ARIEL ACE

Both Sire and Dam are NATIONAL CHAMPIONS
ARIEL—Triple National Champion—Produced 58 — Wins 220
AMAZON VILLAGE-GIRL—National Champion—Produced 10 — Wins 25
ARIEL ACE Has Produced 19 Winners—With 90 Wins

ARIEL ACE is a splendidly bred individual from two National Champions, who has demonstrated consistently his ability to produce puppies with CLASS and VELOCITY, and handsomeness.

ARIEL ACE has produced 19 winners with 90 wins.

ARIEL ACE is an extraordinary progenitor sire and breeders are urged to give careful consideration to this opportunity to use his service.

ARIEL ACE is a supreme bird dog himself as well as a field trial producer.

WINNERS PRODUCED BY ARIEL ACE

Ariel's Deace — 9 wins
Amita — 7 wins
Ariel Bay — 7 wins
Ariel Jake — 9 wins
Ariel's Hunter Bay — 1 win
Ariel's Imperial Blondie — 5 wins
Ariel's Imperial Guy — 5 wins
Ariel's Radar — 10 wins
Ariel Trojan Jake — 6 wins
Artiste — 9 wins
Expeditious — 8 wins
High Ariel McGinigal — 2 wins
High Ariel — 1 win
Medium Air Coupe — 1 win
Midway Jake — 1 win
Nevermore Tyke — 2 wins
Sandy — 1 win
Speed Treat — 1 win
Speed — 1 win

RETURN SERVICE IF BITCH FAILS TO WHELP • STUD FEE $50.00—PAYABLE AT TIME OF SERVICE

SHOOTING DOGS FOR SALE

1. Ch. Island Park Boy—M. A. J., finished, 4 years old
   Hunts from truck, foot or horseback
   $500.00

2. Ch. Ariel—Bay, 4 years old, finished
   From best blood lines in U.S., in Canada, one summer
   $500.00

3. Ch. Topper's Whap-Up—Bitch, 3 years old
   Trained by the great trainer, Tom Comisky
   $550.00

4. Ch. Island Park Boy—Bitch, not finished, 3 years old
   $200.00

5. Ch. Catoosa Zig Field—Bitch, 6 years old, finished
   $200.00

BOB CONRAD—one of South Florida's leading trainers, is working these dogs daily on birds.

WE HAVE SEVERAL TOP-BRED YOUNG DOGS FOR SALE

All dogs, young and old, have bird work and training daily.
We, who are living in Florida today, are faced with an enormous problem. It is a problem that affects the welfare of every living person, and a problem that will eventually affect the welfare of persons as yet unborn. It is a public problem that must be solved, for better or worse, by the general public of this State.

Put as briefly as possible, the problem is this: Florida, today, possesses the last wildlife frontier to be found within the continental limits of the United States. It is a vast, rich, beautiful region filled with a wealth of wildlife ranging from exotic orchids to gentle fox squirrels, and from stately cypress trees to dangerous panthers. Certain portions of this wildlife frontier are easily accessible to any interested persons, while other portions are so remote and forbidding as to have been visited by few, if any, white men. With the exceptions of the comparatively few cities and cultivated areas presently within the State, this wildlife frontier extends all the way from Key West in the south to King's Ferry in the north, and from Mayport in the east to Nakomis in the west. Actually, it covers an area of 58,560 square miles, and contains more wildlife than any other region in this country.

The problem, then, is this: How shall we save it? Yes, how shall we save it—now that it is disappearing so rapidly?

By ignoring the truth, we can brag about our wealth of wildlife, our fine fishing and hunting, and our beautiful vegetation, but we cannot avoid the fact that as a last wildlife frontier, Florida is rapidly dwindling away under the onslaughts of civilization. Under the pressure of great agricultural improvements made in recent years, rapid expansion of many of Florida's cities and towns, increase of commercial activities, and introduction of many new destructive elements, Florida's wilderness area is fast becoming a thing of the past.

We cannot, of course, stop the progress of civilization. Farmers must continue growing food, stockmen must continue improving pasturage, industries must continue operating and expanding, and people must continue to build their homes.

But, somehow, we must also take steps that will insure the protection and maintenance of our wildlife resources. Beyond the fact that ample supplies of wildlife make for beautiful and interesting surroundings, and also furnish sport and amusement for many people, is the fact that our wildlife is our wealth. For that reason alone we must begin to conserve it, for the simple fact is that the amount of money that circulates annually throughout this State has a direct relationship to the abundance of our fish, animals, trees, waters, plants and flowers. In proof of this, consider the fact that Florida's fresh-water fishermen alone annually spend well over $100 million dollars on their favorite sport.

