



*Texas*  
**Game and Fish**

OCTOBER

1963

20 CENTS

Hoofs poised for instant flight, this young doe allows herself a moment of curiosity. Photograph by L. A. Wilke.





**INDIAN FISHING:** An important decision was rendered by the U.S. Court of Appeals for the Ninth Circuit this year, which will undoubtedly affect the ability of the Western Coastal States to enforce state fish and game regulations upon Indians fishing outside their reservations. The Court placed the burden on the states to show that unrestricted fishing would exhaust spawning beds and destroy important brood stocks. The decision further suggests that the states should take all other feasible means of protecting the stocks of anadromous fishes, including exclusion of sport fishing by non-Indians, before considering restrictions on Indian fishing.

**MANURE MENACE:** Because of its potential as a disease-spreader to wildlife, poultry manure, particularly that of domestic chickens and turkeys, will not be used as fertilizer or top dressing on any lands serviced by the Dept. of Natural Resources. Such fertilizer can result in the spread of parasites and serious diseases such as "blackhead," especially among wild populations of ruffed grouse, quail and turkey. The Department urges poultry growers to burn or bury dead poultry to prevent possible contamination of wild game-bird habitat. Blackhead infections are started by parasites contained in cecal egg worms. Infected birds pass large numbers of the worm eggs in their droppings. In some localities the parasite may live within the droppings for as long as two years, remaining a potential disease-spreader for that entire time.

**DUCK STAMP DECLINE:** The number of duck stamps sold in Texas during the first three quarters (June 23, 1962, to March 29, 1963) of the Federal fiscal year 1963 was 44,360. During a comparable period the previous year, sales amounted to 61,733, making a reduction this year of 28.14 per cent.

**KEEP BOAT AFLOAT:** A handy bailer for your fishing boat can be made from a plastic half-gallon jug, the kind with a side handle. Screw the cap in place and cut off the base of the jug to form a scoop.

**WATER TEAMING:** The University of Texas has established a Center for Research in Water Resources, as an integral part of its teaching and research operations. The University has a long record of accomplishment in the water research field. By bringing together all the components of the University that have previously functioned independently in the general area of water resources, the State may be served even more effectively.

**SOMETHING OLD, SOMETHING NEW:** For centuries, species of wildlife have been dying out in Europe. The last wild aurochs, ancestor of our domestic cattle, died in Poland in 1627. The tarpan, or European wild horse, became extinct in 1878. Yet there are now herds of both animals! They represent 30 years' painstaking work by two German scientists, Dr. Heinz Heck and his brother, Dr. Lutz Heck. The principle on which they worked was that if a wild animal had given rise by selective breeding to domesticated breeds, then its heritable constitution must be preserved within these breeds, one essential factor being found in one breed, a second in another, and so on. Mediaeval drawings and descriptions, skeletons in museums, and ancient cave drawings were studied. Journeys were made to many parts of Europe, during which scientists examined and selected primitive domestic breeds. The assembled collection, each showing at least one of the traits of the wild ancestor, was crossed according to a carefully planned breeding program. This has been successful in that all the primitive factors have been combined in one strain for both the aurochs and the tarpan. Both resurrected species are breeding true, and other characteristics of the original wild species have also appeared. The aurochs, for example, is more wild and dangerous than any domestic breed, and the hoofs of the tarpans are harder than those of any domestic horse. One traveled 1,000 miles by road unshod and kept its hoofs in perfect condition.

—Joan Pearsall

# Texas Game and Fish

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## The Cover



This beautiful buck is wisely wary in pre-season setting. But it won't be long until even such a peek from the brush would present too much danger to a buck interested in keeping his rack. This year, again, in counties where surpluses exist, hunters can add to their buck bags antlerless deer, for meat and good management. See deer management story this issue.

Photo by Bob Waldrop.

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OCTOBER, 1963

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### JOHN CONNALLY, GOVERNOR OF TEXAS

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# New Leadership

**T**HIS EDITION finds a new era of leadership well underway in the State's Parks and Wildlife Commission—leadership dedicated to the building of a model agency providing broad and growing services to the people of Texas.

To tackle the big job of merging the former Game and Fish Commission with the former Parks Board into one organization of vitality to deal with the spectrum of outdoor activities, Governor Connally chose three men with solid records of getting the job done.

Chairman Will Odom of Austin and fellow Commissioners A. W. Moursund of Johnson City and James M. Dellinger of Corpus Christi all have reputations for being able and tough, yet fair-minded. Although busy executives in their chosen fields, they accepted the assignment from the Governor with a pledge to devote whatever time and effort necessary to complete the task. And as enthusiastic sportsmen themselves, they are particularly interested in the success of the agency.

To provide the executive leadership for the new operation, the commissioners chose one of the State's best known and respected career administrators, J. Weldon Watson, former assistant commissioner for the Department of Public Welfare.

Some early evidence of the vigor that can be expected under the new management already has been noted by the press. Only one week after announcement of appointment of the commissioners and the director, these officials conducted their first public meeting—a crisp, business-like session dealing, among other things, with the involved detail of the operating budget for the next biennium. The Commission acted decisively on several matters, and it was evident that the three men and Director Watson were well informed and prepared.

To employees of the Parks and Wildlife Department, and to the hundreds of thousands of Texans interested in, and affected by its activities, the atmosphere of vigor and action promises a new day of progress in one of the State's most important agencies.

—The Editors.

# New Officials Appointed

A three-man commission, Will E. Odom, Austin; A. W. Moursund, Johnson City and James M. Dellinger, Corpus Christi, is guiding the new Parks and Wildlife Department, organized with the merging of the Game and Fish Commission and Parks Board in late August. The three commissioners were appointed by Governor John Connally.

J. Weldon Watson, who was assistant commissioner for the Department of Public Welfare and is a lifetime career state administrator, was named Executive Director of the new department.

Howard Dodgen, executive secretary of the former Game and Fish Commission, was retained as a consultant to the new commissioners through the end of the year. Director of Parks, Bill Collins, and other personnel of the former Parks Agency and Game and Fish Commission were retained in acting capacities.

The merger was recommended by Governor Connally as part of his administrative program and as an economy move, although he said no hunting and fishing license money would be used to maintain state parks.

In making his recommendation to the Legislature the Governor said, "Our present parks system is sick to the point of dying. We must make giant strides, because time has run out. We must decide what we want in the way of parks and what it will cost, then provide this service to our people, or not attempt to engage in the activity at all."

Odom, who is chairman of the Parks and Wildlife Commission, commenting on the work of the new organization, said, "I have always been interested in this entire field, and recognize the great tasks facing this new agency in carrying forward the important work of the past Game and Fish Commission in wildlife conservation and directing the needed expansion of our parks system for the people of Texas.

"Expansion of parks and outdoor recreational facilities will be of great economic import to Texas and have a strong part in building the tourist industry in accordance with the Governor's program.

"I am confident we will have the full cooperation of everyone concerned in working out the details of reorganization and laying the groundwork for further development."

Commenting on the appointment of the three commissioners, Governor Connally said he selected the three members on the basis of qualifications and experience. "Geographic considerations were removed by the Legis-

lature in establishing a commission of three members," he said.

The Governor further said, "Mr. Dellinger's contracting experience will be valuable in future building programs. I felt it was imperative to have a man from Austin on the commission during the transition period, and Mr. Odom is a highly respected engineer and geologist whose business experience should also be valuable. Mr. Moursund has wide knowledge of ranching in the Edwards Plateau and Trans-Pecos region and also is a lawyer."

Dellinger, who will have a six-year term, is a native of Taylor. He is president of J. M. Dellinger, Inc., a heavy construction firm. He is a past president of the Associated General Contractors, a member of the board of directors of the First Savings and Loan Company and of the Corpus Christi Chamber of Commerce.

Moursund, a native of Blanco County, served in the Army Air Force during World War II, practiced law in San Antonio and Johnson City, served two terms in the Texas House of Representatives from 1947-49 and served two terms as County Judge of Blanco County. He ranches in Blanco and other Hill Country counties, in South Texas and in the Trans-Pecos area. He is a director of the American State Bank of San Antonio and Citizens State Bank of Johnson City. He also has radio and television interests. Moursund will have a four-year term with the Parks and Wildlife Commission.

Odom was born in Oklahoma but has lived in Texas since his early childhood. He is a registered professional engineer and geologist, an independent producer of oil and gas, a member of the board of directors of the Coastal States Gas Producing Co. and owner of a ranch in Travis County. He has worked in Central and South America in oil exploration and mining and has been a consulting engineer in Austin since 1935. He is a member of the Texas Society of Professional Engineers.

According to the Commission, "Mr. Watson is a career public service official who is widely acknowledged to be one of the nation's foremost administrators. Under direction of Department of Public Welfare Director John Winters, he has had basic responsibilities involved in running a department of more than 2,000 employees, administering funds in excess of \$474 million per biennium.

"The Commission is confident that Mr. Watson, a man of strength, patience and determination, will provide the able leadership to mold a new Parks and Wildlife Department that will provide the level of excellence



Judge Roy C. Archer, Chief Justice of the Third Court of Civil Appeals, administers the oath of office to the new Parks and Wildlife Commissioners, Will E. Odom, chairman, Austin; James M. Dellinger, Corpus Christi and A. W. Moursund, Johnson City. *Photo by Jay Vessels*

in service and performance that Texans can be proud of—a department run to provide the benefits of our natural resources and wildlife to all our people.”

Watson, 52, is a native of Osceola. After attending Southern Methodist University and the University of Texas, he became a statistician with the Texas Railroad Commission. Four years later, he became office manager for the Texas Highway Department. He joined the Department of Public Welfare in 1940, and has been an executive there since that time, with the exception of four years spent in the Air Force, in which he attained the rank of lieutenant colonel.

Watson was personnel director of the welfare agency for 15 years, from 1940 through 1955. As assistant commissioner during the past eight years, he has had under the direction of Winters overall charge of welfare operations including budget preparation and execution and administration of various programs. He has been active in legislative liaison work involving the agency.

Elo J. Urbanovsky, head of Park Administration at Texas Tech and director of a parks study project recently completed, presents Governor John Connally with a copy of a brochure entitled *Texas State Parks*. Between the Governor and Urbanovsky is J. Weldon Watson, executive director of the Parks and Wildlife Department. At Urbanovsky's left are W. M. Gosdin, project leader for the study, Will E. Odom, chairman of the Parks and Wildlife Commission, and Bill Cobb, budget director from the Governor's office. *Photo by Elaine Bostick*



## Parks Study

**T**HREE YEARS AGO the Legislature appropriated \$70,000 to be used for a study of the State Parks of Texas. It was to be an interagency agreement between the Texas Technological College at Lubbock and the old State Parks Board. Recently, the study was completed and compiled in a brochure entitled, *Texas State Parks*. Elo J. Urbanovsky, head of Texas Tech College's Department of Park Administration, presented Governor John Connally a copy of the brochure September 9 at an informal ceremony held in the Governor's office.

“The survey points out both the great need for parks to serve an expanding population and the availability of sites all across the state,” explained Urbanovsky. “Texas has a wide variety of park settings unlike those of any other state.”

Will E. Odom, chairman of the Parks and Wildlife Commission, and J. Weldon Watson, executive director for the new Department, looked on as Urbanovsky hurriedly pointed out some of the findings of the survey.

In one section of the report entitled, “Texas Today,” the project study team stated, “Texans can boast of extreme environments in their state, from the subtropical Rio Grande Valley to the arid deserts in the west, and from the spreading plains to the mountains.” On the opposite page are listed 62 State Parks totaling 62,163 acres, divided into categories of existing parks, historical sites, those leased out, and special commission parks.

The Governor praised the former Parks Board and its director, Bill M. Collins, for helping to make possible the Texas Tech project. He also commended the Texas Tech team headed by Urbanovsky and Project Leader, W. M. Gosdin, for their efforts in collecting and compiling the report material.

Odom stated that the Parks and Wildlife Commission would give prompt attention to its parks problems. “Some areas we will get into immediately,” said Odom. “I believe we are going to get tremendous public support on this program.”

The brochure is 35 pages long, beautifully illustrated with maps and black and white photographs. It covers such subjects as classification of State Parks, characteristics of land to be used, scenic parks and their locations, historic parks and sites, recreational parks and area of responsibility, biennial appropriations, economic effect, and additional supplementary material. \*\*



# Padre Island's Siren Song

by JACK GALLOWAY

**T**HE SILVER SHAFT of wave-swept sand stabs its way 117 miles down the southern Texas coastline. Honed by the endless caress of the surf, whetted by the salt breeze and tempered by the fire of a blazing summer sun, the knife-blade profile of Padre Island is cutting deeply into the hearts of vacationers from throughout the nation.

Steeped in history and luxuriating in loveliness, the very sands themselves seem to whisper the echoes of Cabeza de Vaca, Pineda, Padre Balli and the cannibal Karankawa Indians. But these early travelers left little of lasting note behind, save an occasional handful of Spanish coins uncovered by indefatigable beachcombers, and an historical flavor that

adds its own special lure to this semi-tropical island playground.

Now the island is being discovered for the umpteenth time, this time by the modern day band known as tourists, and it appears likely that their mark will prove indelible. On Padre Island's southern tip, the influx of La Belle Touriste is bringing permanent and lasting change. But no



one is complaining; it's a long island, with lots of room.

The responsibility for this change rests primarily on the needs of the vacationing public itself, but more directly on the operation of what is perhaps the most ambitious county park system in the entire state.

