

670

DOUGLAS

JAN 23

# Texas Game and Fish

JANUARY

1963

20 CENTS



Artzt



In East Texas, land of the Big Thicket, hogs grow wild and feed on roots, berries and one another.

*Photo by L. A. Wilke*

JAN 24 1963

LIBRARY



**SPOIL THEIR APPETITE:** Are porcupines eating up the back stoop of your cabin? If so, they are after the salt in the wood. They also enjoy the salt in axe handles. Here's what to do about it. Stir up one pound of copper naphthenate in 2½ quarts of mineral spirits and put it on the wood like paint. This will give the wood a greenish tint, but porcupines don't like it. Copper naphthenate is also used to preserve fish nets.

**HIGH LEVEL STRATEGY:** The Forest Service of the U.S. Dept. of Agriculture is moving into the missile age in its efforts to combat forest fires. It is developing a missile capable of carrying a 100-gallon load of fire-retarding chemicals. The missile is released from an airplane at an altitude of 3,000 feet, which is above the turbulence caused by forest fires and usually above the smoke. This could replace the more hazardous practice of low-level, direct-bombing by hedge-hopping tankers.

**DUCKS DE LUXE:** Don't worry when mallards are missing. Almost any kind of duck, properly cooked, can be good eating. There is no problem with grain-eating ducks --they are highly edible. However, if the duck picks up an occasional small fish, a few scraped carrots placed in the body cavity will absorb any objectionable taste if the duck is parboiled for about 15 minutes. After that, it can be roasted the same as one that fed on grain.

**PRESERVES PRESENTATION:** Sportsmen wishing to learn more about shooting preserves and game breeding are invited to attend the annual convention of the North American Game Breeders and Shooting Preserve Assoc. Inc., at the Baker Hotel, Dallas, January 13-15, 1963. Membership is not necessary. The first day will feature a field trip and barbecue. The rest of the time, experts from all over the nation will give papers and answer questions on the rearing of various species and stocking them on shooting preserves. Shooting preserves are now allowed to operate in 44 states.

**CURLEW ADO?:** The Eskimo curlew, regarded as extinct, was sighted last spring on Galveston Island for the fourth consecutive year. At one time, the bird bred in huge numbers on the tundra of Western Canada and in Alaska and migrated in fall to South America, by way of Labrador. In spring, they moved back north over Texas and the Midwest. The birds were slaughtered everywhere and the last recorded specimen was taken in 1932. Positive identification of the recent sightings is still uncertain.

**SHUN FISSION FISH:** The atomic age has produced a troublesome new oddity--fish that may be dangerously radioactive, yet swim in water safe enough to drink. In a similar fix are oysters, scallops, clams and plankton. Recent tests in the Columbia River, where water to cool reactors at an Atomic Energy Commission plant is dumped, indicated whitefish could concentrate radioactive phosphorus up to 5,000 times over the amount in the river itself. Suggestions have been made that guideposts on the allowable concentration of radioactive material be made so that man will not be harmed "no matter how much hot fish he eats."

**SMOKEY'S HOOKED:** The bachelor days of Smokey the Bear are at at end. The 12-year-old national symbol of forest fire prevention has been given a fair young bride, called Goldie. They are living at the Washington Zoo in adjoining cages, as zoo directors believed the "marriage" would end in a fight if the two were placed together immediately. Goldie, named for her light-colored coat, is only 18 months old.

# Texas Game and Fish

CURTIS CARPENTER ..... Editor  
 ANN STREETMAN ..... Assoc. Editor  
 NANCY MCGOWAN ..... Art Editor  
 JOAN PEARSALL ..... Edit'l Asst.  
 ETHEL SPECK ..... Circulation

TEXAS GAME AND FISH is published monthly by the Texas Game and Fish Commission. Subscription price \$2 per year, \$3 for 2 years, and \$5 for 5 years. Single copies of current issue 20 cents each. Add 2 per cent Texas Sales Tax.

Subscriptions to TEXAS GAME AND FISH are available from the Austin offices, and branch offices. Checks and money orders should be made payable to STATE GAME AND FISH COMMISSION, Editorial and Advertising Offices, Walton Building, Austin, Texas. Second class postage paid at Austin, Texas.

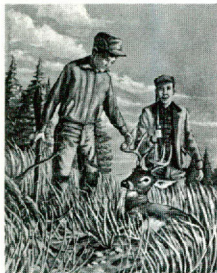
Postmaster: If undeliverable, please notify TEXAS GAME AND FISH on form 3579 at the Walton Bldg., Austin, Texas.

TEXAS GAME AND FISH invites republication of material provided proper credit is given, since the articles and other data comprise factual reports on wildlife and other phases of conservation.

Produced by

INFORMATION AND EDUCATION BRANCH  
 T. D. CARROLL ..... Coordinator  
 TOM DLTZ ..... Audio-Visual Chief  
 ARVID LARSON ..... Photographer  
 ADELINE JOHNSON ..... Darkroom Tech  
 LOUISE KREIDEL ..... Business Assistant

## The Cover



This was not an uncommon scene in Texas during November and December when hundreds of hunters enjoyed successful trips with family and friends. Gazing at the first buck is a moment of rare pleasure indeed. And there's an extra measure of pride in the grin and twinkle of a young hunter's eyes when the partner is Dad.

Cover painting by Gary Artz.

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

JANUARY, 1963

Vol. XXI, No. 1

## ★ In This Issue ★

No Closed Season	3
by HOWARD D. DODGEN	
Lake Doctors	4
by HART STILWELL	
Commercial fishermen can aid sport fishing.	
Audubon Assembly	7
Members probe into wildlife controversies and enjoy Texas scene.	
Restoration Progress	8
by W. C. GLAZENER	
Texans work toward more turkey for the state.	
A Case for Trapping	11
by BOB JAMISON	
Trapping helps the balance of nature.	
Woodland Wizard	12
by ANN STREETMAN	
Raccoons are intelligent, adaptable and individualistic.	
Hunting Headlines	14
Deer season in progress appeared successful.	
Portraits of Our Neighbors	16
by MITCH BAIRD	
Delightful wildlife vignettes perk up an urban backyard.	
Fish for the Taking	18
by CURTIS CARPENTER	
Treatment brings fishing back to Inks and Balmorhea.	
Compelling Pursuit	20
by CON MIMS	
Excitement was high on the first blood trail.	
Trophy Tails	23
by HAL SWIGGETT	
Varmint hunting can yield beautiful trophies.	
East Texas Hogs	Inside Front Cover
Long Shots	1
Deer Graph	23
Regional Roundup	24
Waste	25
Guns	26
Great Racks of the Past	27
What Others Are Doing	28
Tackle Talk	30
Outdoor Books	31
Letters	32
Junior Sportsmen	Inside Back Cover
Duck Scene	Back Cover

PRICE DANIEL, GOVERNOR OF TEXAS  
 TEXAS GAME AND FISH COMMISSION  
 Ben F. Vaughan, Jr., Chairman  
 Howard D. Dodgen, Executive Secretary  
 W. J. Cutbirth, Jr., Assistant Executive Secretary

### COMMISSION MEMBERS

Howard Carney, Atlanta	Frank Wood, Wichita Falls
Wilson Southwell, San Antonio	H. A. Walsh, El Paso
Morris Higley, Childress	J. F. Corley, Houston
Carl L. DuPuy, Lufkin	W. O. Reed, Dallas

### DIVISION DIRECTORS

Howard T. Lee, Field Operations	W. J. Cutbirth, Jr.,
Eugene A. Walker, Program Planning	Administrative Service

### COORDINATORS

T. D. Carroll, Info-Ed.	Terrance Leary, Coastal Fisheries
A. J. Springs, Wildlife	Marion Toole, Inland Fisheries
J. B. Phillips, Law Enforcement	C. L. Friou, Fiscal
Joe Marks, Engineering	James Archer, Personnel

### REGIONAL DIRECTORS

Henry Burkett, Region 1;	John M. Carlisle, Region 3;
San Angelo Area	Tyler Area
A. W. Lewis, Region 2;	J. R. Singleton, Region 4;
Waco Area	Houston Area
	R. G. Mauermann, Region 5; Rockport Area

# No Closed Season

**R**ESOLUTIONS are made to be broken," snorts the average fellow. Most often they are. But there is value in thinking through a situation — wildlife problems — and forming attitudes as well as considering possible remedial action. Sitting down with an audible or mental announcement, "Now for my 1963 wildlife resolutions," is not only ludicrous but unnecessary. Stopping to ponder the waning duck population when something brings to mind a fleeting thought of it, however, is not silly; it might contribute to a total solution.

What does this mean to the average sportsman? A hunter who gives the duck situation, for example, more than a casual thought can find several answers to his nonchalant question, "What can I do?" With more logic than imagination, he can conclude that adhering to the specified bag limit will save a few ducks. Shooting only drakes will make possible a few more brood nests along the marshes. Discussing the situation with hunting buddies will formulate a drop, even if infinitesimal, in the bucket of public opinion and public awareness.

These answers don't need to be recorded on a sheet of paper with the heading, "Wildlife Resolutions." With a few moments—seconds—of serious consideration, the suggestions are etched on a man's memory.

These thoughts are stored away and will come forward at the appropriate time. At least once during duck season a flutter of wings or raised gun will probably trigger the memory of the seriousness of the duck problem and some of its partial solutions. One recollection multiplied by hundred of hunters can save a host of ducks in one season.

A myriad of other wildlife problems need such treatment by the average fellow. The ledger needs some positive as well as negative action on the wildlife scene. For example, landowners and other Texans, through representation, can provide food, cover and protection for game. Also, everyone can make some mental notes and follow them through with action in stopping violations and negligence such as jacklighting, telephoning, shooting from automobiles, mutilating instead of making clean shots, starting forest fires, and hunting or fishing without licenses. All these areas, positive and negative, need the serious sportsman's attention.

Mental resolutions such as those above need not be made Jan. 1. They can and should be made *any time* during the year when a man hears someone bragging about a slick new gimmick for jacklighting, sees a blackened forest or hears a friend bemoaning a bagless hunting trip. \*\*

HOWARD D. DODGEN  
Executive Secretary  
Game and Fish Commission

**I**N THE LITTLE TOWN of West Columbia, about 50 miles south of Houston, you find the four members of the "Sipple Clan," as they are sometimes called.

If you spend a few weeks watching these men at work, then you do what I did—you change your attitude about commercial fishermen operating in fresh water. That is, you change your attitude toward commercial fishermen who operate as the Sipples do.

Some of them don't, which is one reason for the antagonism found here and there between sport and commercial fishermen.

The Sipples make the major part of their living catching buffalo and carp. They also catch and sell some catfish, and now they are establishing a fine business in turtle meat, as a result of a turtle trap they developed.

I know what the reaction of most sport fishermen is to the sight of a gill net. The fisherman wants to stop and cut the net to pieces, especially if his stopping was caused by his prop being fouled in the net. Some fishermen do cut nets, contributing to a general feeling of antagonism that makes the Sipples reluctant to work in a public lake.

They work mostly on private lakes, although they have done a "doctoring job" on a few lakes at the request of some representative of the Game and Fish Commission.

Recently, biologists approached the Sipples about whittling down trash fish in Lake Houston. Because of contract technicalities, they were not able to finish the job.

Owners or lessees of those private lakes have been quick to appreciate what these commercial fishermen do. The Sipples have no trouble finding waters in which to work their nets.

For they actually are "lake doctors." And they are correct in calling their work lake control.

I went to see the Sipples at the suggestion of Billy Cooper, inland fisheries supervisor of the Commission in the Houston area.

Billy has worked with the Sipples for years, and he agrees that if all commercial fishermen operated as the Sipples do, conflict between sport and commercial fishermen

# LAKE DOCTORS

by HART STILWELL



would ease off a lot.

Unfortunately, not all commercial fishermen operate that way, as the records clearly show.

The members of the Sipple Clan are Delmar, 55; his brother Dale, 50; and Delmar's two sons, Dale, 30; and Vern, 28.

They became involved in the commercial fishing business in a roundabout way. For years the two elder brothers were in the contracting business. About a dozen years ago Dale Sipple, the elder, was doing some contracting in Oregon, and he happened to spot a lovely lake hidden in the mountains. Getting to it was a tough job.

He expected to find spectacular lure fishing, but it didn't turn out that way—the fishing was actually punk. Dale studied the situation, talked to fish management men and finally decided he'd try a few things.

After getting permission to experiment, he carried out a one-man lake doctoring operation, clearing out not only a lot of trash fish but also some game fish.

A couple of years later the lake was a good fishing spot, and fish management men in many places became interested.

About that time Dale joined his brother and his nephews in commercial fishing operations off the southern coast of California, seeking tuna and other food fish. They gave up the California fishing when their boats were wrecked during a storm. They barely got out of the storm alive.

So they came back to Texas; since the freedom of commercial fishing, in contrast to regular office work, appealed to them, they started making their living catching carp and buffalo.

Some employees of the Commission knew about them, and occasionally the Sipples worked with game management men in the Houston area in doctoring a lake.

Then the Sipples began working over private lakes in which they had contracts to fish for carp, buffalo and catfish. At this time they are working two lakes, each covering about 2000 acres near West Columbia. One is Eagle Nest Lake, leased by the Brown & Root Company; the other is a lake leased by Tennessee Gas.



These carp and buffalo constitute a familiar catch for commercial fishermen.

What I saw and learned was a revelation to a man who has always experienced a slight rise in blood pressure at encountering a gill net.

I think the message can best be conveyed simply by relating what I saw on the various trips with Dale and other members of the Clan.

The first time out, Dale "went through," as they term it, several gill nets. The wind was blowing hard, and the nets were fouled with moss. The catch was below normal, Dale said.

Nevertheless, he came in that morning with more than 200 pounds of buffalo and carp, ranging from five to 18 pounds. Dale hates the sight of a carp. He has to break off those saw-toothed spines, on the dorsal and anal fins, before taking the fish out of the net.

And carp bring such a low price, around six to eight cents a pound, that fooling with them is hardly worth while.

Fortunately, most of the catch consisted of buffalo, which do not have saw-tooth fins and which bring from 20 to 30 cents a pound, depending on size.

On a good morning, Dale said, the take in his nets is around 400 to 500 pounds.

I have heard for years about all the fine bass destroyed in gill nets, but only one small bass and one crappie were in the seven nets I saw on my first trip. There were several bowfin, which nobody is going to mourn.

It was the same on subsequent trips with Dale. I was completely convinced that the loss of game fish in gill nets is practically nothing.

Later the Sipples set three of their trick turtle traps so I could see the results. I did!

These traps are fine-mesh tubular nets stretched over three thin metal hoops about three feet in diameter. There is an opening at the front and

at the throat, near the back. Bait, a dead carp, is put at the back.

The invention of the Sipples which makes the trap amazingly effective is the use of nylon cords tied to the throat of the trap and to the last of the iron hoops. Turtles can work their way through this maze of cords without trouble. But they can't work back out.

When the Sipples first tried out this new trap, it proved to be too efficient. They caught so many turtles they had a tough time getting the load over the side and into the boat. Since then they have cut down on the size of the traps.

The Commission is using the Sipple trap to catch bullheads and sunfish rather than turtles.

As I watched the Sipples at work, they talked on and on about their

Commission is apparently going along with that theory in steadily increasing the bag limit on crappie in waters where it has jurisdiction.

The Sipples have proved their point, at least insofar as the shallow, man-made lakes in the Houston area are concerned. Where they can legally do so (it's illegal to net or trap out crappie in any lake fed by water from a river), they have trapped out millions of crappie, almost all of them stunted little fellows the size of a small perch.

The result—man-size crappie with plenty of spirit in a year or two. And fine fishing.

"People think there are no crappie in some waters," Dale said. "But we go in with traps and catch tons of them—all runty little fellows stunted because of crowding. Few fish will

setting a crappie trap in a lake that has not been doctored. The trap was filled with crappie, most of them smaller than a man's hand. Dale dumped them back into the lake.

Even buffalo and carp follow the same stunted growth pattern.

"We hate like poison to start working a new lake," Dale said. "Most of the buffalo are under five pounds, hardly worth bothering with in the commercial market.

"But after a year or so those that are left grow fast, and after two years we seldom get one under five pounds but get plenty of them up to 20 pounds."

At Eagle Nest Lake alone the Sipples have taken more than two million pounds of buffalo and carp in two years. Still they can catch plenty of fish any day of the week, and big ones.

