way to the bank where he was employed, he stopped by the home of Walter Grover, whom he knew would be happy to have the heron. He told Walter to get his heron and to do so before he returned to his home that day.

(It may be said, by way of parenthesis, that while it is unusual for pets to turn against their masters, it has been known of dogs and cats, and particularly with wild animals or wild fowls that have been domesticated. When angered or menaced, the latter revert to type. Their first instinct is that of self preservation. In its wild state, every living creature except its own species is viewed as a potential enemy. Once a friendship between man and one of these is ruptured, it can never be restored. Wildlife lacks the reasoning power to make allowance for human error.)

Walter was delighted to have Gabbie, which afforded him a rare opportunity to pursue his favorite avocation with a degree of intimacy not possible in the marshes. At Walter's home, Gabbie not only had the run of the Grovers' extensive grounds, but in addition the freedom of the neighborhood. Very soon he was on friendly terms with all the neighbors and made frequent calls upon them to see "what was cooking," so to speak.

Wherever he went he was welcomed, most of all by the children, who found him an untiring object of interest. He readily adapted himself to his new home; the change afforded him new opportunities to satisfy his curiosity about people and things. His long thin bill was projected inquiringly into many strange places and

in some respects he reminded one of a dog pursuing intriguing scents.

It was here that Gabbie developed a new habit, that of night prowling. The heron is fond of mice and it is possible his preference for these was responsible for his night excursions.

Be that as it may, there was one fairly close neighbor who had not met Gabbie. This gentleman occasionally became too deeply submerged in his cups. At such times, he would return to his home in the wee sma' hours of the morning and try not to disturb his Irish wife. On this particular night he was weaving his way through the alley, with some vain hope of being able to sneak through the back door and get into bed without being seen or heard by his watchful spouse.

Gabbie happened to be loitering in this alley. He had never before seen men in a high state of intoxication and the antics of the inebriate so disturbed him that he spread his wings and let out a deafening "whoosh" that aroused the entire neighborhood. The drunk, thinking the devil himself was about to attack him, was sobered sufficiently to remember the nearby county jail and for this he made a break. Arriving there breathless, he insisted that he be locked up for protection for the remainder of the night.

While Gabbie's presence at the Grover home was of great professional interest to Walter, he was never too happy about this splendid bird's living in such unnatural surroundings. He thought often of returning him to the marshes, but upon sober consideration abandoned the thought. The bird had been coddled so long by this time he feared it would not be able to fend for itself in its native environment. Furthermore, he felt certain that, with Gabbie's friendliness for people, he would fall a ready victim to the first gun-happy hunter that he might encounter.

The great blue heron, even in areas ideally suited to it, is a comparatively rare species. One reason for this is that their young (one to three in a season) are hatched on the ground in places frequented by mink, opossum and other predatory animals to which these little ones fall an easy prey. The other reason is, of course, that because of their rarity some hunters will kill them for trophies or, wantonly, just to test their marksmanship. It is for these reasons the beautiful white whooping crane, one of America's most spectacular wild fowls, has become almost extinct, there being only 34* known to exist at this time. Therefore, the thought of returning Gabbie to the marshes was finally abandoned.

In the meantime, Gabbie's presence in Galveston had become so generally known, and he had become an object of such great interest, that the Grovers' home place was assuming the aspect of a public garden or zoo. People came all through the day and every day to see this fabulous bird. Once they saw it, they returned often, particularly when there were children in the family. The Grovers were losing all the cherished privacy of their peaceful home grounds and much of the privacy of their home. The Grover family, kindly and friendly, were totally unable to cope with the curious and thoughtless persons who flocked to their home, so, re-

gardless of their deep attachment to Gabbie, decided something had to be done to rid themselves of the growing annoyance.

In the western part of the city was a popular resort—Woolam's Lake. Water, in Galveston, was no novelty. The lake, however, was surrounded by a dense growth of gnarled salt cedars and these were a novelty, since Galveston had comparatively few trees. The feature attraction at Woolam's Lake was the oyster roasts. For 25c a person could eat all the roasted oysters (a rare delicacy) that he wanted. The oysters were roasted in an open fire made of driftwood gathered from the beach of Galveston Island. Driftwood from the sea has absorbed both salt and phosphorus from the water and, when burned, gives off a tangy, incomparable fragrance. The glowing embers have a bluish cast not present in ordinary wood fires and all this added to the charm of Woolam's Lake. Whole families went there to spend the day, taking picnic baskets to supplement the delicious oysters, and the cedars afforded shade for the loungers.

A few amusement concessions did a thriving business and, to add interest, the owners started a small zoo, composed mostly of the wildlife native to the area. The thought occurred to Walter that at Woolam's Lake Gabbie could be enjoyed by the entire population of the city; that since he was so fond of people his opportunity for mingling with them there would be broadened.

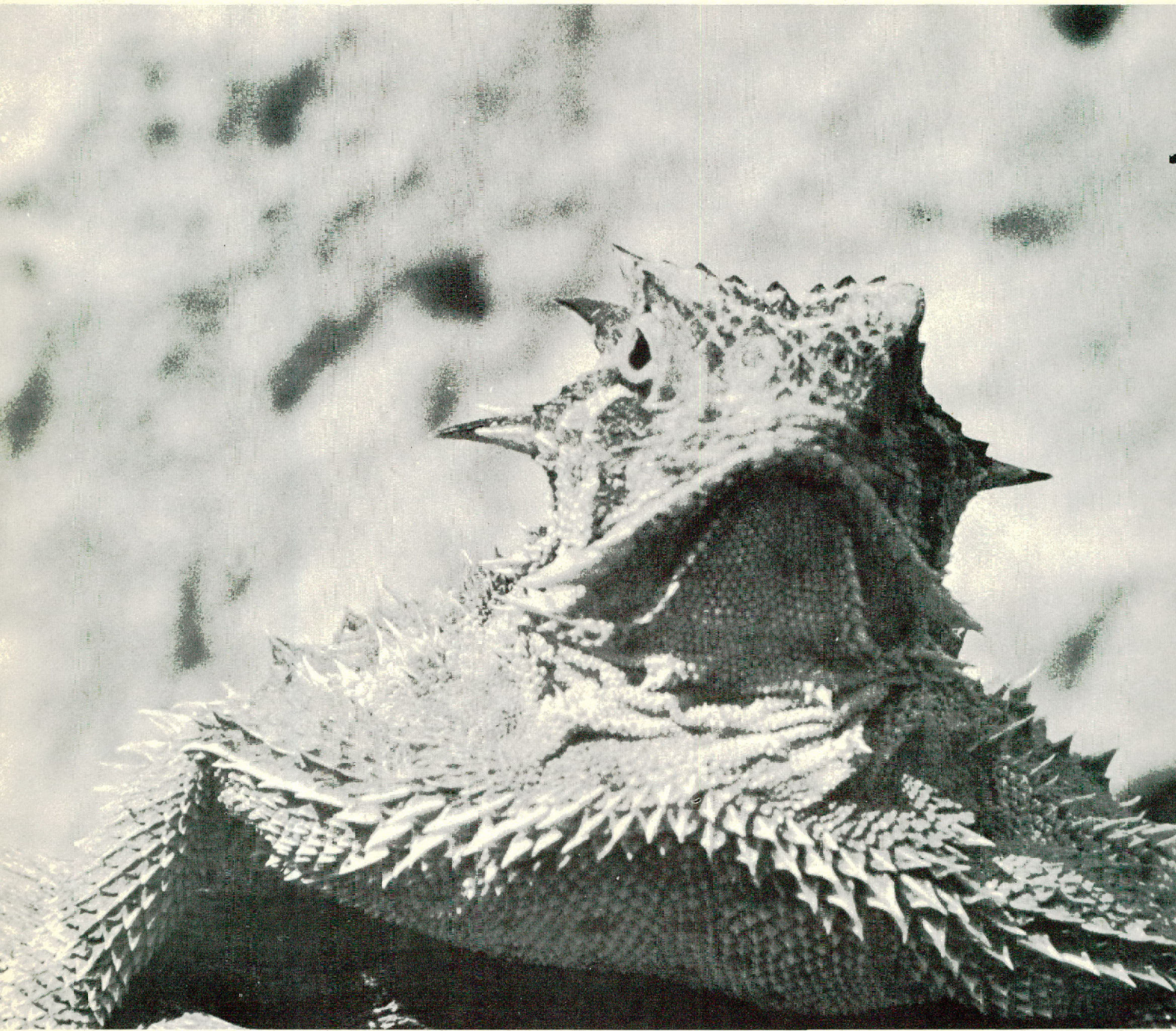
The park people, knowing of Gabbie's popularity, welcomed the idea of having him as an added attraction. Thus, in due course, Gabbie was transferred to Woolam's Lake. Here, too, he was given the freedom of the grounds and at once became the center of interest. He made himself just as much at home there as he had at the Southwick and Grover homes. For him there was this difference, however. There were no dull moments. There were always people about and plenty of activity to keep him interested and occupied. The music of the merry-go-round intrigued him and often he would dance to it through the mere joy of being alive and a part of this colorful life.

He would go from one group to another, examining their lunch baskets and daintily sampling whatever he found that was tempting. He had a kindly greeting for all, but whenever the conversation or interest lagged with one group he passed on to another. Generally he was followed by a group of admiring children. One of his favorite stunts at the park—especially if there was a group of spectators present—was to lift himself almost straight up into the air, sail gracefully across the small lake and land on the other side as lightly as a bit of thistledown.

Gabbie was exceedingly fond of raw oysters, which in those days could be purchased in the shell for 50c per barrel. The demand for oysters at the lake was so great that at all times there were many barrels lined up in neat rows a short distance from the fire where they were roasted. Since those who ate the oysters had to open them, any one would oblige Gabbie by opening an oyster for him whenever he indicated a desire for it.

A blue heron's craw, in a way, may be compared to an accordion; it accommodates itself to whatever

*Last published report said 39.



He's no beauty, but can boast an ancestry older than man's, and what he lacks in looks he makes up for in charm, especially to small boys.

Ol' Thorny - Back

by DAN KLEPPER
San Antonio Express-News

THE TEXAS horned lizard, better known to many folks—young and old—as a “toad,” is the most bizarre reptile found in North America.

The lizard, like its closely related cousins, some two dozen other members of the horned clan, is a grotesque creature, a miniature hold-over . . . in looks, anyway . . . from

the prehistoric period of the pterodactyl and plesiosaurus.

The “horny toad” is, in truth, an oddity, for there is no other lizard like it in the world except for a

species found in the land of the duckbilled platypus and the Tasmanian devil, Australia.

