

Texas Game and Fish

MAY

1962

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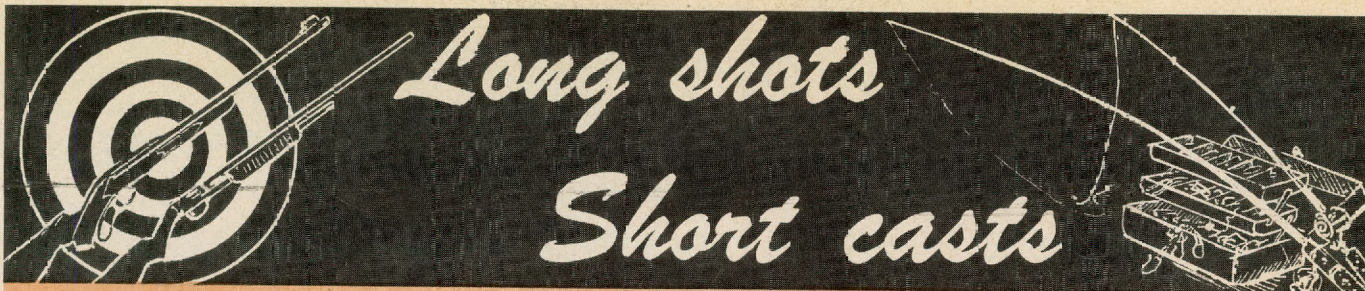


DEPARTMENT OF
MAY 21 1962
MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY

W. M. ADAMS

If there's a will, there's a way, according to an old adage. That great friend of sportsmen, and manufacturer of some mighty fine fishing lures, Doug English, decided there must be an easy way to fish the shallow flats along the coast. He decided it would be much less strenuous to sit in a floating chair than to wade across the boggy shell bottoms. So nowadays, Doug simply lounges around in comfort, sipping on a frosty glass of lemonade, reeling in the trout and reds. If he ties into a moose, he stands up, nets the fish, slips it on his stringer and drops back into a comfortable position where he can enjoy the cool, soothing seabreeze and the warm, tropical sunshine. —Photo by Curtis Carpenter.





NEIGHBORLY ANGLING: Texas is negotiating with Oklahoma for reciprocal fishing rights on Lake Texoma. An agreement would allow residents of both states to fish with present licenses on all parts of the big boundary lake. The conference also may press for a uniform license fee. Oklahoma now charges Texans \$5 to fish in Oklahoma waters. Texas charges \$2.15. One-third of the lake is in Texas territory and two-thirds in Oklahoma. Similar negotiations will begin soon with other states having waters in common with Texas.

WELL MERITED: A criminal investigator for the Fish and Wildlife Service's Bureau of Sport Fisheries and Wildlife has been presented a \$750 Superior Performance Award by the Department of the Interior. He was rewarded for his role in obtaining evidence that led to the arrest of 161 persons in 1961 for market hunting activities. For 2 1/2 years he carried out undercover operations in the southeastern region of the United States, gathering evidence by purchasing over 5,000 wild ducks and geese for "friends," while posing as a peanut salesman. He and his immediate family lived under assumed names, at great personal risk.

A FAZE FOR CHASERS: If you have a problem of trying to break your dog of chasing deer, cars, or anything else, one suggestion is to take a piece of stick, preferably a broom handle, about 18 inches long, and fasten each end of it to the dog's collar, so the stick hangs about three inches from the ground from the dog's collar position. The minute the dog starts to run he bangs his forepaws against the stick or rod and the harder he runs the more it hurts the dog. On large dogs, a one inch chain dangling in a loop will accomplish the same purpose. The chain or stick need only be worn while the dog is out and free, and after a couple of months his desire to chase anything will subside.

WATERFOWL WATCH: There has been a decline of seven percent in the estimated number of wintering waterfowl in the Pacific Flyway, compared with a year ago. The decrease was due primarily to a five percent decline in ducks observed and a 40 percent drop in coots. The number of geese observed was up 11 percent. Whistling swans, fully-protected birds, were 20 percent below the number seen in 1961. Redheads and canvasbacks, even though protected by complete hunting closures, declined 53 and 21 percent respectively. The 1962 estimates are based upon the annual winter survey made by the Bureau of Sport Fisheries and Wildlife, Fish and Wildlife Service, and cooperating State and Federal agencies.

SEED LEAD: Results of years of research on identification of seeds valuable to wildlife were made available recently with the publication of a 221-page Seed Identification Manual. Pages 7 to 122 are devoted to a series of excellent photographs, divided and subdivided into categories, of more than 600 species of plants occurring in farmlands, wetlands, and woodlands. An 84-page section entitled "Identification Clues" describes characteristics for distinguishing seeds of many important families and genera of plants. The book was printed by the University of California Press, Berkeley, Calif.

BIRD AMBASSADORS: Feathered travelers have launched their own visitors' exchange program between the United States and Russia. A long-legged bird, known as the common crane of Europe and Asia, visited the Bitter Lake National Wildlife Refuge in New Mexico, last year. A few months later, a lesser sandhill crane, banded at the Bitter Lake Refuge, was reported on a state visit at Krasno, Russia, about 5,500 air miles from Bitter Lake. Migratory birds apparently have been carrying out their own brand of diplomacy between the two countries for a long time. In 1939, a Russian-banded bird was found in California. Since then, over 100 American-banded birds have been recovered in Russia, and over 75 Russian-banded birds have been taken in Alaska and other states.

Texas Game and Fish

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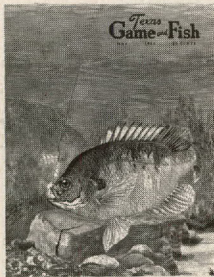
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The Cover



The bluegill sunfish, *Lepomis macrochirus*, probably is the unluckiest fish in Texas waters. It is the rabbit of fish, constantly sought by most other predator fish and by man. Many a smile has spread across the faces of youngsters because of this fish. About six inches is the average length. However, one weighing 4 pounds 12 ounces, 15 inches long and 18¼ inches around girth, was caught at Ketona Lake, Alabama in 1950. Actually the sizes vary considerably from water to water, depending on the conditions. Cover painting by Bill Marks.

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

MAY, 1962

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OUR SCHOOLS SOON WILL SHUT THEIR DOORS for the summer, and thousands of youngsters will be looking for something to keep them busy—exciting and entertaining. Why not take this opportunity to introduce them to our fascinating outdoors?

One of the most satisfying and successful methods for putting a boy or girl right in the middle of nature, is by taking them fishing with you. It's better to have a fishing boy than a wishing boy. For when a boy has time to wish, he has time to get into trouble.

Father has had all winter to fish by himself or with his fishing partner down the street, while the children were in school. But now, with the kids out of school, he has a chance to get out in the open with his heirs and enjoy some of that "good old family fun."

This isn't the easiest thing in the world for dad to do. Most fathers tend to get just a little greedy with their fishing. They get desperately involved in trying to catch more fish and bigger fish than the last time. And they can't afford to clutter up their boats with a bunch of troublesome "brats." If they take the children along, it means no fishing for daddy, or at least not the peaceful kind they had been enjoying before.

Dad may as well expect tangled lines, lots of hook baiting, continuous advising and constant shifting about the boat. It's a common thing with beginners. He'll be a guide, and nothing more, until his youngsters know enough about the valuable sport to fish solo.

But more important than all the hardships and varying moods on pop's part, is one supposedly simple, but actually very important, fact: The boys and girls will have some great fun and they are going to have a chance to get outdoors with someone they love, someone they know can answer some mighty important questions.

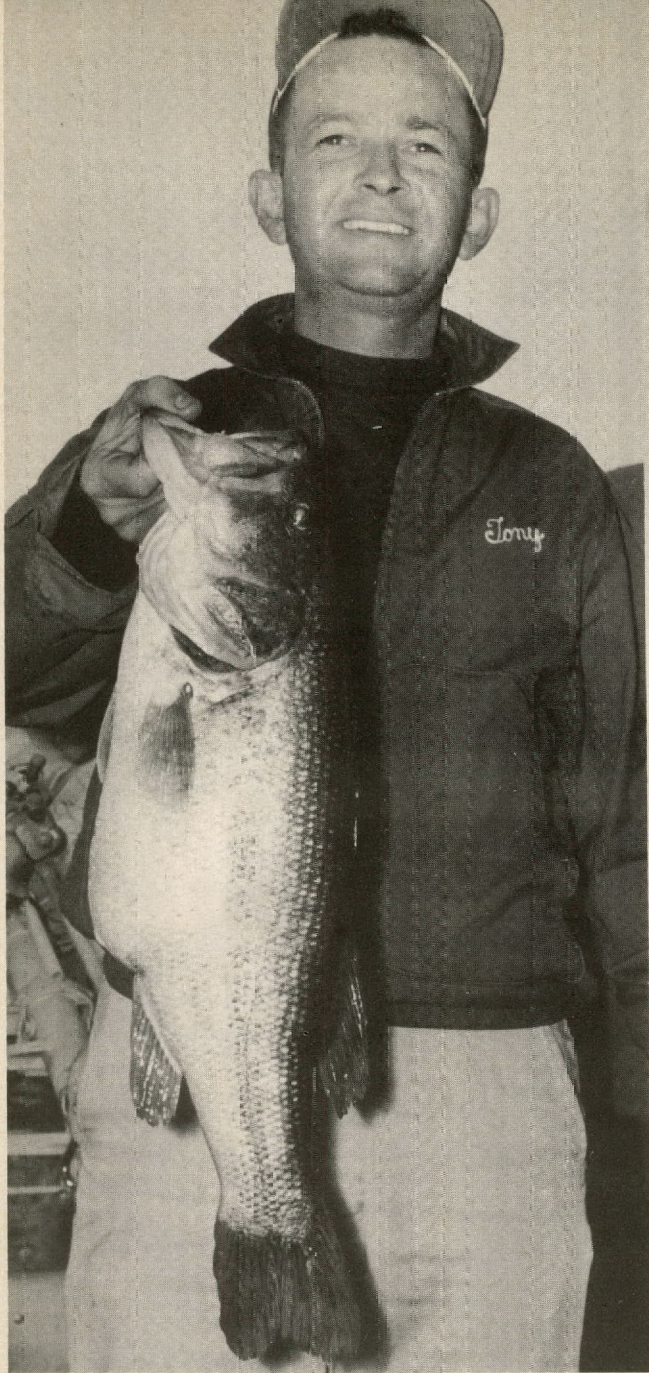
It will be what dad decides to make it. If he gets cross with the family because they keep pestering the old pro about how and where to cast, it'll be drudgery. If father makes up his mind that he's going to fish no matter what happens to the youngsters, it will be a miserable trip for all aboard.

However, if father will think back, how nice it would have been if his pop had taken time to teach him all about fishing, he may plan something big for the kids. He might ask himself first, "What would I be like if I were just a boy on my first fishing trip—what would I expect of my father on a fishing trip?" Then go on from there.

Some fathers never take their children fishing. It seems a shame, when we consider that a small investment by a parent could mean such big dividends for a youngster, and a memorable experience for all. **

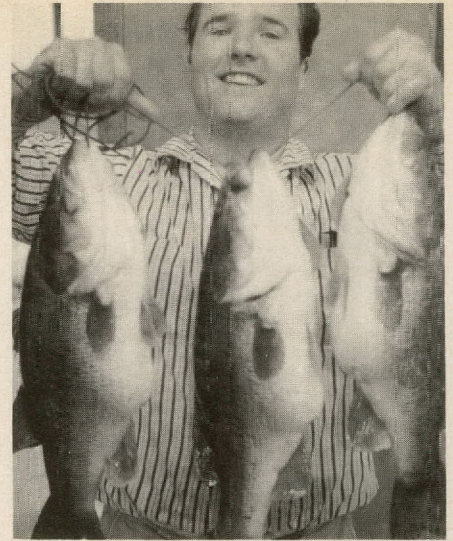
A Wise Investment

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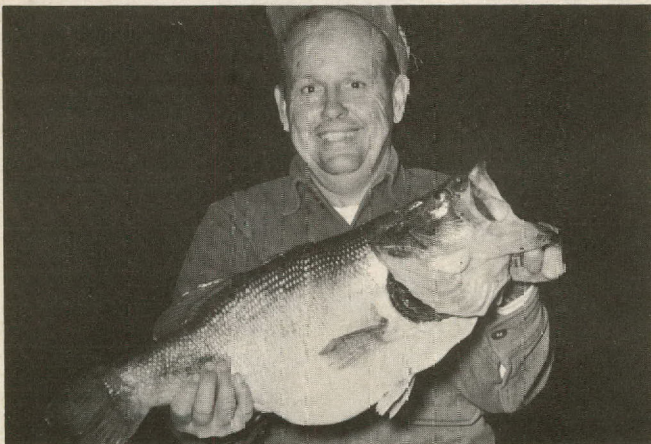
Tony Meeks, Austin, visited North Concho Lake near San Angelo a few weeks back and brought this 7-pounder back with him.

Jimmy Shipwash, Austin taxidermist, and his one-day catch out of Granite Shoals Lake. They weighed 6 lbs. 4 oz., 6 lbs. 6 oz., and 6 lbs. 4 oz. Since then he has taken several more over 7 lbs.

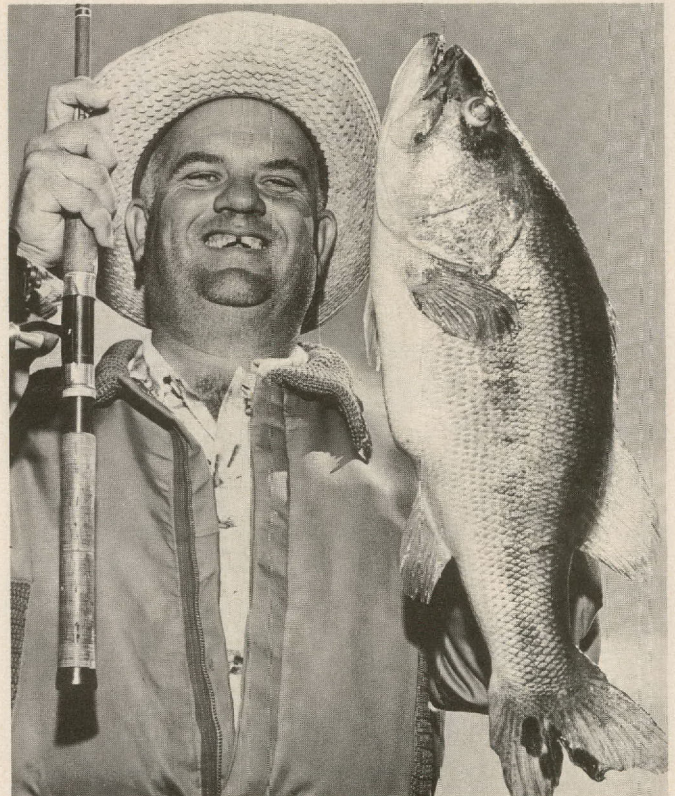


Big Black

THE BIG BASS SHOWN on these two pages are just a sample of what Texas waters have been producing recently. Undoubtedly, some as large or larger have been



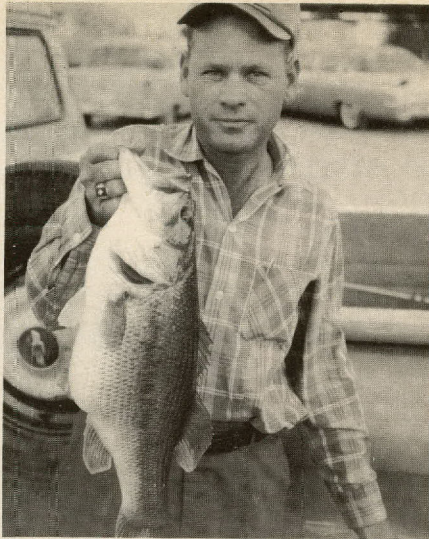
While Lake Austin was down, Lauren Johnson took time out to catch this 9-pounder.



