This Florida Wildlife Magazine Digital Preservation Project is developed with financial assistance provided by the William H. Flowers, Jr. Foundation and the Fish & Wildlife Foundation of Florida, Inc. through the Conserve Wildlife Tag grant program.
For the Conservation, Restoration, Protection, of Our Game and Fish

Published monthly by the
FLORIDA GAME AND FRESH WATER FISH COMMISSION
Tallahassee, Florida

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his pocket and slinks home. But Sage Nickel in Jacksonville, is the exception. His visions are all coming true today. After 20 years of experiment, Nickel has brought the everyday fisherman a lure he has long dreamed about—a really fish-catching kit that combines more than 112 different lures.

You wouldn't think you could fit 112 different top-water, underwater, diver, darter, popper, wiggler, cast-er, troller, fresh and salt water lures with removable spinners and changeable colors, all in a single box no bigger than the usual plug box. But you can. The most amazing thing about it is, instead of paying a hundred dollars for such a combination and hiring two small boys to carry all that junk, it comes to you for just $2.45, or about the cost of three ordinary plugs. And it only takes 30 seconds to change the combination.

Nickel's success was no voodoo formula. He just wouldn't give up. Tomorrow was always another day, another revision, a new hope. His lure didn't catch fish at first, or a year later. Briefly, the lure consists of a tiny kit of interchangeables. Pack in a transparent box slightly larger than a pack of cigarettes, the kit consists of a clear plastic lure body, two packaged of strong treble hooks attached, four red plastic heads shaped to give variable depth and action, a long screw that clamps the head to the body, 14 acetate inserts in different color patterns, a spinner, space grummet and washers. That is all. If you don't think it would work, picture yourself choosing a hundred or so of the best lures available, chopping them all up together, and then discovering a secret formula whereby you could reassemble a handful of the choppings into any color or action pattern you wanted. It would be out of this world—and it is. It has received the highest recommendation from Sportsmen's Research Institute.

To assemble this box of "choppings" for fishing, you first choose a color pattern from among the 14 choices, or design your own pattern on one of the slim white inserts provided. Roll up the colored insert, stick it into the clear body: the body itself gives a prism effect and seems to disappear when the color goes in. How deep do you want it to run? Surface? Shallow? Medium? Deep?—Pick the corresponding head and plug it into the body. Besides the 112 advertised combinations, there is practically no limit to your own variations with the lure. Stick the long screw through the head, on through the body and through any other frills you want to string on, and screw it into the tail with a couple of easy turns. If you want it to sink you fill it with water; if you want it to go crazy put in a few BB shot. Presto! You are your own manufacturer—armed with Aladdin's lamp. Start fishing! 

I wasn't that easy 20 years ago. If it had been, the lure would have been "discovered" many times before. And it wouldn't have taken Nickel since 1929 to develop it.

Back in 1929 Nickel didn't intend to manufacture lures; he wanted to catch fish, cheaply, and without a portier to tote his tackle. He sawed two plugs in half and made a screw that would hold them together. This gave him four combinations plus variation in action. As he sawed more plugs he got more combinations, but they weren't very workable and didn't catch fish for several reasons. In the first place, the body shapes wouldn't match each other except by coincidence. The diving head on one plug, when combined with the body of another, made it want to make like an airplane. The enamel chipped off where the joint came, water entered the wooden body, and the plug swelled up and came to pieces like it had been dynamited. Even in the best cases the combinations were either dead in the water or went hog-wild, and the hooks wanted to come out of the waterlogged bodies.

It didn't take Nickel long to realize that any interchangeable lure would have to have five basic requirements: The body would have to be of waterproof material; the joint or joints of the parts would have to be watertight; the joint would have to continue the contours of each part; the hooks must be attached strongly enough to stand manipulation and unusually long abuse; and a given combination must further be subject to control and slight variations in depth and action. Nickel put his saw on the shelf and began to experiment with glass bottles, carefully chosen for even thickness and smooth necks. But the bottles were poorly balanced and would not perform in the water. Nickel learned that balance was the biggest bugaboo in any lure design. About this time he also figured out that to make lures really interchangeable he would have to use inserts instead of actual body sections. So he copied his best lure colors on paper, and slipped the paper in the small bottle. A wooden head enamelled against moisture plugged his bottle and looked good except there was no way to attach the hooks!

He got around the hook problem; partly at least, by freezing a strain on the head. The head itself stayed with the bottle by means of a screw which fastened into an expanding lug in the bottle, like the screw you use on a thin balsawall to hang pictures. Attached to the head by leader wire were two sets of trailing treble hooks. And so the

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I lie only a few miles from Florida's capital city, but this 200-square-mile strip of green hell strikes fear in the hearts of the toughest woodsmen.

By Bill Snyder

ALTHOUGH most folks are unaware of the fact, Florida has something that is more terrifying than a haunted house—something that makes comedy out of the intrigue and gore of a modern-day radio murder mystery. Tate's Hell, located in southwest Florida, is the spot that puts 'em all in the back seat!

Geographically, Tate's Hell sprawls out for approximately 20 miles between Slamatra and Carrabelle. It varies in width anywhere from five to 20 miles. It's a swampy, tangled wilderness that strikes fear to the heart of everyone who has heard about it. Sportsmen shun the area in much the same manner they use in avoiding a snake rattlesnake.