So these men are, without any doubt, lake doctors—conservationists. Some fish management men realize this and work closely with them.

The remaining job is to impress this fact on the sport fishermen of Texas—and to induce other commercial operators to become more interested in working toward better fishing for the sport fishermen.

In other words, the task is to ease the tension between the two camps.

I went back and talked to Billy Cooper after my experience with the Sipples. He said that most of what Dale had told me was true, insofar as the shallow lakes in the coastal area are concerned.

But crappie control may not be necessary on deeper lakes, such as Buchanan, Travis and Texoma, which have much less spawning area. Each lake requires a specific procedure.

It is true, Billy said, that over-population is likely to be a problem, even with some game fish. And, of course, it is a really tough problem when you come to the trash fish, particularly shad, buffalo, carp and bullheads.

In further appreciation of the efficiency of the Sipples, I should mention that they even do a thriving business in yellow bullheads. Yes, they're fine eating if you dress them out and skin them before they die. Just as good as any other catfish. \*\*



Carp means hard work for the Sipples. Here, the fleecing knife slips between layers of skin.

observations and ideas and activities in the field of lake control.

Some of their ideas might shock many people. For example, they are convinced that the way to have good crappie fishing is to take out most of the crappie, giving the remaining fish a chance to grow. And the

over-populate a lake faster than crappie, mainly because they don't indulge much in cannibalism, as bass do.

"When they're stunted they seem to lose all their drive. Won't even tackle a man-size minnow."

Dale demonstrated his point by





M. A. Yramategui, president, Texas Ornithological Society, presents H. D. Dodgen, executive secretary, Game and Fish Commission, with a plaque for the Commission's part in publication of Peterson's Texas bird guide.

Convention registration allows time for chatting with new and old Audubon friends.

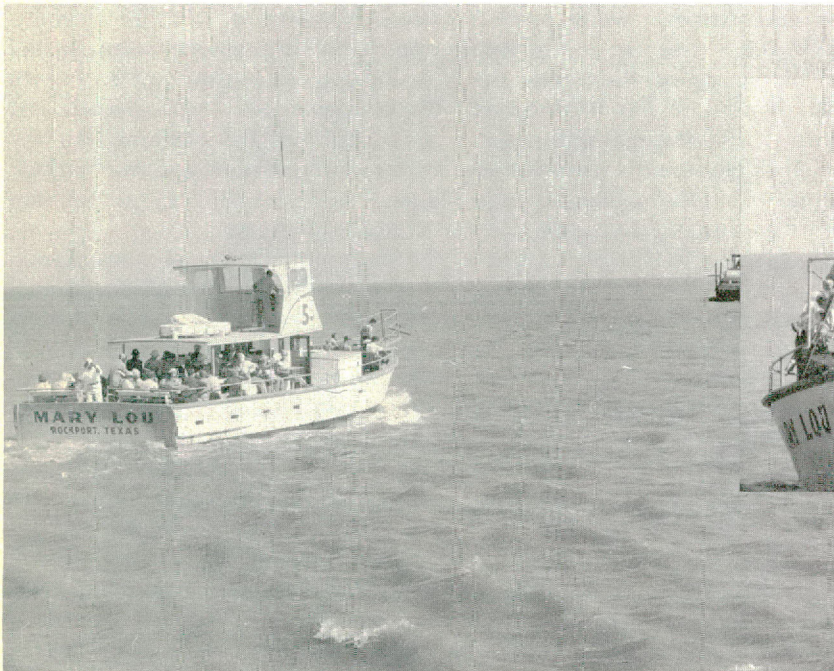
## Audubon Assembly

**M**ANY TEXANS who ordinarily tagged the National Audubon Society as a birdwatchers' group had to broaden their definition after reading news accounts of the organization's 58th annual convention in Corpus Christi Nov. 10-14. Convention talk included birds, but it probed into other wildlife conservation concerns such as pesticidal dangers, predator control and public hunting in national parks.

More than 1000 persons from 46 states and several foreign countries gathered to hear and participate in these controversial matters as well as less heated ones. The meeting was the largest in Audubon history. \*\*



Society members pause to study wildlife exhibits and ask questions at the information booth provided by the Game and Fish Commission.



Convention members from all over the nation enjoy a boat trip to the Aransas Pass National Wildlife Refuge to see the whoopers which are still fighting against extinction.

**P**ROGRESS INVOLVES a change for the better. In connection with the restoration of wild turkeys, it could result from either a wider geographic establishment of populations where none were present, or increased density of remnant flocks. Both of these developments have come to pass in various sections of Texas over the past 40 years, through joint interest and cooperative efforts on the part of landowners, sportsmen and the Texas Game and Fish Commission. This discussion of the subject deals with such a program involving only the Rio Grande Wild Turkey (*Meleagris gallopavo intermedia* Sennett).

A recent article in *Texas Game and Fish* (November) referred to the first known five-year closed season for the protection of a declining turkey population, enacted in 1921. That measure, possible through united efforts of landowners in Cameron, Hidalgo, Willacy, Kenedy, Starr, Brooks, Jim Hogg and McMullen counties, stopped the downward

Canadian and Red River watersheds.

Elsewhere, turkey numbers had dwindled, disappearing entirely from many localities in the face of rapidly growing and advancing human population. The combination of overhunting, clearing of land for cultivation, intensive grazing by domestic livestock and general physical disturbance was more than wild turkeys could tolerate. According to *Principal Game Birds and Mammals of Texas*, the last Eastern Wild Turkey (*Meleagris gallopavo silvestris*) in Lamar County probably was killed as early as 1883. By 1945, few if any birds of that race remained anywhere in East Texas. Although the Rio Grande Wild Turkey disappeared from numerous counties within its former range, substantial broodstocks remain intact over significant areas.

Turkey restoration in several eastern states has been achieved through the transplanting of pen-raised broodstock on selected areas. That course was adopted largely because

the same time, the late J. J. Dent, Game and Fish warden, initiated similar efforts in Kerr County through the courtesy of the late Gus Schreiner and Mrs. Myrtle Schreiner. He also trapped in Kenedy County through the courtesy of the late Caesar Kleberg and Robert J. Kleberg, Jr., the late John Kenedy and McGill Brothers.

Sometime in the middle 1930's, Austin (Polly) O'Neil and P. D. Mosely, Game and Fish wardens, started trapping and transplanting turkeys from ranches in Collingsworth, Motley, Hemphill and Roberts counties. Unfortunately, there are no records in the Game and Fish Commission files as to the exact origin or numbers of birds trapped, or where they were released, prior to 1939. In fact, relatively few records were compiled until the early 1940's, and no complete ones for a few years thereafter.

As trapping and transplanting responsibilities were transferred more fully to the Game and Fish Commis-

# Wild Turkey in Texas Restoration Progress

trend in turkey numbers over most of the eight counties. Continued attention to the welfare of turkeys in the region was so effectual that by the early 1940's, Kenedy, Brooks, Willacy and Kleberg counties had the greatest population density of turkeys within the state, as related in *Principal Game Birds and Mammals of Texas*, published by the Texas Game, Fish and Oyster Commission in 1945.

Comparable interest in the protection and management of native turkey flocks over much of the Edwards Plateau helped to maintain huntable populations there. Similar conditions prevailed in scattered localities within the Rolling Plains Region of North Texas. This region included ranges along the Brazos Clear Fork, particularly in Shackelford and Throckmorton counties, and portions of the

native wild turkeys were neither plentiful nor readily available through live-trapping. In Texas, the restoration program has been based on the use of live-trapped native turkeys, exclusively so with reference to the Game and Fish Commission's work with the Rio Grande race. This course was possible for two reasons. First, there was ample wild broodstock in the state. Second, there were landowners willing to make birds on their premises available to the Commission for transplanting purposes.

We do not know just when live-trapping of wild turkey broodstock began. We suspect that it may have been prior to 1920. According to a report by the late F. M. Cowsert, a long time employee of the Game and Fish Commission, he trapped and moved turkeys from Sutton County ranches as early as 1924. At about

the same time, the late J. J. Dent, Game and Fish warden, initiated similar efforts in Kerr County through the courtesy of the late Gus Schreiner and Mrs. Myrtle Schreiner. He also trapped in Kenedy County through the courtesy of the late Caesar Kleberg and Robert J. Kleberg, Jr., the late John Kenedy and McGill Brothers.

Sometime in the middle 1930's, Austin (Polly) O'Neil and P. D. Mosely, Game and Fish wardens, started trapping and transplanting turkeys from ranches in Collingsworth, Motley, Hemphill and Roberts counties. Unfortunately, there are no records in the Game and Fish Commission files as to the exact origin or numbers of birds trapped, or where they were released, prior to 1939. In fact, relatively few records were compiled until the early 1940's, and no complete ones for a few years thereafter.

As trapping and transplanting responsibilities were transferred more fully to the Game and Fish Commis-

Texas would be far different.

Where have all the live-trapped turkeys been released, and how have they fared? In an effort to benefit the greatest possible number of potential turkey hunters over the state, the Game and Fish Commission mapped out a wide geographic pattern for turkey restoration areas (Fig. 2). Many of the birds went to selected areas in East Texas, outside the ancestral range of the Rio Grande race. These transplants admittedly were experimental, to ascertain whether the "dry land" birds could and would adapt to the more humid and forested habitat common to East Texas. Other broodstock went to localities from which the native Rio Grande flocks had been extirpated, but where existing habitat appeared favorable for reestablishment of huntable populations of turkeys.

The turkey restoration program was not only a geographically extensive undertaking, but it also was sizable with reference to the numbers of birds trapped and moved

trapped at a cost of \$6.53 each. Incidentally, they came from nine different areas, a circumstance which normally increases the cost. The lowest trapping cost reported was in 1948-1949, when 100 turkeys were taken from a single area at the unit figure of \$2.99. By way of contrast, 40 birds trapped from the same area in 1951-1952 cost \$39.80 each. Over a period of 12 years for which such cost records are available, the trapping of 3,040 turkeys averaged \$9.94. As the cost of labor, materials, equipment, maintenance and operations increased, so did trapping cost. It also was influenced by weather, turkey density, terrain, cover and food supplies on the area involved.

As shown by TABLE 2, a total of 8,629 Rio Grande Wild Turkeys were transplanted in Texas from the fall of 1938 through the spring of 1961. The Texas Game and Fish Commission defrayed all costs on 1,982 of these birds. They also bore 25 per cent of the trapping costs on 5,143 other turkeys, handled under the

Trapping records are maintained, along with information as to sex, date and place where each bird was trapped, and the date and locality where it was released. These data are useful for compiling information about how long wild turkeys survive and something of their movements following release on new range, provided hunters send in bands or numbers from birds killed or found dead.

In general, standard requirements for turkey restocking areas, particularly those stocked under the Federal Aid in Wildlife Restoration Act (Pittman-Robertson Program), included the following points:

1. A minimum of 20,000 acres of range in a consolidated block.
2. A five-year written agreement with each participating landowner, assuring reasonable protection for transplanted broodstock and subsequent increase.
3. Favorable wild turkey habitat, including food producing vegetation, adequate cover for nesting and general concealment and suitable roost trees.



W.C. Glazeller W.C. Glazeller W.C. Glazeller W.C. Glazeller W.C. Glazeller

(TABLE 2). No official trapping was carried on in the 1943-1944 or 1945-1946 seasons because of war activities and the scarcity of personnel and equipment. However, in the course of 21 seasons of trapping activity between 1938-1939 and 1960-1961, an average of 415 turkeys was transplanted each year. The rise and fall of numbers trapped each year reflected differences in access to trapping areas, as well as fluctuations in demand for broodstock to go on eligible areas.

Another matter of interest is the variation in turkey trapping costs from year to year. Here, again, the lack of complete records leaves us with either no information or very sketchy figures prior to 1941-1942. In that year, as shown by reports for Federal Aid Project W-28-D, Game and Fish Commission, 904 birds were

Pittman-Robertson Program, with the other 75 per cent being reimbursed from Federal Aid in Wildlife Restoration funds. In recent years the Commission entered into agreement with King Ranch whereby the latter handled some approved transplanting assignments on a trapping cost basis. Up to the spring of 1961, a total of 1,504 turkeys had been transplanted under this plan. The arrangement provides that groups or individuals securing broodstock must pay trapping costs.

Beginning in 1939, all turkeys transplanted under the Commission's official restocking program were supposed to have been fitted with numbered leg bands. In addition to a serial number, each band also carried the inscription "Notify Game Comm., Austin, Texas." These band numbers were filed in the Austin Of-

4. Well distributed surface water readily accessible to both adult and young turkeys.

5. Additional adjacent range to which any subsequent population increase might spread.

Transplants over the state showed highly varied responses. In a study conducted by E. A. Walker of the Game and Fish Commission (Federal Aid Project W-44-R, 1950-1951), a definite pattern developed with regard to success and failure of transplants. He found that successful transplants were restricted largely to a belt in which the mean annual rainfall ranged from slightly less than 20 inches to slightly more than 30 inches. Such a region may be outlined by a line on the east extending from about Port Lavaca northward to Fort Worth and Gainesville, and on the west by a line running north-

ward from about Del Rio to Texline. The above study also revealed possible correlation between success and two other factors. These were human population density and the size of landownership units. It is true that some turkeys east of the 30-inch rainfall line seemed to fare quite well in a year, or a succession of years, when there was subnormal rainfall. However, when the normal precipitation pattern resumed, production and survival of young turkeys either declined drastically or ceased entirely. This trend became more pronounced farther east, in the Pine Woods Region. Furthermore, East Texas in general has a much higher human population density and relatively smaller landownership units than occur in more western portions of the state. Whatever the reasons, there has not yet been a firmly established, huntable popula-

tion of the Rio Grande Wild Turkey in deep East Texas (Fig. 3).

The most eastern transplants to show real promise were in Freestone and Robertson counties. Three separate areas were set up and stocked in Freestone in 1947. In 1952, the first year of hunting following restocking, hunters harvested about 70 gobblers, as reported by W. S. Daniel (Federal Aid Project W-44-R-7, Job VI, March 1957). For the five years immediately following, the annual kill dropped, with an average take of about 33 turkeys per season.

In Robertson County the picture has been somewhat confused. An early release of 150 turkeys from 1939 to 1942 at first appeared to be successful. However, after three or four years there seemed to be a complete reversal which remained in effect up to the early 1950's. By 1951, the status was such that Walker

classified the transplant as a failure. Then in 1952-1953, an additional release of 52 turkeys went into the same general vicinity. It is possible that these reinforcements stimulated scattered survivors of the earlier transplant. At any rate, there since have been enough turkeys in Robertson County to support a limited amount of hunting from time to time. It is possible, therefore, that Freestone and Robertson may be strictly marginal range for the Rio Grande Wild Turkey.