Grotesque, bizarre, hideous, repulsive. All of these adjectives fit the outward appearance of the little reptile. But, in reality, the horned lizard is a completely inoffensive, albeit a bit prickly, individual.

The lizard's body is covered with scales, some of which are large and sharp-pointed, and its large head is crowned with sharp spines.

The lizard is diurnal, that is, it moves about and eats during the daylight hours. At night and sometimes on overcast days, the lizard digs itself into the sand until it is completely covered.

Like most reptiles, the horned lizard hibernates during the winter. It beds down for a long nap in September or October and seldom emerges again until April or May.

Mating takes place soon after the hibernating period ends. A few subspecies of the horned lizard family give birth to living young instead of laying eggs.

Anywhere from six to 12 young lizards are born alive at a time, and the little ones are exact replicas of their adults . . . with one fortunate exception: they aren't nearly so rough.

The Texas horned lizard, however, is in the egg laying group. The female lays from two to three dozen eggs in late May or June five or six inches deep in more or less dry soil. The eggs hatch in 39 to 47 days.

Young lizards, like most reptiles, are active as soon as they are hatched or born and are able to take care of themselves.

As if being highly grotesque weren't enough, the horned lizard has the ability to eject twin jets of blood from its eyes or eyelids when it is startled or excited.

This is thought to be a defense measure, the result of a rise in blood pressure which may take place during fright or anger.

The rise apparently causes the capillaries near the corners of the eye socket to rupture, squirting blood for some distance.

Certainly not all horned lizards are easily startled or excited, because it is possible to handle a great many of the creatures without ever witnessing the ejection of blood.

The lizard feeds on beetles, caterpillars, grasshoppers, weevils and ants. The method employed in catching prey probably gave the lizard its familiar name of "toad." Like toads, the lizard flicks out its tongue, and its prey adheres to a sticky substance on the organ. This action is almost too quick for the human eye to catch, but the silent gulp of satisfaction as the prey is swallowed is quite evident.

A horned lizard measures from three to six inches in length, including the tail, and it is found throughout most of the state, particularly in regions of flat, dry land where vegetation is scanty.

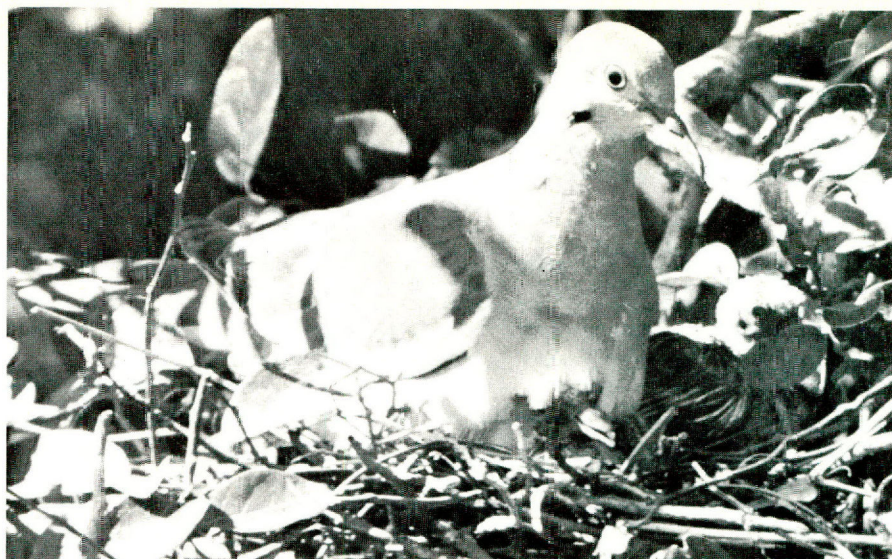
This lizard is a welcome find to almost anyone who happens upon it, from small boys who love to claim it as a pet, to older observers who find it an intriguing little creature in spite of its ugly appearance. **

Appropriately enough, Texas horned lizards have long horns instead of short or medium as others'. In profile, they're seen to advantage.



The Whitewings at Home

by TED L. CLARK
Wildlife Biologist



Representatives of the new whitewing generation, surveying the world, are glad mother's securely by. For one, a beak-peek is enough!

Photo by Bob Waldrop

IN CONSIDERING all the factors which affect the number of whitewings hunters put in their game bags, certainly none is more important than annual production of young by the breeding population. Since intensive whitewing studies began in 1947, biologists have sought out the innermost secrets of the bird's family life.

Study areas in both native brush and citrus habitat have been established on an annual basis to sample nesting success and to analyze the limiting factors of production. The study areas are chosen to provide

samples of nesting densities ranging from less than 10 pairs to more than 400 pairs of breeding birds per acre. On each study area a transect varying in size from one-fourth acre to one acre is set up. On each transect individual nests are marked and checked at weekly intervals throughout the nesting season.

NESTING COVER

Although a major portion of the whitewing breeding population has in the past used citrus nesting habitat, the birds seem to prefer a densely foliated, brushy native cover.



Photo by E. P. Haddon

TABLE I

White-Winged Dove Nesting Statistics, Lower Rio Grande Valley 1951-63

Year	Number of Eggs	Eggs Lost	Number of Young	Per Cent Eggs Hatched	Number Young Lost	Number Young Fledged	Per Cent Young Fledged	Per Cent Fledging Young	Eggs
1951	1,226	715	511	41.68	51	460	90.02	37.52	
1952	1,384	948	436	31.50	78	358	82.11	25.87	
1953	1,081	864	217	20.07	61	156	71.89	14.43	
1954	991	633	358	36.13	64	294	82.12	29.67	
1955	1,074	679	395	36.78	71	324	82.03	30.17	
1956	872	524	348	39.91	39	309	88.79	35.44	
1957	786	480	306	38.93	18	288	94.12	36.64	
1958	1,164	563	601	51.63	22	579	96.34	49.74	
1959	1,254	692	562	44.82	90	472	83.98	37.64	
1960	1,162	659	503	43.29	113	390	77.53	33.56	
1961	925	479	446	48.22	75	371	83.18	40.11	
1962	951	570	381	40.06	33	348	91.34	36.59	
1963	1,060	565	495	46.70	83	412	83.23	38.87	
TOTAL OR AVERAGE	13,930	8,371	5,559	39.91	798	4,761	85.64	34.18	

Their nests are poorly constructed of twigs and require an interwoven substrate for support. The nests are very similar to those of the mourning dove, and it is not uncommon for whitewings to expropriate the nests of their smaller cousins or vice versa. In native brush, ebony (*Pithecellobium flexicaule*), anaqua (*Ehretia anacua*), huisache (*Acacia farnesiana*), brasil (*Condalia obovata*), granjeno (*Celtis pallida*) and prickly ash (*Zanthoxylum fagara*) are species heavily used as nesting cover. In citrus there appears to be no preference of either orange or grapefruit trees, but there is a decided preference for the older, densely foliated groves.

The average height of nests in native brush, as determined on the nest check transects in 1961 and

1962, was slightly more than 11 feet above ground. The dove rarely nests fewer than five feet above the ground. In both brush and citrus it is not uncommon to find four to six nests in a single tree. Citrus trees are not used to any appreciable extent as nesting cover until they reach a height of approximately 12 feet.

PRODUCTION

Whitewings lay two eggs per clutch, incubate about 14 days, and the young fledge 14 days after hatching. Nesting activity begins in early May, reaches a peak between June 15 and July 15, and then de-

Production studies for the period 1951-63 reveal that an average of only 34.18 per cent of all whitewing eggs laid on the nest study transects have fledged young (Table 1). This means that whitewings normally must lay approximately three eggs in order to successfully rear one young bird. Once hatched, approximately 85 per cent of the young reach fledging age of 14 days.

PREDATION

The primary reason for the low degree of whitewing nesting success is excessive predation. Principal predators are great-tailed grackles (*Cassidix mexicanus*) and to a lesser extent, green jays (*Cyanocorax yncas*). The indictment against the grackle is not arrived at casually, but is based on close observation and intensive study. Department personnel have, on numerous occa-

intensified because grackles and whitewings have identical nesting habitat in both native brush and citrus. It is quite common to find both grackles and whitewings nesting in the same tree. The destruction of most of the prime native brush nesting cover, to make way for the intensive agricultural development of the Rio Grande Valley, has crowded both predator and prey into a fraction of their former habitat to the point that grackle predation of whitewings has reached critical proportions.

Methods of controlling grackles and thus reducing the degree of predation on whitewings have been given considerable attention by biol-

• Continued on page 25

Villain of the piece, this satisfied grackle has just robbed a whitewing nest of its eggs.

This baby food is homemade and effective. It is regurgitated by mother to feed the chicks.



Photos by Bob Waldrop

clines gradually to the end of the nesting season in late August. The three-and-a-half month nesting season allows the birds ample time to rear more than one brood; however, it is uncommon for a pair to raise more than two offspring each year. Fall age ratios obtained from hunters' bags give indirect evidence that the adults merely reproduce themselves annually. An individual nest seldom produces two broods of young, although it may contain two or three sets of eggs during the season.

sions, seen grackles force an incubating adult from the nest and then eat the eggs or young. The greatest loss to predators occurs while the eggs lie unhatched in the nest, but grackles will also eat young whitewings old enough to fly short distances. Opossum, arboreal snakes, rats and housecats also take their toll of whitewing eggs and young. Grackles, on the other hand, destroy approximately one-half of all the eggs laid by whitewings.

The predator-prey relationship is



"DO YOU KNOW there are still some mountain lions in these hills, Kenneth? Mr. Walsh saw one not a month ago just down the lake by Dry Creek."

"Yeah, but they won't come near people or a fire."

"What'd you do if one came here right now?"

"I'd take the axe and hit him right between the eyes. Then I'd skin him out and have me a good lion skin rug. What'd you do?"

"I'd hit 'im with the blunt end of the axe so's I could have him mounted. Man, wouldn't that be something?"

"Yeah, we — what — what was that? — Hear it?"

"Yeah, I heard it. What was it?"

while you get the trotlines and axe. Meet you back here in 15 minutes. There's a couple of blankets in Two W's cruiser we can borrow and some matches in the galley."

Well within our allotted time we had cleared things at home, put our meager stores in my 12-foot rowboat and were pulling hard on the oars. Ahead lay three hours of good exercise, and with any luck at all we could set up camp while there was still some daylight. Darkness wouldn't make any difference in getting the bait as we could wade the mud flats feeling with our toes just as well in the dark as in the light. Clams on the line were always good for catfish, and catfish were always good for supper. The flour would

est, we had our blankets. The smoke would discourage most of the man-eating mosquitoes. Beside our blankets we had placed an enormous pile of driftwood for the full night's supply. Driftwood doesn't burn long or make coals worth a whoop, but it was convenient, which was much more important. Both of us had been born lazy and had suffered a couple of relapses since, so it wasn't the best which mattered; it was the easiest. Life was just one big picnic; to enjoy it, we asked for little, received little, and were extremely happy in our ignorance.