Actually, Tate's Hell should rate much the same prominence in Florida's history as does the selection of Tallahassee as the capital city—but it doesn't. Nothing has been written about it and the only real history concerning the place has consisted of weird stories that have been handed down from generation to generation. Unfortunately, most of the oldsters who actually had first-hand information concerning how Tate's Hell came by its name, are dead and gone. There are only two or three still surviving who can accurately tell the story, based on actual knowledge—and they are close to the 90-year-old mark.

All of the stories about the place are conflicting. Most of them quickly convince you that Tate's Hell is a good place to keep away from. None of them will leave any doubt in your mind that your chances of coming out of the place alive are nil.

From time to time during recent years I have listened attentively to all of the yarns. Suddenly, I decided to disregard the note of warning that interspersed all of them. I went to Tate's Hell!

Now that I've been there, it seems only honorable to warn you to keep away from it. It is everything and more than the name implies. Actually, it isn't the fire and brimstone type of Hell that is promised as a future for us worldly transgressors—but it is equally as evil.

Tate's Hell is a combination of twisting vines, stinking swamp water, eerie birds, unexpected quicksand, and gesoupe trees a thousand years old. Its death-like silence is broken only by the shrill cull of a crow, the frightened howl of an unseen animal, or the angry buzzing of a swarm of swamp mosquitoes. It is a wicked land where you suddenly lose your sense of direction and proportion—the sort of place that eventually would frighten you to the point of insanity.

Now, let's turn the clock backward 35 years. It's a pleasant spring morning in 1876. Cede Tate, 45-year old cattleman, has decided to go into a dense swamp near Slamatra to conduct a one-man search for 25 or 30 head of cows that have recently disappeared in the area.

Less than three hours after the search started, Tate faced the sickening realization that he was lost. Try as hard as he could, he was unable to locate the section where he had entered the swampland.

The harder he tried, the more deeply he became imprisoned in a swamp that seemingly had no exit. Completely exhausted by nightfall, Tate realized that he was facing the future of a rat in a trap. The second day proved even more hopeless than the first. Hunger gnawed at his innards—his parched tongue had swelled to twice its normal size. The two day battle with undertow and twisting vines had shredded his clothing to bits. His body was cut and bruised.

On the third day, thirst forced him to bow in submission. Ruggedly he dropped face downward at the edge of a stagnant pool and started sucking slowly, black swamp water through his parched lips. Hunger also won its round in the battle for survival. Cately he devoured bamboo bugs and green roots. That's the same day he started screaming for help—screams that echoed against the wilderness barrier and died.

Suddenly, near the end of the tenth day, the fever-striken man stumbled into a clearing. At last he had escaped from the swamp prison.

Falling to his knees, he offered up a fervent prayer of thanks.

Hours later he was still mumbling his prayer when he approached a startled stranger on the outskirts of Carrabelle. Tate was practically naked. A ten-day beard partially covered his cut and bruised face. His dark brown hair had turned to pure white.

"Where am I?" Tate gasped.

"You're in Carrabelle, partner," the stranger answered.

"Where you come from?"

"I've been in Hell!" Tate mumbled, "I've been in Hell for 10 days and nights!"

Then he collapsed at the stranger's feet.

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Any Dog

Is a Hunter!

By G. R. HUNTER

Just because your pooch is the household pet, don't sell him short as a hunting dog. The author, who knows his canines, says any dog is a hunting dog if he gets the right training.

Florians are wasting good food and money. Many of these 100-year-olds could be put out of their misery—by giving them a decent chance to hunt as their breeders intended. For they are all hunters.

Of the 111 pure breeds of dogs today recognized by the American Kennel Club, only pointers, setters, and hounds seem to have any fun in Florida. These three varieties admittedly are best for most purposes, but not all people who like to hunt can own so-called "gun dogs." Wives won't keep them in apartments; some feel they can own only one dog—

Nearly all terriers are born hunters.

likely will be a pet for the chimney; and others may need mostly a watchdog...

These are strong arguments. Why, after some 50,000 years of using all dogs as hunters and shepherds, need we suddenly deprive of their hunting rights all dogs that don't gesture, squat, or sing? Would you prevent a ten-year-old boy from hunting any longer because he couldn't hit frightened doves? Would you say your gun was no good because it hadn't killed anything—when you had never fired it? With training, nearly any good-blooded dog will learn to be a satisfactory hunter. By keeping him in polite "lap dog" slavery we often waste his usefulness and cheat ourselves and him out of much usefulness.

The original separation of hunting breeds from "other" dogs was a phase of training rather than breeding. Early in history a few dogs were trained to help tend herds. No further separation occurred until Roman times when they were divided into house dogs, sheepherds, dogs, sporting dogs, war dogs, scent-hunting dogs, and sight-hunting dogs. Of these classifications, hunting dogs and shepherds made up nearly the total.

The American Kennel Club now groups all 111 breeds under six classifications: sporting dogs, hounds, working dogs, toy dogs, terriers, and non-sporting dogs. All of these directly descended from hunting dogs, except some of the breeds whose ancestry nothing is known. Most of them are still hunters in their own rights, and most of them can be useful hunters in Florida.