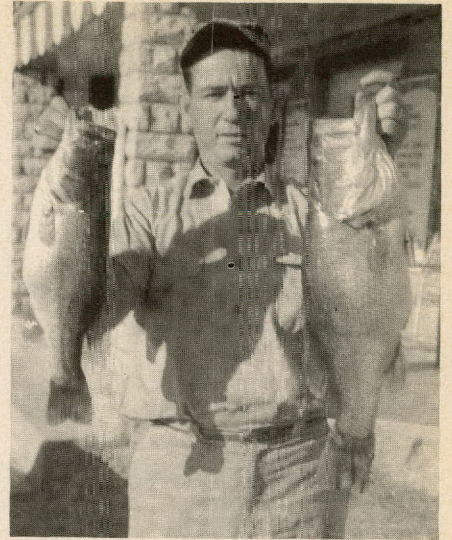
C. W. (Charley) Elliot, Fort Worth, caught this 10 lb. 8 oz. black in Possum Kingdom Lake.



Jackie Hewlett, Austin, landed this 9 lb. 10 oz. black on Granite Shoals.



Glenn Hayden, Austin, poses with his 7 lb. 2 oz. Granite Shoals black.



Eddie Hendrix, Austin, and his 8 lb. 6 oz. black and a 4½ pounder from Granite Shoals.

Bass Brags

by CURTIS CARPENTER

caught but not reported, or recorded on film.

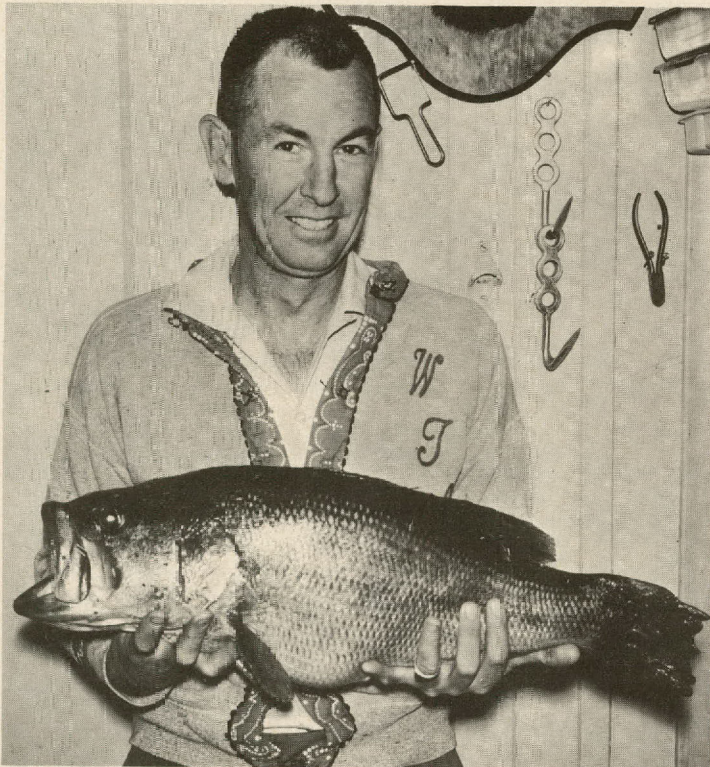
With more and more new lakes being constructed, farmers stocking their ranch tanks, biologists learning

more about controlling rough fish and more fishermen seeking the black bass, it may not be long until Texas produces a record fish.

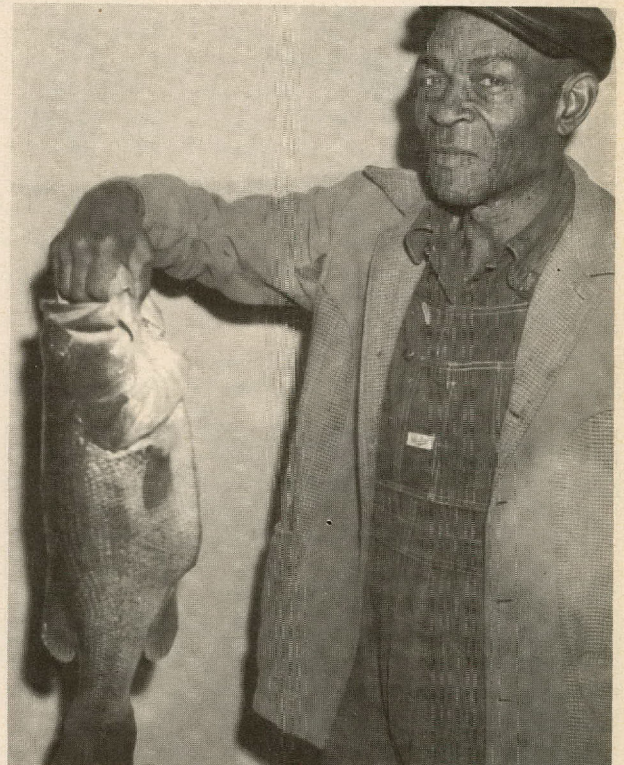
This will take a tremendous fish,

since the record largemouth was 32½ inches long, 28½ inches in girth and weighed 22 pounds, 4 ounces. It was taken in Montgomery Lake,

• Continued on Page 30



W. T. Cooke, Amarillo, landed this 11 lb. 1 oz. grandpaw on Lake Childress, using an artificial worm. It could be the largest ever caught in the Panhandle area.



Bill Davis shows his 9 lb. black taken from Wheeler's tank pond at Warren City. This is just one of the few caught in tanks to be reported this year in the state.

All Day Suckers



by HAL SWIGGETT
San Antonio Express-News

MOST PEOPLE CRINGE at the mere mention of the word leech. Sometime back, I unexpectedly became the owner of a pair of the "critters." I have fed them, kept house for them (cleaned out their jar twice a day) and observed them in action and asleep for hours at a time. At first I didn't know what to expect. But as the weeks went by, my two critters became bundles of fascination.

When my friends learned what I was doing, they almost went through a kind of horror routine while describing what they had seen in a movie called "The African Queen," in which Humphrey Bogart became covered with the creatures while pulling his boat through the infested waters of Africa.

Dan Klepper, outdoor editor of the San Antonio *Express-News*, found the leeches one night while catfishing on the Guadalupe River

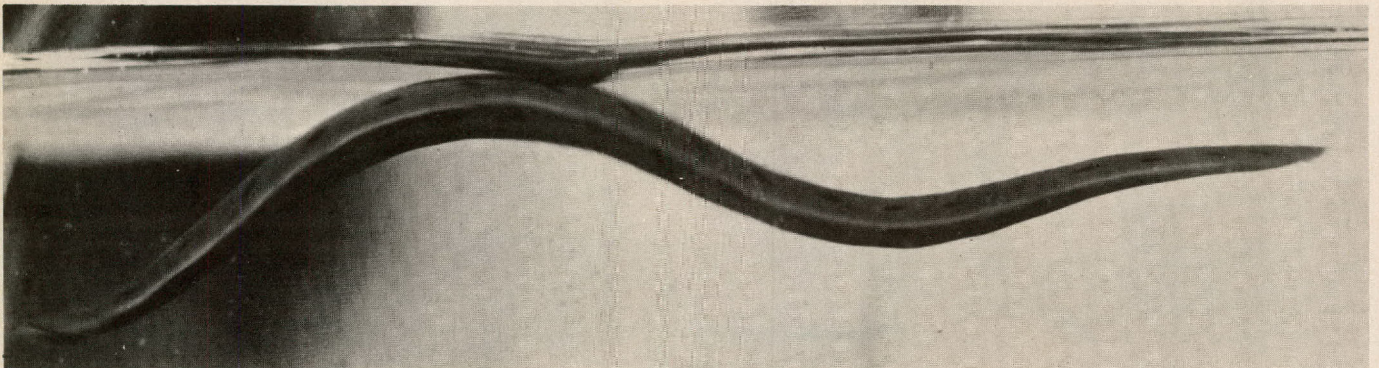
in south central Texas. He and his companions were eating fried chicken. They tossed the bones into the river, Dan happened to flash his light across the water and noticed a motion near the bones. Upon investigating, he discovered five leeches sucking the bones. He started grabbing and finally came up with three of the funny-looking creatures. They were placed in a pail of water with a small perch. The leeches latched right onto the fish. Then they were separated, the fish was released and the leeches brought home.

Dan kept the critters about a week. Then, since I am a professional pho-

tographer, he offered me two. Bob Dale, our company artist, took the third one.

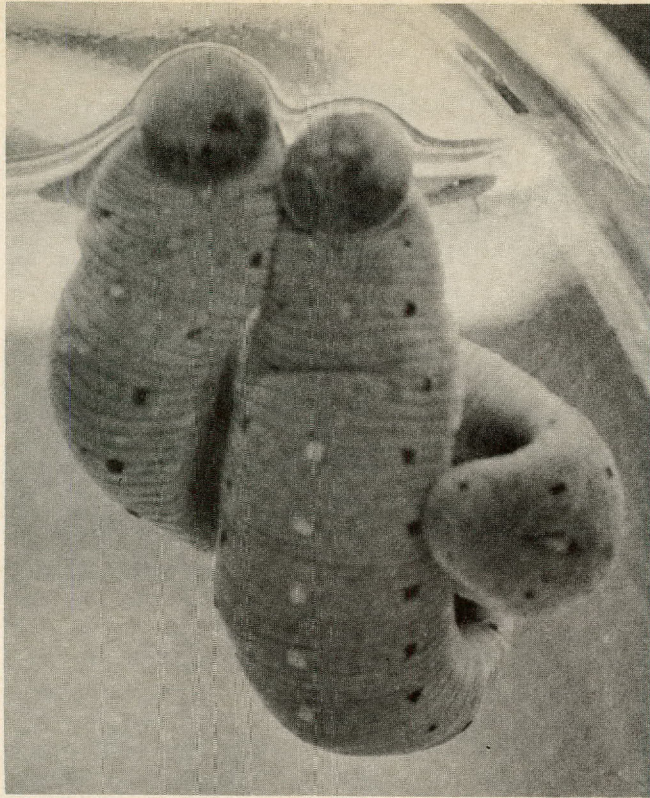
I immediately became interested in the critters. No one seemed to know much about them. I inquired at the zoo and was told that the type I had was common to the Guadalupe River. Actually, it seems that no one has been interested enough over the years to jot down much about them.

Finally, I sent my two sons, Gerald and Vernon, to the public library to see what they could find. An afternoon's work produced a mass of technical information in reference book style. *The Cambridge Natural History* was highly technical and contained such explanations as "General shape includes oval contour and its dorso-ventral flattening. . . . The body appears to be composed of 70, 80, or 100 segments, but this is caused by the marked undulation of the real segments. . . . *Gnathobdel-*



A close view of the graceful swimming action. This leech is swimming at the surface with its head to the right. Usually, when it reaches the

side of the bowl, it turns down and swims back upside down, slipping through the water with ease.



Leeches seem to enjoy hanging side-by-side with their tail discs, while their heads dangle in the water. Other times they stayed as far apart as the bowl would allow.

They are extremely interesting to watch.

When Dan gave them to me they were in a pickle jar. Its lid was punched full of holes for air, since without it they wouldn't have been captives long. Let me describe the two as I see them. When drawn up to their shortest form, they are about one inch long. The width and the thickness (depth) of their bodies are about $\frac{1}{2}$ inch. The largest suction cup is at the tail. It is about $\frac{1}{4}$ inch in diameter. The head is a small suction cup about half the size of the tail.

The color is olive-green on the back with a row of closely spaced black spots running parallel with and close to its sides. A single row of orange-colored spots closely spaced go full length in the center of the back. The underpart is brownish in color, probably closer to burnt-sienna. There are scattered black spots but not in any pattern or form.

They move along the sides of the bottle simply by stretching out to three or four inches in length, attaching the small suction cup on their head to the glass, and releasing hold with the tail and drawing up in a ball. The tail attaches itself beside the head. They have been observed to hang in that position indefinitely. One of their favorite pastimes seems to be getting a good hold with the tail suction, then extending their length to about five or six inches and exploring the sides,

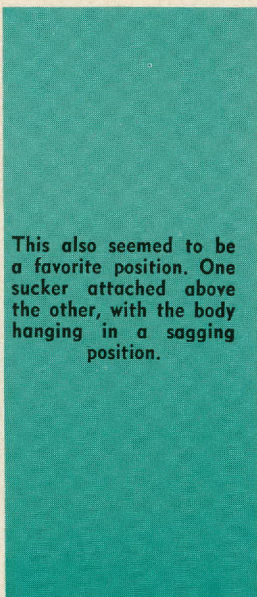
lae-series of jaws but no proboscis."

Some of the references, however, were phrased in less technical terminology. *The World Book Encyclopedia*, for example, gave an account that was more along lines that I could understand. It states:

"A leech is a worm that is also called the bloodsucker because many kinds of leeches fasten themselves to animals and suck their blood." The encyclopedia continues, "Leeches live in many parts of the world. They are bad pests in parts of India and the East Indies. Some live in moist soil; some live in rivers, streams, and ponds; and others live in the sea. The land leech lives in the woods in many countries and is a pest because it attacks men and cattle." According to the encyclopedia, leeches are from half an inch to three or four inches long and may have as many as ten pairs of eyes. The description continues, "Sight is almost their only organ of sense, for they are a very low form of life. Their nervous and digestive systems are very simple. Both sexes are found in a single animal. The leech sucks blood through a tiny disc at the head end; at the hind end there is a larger disc which is used for holding on to skin or other objects." The most well-known

type, according to the encyclopedia, is the medicinal leech. It lives in swamps and sluggish streams. It has a mouth in the middle of the front sucking disc. The mouth has three tiny white teeth which are very sharp and act as saws. The worm makes a wound with the teeth and sucks the blood from the wound with its disc.

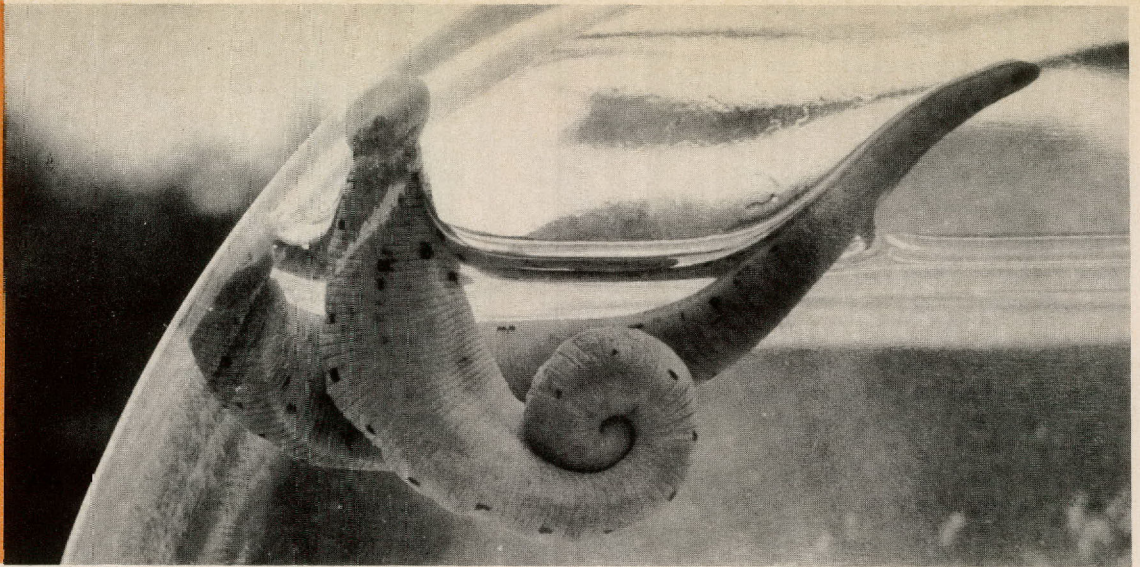
So much for facts from the reference books. Here are some observations I've made in caring for my critters, as I choose to call them.