Camp being taken care of, we turned our attention to bait. We stripped off, waded into the shallows, and felt for clams with our

Panther Panic

by RICHARD STURDIVANT

Be quiet, maybe we can hear it again. Maybe it was a - a - "

"Get the axe."

At 13, Kenneth and I both considered ourselves experienced outdoorsmen. We had spent considerable time on the river, so this was nothing new to either of us. It was just one of those trips that shouldn't have been, but it was. It all started innocently enough when I remarked, "Let's go camping."

"When?"

"Now."

"O. K., the frying pan is in the boat. I'll get the grease and flour

make a heavy batter to bake on a stick, and the lake was full of drinking water. Firewood was readily available along the shore, and the sand made a smooth bed for our blankets. What more could a couple of boys ask?

It was a good camp, not very elaborate, but comfortable and simple. The boat was turned upside down several feet from the water, close to where we built the fire. We had a roaring fire to dry off by after hunting clams and swimming awhile in the moonlight, and on the downwind side where the smoke was the thick-

toes. They weren't hard to find. In a short time we had our quota, retired to the fire, broke them open between rocks, and extracted the innards. With the boat back in the water, we put out the line and baited it liberally. Supper wasn't long in coming, a beautiful three-pound cat. Really it was about two, but we always added 50 per cent to all our measurements. While I fried the fish, Kenneth made twist with the flour and lakewater. Life was never appreciated so much as here, a full belly and nothing to do but sit around the fire swapping lies. Stories

kept getting bigger and better, each of us determined not to be outdone by the other.

Naturally, we were trying not only to out-tell the other, but to make him back down. Here ghost stories came into the picture, followed by tales of haunted houses and corpses, followed by tales of bloodthirsty wild animals. This led to the old classic about people being called out of their houses by mountain lions, only to be eaten by them. I know a man who swore this to be a fact, and I believed him. Kenneth said he didn't, but while he was denying it, he was throwing more wood on the fire. It was the last of the original "all night" stack, which meant we had to go in the dark to gather more. Neither of us said a word about be-

It seemed like hours that we sat there straining for the slightest noise and hearing only our own heavy breathing. My heart was thumping so loudly that I was sure Kenneth would hear it and razz me for being scared. I'm still not sure whether I was more afraid of the unknown noise I knew to be a mountain lion coming to eat us, or of being made fun of by Kenneth. Just sitting there was maddening. I knew soon I would have to do something. Here luck was with me; I spotted a large stick within reaching distance to throw on the fire. Kenneth came unwound like a striking rattlesnake, throwing a whole armload of sticks and cow chips on the fire.

"Build it up big so we can see more."

to make another sound. Twice more in the last little while we had heard the footsteps. Just a few at a time and then silence. The ring of light kept getting smaller and smaller and we kept getting closer and closer until we were practically sitting in the fire. Then as if by command we streaked for the boat, flopped it over, and shoved it into the lake. Using our hands for paddles we headed for the safety of open water. We had brought nothing with us—no paddles, no blankets, no nothing. There were just two very small, very frightened, boys in a very empty rowboat. We did find an anchor and some line under the seat so we could anchor till daylight. For this we were thankful.

It was one of the coldest and most



ing afraid, but I noticed the second batch was gathered a lot faster than the first one. Also we stayed pretty close together while gathering it whereas before we had gone separately. The second pile wasn't so big as the first one, but the fire was a lot bigger and brighter, consuming firewood faster than taxes do your paycheck. Just as the fire was at its glory we heard the first noises.

"You get the axe, you're closer."

"What's the matter, you scared?"

"Course not, are you?"

"Shoot no, — was that it again?"

"Shut up and listen."

"Maybe we can see what made the noise."

"Throw it all on."

But the bigger and brighter the fire grew, the blacker the outside grew. Whenever we looked away from the fire, all we could see were big purple blotches floating in a sea of black. The harder we strained, the less we saw.

"That's all the wood, go get some more."

"You crazy? Get it yourself."

"I'll go with you, you lead off."

As the fire grew lower and lower we looked at each other, not daring

miserable nights I have ever had the privilege of spending. The floorboards were made of one-inch square strips that left our backs corrugated. The dew soaked us wetter than a baby's diaper, and we were stiffer than leather boots dried too near the fire. It was awful, but still it was better than ending life as an appetizer for a lion.

Never did anything look so good to us as daylight did the following morning. And over where the camp had been stood a very skinny, very contented, sway-back brown cow. ••

A Spark of Interest

by GILBERT T. HEIDEMAN



The State does its part by providing the quail for the Lindenau 4-H Club project. Bill Drehr, local game warden, is shown releasing them.

WILDLIFE conservation has paid handsome dividends in fun and finances for a 19 year-old DeWitt County 4-H Club member.

Tommy Natho, son of Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Natho of Route 1, Cuero, has been awarded a Folger's Wildlife Conservation scholarship as the state winner in the 4-H Club Wildlife Conservation awards program.

The \$1200 scholarship will be used by Tommy at Texas A&M University where he plans to enroll and major in Wildlife Management.

He first became interested in wildlife work through the 4-H Club program when wildlife conservation was set up as a project. But he has been interested in wildlife, creatures and how they tick, for a longer time.

As most young boys, he and his younger brother did a lot of fishing together. Any tank, creek or spot on the Guadalupe River, where they had permission, was fished when time permitted.

Both boys got to wondering about

different fish and the food they ate. Because of this interest, they examined the stomach of each fish they caught. They found a dragon fly in one fish. This gave Tommy the idea to make an artificial dragon fly bait. Lady Luck was smiling on him—on his first try he caught a nice bass with it. This was probably the spark that really set him on fire to learn all he could. He studied fish and food supplies in the family's farm pond as well as one belonging to their neighbor.

One thing led to another. When the fall came, an ailment so common to many of us, "buck fever," hit him. He studied deer, their feeding habits and habitat. His dad says he isn't sure whether Tommy studied deer just to learn about them, or to get a nice eight-point buck he had seen before the season opened. Anyway, he got that buck and if you don't think deer meat is good eating, you haven't eaten any of Natho's smoked deer sausage.

Soon Tommy was studying all types of wildlife, including birds, snakes and animals.

This started him thinking about the value of wildlife to the general public and the need for wildlife conservation. As he saw it, more boys should be interested. He discussed the situation with his dad and his younger brother Jimmy, who is also working in wildlife conservation. They contacted the county agricultural agent, and they decided to organize a wildlife conservation subject matter group. This group included the boys in his 4-H Club that they could interest. Members of the group are Weldon, Michael and Arlen Buchhorn, W. A. Afferbach, Jr., Jerry Tietz and Melvin and Richard Boethel. Tommy's dad serves the group as adult leader. Between the three Nathos they are serving the group very ably. They have planned, organized and held meetings, study sessions and field trips with little assistance from others.

In the fall of 1962, Bill Drehr, the local game warden, and Joe Davidson, who is a biologist for the Parks and Wildlife Department's State Quail Farm at Tyler, through the County Agent, met with representatives of all 4-H Clubs in DeWitt County. At this time a quail restoration project was discussed.

At the meeting the group learned that to be eligible they needed a three-year agreement on at least 160 acres of land, on which the landowner would let them work. Shelters, improved cover and an adequate food supply for quail would have to be provided. When these requirements were met, the local game warden would order quail to stock the area. Under the project, quail are furnished at no charge to FFA and 4-H Club groups.

Tommy, Jimmy and their dad were sitting on the front row at this meeting. They immediately saw the value of this project in that this was something a group could do to conserve wildlife, and they got their group interested right away.

The Natho farm was chosen for the project site. Drehr visited with the boys, surveyed the area and recommended improvements that would benefit quail. The boys, as a group, worked after school and on Saturdays getting the area ready. Drehr inspected the area and found

it satisfactory. He then ordered quail.

In the summer of 1963, 45 eight-week-old quail were delivered and turned out. On the release day the boys learned an important lesson. When quail were taken to one of the shelters that had been built, there was a surprised group of boys. They found native quail had taken it over. This taught them that if food and cover is available in good quail country like DeWitt County, birds will be present. Until the native birds were seen in the shelter, the boys had thought there were not any native birds around.

The birds released last year have split up into pairs which may be found all over the Natho farm. Some have drifted to neighboring farms where food and cover is present.

This stocking program has led to more interest in wildlife conservation by both adults and 4-H Club members. This year the Lindenau 4-H Club's wildlife subject matter group, which has more members

now than last year, has undertaken another restoration program on almost 300 acres of land in another part of the community. This tract includes a combination of the Weldon Buchhorn and Bill Kuester farms. Following the same procedure as for the Natho farm, the boys got the area ready and quail have been released. As a result of the success of the Lindenau group, a wildlife subject matter group has been organized in the Arneckeville 4-H Club. That group has a project of almost 600 acres on which quail were released the last week in May.

These examples point out that wildlife pays handsome dividends not only in fun but finances as well. Leasing land for dove, quail and deer hunting rights has more than doubled in DeWitt County during the last three years. Farmers, ranchers and businessmen of the county have all realized an increase in wildlife dollars. This will increase as more Nathos learn and carry out wildlife conservation measures.



This contingent of conservationists is shown with quail to be released on the Natho farm. They are, left to right, Mike Buchhorn, Curtis Afflerbach, Arlen Buchhorn, Jerry Hoffman, Tommy Natho, W. A. Afflerbach, Jr., Jimmy Natho, Jerry Tietz and Weldon Buchhorn, Jr. All but Curtis Afflerbach, Arlen Buchhorn and Jerry Hoffman belong to the Lindenau 4-H Club.



by CURTIS CARPENTER

EACH YEAR numerous Texas lakes become headlines as contagious "bass tournament fever" strikes anglers all across the land. About the middle of spring the fever is so severe that many fishermen are "boat-ridden," forced to remain on the lakes until the tournament temperature subsides.

The primary symptom of tournament fever is a strong desire to compete with other top fishermen. An infected angler usually gets the fumbles and finds himself constantly fingering his fishing gear as the lure of the lake comes over him. Once boat-bound he finds himself suffering the excitement of working a lure across the bottom or across the surface, and the challenge of stopping the charge of a big one heading for a submerged tree.