The Trans-Pecos Region has not yet shown particular promise with regard to the Rio Grande Wild Turkey either. In the previously mentioned report by Walker, one transplant in Jeff Davis and Reeves counties was classified as successful, in that an established population developed. On the other hand, if

• Continued on Page 27

TABLE 1. KNOWN SOURCES OF WILD TURKEY BROODSTOCK  
LIVE - TRAPPED IN TEXAS  
(1940-1961)

County	No. of turkeys	Ranch or area where trapped
Aransas	514	Aransas National Wildlife Refuge
Brooks	109	Wagenschein Ranch
	24	Miller Ranch
	17	Hopper Ranch
Dallam	23	Shelton Ranch
	37	Gene Howe Wildlife Management Area
Hemphill	19	Hobart Ranch
	19	Big Timber Creek
	18	Young Ranch
	12	Urshel Ranch
	12	Huff Ranch
Kenedy	3,481	Norias Division, King Ranch
	219	Kenedy Ranch
	171	McGill Ranch
Kerr	36	Real Ranch
	12	Lane Ranch
San Patricio	28	Welder Wildlife Refuge
Shackelford & Throckmorton	358	Matthews-Reynolds Ranches
Sutton	470	Gordon Stewart Ranch
	145	Bill Wade Ranch
	23	J. B. Ross Ranch
	22	Cowan Ranch

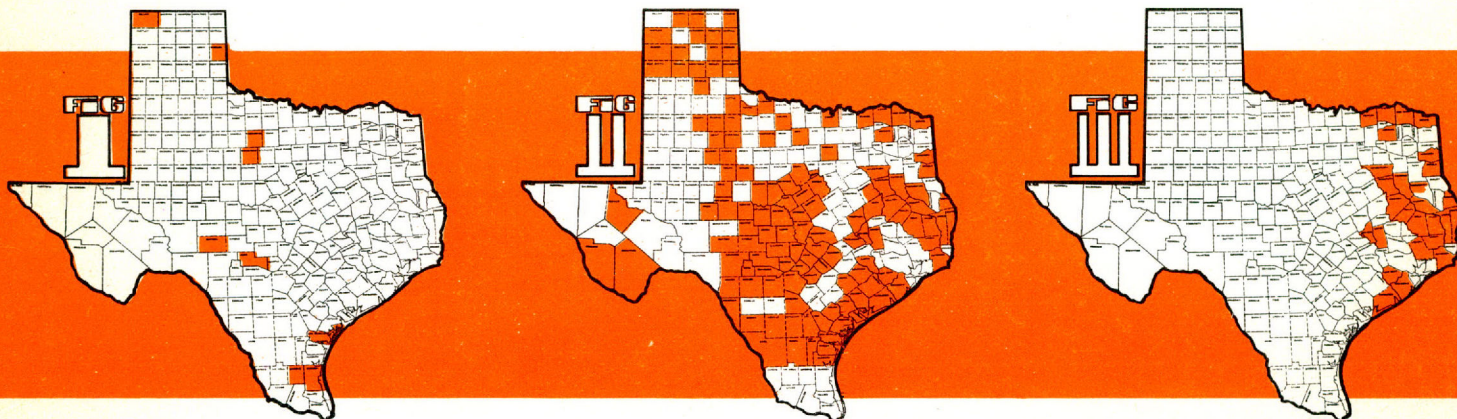
Total Turkeys 5,769  
(Data from Game and Fish Commission Trapping Records)

TABLE 2. LIVE - TRAPPED TURKEYS FOR TRANSPLANTING  
IN TEXAS  
(Fall of 1938 through Spring of 1961)

Year	Gobblers	Hens	Total Released	Died in Transit
1938 - 39	227*	225*	533*	1
1939 - 40	18*	128*	551*	-
1940 - 41	135	243	378	-
1941 - 42	250	654	904	-
1942 - 43	96	138	234	-
1944 - 45	88	143	231	-
1946 - 47	189	325	514	-
1947 - 48	67	165	232	-
1948 - 49	98	266	364	-
1949 - 50	404	909	1,313	26
1950 - 51	286	412	698	4
1951 - 52	19	52	71	1
1952 - 53	23	86	109	1
1953 - 54	27	93	120	1
1954 - 55	77	81	158	5
1955 - 56	66	69	135	3
1956 - 57	179	422	601	10
1957 - 58	237	243	480	12
1958 - 59	110	200	310	1
1959 - 60	155	317	472	4
1960 - 61	62	159	221	1
TOTAL	2,913*	5,330*	8,629*	70

\*Data on sex of some turkeys not recorded; totals for years correct.

(From Texas Game and Fish Commission Banding Records)



# A Case for Trapping <sup>402</sup>

by BOB JAMISON

**T**HE DRAMA of the first covey rise on opening day of the 1961 quail season ended in anti-climax for me. Instead of 15 to 25 birds I saw only seven. Throughout the afternoon I saw in the Southeast Texas area around Dayton other coveys of similar numbers.

The ground underneath the briars, honeycombed with armadillo holes and dotted with bird feathers, indicated that predators lay behind the quail shortage. All those briar patches and rattan jungles had from



The author, Bob Jamison, displays a gray fox, which he trapped, using a dirt hole set.

six to 16 armadillo holes that made a subterranean motel for most every kind of predator. A few traps set in the area proved the abundance of predators.

Because of the poor grade of fur and low prices for hides of ordinary varmints, the art of trapping in the area has been lost for many years. The lack of trapping seemed to be one link between the abundance of predators and scarcity of quail.

Trapping is quite a task you think? Not really. What is more challenging than trying to outsmart your bridge opponent, business competitor, or wildlife conservation com-

petitor in its own habitat? To walk up on a set that was perfect for a certain track is as thrilling as shooting snipe off ice skates.

Many books on trapping offer enjoyable reading. Vivid descriptions of many idiosyncrasies of animals will give you not only pleasure but also information valuable in developing trapping skill. But no matter how many books you read, you will find that you must develop your own



The trail set easily snares an opossum.

This skunk is proof that hanging bait sets are effective.



A trail set baited with a whole rabbit snares a gray fox.

techniques as you gain experience. This will come not so much out of ingenuity but out of the need to adapt the right sets to a particular locality, food and water supply and radical weather changes.

The sets described below are but a few among many which work well.

## The Dirt Hole Set

The dirt hole set is probably one of the oldest known to trappers. It simply imitates a small hole in which an animal buries a cache of food. The set is made by digging a slightly slanted hole four inches wide and

six to eight inches deep. The trap is placed in front of the hole with chain tied to a stake driven beneath the trap. Carefully sifted dirt should be spread over the trap. A piece of stiff canvas makes an excellent cover and keeps dirt from clogging the trigger pan. Many good scents are on the market, but a small bird in the hole with a few scattered feathers will suffice. Slightly tainted meat or sardines will also achieve results. This set works best when it is butted up against a bush near a trail.

## Hanging Bait Set

The hanging bait set is a sure killer if the trap is placed properly. Fresh baits in the set take practically all varmints, and spoiled baits take many. Bobcats and wild house cats are fond of freshly killed rabbit, birds and fish. The set is made by placing a bait 8-15 inches above and behind the trap, which catches the animal's foot while it is reaching for the bait. Distance needed from the bait to the trap depends on the victim desired.

## The Trail Set

The trail set traps more easily than any other kind. The danger is snaring a cow's foot, but it can be used on varmint trails inaccessible to cattle. You must decide where the animal will be most likely to step and set the trap there. When you dig your trap hole and cover it, make sure the critter will not have to climb a hill to get into it. The dirt that covers the trap should blend in with the trail. Some trappers camouflage the disturbed area with dry, sifted dirt.

Occasionally you might run across a serious predator. If you find a calf with its flank torn open and entrails pulled out or a heifer which has been hamstrung, you most likely have a wolf on your hands. Unless you have many years of experience and proper equipment, pull out of the area immediately and call your nearest government hunter, or game

• Continued on Page 29

# Woodland

**S**HARP FELLOWS, those raccoons. They pick locks and zoom through many other mental feats as they are studied in laboratories. Coons can keep a pack of dogs running for five hours, give them a momentary rest under a tree and then elude the howling adversaries via some favorite escape route.

But the species won't be neatly categorized, for each coon is a rugged individualist to gladden the heart of Teddy Roosevelt, himself.

Yet coons can adapt their food and lodging preferences as well as physical characteristics when survival demands it.

In a study laboratory, coons constantly display their mental abilities. Tests indicate they are intelligent fellows with excellent memory and ability to maintain a high degree of attention on tests at hand. They learn by experience, and their outstanding memory serves them well in recalling and putting to use valuable lessons.

Leon F. Whitney and Acil B. Underwood report that laboratory psychologists have tested coons' memory by having them choose one of two boxes which alternately contained food. They were challenged to remember which box contained food the

laboratory coon tried to attack a trapeze after he had fallen from it.

In the field, too, the memory and intelligence of raccoons serve them well. Once they discover a successful method of escaping hunting dogs they use it effectively until, of course, the dogs and hunters catch on to the trick, or simply outmaneuver them. Whether coon ruses on the trail result from logical reasoning, memory of haphazardly discovered tricks, instinct or, perhaps, a combination of them all is a point of argument among ardent coon hunters as well as professional and lay wildlife experts. The fact is, however, that coons quite often escape their pursuers, the hounds. By whatever virtue or combination of stimuli, they very often do exactly the right thing at the right time. This includes

weaving up and down a host of trees, leaping from a trap tree, taking to the water, and luring a dog into water and straddling his head until he gives up or drowns.

One aspect of their mentality, however, does not seem to be that of an intelligent animal of finesse. That is their instinctive urge to return home at daybreak. They will risk death, jumping from the tree in which they're trapped, just to scramble to the den by daylight.

As with the inquisitive tot who asks a hundred questions a day, curiosity is a mark of coon intelligence. But an inquiring mind sometimes makes coons forget basic wisdom of the woods. A coon once came up to Alan Devoe, an American naturalist, nonchalantly placed his two front paws on the man's



first time so they could choose correctly the other box the next time. One such test showed that four-year-old coons were quite accurate even when there were long delays between choices. On delays of 24 hours one coon made eight correct choices in succession. Another was 80 per cent correct after four-hour and 16-hour delays. Other tests have indicated that coons can recognize cause-effect relationships. One lab-

# Wizard

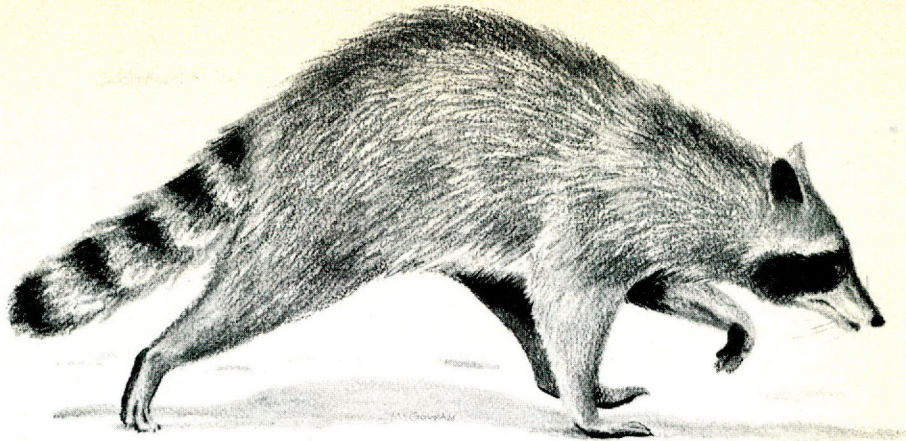
by ANN STREETMAN

knee and stared expectantly at him. Devoe had pricked the fellow's curiosity with a clucking sound.

Sometimes, their inquisitiveness can leave coons wincing. Vance Packard reports in his book, *Animal IQ*, that one playful coon habitually teased a badger, his laboratory-mate. One day the badger yawned widely, leaving his mouth gaping for several seconds. Overwhelmed with curiosity, the coon crept toward the badger to observe this wondrous phenomenon. Finally, the coon felt a myopic look was necessary. He poked his nose into the badger's cavernous mouth, and instantly the badger's jaws snapped. Getting loose almost cost the coon half a nose. After that episode, the coon always clapped a paw over his nose whenever he went near the badger.

It's almost as hard to generalize about raccoon personalities and habits as it is those of man. All coons aren't surly; all aren't gentle; all aren't bold. Each has his own personality, habits, preferences and idiosyncrasies.

But it seems that coons' individuality is usually coupled with adaptability, at least this is true with the species as a whole. Tree-climbing, tree-denning animals by nature, they had to seek new homes when man thinned American forests. They chose ledges and embankments for dens when they couldn't find trees. Whitney and Underwood point out that coons have even adapted their lodging habits to the clatter of modern transportation. They found a coon den in a railroad embankment over which a dozen trains rushed daily.



Coons, too, are adaptable in physical characteristics, particularly, density of coat. Swamp coons in Mexico are rather small animals with thin fur; in Canada, the coons are thickly furred. Colors, however, do not depend on location. Color variations of the coon—gray, black, albino, buff, chestnut, bicolor, and silver tip—are found in all areas.

In diet especially, coons show both individuality and adaptability. Their food changes with the seasons and availability. They *can* eat almost anything including frogs, lizards, locusts, baby turtles, turtle eggs, fiddler crabs, oysters, nuts, fruits, berries, snakes, birds, grub worms and corn. One study shows that a masked animal even ate fried potatoes from a woodcutter's garbage.

But to say they can eat anything doesn't mean that they aren't discriminating when circumstances permit. Studies of coon feces and stomachs show each critter has a taste of his own and in many cases will choose to eat only certain items such as berries or apples even when many equally good foods are plentiful.

\*Apparently, however, no coon can resist one delicacy—sweets. Wild coons love to rob honey bees of their sweet brew, and pet coons are elated to meddle in the cooky jar and sugar bowl.

A coon controversy which rages among biologists, naturalists and pet owners may have at least a partial explanation in coons' individualities. The controversy concerns washing.

For many years experts as well as laymen believed coons wouldn't dare eat anything without washing it. Perhaps, some of their certainty stemmed from taking seriously the animal's Latin name, *procyon lotor*, which means the "washer." Now

some wildlife experts, particularly Whitney and Underwood, contend wild coons wash practically nothing while some captive coons at least dunk food and other objects. Others argue that coons in the wild wash their food only if water is easily accessible.

Regardless of controversy, many persons have seen coons at least swish food and objects in water, with the material washed and the zest with which it was done varying from coon to coon. Some coons wash only hard items such as nuts and stones. Others wash a piece of bread until it disintegrates. Still others in captivity never wash food.

One theory, even considering individual variances, is that coons dunk their food and other objects not because they are fastidious but because they simply like to feel things under water. This theory seems probable since coons have a phenomenal sense of feel. Their hands are among the most dexterous and sensitive in the animal kingdom. Their sense of feel is much keener than their senses of sight and hearing. Examples of this strong ability are found on the hunt and in the naturalist's haunts. Treed coons often show no extreme alarm at the sound of gunfire. But when bullets strike the limbs on which coons are sitting, or a hunter simply scratches the tree trunk, they scurry to a higher and safer spot. Nimbleness, which is part of coon

• Continued on Page 25



# Over 300 Deer Killed In County During First Week

Over 300 deer kills had been reported at Hanson's Locker Plant, Citizen's Ice Company and the Dixie Cafe, the weighing-in station, at press time Wednesday. The rain Monday and Tuesday slowed down hunting in the county or this figure would have been higher, as hunters have swarmed the area from the opening of the season.

Game Warden Ross Seale has estimated that approximately 5,000 deer would be killed this year, based on the recent issuing of 3,426 antlerless deer permits.

**BUSINESS PLACES OF HEARNE** have sponsored a six-way deer contest this year and three of these have been won. To be eligible the hunter must kill through the Dixie Cafe.

Henry Fuller in the first buck weighing a m. November killed on the ranch near Wheelock.

Jeryl Lynn Hay of the first lady to bring the weighing station, Dixie Cafe, on the opening day season at 8 a. m. Her deer six-point buck.

Hugh Massey of Cleveland was the first 14-year old or under to bring in a deer. His deer was a six-point buck and was killed on the Hay ranch east of Hearne.

**LEADERS IN THE OTHER THREE** categories at press time were: Heavies, Cole on near Fran

142 pounds field dressed and had 10 points.

Most points—the 17-pointer was killed by Willie Caze of Hearne on the Cazy farm near Baden.

aviest doe—brought in by Hay. It weighed 90 pounds was killed on the Hay ranch Hearne.

## Eight Local Hunters Have Successful Trip

A group of eight hunters returned very successful trip to Llano area.

# 142-Pound Buck Tops Season Kill

A 142-pound velvet-torn (stag) buck killed at Valley Spring by W. M. (Vink) Buntn, will probably be the big winner of the season for Llano County.

Buntn's car was surrounded Wednesday square game and game commission officials were on hand to take the measurements.

Commissioners present included Marlin Burges, Byford, Bert Alexander, Alexander, H. W. Burges, James, Jimmy D. Flow, A. Morris.