This also seemed to be a favorite position. One sucker attached above the other, with the body hanging in a sagging position.



One leech hangs in a resting position while the other explores the area above water line.



bottom and top of the jar from that fixed position.

They seem to be most active at night, but they are quite willing to cavort around any time the jar is picked up or shaken a little. Much of their sleeping is done with the tail attached to the side of the jar at the water's edge. They stretch about two inches above the water and nap hours at a time. Nearly as often, they hang with their heads about two inches under water and sleep, or whatever leeches do when they are not active. Apparently, they can breathe either in or out of water. Right now, as I write this, they are side by side, touching. The tail of each is attached to the jar at the water's edge. The body is hanging about an inch under water and doubled back over itself with the

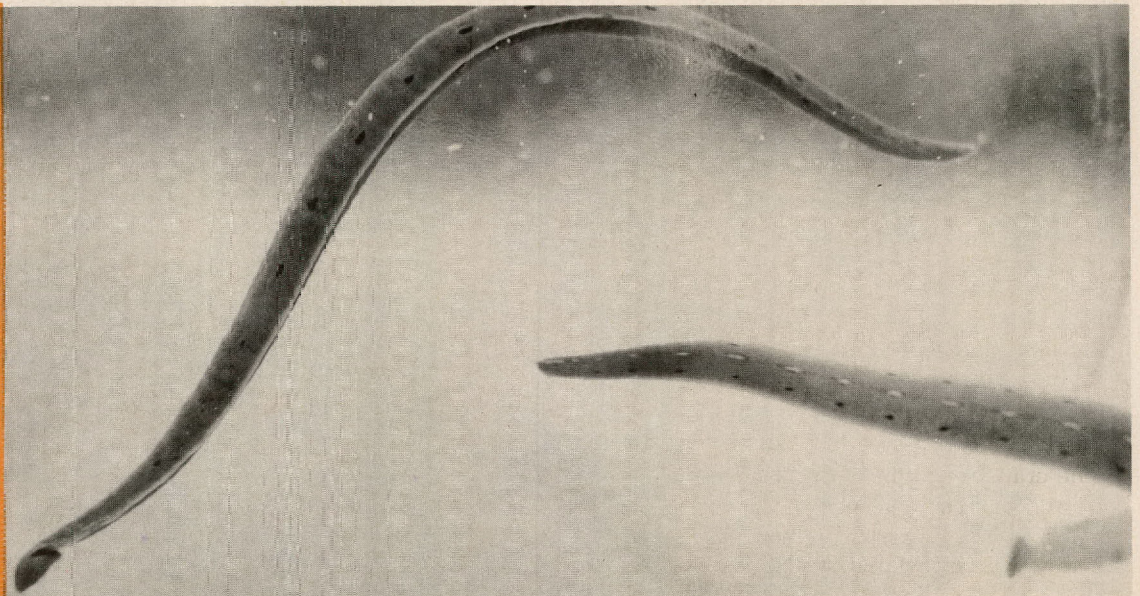
head suction cup attached right over the tail, just above the water.

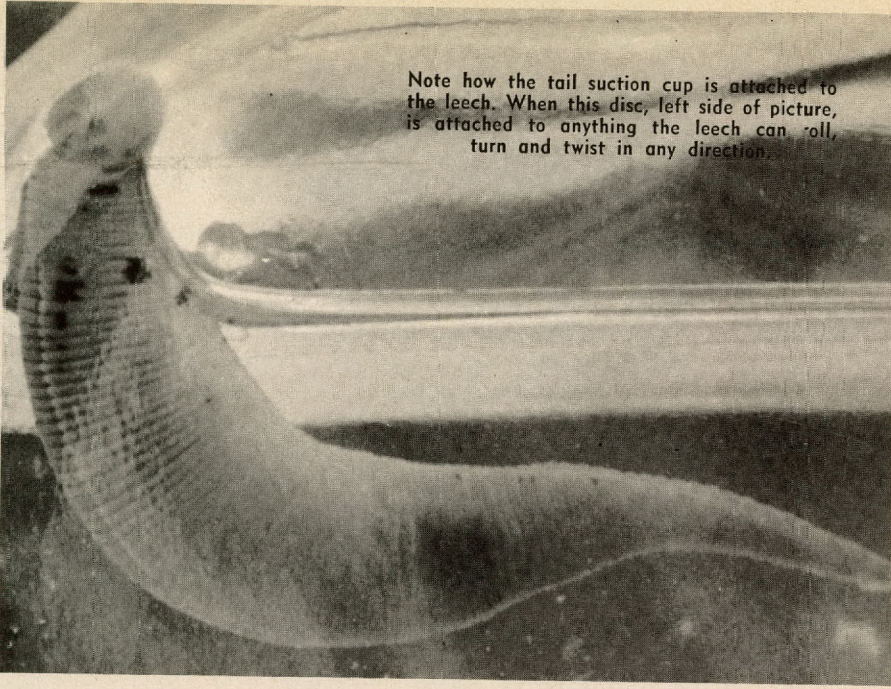
When they take a notion to swim, they stretch out to their fullest length and start an undulating motion with their body parallel to the top of the jar. When a constant motion is reached, the tail releases its hold, and they continue swimming with that same motion. My son Gerald describes the motion as an extremely graceful transverse wave, much like that of a seal. They swim on their backs and sides as well as upright. They also roll and twist as they make figure eights touring the jar. When extended to the swimming position, they are about six inches long, $\frac{3}{8}$ inch wide and $\frac{1}{8}$ inch thick (deep). There is a dark spot on the underpart about a third of the way back from the head to the tail. According to

Dan a projection came out of that spot as they did sort of a "dance" one evening. Next morning there were eggs attached to the liver he had left in the jar over night. During the time I have had them, the procedure hasn't been repeated.

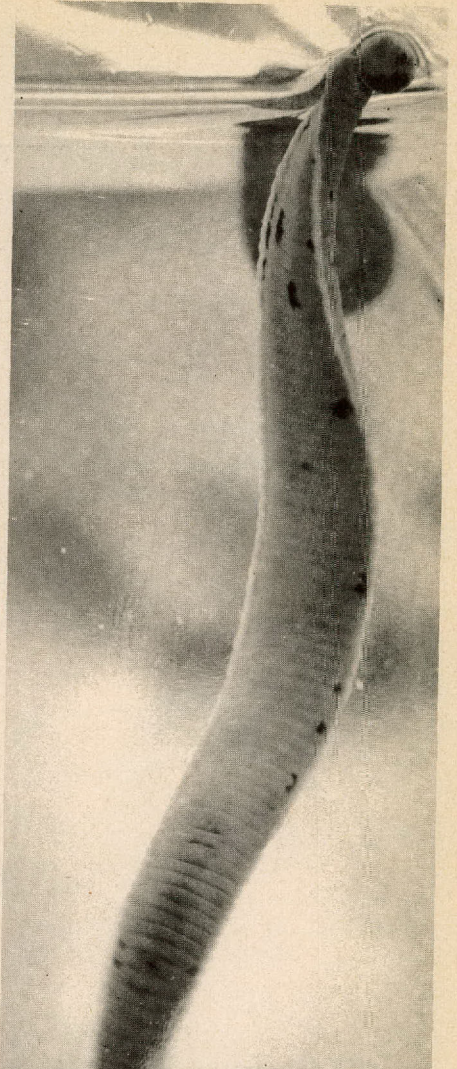
When I first received my critters, they hadn't eaten for a couple of days. I placed a full-sized slice of beef liver (just as it came from the butcher shop) in the jar. Thirty minutes later, the liver had been sucked to a dirty gray color and the creatures had left it. Since then, they have been fed regularly each evening. Usually ten minutes is the length of the dinner period. One of my leeches isn't as active as the other, even in eating habits. Sometimes it waits five minutes after the liver has been placed in the jar be-

Note how the tail suction cup is attached to the leech. When this disc, at the left side of the picture, is attached to anything, the leech can roll, turn and twist in any direction. The suction cup at the head didn't have as much freedom of movement.





Note how the tail suction cup is attached to the leech. When this disc, left side of picture, is attached to anything the leech can roll, turn and twist in any direction.

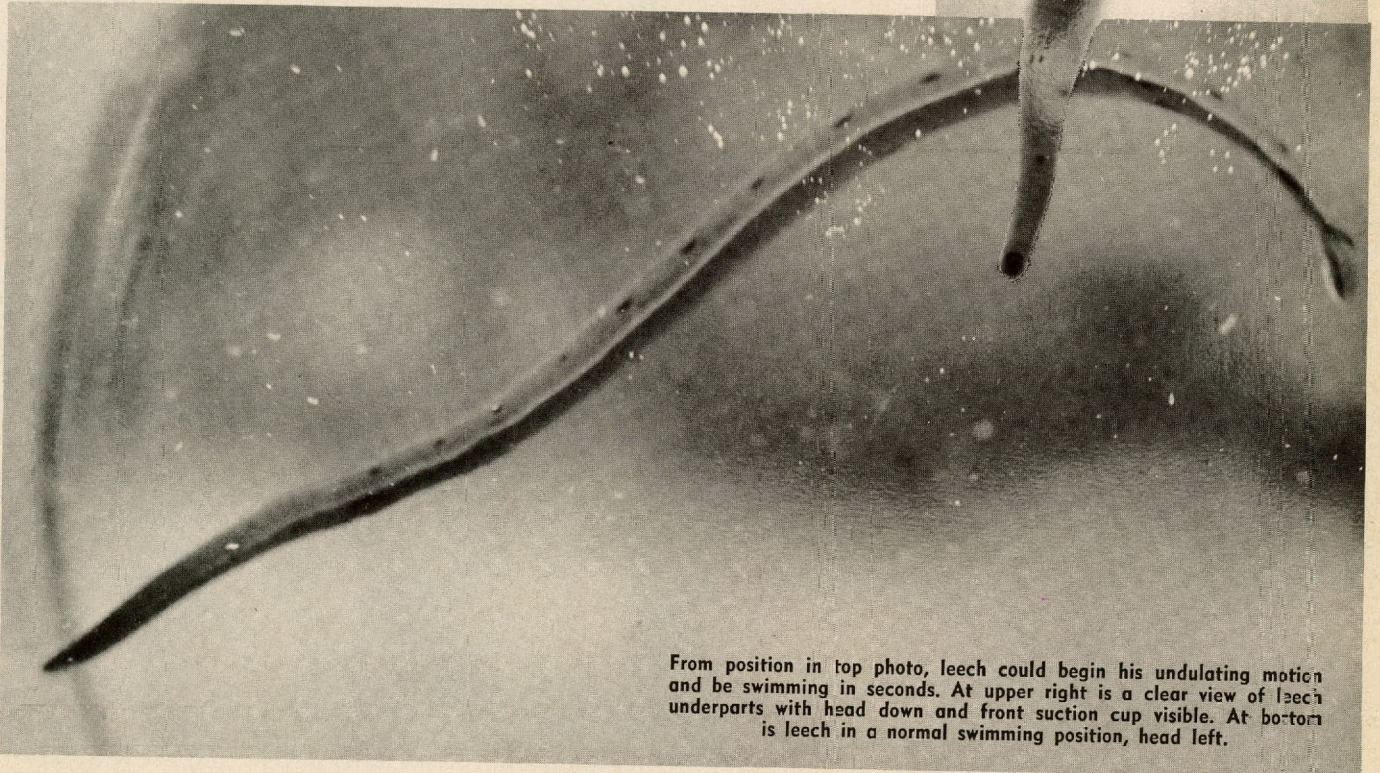


fore it eats. The other one usually catches the liver and attaches itself by the tail suction cup before the meat hits the bottom. I feed them every evening about dark and take the liver out around 9 p.m. The water is poured out of the jar slowly so the critters don't get out. Each morning the jar is drained and re-filled from the tap in the kitchen sink. The creatures, animals, or whatever they are, seem to be thriving

as they are obviously fatter now than they were when I first received them. Apparently, they are very rugged as they have lived in San Antonio's chlorinated drinking water for more than three weeks with no ill effects. Actually, they seem to be more active now than they were at first.

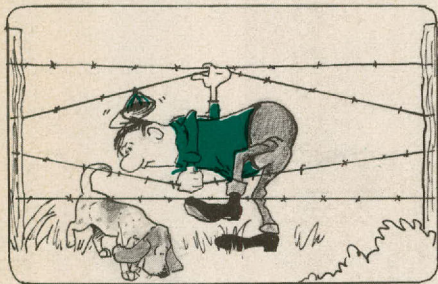
They were in my possession about a week when one critter was ob-

• Continued on Page 29



From position in top photo, leech could begin his undulating motion and be swimming in seconds. At upper right is a clear view of leech's underparts with head down and front suction cup visible. At bottom is leech in a normal swimming position, head left.

Once Over Lightly



ON BEHALF OF HUNTERS, fishermen, picnickers and other trespassers and as a public service to landowners, I would like to put this question before the house: Is there any satisfactory way of crossing a barbed wire fence? Any way that won't leave the fence sagging? Or the crosser looking like he's just come through a cheese grater?

After 40 years of fighting fences and collecting scar tissue, I'm convinced there's not any solution. I think that a barbed wire fence has some sort of hypnotic effect on a man. As soon as he comes in contact with it and starts trying to figure out the best way to cross it, his brain stops working.

WHEN THAT HAPPENS YOU GET THESE TYPES.

THE JOCKEY: He's the man with legs not three feet long who gets the fantastic notion that he can straddle his way across a barbed wire fence over four feet high. He throws one leg over the fence and finds out it won't reach, tries to retrieve it and gets hung in about three places, starts bouncing from one foot to the other trying to get loose and winds up looking like a man riding a porcupine backward.