So, our wildlife is our wealth. We must conserve it. Conservation can only be accomplished by cooperation—cooperation of the general public, the sportsmen, the nature-lovers, the businessmen, and government officials. All of us must work and cooperate together in solving this tremendous problem of preventing the rapid disappearance of Florida's wildlife resources. Our wildlife is our wealth, so: Let's save it.
Black bears can be saints or sinners, depending upon their mood. They can be playful, mean, comical and treacherous, sometimes all at once.

"D. Boon killed A BAR on this tree year 1760."

This inscription, carved deeply into the wood by America's foremost pioneer, front­ierman and hunter, Daniel Boone, was found on a beech tree near Jonesboro in eastern Tennessee. It typifies the conspicuous position occupied by the bear in the minds and lives of the sturdy people who tamed and settled the wilderness that was America.

Probably no other animal except the white-tail deer played such an important part in the early history of the Southeast. The bear was, at the same time, both a beneficial and detrimental influence on the scheme of the settler's life. The flesh of the bear was eaten while its tough, durable hide was transformed into warm rugs, robes and over­coats. On the other hand, the bear was a detrimental influence in many areas because of its raids on crops and livestock which sometimes meant the difference between survival and failure in the precarious frontier existence.

Of perhaps greater significance than its actual importance to the frontiersman, has been the position of the bear as the subject of stories handed down from generation to generation. Tales of his great strength, of his ferocity when cornered, of his capacity for destruction, of his antics at a pot, of his stealing young children, all combined to make bear stories an integral part of American folklore. Most of these stories, admittedly, but nothing in the telling—particularly those dealing with bears attacking man. Authentic instances of un­provoked attacks on man by bears are rare and many tales were brought over from the Old World, where the European bear, since the dawn of history, has played an important part in the lives and folklore of Europe.

With the coming of the machine age and modern civilization, the bear has undoubtedly lost some of his charm for children. The possibility of a bear enter­ing his bedroom cannot seem as real to the little boy in the apartment building in Miami or Jacksonville as it did 100 years ago in the log cabin set in the wilderness. Similarly, the bear no longer plays a very important part in the lives of the rural people. Indeed, in some parts of Florida and other states, a bear occasionally makes off with a pig, destroys a few bee-hives, or even kills a cow or calf. Nevertheless, with all the advances that the settlers of today has—the availability of good dogs, modern trapping equipment, and innumerable hunters willing to buy a party to go after the mauler, besides the necessity of most of the bear's haunts due to improvement of roads—the bear can certainly be a menace to the livelihood of the settler. Also, with the purchase of tremendous blocks of land by large cattle and timber producers, and the accompanying movement of settlers from remote back­woods areas, the possibility of bear damage has been greatly reduced.

The recent action of the Florida Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission in plac­ing the bear on the protected list is a recognition of the changing picture. The bear is passing from the category of varmint and menace to Floridians' livelihood, in to a position as a game animal well worthy of protection and conservation. The Commission realizes that an occasional bear may be damaging to livestock or other in­terests, and that such harmful individuals must be eliminated. Anyone persons suffering damages from bears can contact a Wildlife Officer and acquire a special permit to track down the culprit.

There is no intention of protecting the bear when it is interfering with any man's livestock. On the other hand, most sports­men in the state are interested in stopping the needless slaughter of this fine game ani­mal, so bear hunting can return to its rightful place among the outdoor sports of Floridians. The bear has long been recognized and protected as a game animal in such conservation-minded states as Penn­sylvanias, Michigan, and New York. For exam­ple, 800 bears, more than live in Florida today, were legally taken by Michigan hunt­ers in the fall of 1940. Bears have been protected in parts of Florida, principally in certain of the na­tional forests, for a number of years, and seem to be increasing in some areas. Organ­ized bear hunts are now held each year in the Apalachicola and Okeechobee National For­ests. The Forest Service has records of six bears killed in 1940 in the Apalachicola Forest and five killed in the Okeechobee For­est. In addition, it is estimated that 20 bears were killed outside the Forest area, but in the immediate vicinity of the Okeechobee For­est, in 1940.

Still fairly well distributed throughout Florida, bears are nowhere numerous. They are probably most abundant in the Apa­lachicola National Forest in Liberty County; in a belt around the Okeechobee National Forest in northeastern Florida; in the region of the St. Johns River on the east coast; from Leon County south to Hernando County along the Gulf coast; and in certain sections of the Florida Keys. It is unlikely that there are more than 500 bears remaining in the entire state.