Three events have been selected this year as representative samples of Texas bass tournaments: Southeast Texas Bass Tournament held on Dam B Lake between Jasper and Woodville; Panhandle Bass Fishing Tournament on Baylor and Childress lakes, and State Bass Tournament on Lake o' the Pines near Marshall.

The elements turned against fishermen at all three tournaments this year. Everything from tornados to dust storms stirred up the waters and caused unexpected problems for all contestants.

DAM B

At Dam B, wind, rain and high water created some real trouble for fishermen the first three days of the Southeast Texas event. The shallow lake 'midst the tall woods wouldn't give up its fish while the conditions remained wild. But on the final day of the tournament, Sunday, March 15, the clouds vanished, revealing the sun and its blue background. The contestants took advantage of the

bluebird weather to land some nice bass. Ed Holder, outdoor editor of the *Port Arthur News*, concluded that, "even with that last-day spurt of action, catches were still far below those checked in during last year's contest. Most fishermen agreed that they've rarely seen bass fishing as poor as it was during the tournament."

Regardless of the weather, a record number of anglers registered in the competition, with 190 for the four-day tournament. Of this number, 82 qualified for the finals the last day. A six-pound, one-ounce black weighed in by Jason Riley of Beaumont, was a new record for the SE Texas event.

Dam B produced a new champ this year. David Holt, Lufkin, weighed in five bass Sunday evening for a total of 12 pounds and eight ounces, and was awarded the largest trophy.

Holt and his partner Lenwood Short, also of Lufkin, strung enough fish to win the team championship and take home another trophy. Holt's four-pound, nine-ounce bass was the second largest of the tournament.

Here's the way the scores lined up on Dam B, one of the finest fishing lakes in the State:

BIG BASS

1. Riley, 6-1
2. Holt, 4-9
3. Sam Maida, Beaumont, 4-3

INDIVIDUAL

1. Holt, 5 bass weighing 12-8

2. Pee Wee Martin, Port Arthur, 4 bass weighing 10-3
3. Riley, 2 bass weighing 7-4

TEAM

1. Short and Holt, 11 bass weighing 16-14
2. Riley and Bill Wichita, Austin, 6 bass weighing 14-5
3. Martin and Curtis Stewart, Beaumont, 5 bass weighing 11-13

COUPLE

1. Mr. and Mrs. Lynn Smith, Port Arthur, 2 bass weighing 4-0
2. Mr. and Mrs. Aubrey Sudduth, Port Arthur, 1 bass weighing 1-7

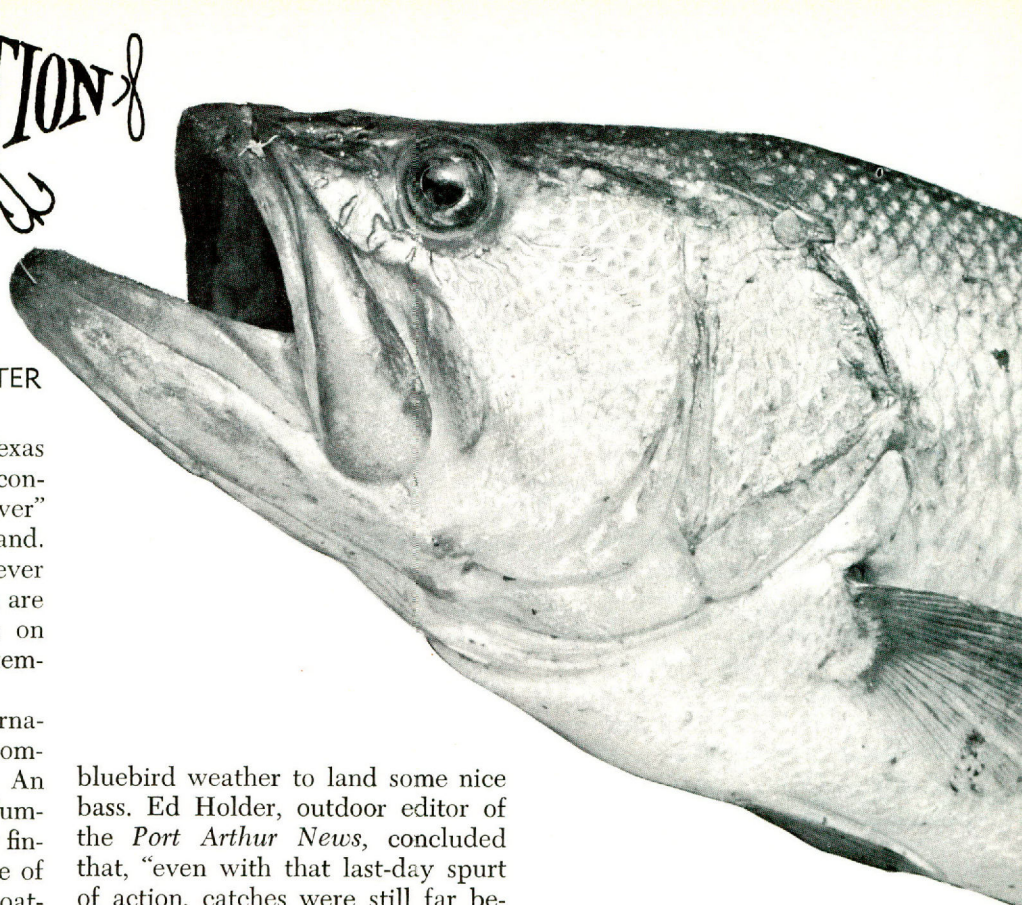
LAKE O' THE PINES

One of the most beautiful settings ever visited by the State Bass Tournament is Lake o' the Pines near Marshall and Longview. And, this lake produced more bass than any lake ever fished in the tourney's nine-year history. More than a ton of black bass, 2,796 pounds to be exact, were pulled from the scenic and productive waters. Five hundred and ninety-five fishermen participated in the tourney, 130 more persons than have fished in any of the previous years' events.

Jerry Nichols of Waco won the individual string competition, with a string of 27 pounds, one and one-fourth ounces in two days of fishing.

Fred Goodson of Longview and Lenwood Short of Lufkin won the team championship with a string of

• Continued on page 29



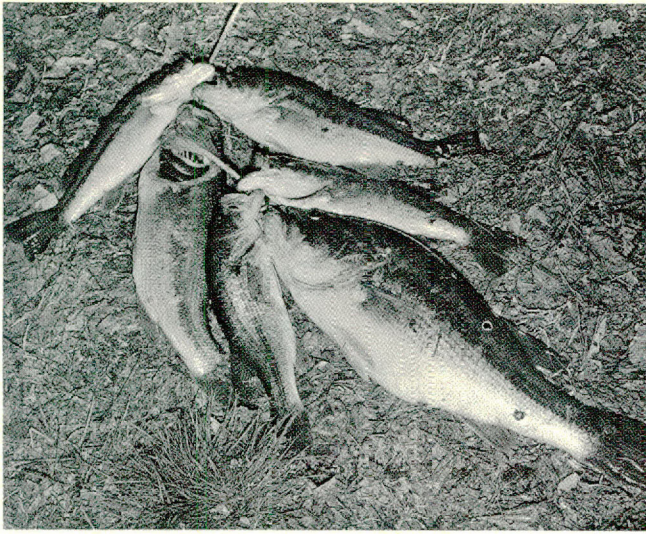


Photo by Curtis Carpenter

This bunch of bass indicate it's been a good day for some fisherman.



Photo by Curtis Carpenter

Part of the record catch of the State Bass Tournament, Lake o' the Pines is displayed by Leon Vick and Tommy George, second-ranked team; with 81 lbs., 15 oz.; Lenwood Short and Fred Goodson, top team, with 83-8; and Gregg Keller and Eulon Keel, third-place team, with 72-6.



Photo by Curtis Carpenter

To a bass fisherman, a stringerful like this can mean a tourney title or at least a good showing, but to a little girl it's just another wonder of the world to be investigated.

Jim Thomas of the *Amarillo Globe-News* awards the first-place trophy of the first Panhandle Bass Fishing Tournament, held on Baylor and Childress lakes, to "Sundown" Smith of Wellington.

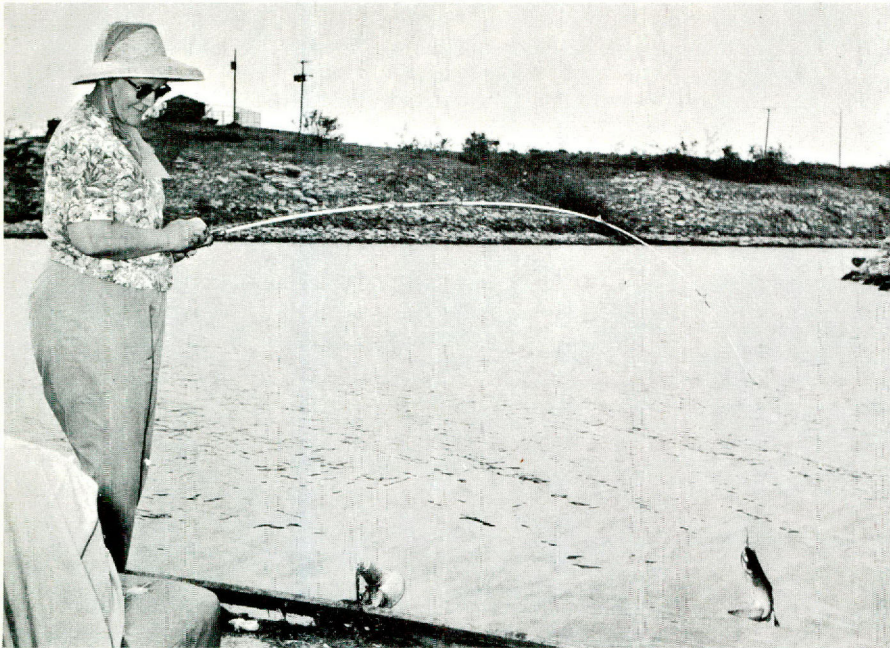


Photo by Jim Thomas



Photo by Jim Thomas

A hand catch disqualified this six-pounder hauled in by J. C. Sheffield, Amarillo, during the first Panhandle Bass Fishing Tournament.



Here's yet another one for Mrs. T. W. Free of Abilene. This kind of scene is typical at the Falcon Lake boat docks, where the fishin' is easy and relaxation is the order of the day.

CATFISHING from the docks* and banks of Falcon Lake is nothing new. Fact is, it's old hat and there always are fishermen at the docks every day and night.

Scraps from fish cleaning tables chum the catfish to the docks and fishermen bring their own chum—or bait, as it usually is called on freshwater fronts.