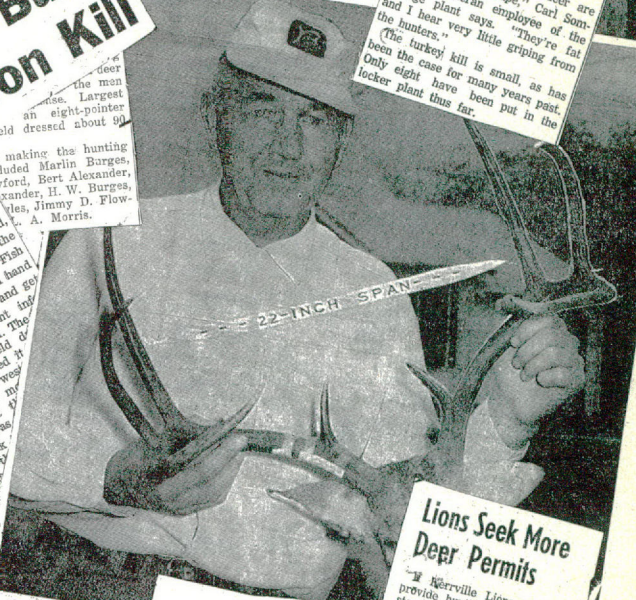


**BLACKTAIL TROPHY**—Tom Morris, Sutton County ranchman, bagged this blacktail buck on the Tommy Morris ranch near Toyahvale recently. (Staff Photo)



## Deer Kill Nears 1,000 In County

"Deer hunting in Mason County all season, the ten-day total of bucks being 982. This compares favorably with last year's kill. "And I would say the deer are in just as good shape," Carl Somerfield, veteran employee of the storage plant says. "They're fat and I hear very little griping from the hunters." (The turkey kill is small, as has been the case for many years past. Only eight have been put in the locker plant thus far.



## Lions Seek More Deer Permits

The Kerrville Lions Club is to provide hunting trips for youngsters of the community, a lot more antlerless deer permits will be needed, Pres. Al Plummer, Jr., said yesterday. At the present time 75 applications are on file by youngsters who want to participate in a hunt. Ranchers who can give antlerless deer permits to the club are urged to contact Plummer or Buddy Karger, club secretary, as soon as possible. No hunt will be held this week-end, Plummer said, but boys will be notified as soon as conditions permit resuming the deer trips. An application blank is printed in this issue of the Daily Traver so that boys who do not have Club may do so. Mrs. Patricia Ernst, head of social services at Kerrville State Hospital, spoke at Tuesday's meeting of the Lions Club on the occasion of the Texas Association of Social Workers convention held recently in Dallas. Pointing up the size of the future social problem in the United States, Mrs. Ernst said that 7 1/2 million youngsters dropped out of school last year. In the age group from 16 to 21 years, one million are unemployed, she said. "Our problem," she said, "is not just to dole out money, but to provide a preventive program." The speaker was introduced by Rev. Don Littlejohn, program chairman.

# Deer Kill Here Lags Over Last Year's Hunting Season

Local reports on deer killed through Friday, November 18th, at noon, the first three and one-half days of deer season, is good but off some from last year's.

Game Warden Seth Taylor stated that approximately 700 hunters have killed 350 deer in the Normangee, Flynn and Marquez territory and about 800 in Leon County.

Grimes Brothers Service Station, local weighing station, reported to date approximately 100 deer have been brought to the station but only twenty five have been weighed and registered for the \$25.00 prize to be given away each Saturday at 2 p.m. at the Merchant's Appreciation Day Drawing for the heaviest deer killed.

Anderson Service Station at Flynn reported that 53 deer have been registered and stored there but numerous amount of deer cool norther that hit this area Friday morning about 9 a.m. Most hunters have reported seeing plenty of doe but a scarcity of buck. One large buck brought to Grimes Brothers weighing station had 22 points and weighed 120 pounds, but the largest buck killed in and around Normangee at noon Monday weighed 124 pounds.

During the first four days of deer season last year, it was reported 260 deer were stored in 184 houses compared to 154 stored in the three local ice houses and Anderson Toe House in Flynn this year.

In comparison, this year's kill is not as high as last year's reports, but since it is early in the season and with the weather becoming colder, expectations are high.

sure, taken Monday morning in the presence of hunters and part of the buck group killed in a two and one-half day hunt at the Mason County Ray Kaiser Ranch in Woodroe. The hunters above are, left to right, Woodroe Crowell, O'Neal Johnson, Glen Gamble, Wayne Crowell, and Robert Hammonds, all of Thalia. The picture hunting trip but not present when the picture were Billy Johnson of Thalia and Jim Paul Crowell.



**TROPHY HEAD**—D. L. West Texas Thanksgiving morning when the deer was bagged by the hunter.



**THANKSGIVING MORNING**—Moseley was hunting on the H. H. Moseley place near Slater.

## W.C. (Dub) Oney, 3229 Acorn, Wheel Chair, Hunting on the Shirley Ranch

A buck, Oney, hunting on the Shirley Ranch, brought down the 108-pounder. He was shot by Herman Baker. (Staff Photo)

## Successful Second Week

Albert Lee, hunting on the Fred Robinson ranch near Gatesville, killed a 4-point buck. Fred Robinson killed a 2-point buck close to town. The courthouse

9-point Hood reservation. (r) Jones, a 8-point hunting near full hunters. (l) 7-point; Bill Billy Joe Bra-Cook, 10-point; (t) Gene Ayres, (t) 10-point; (t) 8-point; (t) 8-point; (t) 8-point.

**BOY MILLS DEER**—Dennis Ray Greensage, 14-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Ben Greensage of Marlin, killed a seven-point buck on the Beck-told ranch near New Baden, Friday morning. He had been out only an hour and forty-five minutes when he made the kill.



**UNUSUAL KILL**—These two white tail deer were brought in along with a Black tail deer (center) by Mr. and Mrs. Glen Hutson of Longview Tuesday. The biggest white tail, 10 points, was shot by Mrs. Hutson, and the remaining two were shot by Hutson. The other white tail had nine points, and the Black Sika had eight. The three deer were shot east of Mount Pleasant in Tins County Monday.

**TO REGISTER** his deer and possibly the first site to shoot one on opening day was Roger Baer. He bagged the six-point in the sand hills and he first registrant at Vioux's Hardware. (Gazette photo)



# Hunting Headlines

**A**LL SORTS of deer hunting reports came into the magazine office during the past month. Some showed the deer hunt creeping along as the season opened; others indicated that hunters were generally making some fine kills. Perhaps there's no better way to get a representative picture of hunting season success than to scan reports carried in newspapers across the state.

The magazine staff receives clippings from most Texas newspapers. An assortment of these clippings has been set aside to give *Texas Game and Fish* readers an opportunity to read for themselves a sampling account of the season as it was in progress. Perhaps some readers will see the names of nextdoor neighbors.

The sampling of counties showed that hunting was good, as usual, in the heart of thick deer country between the Trinity and Pecos.

Deer hunting in Mason County was slower than last year during the first four days, but a ten-day total of bucks checked in at one Mason ice and storage plant was 903, which is comparable to last year's figure of the same period. The storage plant employee commented that deer were in as good a condition as was last year's harvest.

Menard County hunts appeared successful as the season progressed. Mrs. Jetty Lehne of Menard bagged a 15-pointer, and Como Roberts also of Menard shot a 13-pointer on opening day. J. C. Wilcox of Anahuac was among the successful hunters in the county. His buck weighed 122 pounds. D. L. Mayo of Rosebud boasted a Menard County buck with a 22-inch spread.

As November closed, Llano County hunting enthusiasts predicted that a 142-pound velvet-horned (stag) buck would be the heaviest bag of the county. The buck was killed at Valley Spring by W. M. (Wink) Buntyn. A seven-pointer, it had a 17½-inch spread. Most hunters in the county were finding deer in excellent condition.

More than 300 deer had been killed in Robertson County by Nov. 21. Rain in the early days of the hunt slowed harvest. Some good kills were being reported, however. H. B. Ellison shot a 105-pound, nine-point buck near Hearne. The heaviest buck killed in the early days of the hunt was a 142-pounder with 10 points. It was taken by Tom Cole of that area.

Milam County was reporting good kills. One lucky hunter, Eugene Hairston of Rockdale, bagged a 32-point buck. Another Rockdale man, Lehman Bounds, carried home a nine-point Milam County bag.

Two hundred and thirty-two deer were registered the first five days in Comal County as compared to more than 300 in the same period last year. But competition was keen. In a county contest two 108-pound, eight-point bucks were tied for first in the heaviest buck division. The buck shot by Emil Friesenhahn of Bulverde took the lead over Jimmie Penshorn's buck because of its spread. The Friesenhahn buck had a 15⅞-inch spread while the other man's had a 13½-inch spread. In the same contest, Darrell Zengler of New Braunfels was leading in the heaviest doe division with a 71-pounder.

Nine men who annually hunt together bagged 12 bucks in Gillespie County, attesting to good kills in the area. The group included L. N. Coe, Scott Pickitt, Steve Castloo, Monaque Gage, Joe Latch, Ermine Clark, Ernest Fennell, Fred Odom, all of Gilmer, and Ray Lyons of Weatherford.

Blanco County boasted many kills from hunters across Texas, including three Rockdale residents. Billy Graham bagged a five-pointer and eight-pointer on opening day and a bonus doe later. Mrs. Joy Graham and Mrs. Robert Hoskins each returned home with a doe.

Bandera County, too, was reporting some good kills; among them was a 22-point buck. Otto Hutzler

of Bandera killed the 118-pound animal.

Bosque and Hamilton counties' hunting began slowly but some good kills were being reported. One 130-pound buck was among the kills in Bosque County.

In the opening days, Kimble County estimated fewer deer than last season's kill, but storage plant reports might have been misleading since cold weather permitted hunters to take their game home, without cold storage. Moonlight nights, however, might have been a contributing factor to a smaller kill during this period. Total Kimble County kill reported by Junction and London plants Nov. 21 was 653 bucks and 46 does. The deer, however, were in good condition.

Kerr County game kill stood at 2,066 deer Nov. 25. Bernie W. Brown was leading in a county contest with his 20-point buck.

In spite of poor weather conditions, Freestone County hunting started well. After a long weekend of hunting, 33 deer were turned in to the Teague lockers alone. Jerry Huskey reported the largest kill in the early period, a 19-pointer.

In the first three and a half days of hunting, about 800 deer were killed in Leon County. One of the most impressive kills was a 22-pointer that weighed 120 pounds. Another good kill dressed out at 124 pounds.

Val Verde County reported about 200 bucks bagged during the first week of hunting. This figure is somewhat lower than the one for a comparable period last year. Warm weather conditions kept deer from moving freely. Largest buck brought to the storage house in Del Rio in the early period was an eight-pointer.

South Texas hunting reports were showing some good bags in Dimmit County. W. P. (Red) Hogan of Rockdale killed an eight-pointer there.

• Continued on Page 29

**T**HERE are probably no more birds in our back yard near downtown San Antonio than in our neighbors' yards or yours. Maybe we just coddle them more.

The redbirds come to feed before strong daylight and they feed after twilight when we can barely discern their movement on the ground as they gulp a bird seed nightcap while contentedly talking to each other.

But the reds are hungry as the morning brightens, too. After my wife has replenished the grain in the bowl-feeder and has scattered a supply on the ground, we see them, along with doves and sparrows, hur-

the mother, beg for food in a Dennis-the-Menace manner. The mother picks up a seed and the brash youngster hops over, looks her in the face, flutters his wings and opens his beak as a nestling will do.

Dutifully, mother plops the tidbit in the child's mouth and hops off for another look along the ground. When her back is turned, the kid quickly grabs two or three kernels on his own. Then, seeing his maw pick up a grain, he hops over to tell her again that he is depending on her for his food!

And the birds are "human" in that they have their bullies and their cowards. A bully and a coward hardly get a thing to eat. One gets little food because he is continually chasing the coward; the coward, because he is always running in front of the bully in a simulated "broken-wing" retreat.

"Butch" is our name for a cardinal bully. He allows no other bird around the bowl while he is feeding. Doves, sparrows and other redbirds scatter before his vicious beak. They all return when he selects a sunflower seed and flies off to crack it in his own den. Then he comes back

are placed high enough off the ground so the fears of the most timid guest are allayed. The completely fenced yard plus the presence of our little dog "Goggles" assures them of the absence of cats. The birds have accepted this and that is the reason, I think, we are hosts to so many ground feeders.

In our back yard I saw something novel, at least to me. I saw a red-headed woodpecker feeding on the ground! He was not pecking at the grain as the other birds were doing, but he was drilling in the grass, searching for grubs. There he was with his red-feathered, crew-cut head alert while he squatted on short, sturdy, wide-spread legs, lending the appearance of a Dallas Cowboy tackle ready for any surprise development.

He must have found a rich vein in our lawn because I've noted him repeat this mining performance over



# Portraits of our Neighbors

by MITCH BAIRD

riedly competing for the handout.

The young redbirds are really sneakers—nature's scalawags. We see young ones, as large or larger than

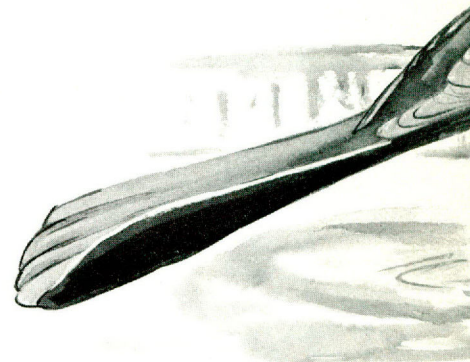
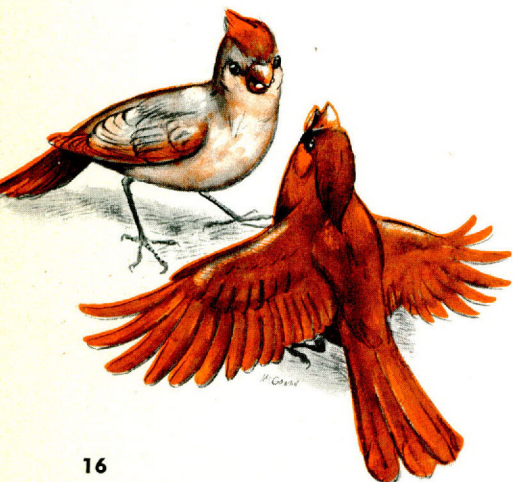
like a red jet, and the whole sequence is repeated. The quarrelsome sparrows especially seem to resent this red raider and I expect some day they will gang up on him as I've seen them do on a dove. But not yet.

Our bird feeder is a large flat crockery bowl which was once used to hold a flower pot. The bird bath-drinking pan is an inverted lid from a 20-gallon galvanized garbage can. I've found that this lid is more acceptable than a stone or cement bath because of its rounded lip which is adaptable to the claws of all birds that come to visit, both large and small.

The watering pan and the feeder

and over. Then he discovered our watering pan. I was startled when I first saw him grab the edge of the pan to have his drink. Until then I had never inquired, "How do woodpeckers slake their thirst?" I couldn't picture him lighting on the mud bank of the San Antonio River that flows only a few yards away from our back fence, nor could I see him stealing the drip-drip from a leaky faucet as the redbirds delight in doing.

This woodpecker liked our service so much he flew off to a towering pecan tree which has stood dead at the river's edge for years, and he returned with his mate. They clung to the trunk of a Spanish mulberry tree that hovers over the water pan,



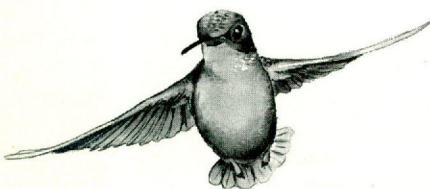
until all was quiet. They both clasped the rolled edge of the pan and pushed their short necks down until the dart-like bills entered the water's surface twice, three times. Then they both took off in their peculiar fly-and-coast, fly-and-coast movement and headed for their haven in the dead tree.

There is the hummingbird, too. We have a lawn sprinkler which sweeps back and forth. Often this sprinkler is working over the lawn as we watch the birds on the bare ground area. A gray and white hummingbird has adopted this sprinkler as his own personal shower bath. He flies under the fine drops and hovers in apparent ecstasy as we watch.

The bird then perches delicately



on a thin twig in a nearby lavender tree. Drying, he gives a view that is rare in my experience. I've never before seen a hummingbird entirely immobile. Once after a bath he flew directly at my wife and me, stopped in the air and looked me squarely in the face—man to man! I could have reached out and touched him as he "stood" there eying me. Then he was gone.



We have a hummingbird feeder, too. It's filled with sweetened boiled water which has been tinted red with food coloring. I've never actually caught the birds swigging this nectar, but something is enjoying it because we have to replenish the formula quite often.

Although we have no pecan or oak trees in our yard for the red tree squirrels to visit, occasionally one of these nervous-tailed rodents does call on us. I watched one come warily down the trunk of a wild mulberry, looking into our bird seed feeder. When all seemed safe, he sat erect in the bowl and crammed the seeds into his mouth, crunching hurriedly in the manner of a small boy stealing all the sweets possible before the cops arrive. I think he'll return.