The authors estimate that the number of bears now living in the Everglades does not exceed 50. The disappearance of the bear from the Everglades can be attributed not only to man's direct activities, such as hunting, fire-setting and drainage of land, but also to his destruction of the alligator and his felling of hardwood forests maintained by large alligators during dry periods.

Bill Piper (left) and his brother Les admire one of their hand-raised young bears at Bonita Springs. NOVEMBER, 1950
It takes a special brand of magic to make a sturdy glass fishing rod out of flimsy fibres. Doran knows the tricks!

Harry C. Doran is a man who's whole future is made of glass. Fortunately, it is a hard, shatterproof glass of his own making, and it can be easily twisted and tortured into cork-screw shapes without cracking or breaking. So tough is it that Doran is one man who could conceivably build a house out of his own glass without being afraid to throw stones at his neighbors. Even a sledgehammer would have little effect on it.

Doran is actually a man with a shop full of glass and a big full of tricks—the glass is his own special brand of fibre glass which he makes into fishing rods, and the tricks are truly amazing to the uninitiated.

You can't help but be astonished when you first see Harry demonstrate the strength and durability of his glass rods. He likes to do this by simply sawing the end off one of his fishing rods. Then he casually sharpens one end to a spine-point on an electric grinder. After carefully selecting the heaviest hammer in his shop, he proceeds to hammer you are ceremoniously conducted outside to a nearby telephone pole.

"Glass is a wonderful material," says Harry as he lightly taps the point of the glass spike into the wood. "It can be made so strong that it is practically indestructible," he continues, beginning to take healthy, full-arm swings with the hammer.

Listening to the solid whaps of the hammer as it sledges the spike deep into the pole, one is not inclined to argue with him. For there, before your very eyes, is the glass spike driven deep and solidly into the wood, and the end is hardly marred by the heavy hammering. In fact, he has driven it so deep that it cannot be extracted without using the hammer to knock it out. Then you see that the point of the glass spike has not even been blunted.

Harry C. Doran drives a glass spike into a pole, demonstrating the strength of his glass rods.

Another one of Doran's tricks is to take the same glass spike, hard and practically indestructible, and turn it into a silky-soft paintbrush. This he does by fire—calmingly lighting the end of the cold glass stick with a match. It takes a while for the glass to catch fire, but when it does, it burns with a slow, safe, blue and yellow flame. When an inch or so of the stick is burned, he blows out the fire, drops the glass stick on the floor, stamps on the end of it, and then picks up your glass paintbrush.

Amazed at the proceedings, you carefully inspect it. Sure enough, you have a hard glass stick which tapers off at the end into silky glass fibres so soft that they can hardly be felt when they brush against your skin.

Like all modern magic, Doran's flaming glass is easily understood when you know what is happening. The glass stick was originally made from flimsy glass fibres which are bonded together with a special resin. When enough heat is applied, the resin burns out with a flickering flame, leaving only the blackened fibres behind. Then, by stepping on the end of the stick, you break the fibres apart. The result is a paintbrush.

The amazing glass rods which Doran makes are hard, yet can be bent into a U-shape, and are unaccustomed with a knife, yet can be ground into any shape desired, or sawed off to any length. Sun or weather does not harm them, and yet they will burn under intense heat.

In making his "Kissimmee Fibreglass Rods" at his little shop located on the Orange Blossom Highway at Kissimmee, Doran insists that all of his finished glass fishing rods be put through a "U-test" before they go out of the shop. The "U-test" means that each rod must first pass the test of being bent into a U-shape before it receives Doran's stamp of approval.

Furthermore, Doran guarantees his fishing rods as being proof against any type of weather, and as being unbreakable under any normal fishing conditions. He will replace, without question, any rod of his making that has been broken, unless it has been willfully destroyed.

Doran's process of making glass rods is a product of his own inventive mind. He was originally a machinist by trade, until he became interested in experimenting with the new glass fibre materials which were being produced. Typically enough, he started his first experiments in his old kitchen oven. These trial experiments lasted until severe fumes forced him to move his operation.

A persistent fellow, Doran experimented for two years before he discovered the secrets of making hard glass rods from soft fibres. "I didn't spend a million dollars on my experiments," he says. "I just put out more in the art of making fibre glass with only a $10 bill than a lot of people have accomplished with a $100,000 bill."