We in Florida employ our hunting dogs to help us find and kill birds, furred game, or big game; or they may only retrieve. Here, from the record, are a few of the things "pups", "lap dogs", and "watch dogs" can and are doing:

Few respecting Floridians would be caught dead in the woods with the ridiculous Dachshund, or dash-hound as he sometimes is called locally. But wait; this funny looking sausage bundle means "badger dog" when his name is translated from the German. In fact, our dachshund is one of the world's outstanding examples of breeding a special hunting dog. He was on his way centuries ago as the Egyptian "Tekal." His build is no accident: he was built to hunt and kill all ground game including foxes. Although proper according to hounds, Pure Aladizes were used for hunting, and still used around Aire (in England) on fox, badger, weasel, otter, and small game. In Florida they are used as cat and "coon dogs," and will hunt almost anything on which they are trained. The smaller terriers make excellent squirrel and rabbit dogs, and are at their best on all ground game.

That funny looking lap dog, the Pomeranian, is not quite as funny when you learn he is basically a wolf dog.

This was in 1947 when you could shoot in the morning, and dead birds were easier to find than in blinding afternoon sunlight. But those hunters used a cocker they'd have saved most of their "lost" birds. After a few trips, the cocker will retrieve all your doves without further instruction.

Bill Stice of Vitality Mills took a six-month-old cocker on a hunting trip. It had never seen a pheasant. The little pup handled and retrieved those big birds as if he'd done it all his life. We don't have pheasants in Florida, of course, but I quote that example because a pheasant is a big tough bird for any dog to handle.

The springer spaniel is the cocker's big cousin, as hunters the same dog except for the springer's additional size and weight. Not too long ago they were exactly the same dog, with a weight factor of 28 pounds separating them. Navy Commander Bill Keim has killed more quail in West Florida with his springer than I did with a good pointer.

All the terriers are natural hunters, and are Aladizes. Bedlington, Bull's, Fox's, Irish, Scottish, Sealyham, etc. Aladizes most of us are cross bred and used as pack dogs because they are better killers than hounds. Pure Aladizes were used for hunting, and still used around Aire (in England) on fox, badger, weasel, otter, and small game. In Florida they are used as cat and 'coon dogs, and will hunt almost anything on which they are trained. The smaller terriers make excellent squirrel and rabbit dogs, and are at their best on all ground game.

That funny looking lap dog, the Pomeranian, is not quite as funny when you learn he is basically a wolf dog.

An expert describes the disability as "an all round sporting dog." He was bigger in bygone days, but he still possesses the instinct to hunt and kill. He's the sort of little dog you can tuck into your pocket until you need him. The sort of little dog you can tuck into your pocket until you need him, or can carry in a tiny apron pocket.

The bulldog was bred to bedevil and catch bulls back when bull-baiting was in favor. I had a Briton, named Rosey that was awful rough on teems and such. He trailed silently and when he came up to the boar he just grabbed him. When the boar was dead he began to bark. It wasn't "spaying," but I was at that time hunting for a business. The pure bulldog isn't very well equipped for hunting, but crossed with almost anything else, he makes a good catch, throw, and kill dog for big game.

No one thinks of the Chow Chow, or ordinary chow, as a sporting dog. But in China he remains the all-purpose hunting dog he has been for centuries. His thick fur and short-coupled neck protect him from cold, wind, and rain, and his shiny nose and keen eyes enable him to hunt by

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The dachshund's name means 'badger dog.'
The Florida Duck

Most sportsmen don’t know it, but Florida has its own species of duck. With proper care and protection it may be our duck-hunting insurance for the future.

By E. B. Chamberlain, Jr.

Florida, among all the 48 states, is unique in having a species of duck all its own. This bird, though highly valued by many sportsmen, is actually little known to the general public and indeed has been subjected to very little scientific investigation.

Its correct name is Florida duck (Anas f. fuligula), but it is also very commonly known as Florida mallard, mallard, summer mallard, summer duck, and Florida black duck. This last, at least, give some insight into its relationship since it was first described by Robert Ridgway in 1874 when it, together with the mallard duck, was separated from the black duck. The mottled duck was later shown to be a different subspecies restricted to Texas and Louisiana. This left the Florida duck standing in a similar but distinct category, apparently the only duck whose range is limited to a single state.

In general appearance the Florida duck closely resembles the black duck, but is noticeably lighter, more buffy in color. This is due to the more extensive buffy edgings of the feathers. The chin, throat, and cheeks are especially light, showing up as a pale tawny almost without streaks. This is a good field mark, and in any decent light will serve to separate the Florida from the black and the hen mallard. Another good field mark, but one which is shared by the black duck, is the flashing white wing linings visible in flight. Aside from these two points, the general plumage is a light mottled brown. The speculum—that metallic patch on the trailing edge, upper side, inner half of the wing—varies from green with a purple gloss to almost solid purple, bordered both front and back by a black bar. Some birds may have also a narrow white bar behind the speculum, and these bear an especial resemblance to the hen mallard. That bird, however, has two much more prominent white bands, one in front and one behind the speculum. This is always a good distinguishing character. The feet of the Florida duck are brilliant orange to orange red, and thus serve to separate it from the female pintail which has bluer grey feet.

The sex of the Florida duck is practically alike, but in the adults there are a couple of external distinctions. In the male, feathers on the side of the chest have central U-shaped buffy markings while those of the female show a central buffy streak. There are also minor differences in the bill markings. The bill of the adult male is bright yellow to yellow orange with a black spot at the base, a black line along the top center, and a black nape—the smaller, slightly raised portion of the upper tip. The bill of the adult female is a duller orange with less distinct blackish markings and a black spot at the base.