And there is the mockingbird which enjoys our free bird bath and drinking pan. The raven-hued boat-tailed grackle majestically allows us to watch his stilt-legged wading and his unashamed public bathing in our garbage can lid.

During a lull in the activity on the ground and feeder, we become aware of the hum of worker bees toiling from tiny flower to flower in the pink queen's crown that hugs the picket fence. We watch a black bumblebee clumsily zoom in to land on the same bloom that a honeybee is savoring. The awkward approach knocks the little bee to the ground in an apparent dazed condition. At first we considered the bumblebee's approach as stupid ineptness. But after seeing this same "accident" repeated over and over we've concluded that it is deliberate. Wham!

A big bumblebee brute hits the unsuspecting worker; the bad man takes over and the good guy is on the ground.

At mid-day a nervous wren searches through the leaves and flowers of a white queen's crown vine that clings to a trellis out back. A yellow-vested, black-coated wild canary (goldfinch) visits our watering spa almost every day. Occasionally, he brings his pale yellow-green spouse, but not often.

At twilight we are apt to see the heavy slow-winged flight of a bittern that has been in this neighborhood for many years. I've never seen the bird light on tree limb or river bank. His flight is down river and he seems to come from a huge grove of trees across the stream. Why he flies down-stream is a wonder, for within two blocks he is in the midst of a busy city with bright lights, tall buildings and countless concrete and steel bridges.

As twilight becomes deeper and bluer, redbirds come in to feed again and we look up to watch the bats compete with bull bats (night hawks). It is then that we hear the plaintive cry of one of our particular friends, the screech owl. Originally, there were three of them which we named Tom, Dick and Harry. Now



there is only one. We, of course, don't know which one. Maybe it's Tom.

We hear Tom's cry in a tree in the front of our house. It's his signal that he's coming to visit. His ghoul-ish moan stops and we look up to see his wide-winged flight into the mulberry tree. He stays long enough to look down, surveying us with a round, critical eye. Then he flies off toward the river to read the nocturnal menu that nature provides.

And all these creatures parade only two blocks from the city bustle. For those who care to see it, and encourage it just a little, there's rich entertainment even in an urban backyard. \*\*

# Fish for the Taking

by CURTIS CARPENTER



**T**HE SKY was gray with clouds. Mist sparkled on the windshield as we unloaded the boat into Inks Lake which was lapping higher at its banks than it normally did. Scattered plots of moss snuggled close to the bottom far below the glass-clear water. It was a perfect day for fishing, and if the fish were hitting as Jackie claimed, we were in for an exciting time.

After two cranks, the motor roared in a muffled tone and sent the boat skimming over the rippled water. We pulled up to a sloping shore parallel to a beautiful golf course

and silenced the motor. Jackie Hewlett, one of Austin's top bass fishermen, tied on a weird, colored bait. He called it the "green monster." Actually it was a Swimming Minnow Floater spiced with flashy fluorescent yellow mixed with a hint of green. Across the top was a black stripe. "Really," I teased, "you don't expect to catch anything in this lake on that silly looking thing!"

He assured me it was the bait which had pleased fish the Saturday before; he was going to start with a winner. On another rig he tied a Pico Perch decked in one of its new

colors. The only difference between it and the one I tied on was a black spot on each side and a spray of silver across the upper sides. He had scraped off the red paint on the front. I tried to match his baits as best I could. I figured it would be hard enough to catch anything on Inks, so why waste time hunting the right bait.

His first cast spotted the plug ahead of the boat about 15 feet off the shore line. I plunked mine in just beyond his. A lightning fast jerk on his rod bowed it in a U fashion, and a two-pound bass

showered the surface. The "green monster" was hanging in its mouth. I retrieved quickly and sent my bait flying out to another spot. Jackie slipped his fish on the stringer after a short but exciting battle and dropped his plug in the water just past mine. His rod zipped up, producing another bow, and Jackie nonchalantly lifted a fish over the side and slipped it on his stringer. "Two ahead!" I reminded myself.

Then, he exchanged rigs in one quick motion, picking up the one with the silver and spots. "Now," I mumbled excitedly, not really convinced that the fish favored the green monster but wondering slightly, "I'll catch up."

"Zing," sang his rod, and he snagged a bass right from under my plug, threaded the stringer through its mouth, and once more flipped his bait into a likely spot. "Accidents," I grinned, and then swallowed.

As my partner strung his sixth fish, I had convinced myself I was going to borrow a bait. He didn't have another spotted Pico, but he tossed me another monster of the same color. It was a sinker and not a floater. Finally I managed to get two fish on the stringer, but by the time I did, he had eight. I never did catch up. When the day ended, we had 30 fish hanging over the side—only four were mine.

Because of the race and because of the rain, which was coming down in torrents off and on throughout the time we fished, I had forgotten that this was Inks Lake. Only a few months earlier, this lake was considered sick as far as fishing was concerned. Few top fishermen ever frequented its waters.

In a sense, a lake is like a person. If stuffed with the wrong ingredients, it often suffers from indigestion. If a person follows the doctor's advice and takes his medicine, he usually gets well and becomes active once more. A sick lake also must be treated. In many instances, the lake will recover and become productive.

Inks for many years had been suffering from acute forage and rough fish over-population. It was so saturated with shad that bass snubbed artificial lures. Biologists diagnosed the case and recommended a dose of rotenone strong

enough to eliminate the shad and some rough fish, but not to affect the game fish.

Fishermen wondered with interest if Inks Lake would once more become the popular fishing lake it had been many years ago. A favorite story with bass fishermen in Central Texas lauds the great strings of bass that were taken from the waters of this attractive lake in its healthier days. Some fishermen claim that when it was producing big bass, it was the hottest fishing hole in the State.

Who can say that it will regain the fame it once enjoyed? Undoubtedly it will be a better fishing lake for a few years.

Fish being slipped on stringers of fishermen testing Inks right now average about a pound apiece. A few big ones end up on the stringers, but most of the fish are small. However, they are in good shape—fat and sassy.

People stand on piers fishing with minnows and take home some fine stringers of black bass. Others fish with minnows out of boats and catch

some nice ones. Our string attests to the success with artificials, so they are hitting just about anything tossed their way, as long as it has an appealing color.

I could hardly believe my eyes when Jackie yanked bass out of the same water I had fished so many times before without success. I knew that a saturation of shad in a lake affected the fishing, but I hadn't realized how much.

I remembered Balmorhea Lake between Van Horn and Fort Stockton—how the rough fish literally took over. It, like Inks, was useful to skiers and the boat riders, but it was deathly ill as far as fishermen were concerned. Biologists said the only hope for Balmorhea was a complete kill, so they gave it the full treatment.

Thousands and thousands of suckers, carp and other rough fish were removed from the lake. Very few game fish were observed, and those that were found were grandpappys who had out-smarted fishermen for years. Commission biologists re-

• Continued on Page 25



This stringer filled by Jackie Hewlett of Austin says the pendulum swings upward for Inks.

# Compelling Pursuit

by CON MIMS

**D**AD AND I left home about 4:30 p.m. on a cold, wet December day, heading toward the flat country of George West County in South Texas. This was the home of some of the country's largest white-tailed bucks. In fact, the Texas record white-tailed buck was taken from Webb County which was only a little farther south on the Texas-Mexico border.

The light rain did not cease that afternoon. We rode in silence as the gray misty clouds clung to the land with an icy grip. The long rows of fence posts and barbed wire streaked past us, and the naked patches of mesquite, the endless plains and glistening cactus turned in a slow, even arc to follow them. Darkness soon enveloped the land.

I had only one thing on my mind—the hunt. I was hoping, dreaming and planning. Conditions seemed to be perfect for a chance at a large buck. The weather was good; it was cold—bitter cold. The clouds obscured the moon. I was counting on this rainy, dark night keeping the deer bedded up, causing them to move in search of food during most of the next day. We had

another stroke of luck in our favor; the next day was predicted to be clear and cold. Also, it was late in the season—the time when South Texas bucks begin mating. During this time bucks are exceptionally daring in the presence of man. So, the score in my mind mounted for a perfect hunt.

The miles sped by and the rain slowed. It seemed as if we had been driving most of the night. Actually, we had been on the road only about three hours. As we approached the front gate of our land, a nice buck ran awkwardly across the slick road and jumped the fence. That delighted us, but it also slashed my plans. The wind and rain had stopped so I began relying on the darkness alone to keep the deer bedded up. I rationalized that the buck we saw had been spooked. But as we pitched camp, the sky began to clear, creating large open spaces filled with brilliantly shining stars. I knew I would have to rely more on the cold weather, mating season and a wet ground for tracking.

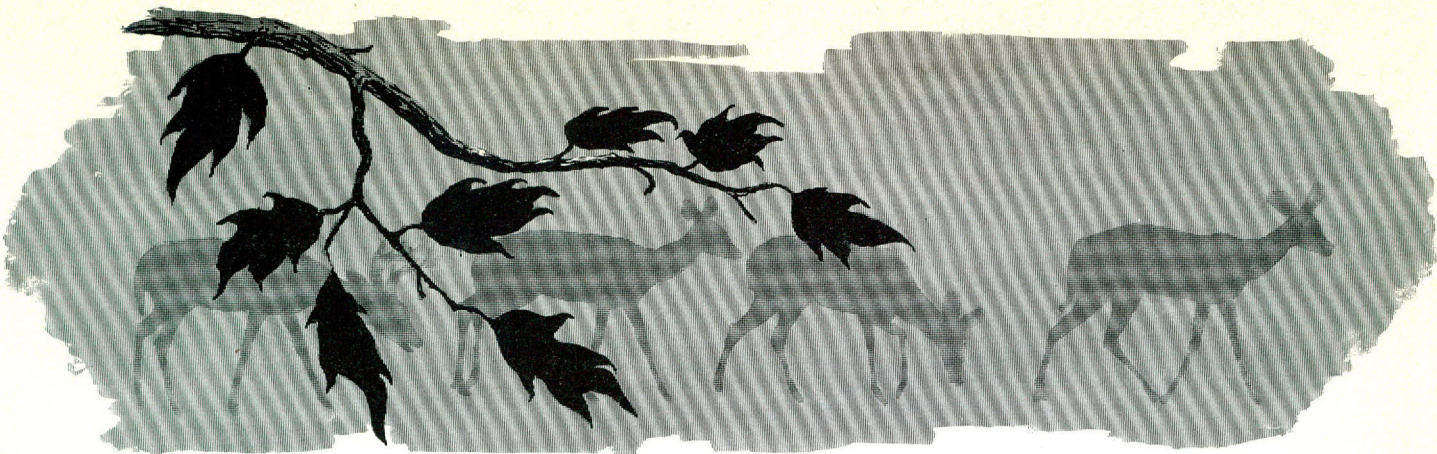
With the first ring of the alarm clock the next morning, I was alert and eager to go. Dad was a little slower breaking out of his “cocoon,” but with a hot breakfast and plenty of coffee, he was soon completely awake. The stars shone dimly in the clear sky as a thread of pink light on the eastern horizon penetrated the retreating darkness and touched the higher points on the almost flat land.

My pulse quickened as I slid the last cold cartridge into my rifle and set the safety mechanism. I made a final check of my equipment, wanting to travel as lightly as possible. Soon the sun furnished enough light to see for 300 or 400 yards. I climbed into the car with Dad, and we drove to the southern part of the ranch.

At the south fence line, we left the car and headed north on foot with a slight wind current in our favor. The damp ground made our footsteps almost inaudible, but the ground was drying fast. A thick veil of rising fog met us as we entered a lower section of the area, so we circled and checked an old water tank smothered with heavy brush. Nothing was there, but an old owl which hooted at us from a tall dead tree.

Suddenly, a movement through the fog caught my attention. Through my rifle scope, I distinguished the forms of four deer moving slowly across an open area.





As they approached the outer edge of fog, I could see antlers on the last one. My heart leaped. I had to make an off-hand shot through the curtain. My rifle bucked against my shoulder, and a split second later I heard a solid thud as the bullet struck home. The deer collapsed instantly. I rammed another cartridge into the chamber, and with Dad at my side, I crept toward the fallen animal. He wasn't there! Quickly, we began circling the spot where he had dropped, looking for blood or tracks. Dad had not seen the deer at all and was getting a little skeptical—but not for long. After a short search, I jumped the deer out of a shallow ravine, took a quick shot and missed as he bounded across the field, clearing a fence.

Once more we searched for tracks or blood but found none. Dad tried to convince me I had missed him. I knew he was wrong because I had seen the buck go down. Dad decided to get the car and hunt another area while I stayed to search.

I felt completely on my own as Dad's form disappeared down the road. But I was convinced that I would find the deer. The fog was gone, and the sun was neutralizing the crisp morning air. A light northerly breeze drifted across the land. The buck was running



south the last time I saw him. This meant my chances for getting very close to him were slim unless he were badly hurt.

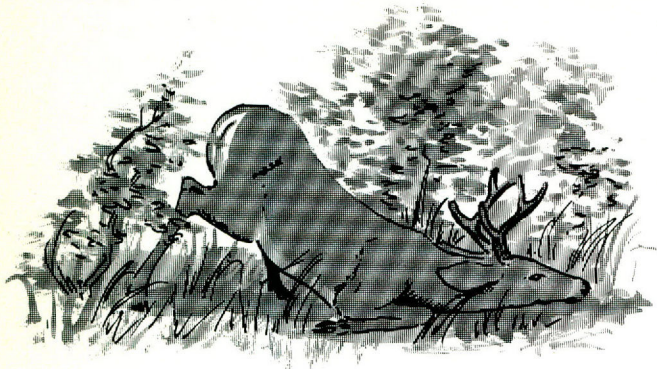
I looked at my watch. It was 7:30 a.m. I reloaded my rifle and checked the extra shells in my pocket. In the area where the deer had jumped the fence, I began searching for blood. It took me a full five minutes to find the place where the buck had jumped. He had cleared the fence by two or three yards on either side without touching the bare ground. Then I noticed a small spot of turned earth beneath a clump of low brush where he had landed. About eight feet away from this, I located his splayed prints again. He was still running hard directly south toward an arroyo. As I neared the arroyo, the ground was softer and the trailing became a little easier. I crawled for about 50 feet, searching for blood traces; I found none. Then I realized that the buck must not have been wounded badly. The powerful bullet of my 30-06 must have just spun him. When I reached the bottom, I glanced at the freshly churned earth and sighed. There in the print of the right front hoof was a pencil-point speck of fresh blood. Cautiously I dropped and began crawling again. About 10 yards away, I found another speck of blood. Again it was in the right front hoof print. I knew now where he had been hit. The ground grew hard once more and the tracks again were difficult to follow. Small red-speckled stones confused me. I had to back-track many times.

It was 8:45 a.m. It had taken me an hour and 15 minutes to cover less than 300 yards. Now his trail angled in a southeasterly direction, heading up the side of a low hill. At the top, I noticed the deer had slowed to a fast walk. The blood spot in each set of tracks was as large as a dime. I tied a white handkerchief on a low bush next to that set of prints so I could use them as a reference point. I resumed the scrutiny. The deer had been moving in a gradual arc but had straightened out to a due north route on the hilltop. I thought he might be circling back to the place where I had shot him.

The trailing went faster for a while. I soon found a place where the deer had plowed between two bushes, staining the leaves. Judging from the position of the leaves, I decided he probably was hit in the brisket—

only a minor wound. But this thought didn't discourage me, for I knew he had lost a lot of blood.

I thought of the surprised expression Dad would have when he saw the huge buck hanging in camp.



I visualized the deer struggling through the brush below me, or lying dead or rolling in the mud at one of the water tanks.

At 1:30 p.m. I lost the trail. I suddenly realized I had been on the trail for six hours. I was exhausted, hungry and thirsty; but my mental picture of the waning deer drove thoughts of hunger and fatigue from my mind.

After checking the two tanks I returned to where I had lost the trail and I searched the area about 15 minutes. A shot shattered the loneliness of the area ahead of me. Thinking I might help Dad, I abandoned my search. I found Dad on the road about 400 yards from where my trail ended. He claimed a nice buck had crossed the road in front of him. It had offered him only a quick unaimed shot, and he had missed.