Doran's process of turning glass fibres into glass rods is an interesting one.

He purchases his original glass fibres from the Corning Glass Company, and it comes to him in the form of large spoons of glass yarn, which actually looks like extremely fine white silk thread. By setting the spoons on a feeding rack, and running threads from each spoon into a common guide, Doran turns the glass threads, or fibres, into a loose rope of thread. This is then run through a resin solution which bonds the fibres together.

By a special process, the impregnated glass yarn is then woven onto frames so that there is the correct amount of yarn to make a rod of the proper strength, length, size and flexibility.

The woven yarn is then fed into a tubular, seamless steel mould, or tube, of the proper length. When filled, the rods go into a baking oven and are left to bake at a temperature of about 375 degrees Fahrenheit for four hours.

When baked, the rough glass blanks are broken out of the steel molds and taken to the graining machine, which will grind any stick or blank of glass into the proper taper and diameter to make a fishing rod. This completes Doran's process of making glass fishing rods, informally as the taper and action are done some time later.

The final step is to place and wrap the line guides on and varnish the completed stick, after which the metal ferrule is forced on to the butt end of the blade.

Doran likes to specialize in making custom-built glass rods which will meet any customer's specifications. No matter what type of fishing rod you prefer, or think you prefer, whether it is three feet or seven feet long, or stiff or flexible, Doran will build it to your own personal taste. Surprisingly enough, he is able to do this at a very low price. He does not, however, make a profit on furnishing the handle for the rod, preferring, instead, to specialize only in making the blade for your rod.

He will also fit a glass blade or tip to any handle you present him. He prefers to do this because he feels that the buyers should tell Doran what they want, instead of Doran telling the customers what he thinks they should have. In other words, he builds his rods to please his customer.

(Continued on Page 40)

NOVEMBER, 1950
The gun cracked. The spool disappeared in flying pieces! The console was unscared. "One well-placed shot is worth a thousand misses," Walter remarked quietly.

Next, a common kitchen match was pinned to the tarpon wall. He stepped back thirty feet, turned the rifle upside down, fired twice, and the match was cut in two.

"I should have done that in one shot," Walter complained. By this time my eyes were bulging—but I actually hadn't seen anything yet. The next shooting demonstration was one that floored me.

A common calling card was placed edgewise in a crack of the target wall. Standing again at 30 feet, Walter fired the rifle six times before he succeeded in cutting the card in two.

"That was a mighty poor demonstration," was his only remark.

An examination of the firing range wall revealed that it is composed of eight inches of armorplate. This is covered with two-inch boards to prevent shot from shattering.

Walter started his modern gun collection back in 1930, and despite the fact that at one time or another he has given away 110 rifles, pistols and shotguns to "deserving" people, the collection has reached amazing proportions. It contains shotguns, from the cheapest to the best, of American manufacture—there are no foreign guns.

"Foreign guns aren't in a class with the ones in our own country," Phillips told me. The same goes with pistols and revolvers, to his way of thinking.

Walter's eyes gleamed when he displayed a matched pair of Colt Woodsmen target revolvers, one with a 4-inch and the other with a 6-inch barrel. But it is no wonder he was proud of the firearms for they were presented to him by Graham H. Anthony, president and board chairman of the Colt Firearms Company!

"I'm partial to Colt products after my long experience in shooting," he revealed.

After leaving the range-room, we inspected Big Sand Lake, a beautiful stretch of water three miles long and 1½ miles wide that lies directly in front of Bachelor's Paradise. Then I experienced my next big surprise. For the first time in my life I watched a pied-headed dog, a German short-haired, actually standing belly-deep along the shore of the lake, and rigidly watching fish at the clear water.

"He points out where the fish are—and yet he's one of the most valuable hunting dogs I have in my kennels," Walter explained.

BEHIND Bachelor's Paradise is a smaller lake, a 20-acre body of clear water where Walter and his friends do most of their fishing. Incidentally, no one is permitted to fish there unless they are accompanied by Phillips, and he allows no one to take a fish from the lake unless it tips the scale at 3½ pounds or better. Throughout the years he has used the best available scientific methods for improving his fish crop in the lake. In 1935 he had it seeded for rough fish. At frequent intervals he fertilizes the waters.

Up until a few years ago, mainly through Walter's ingenuity and love for fishing, he and his friends were pulling men-size tarpon from the attractive 20-acre lake—but don't get the idea that the tarpon fishing was something that simply happened.