The local duck is not only confined to Florida but seems to be restricted to the south and central part of the state. In fact, it is the most abundant duck along the coast from about Albany to Daytona, in the central portion of the state north to the vicinity of Gainesville, and on the west coast north to about the mouth of the Suwannee River. Southward, it gets into the white也算是, and southward, there are Merritt’s Island, the south half of the St. Johns River, and the Kissimee River, north, and Kissimee River. In all cases, for habitat to be suitable, it appears Florida duck would contain a high proportion of marsh or grassland in addition to the required water. Swamp country is utilized only in rare instances. It is rather unusual to find a species having an area of relatively high concentration—in fact, the highest concentration of this bird is contained in the vicinity of its proper range. It is also unusual for any species of waterfowl to have such a limited distribution.

There is some evidence that the Florida duck has been and may still be extending its range. It is recorded that the species was unknown in Alocus County prior to 1906 when it appeared on Payne’s Prairie. Since then the number of ducks has increased until the entire island is taken by this species of duck. The range of this bird is as follows:

JUNE, 1950

FISHERY BAIT BY ACCIDENT

This past winter, Joe Hunter, retired Clerk of the Circuit Court of Gulf County, began looking for a better fishbait. His brother, Brack Hunter, had moved to Crooked and was in the bee business. They decided to try "bee vacum," Brack agreed to raise them and ship them to Joe as they matured. They don’t have to "raise" bee worms—all you have to do is let some old coil be unattended for about two weeks and the bees seem to come from thin air. Joe received his first shipment of about 100 bee worms, in February. Describing those he gave to some friends, he caught some in a mixed fashion on this batch. Since then, Brack has continued to ship about 150 worm per week, and Joe has been steadily catching blueshirts, shelleracker, warmouth, red-bellies, and half fish on the bee worms. He’s used them successfully on the Dead Lakes, in the Apalachee, Chipola River, Chipola River, and several small inland lakes. They are catching fish when other sorts of worms are of no avail.

—GERALD E. HUNTER.
Florida, long a haven for professional skinners from alligator to con games, recently came up with a new, entirely legitimate form of skin game. In fact, it was so much on the up and up that the winner was crowned the world's champion at his trade—catfish skinning.

Highlighting, and almost outshining, the recent Governor's Day celebration at Okeechobee, the contest was perhaps the first of its kind ever held. Indications are that it will not be the last. Confined, this year, to local talent the word has gotten around that a cash award, gold cup and an uncertain amount of fame goes to the winner. Skinners from other commercial camps in the state are now planning to invade the shores of the southern lake next year for a crack at the title of "world's champ." But, to take the title from Tully Vickers, Okeechobee, Florida, winner of the recent event, is going to take some rapid fish undressing. Vickers went through his allotted pile of fifty fresh water cats in the amazing time of three minutes and fifteen seconds. Contest runners up stopped the timer at only fractions of a second behind the winner with the only woman contestant trailing the field in six minutes and four seconds.

Following the contest there was a fish fry and barbecue for several thousand. Rumor among the cooks has it that there must have been another world's champ on the grounds that day—a catfish eating champ—page L'il Abner, please!

Each contestant was given a pile of 50 catfish. At the word go the air was full of fish and skins for three or four minutes.

To Gov. Fuller Warren went the honor of skinning the first fish.

The world's champion catfish skinner was Tully Vickers with a record of three minutes and fifteen seconds.

Average time for all of the ten contestants was 4 minutes, 22 seconds.

Thousands had dinner on the town. Barbecued, home-grown beef and fried catfish made up the menu.
HUNDRED CHANCES IN ONE
(Continued from Page 5)

problem was solved—almost. Unfortunately, the glass body was heavy. It would give no action whatever. Furthermore, thickness of bot- tle glass was so inconsistent that the lure was erratic and never con- trollable. It took a good five minutes with a screwdriver to remove the head and change inserts. And when you figured that all the time spent while the fishing trip was over. It was enough to make a man give up.

But Nickie’s the giving-up-kind. For ten more years he tried every variation that came to him in his sleepless nights. He personally dug out the very best blown bottles, changed the anchor screws, ran through the length of the bottle and out through a cemented-tight hole in the rear. Altogether more than 10,000 bottles were attached. He discarded the usual, but water and crystallizing, brass in favor of steel fittings. When steel rusted, he turned to the then fairly new “stainless steel” which would not rust and was one of the toughest of all steels. And so it went—always improving, but always stuck back to that glass bottle that wouldn’t balance and that was always break- ing.

Then came the turning point, not only for Nickle but for hundreds of other inventors who were going down for the long coast—the pro- duction of an efficient plastic.

With a wiz who wouldn’t be bored probably still echoes somewhere in the stratosphere, Nickie threw his bottleneck away.

Tenille was the plastic Nickel chose for his lure body, a tough, clear, material literally baked by heat, shock, temperature, chemicals, or whatever. It could be cheaply molded to shape. It could take a balance; it was extremely light in weight; it was strong enough to hold the hook. Scratches and abrasions were easy to polish out with rubbing compound or auto polish. It was, you might say, right out of the future. From there on it was easy pretty paddling. Even the first of the new plastic lures caught fish, with the evaporation of water-repellent acetate provided a durable and highly visible material for in- serts.