When we reached the place where the buck had crossed, I noticed a tell-tale spot of blood in his right



front print. It was my buck! Apparently he had been resting in the thick brush, and I had scared him out as I entered. So the trail began again; this time Dad helped me. But the trail grew faint. About 100 yards from the tank we lost it and never found it again. Dad stayed at the last sign, and I walked up to the tank and checked every inch of it. Nothing.

As I walked back, I saw a movement about 350 yards away. Bringing my rifle up, I caught a beautiful buck in the scope. I knew it was not the one I was after because he was calmly grazing across the hill, heading south, and his antlers were much heavier. I fired one carefully aimed shell. Nothing happened. He only raised his head and then continued eating. I squeezed off a second round, heard the bullet tear through the air and saw a cloud of dust billow about six feet on my side of the buck. He jumped but stopped a few yards away and stood there looking around. My third shot hit wild and the deer calmly bounded over a rise more annoyed than scared. Distance in that flat country had me fooled. Just out of habit, I tried fruitlessly to pick up a trail. When I returned to the tank, Dad was sitting there relaxing. He gave me a grin which made me feel foolish. It was 3:30 p.m. Except for the last 30 minutes, I had been on the blood trail for eight hours. I thought Dad was proud of me, but he never showed it. After resting we borrowed three dogs from the adjoining ranch. They didn't help us.

At dark after several more hours of fruitless trailing, I returned to camp where Dad was preparing supper.

When the alarm rang the next morning, I was not quite as eager as I had been the previous morning. I was still up before Dad, but only long enough to grab an extra pair of socks and put on my coat. It was our last day. We would have to leave that night.

The morning passed uneventfully for me, but that afternoon I spotted three deer in the middle of the road about 200 yards in front of the car. I stopped the auto, leaving the engine running to drown out any noise I made, opened the door and scoped the trio. The last one was a nice buck, so I slipped off the safety mechanism and squeezed the trigger. The does scattered and the buck dropped. It was a perfect shoulder shot—a clean kill.

When I turned him over, my eyes fell on a long ugly gash across his brisket. Then I examined his right front hoof. He was my blood trail buck! But his antlers. They were not nearly as large as those I had pictured the last few hours. But still it was a good trophy.

Later that afternoon as we hastened home, the land seemed to be smiling at us. The miles going back did not seem as long as they had coming. Before long, Mother was dashing out the kitchen door, followed by my two sisters and my dog. Neighborhood friends were gathered around my trophy, yelling and patting my back. The dog was sniffing the dried blood on my trousers, trying to comprehend the excitement.

But all this time in reverie, I saw a huge buck dragging along ahead of me. He was glancing over his wounded shoulder and I was squinting at the crimson trail ahead; we both were walking our first blood trail.



# Trophy Tails

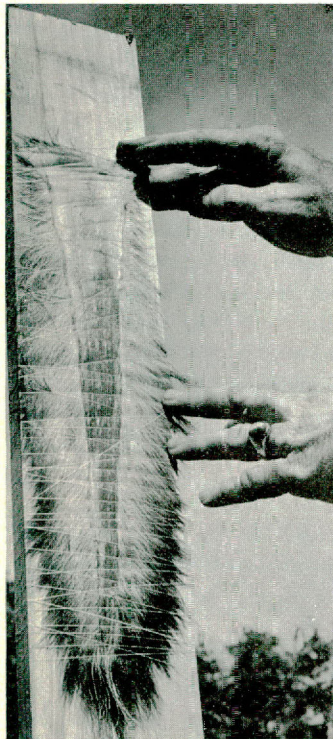
by HAL SWIGGETT  
San Antonio Express-News



Split the tail on the under side, from the anal opening to the tip.



Cut around the base of the tail; then carefully peel off the pelt.



Spread tail open on board, flesh side out; wrap with thread. Dry.



The product looks like this. To turn on light, just pull.

**V**ARMINT calling has become quite a fad. Why not take advantage of the sport and collect yourself some novel trophies at the same time. Tail trophies have no odor, are easily prepared AND are proof of your prowess as a varmint hunter.

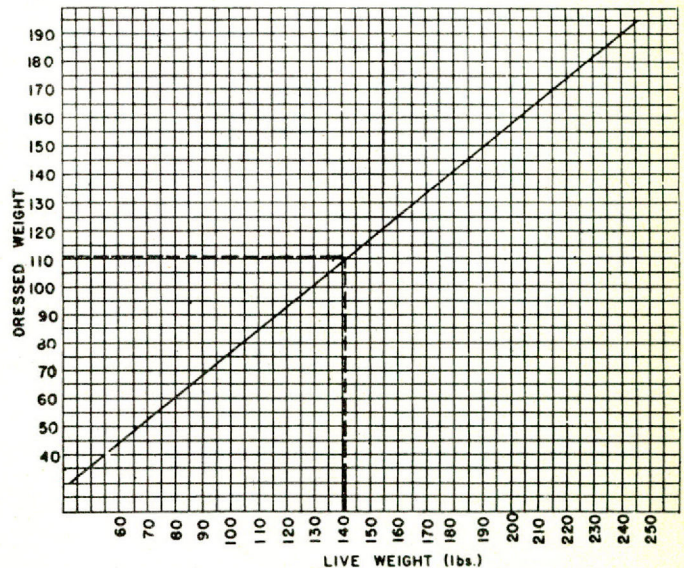
Next time you kill a coyote, fox or 'coon, skin out the tail and cut it off. It's very simple. All you have to do is split the skin from the base of the tail to the tip, on the bottom, and carefully peel it off. You will need a board three or four inches wide and a little longer than the tail, and a spool of cotton thread or some string.

Spread the tail open on the board, flesh side out. Wrap thread around the board for the full length of the tail. I wrap from top to bottom at an angle then come back up to the top in order to crisscross the wrappings and keep the tail flat. I find the thread wraps should be no more than an inch apart.

Place the tail bound to the board in a corner where there is good circulation. Sometimes on hot days I put mine in the sun a while. It hastens drying. In bad weather I sometimes put them in the corner behind the water heater. If your pelt was properly fleshed, meaning no meat or fat left on, it will dry in a week or so. That's all there is to it.

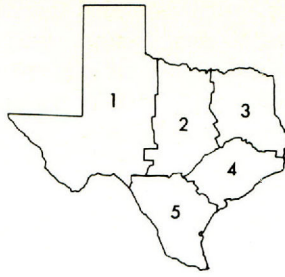
The first tail I put up in my house brought forth a shriek that was probably heard several counties away. I will have to admit that it was a provoked shriek. I have a pull chain light over my desk. Naturally I placed the first tail there. My wife, not knowing about it, reached for the light one evening and got a handful of tail. \*\*

## WHAT DID MY DEER WEIGH?



**EXAMPLE:** Your deer weighs 110 lbs. dressed. (Internal organs including heart, liver, and lungs removed.) Find this point on the left hand vertical scale. Follow the 110 line across until you hit the slanted line. At this point follow the line down until you hit the horizontal scale. Your deer weighed 140 lbs.

# Regional



# Roundup

## Region I – San Angelo

**P**EOPLE with only a vague knowledge of West Texas usually complain about the empty harshness of the Trans-Pecos. However, each time a newcomer looks at this “wasteland” with open eyes, another defender of West Texas is born.

Jim Teer, formerly Pittman-Robinson project leader in the Edwards Plateau, recently spent a few days on the Black Gap and in one day saw seven antelope, several mule deer, seven bighorn sheep, many blue and gambel's quail, white-winged and mourning doves and javelina. To finish the day with a bang, he shot a mountain lion!

Where else in Texas could such game variety be encountered in a year, let alone a day?

Inland Fisheries crews from San Angelo recently caught several blue catfish for brooders in the San Angelo Hatcheries. Al Pettit, hatchery superintendent, hopes for high reproductive success in this experimental venture.

Renovated lakes in Larry Campbell's regulatory area, such as Oak Creek, Lake Sweetwater, Champion Creek and Balmorhea, are all improving rapidly. Good fish growth is expected to continue for some time.

## Region V – Rockport

**D**EER SEASON in South Texas just about lived up to the biologists' predictions. The deer were there, they were not in bad condition and hunters harvested many tons of prime venison. Perhaps antlers were not, on the whole, as large as they were in other years, but the “brush country” came through with some huge antlers hunters have learned to expect from there. Even the edge of the Edwards Plateau in Region V produced a few of these “moss backs.” At least two counties lost enough deer in the spring drouth to prevent an antlerless deer hunt, but even the terrific die-off in the northern counties of the region was not enough to eliminate all surplus does. It is possible, with the death of many fawns, these counties might approach a balanced condition by fall.

Coastal biologists report tagged fish are being caught at an unexpected rate. One man caught three tagged

redfish in one day. Some of these fish have been free for two years, yet they were recaptured within a mile of the place where they were tagged. The question remains—where have they been all this time?

A new concept in fishing, the electric trawl, is being discussed and some experiments may be attempted on the Texas coast. The equipment needed for this work is bulky and heavy, and a fairly large ship is required. The method has been applied to trotlines and has been successful in tuna fishing. Sharks, attracted by the thrashing of a hooked fish, had been taking their toll from the tuna trotlines. The electric line stuns the fish so that he lies still and does not attract this predator.

Information on white-winged dove movement is expected to be gleaned from efforts of biologists in the Rio Grande Valley, who made a couple of trips into Mexico. Thirteen thousand one hundred and forty-five whitewings are wearing new aluminum bands which, when recovered, will contribute bits of knowledge which biologists must have.

The Uvalde game warden reports an incident which happened on Highway 90 west of Uvalde recently. About 3 a.m. a man saw a small eight-point buck in the right-of-way and decided to run over the prime chunk of venison. He hit the deer with his pick-up; the deer appeared dead.

When “Mr. Get-em The Easy Way” jumped out to cut the buck's throat, he suddenly had a lively adversary on his hands, and his head, and his back and his feet. The buck ran away without serious injuries, but the man was admitted to Uvalde Memorial Hospital with three broken ribs, a puncture wound in his right shoulder, plus multiple cuts and bruises over most of his body.

## Region III – Tyler

**E**AST TEXAS hunters have concluded a successful deer season, and in many areas enjoyed the harvest of antlerless deer. But the shotguns have not been retired to the gun rack in the 47 counties of Region III.

Squirrel and quail season are still offering good shooting in many counties, and hunters are constantly surprised at the abundance of game. Many hunters have been so enthusiastic that when Santa Claus came in December they asked, “What can I do for you?”

*Continued on Page 29*

sensitivity, is duly impressive when masked guys nonchalantly snatch bees from the air.

Although coons are loners with some intelligence, they apparently need help from their fellows in some situations. In a *Journal of Mammalogy* report, Ward M. Sharp and Louise H. Sharp describe a social status among coons they observed at a lighted feeding station. The individual coming into a group of feeding coons did not fare well. He was intimidated and often discouraged by the group. Two or more coons, constituting a pack, however, had less difficulty entering an established group. Sometimes when a pack approached feeding animals, one coon would take the initiative for his group, laying back his ears and raising his shoulder hackles in a menacing fashion. If this didn't sufficiently impress the established group, he'd give a toothy snarl. Then the aggressor would move in, followed by his companions who merely sneaked in on the weight of their leader's threats.

Some chivalry and honor were displayed among these coons. The Sharps point out that females with young cubs were allowed complete freedom of movement in the feeding area. Just how deep honor went is questionable, for when cubs were left by their mothers, they were often driven away or at least were driven to the periphery.

Intelligence and adaptability of coons constitute one matter and wisdom quite another. Although the species is inherently intelligent, granting its Einsteins and Slow Joes, wisdom isn't a gift to the young. Many coon hunters as well as naturalists and psychologists report coon youngsters do foolish things their elders wouldn't dream of doing. So coon cubs have a lot to learn, and the coon family is an excellent place to begin.

The family unit is formed in February with the beginning of breeding season. A secondary breeding season begins two to four months later. Although coons are not monogamous, a strong attachment seems to develop between the male

and female before actual breeding. The male is promiscuous with his affections, but the female is not. She accepts only her chosen mate and wants him near her even after the litter of three or four babies is born; at least this has been observed in captive coons. A few days before the babies arrive in April or May, the mother chews enough wood in the den to provide a nest of shavings for the little ones.

At birth, young coons are dark, furry balls with closed eyes and ears. They do not have the characteristic rings on their tails. For the first few weeks they remain in the den, feeding only on their mother's milk.

The female coon is a devoted mother. She keeps her children about her in a close family unit long after they are weaned. The youngsters usually stay with her through their first winter, holing up on especially cold days and coming out to feed when the weather is fairly mild. Most wildlife experts believe the father does not assist in rearing the young. It is possible, however, that some fathers occasionally bring food to the den for the young family.

When the young coons are a few weeks old, the mother takes them along on her usual nocturnal hunting trips. They can begin learning tricks of the coon trade. When the family leaves the den, the mother goes first, often scampering down head first like a squirrel. Babies follow, one by one, but they are more cautious. At the opening of the den, they turn around and carefully inch down the tree backwards, bear-fashion.

On these trips, little ones learn crazyquilt meandering habits of coon navigation and fishing and foraging techniques. But they can't resist a bit of frolicking and tussling along with their lessons.

Young coons are in constant danger from predators. Bobcats and owls, especially, have an appetite for them. When they reach adulthood, however, they have few enemies except man, for the mature coons' defenses are impressive enough to ward off most animals.

Intelligent, adaptable and individualistic—that's the Lone Ranger of the animal world. \*\*

## WASTE



Photo by A. C. Becker

Some Galveston beach seiners have been picking out good fish from their nets and dumping thousands of mullet on the beaches. Gulls take only eyes, leaving the decaying bodies.

### Fine fishing must be protected.

*Fish for the taking* — From Page 19  
stocked the lake with bass; today it is alive again. Come spring, fishermen should find the lake well on its way to recovery and producing some good bass.

These are just two examples of how Commission biologists have eased the pains of sick lakes. The list of recovered lakes runs high, and it includes one or two in every region of the state. There's no guarantee that the fishing in treated lakes will last forever. Artificial lakes have a habit of getting out of balance.

I have sometimes overlooked the fact that the fine fishing in Texas is something we must protect through wise management and use of this natural resource. Game and Fish biologists are constantly searching for better ways to keep fishing good for us. We can help them by trying to understand and recognize the problems they must face each day. Next time I catch a bass on Inks or Balmorhea, mentally I am going to say thanks to the biologists and others responsible for making it possible. And—I'm going to be thankful that I picked the right bait at the right time. \*\*

# GUNS



## ... and Shooting

By L. A. WILKE

This Month: **Slug-Throwers**

**D**URING the last deer hunting season the number of Texans who got their deer with slug-throwing shotguns was surprising. In many thickly populated areas of the East, the shotgun slug long has been a favorite for deer hunting. But in Texas, where the accurate-shooting .243 is rapidly replacing the old reliable .30-30, the shotgun has been mostly a brush gun, loaded with 00 buckshot. Within the last couple of years, however, the shotgun slug has increased in popularity; now many hunters, especially in East Texas, are using them instead of rifles. At 100 yards or less slugs are deadly to deer.

Most hunters, of course, are still using their old shotguns, with inadequate sights. However, since Ithaca brought out three years ago its model 37 Deerslayer with rifle sights,

many hunters are turning to shotguns built to handle slugs more effectively.

Within the last 30 days the famous old Browning has announced its Buck Special. This gun is available in all its automatic models, in 12, 16 and 20 gauge, and also in 12-gauge magnum.

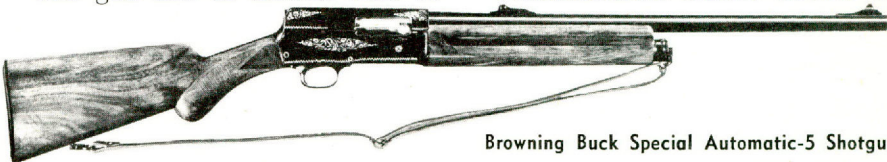
The barrel of this new adaptation is 23½ inches long; it is equipped with rifle-style open sights. Carrying sling, detachable swivels and other attachments are available. The barrel also is available for existing Browning shotguns.

The gun lists at around \$150 in

of the slug shotgun. A great deal of field testing was put into the gun. This testing proved the unbelievable accuracy of a slug fired from one of these guns equipped with the proper sights.