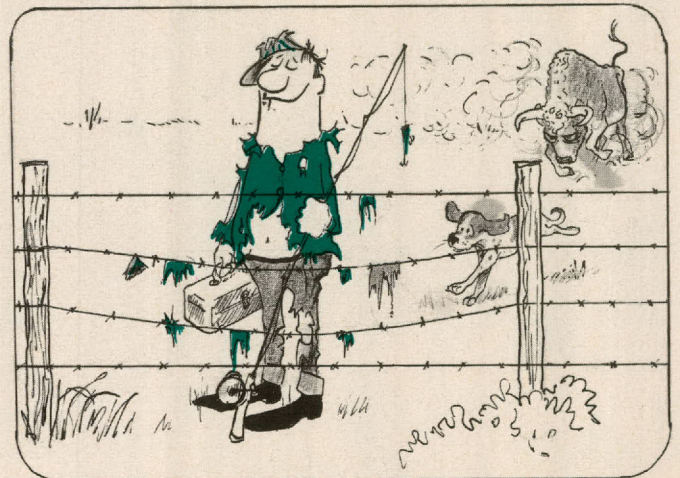
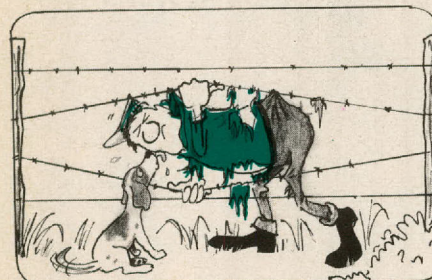
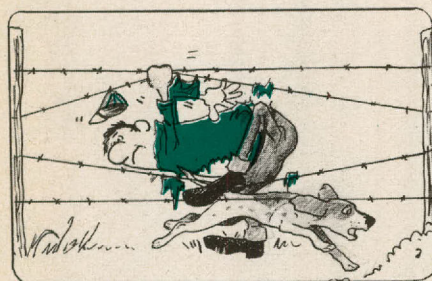
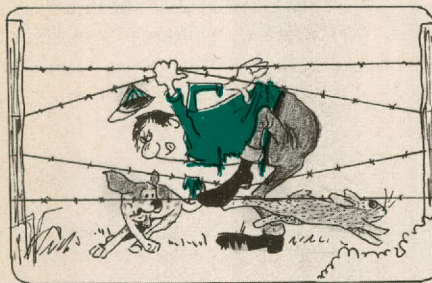
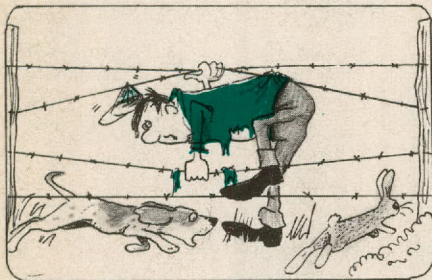
THE MAD DREAMER: He knows that when he bends over his

stomach will sag down about two feet from his spine, but he still thinks that he can smuggle all that between two strands of barbed wire not 12 inches apart. It's like trying to stuff a bag of laundry through a keyhole. First, he gets his stomach caught. Then he raises up, gets it loose and gets his back caught. He twists a hand around, gets his back loose and gets his sleeve caught. Finally, he gets his sleeve loose, sucks in his stomach, lowers his back, starts edging through and gets jerked back. With all that raising and lowering, the fence has now got him by the collar and the seat of the pants. That's when his dog either goes on a point, jumps a rabbit or comes up and starts licking him in the face.

THE ACROBAT: The sad thing about this type is that he doesn't mean to be an acrobat. He very carefully selects a good strong fence post to cross at, holds on to it with one hand, climbs up very cautiously, swings a leg over and then a strange thing happens. In swinging his last leg over, he somehow twists his body around, in such a way that he finds himself going down the fence backwards. He's facing away from it, instead of towards it. And his arms are twisted around in such a way

• Continued on Page 27

Now that he has finally mastered the art of fence penetration, it shouldn't take him nearly so long to get back on the other side.





Salute

to a

Marksmanship

ADOLPH (Ad) Topperwein—for more than 50 years the world's greatest exhibition shooter—is dead at the age of 92.

The renowned marksman had been ill for about a month before his death March 4 in San Antonio, where he had made his home during most of his life.

His greatest feat was performed at the Fair Grounds in San Antonio in 1906. In 12 days of shooting, he missed only nine out of 72,500 airborne two-inch wooden blocks and decisively smashed the previous record of 60,000 cut of 60,650 targets made by Dr. W. F. Carver of Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show.

Topperwein, who performed in vaudeville during the 1890's, joined the then Winchester Repeating Arms Company as an exhibition shooter in 1901. By the time he retired in 1951, his fame had spread throughout the world.

Since his retirement from Winchester and until shortly before his death, Topperwein had operated a shooting camp near San Antonio where—in spite of failing eyesight—he continued to teach people how to shoot.

In company with his equally famous wife, "Plinky" Topperwein, who died in 1945, Topperwein toured the country for almost half a century giving shooting exhibitions. Their shows were so popular that schools and colleges closed to give their students an opportunity to witness the Texans' feats.

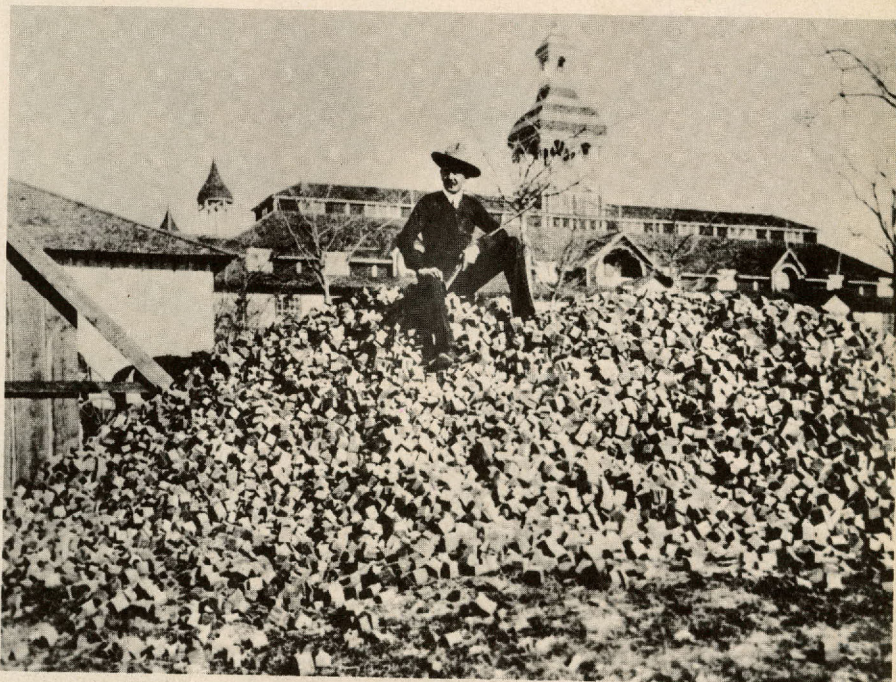
Under her husband's tutelage,

Mrs. Topperwein became the greatest woman trapshooter of her time. Her outstanding achievement, never equalled by either man or woman, was breaking 1,952 out of 2,000 clay targets in three hours and fifteen minutes of actual shooting time.

Son of a Texan frontier gunsmith, Ad Topperwein was born in 1869 at Boerne, Texas. Before he was ten, he became a marksman with a crossbow, a 14-gauge shotgun and a 22 caliber rifle. By the time he was 21, he had become a cartoonist for the San Antonio *Daily Express* and a local celebrity as a marksman.

After several years in big time vaudeville, performing a shooting act in B. F. Keith theaters, Topperwein became chief exhibition shooter for Winchester at New Haven, Conn. In 1932, when Winchester was acquired by the Western Cartridge Company, Mr. Topperwein continued as chief exhibition shooter for both Western and Winchester. One of Topperwein's most popular—if not most skillful—feats was drawing pictures with bullets, using approximately 300 bullets for a picture.

Mr. Topperwein is survived by his brother, Fred Topperwein. **



Topperwein atop the pile of 72,500 two-inch, wooden blocks he shot at in 12 days of shooting at the San Antonio Fair Grounds back in 1906. He missed only nine of these, to set a record that has never been equalled.

They Practice What They Preach

WHAT ARE THEY HITTING?

It was most everything early in April when some fifty fishing tackle representatives and outdoors writers swooped down on Lake Whitney in the annual Virgil Walker fishing tournament.

It was windy weather again for the third straight year. New rods, reels, lures, boats and other rigging, however, were given a thorough tryout from headquarters at the Redwood Lodge.

Biggest bass weighed in at 5 pounds 8 ounces. Several others a great deal larger, however, got away. One rep lost his string in the outboard prop.

There were enough catches, however, to prove a bass that won't keep his mouth shut can be caught on a variety of tricks. Most of the successful fishermen agreed it was a secret method they tried, rather than the lure, which caught the fish.

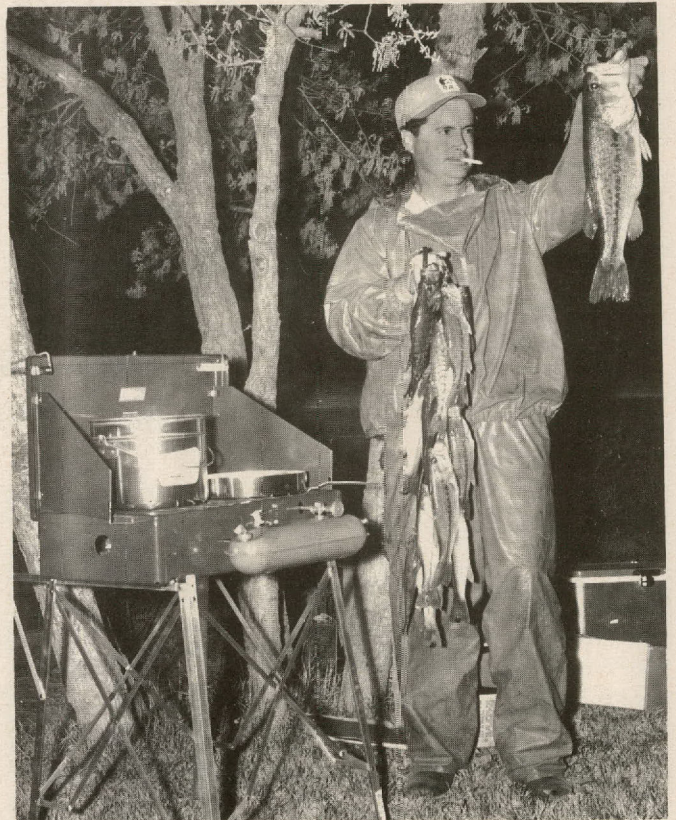
All of which goes to prove the experts have their troubles, too. **



Ray Ballinger finished with same number he had at beginning.



Irving Bently, right, and Elmore Finch pause to drink a cup of coffee.



Cutter Cunningham wanted a string like this.



Cotton Loyd, left, and Hary Boughton are happy with their catches.

by L. A. WILKE



J. V. Mahon, left, and Herschel Ivy weight in Ivy's winning bass, (6 lb. 7 oz.) of the Behrens Drug Tournament.



Charlie Holmes, left, and Ad Brittan took first place in the team competition.



Lacy Clifton, left, and Ed Castenado took first place in a skeet shoot. Ed won the prize in front for highest score.



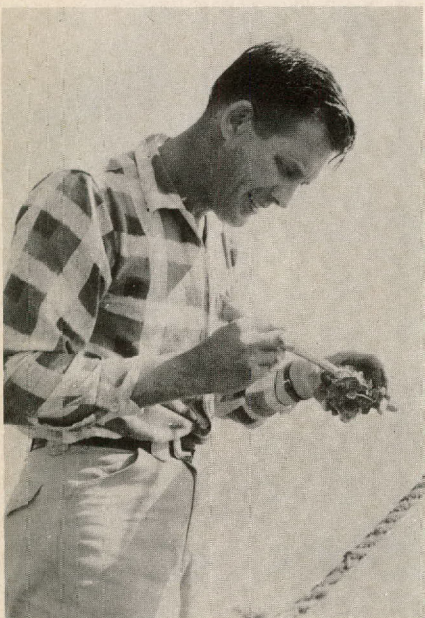
Virgil Walker, center, congratulates Jim Gieseke, left and George Kellam for taking second place in team competition.



Guideposts to Fishing

Flags mark area where transplanted oysters are to be worked off the deck of planting boat.

by CHESTER ROGERS
Houston Chronicle



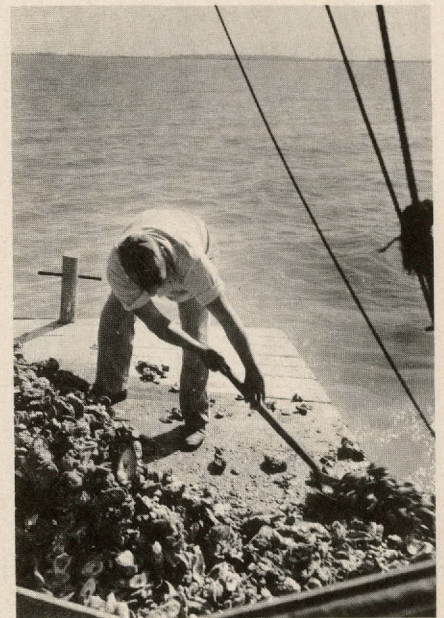
Raymond Martin checks oyster for replanting.

SPORTS FISHERMEN in Trinity and Galveston bays will find it much easier to locate their favorite fishing spots in the future with the construction of some big markers over oyster reefs in the two bays. Twelve lighted markers already have been constructed on some promising transplanted oyster reefs.

The markers cost \$1,250 each, and are paid for by the Texas Game and Fish Commission, which let the construction contract to Lloyd W. Richardson Construction Company of Aransas Pass. The bid was \$15,000.

The markers stand 15 feet out of the water, are composed of three pilings, with a platform and beacon light on top. Identification signs also have been prepared and placed on each location.

Since the reefs are marked on current nautical charts, it will be easy



Workman shovels live oysters off deck.

enough for boatmen groping in bad weather to check the beacon number, identify chart position and head out in the right direction.

The reefs were built last year in a campaign started by the Shell Producers Association. Members include Parker Brothers, Horton & Horton, and W. D. Haden. They invested an estimated \$250,000 in an artificial reef building program.

The live oysters were dredged off live reef areas and transplanted to areas with solid, hard sand bottoms. Reefs planted early in the program this year yielded substantial quantities of commercial oysters in the San Leon and Eagle Point area.

This reef building program will be continued under an agreement with the Texas Game and Fish Commission.

The Commission authorized the expenditure of \$100,000 a year to buy live oysters from the producers. The producers, however, will move the oysters at their own expense to selected reef building areas.

Right now the producers are removing live oysters from what is known as the oil field tract near Red Fish Reef. They are transplanting these oysters to the vicinity of Vingt et Un Islands on a new reef that will be known as "Spoonbill."