Armed with a special permit during 1938-39, he and a staff of assistants started saving for Tarpons from F. Myers southward to Cape Sable. Silverings, ranging from a foot to three feet in length were transported in 65-gallon tanks to Bachelor's Paradise and released in the lake. Actually 100 were released during the two-year period and tarpon fishing was "hopeful" until one of Florida's unseasonable freezes a few years ago. Temperatures dropped to 15 degrees—and that was the last of Walter's successful tarpon project.

But don't get the false idea that Walter's sporting interest ends with fishing. Not by a long shot! Although he doesn't admit it, I imagine he is one of Florida's top-flight bonefish hunters. As a matter of fact he gives his greatest attention to that saltwater sport, and he calls it "Fancy Bass Groove." Here he controls 20,000 acres of land that includes an outstanding 20-acre tarpon grotto and 15,000 acres of pine woods, pine flatwoods and swamp. During the last 11 years he has actually hooked and tagged 1,500 pairs of quail in the private pine flatwoods. Most of the birds were brought from Arkansas. In 1948 he released 200 pair of banded birds but admits he has "never found the first one."

There is nothing you can compete with a Florida quail when it's a matter of survival in his country," he told me.

"Fancy Bass Groove" is fully forested and posted. During hunting season he employs men to ride the territory and guard it. In addition, Walter is a staggered hunting day addict.

"Law or no law," he told me, "I hunt only every other day."

Today, Walter oversees the end of public hunting grounds in Florida. People who want to hunt should prepare.

(Continued on Page 54)
BANG!  YOU ARE DEAD

“I didn’t know it was loaded!”

Time after time, year after year, the same monotonous refrain of death is heard, especially during the hunting season. Such a story has been added to the tragic tales again and again:

BOY ACCIDENTALLY SHOOTS PLAYMATE IN FUN FIREFIELD. DUO DIES IN HUNTING ACCIDENT. MAN LOSES HAND WHILE CLEANING RIFLE.

Each of those headlines tells the story of a person being seriously injured or killed through carelessness with firearms. In almost every case, the accident could have been avoided if someone had obeyed even the simplest rules of gun-handling.

When I was a lad one of the boys who played with our gang had only one eye. He had lost an eye from a "BB" pellet striking his eyeball. This wasn’t an accident that could not have been prevented. It wasn’t even an accident, strictly speaking. Four boys were shooting at each other with "BB" guns—playing. Fred was the unlucky one—he was hit in the eye.

Immediately after the accident the parents of the boys confiscated the "BB" guns and told their sons that they would never again would they give them any kind of a firearm. A just punishment for the boys, you say! And yet not one of these boys had been given any instructions in the use of firearms or told of the potential death hidden in any firearm. These boys were absolutely innocent of firearm safety, a "must" when presenting a youngster with a firearm be it "BB" gun or any other firearm.

Every father should remember that, when giving a young son or daughter a first gun. The young ones look to the adults for advice—someone who will give them sound dope based on fact. If the father doesn’t know, he certainly should consult someone who does. The law prevents Pither from getting Junior solo in the family car without instruction. By the same token, every father should make it his business to see that Junior knows about firearm safety before he is turned loose on the unsuspecting world.

Carelessness or lack of knowledge of firearm safety isn’t confined to youngsters with their first firearm. I remember vividly an incident in the Osala National Forest, year before last, two deer hunters were driving back to camp after a morning hunt. In the back seat were, two deer, hounds, and on the floor of the car in the back—two loaded 12 gauge shotguns. It was a perfect hobby trap, just waiting for someone to set it off. As the car came even with our campsite and cookfire which was only about thirty feet from the road, one of the hounds became excited and jumped down on the guns. There was a sudden explosion. A hole was blown through the door and boshcock shot sprayed through our camp. One bolt flew through the tent where our sleeping man. Another ricocheted off a post and hit someone on the boot. Another whistled over the head of a man who was sitting on a stump directly in the line of fire. We found where all the pellets had gone and yet, miraculously, no one was hurt.

We all ran out to the car from which the shot had come, but before we got there the old gent who owned the gun had reached in the car and brought the gun outside. In his extreme nervousness he had pumped another shell in the gun and was pointing it at someone standing nearby. Well, you can imagine the heated and unnerving remarks that followed. The old man was threatened with everything from a broken head to lynching. I reported the incident to the authorities for carrying a loaded gun in the car, which is strictly against the rules of the Osala Hunt. But, all in all, what good will anything do except to educate that man and thousands like him who could have killed all of us and yet only say he was sorry or sing that song again that he didn’t know which was the LOADED? I was so angry and scared at the time that I couldn’t even talk to the man and had gone before I cooled off enough to preach a little speech about firearm safety.

by E. P. Ray, Jr.