In 1954 Cameron County made South Padre Island accessible to everyone by spanning the Laguna Madre with the Queen Isabella Causeway at Port Isabel. At the same time a system of county parks was instituted on the island, which at the time contained only a few scattered fishing shacks. The beginning was timorous and inauspicious, but when the Cameron County parks got going, private development followed inevitably behind, to the point that South Padre Island now boasts luxury resort hotels and scores of private vacation homes.

This year the developmental growth has received added impetus, with three major projects for the two Cameron County parks. There is simply no predicting how far it will go.

Long before the slender island was named Padre, after a Spanish priest who was deeded the land by the King of Spain, Spanish seagoing adventurers called the long barrier reef "isla blanca," Spanish for "white island." The Cameron County Park Board has perpetuated the title in its initial park development on the extreme tip of South Padre Island. Isla Blanca Park now offers complete facilities for vacationers the year round, and more is in prospect.

Just completed in Isla Blanca Park is a \$125,000 recreational pavilion. The multi-purpose facility houses the office of the park director, as well as shuffleboard courts, volleyball equipment and other recreational provisions. It also doubles as a convention and activity center, with the capacity for accommodating 1,000 persons at open convention, or some 750 at banquet. Architecturally outstanding, the recreational pavilion will answer a long-felt need on South Texas' pleasure island. It is the frosting on an already well-sampled resort and recreation cake.

One hundred and seventeen trailer spaces are booked solid throughout the summer in the trailer park at Isla Blanca Park, with easily three-fourths of that capacity utilized the rest of the year. Complete trailer facilities are available, with running water, electricity and sewer connections. The Cameron County Park Board is planning additional trailer sites to meet the growing demand, as mobile home travel increases in popularity throughout the nation.

Summer and winter visitors who prefer the more simple accommodations for beach vacationing enjoy the overnight shelters of Isla Blanca Park. With no glamor attempted, these facilities are the next step above camping out. The shelters contain bunk beds for four people



It's hard to get a surf-eit of this kind of fun! If Rover's smart, he'll join 'em!

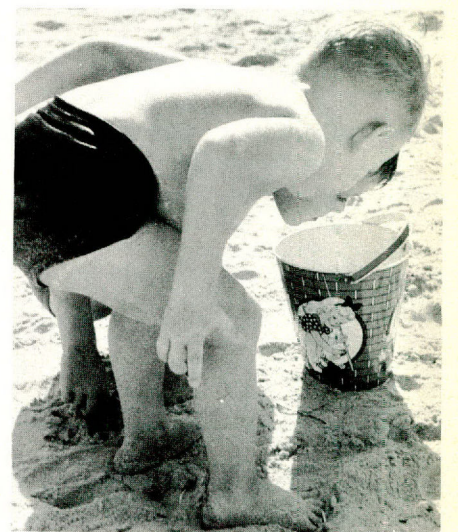


Summer scene at Andy Bowie Park, a favorite spot with South Texans. Last Fourth of July, the number of cars that crossed the causeway to South Padre Island was counted at almost 3,000.

(with additional cots available), electric hot plates and a cold-water shower. Tenants use the central bath house facilities of the trailer park. As nearly primitive as they are, however, the 17 overnight shelters are filled throughout the summer season.

Equally popular are the 32 open cabanas in Isla Blanca Park. Fronting on the Gulf of Mexico, the cabanas are daytime rental facilities, available until 10 p.m. for lounging, loafing, showering, barbecuing, and as a place to call home base during a day's outing at the beach.

Visitors who simply want a place to spread out their picnic lunch in the shade enjoy the picnic pavilion and the patio at the bath house, both just a short walk over the sand dunes



Blissfully absorbed, with wet sand cushioning their feet, these two find sheer fascination in a bucket's contents. They're safe in traffic-free, well-guarded Isla Blanca.

to the broad expanse of open beach in Isla Blanca Park. There, also, are picnic tables, set up under colorful sunshades.

Is it a vacationer's paradise? Perhaps so and perhaps not, for so varied are the needs and tastes of our nation's meandering pleasure-seekers that one man's cup of orange pekoe might well be another's hemlock. But the Cameron County Parks on South Padre Island are constantly instituting changes and planning new facilities to reach that happy state somewhere on the pekoe side, at least.

Itinerant beachgoers raised the forensic roof a few years ago when automobile traffic was closed off on the beach in Isla Blanca Park. The action cut off the cavalier joys of blasting the family lizzie through the sand to spend a day's outing living out of the car and leaving the litter for the sand crabs, seagulls and wafting breezes. But what was also accomplished was the making of probably the safest public beach on the Texas Gulf Coast. Parents can feel content to let the kids run and play through the sands and surf of Isla Blanca Park with their own childhood abandon. The surf and sandgoers are constantly under the protective eye of well-trained lifeguards, watching from high above the throng in candy-striped guard towers. The safety record in Isla Blanca Park is impeccable.

The park's roster of public facilities is impressive already, but it continues to grow.

Now under construction in Isla Blanca Park is the initial phase of a long-range development program. Construction on a marina and boatel near the foot of the causeway bridge in Isla Blanca Park was begun recently by a development firm. The primary construction phase will establish a marina with 30 boat slips and complete boat-handling facilities, providing immediate access to the adjacent deep waters of the Gulf of Mexico, or a quick outboard run to the favorite bay-fishing haunts of the Laguna Madre. The firm envisions ultimately as many as 400 boat slips for the marina installation.

The firm holds option on addition-

al park land for the construction of a marineland exhibit, to be built across the street from the marina and boatel. It also plans to build an oceanographic research laboratory, from which extensive research and exploratory operations into the Gulf of Mexico can be launched.

All this in Isla Blanca Park.

But there is a second Cameron County park.

Five miles up South Padre Island from all this activity is Andy Bowie Park, named for a former county commissioner. Until this year it was undeveloped, open beach. Now Andy Bowie Park has sprouted a fishing pier that extends 500 feet into the Gulf of Mexico at one of the most choice fishing spots on the lower Gulf coast. Another private enterprise venture operating under lease from the Cameron County Park System, the fishing pier contains a 200-foot T-head on the end, in water 18 to 20 feet deep. At that point the ocean bottom drops abruptly, providing deep-sea fishing the easy way—without sea sickness. At the entrance to the pier is a concession and bait stand, built out over the water, where the general beach-going public as well as the pier fishing clientele can have sandwiches and what-have-you while enjoying the splendid vista of the waves roll-



The beach at Isla Blanca Park is not only lovely but one of the safest on the Texas Gulf Coast, due to well-trained lifeguards and its being off-limits for automobiles.

ing in below, with the unbroken and seemingly endless sweep of Padre Island stretched out beyond.

The fishing pier is the first installation in the planned overall development of Andy Bowie Park. Envisioned for the very near future is a complete tent and overnight trailer campground to be laid out with all proper facilities just across the sand dunes from the rolling Gulf of Mex-

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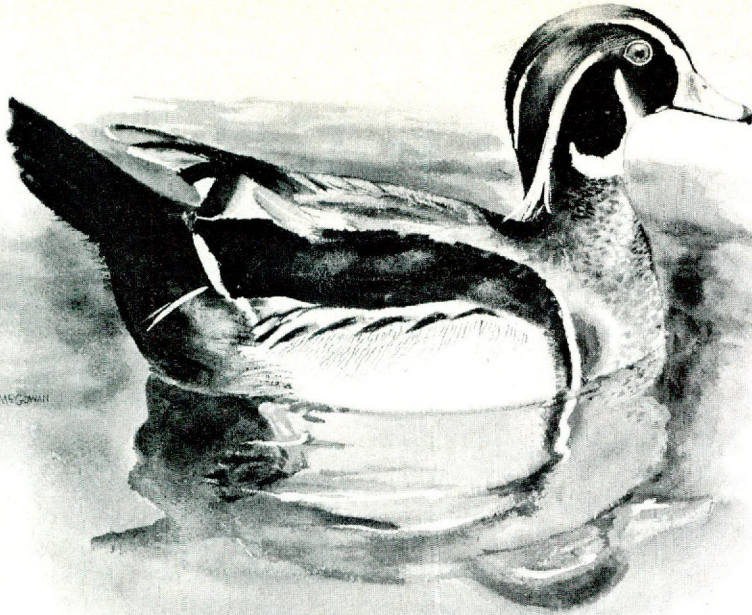


South Padre is an enchanted island in the moonlight, alluring to the romantic and a treasure trove of shells and driftwood. The whispering waves bring echoes of the historic past.

# Beau Brummell

by CHARLES D. STUTZENBAKER

Biologist



**E**ACH SPRING when the last flocks of ducks and geese wing their way north to the breeding grounds, the Texas sportsman bids waterfowl farewell until the next fall when cold fronts again push the northern migrants to warmer climates. Few sportsmen realize, however, that the eastern half of Texas supports a rather large nesting population of one of the most beautiful and most interesting of North American waterfowl, the elegant little wood duck.

The wood duck, also known as squealer, swamp duck or woodie, is typically a bird of wooded lakes and river bottoms. It seldom frequents open coastal marshes and never is seen in salt water, preferring the quiet, slow moving water of densely wooded water courses.

The wood duck is the aerobic ace of the waterfowl world. Nature has provided it with a large square tail that enables it to navigate through its thick timber habitat at full speed, twisting and turning to avoid the branches and tree trunks in its flight path.

The little woodie is indisputably the most vividly colored of North American waterfowl. Only the state-ly peacock and the ring-necked pheasant rival the male wood duck in an array of iridescent colors. One noted waterfowl author perfectly described the wood duck when he

called it the Beau Brummell of the waterfowl world.

The duck is almost beyond detailed description since its body is a patchwork of brilliant colors and shades including greens, blues, reds, browns and magenta. Its distinctly separate color areas look somewhat like the designs of an Indian chief-tain's war paint.

The wood duck belongs to the sub-family of river and pond ducks but is unique in that it does not nest on the ground as do the other birds in this group, but rather, habitually nests in cavities of standing trees. Deserted woodpecker holes and natural cavities resulting from decay are preferred nesting sites. Nesting cavities as high as 50 feet from the ground have been observed. The nesting trees may be standing in water or be a considerable distance from it.

Each spring, after the courtship activities have ended, pairs of woodies may be seen flying through the timber looking for nesting sites. When the female finds a suitable cavity, she makes a nest out of whatever material is present in the cavity plus a quantity of down from her breast. The entrance to the nesting cavity need be only large enough for the female to squeeze through. Small entrance holes seem to be better than large ones because small ones lessen the chance of predators'

finding and destroying the nest and the setting hen.

On the average, 12 eggs are laid in the cavity. After the last egg has been laid, an incubation period of from 28 to 31 days begins. The male does not share incubation duty with his mate. During the incubation period the female leaves the nest twice daily, once in the morning and once in the evening for short periods of feeding and preening.

Generally within 24 hours after the eggs hatch, the ducklings emerge from the cavity. The ducklings, aided by sharp nails on their bills and claws on their webbed feet, climb the vertical wall of the nest cavity to the entrance hole, bail out and tumble to the ground, suffering no apparent damage from the long fall.

After all the ducklings have dropped from the nest, the female leads the brood to an area of suitable food and water conditions where the young ducks develop rapidly. The young remain with the female until well after they can fly.

The history of the wood duck is a prime example of what can be accomplished through proper wildlife management techniques. The wood duck has been persecuted since the white man arrived on the North American scene. Navigation projects through wooded timber bottoms, drainage of woodland lakes and cut-

• Continued on Page 27

# Boulder Waif

by HAL SWIGGETT  
San Antonio Express-News



Brave, white-edged tail in the wind, Rocky peers wonderingly out at the world from this new haven, a couple of hours after his capture.

**I HAD STARTED** my stalk from the road, about 150 feet back. Now, I was so close I couldn't even focus to make a picture.

Decisions. I could either back up a little and shoot or put down my camera and try to catch the little fellow.

To explain my predicament, it started like this. I was on a picture-making assignment for my newspapers. Having been in that part of the country before, I knew lunch was hard to come by so I had a sandwich with me. While eating, under a huge oak on a small stream that ran into the Guadalupe River, I happened to look along a rocky ledge that rose maybe 30 feet above the stream bed. There sat my trouble—a baby rock squirrel.

Having no idea I would be able to approach anything like close enough, I grabbed my Canon camera with a 135mm lens that only focuses down to five feet. The problem was academic. I could either back up a foot or two and shoot or I could lay down my weapon and try for the remaining three and a half or four feet.

Valor won out over discretion so I placed the Canon on a flat rock, crossed my fingers and inched forward. I made it to within two feet of the squirrel and was getting set

to grab when the little rascal decided it was time to leave.

He darted under the rock he had been sitting on. It was a flat rock with only a shallow hollow underneath. Except for the possibility of a bitten finger, it wasn't much of a problem. I could reach him easily, but instead of trying to pick him up, I scratched his head, behind his ears and the sides of his neck. Gradually I worked my hand under him by scratching his sides and all of a sudden "Rocky" was sitting on my palm.

That's all there was to it.

Rocky's kind live in Central and West Texas and are nearly always found around rocky cliffs, canyon walls, piles of boulders and even in the rock fills that make up some highways.

Obviously, he was a very young animal since he had been so easy to catch. I searched that bluff for nearly an hour looking for a den but found nothing that appeared to have been his home. There was no sign of any other squirrels, either.

Carrot untouched, Rocky was found sound asleep, curled in a corner of an empty snake cage.