Lynn Stokes of Paradise Point said fishermen bring sacks of grain, wet it and let it sour. Then they dump it in the water or lower it in bags that soon disintegrate. Others use cottonseed cake and range cubes and even sour corn.

The combination of all this chumming means there usually are some catfish around the docks. Fishermen just have to bring an easy chair, or park on the dock, and sit back and wait for a bite.

Fortunately for fishermen, the fish don't seem to mind if the weather is hot or cold, if it's night or day, or if the wind is like a gale or non-existent.

The fish usually aren't particular about the bait, either. It's fishing at its simplest. Stokes said most of his fishermen use worms, Catfish Charlie blood bait (a prepared mixture) and minnows.

The fishing rig can be simple, too.

Any sort of light fishing reel is fine and bass gear is perfect. A cane pole and line works fine. Terminal tackle consists of a sinker and one or more small hooks—either single hooks or trebles. For blood bait, the trebles work better.

What can they expect to catch? Usually they sack small channel cats and occasional blues and yellows. Sometimes they get a lunker cat.

And they get crappie, particularly if they use live minnows or small white or yellow jigs. Bass, bream and Rio Grande perch also show up on stringers. A few gaspergou are caught, too.

"They can nearly always get a mess of catfish," Stokes said. Then he qualified his statement: "At least the good catfishermen can."

"It gets sort of frustrating for some of the others sometimes," he continued. "They go out there right beside the ones who know how and they never get a thing. The ones who know what they're doing keep on catching them."

Mr. and Mrs. M. B. Helwig of San Angelo fall into the latter category. They seem to go on and on "catching them."

So what's their secret? None, according to Mrs. Helwig.

She said they use worms and Cat-

CHANNELS IN THE LAKE

by ROY SWANN
Corpus Christi Caller-Times

fish Charlie for bait and their rigs are light ones with the sinkers on the line above small hooks.

With that fishing gear, they usually have a bucket of range cubes. They throw handfuls of cubes into their fishing area to help attract and hold the fish.

Falcon Lake's pole and line fishermen who like to stay on the docks

• Continued on page 27



A strike brings Willard Free to his feet—a small channel catfish. There's always a mess of 'em to be caught for the docks fishermen.

*Not located in the State Park, where construction has brought out rattlesnakes.

Panhandle Benefits

by JAY VESSELS

LIKE a guiding star, the block of 28 Panhandle counties, among the first to come under regulatory authority of the old Game and Fish Commission, stood out on the map of Texas more than a decade ago.

Therefore it is only natural that the sprawling area would be among the first to benefit from modern game management techniques.

Highlights of the broad restoration program which typify present state-wide projects under the new Parks and Wildlife Department include:

Development of antelope herds permitting an annual fall open season, with 438 bucks and does taken last year.

Successful introduction of aoudad sheep in the Palo Duro Canyon area several years ago, with the first harvest authorized last fall.

Cooperation of the Parks and Wildlife Department with other agencies in creating and expanding habitat for scaled quail on a 77,000-acre tract.

Establishment of the Upper Texas Panhandle Game Management Survey to determine game seasons, bag limits, means and methods of harvesting and studying abortive diseases in deer and antelope.

Development of the Gene Howe Wildlife Management Area of 6,000 acres near Canadian for research for assorted studies concerning large and small game; for example, to appraise the effect of grazing pressure on quail.

Recent purchase of the 28,000-acre Matador Wildlife Management Area near Paducah.

Gradual improvement of Buffalo Lake near Canyon, as a major fishing project.

Renovation of Rita Blanca Lake near Dalhart, with emphasis on using flathead catfish to control undesirable species.

Reducing an over-supply of crappie in Lake McClellan near McLean in a successful effort to avoid a stunting trend.

Making pre-impoundment studies preliminary to stocking new Sanford Reservoir.

Pursuing restocking techniques at Buffalo Springs Lake near Lubbock.

Maintaining Panhandle fishery headquarters facilities at Slaton with a fishery laboratory at Canyon.

Thus the entire state benefits from the pioneering done by the Parks and Wildlife Department in the

Panhandle. While ecological conditions vary, some procedures successfully developed in the northland may be adapted to other areas.

Another major factor in the area's outdoor recreational life is Palo Duro Canyon State Park near Canyon. This is one of Texas' largest and most popular state parks.

But all this could be the mere beginning. New projects now on the drawing boards are in keeping with the present prosperous condition of the Golden Spread, cited as one of the state's fastest growing areas.

Meanwhile, scientists probe the fields and the waters, eternally vigilant to apply their technical training in keeping with the enormous demand for having things just like they were "in the good old days," and better. **

Grackles aid in the control of insects.

The Whitewings At Home — From Page 17

ogists in recent years. The task confronting the biologists is not just removal of large numbers of grackles, but is rather the *control* of the grackle population within reasonable limits. Bear in mind that, their numbers permitting, whitewings are annually cropped during the September hunting season. Although the grackle is protected under the same law that protects whitewings and other migratory birds, there is no open season on this predator as there is on its prey. A further complication of the problem is the fact that grackles are insectivorous birds and thus aid in the control of pest insects. While grackles have an appetite for noxious insects they also

have a liking for the farmers' crops. Crop depredation by grackles ranges from grain to citrus fruit to tomatoes. The biologist must be extremely careful lest he upset Mother Nature's carefully balanced scheme of natural controls and balances.

So it is, that whitewings annually encounter many obstacles to propagation, such as habitat destruction, drought and predation. It seems only fitting, therefore, that they receive a little assistance from one of the chief predators—man. **

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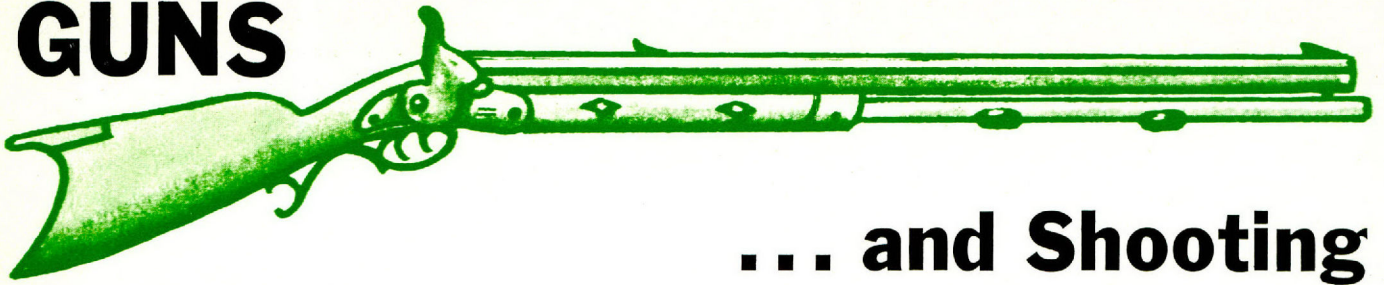
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GUNS



... and Shooting

By L. A. WILKE

This Month: Skeet & Trap

A SHOOTING program, which had its Texas origin near Lubbock only a few months ago, now is spreading across the nation. This program is provided through a series of Winchester-franchised gun clubs, such as the one at Hurlwood, Texas, just out of Lubbock.

With its opening last October, the Quail Ridge Gun Club has shown a fantastic growth in its interest. It was the third such franchised club, the first two being in New Jersey.

Now a nation-wide network of these clubs has been undertaken by the Winchester-Western division of the Olin Mathieson Chemical Corporation. During the remainder of this year approximately 45 new clubs will be opened. By 1970 a total of 400 is seen.

This is a part of the national outdoors recreational program to in-

crease participating sports for the benefit of those with increasing leisure hours and a desire for the out-of-doors.

Generally these are joint-venture clubs, with local interests participating under the corporate leadership. Basically, they will be located around metropolitan population areas. At the present time they will provide only skeet and trap shooting, and at nominal rates. There also will be instructions available in both.

The sports are governed by national organizations already in the field of shooting. Local, state and national tournaments are held. Some of these are "mail-matches," whereby shooters across the nation may challenge one another.

The clubs offer day and night shooting, with two fields each of trap and skeet plus a practice field. These clubs will not replace any existing clubs. Texas has many clubs scattered over the state, with particularly good clubs in the four major cities.

At the present time there is no indication that put-and-take live bird shooting will be held in connection with these clubs. However, shooting skeet and trap will no doubt increase general shooting interest to a beneficial point with the existing and future shooting resorts. Texas

now has several of these resorts which take quite a bit of hunting pressure from wild birds.

The increase in shooting interest also will spread to landowners who will open their places at reasonable per diem fees for those who want to go afield in natural areas.

Shooters long have recognized the merits of skeet and trap shooting in gun handling. At the first approach, the shooter becomes conscious of safety requirements. Shooting accidents on the range are practically unknown because of the range requirements.

The shooting itself is conducive to greater accuracy. A man who can shoot 25x25 on the skeet range will save a lot of ammunition on doves and quail.

Although trap and skeet have been shot in Texas for many years, there wasn't the general enthusiasm found in areas with less game. Most men with shotguns took what little time they had to spare and went out to a friend's farm. However, with more intensive agricultural land use, greater population and economic factors, the need of organized shooting has become more acute.

As a result, a number of Texas gun clubs now have night shooting. They are well-patronized by those who seek an outlet in participating sports.

If you've never shot skeet or trap, drive out to a range some evening or night and just watch the enthusiasm of the shooters, in an hour of good clean fun. And this gun club idea will spread. * *

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He preferred human companionship to the wild marshes.

Gabbie, The Great Blue Heron ————— *From Page 13*

amount of food passes through the bird's gullet. The result is that whenever food is plentiful a heron may store enough in its craw to supply its need for a long time, digesting it as needed. It was not unusual, then, with everyone tempting him with food, for him to get so much in his craw that it made him a little out of balance on his pins. Mother Nature had, however, so constituted him that there was never any danger of his overeating. Also she had given him a fine sense of discretion in selecting his food, which made him turn instinctively from any that might be unsuited to his digestive apparatus.

Thus Gabbie became the delight and the talk of Galveston at Woolam's Lake. He became an even greater attraction than the delicious roasted oysters and many went there with their children for no other purpose than to visit him.

Such was the state of affairs on the night of September 8, 1900, when one of America's greatest single disasters occurred. A tropical hurricane, with winds of a velocity that destroyed the delicate recording instruments, swept tidal waves across Galveston Island with a force and fury that, in a few brief hours, left the city a shambles and took a toll of more than five thousand human lives.

Gabbie, the Great Blue Heron, that had brought so much pleasant diversion into so many lives, was a victim

Fish under a water turkey roost.