Sudden Death, Lurks in Every Gun—Loaded or Unloaded—Be Warned!

A nother incident last year at the same base of the Osala National Forest could have resulted in a dead man. The fellows at the camp were practicing, using their power- packed rifles at tin cans set not more than forty yards away, probably closer. There was no backstop whatsoever. Bullets whistled through the woods back came and hit on the provost. Finally, one of the bullets ricocheted off something and went through the wall of the outhouse which one of the hunters had just left two minutes before. Strangely enough the thing that was shooting were sober and supposedly of average intelligence. Yet when I checked them one of them had any previous instruction in the use of firearms, or firearm safety, they all said "No."

All they knew was how to load and fire. If, as the old saying goes: "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure"—so with these men. If only they had been told about firearm safety when they received their first shot gun of the sort of thing would never first.

These incidents are not isolated ones. Near accidents with firearms happen constantly. My father used to hunt with a fellow whose left arm was missing below the elbow. A shotgun is in his left hand, the right hand on his hip. The fellow I knew was killed when a shot gun, which he was pulling toward him by the barrel, discharged into his stomach. Another man, with whom I was slightly acquainted, was killed while examining a souvenir pistol. A teenage boy was killed by his buddy on a lake near my home town, They had a .22 rifle in the boat with them to shoot ducks, or so they thought—only it killed a boy first. None of these things would have happened if the rules or firearm safety had been known and practiced.

November, 1950

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by E. P. Ray, Jr.

they do not want to shoot.

7. Never leave your gun unattended, unless you unload it first. You do this to protect yourself and other persons who might be injured if the gun was accidentally fired.

If there was only one reason for joining the Boy Scouts, firearms safety would be it. As you see from their rules, the Scouts are taught the essence of gun safety. The younger are taught to shoot and hunt correctly, the danger of accidents is greatly reduced. The safe shooter is usually a safe one, and safe shooters are usually taught while they are young.

All these safety rules aren’t meant for the other fellow, they are made for you—each and every one of you who will ever handle a firearm. I know that you have broken the rules, but try to obey them all. Remember these rules—YOUR LIFE DEPENDS ON IT!
FLORENCE's fairyland, the Everglades region and Big Cypress Swamp, is a seemingly unreal land of mystery and enchantment which quickens the pulse of adventurous Nature-lovers such as George Esplenleub, of Clewiston. To him, every trip into this territory, which, unlike any other place in the world, is best described as an enormous gray lake dotted with wooded islands and pitted with cypress jungles, is a never-to-be-forgotten experience.

"To know the Everglades is to love them," Esplenleub claims, and he is probably right, for few men know the Everglades better or love them more than he does.

An Everglades explorer for nearly 30 years, Esplenleub's enthusiasm for the region remains undampened, and his familiarity with it has bred love rather than contempt. Each trip into the 'Glades region is a new adventure for him; perhaps he'll make a new archaeological discovery, blaze a new trail into unknown regions, find a perfect new or view some previously unnoticed scene of beauty.

Furthermore, Esplenleub, such is his love for the area, has inaugurated a plan to encourage interested persons to visit America's Last Frontier with one American's frontiersmen.

Back in 1928, he built what is thought to be the first swamp buggy in existence by equipping a Model "T" Ford pick-up truck with an extra transmission, heavy-duty rear end, and greatly over-sized tires. He was able to cover a lot of Everglades territory in that old rig, visiting areas never before seen by white men, and collecting archaeological knick-knacks, studying the ancient mounds of the vanished Caloosa Indians, and capturing rare and dangerous reptiles.

These early explorations were made during his other 16-year hours away from his Dewiston machine shop. Then, a few years ago, the call of the 'Glades grew too strong for Esplenleub, and he promptly sold his business to take to the Everglades as a full-time occupation. He built a new, super-deluxe swamp buggy which he christened "Operation Everglades," and went into the guide-service business.

Designed and equipped for Everglades travel, the new buggy is equipped with a heavy-duty clutch, powerful truck-type transmission, low-ratio rear end, narrow-gauge axles and the heavy, bomber-type tires. The vehicle takes to deep water and narrow trails without any difficulty, and splashes through mud and around ever stumps with ease. It is capable of blazing its own trails through five-foot stands of dense sawgrass, with the 18.00x16 tires, which stand nearly four feet tall, giving it the necessary traction, traction and buoyancy for such travel.