Standard lures turned from wood to plastic, too, but Nickie hid his time until he could offer not only his attractive product but one that had been thoroughly fish-tested in all its variations. When you have waited 15 years or so you can afford a few more months. Now, as I stood in his assembly room with one of the lures in my hand while Fletcher talked, it was impossible for me not to catch at least a part of the enthusiasm that makes Fletcher willing to work a 16-hour day until the demand stim- ulates.

The demand from foreign coun- tries, strangely, almost heat that from the United States. Samples have been shipped to distributors in Can- ada, Belgium, Holland, and Luxem- bourg. A manufacturer’s agent has requested an exclusive for all South America. Nearer home, Florida Hard- ware Company for instance, a Jack- sonville distributor, sold a thousand of the kits almost faster than they could be carried over to Bay Street. Altogether more than 18,000 of Nickie’s kits have reached the tackle boxes of fishermen throughout the world. It seems to work in salt water as well as fresh. Although the lure and its hooks have withstood a 80-pound pull test, the largest fish known to have been caught on it was a 20-pound bass from Clear Lake in California. A number of species of striking fish has been netted on some combination of the Tenille, Wood, and Nickel.

THEREFORE, Nickie’s new lure, Nickel staged a Northeast Florida fish- ing contest last December. The only contest rule was that the fish must be caught on some lure assembled from the kit. Not only was the con- test more popular than expected, but the winner claimed to have caught a big- ger fish than the 11 pound, 9 ounce bass that won it. A six and a half pounder won the Women’s Division, and a schoolchild took Junior honors with a four-pound, eight-ounce bass. Then in January the lure went on display in the Chicago Sportmen’s Show, and in February at the New York show. A complete neon-tight display of all 112 combinations now attracts fishermen to Sukun’s on New York’s Broadway.

I didn’t buy one of the kits. Flet- cher gave me one.

“Go try it,” he told me. “If it catches fish I’d like to have you mention it. And if it doesn’t—well, write that up too.”

I tried the lure in a small Florida lake. I experimented with three of the combinations—a surface frog, a deep-running natural scale, and one combination filled with water and an insert I colored myself. I caught a four-pound bass on the frog, a jackd-fish on the natural scale, and a blackfish on the insert I made!

In order to be fair, however, I must admit that each bass caught was fishing every day on standard, time-tried lures. But as far as I could tell, the standard lure didn’t work no better than Nickel’s new super-duper, and I know darn well I’d rather take his kit and use his bait than to have my $50 or so worth of standard lures back in the car in a box too big to carry.

FLORIDA WILDLIFE

Hyacinth Unit Hits Upon Novel System
For Procuring Funds

Most flower lovers don’t buy their presents as an acre of time. But you get them that way, and thoroughly dear, if your twist is the recently organized Tallap- pin Hyacinth Estimation Association, Inc. Wheeling the pretty purple flowers by the hundreds to the door of your house, the direction of the project of removing the peony, chrysanthemum-growing from Lake Talpa- pin, popular fishing grounds. The board of direc- tors of the Association is made up equally from Leon and Gadsden Counties. Leon is represented by Dr. W. R. Collison, Hoke Oliver, and A. D. Trablock and Gadsden by J. H. Dixon, J. H. Heiser, and Waldo Carroll.

Your hyacinth can be obtained at a bargain of $2.50 per acre, to pay for a spree proven to kill hyacinths without harming the fish. Fur- ther, according to Jimmie Dixon, chairman of the organization, ‘‘we’ll sell you all you want.”

A recent Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission survey shows there are some 2,800 acres of hyacinth in the lake, and the eradication of this vegetation from between ten and ten thousand dollars. John Dequese, commissioner, says they’re going to start some pilot eradication to finance the eradication to be furnished by the Com- mission and these funds will be under trained supervision as soon as the money is obtained.

But lake levels in Lake Tal- have been rising the last five years, and the lake is now a year round, never ice fishing lake. Brows- ing of cattle does not control them. Already the growth has covered acres of plants and that time simply temporary traps fishermen, and that has covered many of the best fishing spots.

A club has been organized with the help of the Capital City Rod and Gun Club of Tallahassee.

The private Sportman’s Club, headed by G. W. McMillan of Tallahassee, was organized to the Florida Water Federation for affilia- 

FLORIDA WILDLIFE FEDERATION NOTES

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FLORIDA WILDLIFE

High Springs Outdoorsmen Form Conservation Group

HIGH SPRINGS—A group of 50 sports- men from this community recently formed the High Springs Sportsman’s Club, Inc., to be a well-attended meeting at the American Legion Hall. In the future, the organization will work in the interest of the protection of wildlife resources in this area. Club mem- bers voted unanimously to affiliate with the Florida Wildlife Federation.

Lester Kinard was named president; F. R. Peterson, vice-president; and Francis Oliver, secretary-treasurer.

Florida representatives attending the organization meeting included: Hal Davis, director of district 5, Eootie Elliott, curator of the Marion County Wildlife Club; Claude Lovell, G. C. Hoffman, and A. D. Smith, representing the Marion County Club.

CLUB TO DEDICATE LAKE

The Pinellas Conservation Club will ded- icate Great Lake, north of Clearwater on June 28th at 11:00 A.M. The lake was renovated last year and stocked with bass and bream which now average in weight around three to four pounds.

New Club Is Organized For Sports Promotion
In Delray Beach Area

DELRAY BEACH—With an immediate objective of promoting boating, fishing, and hunting in this area, the Delray Beach Boating and Sportsman’s Club was organized here last month. The new club comes into a reorganization of the former Del- ray Beach Boating Club.