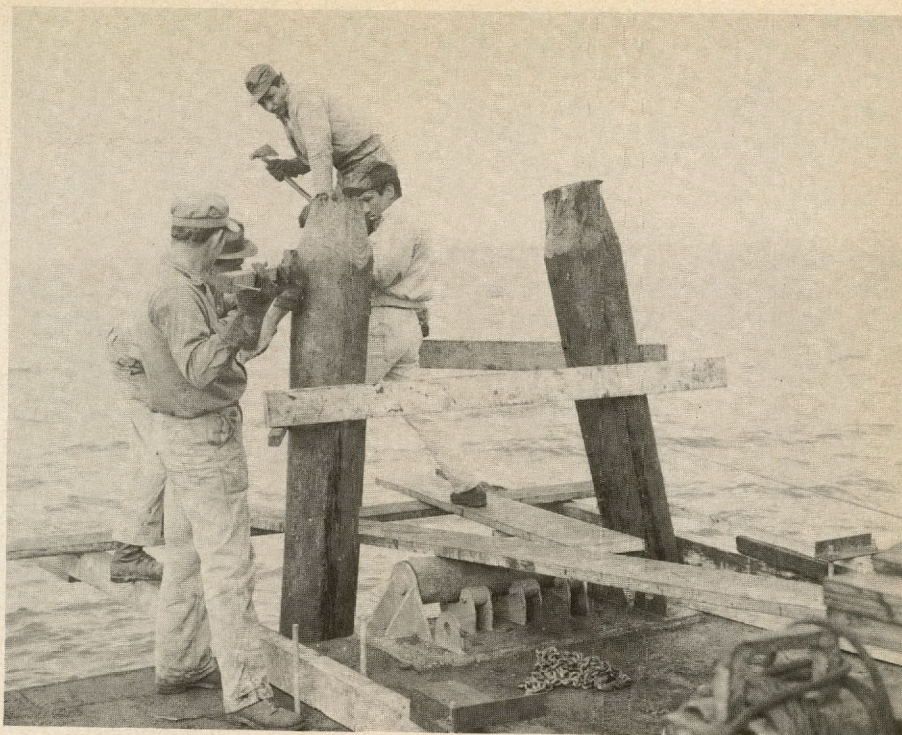
Game and Fish biologists supervise the oyster transplanting program, select the sites and the oysters to be moved. This same procedure was followed when the original reefs were being built the last two years.

Additional reefs will be built farther north along the Trinity Bay east shore line, in anticipation of the time when fresh water dams up the Trinity River will increase the salinity of the entire bay area.

One of the reefs built last year was Trinity, which lies northeast of Crawley's Camp, and north of Fisher's Reef.

Building of the artificial reefs and the appropriate marking with beacons has long been a cherished goal of sports fishermen in general, and the Bayshore Rod, Reel and Gun Club in particular.

Bob Singleton is in charge of the oyster shell operations in this district. Raymond E. Martin, former Dayton game warden, has been transferred



Workmen build platform to support beacon light marking one of the reefs in Galveston Bay.

to Seabrook, and now rides the oyster sounding and dredging boats. R. S. Hanson and Bob Hofstetter are the biologists most concerned with the transplanting program.

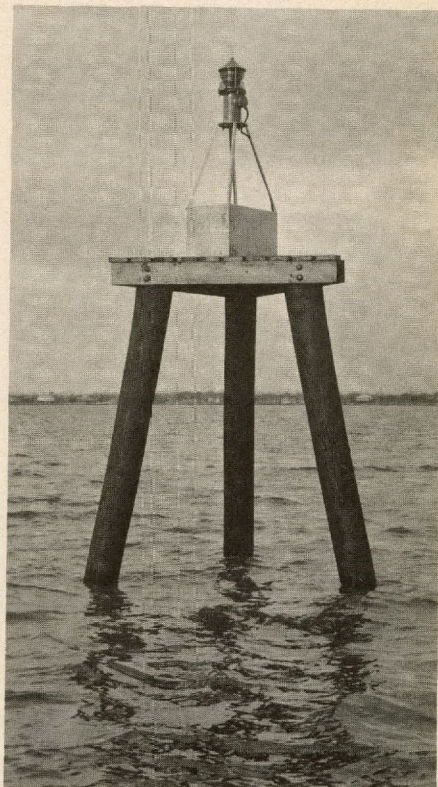
Following is a list of the artificial reefs built and marked in the program. There are only 11 since 3 (Eagle Point) and 6 (also Eagle Point) have merged. The others: 1. Switchover 2. Missing 4. Range Light 5. Halfway 7. Gas Pipe 8. Spoonbill 9. Courthouse 10. Triangle 11. Four Bit and 12. Trinity.

Oyster reefs attract minute plant life, which in turn attracts shrimp and small forage fish. Game fish, especially trout and redfish, concentrate on the reefs to scoop up an easy meal when the picking is good.

This cycle doesn't end until Mr. Fisherman moves in by boat and catches the game fish. There are times when fishing over or near oyster reefs can be mighty rewarding.

Once, a stranger had to depend on directions and some wild guesses to locate these reefs. Now, he can simply look for one of the many tall, lighted markers and toss over the hook. Most of the time the fish will knock the juice right out of a live shrimp. At other times, they'll sink their teeth into an appealing artifi-

cial lure. All you need to do is fish the right marker, on the right day, with the right bait. **



Numbered beacon lights like this are now on each of the twelve artificial reefs in Galveston and Trinity Bays. This is Courthouse reef.

A WIND TOSSED THE TALL Johnson grass as a black and white pointer eagerly ranged the field. The pheasants weren't cooperating—they ran instead of holding cover.

Finally, a bird held and the 15-year-old hunter advanced. The bird flushed from the grass and the hunter brought it down with a single shot. The pointer, trained as a 4-H project, quickly retrieved it.

This hunter and 31 other youths in Brazos County are partners in a unique type of dog club that is growing in popularity. The Brazos County 4-H Bird Dog Club was the first and is still the largest 4-H dog club in Texas.

The organization began almost spontaneously in March of 1959. Marshall Crouch, assistant state 4-H Club leader, and Tom Sistrunk, Brazos County agent, decided that their members needed some type of project to fill in where calves, rabbits and poultry left off. Also, they needed something that could be managed by town boys as well as rural youngsters. They contacted M. G. Perkins and J. D. McCreedy, Brazos County sportsmen, and the project developed.

"In two weeks we had more bird dogs in the club than we had members," Sistrunk recalled. The first group consisted of 21 boys.

Like most 4-H activities, the bird dog club relies heavily on outside leadership for training. "We were fortunate in having a large number of sportsmen in the Brazos County area," the county agent said. "We couldn't have trained the dogs without them," he admitted. These adult leaders "adopt" a youngster, and are responsible for helping him to train his dog. In most cases, the leader also provides the dog free of charge to the member. The leaders range from clothing store operators to ranchers.

The boys learn along with their dogs. They study dog care, dog training and gun handling. In the training program, they learn the fundamentals of grooming and feeding dogs, teaching them tricks and training them for show.

The testing time and payoff come in February, when the annual day-long field trial is held at the Texas

*Brazos County 4-H Club
tried something
new to fill the gap,
and it worked—*

Quail Farm and Shooting Resort near Caldwell. Regular judges are obtained, and the dogs are separated into three age classes for judging—the puppy class, derby class and all other ages.

While interested parents trek over the fields in jeeps, on horseback and on foot, the dogs are judged on obedience, ability to find birds, range and ability to hold the point and retrieve.

Approximately 140 parents and friends attended the third annual field trial at Caldwell this year. The

It's a



winning trainers received trophies donated by dog food companies and Bryan businessmen, and the winning canines received a supply of dog food.

What is the future of this type of club? Floyd Lynch, state 4-H Club leader, believes it will be bright. He reported that five counties in Texas have recently formed dog clubs, and that 649 members within the state have single dog projects. "It's a natural," he said. "Put a boy and a dog together and you have created happiness." **

Natural

by NELSON ANTOSH



THE COLORADO RIVER RISES in Dawson County, to become the longest river wholly in Texas. Where it rises the rainfall is only 18 inches a year. But in less than 100 miles of meandering, the river flows through a corner of Scurry County. Here the rainfall jumps to 21 inches annually.

And this is a spot where a group of West Texas cities got together and built a dam across the river to make a lake.

Since it is in the very heart of the famous Snyder oil field, one of the richest in the world, it was necessary to build a dozen islands within the lake, where oil wells could pump their daily liquid gold into the pipelines of world trade.

But the oil to West Texas is of no more importance than the water which also is pumped from the lake through some 90 miles of pipeline to serve such cities as Snyder, Big Spring and Odessa.

They named the lake with some

8,000 acres the J. B. Thomas Lake. He was the man who furnished the idea and the money for the original survey. Thomas is chairman of the board of the Texas Electric Service Co., which supplies much of the area with electricity.

The "do it yourself" feature of the lake came with its promotion by the people of the area, who voted bonds, created the Colorado River Municipal Improvement District and paid approximately \$12 million. This built the 14,500 foot dam, the 90-mile pipeline from the lake to Odessa, and paid for land and equipment necessary for the project.

In a land where there was no other water, Lake J. B. Thomas has become the prime recreational area of that section of West Texas.

Recreation is recognized as an important criterion in the general management of Lake J. B. Thomas. Leases on lots, permits and concessionaires bring some \$60,000 annually in revenue. More than half of

this amount is plowed back into the lake recreational program. This includes the construction of new picnic structures, operation and maintenance of equipment, including a fish rearing pond and a nursery to produce trees for planting around the lake.

The lake itself, being in semi-desert country, was practically devoid of trees, with the exception of mesquite. Through the years since its completion in late 1952, a number of larger trees have been planted around the lake.

Many camps have been built

The DO IT YOURSELF Lake

by L. A. WILKE



Barges are available.

LAKE J.B. THOMAS
RECREATION PERMIT REQUIRED
FOR EACH PERSON 17 TO 65 YEARS OF AGE
NO HUNTING
EXCEPT DUCK & GESE
VIOLATION PUNISHABLE BY FINE
CAMPING, FISHING,
OVERNITE-SLOO
PER DAY 50¢

around the lake. Some of them are owned by New Mexico residents, who do their fishing on the lake.

Carefully maintained, the lake has become a wonderful fishing spot for those who live in far West Texas.

Its waters have been very productive in bass, crappie and catfish. There are many trotliners on the lake, and some whopping catfish have been caught on the upper end of the lake, which is located in Borden County. Actually, most of the lake is situated in Borden County, but the dam is on the Scurry County side.

In construction of the lake in an area where there were a number of producing oil wells, mounds were built in the lake, and the pumps sit on these mounds, giving protection to the water.

R. A. Schooling, former Snyder automobile dealer and one of the original directors of the authority which built the lake, now is its superintendent. E. V. Spence of Big Spring, formerly chairman of the State Board of Water Engineers, is the general manager of the authority.

Odessa, 90 miles away, is the principal customer of the authority. This city buys approximately 4 billion gallons a year; Big Spring buys 2½ billion; Snyder 676 million, with the SACROC unit using 1½ billion gallons. The remainder of the approximately 10 billion gallon annual consumption is from oil companies in the area.

The authority also owns a number of wells in Howard and Martin counties, from which it produced approximately 1½ billion gallons of water a year. The remainder, however, comes from Lake J. B. Thomas, built and paid for by the people who use the water.

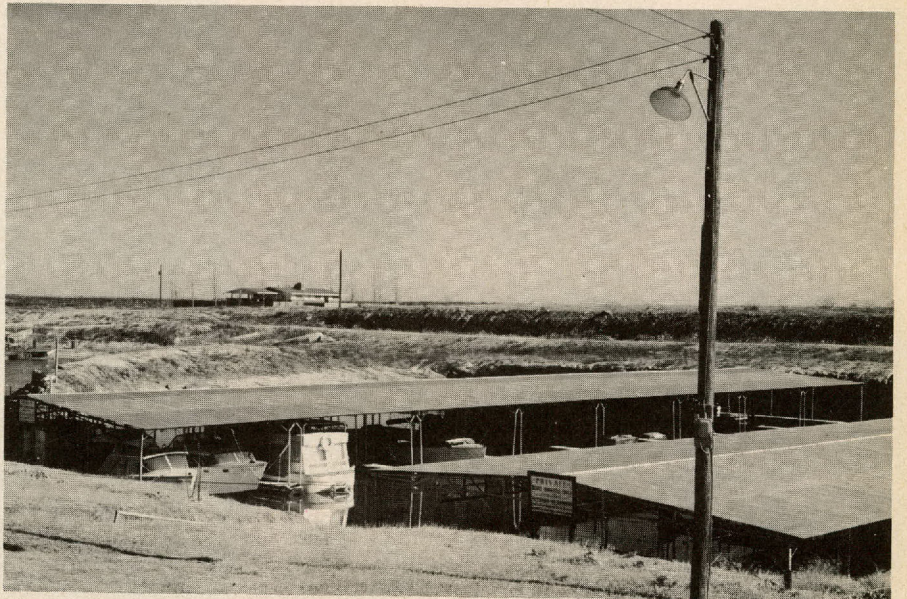
The construction job wasn't an easy one, either. Because of the high salt content of some of the Colorado tributaries, additional buffer dams were required to stop the flow of this water into the lake. As a result, however, there is ample water currently for the municipalities involved, and a good fishing and duck hunting area for residents of this part of West Texas. **



Rental boats are available at the lake.



Bass rearing pond and tree nursery are maintained.



Covered stalls protect boats in the basins.



Lake Nasworthy, above, offered some terrific fishing spots out of the wind. At left, Mrs. Jerry Roberts with her winners.

by CURTIS CARPENTER

STATE BASS TOURNAMENT participants found that familiar West Texas hospitality in everything at San Angelo, except the wind. It blew and the spray flew, but the action never slowed because of it. From the first blink of light Thursday, April 12, until the last contestant weighed in at 2:30 p.m. the following Sunday, a record number of fishing teams entered the tournament, and a new high in number of big fish caught was recorded.

Fishermen braved the rough waters of North Concho Lake and returned with some beautiful strings of fish. When the going got too wild, many teams drove to Lake Nasworthy, just a short distance away,

to fish in the more protected waters.

During the first day of qualifying, 18 fishermen weighed in over 100 pounds of fish. Gaylord Scogin and U. L. Hodge of Austin, brought in 26 pounds and 4 ounces to place first in team standing. Scogin had one of the two largest bass caught during the entire tournament, a 6-pound, 7-ounce black.

Charlie Pack, Waco, led the pack the second day of qualification with 11 pounds and 9 ounces. His 6-7 black bass tied for big bass with Scogin's the first day. Pack took his from Nasworthy while Scogin boated his on North Concho.

Both lakes were churned by brisk winds all three qualification days.

Friday, contestants griped about the element but went right on fishing. They returned to weigh in some large bass.

Some 72 teams went out after the king of freshwater game fish Saturday, hoping the wind would blow itself out. But it roared on, sometimes reaching gusts 20 to 30 miles an hour. Two San Angelo youths, Evard Ricci and Lynn Bruce, with 11 pounds and 15 ounces topped the list the last day of qualifying.