Channels in the Lake ————— *From Page 24*
find at least a half-dozen good areas.

Paradise Point, Redwood Lodge, Ballard's, and most other motels have docks for fishermen and their boats. The docks provide a service . . . and good fishing.

There also are spots—like the Big Tree in front of Paradise Point—where fishermen keep throwing out chum and holding the fish.

If you want to set up your own secluded spot, take Bud Jecker's advice: Locate a turkey roost (water turkey, or cormorant) and fish right there. The water turkeys do the chumming for you by their discharge of excrement.

If you like dock fishing, though, stick with the motels. They've got the docks and all other facilities. And they've got the fish.

That is, if you like your fishing the easy way. . . **

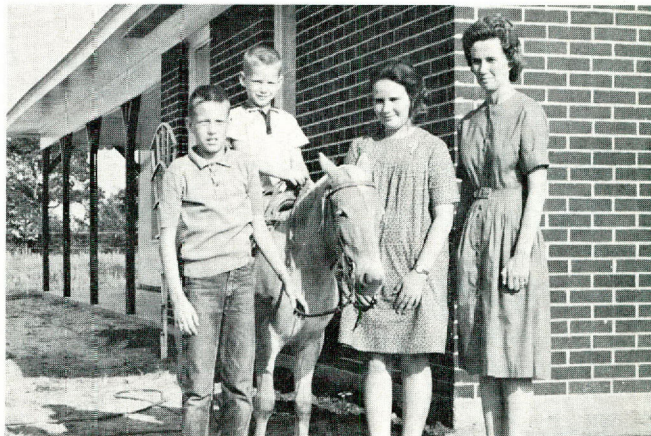
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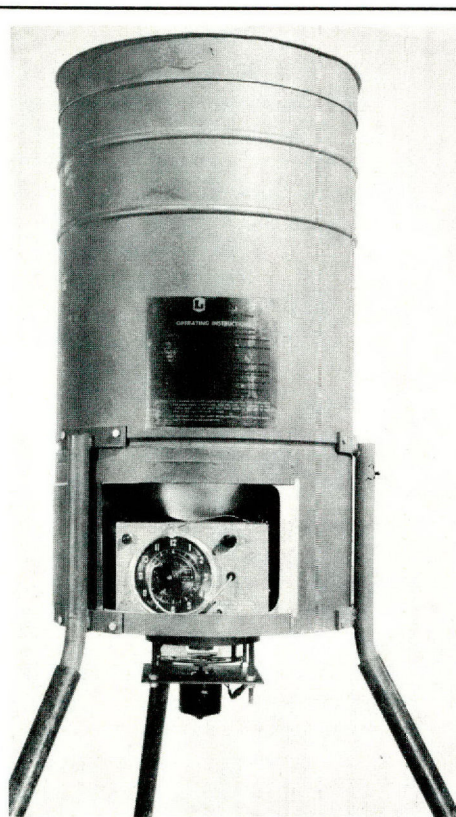
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of the storm. Had he been able to save himself, it is reasonable to assume that he would have returned to the human friends he had loved so dearly and whose companionship he preferred to the freedom of the wild marshes, to which he could have returned at any time had he so desired. **

Murphrees Move in New Home



The family of slain Game Warden J. D. Murphree of Center finally has a home of its own, thanks to generous Texans. Here the mother, Mrs. Elora Murphree, is shown with the children in front of the new three-bedroom house built on a three-acre site donated by her father, W. S. Oswald. He and the late warden's brother, C. G. Murphree of Austin, handled construction chores. With Mrs. Murphree are Joel, 12; Eddie, 5; and Linda Kay, 11. Murphree was slain while on duty last December.



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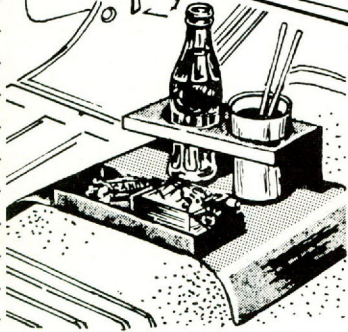
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What Others Are Doing

by JOAN PEARSALL

TENACIOUS TURTLE: An Ohio man recently picked up a box turtle and was amazed to discover it was one he had found 49 years previously, when he was a 14-year-old boy. When he first caught it, while walking in the woods with his parents, he carved on its back the name of the town, the initials of the three members of the family, and the year, 1914. It was found the second time within 150 feet of the spot where it was originally picked up, and had changed little in size.

NO ROTTEN EGGS FROM THIS AUDIENCE: A problem common to zoos throughout the world is that people load the animals with popcorn, french fries, and similar junk which does them little good. To safeguard the animals' health, officials of Vancouver's Stanley Park Zoo evolved a plan that permits people to feed them, but ensures that goodies are the right kind and right quantity. Being installed are vending machines which dispense the correct food in the proper quantity for each animal. When the animal has consumed what officials consider sufficient, the machine runs dry until the next feeding period.

GIRLS WITH GUNS: Most hunter safety training classes easily recruit boys, but few girls apply. Now something new in firearms safety classes has started. New Hampshire has a seven-week course in the care and proper handling of firearms, for girls only, between 15 and 19 years of age, who have not yet had their first hunting license. Successful completion of the course is qualification for certificates required by New Hampshire law before juveniles younger than 19 years of age can purchase their first hunting license. Adult females who have had a hunting license

but who wish to learn more about guns and firearms safety, are also eligible to apply.

AND NO CLEANING CHORE: West Virginia has opened its first "Fish for Fun" stream, where all catches are returned to the water. The aim is to provide an opportunity for all fishermen to experience continuous high quality fishing. Rules include the use of barbless hooks, with artificial flies, plugs or spinners permitted but no natural bait, and the return of all fish landed. Landing a fish from such a stream is a stiff test of fishing skill, since only the barbless hooks may be used. Many states, including New Hampshire, Virginia and Pennsylvania, have had "Fish for Fun" streams for some time. It is a rapidly growing idea in sport fishing.

PUNCHY FISHING: In Oregon, all fishermen regardless of age must have in their possession a salmon-steelhead punch card when angling for these game fish, with no exceptions. A charge is made to adults for the salmon-steelhead punch card, in addition to the fishing license. Juveniles under the age of 14 require no general angling license, but need the punch card just the same, which in their case is free.

GROUNDING HOUNDS: The season for field training of hunting dogs is closed from April 1 to July 31 in Pennsylvania. This is designed to protect nesting game birds and animals. The law prohibits the owner of any dog to permit it to chase or trail any wild bird or animal during the four-month closed season. The only exceptions are made in certain counties where petitions have been filed to permit fox hunting with dogs.

More than a ton of bass were caught.

Competition ————— **From Page 22**

83 pounds, eight and one-half ounces.

Several records, besides that of total poundage during the tournament, were shattered. For example, each of the top 12 strings outweighed the number one string of last year.

Winners in all divisions are as follows:

TEAM

1. Fred Goodson, Longview, and Len Short, Lufkin, 83-8½
2. Leon Vick and Tommy George, Waco, 81-15½
3. Gregg Keller and Eulon Keel, Gilmer, 72-6
4. Charles Allen and Rebon Surratt, Linden, 71-1
5. Hal Layne and H. C. Jackson, Longview, 52-4½
6. John Gerath, Waco, and Jack Spillman, Mesquite, 47-11½
7. J. E. Hahn and Coy Milan, Mt. Pleasant, 45-0
8. Jack Barlow and Don Wiley, Longview, 44-12
9. John Childress and Maurice Manchen, Ore City, 39-11
10. Sam Griffin and Ed Pinelo, Waco, 36-13½
11. Clarence Steward and Chick Brewington, Fort Worth, 35-8½
12. J. D. Richardson and Dennis Brown, Jefferson, 33-10½

INDIVIDUAL

1. Jerry Nichols, Waco, 27-1¼
2. Buddy Cole, Denton, 22-11
3. George Ryan, Victoria, 22-6
4. Floyd Mabry, Temple, 22-2
5. Carlo Morris, Wimerly, 21-5½
6. Glenn Hayden, Austin, 20-8
7. Charles Rushing, Houston, 19-3¼
8. David Frost, Avinger, 19-3
9. Buddy Parker, Temple, 18-14
10. Dub Waggoner, San Angelo, 18-1

HUSBAND-WIFE

1. Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Lumpkin, Waco, 27-3½
2. Mr. and Mrs. Bill Marshall, Dallas, 24-13¾
3. Mr. and Mrs. Bill Couch, Belton, 24-13½
4. Mr. and Mrs. Aubrey Sudduth, Port Arthur, 24-12½
5. Mr. and Mrs. R. C. McCroskey, Jasper, 21-5

BIG BASS

1. Gregg Keller, Gilmer, 5-15
2. Earl Handler, Lufkin, 5-14
3. Herbert Charles, Freer, 5-10
4. Lem Surghnor, Belton, 5-6½
5. Ted Byars, Fort Worth, 5-6¼
6. Chick Brewington, Fort Worth, 5-5¼
7. Dr. Jack Weinbalt, Temple, 5-3
8. Fred Goodson, Longview, 5-2½
9. Hatley Brumble, Longview, 4-13
10. Bob Muston, Longview, 4-12½

BEST LADIES' STRING

Mrs. Doris Couch, Belton, 12-15

BIG BASS
Mrs. Clarence Lumpkin, Waco, 3-12½

PANHANDLE

After two fishless days for everyone in the Panhandle tourney, Sandown ("Sundown") Smith of Wellington won first place honors at the end of the four-day competition. As winner of the tournament, Smith was proclaimed Champion Bass Fisherman of the Texas Panhandle and was entitled to be the Panhandle's official representative in the State Bass Tourney at Lake o' the Pines.

C. L. Boyle of Amarillo won second place honors of the tourney. Lee Givens of Amarillo and Hubert Dishman of Childress were tied for third place. Both men brought in one and one-half pounds of bass during the last qualifying day. Givens was named third-place winner when the tie was decided on a flip of a coin.

Hard luck prize went to Ben Bragg of Estelline who qualified with a half pound bass.

Second-place winner Boyle took the honors for the largest black bass taken during the Sunday finals.

One angler from Amarillo, J. C. Sheffield, missed a chance to walk away with the tourney honors be-

cause of his honesty. He caught a six-pounder with his hands and turned it in without claiming it as an official catch. The fish had been hooked by another angler and was so weakened after its ordeal that Sheffield could make the fluke catch.