Although all modern swamp buggies are actually a product of evolution rather than invention, Esplenleub comes as close as anyone to being the inventor of this type of vehicle.

With his new swamp buggy, Esplenleub is able to visit one of the very few wild regions in the United States which remain virtually unspoiled by mankind. Hundreds of thousands of beautiful birds fill the air above it, reptiles slither on the damp floors, and mammals of all sorts still abound in their natural wild state in its woods and plains.

The streams and lakes of the swamp regions teem with fish, many of which are rare specimens valuable to collectors of tropical marine life. Myriad exotic plants flourish in the densest jungle recesses of the 'Glades, and many of them are plants which are native to no other region in the world.

Poisonous snakes are plentiful but actually far less numerous than popularly supposed, since most of them are shy and secretive and usually stay far out of reach of a human being. And, of course, many alligators can always be seen in the lakes and swampy areas.

You may travel the United States from Maine to Canada and from Washington to Florida, but you'll never see anything else quite like the Everglades and Big Cypress Swamp regions of Southern Florida. Thanks to frontiersmen like George Esplenleub, this strange and dangerous land is now open to all through services like "Operations Everglades."

Examine rare plans that grow in profusion in the 'Glades. Henry Esplenleub imports a large custard apple, white. George Esplenleub is intrigued by an uncommon vine and Paul Frank looks at the interesting leaf formation of an oak plant.
"J-D" CAN BE STOPPED!

How Lakeland's "J-D", or Juvenile Delinquency, hit the kids when interested citizens took concerted action.

by Orville Fisher

Lakeland's beautiful Lake Wire was transformed from a detriment to an asset.

A MILLING crowd of spectators pressed closely to the shore of the lake. Suspicious, curious, edged into the crowd wondering what tragedy had taken place.

Upon the surface of the lake thousands of weak, struggling fish could be seen. Here and there people were busily engaged in scooping up the larger fish that had surfaced close to shore. But in this whole crowd one colored woman was the center of attention. She was knee deep in water, directly in front of a sign reading: FISH POBON DO NOT EAT. In her arms she was holding a huge catfish. A police officer shot over to the shore. "Don't you see that sign?"

She turned around, looked at him, and said, "Yas sub."

He asked, "Don't you know these fish were poisoned?"

"Yah sub."

"Well, don't you know you might die if you ate one?"

She nodded, said "Yas sub," and clutching the big fish to her ample bosom, splashed to shore and strode majestically past the officer.

He watched her go, shaking his head.

"People who don't believe in signs when—"

She whispered on him. "Who I gonna believe—sign or my stomach? I've n't been eating these fish for forty days and ain't one of us sick yet!" With that she turned and walked away through the crowd.

There was something behind all this. Something mighty interesting.

It stemmed from a story which might have appeared in any newspaper in the country. The kind of story which, tragically, does appear time and time again. In this instance it was in the LAKELAND LEECH, and it told of three boys, between twelve and fourteen years of age, arrested for robbery.

"We didn't really want the stuff we stole," one of them told police. We just did it because it was exciting and we didn't have anything else to do."

Fred W. Jones, hunting and fishing editor of the Lakeland paper, read that story. He knew one of the boys, knew his parents, and believed what the boy said. But, the boy was faced with a long term in reform school which might, or might not, help him. His parents were heartbroken. Thinking about it, Mr. Jones knew there was nothing he could do to help the boy now. But what about the hundreds, the thousands, the fifty million kids across the United States who might be in the same situation at some time?

An invertebrate fisherman, Jones' thoughts turned to fishing. He knew about the work of Better Fishing, Inc., a non profit organization, with headquarters at 509 South Wabash Avenue, Chicago, which last year helped 262 cities and town provide fishing facilities for children. Most of these cities had set aside only one day a week for the children; some of them one day a week; some of them had provided special lakes for the kids; some had used abandoned quarries; some had simply stocked a swimming pool with fish.

But where anything had been done at all, it had met with tremendous success. Wherever anything had been provided for the kids had turned out in such numbers as to surprise even the most optimistic sponsors for the movement. In Charleston, S. C., in Ogden, Utah, in Mount Vernon, Illinois, in cities from coast to coast the youngsters had turned out by the thousands. And more important, everybody saw such a plan had been attempted the authorities quickly recognized it as one of the most effective means yet devised to combat juvenile delinquency.