When the 138 teams entering the tournament were reduced to those qualifying, it left 56 fishermen to fish on Sunday in the finals. Many past champs failed to qualify. Only one of the four defending titlists

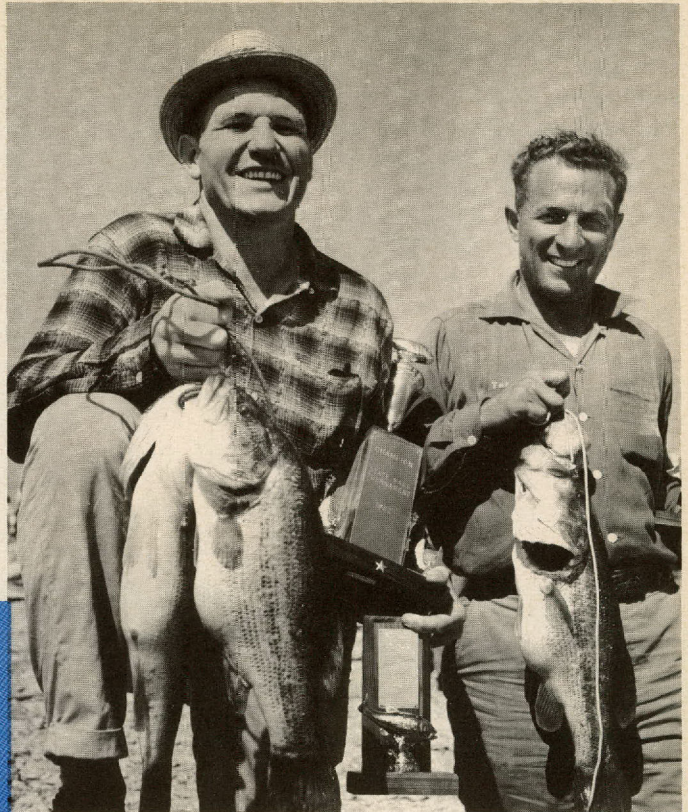
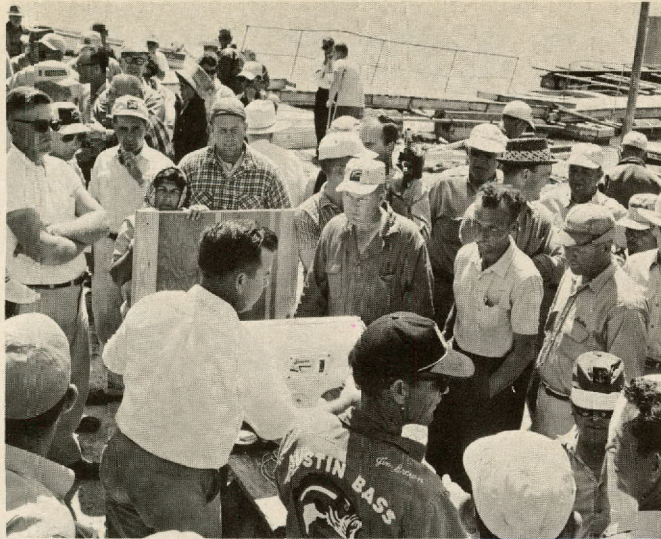


Evard Ricci and Lynn Bruce, San Angelo, watch as Cousin Steve checks their fish through.

State Bass Contestants get a

**WINDY
WORKOUT**

At weighing in time, the crowds gathered around Earl Golding, white shirt lower left, to hear results.



Myrle Greathouse, left, Tournament Champion, and Tommy George, Big Bass King, pause with their catches for cameramen.

managed to stay in the running.

Following the weigh-in Saturday, fishermen were paired off for Sunday's fishing by a hat drawing. Most teams were satisfied with the way the pairings worked out. Once or twice loud whoops echoed through the crowd as several men crew names of hometown fishing buddies.

Undoubtedly, their dreams were filled with big bass and gentle breezes Saturday night, as the fishermen planned a big final day. Unfortunately, the bass on Sunday didn't average as big as those caught during the qualifying days, and the wind whipped the lakes to a froth, even worse than the three previous days.

Eighteen fishermen chose to fish reed-filled Nasworthy, and the remaining teams decided in favor of North Concho.

When the sprays settled Sunday following the weighing-in session, Myrle Greathouse, former Oklahoma football star who calls his home Abilene, screeled once more to take the Texas Bass Champion title. His 8-pound-7³/₄-ounce string on Sunday was the heaviest of the day. Greathouse had led the field Saturday with a 5-13 black.

Tommy George, Waco, brought in the largest single bass Sunday, 4 pounds and 15¹/₂ ounces, to take over the Big Bass Championship for a year.

Gaylord Scogin and U. L. Hodge, Austin, took the lead in team stand-

• Continued on Page 27



Fish were donated to West Texas Boys Ranch near San Angelo. Ronnie McElroy, left, citizen of Ranch, and Kenneth Howell, center, who works with the boys, toss day's catch into sack.

FIVE THOUSAND MILES of driving each year between Illinois and Texas isn't too much for a couple wanting to soak up the sun and sand on South Padre Island.

Each March and November Mr. and Mrs. Lynn Woollen of Decatur, Ill., drive to South Padre. They trail a beach-going jeep behind their passenger car to use as a surf buggy, traveling from one end of the island to the other.

Mr. and Mrs. Woollen have been making this trek now for a half-dozen years. At first they leased a house on the mainland. Then when the multi-million dollar causeway was built between Port Isabel and

the island, they decided to lease a home on the island for the two months of the year they occupy it.

Woollen is a Decatur attorney. He and Mrs. Woollen for years have fished all the principal waters in both oceans.

"But we've never found a spot we like as well as one red fish hole we've found in the surf about nine miles north from the southern tip of Padre," Mrs. Woollen says.

For about 25 glorious days during March and November, they prowl the island. Although he does most of the fishing, Mrs. Woollen admits she likes to hook onto a bull red while the surf is rolling in.

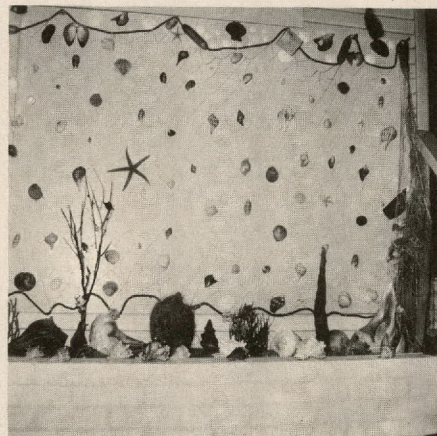
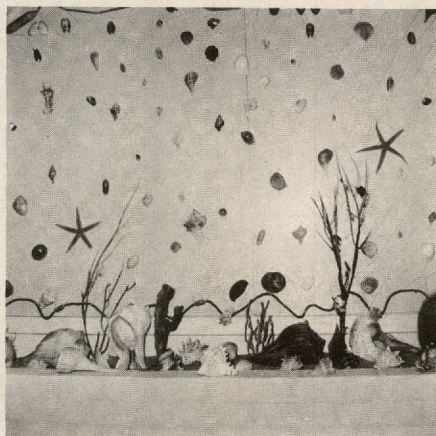
Her main interest, however, is gathering shells, driftwood and other intriguing pieces washed up on the shores of Padre. Some of this comes up from as far away as the Yucatan mainland, where flood waters have washed interesting objects into the Caribbean. It flows northward through the Yucatan channel, finally to come to rest on the shores of Padre.

At the end of each vacation period they take the richest of these pieces, with their best shells, back to their Illinois home.

There they have created a miniature Padre Island, with a huge patio at their home at 65 South Side Coun-

A Little Bit of Padre

by L. A. WILKE



Many of the shells picked up at Padre Island were carried back to Illinois and placed on this net located in the Woollen home.

try Club Road. On the walls will be found bits of fishing net. Clinging to the net are many interesting specimens picked up on the South Padre beach.

Their home faces a lake and they can look out across the water with shells and sands from Texas and imagine they are back here. Many of the larger shells go around flower or shrub beds in their spacious yard.

"We like to tell our friends about Texas fishing and how grand it is," Mrs. Woollen says. "Down here we buy a fishing license for \$2.15 which is all we have to pay to enjoy all of these resources. We love it.

"We not only spend time on the



Friends and neighbors come to the Woollen's home to see the displays of beautiful shells from Padre Island beaches hundreds of miles away.



Mrs. Woollen is always on the lookout for new shells and treasures to take back.

island, but we've made many friends all through the valley. We participate in many of the valley social affairs, and even find time to go to Mexico on buying jaunts. Some of these friends visit us in Illinois. When they do we talk of little else than our wonderful two months each year in Texas."

At the end of each trip the Woolens load their automobile and the jeep with their latest collection and take off for home.

"It's a real pull, but when we get there all our friends rush in to see our newest collection of shells from Texas," she says. **



The couple roams the beach in their jeep. Mrs. Woollen combs the shores for trinkets while her husband splashes through the surf for fishing thrills.

Stocking: PRO & CON

by JOHN CLIFT
Denison Times-Herald

EVER SINCE THE BEGINNING of sport fishing, anglers have argued among themselves and with anyone else who disagreed with them, over the merits of stocking a lake.

Long before the state game and fish departments added professional aquatic biologists to their staffs, the backyard biologists had all the answers. And their answers usually were elastic enough to cover both sides of any given question and could be stretched to fit any situation.

This spring, the amateur biologists have been having a field day over the merits of stocking a lake. And they are pretty evenly divided, which means that when the end result is finally learned, at least half of them are going to be almost right.

Just to play it safe, I called on one of Texoma's aquatic biologists, Ed Bonn.

Bonn didn't spend much time beating around the bush. "It would be nice to be able to stock a lake the size of Lake Texoma which covers 93,000 surface acres," said Bonn, "but as rich as the State of Texas is, it doesn't have that kind of money. It would take millions of fish to make a dent

"You can't put enough fish of a legal size in a lake to satisfy the anglers," Bonn continued. "And to stock fry or fingerlings wouldn't help because you have such a tremendous normal hatch."

Bonn said the only thing that could improve fishing any marked degree at Texoma would be an improvement in the fertility of the lake.

"Fishing is excellent today, regardless of what a lot of people are saying," said Bonn. "Anytime you have anglers who can stand on the bank and pitch a plug in a lake this

size and catch a limit of black bass up to 3 pounds, fishing can't be bad."

Bonn said there were two major reasons for fishing getting off to a fast start at Texoma this year. "There was less fluctuation at Texoma this year and the lake stayed clear longer," Bonn explained. "When you get conditions like this at a lake this size, then you have good fishing conditions."

The Texas Game & Fish Commission biologist took time to give the proper definition to the term "yearling bass."

"A yearling is the newest hatch and therefore the youngest of a species in the lake," he said. "Actually the weight has nothing to do with it. I have noticed that you frequently have referred to 1½ to 2½ or even 3 pound black bass as yearlings.

"I would surmise, without having checked the bass, that those up to 1½ pound were 1960 spawn and those up to 3 pounds were 1959 spawn. What fishermen must understand is that as long as you have as large a supply of small bass in a lake this size, you don't have to worry about future fishing," Bonn said.

Bonn said it is unfortunate that shad and most other rough fish grow much faster at the outset than game fish.

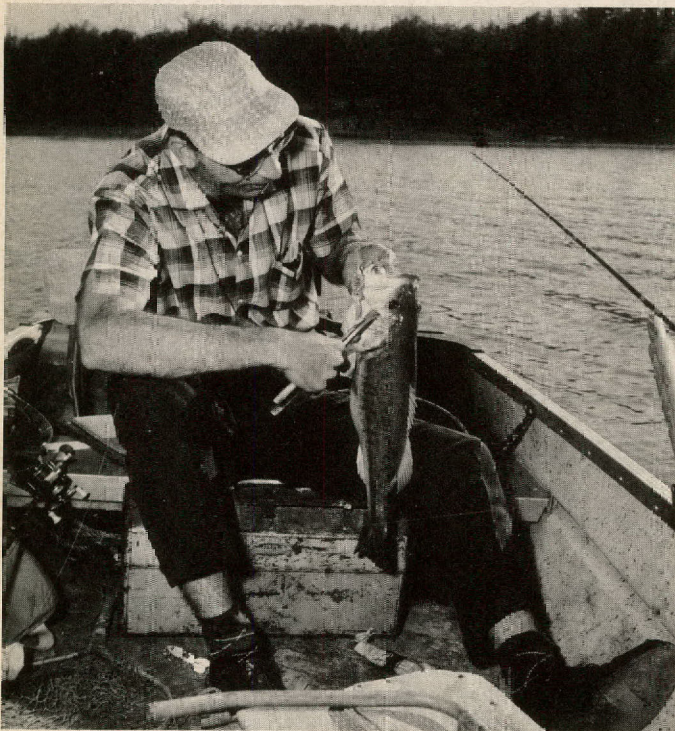
"Bass yearlings that might dine on shad fry at the outset, find the shad fry quickly outgrowing them in size," Bonn said. "Thus, it is a case of the dog wagging the tail in a hurry."

Bonn said Texoma was "very fortunate" to have natural food and cover for black bass, which keeps the supply of bass good. Where most artificial lakes have a decided drop in fishing after ten years, Texoma, now in its 18th year, has fishing every bit as good today as it did a decade ago.

"People who demand a restocking program because they feel fishing is off, are looking at the wrong reason for the angling slowup," said Bonn. "It is the fishermen who have slowed up, not the fishing.

"Texoma is the kind of lake that needs a lot of fishing pressure to keep fishing at its peak. I don't think you have half the number of fishermen at Texoma today that you had ten years ago.

"The reason is not that fishing has



A 6 pounder is removed from the line after it hit the author's gray Hellbender. If there's one there's more.

slowed," said Bonn, "but the interests of the fisherman have varied. A fellow who fished twice a week ten years ago has acquired a wife and a family, let's say, and today, boating and water skiing take his principal interest.

"There is no question but that the related water sports to fishing have cut sharply into the number of persons fishing on any given body of water," Bonn continued. "And there are more lakes.

"Which brings up the fact that anglers who once frequented Texoma for fishing, may now have a lake closer to home that they like. Anglers are like golfers," said Bonn, "in that they like to play different courses."

Bonn had much the same feelings on stocking crappie as he has on bass at Texoma. "The lake doesn't need it," he said. "We called the shot on the crappie cycle two years ago and warned anglers that fishing for the panfish would decline sharply for three years and then start back. This is the third year and already the difference can be seen in reports."

The biologist said that stocking of Texoma at the time of the start of the cycle wouldn't have helped, again because of the expense required to have put enough crappie in a lake this size.

"Hatcheries just don't rear fish large enough to do what the fishermen would like to have done," said Bonn. "While an adult fish is not necessarily needed, still at least a teenage size is required. Hatcheries make fish available for mass plantings only in fry or fingerling size," he explained.

Bonn jumped right in the middle of an old crappie fuss.

"Texoma has had several plantings of black crappie, but they have not been successful," he said. "To my knowledge, no more than two or three black crappie have been recovered. There just isn't enough acid in Texoma to make reproduction of the black crappie successful," he said.

The crappie caught with the black coloring at Texoma are not true black crappie, Bonn explained. He said during spawning season, the male hormones cause the dark color-

How can black bass fishing be off when you can catch a string like this ranging from 2 to 5 pounds?



ing.

"Anglers who swear they caught female crappie that were black because they removed the roe from the fish are wrong," Bonn insisted. "Instead of the orangish colored roe, what they have removed is white sex gonads, not the egg sac."

Bonn said he would be interested in checking any of the "black crappie" catches made at Texoma. The Texas Game & Fish Commission Fisheries station at Texoma is on the Preston Peninsula. Signs mark the turnoff road that is located in front of Whitt's Place. **



Texoma is 18 years old, a new cycle of crappie fishing is just beginning, and here's proof.

GUNS



... and Shooting

By L. A. WILKE

This Month: New Pistols

MORE AUTOMATIC PISTOLS of the Browning designs have been manufactured throughout the world than the total of all other automatics combined. And now the firm is on the counters with a new model in the .22.

There will be three of these new Brownings, which are to be on the sporting goods store counters during the summer. They will handle the old-favorite .22 LR ammunition, and range in price from \$49.95 to \$112.95.

The new pistols have gone through two years of rigorous testing, to improve the new features of an old pistol.

The Nomad will be the lowest priced gun. The Challenger will take the middle spot at \$64.95, while the top model will be the Medalist. They will have exact performance.

The guns will have adjustable sights to increase accuracy. They will be available in 4½ and 6¾ inch barrels, which will be made of the highest quality steel. Thus Browning now has a full line of shotguns, pistols and rifles, both small bore and big game.

The top Browning gun, of course, is its famous over-under, recognized by shooters everywhere as the acme of scatterguns.

From Winchester also comes a long-awaited announcement. The Model 100 automatic rifle, previously chambered for the .308, now will come in the .243 caliber.