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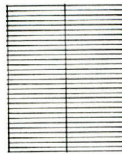
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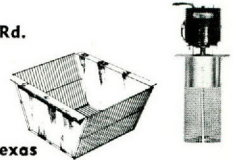
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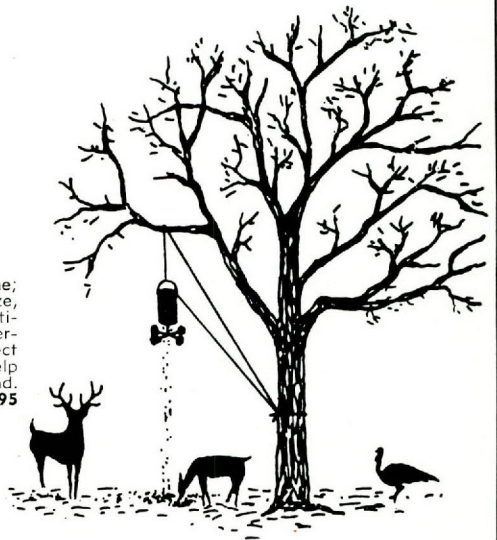
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The bay's churning waves and strong winds took their toll.

Muscle Marathon

From Page 9

Fred Hurd, who with Sam Hare finished second last year, and Archie Clark, another veteran of the 1963 race—came in fourth at Seadrift, the first stop of the race.

Saltwater Leg

By the time the gun sounded for the beginning of the first leg of the saltwater run, 28 boats had completed the river run and were waiting for the grueling salty test. The sea ran high Sunday, April 26, as the boats left the shores near Seadrift, headed for Rockport. And the sea took its toll before the sun set. Only 15 boats reached the second saltwater stop, on the beaches near Rockport.

Maughmer, Jones, Hurd and Clark took advantage of their 100 feet of sail and a strong north wind to glide across the bays and reach Rockport first. But, they still were far behind the veterans from Michigan, and the Bludworths from Texas.

The first day of saltwater was a long one for some teams as the bay's churning waves and strong winds took their toll. LeRoy Widing and Ed Adams, boat and all, were lifted high on a steep wave and flipped into a trough upside down. They managed to get the canoe upright and began paddling for shore. About two hours later they pulled up on the beach and emptied the water from the submerged boat. Sometime later, it happened again and they paddled for another hour before reaching land. Altogether they struggled some 12 hours to reach Rockport, all this time without food or water. Nevertheless, they

arrived with smiles on their faces.

The Bludworths ripped their makeshift spray cover and ended up with a boat full of water. With the sail trailing out behind the boat, and with the determination of wild animals they maintained their third-place position.

High winds of the first day had subsided as the boats zoomed out for the second leg of the coastal run. Those who were depending on the same type of winds which plagued contestants last year had to drag out the oars and paddles. Fifteen boats left Rockport; 14 made it to Ingleside. The two Michigan teams remained the leaders, with third and fourth place boats maintaining their positions.

As had been predicted from the very first, the canoeists from Michigan never gave up the lead. At Corpus, great crowds awaited the finishers.

On April 28, a long 10 days from the start of the 19th, 14 battered canoes slid up on the sandy beaches at Corpus. Aboard the boats were 28 tired, bruised, bewhiskered, sunburned, blistered men and Mrs. Willye Waterman, the only woman ever to finish the race.

The winners were Albert Widing, 35, and Robert Gillings, 33, both from Holly, Michigan. They made the trip from San Marcos in just 80 hours and 27 minutes total elapsed time, less than the 96 hours it took the fastest team last year to complete just the river run.

LeRoy Widing and Ed Adams, also from Holly, took just 82 hours and eight minutes to reach Corpus

for second place. J. L. and Harold Bludworth came in just an hour and a half behind the second team for third place. The four-man team with Maughmer, Jones, Hurd and Clark came in fourth.

Over \$6,500 in cash and prizes was awarded the winners. Top cash prize was \$1,750 donated by the Texas Water Safari. Other prizes included hunting trips to Mexico and Alaska. Contestants praised Tom Webb, race chairman, for his outstanding efforts in conducting the race. **

Rugged individuals like barren beaches.

Saltwater and Solitude ————— From Page 4

Brazos Island State Park, near Brownsville. This popular area, reached by hard-surfaced road, comprises 216 acres, a sizeable part facing on the mighty Gulf. There are no developments of any kind in this park or adjoining it, excepting temporary or portable facilities for the necessities of life. The setting is definitely cut to order for the fishermen, bathers, beachcombers and bird watchers and they patronize the barren section the year round. Brazos Island is at the extreme southern tip of the famous Padre Island and has all the natural beauty of that 100-mile stretch. This prize bit of real estate gives the state of Texas a substantial foothold on the last frontier which is the romantic Gulf of Mexico.

And no remarks, please, about that strange scare-crow isolated over there, surrounded by waist deep water—that joker with the wide-brimmed straw hat and the cloth flaps covering his neck and ears. That is a fisherman. He's one of the rugged individualists who prowl the park beaches in pursuit of their favorite surf casting. If you get close enough, you will see he has a string of fish attached by one end to his belt and trailing behind him. He's certainly not the least contented of the countless thousands embracing the sunny, sandy paradise. **

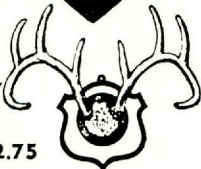
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Outdoor Books



THE WORLD OF THE WHITE-TAILED DEER, text and photographs by Leonard Lee Rue, III, 134 pages. Published by J. B. Lippincott Company, New York. \$4.95.

For hunters and naturalists, *The World of the White-Tailed Deer* is a delight, not because of a clever style but because of fact-packed pages and outstanding pictures. The pictures alone are reason enough to read the book. Taken over a period of years by the author, they are dynamic, really getting into the world of the whitetail.

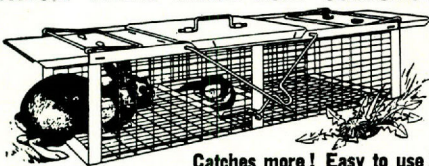
Rue writes about the whitetail in regard to its species characteristics, its situation during the four seasons and its relationship to man.

The many little details of the whitetail's life history make enjoyable reading and the reasons behind them tend to make the reader muse . . . why didn't I think of that? Of course, Rue's "thinking" is backed up by years of study and observation. In discussing the sense of smell, for example, Rue offers the following information.

"If at all possible, they (deer) prefer to feed facing into the wind. Thus, while concentrating on food, they have a much better chance of detecting an enemy by scent. It is because of the practice of heading into the wind that deer do not feed in one spot until all the available food is consumed. By taking a bite here and a mouthful there and walking always into the wind, the deer are constantly putting more distance between themselves and any predator that might also be taking advantage of the wind and stalking them from the rear, or downwind, side."

Personal glimpses into the whitetail world liven up the collection of facts. From a blind, Rue observed this charming scene,

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which reminds readers that animal youngsters as well as human youngsters sometimes deviate from the prescribed behavior pattern.

"Suddenly a doe stepped into sight. . . After cautiously testing the air with her nose, she walked over to the fawn which I now saw for the first time as it bounded up to greet her. After briefly touching noses, the fawn started to nurse and when it had finished, the doe started to leave. The fawn followed. Again and again the doe turned and swept the fawn back by pushing against it with her head. The fawn persisted until at last the doe raised her forefoot, placed it on the fawn's back, and pressed it to the ground. At this, the fawn lay still, and the doe passed out of my sight."

Whitetail hunters who are interested in their quarry as an animal and who want

to improve their chances of bagging a trophy would do well to pick up Rue's book before they pick up their rifles.

—Ann Streetman

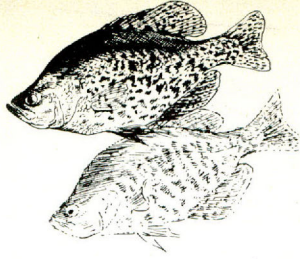
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ABILENE	BUFFALO GAP	X	X			X	X	X			X	X								
ATLANTA	QUEEN CITY	X				X	X	X			X	X								
BASTROP	BASTROP	X	X		X	X	X	X			X	X			X	X	X			
BENTSEN - RIO GRANDE VALLEY	MISSION	X			X	X	X	X			X					X	X			
BIG SPRING	BIG SPRING	X				X	X	X			X									
BLANCO	BLANCO	X	X			X	X	X			X	X								
BONHAM	BONHAM	X	X		X	X	X	X			X	X					X			
BRAZOS ISLAND (Open Gulf Beach)	BROWNSVILLE	X			X	X	X	X			X	X				X	X			
BUESCHER	SMITHVILLE	X	X		X	X	X	X			X					X	X			
CADDO LAKE	KARNACK	X	X		X	X	X	X			X	X			X	X	X			
CLEBURNE	CLEBURNE	X	X		X	X	X	X			X	X			X	X	X			
DAINGERFIELD	DAINGERFIELD	X	X		X	X	X	X			X	X			X	X	X			
DAVIS MOUNTAINS	FT. DAVIS	X	X		X	X	X	X			X				X	X	X			
EISENHOWER (Modern Boat Marina)	DENISON	X	X		X	X	X	X			X	X			X	X	X			
FALCON	FALCON	X			X	X	X	X			X	X			X	X	X			
FT. PARKER	MEXIA	X	X	X	X	X	X	X			X	X			X	X	X			
GARNER	CONCAN	X	X		X	X	X	X			X	X			X	X	X		X	
GOOSE ISLAND	ROCKPORT	X	X		X	X	X	X			X	X			X	X	X			
HUNTSVILLE	HUNTSVILLE	X	X		X	X	X	X			X	X			X	X	X			
INKS LAKE	BURNET	X	X		X	X	X	X			X	X			X	X	X			
KERRVILLE	KERRVILLE	X	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	MATHIS	X	X		X	X	X	X			X	X			X	X	X			
LAKE WHITNEY	WHITNEY	X			X	X	X	X			X	X			X	X	X			
LOCKHART	LOCKHART	X	X		X	X	X	X			X	X			X	X	X			
LONGHORN CAVERN (Daily Cavern Tours)	BURNET	X	X		X	X	X	X			X	X			X	X	X			
*MACKENZIE	LUBBOCK	X	X		X	X	X	X			X	X			X	X	X			
MERIDIAN	MERIDIAN	X	X		X	X	X	X			X	X			X	X	X			
MONAHANS SANDHILLS	MONAHANS	X			X	X	X	X			X	X			X	X	X		X	
MOTHER NEFF	MOODY	X			X	X	X	X			X	X			X	X	X			
PALMETTO	LULING	X			X	X	X	X			X	X			X	X	X			
PALO DURO CANYON	CANYON	X			X	X	X	X			X	X			X	X	X		X	
POSSUM KINGDOM	CADDO	X	X		X	X	X	X			X	X			X	X	X			
TYLER	TYLER	X	X		X	X	X	X			X	X			X	X	X			
VELASCO (Open Gulf Beach)	FRESPORT	X			X	X	X	X			X	X			X	X	X			
HISTORICAL PARKS																				
FT. GRIFFIN (Texas Longhorn Herd)	ALBANY	X			X	X	X	X			X	X			X	X	X			
GOLIAD	GOLIAD				X	X	X	X			X				X	X	X		X	
GOV. HOGG SHRINE	QUITMAN				X	X	X	X			X				X	X	X		X	
INDIANOLA	PORT LAVACA	X			X	X	X	X			X	X			X	X	X			
JIM HOGG	RUSK				X	X	X	X			X				X	X	X			
MISSION TEJAS	WECHES	X			X	X	X	X			X				X	X	X			
MONUMENT HILL	LA GRANGE				X	X	X	X			X				X	X	X			
*SAN JACINTO	DEER PARK				X	X	X	X			X				X	X	X		X	
STEPHEN F. AUSTIN	SAN FELIPE	X			X	X	X	X			X				X	X	X			
VARNER-HOGG PLANTATION	WEST COLUMBIA				X	X	X	X			X				X	X	X			
WASHINGTON	WASHINGTON	X			X	X	X	X			X				X	X	X		X	
HISTORIC SITES																				
ACTON	GRANBURY																			
*ALAMO	SAN ANTONIO																			(Burial Site Only)
EISENHOWER BIRTHPLACE	DENISON																			X
*FANNIN	FANNIN																			X
GEN. ZARAGOZA BIRTHPLACE	GOLIAD																			(International Historic Site)
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SAN SABA MISSION	MENARD																			X