At the first meeting, a nominating com- mittee consisting of Dick Byrnes, Dick Hunter, Charlie Mosier, and Al Brown was appointed to select candidates for commodore, vice-commodore, and secretary-treasurer. The committee will also pick a slate for the board of directors. The committee will also select chairman as chairman, secretary, and number committee.

Plans were discussed for the dredging of Lake Ma, and it was announced that part of the project the club would start within a few weeks. Meanwhile, Wildlife Officer V. B. Hay said he would request the State Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission to consider the best plan for restocking the lake.

FLORIDA WILDLIFE

JUNE, 1950

"Game little devil, isn't he?"
A BACKWARD GLANCE

Many of you readers come to Florida many years ago or were born here. You will be able to recall the days when there were no restrictions on the number of fish you might take, when, as we drove down country roads, the fawns were so numerous it was necessary many times to stop the car and watch them frolic and play, at times to pass; when every stream was lined with overhanging trees where you and the fish both congregated to the shade, and when a hunting trip in any direction off the beaten path brought you into a lush tropical paradise full of birds and all species of wildlife of which many has now become extinct.

Not so far back, you also will recall that we suddenly began to realize that there was no game to be found at random, that fish were hard to find, and many of the sportsmen gave up the idea of even buying a fishing license let alone a hunting license. That was the cycle from plenty to little.

Not only was this scarcity due to improper taking of fish just for the sport and throwing them away, but it was due also to the clearing away of trees along our stream beds. As the game also included into smaller areas, making it simple for unrepenahers who kill it any time whether they need the meat or not.

Without a border of trees at a backroad along the streams from which the fish can hide into them. High water saturated the banks and fish life suffered a sharp decline. However, the protection of many of these factors contributing to the loss of fish and game they considered it the need of nature, and it was not until a few of them who take this sport as a necessary recreation for health from outdoor activity, got together that anything was done about determining what might be done.

With the institution of the State Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission, they advised and assistance from this body in promoting Florida’s supply of fish and game.

Naturally, we shall not see game returning to our highways as it did many years ago, as it is now at old days when Florida was crisis-crossed by the sandy lakes and rivers. It will now be trying, for it is full for those who are licensed to enjoy the privilege of taking game, and who are careful of the catch, from day by day, and respect the dogs and fawns which are the back bone of this nation.

However, I believe that we shall see the fishing as good as ever once we have cleaned up the area of fishing tides, and have improved the water to a habitable degree for them to spawn and survive.

One of the most important handicap in the pollution, which we hope soon will be under state government and fully abated before Winter arrives. The number of factors which have contributed to the scarcity of fish and game has not yet been brought to a halt, we shall see a well managed paradise for the sportmen in Florida.

RESEARCH FOR SPORTSMEN

As the sportmen of today for knowledge of nature, by this I mean that there are those of who may recognize a crappie from a bass, or a doe from a stag, but how many of us know the nature of these two prejudices we profess to be most interested in?

Every club would do well to equip a permanent field station, with men from which the members may draw publications covering the subject of immediate interest, and also receive a better education in wildlife lore.

Many such publications are available for a small fee, through the State Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission, and the State Board of Conservation, all free of cost.

A booklet titled “Thirteen Approaches to Conservation,” published by the National Wildlife Federation, gives a whole world of information about setting up an ideal habitat for birds, game and fish of every species.

For one dollar, your club can purchase a “Dictionary of Fisheries” which will give you every possible description of fish found in the waters of Florida.

Federation headquarters can supply copies of this publication upon request. In it you will find a complete description of the habits of fish which abound in our lakes, streams, and bayous, some of which you may well know as “fish the big bite.” The guide shows you how to catch yourself in some untried spot heretofore quite unappealing to you.

With the days of summer upon you, what better way to spend your off days than seeking some new species of fish. To you who are in the fishing spot, the Federation has stocked a supply of “Fishing Guides” published by well known Outdoor Writer.

TATE’S HELL

(Continued from Page 7)

Ever since that moment, the beaver’s race to build his dam, the area that has been called "Tate’s Hell." And so, after all of the warnings, containment fences, and ancient anecdotes that describe the matter to be expected in a few minutes, this year’s beaver had decided last month to see for myself what he had made Tate’s Hell tick.

The beaver had made hastily - the trip was carefully planned weeks in advance. In fact, the trip was made solely for the purpose of studying the extent of damage that beavers on a dam of this type could cause. The beaver had left his burrow on the bank and entered the water near the dam.

Uppermost importance, at least, were carefully studied plans to avoid leaving a large hole in the bank. If this happened, the beaver would be doomed to starve or drown in the water. To prevent such a disaster, a specially designed device was placed in the river near the dam.

Eventually, this device failed, and the beaver was able to enter the water. The moment the beaver entered the water, the river became turbulent and the beaver was captured. The beaver was weighed, measured, and then released into the wild.

The silence of the trip was broken only occasionally by Sumner.

"I’ll blame her,“ he said just before cutting a tree bough into five or six pieces and dropping them on the high ground. It wasn’t until several hours later that I discovered this was his way of marking the route leading out of the swamp.

Finally, after much work, the beaver was seen to be crossing a field situated on the other side of the river.

"This is the edge of the baldwin," Sumner announced quietly. "This is the kind of country that made old man Tate’s hair turn white.”