Adult animals average 18-19 inches in length, including the moderately bushy tail which accounts for about nine inches. Basically, they have a black head and shoulders, and the body turns grizzled from the chest back. The tail is the same grizzled color, edged with white. Under parts are either buffy white or pinkish buff, according to *The Mammals of Texas*, by William B. Davis. Rocky is gray underneath. Mature animals weigh approximately 1½ to 1¾ pounds. I don't know what Rocky weighs, but it isn't much.

I put him in an empty flash bulb carton with a small container of water and an apple core. When I arrived home, several hours later, I found he had apparently nibbled on the apple core. Three small nicks were in the once smooth edges.

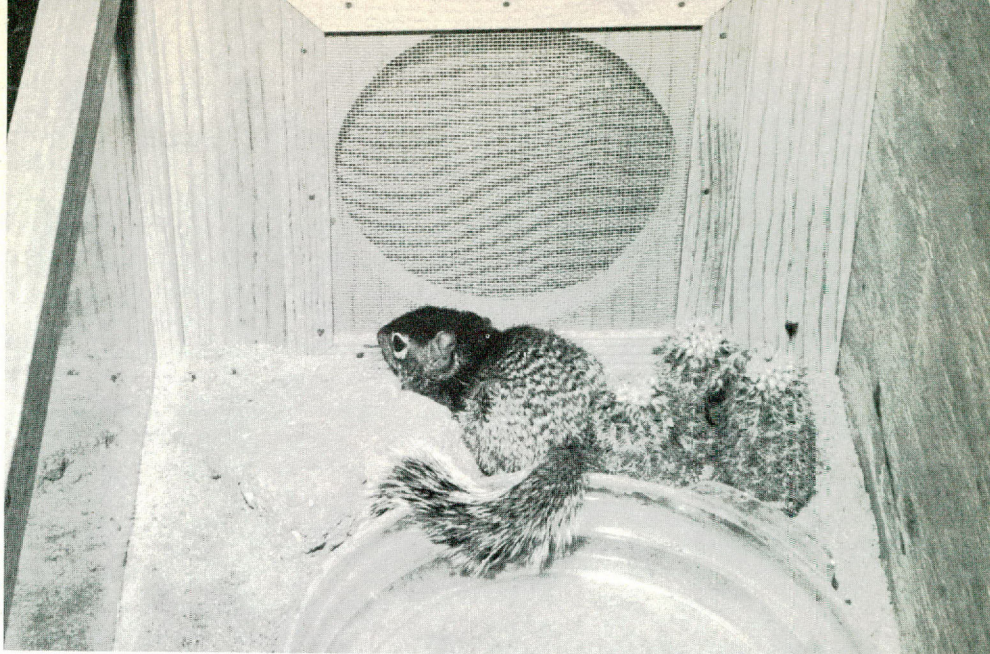
Because of my wildlife hobby—snakes—I had an empty cage. I put Rocky in it for the night. I gave him a carrot to see if he would eat.

According to *The Mammals of Texas*, rock squirrels feed on acorns, pine nuts, walnuts, seeds of mesquite, cactus, saltbush, agave, wild gourd, cherries, sumac, spurge, serviceberry, currant and juniper berries and all sorts of cultivated fruits and vegetables. Insects also contribute to their diet, especially grasshoppers, crickets and caterpillars. They are fond of flesh and are known to catch and eat small wild turkeys and other birds.

The next morning I found Rocky curled up in a corner between the cage's glass front and rock, sound asleep. He hadn't touched the carrot.

Some friends, the Richard Moores, are very interested in animals so I gave them the little squirrel. The first day they gave him fruits and nuts. He nibbled on two or three grapes. The next day it was obvious he wasn't doing well so they tried to feed him with a tiny bottle with a nipple. They squirted milk in his mouth every two hours, for one whole day, letting him lick the nipple when he would. The next morning, when Mrs. Moore tried to squirt breakfast down his throat, Rocky took matters into his own hands, literally, and went to work on that nipple.

He soon graduated to getting milk



Rocky poses to show he looks just like the big fellows, black on the head and shoulders, and a grizzled effect on the rest of him. Rock squirrels' coloring does not change with adulthood.

every four hours, and his powerful smacking could be heard several feet away. He also started eating meat from orange quarters.

He gradually became more independent and took milk less frequently. He became more interested in sunflower seeds, corn and fruit than his liquid diet.

One morning, after he had been taking his bottle about two weeks, he pushed it away as Mrs. Moore

tried to give him breakfast.

She tried again. He refused again.

An hour or so later she offered his bottle for the third time that day. He pushed it away and picked up a sunflower seed.

Rocky was all finished with being a baby.

Mrs. Moore summed it up with a simple statement, "It's kind of sad when they don't need you anymore."

\*\*



Rocky loudly enjoys his milk, every four hours. Mrs. Richard Moore, his new mother, is holding the bottle. He also eats oranges, at this stage.

# A Fish in Every Pan

by JOHN CLIFF  
Denison Herald

**T**O KILL a mockingbird, or a fish, always seems to require more than the usual explanation. There always are several persons who can't understand why and want to run to the nearest Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals headquarters and lodge a complaint.

Many of these do-gooders were on hand at Loy Lake, a mile west of the southwest edge of Denison in Grayson County when crews of the Texas Game & Fish Commission (now

killing had been so long in coming.

Because of the varied reactions received, this was an important kill. There were the curious ones who expected to turn up at the lake an hour after the fish toxicant was first dumped into the water and find the surface covered with fish "like in the pictures" they recalled.

But to Bonn and his crew, this was deadly serious work of trying to improve fishing in Texas. Why bother with a small lake of only 42 acres



An angler wades into shallow water at Lake Loy, watched by another hopeful netter in a passing boat. All are seeking food for the pan during the hours of the selective fish kill.

Parks and Wildlife Department) started a fish kill program one windy April morning.

As the day wore on, their voices got lower and lower until by sundown, there wasn't a single one to be heard. Even a skeptic could tell by then that the state game commission's aquatic biologist, Ed Bonn, had scored a direct hit.

There weren't more than 30 to 40 black bass of keeper size taken from the one-time red hot fishing spot. A few crappie, a dozen catfish, and the rest mostly rough fish made up the bag.

Instead of complaining about "senseless killing" of fish as many had done at the start of the day, most anglers by the end of the day wondered why the program of fish

that lies fewer than 10 miles south of the sprawling border impoundment, Texoma?

They were bothering because here is a lake on which motor boats are banned, where small boys with their elderly grandpops in tow, can wet a hook and catch a fish from one of the several piers that jut out into the lake, or from the bank, or even from a row boat.

The fish kill was the second and most spectacular of four steps set up by Bonn to restore fishing to this lake. To Bonn and his men, it is a familiar pattern, one they have done over and over on lakes many times the size of Loy Lake, and perhaps on lakes even smaller.

The first step was the lotus kill and the next step will be the moss

kill, with the program to be climaxed by the re-stocking. For this, a regular, prescribed format will be followed. Black bass, based on 200 fry per acre, will be put into the lake, meaning 10,000 in number. The 50 channel cat fingerlings per acre will add 2,500 channels.

The bass and channels will come from the state hatchery in Lewisville. Finally, redear will be added, coming from brood stock at the nearby Sherman club lake, Bonn said.



Ronald Dodson of Altoona, Pa., stationed at Perrin AFB, has just scooped up a big black.

"If the results are the same here that we got at Bonham State Park, by next spring fishing should be excellent once again," Bonn said. "But for this to come true, there really should be no fishing on the lake until then. But Grayson County has no regulatory responsibility so it will be up to the individual fisherman to make this come true."

Bonn was assisted during the long day by technicians Don Miller and Bill Follis, plus field assistants Don Pace, Lee Mathis and Joe Bassett, and from time to time game warden Sammie Brown was on hand.

For the only time in the lake's history, it was opened to motor boats,

for that day only. By 10 a.m., one hour after the first of 120 gallons of fish toxicant was distributed to lull the fish to the surface, 119 outboard boats were counted, racing across the small surface of the lake.

The peak crowd was estimated at 2,500, with a total of more than 4,000 on hand during the day. The fish-hungry crowd waded out from the shore in the 50-degree water, some up to their armpits just to scoop up gasping fish with long handled nets.

There wasn't another fish net to be found in the county stores, and some persons showed up after driving as far away as Durant or McKinney to get a net.

Biggest black bass weighed in was six pounds, one ounce, although some were "guestimated" to be eight pounds or larger. Biggest carp weighed was 42 pounds. There were possibly a half dozen more 19 to 25-pounders. The largest crappie pushed one and one-half pounds and the biggest catfish was 18 pounds.

Bonn said the recovery of fish by the huge crowd was "the greatest I've ever seen on one of these programs. They really cleaned up on

the fish, getting them as fast as they popped to the surface."

In fact, at least one angler didn't wait until they surfaced. He donned diving equipment and took the biggest black weighed in as well as a 28-pound carp from the bottom. However, the diver, Shorty Hazelwood, admitted he got a gaff for future trips after grappling that capricious carp to the surface.

Some anglers had waders; others showed up in tennis shoes and swimming shorts. Some were in boats; some were bank walkers. But they all had in common a long handled net and a hunger for fish.

The kill took its toll of golden shiners, carp, channel cats, two kinds of bullhead cats, black bass, crappie, redear, warmouth, green sunfish, bluegill, mosquito fish, minnows and topwater minnows.

Thus, once more the scientific skill displayed by the biologists of the Texas Game & Fish Commission scored an important breakthrough, by showing the public that the program can only improve fishing in the lake. The program showed that the lake had become top-heavy with rough fish to the extent that most game fish were gone. It was a dramatic gesture, albeit a familiar one to the state game and fish employees.



Skin diver Shorty Hazelwood gets an assist from his boatman, Hubert Meeks, on a 28-pound carp as he holds up a six-pound black bass.



Boy and Freckles manage to get a few nutria to their credit although they are not bred to cope with all the tricks a nootie has to offer.

# A MATCH for the NUTRIA

by HART STILWELL

**A NEW SPORT** is developing along the Gulf Coast—hunting nutria with dogs.

Among the results may be the development of a new breed of dog, “tailored” specifically for nutria hunting, and the turning of the tide against this odd oversize “swamp rat” from Argentina that is still damaging the marshes and crops, particularly rice.

I’ve been out several times recently on nutria hunts with dogs. It’s an odd sport. The action is almost continuous, in sharp contrast to other kinds of dog hunting, and the sport is far bloodier and more dangerous than a person would think.

Those huge, bright orange incisors of the nutria are as lethal as the fangs of a cobra. He always reaches for a dog’s throat, trying to “lance” it, as marsh men say. It is said that nutria have killed more dogs in 10 years than mountain lions have killed since the Paleface showed up.

Dogs have no tradition of fighting them—they underestimate the danger of those incisors. So the saying in the marshes is that a good nutria dog is one that’s still alive.

The idea of hunting them with dogs came as a result of “defection” of many retrievers that started killing nutria and just kept on, maybe going

wild—maybe winding up killing calves in late spring when the nutria went underground.

Joe Lagow, who handles the hunt-

Two of Joe’s dogs went wild in their strange drive to keep killing nutria. Joe said he watched one of these dogs kill 30 nutria in a day.



Strong swimmers, Boy and Freckles can keep pace with the nootie in water, but doing so in burrow battling or open combat is a different story for the two fighting canines.

ing on the big Barrow Ranch near Anahuac, said so many retrievers have turned blood-lust nutria killers and gone wild that many hunters won’t take their retrievers into the marsh any more.

“It’s a strange sort of hatred,” Joe said. “They’ll go right past a muskrat and pay no attention to get to a nutria.”

I watched a couple of pro dogs and a couple of amateurs at work on



nutria. The pros are Queenie and Blackie, owned by Pewee Thomas, who works on a rice farm near the Barrow Ranch. Queenie and Blackie earn their keep by killing nutria, so they can be considered pros.

Since Queenie is gun-shy and will quit hunting if a gun is fired, the dogs have to do their own killing. They wade right in and get the job done, although Blackie, only nine months old, got a couple of lancing around the head as souvenirs.

These dogs are part black-and-tan hound and evidently part beagle or maybe terrier, judging by their puny size—around 25 pounds. On our trip out they spotted 18 nutria and killed 11. Some they lost because they are not strong enough swimmers to stay with nutria in the drain ditches; some they lost because they are so small they got whipped when they went into a burrow after a nutria.

Obviously a bigger dog is needed when it comes to battling nutria in their own element—water.

I went out with two bigger dogs, Boy and Freckles, owned by Brownie

Although Blackie and Queenie are spunky fighters, they lack some qualities needed in good nutria dogs.



quail, swimming strongly, staying with the nutria.

But, when the "nootie," as trappers call him, went into his burrow, these

they were not experienced in killing the creatures. They just kept worrying it, nipping from behind and jumping away. Still Boy managed to accumulate a couple of small lance wounds. Ordinarily Brownie Mitchell does the killing—with a gun.

There is a possibility that a mutt called Yellow that showed up at the Sheldon Reservoir near Houston may sire a line of first-rate nutria dogs. At least Yellow is a first-rate one himself. He's been somewhat adopted by Ed Beasley and Ray Bell of the Sheldon Reservoir lab staff, and they are using him in nutria control studies.

Yellow is part dachshund—and it's a cinch the ideal nootie dog is going to have some dachshund in him, along with some genes from hunting strains used to working in the water—maybe a retriever and then some beagle hound added for purposes of size.