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Letters



to the Editor

Dogs Against Hogs

Editor:

What could possibly be sporting in one animal chewing another one to death?

In one of your issues you had an article about killing wild hogs with dogs. I am astounded that *Texas Game and Fish* would condone such inhumane hunting.

After the thrill of the chase is over, if the animal is to be killed, it should be done as cleanly and painlessly as possible. There is nothing sporting in making an animal suffer. This kind of hunting will arouse the humane societies and turn the public against hunting in general.

Roy E. Neuman
Bangs

(We do not necessarily condone or disagree with everything that appears in the magazine. We try to do a broad job of reporting to our readers. We are more than glad to present differing points of view, as in this case.—Editor)

Unusual Wildlife

Editor:

Let me pay my compliments to the finest magazine of its type in the nation. I see them all.

May I say that in my opinion one of

your reasons for greatness in a magazine is the fact that you aren't afraid to speak of the wildlife that isn't usually observed over a sportsman's gun, or at the end of a fisherman's pole, but wildlife per se.

Ray Knight
Pomona, California

(Letters such as yours are certainly encouraging, and this out-of-state pat on the back is much appreciated. We feel that your attitude toward wildlife in general is shared by a large majority of our readers.—Editor)

Nine Years Later

Editor:

I ran across an article printed in the June, 1944 issue by Marion Toole, about fry and fingerling distribution methods, using a newly devised boat. Was not this type distribution method very similar to that mentioned in your Sept. 1963 issue, page 28, under "What Others Are Doing," about the New Hampshire Fish and Game Dept. "boat with holes in it?"

C. Beecham
Austin

(You were observant to spot this, and Mr. Toole verifies that you are correct. Thank you for bringing it to our attention.—Editor)

Catching the Redfish Run



Editor:

No doubt you heard of our redfish run last fall in and around Texas City and Galveston. In this picture are nine we caught in one day (20 were caught in three days). They were caught by Mr. and Mrs. Richard A. Wolters and Mr. and Mrs. Fred Glen. The largest redfish weighed 27

pounds; total catch around 500 pounds. We enjoy your magazine very much.

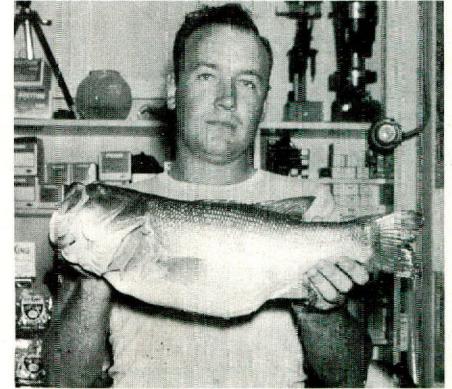
Mrs. Richard A. Wolters
LaMarque

(Congratulations to you successful and well-read redfishermen! You were indeed at the right place at the right time.—Editor)

Bedeveled Bass

Editor:

Enclosed is a picture of the bass that won me the big bass trophy and electric



trolling motor at the world series eliminations at Granite Shoals, last September. I caught him on a Devil Horse Wood Chug. He weighed six pounds, two ounces.

Enjoy your magazine very much. Keep up the good work.

G. G. Gale, Jr.
Pres., San Antonio Bass Club

(Those were all prizes to be proud of, the fish, the trophy and the motor. It was especially an achievement since there was a great deal of noise and activity on the lake at that time. We hope you, too, will keep up the good work.—Editor)

Unwise Owl

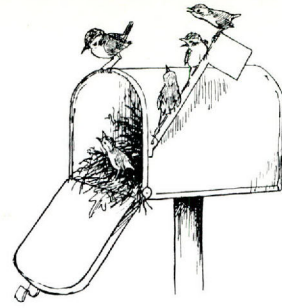
Editor:

I was fishing a stock pond on my ranch, about 45 minutes before sunset, using a green Jitter Bug top water plug. I noticed a barn owl flying toward me about 25 feet high, some 60 yards away. The owl continued until he got close to the plug, then he dived and picked up the plug with his right foot, and started flying away. When he was some 20 feet high, I set the brake on the reel and gave the rod a quick side jerk, which jerked the owl into the water. The owl did not release the plug until he hit the water. He sat in the water a few moments, then began flopping his wings, finally rose off the water, and flew and lit in a tree near the edge of the water. He would look down at the plug as I continued to cast, but soon flew away.

Joe Cherry
Edna

(That plug must have looked pretty appetizing. It is not unusual for birds which feed on aquatic life to dive at an artificial creature, but that was certainly a catch you hadn't bargained for!—Editor)

Junior Sportsmen



Mail Call

by JOAN PEARSALL

Gentlemen:

I love the country very much. I love animals very much, too. There are mean animals also, as you already know. I do not know why some animals are mean. But if they're mean, or if they're good, I am not complaining because I like them.

I wish I could let the animals know that I liked them. If you will please send me some information on wildlife, then I can learn their ways and maybe someday have a pet coyote, perhaps.

Deborah Darlene Harrison
Fort Worth

(Many animals instinctively sense a human's attitude toward them. Continue to be kind and keep up your interest in learning as much as you can about them, Deborah. It sounds as though any pet you have would be a lucky animal, always providing, of course, that it is one that would thrive on a domestic life. For some, it is kinder to let them stay in the wild. There is, too, always some danger in keeping wild animals as pets. Use your good judgment.—Editor)

Editor:

I am a girl eight years old and I love animals. Very often we go to Ferguson Farm at Midway. Many times we see rabbits, squirrels, possums and other animals crossing the road. One time we almost ran over a mother possum. Please put a sign up that says "Protect wildlife. Drive slowly." Thank you.

Stacey Sparkman
Huntsville

(That is a very good suggestion, Stacey, but it is not always possible to put up signs everywhere we would like. You are setting a good example in caring about wildlife that everyone would do well to follow.—Editor)



Editor:

Here is a picture of a redfish I caught at the jetties in Galveston. I enjoy your magazine, but I would like it better if you had more stories about duck hunting and goose hunting. I thoroughly enjoyed the story about the Sloans' goose hunt. My dad and I were very successful last year with eight geese on three trips out.

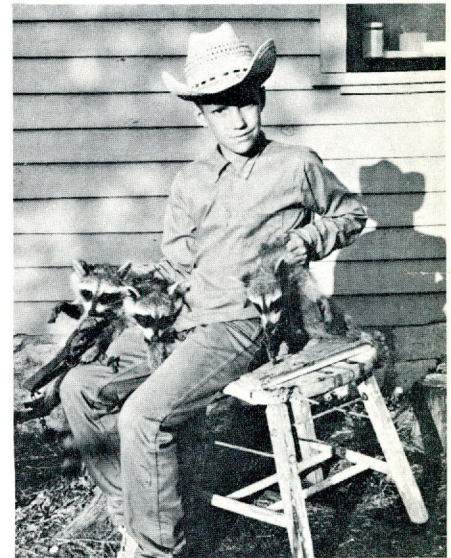
Joe Martin
Houston

(You sound like a good all 'round hunter and fisherman! When duck and goose hunting seasons come along again, we'll try to have more stories along that line.—Editor)



Editor:

When I first started trapping, I went to my Uncle Bob's place. At first I didn't get anything and then I caught three coons in



one night. Up to now, I have caught seven coons, one ringtail, two skunks, two opossum, six black squirrels and one armadillo. In your magazine I see other young boys trap and fish too. I am ten years old of age.

Pat Lehman
San Antonio

(We certainly enjoyed your pictures, Pat, and admire your trapping ability. You must have some interesting experiences with such a hobby, and we'd like to hear more about them some time.—Editor)



Rattled

The sinister buzz of a rattlesnake serves as a warning to whatever disturbed it. Although rattlers don't always announce their presence before striking, most angry or alarmed rattlesnakes will buzz for all to take heed, even though the snake can't hear its own noisemaking. A really agitated snake can rattle continuously for an hour. About six segments produce the best noise; more than six slow the action and deaden the sound with their weight. Five to seven rattles is a normal string. The rattles do not touch the ground when the snake is on the move because the end of the tail is held slightly off the ground and because the individual rattles are braced by a vertical, rather than a horizontal attachment. But even these precautions are not enough to spare it from breakage. The normal abuse it gets scraping through brush and the rapid motion of rattling snap off end

sections. Rattles of amazing length are shown as curios. Few are authentic since they are easily faked by joining several matched segments, which readily lock in place when wet. Expert herpetologists can distinguish phoney strings from genuine trophies. The longest official rattle found on a wild rattlesnake, a Western diamondback, from Edinburg, Texas, had 23 segments. Captive snakes' rattles are protected from rough use; one Timber rattlesnake in captivity owned a string of 29. Such long strings may be prized as souvenirs but the snake burdened with one is unable to produce its distinctive sound. (Source of information is *Rattlesnakes*, volume II, by Laurence M. Klauber.)

—Nancy McGowan