Shooters everywhere will hail this offering, because the Model 100 represents one of the finest hunting rifles ever produced. And for Texas hunters the .243 caliber is ideal.

The Model 100 was first introduced in 1960 and its popularity spread rapidly. It utilized a cam action rotating bolt and an autoloading system that is entirely new in the sporting arms field.

A change had to be made in the gas system to adapt the power stroke to the lighter load. The size of the port was changed also to conform with the different gas pressure of the .243.

With this development, however, either the 80 or the 100 grain bullet can be used, or they can be handled interchangeably without adjustment, with no malfunction.

The Model 100 weighs 7¼ pounds, with an unloaded magazine. It has a capacity of five shots. It is equipped with open sights, but more important, because it has side ejection, scopes can be mounted low. It will be listed at about \$155.

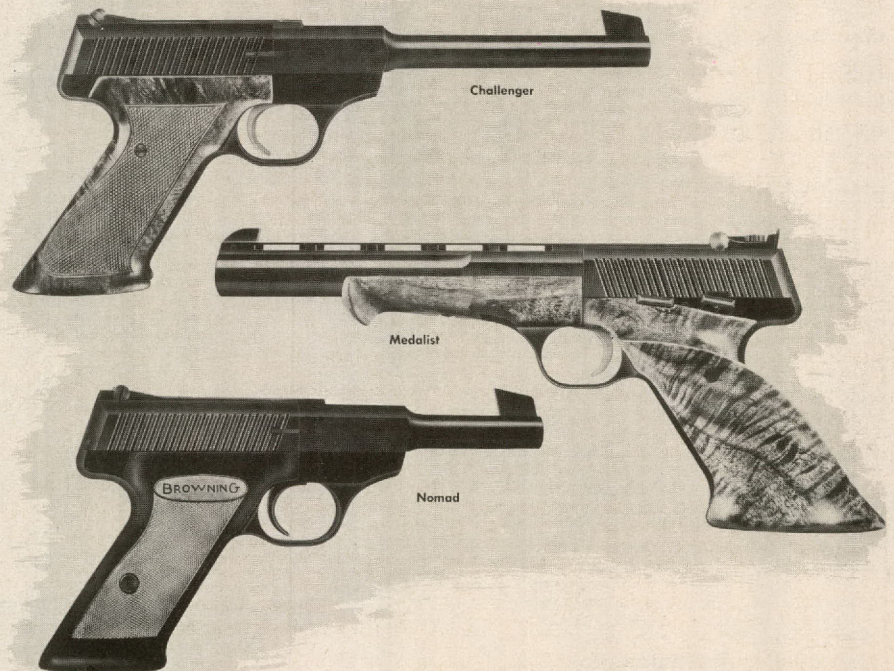
The past few seasons have popularized the .243 caliber for Texas hunting. With very flat trajectory it has become a favorite of antelope hunters in the Trans-Pecos. With the 100 grain bullet it also is very effective on mule deer and all any

hunter needs for white-tailed deer of the Hill country.

The .243 with the 80 grain bullet also is ideal for predator shooting, especially by hunters using animal calls.

This 80 grain bullet gives a muzzle velocity of 3500; a muzzle energy of 2180 and a mid range at 100 yards of 0.4 inch. Thus it is faster and flatter than the .308, although the larger cartridge will carry about 20 percent more knock-down. A wider variety of ammunition is available in the .308, which also is recognized as the NATO cartridge.

Incidentally, a recent release from the Winchester museum had a quotation on the Model 92 Winchester Carbine from the 1899 catalog. It was \$17.50 for a brand new Model 92 in any of its popular calibers. Today a second-hand one in fair condition will bring twice that much. They were discontinued in 1941. **



San Angelo citizens are proud of their fishing paradise

Windy Workout

From Page 21

ings the first day and never lost it. With 29 pounds and 5½ ounces, they are the new Team Champions, a title held by George Raven and Murray Muston for the past two years.

Mr. and Mrs. Buddy Mangold, Jr., San Antonio, with 16 pounds 9½ ounces, held on to the Husband and Wife title they won last year at Lake Whitney. Mrs. Jerry Roberts, Austin, walked off with two titles, Ladies Individual Championship with 6 pounds and 3½ ounces, and Ladies Big Bass title with a 3-14 black.

Runnerups were: Texas Bass Champion: Willard Cates, San Angelo, 7 lbs. 12 oz.; Curlo Morris, Wimberly, 7 lbs. 9½ oz. Team Champions: Skeeter Hetzel and Curley Whitley, Austin, 17 lbs. 1 oz.; Jack Sterling and Willard Cates, San Angelo, 16 lbs. 4 oz. Biggest Bass; (caught Sunday) Graden McVey, San Antonio, 4 lbs. 15 oz.; Babe Hall, Pampa, 4 lbs. 12 oz. Husband and Wife: Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Lumpkin, Waco, 10 lbs. 3 oz.; Mr. and Mrs. Leon Bick, Waco, 9 lbs. 14 oz. Ladies Individual: Mrs. Buddy Mangold, Jr., 6 lbs. 1½ oz. Ladies Big Bass: Mrs. Mangold, 3 lbs. 8½ oz.

The 1962 tournament will prob-

ably go down in the records as the best organized, most successful event ever held on the two great West Texas lakes. The San Angelo Board of City Development, which came up with a big barbecue feast Saturday for contestants and members of the press, was behind the event all the way. The people of the area were obviously proud of their fishing paradise. Some San Angelo citizens were a little surprised to learn that not all of the best bass fishermen in Texas come from their town.

Earl Golding, Waco Tribune, and tournament manager, returned to his home with a feeling of success. He made one final comment just before he departed, "One of these years we're going to hold another tournament at San Angelo. Only the next time, we'll have some beautiful weather, without the winds. And when we weigh in that final day, there will be lots of new records on my books. These are two of the finest fishing lakes in Texas."

Over 300 pounds of black bass were caught during the tournament. And there are more where these came from, just waiting for some determined anglers to toss the right baits their way. **

All he can do is jump and pray enroute the ripping is cloth and not meat

Once Over Lightly

From Page 10

behind him that if he keeps going he's going to snap them both off at the shoulder. So all he can do is jump and pray enroute that the ripping sound he hears is cloth and not meat.

THE STRIP TEASER: A woman picnicker with long hair, a full blouse and a wide skirt who tries to go through a barbed wire fence. What happens to her type I don't know. I've never had the heart to watch.

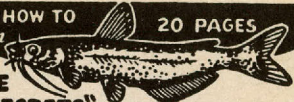
Of course, there is one answer to

the problem: Let all landowners electrify these fences like they have everything else on the farm. Then I think we could all head for a thing called a gate.—B. M. Atkinson, *Fox Creek Rural Electric Co-Op Magazine*. **

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What Others Are Doing

by JOAN PEARSALL

TUNA BOUT: Establishment of a Japanese tuna base at Levuka, Fiji Islands, is making steady progress. In November, 1961, a general meeting to organize the South Pacific Ocean Tuna Fishing Cooperative was held. February, 1963, was set as the target for commencing operations. This plan is reported to have been formulated to help the struggling medium and small fishing cooperatives of Japan; however, it is strongly opposed by the three largest Japanese fishing companies which operate tuna mothership fleets in the South Pacific.

PERMISSION FOR FISHIN': May 4 is Fishing Day in Missouri, and employees of the Conservation Commission, who have been urging Missourians to go fishing on that day, plan to take their own advice. The director of the Commission recently advised the employees to go fishing on Fishing Day, except for a skeleton staff. So biologists, foresters, draftsmen, and others whose jobs permit, will leave their desks and scatter to all parts of the state with carloads of fishing gear. However, unwary anglers were warned conservation agents would be on duty May 4 as they are throughout the year! The day was proclaimed by the Governor in honor of Missouri's favorite outdoor sport, and this is the first such observance in the state.

MEAT FEAT: A major problem of fish and game departments is the identification of meat of game animals which may have been illegally taken. Several years ago, a professor at the University of New Hampshire undertook a study to develop a method of identifying cooked meats, and to differentiate between the meats of any game or domestic animals. The method discovered, the use of paper chromatography, is described in Technical Circular No. 19, recently published by the N. H. Fish and Game Dept. Chromatography is a separating of closely related compounds by allowing a solution of them to seep through an absorbent.

The different compounds become absorbed in separate colored layers. The method may be used to identify the meat of any animal, fish and bird, when known samples are available for comparison. Cooking of the meat does not change the chromatographical pattern, nor does age of the sample, or freezing or drying. This is not a new technique, but is an original and important tool for game law enforcement.

A MUTT DISGUSTED: During the last rabbit season in Pennsylvania, a hunter and his hound took to the field. At the end of the day, the dog kicked out a rabbit which headed straight for the man. Taking careful aim, the man fired three times, missing clean each time. The hound brought the rabbit around a second time and the same thing happened. Finally, a third run was made and again the man missed with three shots. At this point the dog sat down and refused to take any further interest in the rabbit.

MOOSE NEWS: A study completed by the Wyoming Game and Fish Department shows that more than 88 percent of the state's moose hunters were successful last year. During the 1961 season, 776 moose were taken, an increase of 55 over the previous year's harvest. Only 40 of the total 922 permit holders did not hunt. The hunters spent an average of nearly three days in the field and saw eight moose while hunting.

DUCKS AMUCK: An Oklahoma City jury agreed that you can't convict a citizen for trying to get away from some ducks. The defendant was accused of driving his boat recklessly into a flock of wild ducks. The fine for any person who worries, bothers, or disturbs wild game in that state is up to \$25. The boater told the jury: "Every time I started my motor the ducks flocked around. Every direction I turned I saw ducks. I tried to drive around them. In fact," he said, "the ducks were chasing me."

For the life of me, I can't tell you the reason for their existence

All Day Suckers

From Page 9

served shedding, just like a snake. A thin transparent skin was loose, just back of the head, when I first noticed it about 8 a.m. When I got home around 5 p.m., the skin had worked back over the entire body

Ravenous Rattler



Wilbur Elkins of Coleman recently killed a 62-inch rattlesnake (above) with 13 rattles. It is one of the biggest rattlers ever killed in Coleman County. Just out of hibernation, however, it weighed only eight pounds. Elkins, who hunts rattlesnakes as a sport, surmised that it would have been "as big around as a stovepipe" had it been killed in July.—Photo Courtesy Coleman Democrat-Voice

and was floating, in one piece, in the water. The other leech hasn't shed.

Although the word "leech" is most often used in scorn and the animal is thought of in disgust, I find them to be interesting. For the life of me, I can't tell you their reason for existence but I am sure there is one or they wouldn't be here.

Bob Dellis, keeper of the aquarium at the San Antonio Zoo, has asked for my critters. They will become a zoo exhibit in a few days from this writing. **

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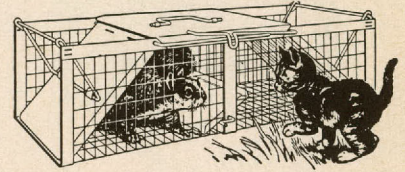
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Farm tanks are becoming more popular as producers of big fish.

Big Black Bass Brags

From Page 5

Georgia in 1932. A number of unofficial reports have placed our largest blacks just above half that record weight. This spring, several weighing 11 pounds or better were reported. One of these is shown here.

Numerous blacks over seven pounds were taken in various lakes over the state. Perhaps, Granite Shoals Lake, one of the chain of Highland Lakes in Central Texas, has produced more big bass this year than any other in Texas. But, it did not produce the largest. According to our records, one weighing 11 pounds, 1 ounce, caught in Lake Childress is the largest.

Farm tanks are becoming more and more popular as producers of big fish. However, most of these lakes are underfished.

In most instances, when a lake is not fished enough, it becomes saturated with small fish. But, where these lakes are fished consistently and frequently, they produce some huge bass.

Most of the big ones were caught by individuals who spend lots of time in a boat. This is, after all, one of the most important factors to consider. Catching big fish consistently depends about 50 percent on the time spent fishing, about 30 percent on luck and the remaining 20 percent on skill. This, of course, is a subject for debate.

As usual, most of the big ones were caught near or right on the bottom. The plain black Pico-styled jig with black bucktail was very popular. Other black bottom-bumping baits, such as the Lazy Ike and the Bomber, produced some nice catches. The combination black jig, like Murray's weedless Brushbuster, and a pork rind eel such as Bill's 13, also paid off. Spinner baits, such as the Piggyboat, Bushwhacker, and Webaduck worked into the big bass picture later in spring. Artificial

worms such as Creme, Jim Bagley's and Sportsmen's Products caught some big bass.

It's probably just the beginning of a great year for fishing in the fresh waters of Texas. Soon, the top-water fishing will commence. And the reports of more big bass will pour in. But right now, they are on the bottom, in the middle of a spawn, ready to rip some line off your reel. Get after them. And if you catch a black bass over 8 pounds, send a photo of it in. Anytime you think you have a record fish of any kind, have it checked. **

It Happened This Way ...



DURING A PAST mule deer hunt in the Trans-Pecos region, we had an unusual experience. George Knight and I were checking various deer camps in the Rio Grande River section near Presidio. Pilot warden Frank Hamer was flying overhead, spotting deer camps and relaying their locations to us over the radio.

Things had been going smoothly, when Hamer radioed he had spotted something he couldn't identify. "It looks like a jackass in a well," said Hamer doubtfully over the radio.

We hurried to the location, and sure enough, there was a young jackass in an old dry well. The well was about seven feet deep and about eight feet across. Evidently the jack had been trapped there for several days. He was about the wildest animal on four legs, and we had no idea how to get him out of the hole.

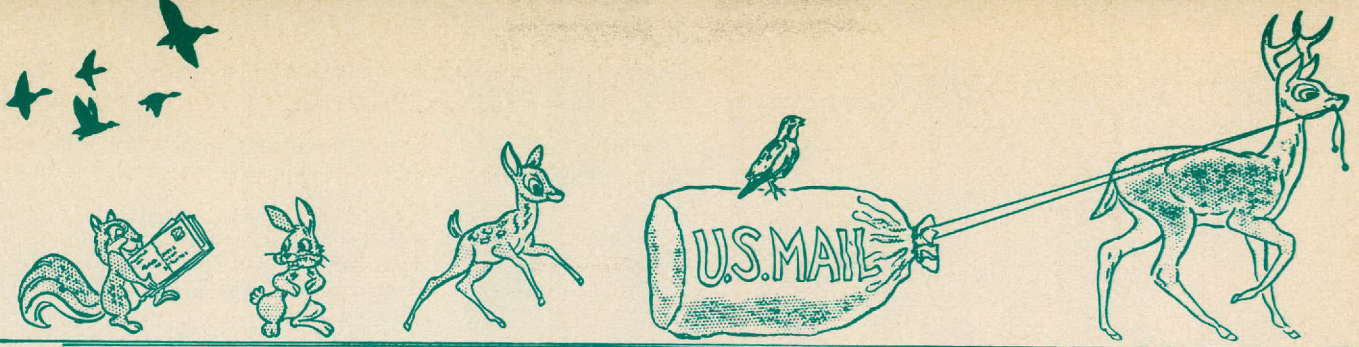
Finally we sighted a wire gate in a nearby fence and used this to seine the jackass from the well. That was one happy critter when we got him out.

Jim Maynard
Midland

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Deer, Dogs & Turkey

Editor:

I am a long time subscriber to your fine magazine.

I am seeking the following information.

What effect does hunting with dogs for varmints have on deer and turkey on a ranch? Will it make the deer leave and stop turkey from roosting?