Yellow has short legs, long snout, and the big but elongated body of the dachshund. The dachshund was developed to fight badgers. The legs were shortened so he could go into burrows and the body elongated for the same reason. The snout was lengthened so that the badger would have more trouble getting at the dog's throat.

• Continued on Page 30



Eagerly standing by, Blackie gets a little help in waging man-size water rat warfare.

Mitchell of Texas City. These dogs are half Walker hound and, according to Mitchell, part beagle. Obviously there is something else, judging by the long hair. They are almost twice as big as Queenie and Blackie, and they hunted with all the savvy and finesse of a fine bird dog on

dogs were too big to follow. Boy would eventually enlarge the opening and get it, if you wanted to sit and wait an hour. Digging that clay is rugged.

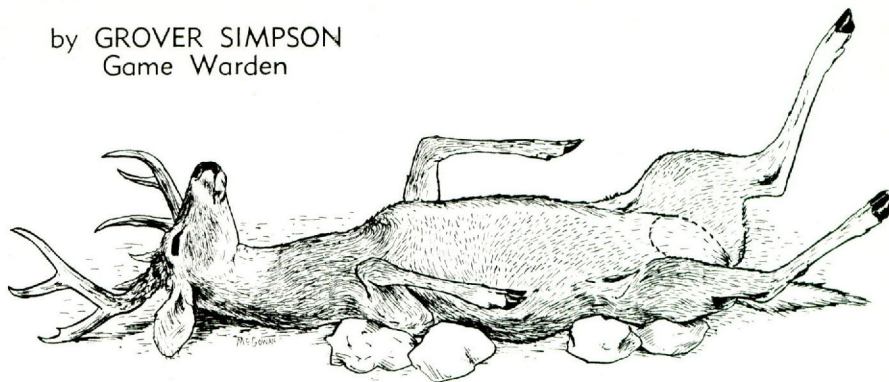
We bagged eight nutria that day. When Boy and Freckles cornered a nutria in the open, they showed that

# Now That You've Killed

**A**FTER you have shot your deer, approach it from the rear carefully, making sure it is dead. Tag the deer immediately, before your hands get bloody. Start field-dressing the deer at once with a good, strong-bladed knife. There is no need to cut the throat to bleed the deer because in the process of field-dressing, it will bleed out better and faster.

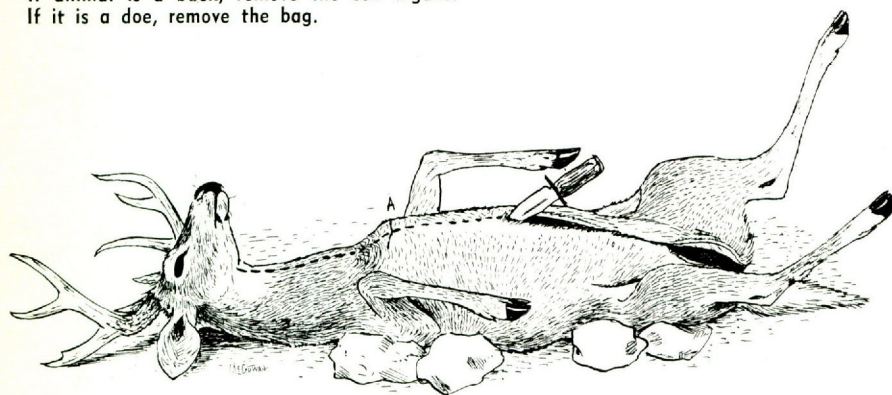
The following procedure has been used for many years by hunters in field-dressing a deer:

by GROVER SIMPSON  
Game Warden



1

For safety, use knife with at least a four-inch blade, guard and large handle. Prop deer on rocks, head up hill, if possible. If animal is a buck, remove the sex organs. If it is a doe, remove the bag.



2

Begin cutting between legs; do not cut deep enough to reach intestines. Cut up middle, through breast bone and all the way to jaw, unless head is to be mounted. If it is to be mounted, cut only to a point (A in illustration) just below top of animal's brisket.

Remove windpipe quickly because it will taint meat. Reach into throat cut (point depending on whether specimen to be mounted) and pull out windpipe, by jerking toward tail; intestines will come free to the middle section.

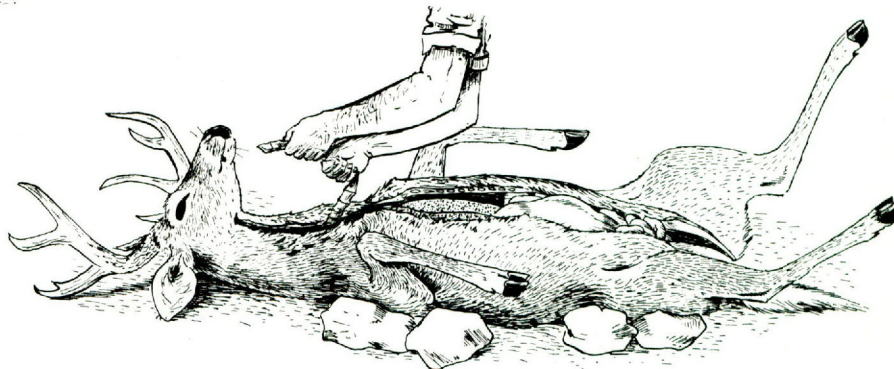
3

two large rocks or logs under the shoulders and two under the hips.

If your deer is a buck, remove the sex organs with a sharp knife.

Starting between the hind legs, cut all the way down to the pelvic bone. Then turn your knife blade up, and using your other hand to hold the skin and meat away from the entrails, cut up through the breastbone (brisket), and on up the neck as far as possible. Be sure you use a strong large-handled knife to cut through the breastbone, because a small knife will hit the rib cage and turn sideways in your hand.

Cut the windpipe in two as far up the neck as possible. Lay your knife down. Grasp the windpipe with both hands and pull hard, downward. The insides will come out all



the way down to the mid-section.

Now remove the stones from under the deer and roll the carcass on the side. Cut the thin layer of meat that is holding the entrails to the ribs, all the way down to the backbone. Then turn the deer over and do the same on the other side.

Lay your knife down again, and, using both hands, get a firm grip on the entrails and pull down, hard. All the entrails will come out of the deer.

Lift the deer up by the hind legs and lay a large rock under the rump. This will spread the back legs open. Place your knife against the middle

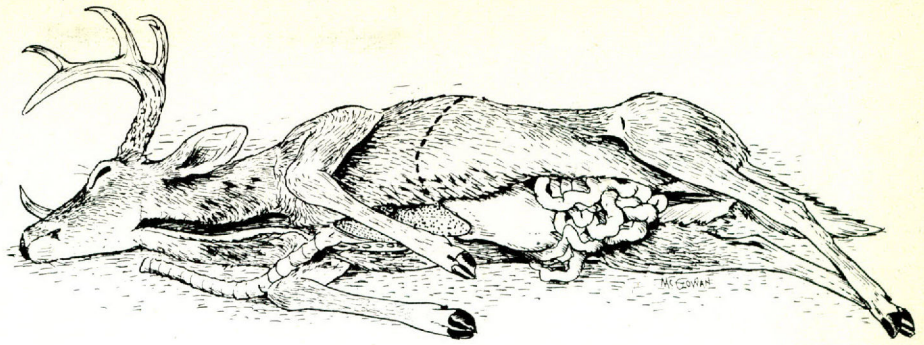
of the pelvis to locate the seam where the bones grow together, and press down, hard. You may need to hit your knife with a rock, to cut through the bone. Then you can finish cleaning out the deer.

If a tree is handy and you have a rope, hang the deer up by the head or antlers for about 20 minutes. This will allow the loose blood to drain out of the body cavity. If no tree is handy, turn the deer upside down in a clean place and let it drain.

You can begin skinning while the deer is draining. (If specimen is to be mounted hang deer by hind legs for skinning.) The skin comes off

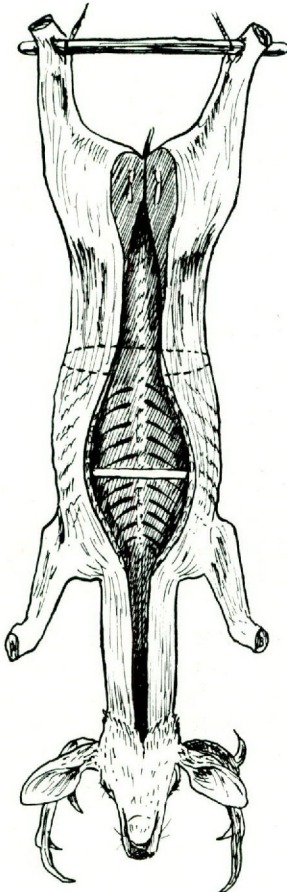
Move rocks and turn deer on its side. Slide knife into midsection (see dotted line) and slice through, freeing intestines held by membrane at that point. Roll deer on other side and repeat. Then grip intestines and pull out.

4 ▶



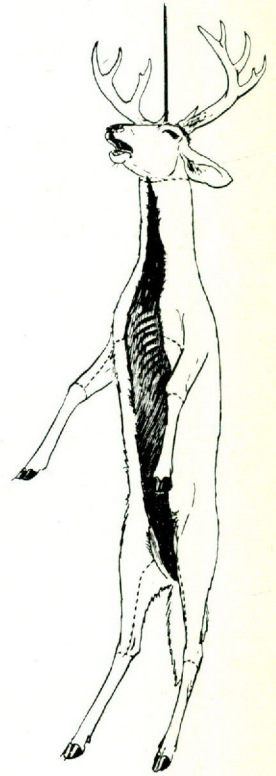
Now prop deer as before, putting large rock or log under its rump. Feel for seam of pelvis and cut through. Hammer knife with rock, if necessary. Now clean out the cavity.

◀ 5



Hang deer by head for about 20 minutes to drain blood. Or, turn upside down in a clean place. Now began skinning. If specimen is to be mounted, hang deer by hind legs to skin. Cut skin on inside of legs to middle (see illustration). Cut skin around the throat (or if to be mounted, cut around shoulders). Pull down and use knife to free tight places, skinning the deer from the neck down to tail.

6 ▶



Always keep carcass in shade. Hang by hind legs to cool. If hung by antlers, the blood still in veins would collect in hams and spoil meat. Cover carcass with a sheet or cheesecloth and hang for five or six hours.

◀ 7



◀ 8

When it is cool, it can be cut in half or quarters, wrapped and taken home. Keep hide, head, antlers, legs and tag until the meat is placed in your freezer or commercial locker.

most easily while the deer is still warm, so it should be skinned within two hours. To remove the skin, cut it down the inside of each leg to the middle of the deer. Now cut the skin all the way around the neck, as close

to the head as possible. Grasp the skin with both hands at the back of the head and pull down hard. Usually the skin will come off down to the front legs. Use your knife to work the skin off the legs and where the skin sticks tightly to the meat. Then pull down on the skin and it will come free.

Take your deer back to camp. Hang it in a tree by the hind legs for four to five hours. This will allow all the tiny blood vessels to drain back and out toward the heart. Wrap the deer in a sheet or cheese cloth.

Let your deer hang by the hind legs until it cools off. Then cut it up as you wish.

# Amateur Night

by RICHARD STURDIVANT



**T**HERE was Clyde and there was the coon, both of them at least 20 feet high and not a tree limb within 30 feet in any direction. But you could always count on Clyde to do things in an unusual manner, for you see, Clyde was one of those “ex-

perts” on any subject that happened to be mentioned. If you don’t believe it, just ask him a question about the first thing that enters your mind and then see if I’m not telling the truth.

It all started last fall when Larry

kept telling me what fun coon hunting was. I had never been on a real coon hunt so I asked him to call me the next time they went. I didn’t ask Larry who was going with us, but when I got to his house, I met his brother-in-law and a guest. But I

knew his guest; it was Clyde. Now I have known Clyde for years, and I have never been with him but that something unusual happened. Larry had never met him before so I didn't say a thing because I, too, was a guest on this hunt. Besides I knew that sooner or later things were going to get out of hand in the usual Clyde fashion.

Larry and his brother-in-law untied the hounds and put them in the trunk of the old Dodge, explaining that usually they let the dogs ride in the car with them but tonight Clyde and I could have the back seat and the dogs would get second best. It was a cold night and the windows were all up when we started out, but within a few blocks of home the back windows were rolled down, despite the cold. At first it was a question of cold or fresh air but if you have ever ridden in the rear seat of a coon hunter's car you wouldn't wonder which course we took. It is strange—the sacrifices a novice will make to go on a new adventure of any sort.

The first good clean breath we took was an hour later when the old Dodge pulled up beside a wooded creek bank and we and the dogs got out into a whole world of new smells. Immediately the dogs took off on a dead run through the scrub cedar and post oak, apparently headed for the next county. In all of the previous conversations, I had been led to believe that the dogs ran after the coon while the hunters uncorked a jug and swapped lies about something else. Here again I found out how wrong I was. As the dogs' baying grew fainter in the distance, we tried our best to catch up with them, but how fast can you run in ankle-deep sand with bare

branches reaching out for you at every step? The darkness was like a blanket, covering every obstacle until you stepped on it and fell under the feet of the one behind you. Often all four of us were in one big pile, groping for the solitary flashlight.