The 12-gauge slug weighs an ounce; the 16 $\frac{7}{8}$  and the 20 each weighs  $\frac{5}{8}$  ounce. They travel at around 1600 feet per second with terrific knockdown effect. They'll shoot two-inch groups at around 100 yards and 1½-inch groups at 40 yards. Five brands of shotgun slugs all loaded about the same are on the market.

Manufacturers usually discuss the



Browning Buck Special Automatic-5 Shotgun

the high quality standard automatic shotgun, which retains its square-end lines that were the mark of all automatics for a long time.

Remington previously had announced its Brushmaster, in the model 870 with a rifle-sighted 20-inch barrel. It sells for around \$110. This is also the approximate price of the Ithaca Deerslayer, which is available in 12, 16 and 20 gauges in either the 26- or 20-inch carbine barrel, each equipped with rifle sights.

Ithaca pioneered in development

killing quality of the slug on deer, but the gun also is highly recommended for birds.

The barrel is bored to about the equivalent of an improved cylinder. For three seasons I have consistently used the Model 37 Ithaca with the slug barrel on bobs, blues and doves. The gun also has killed chukar and pheasant on shooting resorts.

It is the deadliest quail gun I have ever shot, especially when shooting in competition. By competition I mean the hunter who likes to knock down a quail just after it clears the dog's head and then blame you for waiting too long to shoot. Some hunters get a larger kick out of such shooting than they do from the gun recoil. With this Ithaca you can break some of them of the habit.

I am sure the Remington and the new Browning will do just as well with target loads and No. 8's on birds. Thus with a slug barrel you can have a pretty thorough all-around gun.

### COMPLETE REPAIR SERVICE GUARANTEED

Binoculars, Scopes, Recementing, Hard-coating, Post, Cross hairs, Rangefinder or special reticule installed, Refinishing, Blueing. Modern machine shop, 21 years in business. Write or send instrument for estimate.

#### Optical Instrument Repair Co.

579 Avondale Avenue  
SAN ANTONIO 23, TEXAS

### RUBBER-BAND LINE KIT



Proven Fish - Catcher ----

Use as throw-line from the bank, set it, bait it and run it without a boat.

Will catch all fish ---- Use live or cut bait.

THE LEE COMPANY  
4306 Utah Ave.  
Dallas 16, Texas



Kit contains approximately 50 ft. 70 lb. test nylon line, 20 ft. rubber, 6 Snelled No. 2.0 hooks.

One KIT....\$1.25 One pkg. (2 lines) of extra Rubber.....75 mailed prepaid  
Add 2% Sales Tax

## Drift of growing populations results in occupation of new range.

Restoration Progress

From Page 10

evaluation were based on the development of a population that supported a sustained hunter harvest, the result would be in doubt. There probably is a rather limited amount of range in the Trans-Pecos where year round habitat meets the requirements of the Rio Grande race.

In contrast to the "Deep East" and "Far West," the north-south belt lying up through the middle of Texas presents a far more encouraging picture. While there have been transplants that failed to establish themselves in this region, there have been a significant number of outstanding successes. Geographically, they range all the way from the Mexican border to the Panhandle line on the north. Good examples include the Mansfield Ranch in Oldham County, Long-X Ranch in Hartley County, West Trinity Area in Jack County, Camp Bowie Area in Brown County, Flat Top Ranch in Bosque County, Buffalo Creek Area in San Saba County, Cypress Mill Area in Blanco County, Travis County Area just

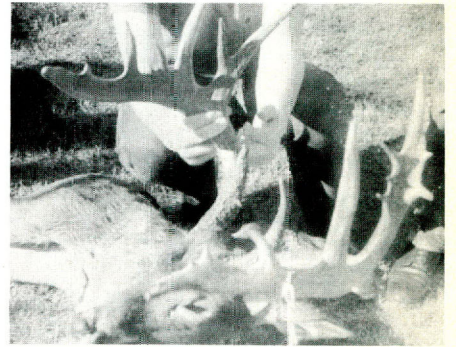
west of Austin, Blanco Creek Area in Bee and Goliad counties, and the Lower Nueces and Frio River areas in McMullen County. Other counties in which restocking proved productive included Aransas, Refugio, San Patricio, Hutchinson, Roberts, Nolan and Taylor.

In addition to the foregoing instances in which transplants paid good dividends, there also are numerous situations in which dispersal of turkeys from restoration areas has resulted in establishment of populations considerably beyond the selected lands. In some instances, the birds simply have moved from release sites and chosen their own home range. Also, the drift of growing populations frequently results in occupation of new range, particularly up and down watersheds. Hunt-able populations which must have developed through one or the other of these means have shown up in such counties as Bell, Mills, Montague, Stephens, Wise and Young, and probably in others.

## Great Racks of the Past



D. S. Wick, San Antonio, got this 11-pointer.



F. L. Welshans, Killeen, dropped a 19-pointer.

# KAMPKUTTER

THE HANDIEST AND MOST USEFUL SPORTING AND CAMPING TOOL ON THE MARKET.

SIX inch drop forged cutter for cleaning birds, fish and all around cutting on hunting, fishing and camping trips. Cuts metal, wire, or limbs up to 1/2 inch. Spring opened with handcrafted leather Holster and 20" 600 Lb. nylon Thong. Plastic covered handle.

POSTPAID anywhere in U.S. **\$4.00**  
Plus 8 cents sales tax in Texas.

## JAY COMPANY

"DEALERS IN SPORTING SPECIALTIES"

BOX 177

PLEASANTON, TEXAS

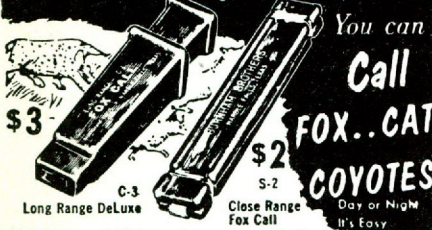


## FOREIGN DEER FOR SALE

Sika deer from Japan, 3 does and 1 buck \$550.00. Black buck antelope from India, 3 does and 1 buck \$700.00. Beautiful Axis deer from Asia and India, 3 does and 1 buck \$700.00. A special discount of 10% on 8 does and 2 bucks at one time.

P. O. Box 21158, San Antonio, Texas

## Season Open Now



**SPECIAL OFFER: Both Fox Calls Plus \$2 Instruction Record (78 or 45 rpm) ONLY \$5**

Surefire unbreakable BURNHAM calls featured in Aug. '56 TRUE "The CRITTERS Come When CALLED." Burnham calls lured up 121 Fox, 33 Raccoons, 156 Coyotes, 11 Bobcat, and hundreds of Hawks and Eagles on their dry run. Thousands of these calls in use everywhere. Letters tell us of amazing results—"Very first time I used your call I called up 5 Coyotes"—P.T.C., New Mexico. BURNHAM calls must give you close shot at above mentioned game or your money back!

ORDER TODAY!

FREE Calling Stories and best instructions 50 years of calling experience can produce.

POSTAGE PREPAID

**BURNHAM BROTHERS**

P. O. Box E-1, Marble Falls, Texas

## CARTRIDGE CLEAN

### The Easy Way to Clean Brass Cartridges

#### DIRECTIONS:

1. Remove primers
2. Place cases upright on plastic holder
3. Immerse for 15 to 30 seconds
4. Remove and rinse cases with water
5. Cases are ready for reloading

#### CAUTION:

Not to be taken internally  
May stain clothing

\$3.00 per quart including postage when check or money order is enclosed. Otherwise merchandise will be sent C.O.D. plus postage charges.

Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded if unused cleaner is returned.

**THE REMOVER CO.**

Box 12093

Houston 17, Texas

# What Others Are Doing

by JOAN PEARSALL

**DO-IT-YOURSELF LICENSE:** To save time for both the license agent and the hunter, and also to save printing expense, the California Department of Fish and Game has introduced a new, self-issuing hunting license. Hunters simply fill out the self-issuing license application, then wait for the agent to attach the stamp making it an official license.

**DOMESTICATED DOVES:** It was estimated recently that 3,000 doves are nesting in Fort Collins, Colorado, a city with a human population of 25,000. The well shaded residential area of the city provides an excellent nesting habitat in which as many as 20 nests per acre were found. Approximately 110 nests were located in four city blocks. This ability to adapt to civilized surroundings is one of the factors responsible for the high population of doves throughout most of the country.

**THOSE WHO LIVE IN GLASS HOUSES . . . :** A Missouri resident was so concerned about the amount of "telephoning" going on in the Mississippi River that he sat down and wrote a letter about it to the conservation agency. "Telephoning" refers to the use of telephone magnetos to stun fish electrically, making them easy to catch. Game wardens from Kentucky and Missouri joined forces to combat the "telephoners." Their checking probably did have a discouraging effect, although they made no arrests in connection with this activity. However, they did meet the man who wrote the complaining letter. He was fishing in the river—without a fishing permit.

**SMALL FRY SPECIAL:** The fishing pier built especially for children by the City of Miami, Flor-

ida, is a big success. It extends 70 feet and adults are not allowed on it unless accompanied by children. The pier was built for children exclusively after a 13-year-old petitioned for such a facility. Special safety precautions on the pier are enforced by the city.

**PACKAGE DEAL:** A "sportsmen's license" sells for \$10 in Wisconsin, authorizing fishing, small and big game hunting and trapping. Purchased individually, the licenses would total \$13. In 1961, 130,898 persons took advantage of the \$3 savings, compared to 65,371 purchased in 1960 when the combination license represented no saving.

**PRECIOUS SHELLS:** Hunters who insist on shooting at geese too high to kill have been cussed and discussed for years by good sportsmen who pass up all questionable shots. Indiana now has come up with a simple solution. In controlled goose hunting areas of Indiana, each hunter is limited to six shells and no hunter is foolish enough to throw these away on anything but a sure shot. On the first day the plan was tried, the kill of geese increased significantly.

**THE GREAT BERYLLIUM SCRAMBLE:** Recent discovery of new deposits of beryllium ore in the Lost River area in Alaska has started an influx of prospectors reminiscent of the gold-rush days of the 1890's. Within a few hours after public announcement of the find, planes were spiraling down to land parties of fortune seekers and many claims were hurriedly staked out. Beryllium, a scarce metal worth approximately \$70 a pound, has potential for use in supersonic planes, space craft, missiles and nuclear reactors.

**Varmint and crow hunters do themselves and wildlife a favor.**

*Regional Roundup*

*From Page 24*

Director John Carlisle's recommendation to teach the NRA Hunter Safety Course to youngsters is bearing fruit. A group of interested sportsmen in Athens is organizing just such a class for young hunters of the area. Makes us think that more sportsmen are in the making, and lives will be saved.

Varmint and crow hunters in East Texas have been enjoying their favorite sport, and doing themselves and wildlife a favor at the same time. *The Varmint and Crow Hunters Bible* by Bert Popowski, which carries an interesting chapter on hunting coyote and bobcat, is being widely read by sportsmen who don't wish to stop hunting when the season closes on game birds and animals. A chapter on crows advises that only 5% are killed by rifle, and advocates the use of the shotgun.

*Hunting Headlines* ————— *From Page 15*

Extreme east and west counties were contributing to the overall harvest. In Red River County a Pittsburg hunter, Billy Pilgrim, brought in a 149-pounder sporting nine points. A Hallsville hunter, Tom

This is good advice in areas where stray rifle bullets might cause damage.

The Gus Engeling Area squirrel hunt records show a total of 50 permits issued with 43 hunters participating. They took 278 squirrels, for an average of 6.47 squirrels per hunter.

The Polk County Game Association met recently in Corrigan, and

Azbell, personally proved hunting was good in two East Texas counties. He brought down one of the first bucks in Harrison County and added to this eight-point kill a 10-pointer downed in Wood County.

The largest buck noted so far was killed West of the Pecos. A Roswell, New Mexico man, Homer Luck, bagged one which weighed an estimated 225 pounds (on the hoof) in Culberson County. His hunting partner, L. A. Richards of Pecos, snagged a nine-pointer.

Results of the Public hunts controlled by Game and Fish Commission are not included in this sampling. A report of these hunts will be featured in the February issue. \*\*

**Efforts of an amateur trapper will make the wolf smarter and the job harder.**

*A Case For Trapping*

*From Page 11*

warden. This is a job for a professional, and efforts of the amateur trapper can only make such a job harder for the professional.

There is a balance of nature, and I wouldn't want to help to exterminate a whole species, but right

now, I think the balance is in favor of the predator, and I enjoy stringing a little steel in my spare time on behalf of the quail. Until the situation changes, I'll participate in one of the country's oldest outdoor games—trapping. \*\*



**HERE IT IS  
TEXAS GAME AND FISH Magazine**

Walton State Bldg., Austin 14, Texas

\$5.10 for 5 years\*

\$3.06 for 2 years\*

\$2.04 for 1 year\*

\*2% Texas Sales Tax Has Been Added.

Out-of-State subscribers exempt from Texas sales tax.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street or Box \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

New  Renewal

Allow Six Weeks for Delivery

later in Livingston. It is striving for new membership, and a club with a conservation purpose such as this one will not have trouble filling its ranks.

Region III Game and Fish Commission office in Tyler is interested in hearing suggestions from sportsmen and clubs regarding a system for keeping records of wildlife species taken within the state. National records exist on big game and fish, but facts and figures on a state level have been ignored. Ideas, anyone?

Tyler Quail Hatchery shipped 1938 quail for restocking during October. Superintendent Walter Arnold and Biologist Joe Davidson are pleased with the interest in Future Farmers and 4-H Club quail applications. The basic theme of the program is improvement of quail habitat, which is necessary for birds' survival. This improvement is underway and will increase the value of hunting to the East Texas sportsman. \*\*

Spiced Venison Roast, Ummm!

**THE HUNGRY SPORTSMAN'S  
FISH & GAME COOKBOOK**

More Than 400 Recipes \$1.00 Postpaid

**EDDIE MEIER**  
Box 3030 — Scottsdale, Ariz.

• GUDEBROD • GUDEBROD • GUDEBROD •

**Preferred  
by PROS**

**GUDEBROD**  
G-6 OF D  
Dacron  
BRAIDED  
TROLLING LINE  
100 YARDS  
CLASS 20 LB.

**No Stretch  
Fine Diameter  
G-6 BLUESPOT  
Braided Dacron  
Trolling line**

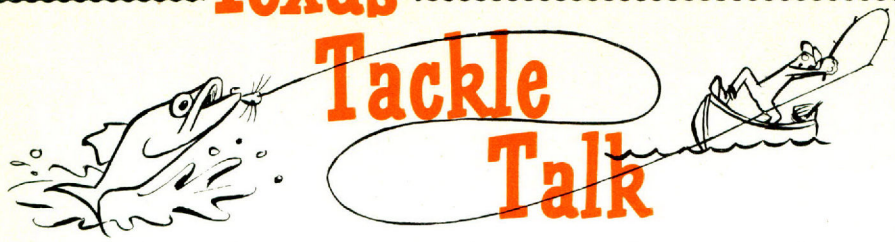
**ask for GUDEBROD**

Gudebrod Bros. Silk Co., Inc., Phila. 7, Pa.

• GUDEBROD • GUDEBROD • GUDEBROD •

# Texas

# Tackle Talk



by CURTIS CARPENTER

**C**OLD WEATHER now holds the state in its grip. This is the time of the year when an outdoorsman really learns to appreciate his foul weather gear. Waders, rain suit, heavy boots, insulated underwear and parka now take a prominent place on the list of necessities for fishing. If you have the items listed above, cold weather will not keep you indoors, causing you to miss some of the best fishing of the year.

If you plan to do some fishing the year round, you might as well get equipped for the occasion. Whether you fish on the coast or beautiful in-

land waters of the state, foul weather clothing will come in handy.

The first item to purchase is a rain suit. Then get a pair of waterproof boots. If you never own anything heavier, you can fish in just about any kind of weather. The rain suit will act as a wind breaker as well as protect you from moisture. In the winter, you bundle up and go right on fishing. Wind magnifies cold air, and the rain suit will keep out this wind. When spring rains come, you simply wear less clothing under the suit.

Many kinds of rain suits are avail-

able. I paid about \$2 for mine at an Army surplus store. I bought a pair of rubber boots for about \$4. I have used them for two years now. If they fall apart right now, I wouldn't complain, because I have already had a \$1000 worth of use out of them. When most fishermen are sitting around the fire complaining about the weather, I am out enjoying the fine winter fishing.