Will appreciate your furnishing me with the above information.

William O. Compton
Fort Worth

(It should not have any harmful effects as long as the dogs do not run the deer or

as long as the turkey roosts are not subjected to continued disturbance.)

Please let me know.

Lance Rosier
Saratoga

Black Beast

Editor:

Some people who live near here reported they had seen two black foxes in their field. Is there such an animal as black fox? I have never heard of any. I live in the middle of the East Texas Big Thicket. In H. B. Parks's and V. L. Cory's book there is no mention of any black fox. However, two black wolves have been seen near here. Do you suppose it could have been them?

(The black fox mentioned is doubtless a color variant of the red fox which has been introduced in a number of localities in East Texas. The black fox, silver fox, and cross fox are all color phases of the red fox, and after two or more color phases, may appear in a single litter of pups. The black phase is rather rare and is found about as often as black house cats.—Dr. W. B. Davis, Texas A. & M. College.)

Cat & Crappie Catch

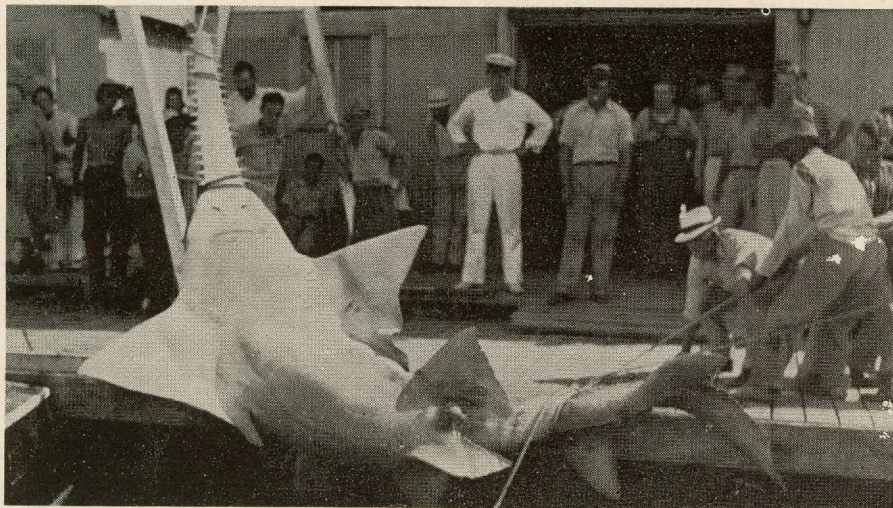


Editor:

In reading your magazine, I have seen some nice kills and catches. I felt you might like a picture for your magazine of a recent catch of my own. This is a string of crappie and channel cat.

W. J. Worley
Houston

Shrimpers Snare Surly Sawfish



Editor:

On the back page of your March 1962 issue of TEXAS GAME AND FISH you give account of a sawfish 14 feet and seven inches long, taken at Galveston. You state that it is the world's record.

We should like to correct that statement and are herewith enclosing some pictures of a sawfish taken in the ship channel between Port Aransas and Aransas Pass, which measured 16 feet and four inches long and was estimated to weigh between 950 and 1,000 pounds.

The sawfish became entangled in a shrimper's net. It was much too large for him to handle in a small boat so the coast guard came to his rescue. They fired several volleys of high-powered bullets into the monster's head after which the shrimper pulled the fish up to the Matthews

Pier. Thinking the fish dead, he set about trying to untangle his net from the fish's saw teeth. It gave a huge lunge, severely wounding the man's arm. This was about 1940.

We enjoy TEXAS GAME AND FISH very much and look forward to it each month.

Cecil I. Goff
Albany

(Your sawfish is larger than the one noted in the March issue and the record catch (16 feet and one inch) listed in the 1962 records publication of the International Game Fish Association. Of course, the one you mentioned could not be considered for the sportsmen record because it was caught in a net. We are glad, however, to hear about this larger one.—Editor)

Sawfish Steaks

Editor:

The picture on the back cover of the March issue of TEXAS GAME AND FISH was interesting. I note that you say nothing about the edibility of the sawfish. May I relate an experience with this fish? I took my Scout Troop on a seining trip to McFadden's Beach a few years ago. We caught several dozen nice trout and a sawfish about six feet long. We were in a quandary over what to do with the thing. None of the passers-by could tell us if it were edible. We slashed into the side of it with a scout axe, and it looked good. We elected to try it, put it in the truck and brought it home. Immediately, we cut some steaks and fried them. The boys were enthusiastic. We packaged a lot of those steaks along with the trout for a big fish fry later. After the fry for about 25 boys, the only fish left was trout.

E. M. Reeder
Silver Beaver Scouter
Port Arthur



FRESH WATER SPORT FISHES, by Edward C. Migdalski, 430 pages, fully illustrated, published by The Ronald Press Co., 15 E. 26, New York 10, N. Y. \$8.00.

Here is a book of more than 400 pages, all about fresh water fishes, by a man who has caught and classified most of them.

Edward C. Migdalski is an ichthyologist and museum scientist at Yale University. The book is a result of his long years of experience in preparation of museum fish of every species. He's fished in Texas, and has records of his catches at several places well known and a few others not so well known.

The author discusses these fishes in a practical manner. He tells where they are, what they are, what they have been caught on and why they happened to hit that particular lure at that particular time.

The heavy book is not intended primarily as entertainment, but certainly it isn't an ordinary text book. It isn't dry reading. It requires careful and studious reading, because in every line there is something a fisherman should know.

For the amateur, it will give a more serious perspective; for the serious fisherman, it is a volume he should have for a lot of study. If you read it only in high spots you'll be a better outdoorsman and fisherman. If you read it carefully, you'll learn a lot.

Previously Mr. Migdalski authored a similar book on salt water fishes. They are comparable in size, appearance and general information. Both are recommended reading.—L. A. Wilke.

THE RETRIEVER TRAINER'S MANUAL, by Maurice J. Leclerc, well illustrated with black and white photos. Published by The Ronald Press Co., 15 East 26th Street, New York, N.Y. \$7.50.

Once I stood at a distance and watched a handsome black dog dart from a blind, crash into the water and swim like a fish. He raced out to where a duck had fallen, picked it up in his mouth, immediately brought the package back to his master in the blind and dropped it at his feet. I was just a boy. But even then I wondered where the man got such a smart dog. Since that time I have learned that although some dogs may be a little more intelligent than others, all good retrieving dogs have been trained by someone who was willing

to spend many hours in dog school.

Maurice Leclerc has had 15 years of practical experience working with retrievers. Someone suggested to him that there was a need for a manual which could be used by amateurs who have a desire to train their own dogs to retrieve fallen game. He felt that he was quite capable of writing such a book, and here it is, written in a simple language and illustrated with numerous photographs. It is broken into five parts: The Versatile Retriever; Tools and Rules; Basic Training; Field Training; and Retrievers in Competition. If someday I decide to train my own dog, here is the only help I will ever need.—Curtis Carpenter.

MAN AND DOLPHIN, by John C. Lilly, M.D., 312 pages, illustrated with photographs and line drawings, published by Doubleday & Company, Inc., Garden City, New York. \$4.95.

The possibility of interspecies communication has intrigued man for thousands of years, and especially so in this day when space flight may bring him in contact with other beings. In this book, Dr. Lilly presents the story of the research now going on in the Virgin Islands.

It is not so farfetched an idea as it may seem. Many animals understand the human language but few answer in the same words. Talking birds only mimic.

To qualify for Dr. Lilly's studies, an animal had to have a brain as large as or larger than man's in proportion to body weight. Also to be considered was its size and ability to vocalize. Elephants and the larger whales could not be used because a misunderstanding might cause the death of the smaller human.

Exactly fitting all requirements was the bottle-nosed dolphin, *Tursiops truncatus*, commonly known as a porpoise. This charming animal is friendly toward humans and easily tamed. An extensive vocabulary among its own kind is combined with remarkable sonar ranging noises. During the experiments, dolphins readily pronounced human words and phrases, although with a definite Donald Duck accent. Attempts are being made to converse with them in their own language. Dolphins have a tremendous capability for learning. How intelligent these animals are, is yet to be found. They far outclass apes when

performing tests similar to those given chimpanzees. Should humans establish communication, many interesting questions crop up: since far-ranging dolphins could be said to own 2% of the world, that is, the oceans, would they work for us? Assuming they would take sides, would they assist the military in spotting alien subs? Also, how does one pay a dolphin, when the seas abound in food, and they have no need of clothing.

Small notices in newspapers gave tantalizing hints of the research going on, never really satisfying the public's intense interest in the subject. At last a book has been written by the very one who initiated the project, and the fascinating story of the brained little whales is complete.—Nancy McGowan.

It is not necessary to slit the tongues of birds in order to teach them to talk. Birds produce vocal sounds with the syrinx, a voice-box structure in the throat.

A single square yard of earth can support 10,000 or more individual insects while nearly 21 acres are required to support one human.

Honey bees carry water, as well as honey. Special carriers bring it to the hive, dole it out, seal it in cells, or even act as storage tanks themselves until the water is needed.

According to experiments, bees recognize honey-yielding flowers first by color, and secondly by scent.

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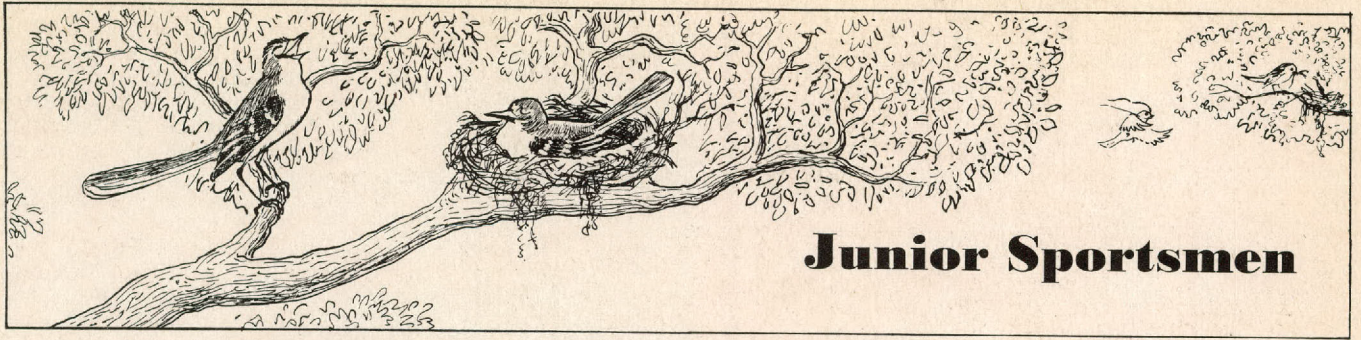
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Junior Sportsmen

A Bird Nest Scrapbook

by ANN STREETMAN

BIRD WATCHING IS FUN, especially during the summer when the little chirpers are busy building nests. Perhaps you can spend some of your summer vacation watching them build their nests, care for their eggs, and feed their babies. To make your bird watching even more fun, you can keep a scrapbook telling the story of the bird family you have chosen.

First, look for a nest close enough to your home so you can check on the activities every day. If you are lucky, you will find a nest that is not yet completed. Watch for a bird flying about with bits of string, hair, or small twigs in its beak. By following the bird, you can find its new home site. Be very careful in following the bird. Walk slowly and quietly. Do not go near the nest when the parent bird is there. After the bird has left, you can peek at the construction, but **DO NOT** touch it!

After you have spotted the nest, you

can begin your scrapbook. Write the date that you discovered the new home and explain how you found it.

When you have decided what kind of bird you are watching, find it in an encyclopedia or bird book. Study the description and habits of the bird. Perhaps you will find some pictures of its nest. Be sure and note how this bird cares for its eggs and feeds its babies. Then, you will be ready to begin your own observations of the bird's habits.

Spend several minutes each day watching the bird's activities. Write the interesting things you see in your scrapbook. You had better write the notes each day so you will not forget the details. Keep a careful check on the nest and notice when

the eggs first appear. On one page of your book, describe the nest and eggs and write the date you first found the eggs. Study the bird's habits in caring for its eggs. Does the father bird take turns with the mother bird in sitting on the nest? Keep a check on the nest to see when the baby birds hatch. Without going near enough to disturb the young family, you can see the babies' open beaks extending above the nest. Try to note how often the parents feed their babies and determine what kind of food they bring the little ones. As the days go by, you might even see the babies learning to fly from the nest.

Just remember one thing: **BE CAREFUL. THAT YOU DON'T HARM OR FRIGHTEN THE BIRDS AT ANY TIME.**

After all the babies have flown away, look through your scrapbook to see if you have forgotten to record any interesting details. Your book will help you to remember your bird watching fun.

Thanksgiving Buck



Thirteen-year-old Lanier Lohn of Brady killed this 11-point buck on Thanksgiving Day. The kill was made with a 351 automatic Winchester on the Latham Ranch in San Saba County.

Coon Hunters



Editor:

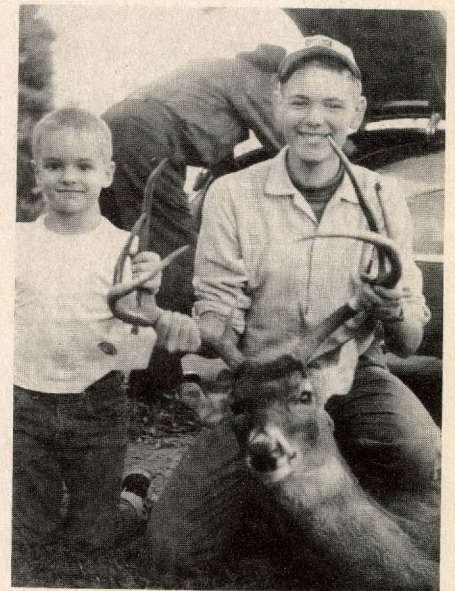
I was sure glad to see your two fine articles on coon hunting in your February issue of **TEXAS GAME AND FISH**. I am 16 years old and enjoy coon hunting very much. A friend and I usually climb a tree to see if we have a male or female coon. If it is a female, we leave it alone so we can have some coons to hunt next year.

In the picture above are my 13-year-old brother and my two black and tans. Rebel, on the left, is 16 months old. Sally, on the right, is nine months old.

I sure enjoy your magazine. Keep up your fine, clean magazine.

Steve Davis
Troup

Trophy Rack



Little brother seems almost as proud as 15-year-old Gip Brown of Austin who killed this eight-pointer in the 1961 season. The successful hunt was on the J. B. Ross Ranch near Sonora in Sutton County.

OL' BALDY

The golden bronze Bald Eagle may weigh as much as 14 pounds, be 36 inches long and have a wingspread of 7½ feet. In his third or fourth year he acquires his adult plumage, white head and tail. A massive hooked bill, blazing eyes and strongly taloned feet all colored yellow, completes his striking make up. Fish is the preferred food, and he is a notorious scavenger. He often robs other birds of their prey. When in pursuit of a bird in flight, the eagle will often dive, swoop under his victim, then flip on his back in mid-air thrusting his talons into the bird's breast. Bald eagles mate for life. Tall dead trees are the preferred nesting site. These huge nests are used and added to each year. One, blown down by a hurricane, weighed 1,247 pounds. In Texas, breeding season is October through February. Eaglets spend up to 13 weeks in the nest. Man and the destructive forces of hurricanes are the eagle's worst enemy. This majestic bird adds a touch of grandeur to the regions where he lives in peace.



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