Finally the dogs' baying seemed to stand still and they joined in on a different overture. The coon was treed, still a mile away, but treed nonetheless. By the time that we got there we were panting so loudly that we couldn't hear the dogs above our own noise. Larry and the brother-in-law sat down to do a little figuring and so Clyde and I took advantage of the chance to sit a while, too. Since we had stopped, Larry said that we could now light our carbide headlights for the end of the hunt. Each would need a light when we chopped down the tree and the coon came running out. The dogs were tied to a neighboring tree while they surveyed the situation. The tree was only a dead stump with a few branches reaching into neighboring tree limbs; the top of the stump was hollow as if it had been hit by lightning and had had the inside all blown out. Clyde's curiosity got the best of him, and he decided that instead of chopping the tree down, he would climb the stump and bring the coon down with him. At any rate, he wanted to see the coon in its den first.

Clyde assured us that climbing an old dead tree trunk would be no trouble to a mountain climber as he gave the rough trunk a bear hug and started screwchin' up like an overgrown inchworm. The dry bark fell in piles behind him while we cheered him on to the first dead limb. From there on it was easy

enough with footholds and handholds everywhere. Clyde was carrying on an endless conversation about his abilities as he reached the top of the trunk and looked in. Sure enough, there in the tree was the darnedest coon that Clyde had ever seen, and I'll bet the last dollar in my pocket that he had seen all of three of them in his life and two of those were in zoos. Anyhow he let out a war whoop and reached down for the critter, only to find that the coon was deeper in the stump than he had thought. But no coon was going to get the best of Clyde.

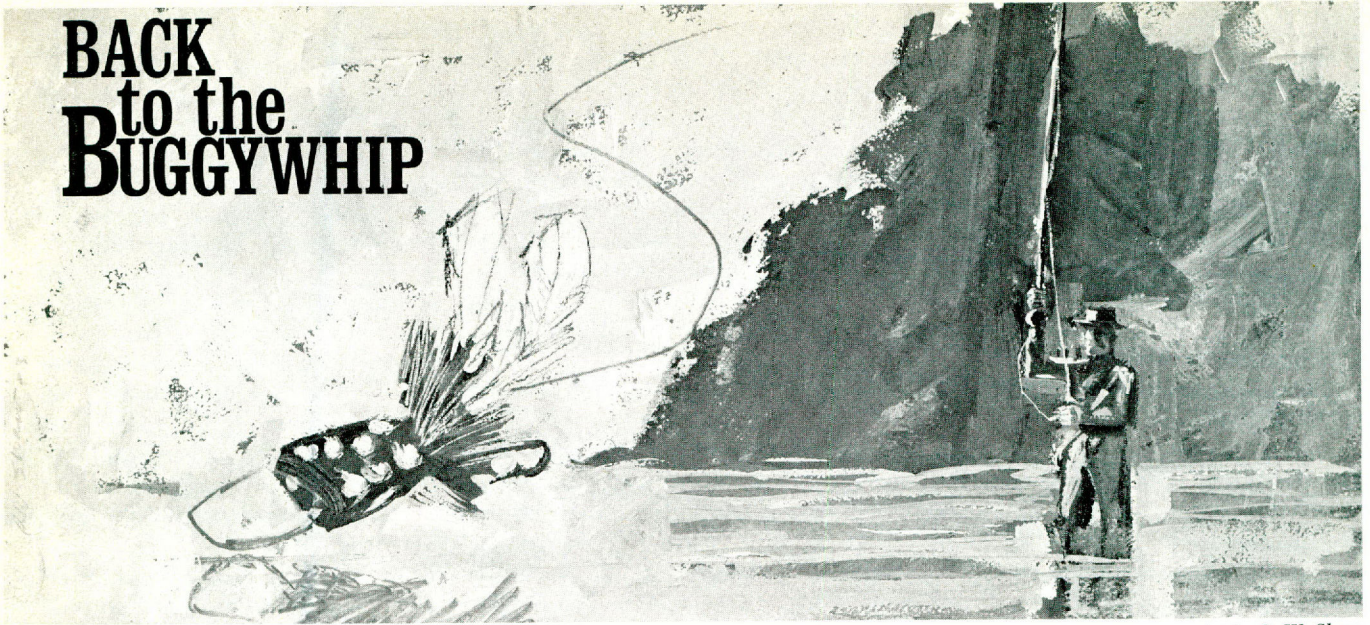
"I'll pour a little carbide in the hole and then pour a little water out of my canteen on top of it and the acetylene gas formed will drive him out," said Clyde as he acted accordingly. The results were nil, so he tried it again with more carbide and more water. Still nothing happened. Clyde leaned over to look in, forgetting his headlight was an open flame. What happened to the last 10 feet of the tree, no one will ever know, but there was the coon and there was Clyde, up in the air with nothing around them and nothing under them but a blinding ball of light from the explosion of the gas. Where the coon went, I don't know, for he hit the ground on a dead run while Clyde just hit the ground, period.

Fortunately, there was no permanent damage to Clyde—just a few broken ribs and some scorched eyeballs and a terribly hurt pride.

Last week I met a man who was telling me about an explosives expert who could blast some stumps from my lake lot, but when he said that the man's name was Clyde, I decided to leave the stumps alone.

••

# BACK to the BUGGYWHIP



Art by C. W. Shaw

**T**HE HOT summer sun kept the shallow water along the lake's edge just right for tea bags. But as we waded out, the temperature cooled rapidly. At waist deep it was fishing cold, and the bream already were darting about in a safe-distance circle.

It seemed odd that Tony would advise me to wear a pair of swimming trunks and bring along wading shoes. Fishing from a boat had always been the procedure. Now, I could see the need for the change. Every so often when the blistering heat penetrated deep to my bones, I simply dropped into the water for a spell. The fish paid little attention to this intrusion; they kept snapping up the little popper at the end of my line each time it floated gently into the rippled water.

"Fly fishing!" I criticized. "What'll the gang back home say when they hear about this?"

It turned out to be a day for surprises. Tony Meeks, the fishing partner, did everything but stand on his head and click his heels together each time he brought in a sunfish. In fact, the only spectacular thing about the scene was Tony's reactions to the arc in the long stick he was using and the small but visible splashing commotion produced by small but angry fish hooked securely on a popping bug.

Now, Tony is quite popular as a bass fisherman. He set the pace around the Highland Lakes for a couple of years. One year he out-fished and brought in more big bass than any fisherman in the club. Everyone was watching him to see where he fished, how he fished and what he was using for bait.

Because of his new interest in fly fishing he would be laughed at by some die-hards who are always seeking publicity and recognition. But—he didn't care. Tony was out for a good time, and pleasing himself was all that counted. As I stood there with the water lapping at my sides, my camera was recording a man having fun—fun with a fly rod.

What makes a fisherman who ranks with the top "big bass" fishermen turn to catching bream on the buggy whip rig? Tony expressed it in one of his uncontrolled cries of joy, "Whoopie! Look at that stick bend! This is as much fun as catching those seven-pound bass a couple of years back!"

Having a relaxing good time is what counts, whether it's perch on poppers or specks on spoons.

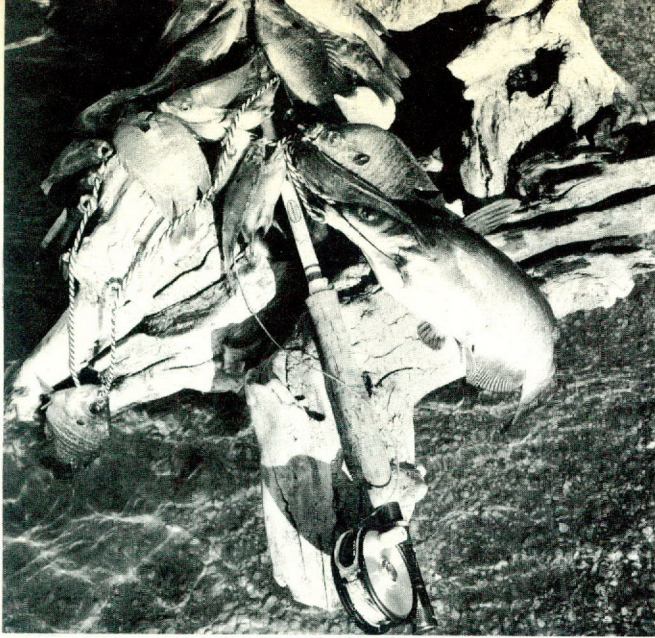
The reason for my going along on the trip was so I could get an idea what it's like to fly fish, Texas style.

Actually, the handling of the rod and reel here differs very little from

the techniques used in other states. The type of water we have is the big difference. Whereas fishermen in the cold-water states wade the clear, shallow streams for trout, Texas fishermen usually cast from a boat, or wade the shoreline of the big lakes. The types of flies and poppers used in Texas differ from those used in other states in that they look more like the insects common around our lakes and streams. Because most of these waters are not as clear as most in fly fishing states the poppers usually are larger. This means that the line used should be a type which handles larger flies and lures, such as the level line or the shooting tapered line.

Level lines are constant in diameter from end to end and are best for all-around fly fishing, especially with wet flies. The shooting, tapered lines are larger in diameter nearest the leader end, enabling the fisherman to make longer casts and handle the larger poppers, spinners and spoons. Also, with the added weight near the fly end, a person can lay his bait right in the holes and under the overhanging branches.

A rod with some good backbone is best—one which will bend from the reel to the tip. Tony was using a quick-tapered rod, and he used it well. But, for heavier plugs and flies, a good 8½-foot rod in the 5-6 ounce



A few hours of fly casting in Texas waters produce a good string of bream and sometimes a bragging-size bass is among the day's catches.



Tony Meeks, Austin bass fisherman and now fly casting enthusiast, enjoys a cool and profitable stance on a hot day in Central Texas.

by CURTIS CARPENTER

class works best, according to most authorities. The important thing to remember when purchasing your rod and reel is to get a well-balanced rig. Many beginners abandon fly fishing before they have given it a good try, simply because their rods and reels weren't balanced, or because the line and leader didn't match the rest of the equipment.

It doesn't take long to catch on to fishing with this light, limber equipment. As with all other styles of fishing, practice is the best instructor. A number of books are now on the market which will show you exactly how to use a fly rig.

Meeks was a beginner. I wasn't watching a polished fly fisherman. "Who cares!" was his attitude. And that's the way I felt. Before the day was over, he had made a sale, and I was the new customer. The product was ideal for those steaming summer days when nothing else is biting.

Two great features of the fly rod and reel stood out as I watched my partner. He could put his popper into a spot, work it a couple of times, whip it back overhead in two easy motions and set it right back in the same spot without all the reeling required with casting and spinning tackle. The second feature, and perhaps the most fascinating, was the feel he got from fighting in a scrap-

ping, hand-sized bream.

Later in the day, Tony latched on to a nice bass and really whooped it up as the fighting fish turned dancer and bounced halfway in to the fisherman on its tail. He also hooked a pan-sized channel cat in the tail. This produced an unusual scene and some new noises from the fisherman.

I noted several features when using this equipment, which would restrict the areas in which it could be used. A fly fisherman needs more open water because of the circling-line action. He, especially a beginner, could not fish easily where the trees hang low over the water. Also, a good strong wind makes working light bugs and flies quite difficult for the novice.

If you get an urge to try this exciting light-tackle fishing, before you purchase a rod, reel, line and leader, read up on the subject. Most libraries have many books\* on fly fishing. Then, go to the tackle store and try a few outfits until you get one that seems to feel the best. An eight and one-half or nine-foot rod weighing five ounces or more works best with beginners. The reel should be just heavy enough to balance the rod when held at the grip.

The buggy whip is more versatile than most fishermen believe. Many who have tried it are convinced.

Any lake where a fisherman can find casting room is a perfect lake for zig-zagging the fly line. Of course, an extremely tree-infested slough is no place to use the equipment. One reason is because the fly line, in its whipping action, is likely to entangle the twigs. Another reason is that if you tie into a shoulder-jerker, it'll wrap up 10 yards of expensive fly line on the underwater limbs before you can get control of the line.

By drifting in a boat along a moss bank or bushed-up shoreline and sailing the bug right up next to the shadows, a fisherman can encounter all kinds of piscatorial action. Or—if you are fortunate enough to get into a stretch of clear stream water, watch out! This state is full of excellent fly-fishing water. In some instances you can actually get into areas where you can fish. As with hunting—this is a landowner's choice, unless you go upstream by boat, and get out and wade where the water and bottom are right. Most rivers in the state can be fished with a fly in one area or another.

Even stock tanks and ranch lakes are designed for the whip-stick en-

\*Several books have been written on the subject of fly fishing. If you are interested in learning how to use the equipment and the tackle, a couple of good books are *The Complete Illustrated Guide to Casting*, by Jee Brooks, and *The Trout Fisherman's Bible*, by Dan Holland, both published by Doubleday and Company, Inc., Garden City, N.Y.—Editor.

• Continued on Page 25



Everyone is busy during this kid fishing rodeo held on a private lake near Wichita Falls.

# Hot Dogs and Sunfish

by FRANK ETHEREDGE and JAMES DOWELL  
I and E Officer, Waco      Game Warden, Wichita Falls

**IT SEEMED** to rain boys and girls. From all over the Wichita Falls area they came to the Kid Fishing Rodeo last June. Sponsored by the Northwest Texas Field and Stream Association, it was held on the Louis Sikes Lake near Wichita Falls.