## Reel News

Once a trend is established, the line forms. ZEBCO, long known for its proved closed-face 33 and others, has come out with a whole new line of open-faced reels, seven in all. The firm has placed on the market both open-spinning and level-wind reels ranging in price from \$34.95 to \$12.95. The company has also come out with 16 balanced rod and reel sets and now offers a full dozen Zeb-flex rods.

## Fish Mounts

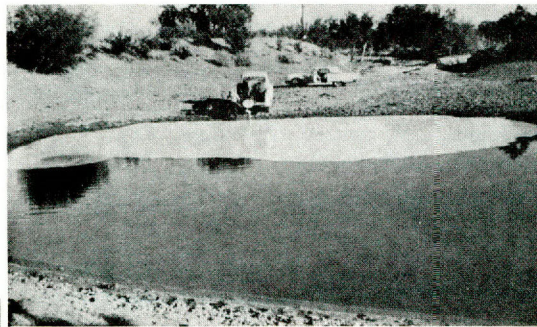
The simplest way to keep a record of your fish, of course, is to take a picture of it. There is one other way, according to Edward C. Migdalski in his book, *How to Make Fish Mounts*, published by The Ronald Press Company, 15 East 26th Street, New York 10, N. Y. Trace your fish on a piece of heavy paper or wood and draw in other details. Wipe the fish as clean as you can before you lay it on the paper. You may have to trace it off on a clean surface when you get home. You can use a photograph of the fish to fill in the details if you wish.

Now you can cut out the silhouette and trace it off on a piece of art board or soft wood. There are all sorts of ways to polish up the work before you mount it on a background. You can use paints to give it color, or you can get out the wood burning set and really have some fun.

When you are finished, be sure to inscribe on it some place, the name of the fisherman, where and when it was caught, and other information such as length and weight. You'll be surprised how much attention this kind of mount will attract. \*\*

## SOLVE WATER SEEPAGE PROBLEMS with SOIL SEALER-13

**SS-13** is a proprietary material scientifically developed to reduce water seepage 60% to 90% in ponds, lakes, canals, and rivers.



**SS-13** also is the answer for newly constructed fish ponds or reservoirs where it is impossible to retain water due to sandy-type soils.



For complete information and consultation service contact your nearest Stull representative, or write:



**Stull Chemical Company**  
P. O. Box 6386, 3400 Nacogdoches Road  
San Antonio, Texas • Telephone OL 5-5210





**THE LIFE STORY OF THE FISH: HIS MORALS AND MANNERS**, by Brian Curtis. Published by Dover Publications, Inc., New York, N. Y., 284 pages, \$1.50.

Paperback fans with an inquiring mind and an interest in fish will enjoy *The Life Story of the Fishes His Morals and Manners*. Although the chapters include discussions on such specialized subjects as body covering, framework, nervous system, laymen will find that they need not know technical language, for Curtis, who was formerly supervising fisheries biologist, California State Division of Fish and Game has explained biological fish facts in lay terms.

To translate technical information into understandable and enjoyable explanation for non-technical persons is no easy job. The danger is oversimplification or non-communication. Curtis has skillfully avoided both. "Much ado about nothing" appears in a few passages and a few require a second reading, but the book as a whole neither insults the readers' intelligence nor leaves average minds in a labyrinth of complicated facts.

As the subtitle, "His Manners and Morals," implies, the book has a light tone and the piscatorial descriptions are often clothed in human metaphors and references. In discussing fish scales he writes, "The principal function of the scales is protection. They are the remnants of the heavy armor-plate which the earliest-known fossil fishes wore. As the fish became more active this armor-plate had to become more flexible, and this was accomplished by breaking it up into small sections. Also, as the fish acquired powerful teeth and jaws, it became less dependent on protective armor. Mother Nature evidently was aware of the theory so successfully applied in modern football that a good offense is the best defense. The infant swordfish starts life equipped with defensive spines and rudimentary scales, and with not a sign of a sword. As it grows up and produces on its face the most impressive piece of offensive armament in the whole world of fishes, it completely abandons its defensive armor: not a scale nor

a spine is to be found on the body of the adult . . ."

The pages are not confined to cell by cell inspection of the fish's anatomy and internal organs. Often Curtis points out the reason behind fish action familiar to anglers or aquarists. For example, he writes, "Fishes vary in their oxygen requirements. The trout, for instance, needs much more than the carp, which is why the trout like swift streams while the carp can live in a mud puddle."

Curtis' close look at the life processes of some game fishes including trout, salmon, swordfish, tarpon, tuna, striped bass, black bass and muskellunge will interest anglers.

Also for anglers is a chapter, "Fish and Fishermen," which points out the usefulness and progress of fisheries management to protect man's finny friends for food and sport.

This book will furnish enough "did you know. . . 's" for an adult or advanced young person to give the weather a much needed conversational rest for a long time.

—Ann Streetman

**WILDLIFE AT YOUR DOORSTEP**, text and black-and-white illustrations by Glen Rounds. Published by Prentice-Hall Inc., Englewood Cliffs, New Jersey, 115 pages, including index, \$3.00.

This "illustrated almanac of curious doings" weaves a spell from the very beginning. One has that feeling of sudden enchantment, or maybe it is simply that a veil is pulled away from the reader's eyes. All at once another world takes shape, one that is there all the time but seldom revealed to unheeding humans.

The reader of *Wildlife at Your Doorstep* finds the curtain lifted on numerous dramas concerning spiders, insects, birds, reptiles and small animals of many kinds. However, he becomes not just a spectator but almost a participant, able to follow the thinking processes of these "expert paper makers, potters, weavers, woodworkers and masons (as they) work at their com-

plicated trades." He sees through their eyes and understands. Their ways are not our ways. Some of the characters, by our standards, are lovable; some are entertaining, clever, pitiful; others, downright creepy. But all their lives are busy and full of purpose.

Even when one of them may be motionless for hours, it usually is a phase of watchful waiting—for a reason. Steadfast patience is as natural as breathing to most of these creatures and is a vital part of their "business." A spider, for instance, wanting to get from a twig to his wall knothole home might easily do so by climbing and walking, but that is not his way. He waits on the twig until air currents are just right to float out a strand of silk, to anchor to the wall, forming a bridge. This project may fail several times, but he's in no hurry. The praying mantis is immobile for hours. When he makes his move, it is calculated, deadly, to great avail.

Birds, extroverted and noisy, come into focus. They lead quite complicated lives. Humans aren't the only ones who have housing problems. Here are some thrushes who just can't make up their minds where to build their nest and keep starting it in different places; here is a vireo surreptitiously stealing some nest material from a neighbor; here is a one-eyed cardinal patrolling his territory against claim jumpers.

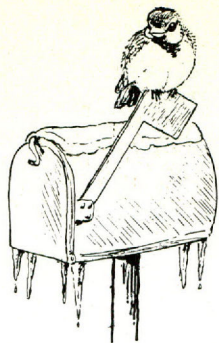
Who can help but feel sympathetic toward the modern-minded robin who found a supply of facial tissues and used them for the foundation of her nest? The quick, easy construction job turned out to be an elegant nest. But after her eggs were laid, an all-night rain caused the tissues to disintegrate, completely wrecking the home! Does it ever occur to humans that birds have their problem children, too? Just look at these two old jays and the worries they go through while their children are learning to fly.

All this is indeed much like "a six-ringed circus—before you can finish watching one thing . . . another attraction even more interesting catches your eye." If it isn't the bumblebees or the flying squirrel, it's the small ants' antics. They are busy butchering and cleaning up dead and disabled insects and doing other house-keeping chores. Over there a sly feud is going on between a bluejay and an old blacksnake, climaxing with the snake's receiving a sledgehammer blow on the tip of his tail from the jay's beak. And what about those mysterious holes in the ground?

The author says, "The habit of seeing things we were not especially looking for is all the Magic we need." He has mastered that magic, and helps others to with his delightful prose and drawings. Boys and girls will love this and certainly learn a lot from it. But by no means will they have a monopoly on it. Adults will love the book too and can learn from it much of whimsy, wisdom and wildlife.

—Joan Pearsall

# Letters



# to the Editor

## Soggy Armadillo

Editor:

About three or four weeks ago I had an experience that left me with some questions concerning armadillos. . . .

Several weeks ago at Lake Lavon rather



early in the morning, I was returning from a little fishing to a point where my car was parked and noticed an armadillo, about 100 yards offshore, floating with about one inch of his back above water and raising his head to gasp for air every time the very slight swells would permit him to do so.

I pulled over near the armadillo and when he heard the noise of the boat from about six feet away he turned and started paddling for the boat. I picked him up, carried him in and left him in the boat for about 30 or 40 minutes as I was expecting some other people with children and I wanted them to see the armadillo.

When they arrived and had finished looking at the animal, I placed him in some tall Johnson grass about 30 feet away as he still showed signs of being extremely water-logged and not very active.

After about an hour in going over to look at him, I found him digging a hole. He was about half buried. I picked him up for some other children to look at and then placed him back with his head down

in the hole slightly and we left him. About an hour later after doing some water skiing, a group of us took off for a boat ride and someone asked where the armadillo was. One of the men mentioned that he had seen him down by the water's edge. In going back down the lake, I found the same armadillo (I recognized him by a scar on his shell) about 100 yards offshore and gasping for air. I again picked him up, brought him in and put him out in the Johnson grass where he showed few signs of activity. About two hours later when we left he was gone.

Here is a picture of this animal, myself and a daughter of a couple who were there.

J. F. Clary  
Lancaster

(Wildlife experts and naturalists disagree on the swimming ability of the armadillo. Some insist that the armadillo can walk across on the bottom of a narrow stream, and swim on top as well, with the aid of an inflation trick. It is believed that the animal inflates his intestinal track by swallowing air and then can swim rather easily. It has been reported that the armadillo thrashes rather violently in the water at first, presumably until the intestinal track is inflated. Other biologists have not observed this phenomenal bottom walking and inflation-aided swimming and do not believe that the animal has such habits. The armadillo is an interesting and mysterious animal. The Junior Sportsmen page in the October issue of *Texas Game and Fish* carries a narrative based on research of the armadillo's habits. Thanks for sharing your experience with us.—Editor.)

## Bleached Buzzard

Editor:

I am having a hard time making anyone believe that I saw a white buzzard—or did I?

Recently, at noon in a clear sky with a few light clouds, I saw this dazzling white bird, the size of a buzzard and in company of a black buzzard. The white bird used its wings in flight like a buzzard and soared around in the sky like a buzzard. At one time it made a turn almost directly above me, and it was close enough for me to see red on the base of its beak.

My daughter, 17-year-old Katherine, and I watched the white bird for several minutes, until it soared out of sight. We were both convinced that it was a white buzzard.

It seems that I have heard or read of albino buzzards. If you have information on this subject I would appreciate hearing from you. I would like to be put in the position in which I could tell my friends that I was not seeing things.

J. Morris Goforth  
Comfort

(You can tell your friends you were not seeing things. I am sure there are albino buzzards, just as there are albinos in nearly every species of mammal. Perhaps some of our readers have seen one and will let us know about it.—Editor)

## Five Hour Battle



Editor:

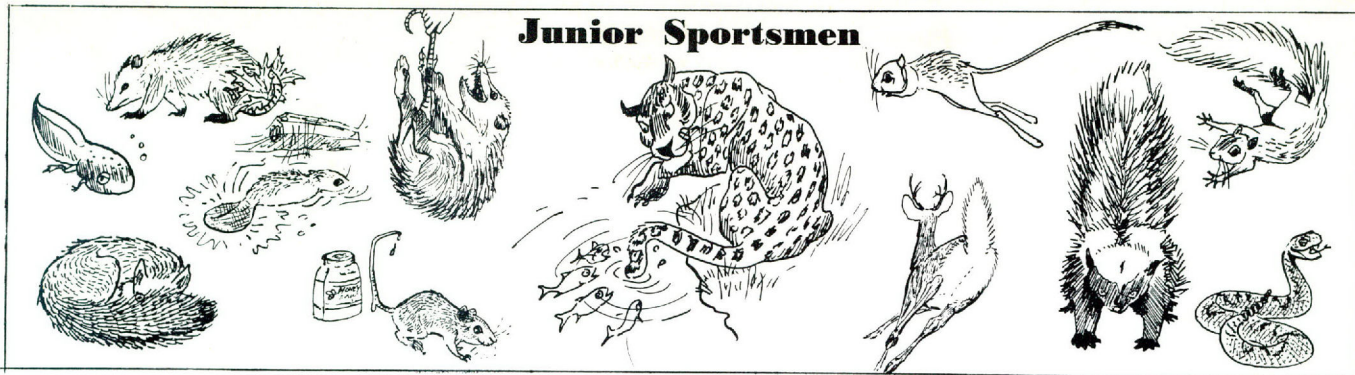
I landed a 33-pound yellow cat after five hours and 27 minutes of give and take of a 12-pound test line. I was using a number 4 hook baited with a three-inch live shad.

I was fishing at Jonestown Dock on Lake Travis on Labor Day.

Marvin E. Murry  
San Antonio

(It was a well fought battle. Congratulations on such an impressive catch.—Editor.)

## Junior Sportsmen



## A Handy Appendage

by ANN STREETMAN

**S**AFETY DEVICE, parachute, food—animal tails perform all these functions and more.

Opossums have two practical and extraordinary uses for their long appendages. They wrap their tails around the limb or vine on which they are sauntering. Should a foot slip the tail prevents a crash. These marsupials have surprised laboratory workers by climbing up their own tails, far enough to bite a captor's hand clinging to the tip. The other use sounds like legend, but many persons have observed and recorded this exceptional habit. In the fall, the long-haired, pointed-nosed fellows curl a portion of their tail into a hoop in which they carry dried leaves to build winter nests. About the only thing for which their tails are not used, is sleeping upside down suspended from a branch.

An unpopular black and white fellow, the skunk uses his tail in a gentlemanly fashion. With it, he gives fair warning that patience has been tried far enough and odorous consequences will follow un-

less the offender heeds warning. First, he turns around and stamps his feet. Next, the tail goes up, fanning into bushiness—all but the tip. The third phase of the warning soon follows. Tail tip rises and spreads. At this point if an aggressor still hasn't changed his mind, he gets skunked.

Squirrel tails are balance devices when the furry fellows teeter on thin limbs. They are also parachutes when their owners slip, and rudders when the nut-crackers spring from limb to limb.

Alert-eyed foxes use their regal tails as a winter comfort. On icy evenings they curl the furry appendage around their bodies, covering the tips of their cold dark noses.

Mice both in the wild and on the domestic scene pull a nifty trick with their long, prehensile tails. People have seen the fellows dipping their long tails into bottles, getting sweet drops and scampering away with them. One person watched a mouse empty a half-full crock of honey this way one evening.

Beaver engineers have a three-fold use for their tails. Their wide, relatively flat tails serve as rudders when the rodents swim and as props when the animals sit erect, gnawing a tree. The third use is as an alarm signal. A whap of a single beaver tail sends all beavers of a community downward to safety.

Kangaroo rats, like several animals noted above, use their tails as props for sitting. The tails are also used as a balancing organ in the little rodents' bouncing navigation. Tailless, they would be helpless. Each jump would end in a belly flop or a nose-first crash landing.

Legends in South America claim jaguars use their tails as lures in fishing. They sit on a rock or on the bank, swishing their tails in the water. Fish which are accustomed to eating falling fruits from overhanging trees surface, expecting a treat. Instead they are snatched by strong, claw-lined paws. Records ranging from 1830 to 1942 indicate that it is a widespread legend, and E. W. Gudger in a *Journal of Mammalogy* article explains that the phenomenon is entirely probable.

But tadpole tails have the most distinctive verified function. As they sprout legs and arms, they abandon normal feeding. Their nourishment during this exciting time of transition is their tails, which grow shorter each day as they are gradually resorbed into the animals' changing system.

## PRONGHORN PARADE



Twelve-year-old Peter Hollimon didn't let his older brother outdo him. The lad got his first pronghorn trophy near Marfa.

## CAN YOU TOP THIS?



Eight-year-old fisherman McKeever of Longview can't conceal a grin as he displays a 5 lb., 8 oz. bass he caught on Lake O' the Pines after a 10-minute struggle. The lass looking on is approving sister Kelly.



Chuck Hollimon, 14-year-old San Antonio high school freshman, bagged his first antelope on the Gage Ranch near Marfa recently.



W. Cude