Sumner turned the corner and was met by a small bird screaming from the wilderness ahead. Maybe, I thought, it was Tate’s ghost warning us away.

"We’ve gone as far as we can go,” Sumner said, "the moon is high and the bird screaming from the wilderness ahead. Maybe, I thought, it was Tate’s ghost warning us away.

But that was the exact moment when I realized that I was lost. I glanced at the map of the surrounding area and to my horror discovered that I was setting in the east.

"Ross Sumner snorted his fright. "What’s the matter, son—are you scared or what?" I asked, as I reconnoitered the scene.

"A man’s never lost until he can’t find his way back home,” Sumner said, as he turned to the east. "I’m going to try for a couplin’ of fish, get some bait, and then get more help."
France is also a straight hunter, possessed of a lot of native game sense and an unusually sharp nose.

The little Beagle far outruns his big brethren and statistically speaking is the most popular hound in America. He has been used in Florida and is frequently used on black bears.

But how much of us realize the beagle is one of the very few dogs that can run wild, he'll be found raising sand with quail and with anything else that smacks of movement.

As regards the Spitz, or Samoyed, Floridians are divided concerning them; some regard them as the ultra of pets, and some classify them as a stinker of the first order. Both are wrong, because be are best as a hunter. From long before the Christian era until about 1870 he was a general hunter, and considered best on big game under tough conditions.

Some of our "non-hunting" dogs are worthy of attention from would-be hunters.

The Doberman Pinscher is not a pet, but a kill dog. Actually a giant terrier, he is in totally without fear and will fight to the death any game he is put upon.

The German Shepherd is a "German Pinscher" that has been bred and used for shepherding purposes, but with training they are excellent hunting dogs. A country preacher in central Florida has a German Shepherd that will hunt and point quail with a nicety. He will find the dead birds, but he has never wanted to retrieve. German Shepherd crosses have formed important parts of hunting packs, and pure-blooded shepherds -- excluding those which have "good" blood -- with packs are formidable killers.

The Silken Terrier is a fine dog, so far as a cry from Florida as you could imagine, is becoming popular over the United States. His eyes give you the feeling that he looks like a big game killer--and is. Yet he makes a good pet and watch dog, and does not attack without orders.

Irish Wolfhounds, while far are strictly pets in the sense they eat more food than pocketbooks can handle. But, able to follow any human and standing a yard high at the shoulder, this dog too is a big game hunter and sure killer. He's earned a reputation for killing big timber wolves single-handed and for dispatching any foreign big game.

He would kill or badly shame a panther, bear, and kill bobcats as if they were kittens.

The more-and-more popular Boxer is not just a lawn ornament. He was bred to fight wild bear and to bait bulls. Take him off the leash, give him sound training, and he becomes good all-around woods companion.

Not without honor are those super-hardy teams of hounds that have inherited a special talent, and those strangely perverted breeds which insist: "Always use MUCH-employed breeds on ANY game, anywhere."

Brown (editor of the Florida Field) hues to the breeder's straight party-line: "...yet one of the breeds suited to our game, and few have the nerve to attempt hunting he desires to do... " Well, that's sound advice. I'd like to add a few of deer-hounds, some spaniels, a squirrel dog, a coon hound, maybe a Labrador retriever, and a foxhound.

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Florida Ranks 21st In Nation In Sale Of Fishing Licenses

The national sale of fishing licenses hit an all-time high in 1944. A 45-year maximum and 23 year minimum average age limit was placed on beginning fishermen.

In adapting the plan the commission acted partially upon the recommendations of Dr. F. R. Cabot, president of the Wildlife Management Institute and one of America's foremost conservation authorities. Dr. Cabot recently completed an analysis of the commission at the agency's own request.

The board also approved a budget of $1,980,875 for the current year. This represents a cut of some $65,000 from the current operating budget. The reduction was reflected largely in the game management division, where federal aid monies are expected to show significant departmental budgets are about the same as in this year.

Postal Authorities Put the Squeeze On Fishing Tournaments

A flash-in-the-pan post office department ruling handed down last fall pertaining to the advertising and mailing material concerning fishing contests has grown into a full-blown blues. The ruling may result in nullifying the taking of fees from fishing contestants to keep the affairs out of the "lottery" class. Such a move would result in deep-seated effects in Florida where hundreds of contests are conducted annually for fee-paying fishermen vying for cash awards and merchandise.

Such fishing contests were first dubbed "lottery" last fall in a ruling handed down by the post office department concerning the famous West Palm Beach Silver Sailfish Derby. As a result of the ruling, a national sportsmen's magazine was forbidden to carry paid advertising describing the event. Since that time, the department has handed down a dozen similar opinions concerning other contests throughout the United States.

The opinion issued against Post Office officials is apparent in a fishing or other contest only when three factors are present: (1) consideration; (2) chance; (3) price. These officials admitted that as far as they are concerned no lottery is apparent under registration fees is collected from the participants. Such a ruling in Florida would not affect free contests conducted by private fishing tackle dealers, or the "fishingham" staged annually by the State Game Commission for youngsters in many parts of the state.

Florida Wildlife

Commission Revamps Field Force; Shoots for Greater Efficiency

The Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission has streamlined its law enforcement division as a step toward more economical and efficient operation.

Under a reorganization plan adopted at the commission's last meeting the field force will be trimmed from 190 to 157 men within the next six months.