Mothers, fathers, sponsors, chaperones, kin and servants hauled them to the fun day. They came by bus, by cars, by scooters, on bicycles and on foot. Sheppard Air Force provided two buses. The Boys' Club of Wichita Falls, the Northside Girls' Club, Y.M.C.A., Sheppard Air Force Base, Girl Scouts and Boy Scouts were all well represented.

There is no way to indicate accurately how many boys and girls actually fished, but here are statistics, which provide some indication. The 10,000 earthworms hardly lasted until everyone got started so the Field and Stream Committee purchased additional worms. One thousand fishing canes were prepared in advance with line, hook, sinker and cork. These were untangled and handed out again as soon as they were abandoned or returned. It was impossible to keep an accurate count

on how many times each piece of fishing gear was reused, but a conservative estimate would be that about 1,300 children participated in the rodeo.

The club provided 2,500 buns and "fixings" for hot dogs, and they were all used. The ice cream desserts amounted to about the same figure and disappeared like dew drops in a West Texas sand storm. The counter on the cold drink machine ran up to 2,900. The cleanup crew found a dump truck load of used containers and napkins.

The spirit of cooperation for the rodeo could hardly be excelled. A crew of trustees from the county jail picked up the trash, used containers and napkins and did a splendid job of restoring order to a well-used piece of property.

The local health unit provided an ambulance and administered first aid along with the "Calamity Janes," a group of ladies affiliated with the Fire Department and Rescue Department. As far as could be determined, few accidents occurred. Although they consisted primarily of fish hooks in little fingers, two boys

fell in the water with no serious effects. One boy managed to hook his finger deep enough to require a trip to town for surgery. Some calculated that even this didn't ruin his day—he had a ride in the big ambulance.

The Northwest Texas Field and Stream Committee and interested adults were busy throughout the rodeo answering questions, providing equipment and showing the participants how to fish. The contest was scheduled to start at 9 a.m., but by 8:30 a.m. the banks of the lake were lined with eager fishermen, who babbled and bubbled: "How do you keep this worm still long enough to get him on a hook?" "Here, please bait my hook, I can't." "This old worm is really slippery, but I will get him." "How do you fish?" "Where can I get to catch a fish?"

"What did he do that for?" "That little boy pushed me." "I want him arrested." "See, see, that girl over there, she got my place. I had to go get some more worms and when I got back there she was." "I was just standing in line and he pushed me." "I don't think that is right because my mother told me to be good while I was out here."

"How many hot dogs did you get?" "I got 14 but if this lasts much longer I think I can eat another one." "I got only 11 hot dogs but I got six ice creams. That man over there said he was out of ice cream, but I bet he has some more in that truck over there."

And from everywhere, "I caught a fish. What do I do now?" "Where can I fish?" "I believe we have caught them all." "They won't bite." "Measure mine, ain't he a dandy?"

Bill Cave, a retired game warden, was official measurer. Prizes were given in several categories. A rod and reel went to the girl who caught the largest fish and another to the boy who caught the largest fish. Similar prizes went to the girl and boy who caught the most fish. Other prizes went to the girl and boy catching the smallest fish. Results indicate that the girls of this age are the best fishermen. A young lady not only caught the biggest fish but a young lady caught the most fish. The most fish caught by a boy was 14 and the

• Continued on Page 23



most by a girl was 24. The largest fish was a 12½-inch carp. Noble Hardware presented the host with a rod and reel.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Sikes open their beautiful place to the Northwest Texas Field and Stream Association to hold this annual affair and they do so for other KID fishing trips. The lake, located just inside

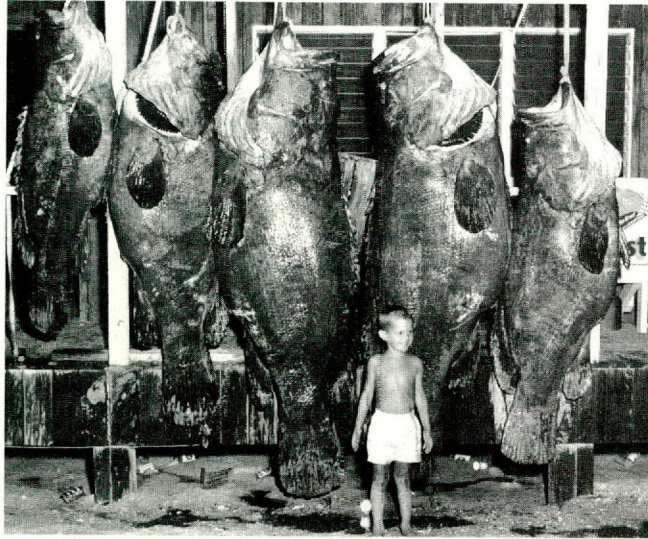
the city limits of Wichita Falls near Midwestern University, covers approximately 50 acres. The setting includes majestic trees and well-mowed lawns. Two bridge and levee crossings on the lake provide considerable space for the young fishermen.

The rodeo committee and all who helped with the event worked hard,

but they knew they were starting hundreds of young people in a sport which should provide them recreation for years to come. \*\*

## There'll Be A Fish Fry Tonight

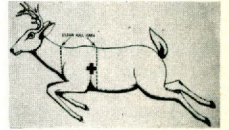
My dad can catch bigger fish 'n your dad! Dale's dad, Lloyd Longmire, helped spear the 2000 lbs. of jewfish, skindiving in the Gulf.



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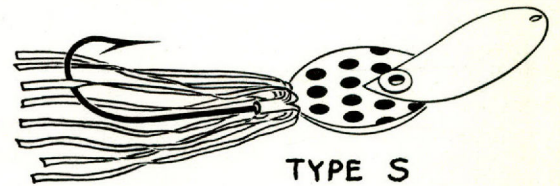


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Some say that Padre Island, close to Mexico and Rio Grande Valley, will be another Miami Beach.

*Padre Island's Siren Song*

From Page 8

ico. Also in the master plan is a camp and youth activity center for the Laguna Madre side of Andy Bowie Park.

Beyond that, there is no limit.

But the rumble of the tourist herds is growing louder and louder across the horizon, and as their influx grows, more facilities are certain to be added. There are those who say that with the Padre Island National Seashore soon to occupy the middle 80 miles of the island, the southern end, immediately adjacent, as it is, to Mexico and the lush Rio Grande Valley, will some day burgeon into another Miami Beach. Others say, "Who wants it? We like our Padre

Island the way it is, relaxed and peaceful."

But there remains a whopping lot of island, with room for many things.

The Cameron County Park Board is now receiving many requests from various entrepreneurs who would like to put this facility and that into the county parks. And as South Padre Island's popularity grows, so will the requests, so that the major developmental problem of the future is likely to be that of separating the what's-good-for-the-parks from the what's-bad, trying to keep most of the development, as it were, on the pekoe side of the tourist's cup. \*\*



John A. Wentrcek of Austin hooked onto this lunger, 9 lb., 1 oz., in Lake Buchanan last year. It was too large for the landing net.

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Most rivers can be fly fished.

Back to the Buggy Whip — From Page 21

thusiasts. With a couple of hours in the cool of an expiring day, Mr. Businessman can slip down to the water's edge, whip the line out, and relax to the chills of fishing. It beats television!

On the way back to Granite Shoals' Cottonwood Resort, Tony asked, "Well, what do you think of

the long stick and the silly reel now?"

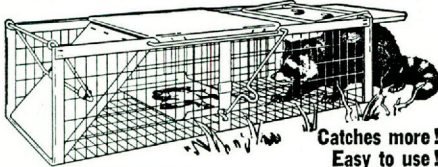
I assured him it had lots to offer anyone really interested in fishing excitement. As I reached down and patted his rod, I shook my head, "You still don't care about the ribbing you'll probably get from the pros?"

"Heck no!" he laughed, "That's their problem, not mine. This fly fishing really 'bugs' me. My problem is how to get more time off so I can

sail my baits to the fish with the buggy whip."

"He's right," I thought. "And if I get the 'bug' I'll undoubtedly have the same problem!" \*\*

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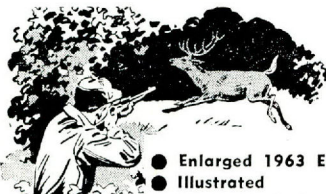
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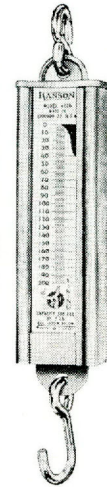
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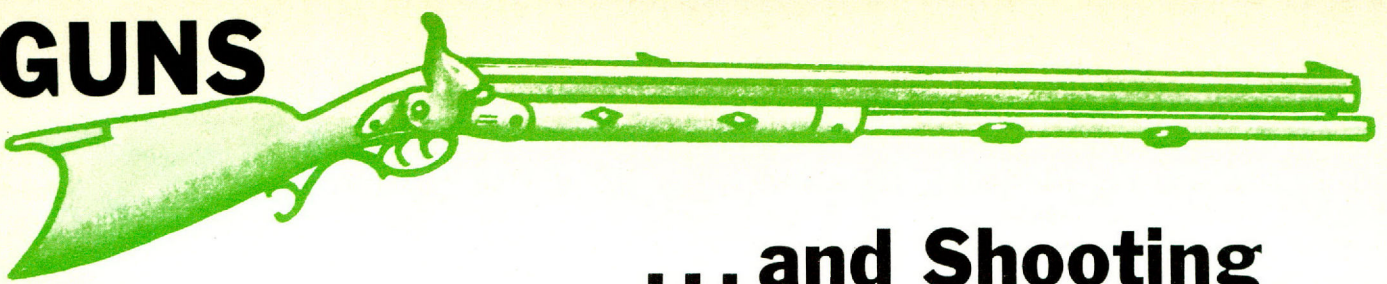
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# GUNS



## ... and Shooting

By L. A. WILKE

This Month: **Lever actions**

**W**ITH something like three million Winchester lever actions and a goodly number of Marlin and Savage in large game calibers having been sold down through the years, it is safe to say that there is no more popular gun made.

Ever since the first heavy caliber lever action began to make history with the famous model 1866 there has been a constant demand for them. Winchester followed its '66 with the more famous 1873 model, which today is perhaps the most sought after gun by collectors everywhere.

There have been more 94 models built than any other center fire sporting rifle model in the history of fire-

arms manufacture. That's the reason you see so many of them in the hills. First this gun was made for the .32-40 and the .38-55, adapted to a new smokeless powder. The .25-35, no longer made, and the famous .30 came a year later, followed in 1902 by the .32 special, an excellent game load for those days, but too close to the .30 to attain its lasting popularity. However the gun still is being chambered for the .32 special. Only it and the .30 now are being made.

The Marlin, which today is still a popular rifle in both .30 and .32 special, came along with its first lever action rifle, in small caliber, in 1881. Down through the years it has been refined, until today the Marlin has

both efficiency and beauty. In addition to the 336 line for deer rifles, it also produced the model 39 and the Levermatics in the .22 calibers. In general appearance the Marlin is much the same as the 94, except that it has a greater variety in barrel lengths and stocks. Because it has a closed breech top, it is more adaptable to easy installation of scopes.

Most famous of all Savage guns is the model 99. Although Savage made military rifles several years earlier, this famous sporting model didn't appear until shortly after the date of 1899, which is given to the name of Savage lever actions.

Its famous early-day caliber was the .22 high power, no longer made. That was followed by the .250-3000, first of the fast, lightweight deer rifles. There are many of these still in gun cabinets and many of them still are being used by hunters. Savage also developed the .300 caliber, the first heavy caliber fast cartridge. Although the Winchester 95 was made to shoot loads heavier than the famous .30-30, it followed the line of military loads rather than developing a new hunting ammunition, such as those produced by Savage. The 99 also was made for the other Winchester calibers. It still is being made today, again in calibers for the sportsman, including the .243 and the old .300. The original fast calibers are out, but the 99 now is also being chambered for the .308 and the .358 in lever actions.

Winchester today also is making a lever action in heavier caliber. It is the model 88, chambered for the .243, .284 and the .308.

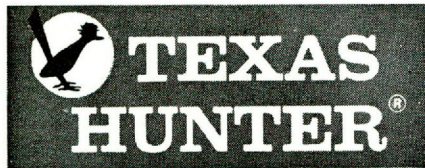
This gives a very wide assortment of calibers now for the man who prefers a lever action gun.

When you see a man in the hills with a lever action rifle, you know he has a gun that has been tried down through the years. \*\*



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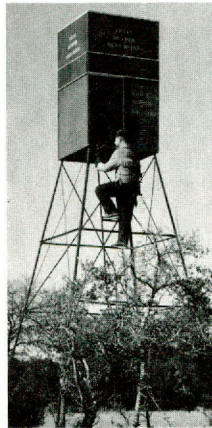
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ting of hardwood timber bottoms have taken much of the former prime nesting habitat completely out of production. A large market was created in the past to satisfy the demand for wood duck feathers to be used in the manufacture of artificial trout lures. By 1918 the wood duck population had dropped so low that complete protection was given this bird in Canada and the United States.

As a result of wildlife research and management the wood duck has built up his numbers and this past hunting season two birds were allowed in the daily bag limit.

The most important management practice concerning the wood duck comeback has been regulation of

hunting season and kill. Habitat, particularly nesting habitat, has shrunk to a point that can go no lower in many important production areas so this regulation of kill has allowed the wood duck to return to nesting areas in sufficient numbers after each hunting season.

This last winter, biologists and game wardens from the Texas Game and Fish Commission began a wood duck trapping and banding project aimed at learning more about breeding, migration and wintering activities of Texas birds. This information when compiled will be added to that information compiled by wildlife technicians from other states and a more efficient wood duck management plan can be enacted to per-

petuate wood duck populations for future generations of nature lovers.

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### HUNTERS

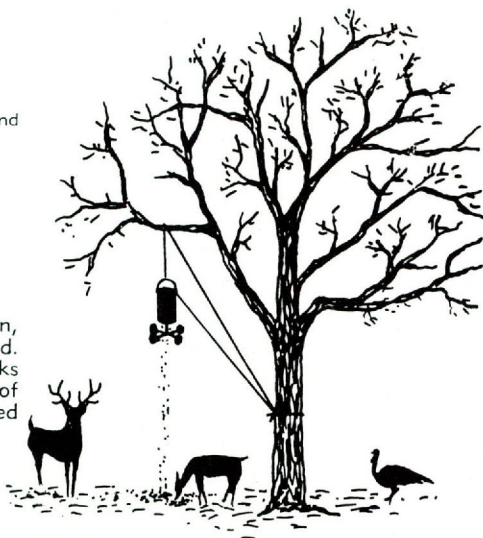
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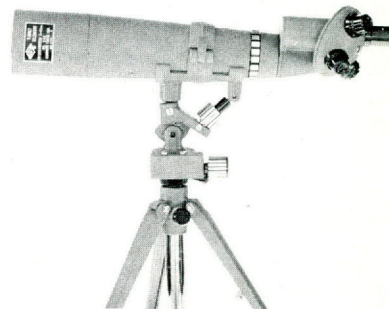


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# What Others Are Doing

by JOAN PEARSALL

**SCOUTS HELP OUT:** Boy Scouts in Kansas have been doing their bit to increase the present low population of wild ducks. Twenty-six scouts received over 700 one-day-old mallard ducklings in April and raised them until they were five weeks old, at which time they were banded and released on a state wildlife refuge. The ducks, when mature and after migration in the fall, are expected to return to the refuge to nest in spring and increase the wild breeding population. Waterfowl usually return to the area in which they were raised to produce their young. Success of the program can be judged from band return information.

**HAVE TO BUCK UP TO FISH:** Anglers more than 65 years of age in North Dakota now have to get a special \$1.00 fishing license. Formerly, persons in this age group could fish without a license, but the law was revised by the last session of the North Dakota state legislature.

**CHIEF ASSET:** The National Bison Range in Montana is contributing to the employment of elderly Indians in the area by furnishing deer hides which are tanned by them and made into gloves and other leather products. The meat of the surplus deer from which the hides are taken is donated to the Montana school lunch program.

**TO TEST THEIR STUFF:** In Pennsylvania an examination board, required by law, is set up to determine the skill and ability of prospective taxidermists. Each applicant must pass written and oral tests as well as display samples of his work. There are presently 128 licensed taxidermists in Pennsylvania.

**RABIES ERASED:** The complete eradication of rabies in England has become a classic in medical history. Following an epidemic of the disease in 1897, the muzzling of all dogs in infected areas was made compulsory until the disease disappeared. There has been no death from rabies in England since 1902. A six-month quarantine on all imported dogs prevents its re-entry.

**SWAMP SAFARIS:** Every Saturday morning, free boat tours conducted by park rangers explore remote sections of Everglades National Park in Florida, in caravans called "Boat-a-Cades." Boat captains first attend a briefing for the sake of safety. Then the privately owned craft set out for inland waterways, twisting at times through some of the world's greatest mangrove swamps, which once served the Seminole Indians as pathways. Gliding over grassy waters, these boaters see alligators, great sea turtles, deer, birds, orchids and the lush plant life of the Everglades. Brief stops are made for the park ranger to point out things of special interest.

**HEADY:** An English biologist recently cut a queen in three pieces. In trying to discover how a queen bee keeps her colony together, he found her influence is a scent more compelling than any compounded by French perfumers. The surgery came about when he wanted to know what part of her is most attractively scented. Abdomen, thorax and head, each put in separate cages, did not have much effect on a queenless cluster, but when the severed parts were crushed, the workers rallied around the crushed head. So the queen's powerful perfume must come from her head, probably from the mandibular glands.

# Texas

# Tackle Talk

by CURTIS CARPENTER

**H**ERE'S A TOUGHY! "What kind of boat should I buy?" Perhaps no question is more difficult to answer. And, it's one that the fisherman must answer for himself. I can only speak for myself based on the experiences I have had.

First, you should decide just what kind of boat will best suit most areas where it will be used. If you're solely a fisherman, this automatically cuts the list in half or less. If you like to fish, but at times you love to get away from fishing and take the family on a boat trip or a skiing party, you'll need to consider this factor.

It was easy for me to decide what type of boat I needed. Fishing is, of course, my favorite pastime. And, I love to fish in all types of water, from creeks to bays, and for all kinds of fish. It would have been much simpler if I preferred lakes, had a place on a lake where I could dock my boat and enjoyed bass fishing only. But it's not that way, so I had to get a boat and motor which was light enough to use in the smallest ponds and yet not too light for the saltwater fishing. It had to be sturdy enough to take choppy waters and still not too heavy for one person to load and unload, since I usually fish solo. Trailers are not for me because I quite often get off the beaten trail for pictures and stories,

and when I need a boat to get that chance-in-a-life-time photo there's usually no place to load and unload a trailer.

This boat had to be narrow, but not as "tipsy" as a canoe, so I could run it through the jungle-like bayous of Southeast Texas. The motor had to fit the boat, move it along at a good speed and yet it had to be suitable for pushing my boat over the shallow flats along the coast where the big trout and reds roam.

The boat had to float when filled with water and have a live box so I could forget about stringers and save time. If you are trying to draw a mental picture of the boat I have, keep it up. This is what you will need to do when you start adding up the factors which will help you choose your boat.

I knew mine, so I added:  $x + y + z + r +$  all those other requirements = one 14-foot Buddy Boat (a john boat) and one 7½-horse Fishing Scott. This particular boat and motor unit has served well in all types of fishing. The boat tips the scales at about 125 pounds, and the motor at 38 pounds is almost small enough to fit in my golf bag. I have caught from the craft tarpon, gar, perch, redfish, trout, croakers, bass and catfish. I plan to catch kingfish and mackerel next year.

It's not a big rig. But it's a safe rig if handled properly and if not overloaded. Before I take off on a long trip across open water, I think ahead about what I will do in certain emergencies and keep prepared for these emergencies.

My john boat with the little motor doesn't offer all the luxuries of a 37-foot cabin cruiser, but it takes me where I want to go and serves well the purposes for which it was bought. I have been laughed at and stared at; nevertheless, I often go into places and fish waters where fishermen in larger, fancier boats cannot reach. And—I'm satisfied. That's what counts. \*\*

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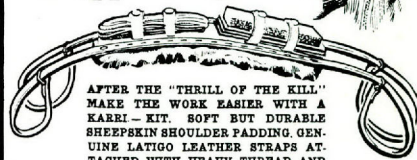
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BOX 33

MILANO, TEXAS

Yellow keeps his snout low and protects his throat from the nutria's teeth.

A Match for the Nutria

From Page 15

In sharp contrast to the method of other nutria dogs, Yellow fights from

underneath, keeping his snout low and trying to get under the nootie's head. That way his throat is protected.

Ray and Ed are watching with interest the results of various crosses with Yellow.

And hundreds of other hunters all along the Gulf Coast are watching

other crosses with just as much interest, everybody working to develop a perfect nootie dog.

Once a good nootie dog gets on the trail of one, the animal has no way of escaping. If this kind of hunting becomes popular, it may turn out to be a big factor in keeping nutria in check. \*\*

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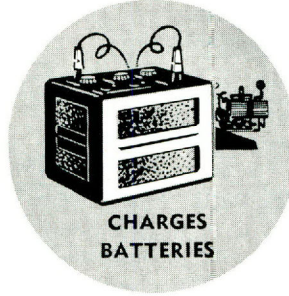
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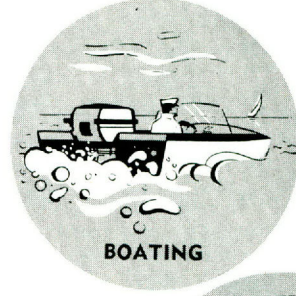
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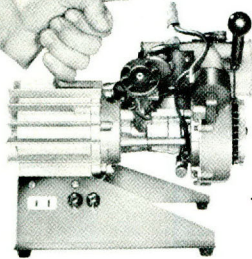
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# Outdoor Books



**LEARNING TO GUN**, by John Stuart Martin, 113 pages. Published by Doubleday and Company, Inc., Garden City, New York. \$4.95.

If your youngster has been making broad hints about hunting season and talking loudly about how strong he has become, perhaps the time is nigh when a second generation of gunning must begin in your household. *Learning to Gun* is an excellent text to guide your father-son course.

The scope of information is wide and deep. Besides chapters on gunning techniques, proper dress, field procedures, shooting preserves, and training gun dogs, the book includes how-to information on categories including upland birds, waterfowl, rabbits and squirrels.

The author's approach to safety is sane and strict but not fanatical. For example, he explains, "The best way to avoid dismembering yourself or a comrade with your shotgun is to make it part of your body. That is, to accustom your hands and your subconscious so completely to keeping the gun in safe positions that you could no more let it do harm than you could accidentally draw a knife and stab with it. . . . No gunner should content himself with less than such ingrown, instinctive wariness, or be anything but grateful when gigged by a companion for a lapse in vigilance."

Procedure and equipment information is well illustrated with line drawings and photographs to make you an excellent teacher and your son a promising gunner.

—Ann Streetman

**THE DEER HUNTER'S BIBLE**, by George Laycock, 154 pages, well illustrated with more than 100 black and white photographs and line drawings. Published by Doubleday and Company, Inc., Garden City, New York. \$1.95.

There's more to hunting deer than just purchasing a rifle and ammo and locating a place to hunt. Of course, a person can go out into the field and spend a day where deer are supposed to roam, then return and say he has been deer hunting. This is not the kind of deer hunting most have in mind when they think of the sport.

A hunter going out for his first time may have beginner's luck and do better than his partner who has been hunting for years. But, this won't happen consistently.

The man who knows his deer, how they live, how to look for them, how to handle

his equipment and goes prepared, is the one who will bring home the venison, and the prize racks. And the hunter who knows how to take care of his deer once it has been killed will have the tastiest venison. Furthermore, the individual who knows the hazards of hunting will enjoy more injury-free hunting seasons.

There are only two ways to become a good deer hunter. You learn through years of experience—or from someone who has had this experience and is willing to pass it on to you. The latter method is the quickest and safest. Actually, it's the best way to perfect any new sport.

Laycock, one of America's top writers and sportsmen, talks about the whitetail, mule deer, the coues and blacktail in a

language common to hunters, in his fine guide, *The Deer Hunter's Bible*.

He tells you where and when to find these deer and how to plan a hunt. What you should know about equipment and clothing has been included as well as field and home care of deer. From the book you'll get a lesson on the hazards of deer hunting and how to hunt with the rifle, the shotgun and the bow and arrow. He touches on deer hunting facts by state and province and the present and future of deer hunting. Very little is left out.

What makes a top notch hunter decide to sit down and write all his secrets on paper for others to read and use? It's a good question! Perhaps for the cash he'll get from the sales of the book. Or—he may just want to help others enjoy a sport by guiding them in the right direction. Who knows! He could be the kind of ambitious gentleman who just loves to write. Regardless, the book has some rich advice and suggestions, and it's quite economical when compared with other books of its type. It should be on every deer hunter's bookshelf.

—Curtis Carpenter

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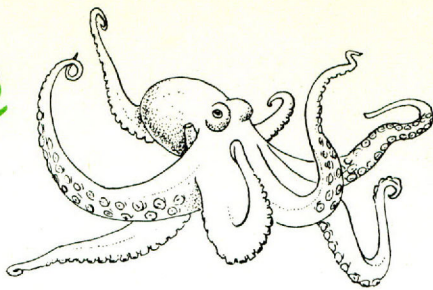
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## Fit For Kings



Editor:

This picture shows what kind of luck my father and I had last year (1962) at Freeport. There are 14 kingfish in this picture. The largest fish weighed about 40 pounds. The total weight of the whole catch was about 210 pounds.

Mike Thomas  
Dallas

(Thanks for giving our readers a glimpse at your good catch.—Editor)

## He'll Feel at Home

Editor:

I certainly read with a great deal of interest your article on the plan to stock rainbow trout in the Guadalupe River (August 1963).

I hope to move to San Antonio in the near future and I've wondered what to do about the rainbow trout fishing I'd be missing. Your article, at least, gives promise that I could continue this sport in Texas.

Wish you might come to this Upper Peninsula and enjoy rainbow trout fishing on the Big Huron, the Garlic, the Choccoloy. There is no more fighting trout than the rainbow, and best wishes for the success of this venture on the Guadalupe.