At the same time salaries will be raised to a minimum of $500 to attract and hold better men.

The new program calls for automatic retirement of all employees at the age of 65. A 45 year maximum and 23 year minimum age limit was placed on beginning officers.

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Snyder to Take Over As Information Chief

Coleman Newman, director of the Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission, has named W. H. (Bill) Snyder as director of the agency's public relations and education department. Snyder, a veteran newspaper and public relations man, will succeed William W. Weeks who resigned several weeks ago, effective July 1.

For nearly three years, Snyder has been assistant director to the information chief and associate editor of FLORIDA WILD-

"LIFE. He will now move up to editor of the publication.

Director Newman also announced the appointment of Charles H. Asmann as associate director of the education division. Asmann, the agency's official photographer, has been associated with the Commission for nearly three years.

DINGELL BILL UP AGAIN

The famous Dingell Bill, once vetoed by President Harry Truman, has been re-adopted and reintroduced during the present session of Congress. Under provisions of the bill, all excise tax monies derived from fishing rods, reels, hooks, bait and flies would be earmarked for return to the various states where it was collected.

ROUGH FISH CAMPAIGN

The Fish Management Division of the Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission removed 37,519 pounds of predatory fish from Florida waters during the months of this year. The commission has netted 37,519 pounds of predator fish from Florida waters during the past three months of this year.
Our Vanishing Heritage

By STANLEY CULP

When I was but 10 years of age my father gave me a .22 rifle. That afternoon we went turkey hunting. The wild turkeys were probably in no immediate danger, but it was a big event in the life of a little boy. Although it has been 34 years ago the memory of it clings to me as if it were yesterday.

He taught me how to use a gun—never to point it at others, never to carry it needlessly loaded. He wasn’t much of a quail hunter, enjoying the search for deer and turkey more, but he wanted his son to be an all around sportsman: so he arranged for me to go with two quail-hunting experts. He didn’t send his young son out to learn how to hunt quail, but to learn how to handle a gun safely. He told me before we departed, “Son, watch those two men and pay attention to what they tell you. You’ll learn how to handle a gun with them.”

A few short years later came another turkey hunt. In company with my father we located two big gobblers and a hen. Finally, by adroit maneuvering, he had me in a position where I could kill one of the gobblers, which I did. With the enthusiasm of youth I wanted another. Dad said to me, “It is almost time for mating season. You’ve got all you need. Let them alone, and they’ll raise some young that you may enjoy hunting next season.”

These are only a few of the many lessons I learned in childhood, thanks to early indoctrination in the lore of the wild. Many, many times in recent years I’ve thought back to those days as the happiest days of my life beyond all question.

Today I have a young son. He’s just five, and during the past season went on one camping trip with me. He’s caught several fish, some with the assistance of his Dad, a few without any help. When the day comes that I am no longer able to hunt or fish or have passed on to the happy hunting ground, my fondest wish is that he can say, even as I can say, “happiest days were when I was in the woods or on the lakes with Dad.”

It is a heritage which should be the privilege of every American boy or girl but one which, like the proverbial Dodo Bird, is fast moving into the limbo of the forgotten past.

I have an avid fishing companion who today has the knowledge accumulated by a person of more than 73 years. A few years ago he said, “If a man likes to hunt and fish he’s got something good about him somewhere.”

If more of our young people today were offered the opportunity to getting out into God’s great outdoors—a chance to look at the marvelous moonrise, the glory of the setting sun, flaming red through moss covered oaks, stately cypress trees and flower bedecked magnolias, we would have less of a juvenile problem on our hands.

All of hunting is not killing. All of fishing is not catching. A day in the woods or on the lake will relieve the weary business man, whether or not he catches any fish or kills any game. It does something to the soul. It puts fibre into your body, vigor into your brain, gives you something you cannot obtain from any other source. It reinvigorates you in a way unequalled by any doctor’s medicine.

From actual experience we could cite the rapid decline in wildlife and fish of our native state. From facts and figures we could paint a picture of the dreath and monetary loss caused by the careless destruction of our forest lands in the midwest. By observation we’ve seen the desecration of the pinelands of Florida by the removal of virgin timber. The swamplands, denuded by the hands of man. Magnificent cypress trees which it took nature scores of years to produce, felled in a few moments by the machinery of man. But it is not necessary to go on in this detail.

I saw those who, like the ostrich, have buried their heads in the sand, are familiar with it and know what is going on. Joyce Kilmer once wrote, “Poems are made by fools like me, but only God can make a tree.” It might well be added that only God can create the beasts of the forests, the birds of the air and the fish of the sea. Likewise, these gifts to us can be, and are being, destroyed by fools like me.

Unless adequate conservation steps are taken NOW our children, and our children’s children, will never know the glory of America as we of this generation have known it, and as our forefathers before us knew it.

A GUEST EDITORIAL

Killed by a careless smoker

Forest fires don’t just happen. They are caused.

Once this animal roamed through green and growing forests. Then a careless individual started a forest fire. The fire cost this animal its life.

Forest fires not only kill wildlife, fish, and burn timber, but also destroy recreation areas and cause soil erosion.

Nine out of ten fires can be prevented because they are man-caused. Prevent forest fires. Keep America Green.

GAME AND FRESH WATER FISH COMMISSION

FLORIDA FOREST SERVICE
The Library
State Capitol
Tallahassee, Florida

. . . PRIZE FOR THE DAY