George A. Sanford  
Iron Mountain, Michigan

(We hope that you will indeed find a rainbow at the end of your journey to Texas—in fact, many—and that the Guadalupe River eventually may even become a fair rival to your present fishing grounds! Thank you for your good wishes. We'll be glad to welcome you among us.—Editor)

## Some Tackle

Editor:

Having read numerous letters in your magazine about topwater experiences, I

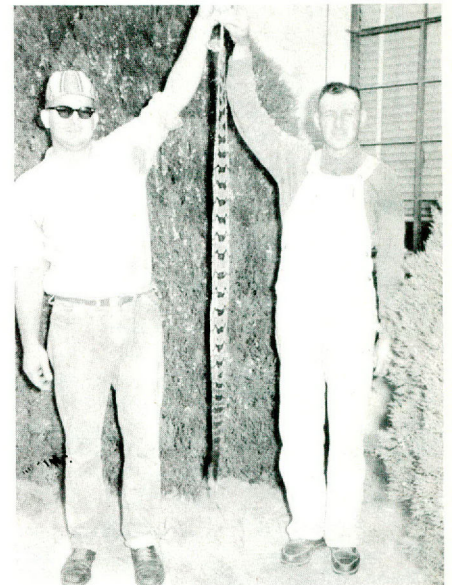
thought I would write you about one of mine.

I was cork-fishing off Port Isabel one day and the end of my line got tangled on top of my cork when I cast, leaving my bait out of the water. Suddenly, as I was reeling in, the line began singing off my reel. I looked up and my cork was flying away. A seagull had made a pass for the shrimp and got his foot hooked! I landed the bird and the hook was removed. The bird flew off, apparently unharmed.

J. L. Cloud  
Harlingen

(Although you "got the bird" on that trip, you certainly ended up with an interesting tale! It must indeed have been a surprise to suddenly find your cork in orbit. Thank you for writing us about this unusual experience.—Editor)

## Made Him Hop



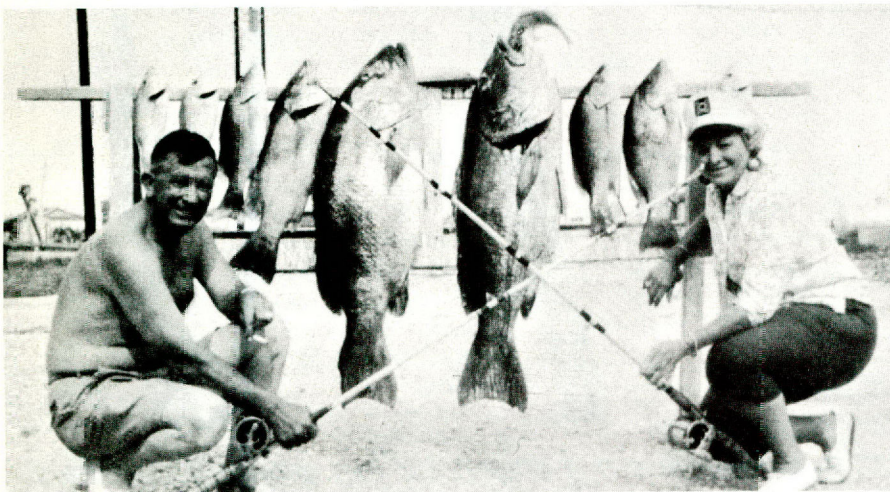
Editor:

I am sending this picture of myself and Johnnie Maresh along with a timber rattler we killed near the Guadalupe River recently. While looking for grasshoppers for bait, I came within four feet of this snake, coiled and ready to strike. My partner came to my rescue and killed it before it had a chance to strike. This rattler measured five and a half feet and had 14 rattlers.

Lee Roy Barta  
Moulton

(Thanks for sending the picture. Perhaps it will help our readers to remember to keep their eyes open when they're chasing grasshoppers.—Editor)

## Fine Fishing Haul-Together



Editor:

I am enclosing a picture of Mr. and Mrs. McDonald of Fort Worth [with part of their catch of 75 beauties on a trip out of Port Mansfield]. I thought that you might

like to have this for your magazine.

Charles R. Johnson  
Port Director, Port of Mansfield

(Thanks for giving us a chance to see the picture.—Editor)



# Junior Sportsmen

## Some Outdoor Gossip

by JOAN PEARSALL

**W**ITH school well underway, many of you are wrestling with homework reports on many different subjects. Maybe we can help just a little bit. If you have any reports to do on nature subjects (and you very likely will some time or other during the year), here are some tidbits of information that could add a little spice or seasoning.

In the fish department, here's a crazy, mixed-up one! The crayfish, a backward animal indeed, has its teeth in its stomach and its liver in its head. The favorite food

of largemouth bass, shortly after they hatch, is zooplankton—which are small aquatic animals. The so-called silver eel is just a common green eel with a date! When they are six or eight years old, eels stop feeding and change to a silvery color for their long trip out into the ocean to spawn and die. In two years, under ideal conditions, 50 crappies can produce 200,500 offspring, averaging 5.3 inches in length.

Now let's see what odds and ends we have on birds. Golden eagles don't have to worry about babysitters! When they're a little more than two months old, the young soar straight off the nest and join their parents in flight. The road runner is famous for its ability to kill rattlesnakes and is also known as the "snake-eater." On the mallard duck's menu are mostly sedges, grasses, smartweeds, pondweeds and other aquatic plants. The southern bald eagle differs from other migrants in that it nests during the winter. When danger threatens, the bittern points his bill to the sky, which makes him blend with the reeds of his marshy surroundings. Recorded observations of the migration of birds date back 3,000 years to the time of Hesiod, Homer, Herodotus and Aristotle—now *that* should impress your teacher!

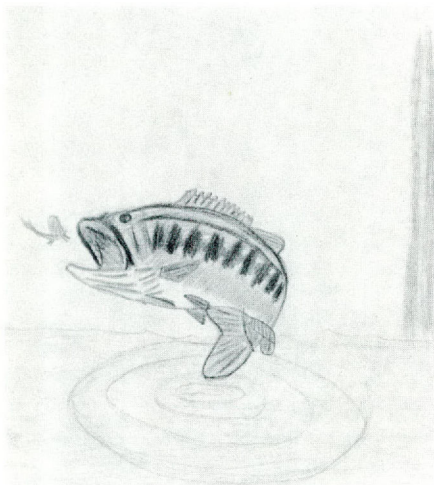
The song of the tiny cricket, an insect less than an inch long, can sometimes be heard as far as a mile. Unlike the situation in the human world, Mr. Cricket is the only one who sings—Mrs. Cricket makes no sound at all. Snakes' eyes are covered by hard, transparent, plastic-like caps so they can burrow without hurting their eyes. They have no eyelids.

You're not likely to find elephants in the Texas countryside, but it's interesting to know that they don't drink through their trunks, as people sometimes suppose, but suck water up into their trunks and then squirt it into their mouths. Also, the average weight of an elephant's tusk is about 55 pounds, although some exceed 100 pounds. Maybe that's why they often seem to look down-in-the-mouth. Do remember that the African elephant invariably sleeps standing up, but the Indian elephant lies

down. Even though there's lots of space in Texas, the whitetail deer, under normal conditions, seems to require no more than one-half square mile of living space. The marten has a great dislike for water and will travel miles to find a log or bridge to avoid swimming a small stream. And the prairie dog has one of the most elaborate homes devised by any American mammal. Did you know the guinea pig has a sense of taste 1,000 times as keen as that of a man? Wouldn't that be fine for something like candy, or ice cream!

Whether or not you can put the knowledge to practical use, it's always interesting and fun to find out about the creatures of the outdoors. In studying them, you'll often find you are learning a lot about other subjects, too. Good luck now, on those school reports.

### A REEL ARTIST



Editor:

I am 12 years old and enjoy fishing very much. I have been fishing ever since I can remember. I subscribe to your magazine and like it very much.

I am sending a picture that I drew of a largemouth black bass, which is my favorite game fish.

Please keep the good stories and pictures coming.

Greg Baenziger  
Seguin

(Thanks for letting us see your drawing.  
—Editor)

### FROM A FISHING FAMILY



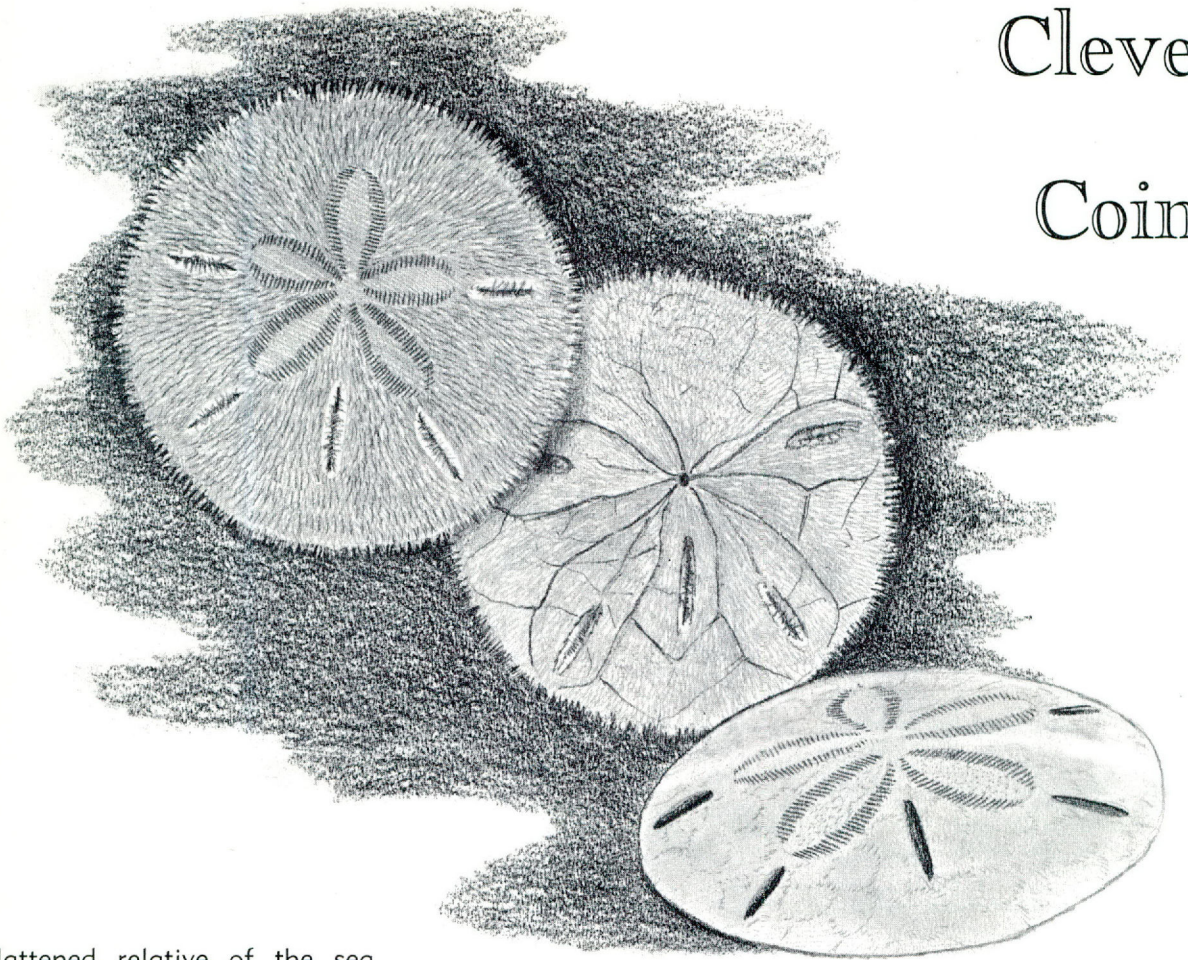
Editor:

I am sending a picture of my six-year-old son, Dewey DuBose, and the six-pound catfish he caught in our tank. Mr. DuBose caught a four-pound bass the same day. Two days later, I caught a four-pound bass. Our ranch is located southwest of Hondo, Texas.

Mrs. E. D. DuBose  
Yancey

(Thanks for sending your fishing news.—  
Editor)

# Clever Coins



A flattened relative of the sea urchin, the sand dollar (***Mellita testudinata***) is found in shallow coastal waters of the Gulf. This marine life often paves the bottom in large colonies. The individual's bleached shell is widely known to beachcombers. The living animal wears a velvety pelt which is brownish under water and olive green out of water. This fur coat is composed of tiny movable spines. Larger spines trim the margin and five slots dot the shell. Waving rhythmically, spines set the sand in motion and the animal glides at an angle into the sand. All but the central surface is buried while the creature is feeding. A five-petaled flower, or star, decorates the center of the shell. Principal nerves and blood vessels lie under this star. Minute tube feet project from the star through a multitude

of pores on both the upper and under sides of the shell. Operating on a simple hydraulic system, the feet lengthen when pumped full of water and contract when emptied. These feet assist in respiration, feeding, locomotion and cleansing. The sand dollar's mouth is centered on the underside, with grooves branching outward. Strings of slime in these grooves pass food particles, collected from the water, into the mouth. The marine animal has five teeth for chewing. These tiny teeth rattle in a dead sand dollar's shell. The slots, also in a pattern of five, are important in hiding and digging. If the dollar is disturbed while it is feeding, it hastily ripples the marginal spines, covering its surface with a layer of

sand. Thus, the animal sinks out of sight as sand grains flow through its shell, from bottom to top, via slots. The ventilated shell causes little resistance as the animal travels through sand or water. A relative, the starfish, is the sand dollar's greatest enemy. When a hungry starfish moves into a dollar colony, the ones downcurrent from the enemy sense its presence and burrow off for safer territory. The sand dollar is harmless to humans, except to a swimmer who wades into a thick colony. Such a fellow will discover the soles of his feet have been stained a bright yellow-green, which will wear off in a day or so.

—Nancy McGowan