The governors of at least eight states have written BPI praising those fishing programs. Many reports from persons acting officers by the hundreds were enthusiastic. After the plan was tried in Mount Ayr, N. C., Mr. J. W. Shaw, the juvenile probation officer stated publicly:

"This program cannot die! Permanency coupled, physical defects, mental quirks and retardations all vanish when boys are fishing. From the standpoint of delinquency, reports of even the most minor incidents, have been nonexistent during the three months just passed. Certainly when it is a fact that summer months usually bring on more reports of this sort of thing, we must be willing to admit these weekly fishing excursions have contributed to the good record. I do not recommend its continuation as a complete panacea to juvenile delinquency, but very definitely, I feel that at long last, a tangible inroad has been found."

Both the mayor and the chief of police of Mount Ayr backed up Mr. Shaw's opinion, with Chief M. W. Boone saying: "I feel

(Continued on Page 26)

FLORIDA WILDLIFE

NOVEMBER, 1950

Making and female Ivory-billed Woodpeckers, remort of all North America birds. (Photo by A. A. Allen, from National Audubon Society.)

RAREST BIRD OF ALL

The Story of Whitney Eastman, His Life-long Dream, and the Ivory-bill.

BEHIND every discovery there lies a story. The story is usually veiled of the trials and tribulations, disappointments, heartbreaks, and work and worry which are part and parcel of every explorer's life until he finally arrives at the golden moment of discovery. The story behind the recent discovery of America's rarest bird, the ivory-billed woodpecker, is no exception to the rule.

Whitney H. Eastman, Minneapolis business executive and Audubon Society member, was the explorer who had to surmount all of the troublesome obstacles in this case. His story is an unusual one because he believed in his dream that the birds, which everyone else was sure had disappeared, were still existing somewhere, and he followed his quest to its successful conclusion.

As a member of the Audubon Society, Eastman was familiar with the facts on the ivory-bill, and officers by the hundreds were enthusiastic. After the plan was tried in Mount Ayr, N. C., Mr. J. W. Shaw, the juvenile probation officer stated publicly:

"This program cannot die! Permanency coupled, physical defects, mental quirks and retardations all vanish when boys are fishing. From the standpoint of delinquency, reports of even the most minor incidents, have been nonexistent during the three months just passed. Certainly when it is a fact that summer months usually bring on more reports of this sort of thing, we must be willing to admit these weekly fishing excursions have contributed to the good record. I do not recommend its continuation as a complete panacea to juvenile delinquency, but very definitely, I feel that at long last, a tangible inroad has been found."

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(Continued on Page 34)

by Wallace B. Finley

The Ivory-bills of Apalachicola River in Calhoun County in northern Florida, knowing that it was his last chance—either he would find the bird here, or it no longer existed.

In March of 1949, Eastman organized his last searching party. With fellow bird enthusiasts, all equipped with binoculars, color cameras, and other paraphernalia necessary for bird-watching, he moved into Calhoun County. Then, one day, his search ended—he had found the last ivory-billed woodpeckers in all North America. And he found not one, but two ivory-bills.

"It was the greatest thrill of my bird-watching life," Eastman said happily, "when I brought that ivory-bill into my glassses."

So Eastman had made his discovery, but he kept it quiet for over a year, fearing that the only remaining ivory-bills might be lost to the world if the wrong people found out about it before the birds could be protected. Finally he turned over all his notes to the National Audubon Society and retired from the search, for some reason—maybe because his wife was lost in a plane accident over Lake Michigan. Just before the world was startled enough to interest to pay a salary to
Institute has records of the form from many of the counties bordering Georgia, and from the next tier of counties below these. The southernmost record for the species in Florida is about 15 miles northeast of Gainesville, in Bradford County.

The cane-brake rattler is very different in color and pattern from the more familiar Florida diamond-back rattler; even a novice can easily tell the two apart. The discovery of a cane-brake rattler often results in much comment, and generally brings forth an article in the local paper about a "new kind" of rattlesnake!

By ROSS ALLEN and WILFRED T. NEILL

The cane-brake rattler is about 15 miles northeast of Gainesville, in Bradford County.

The cane-brake rattlesnake is very different in color and pattern from the more familiar Florida diamond-back rattler; even a novice can easily tell the two apart. The discovery of a cane-brake rattler often results in much comment, and generally brings forth an article in the local paper about a "new kind" of rattlesnake!

The cane-brake rattler may be recognized by its grayish or pinkish color, with irregular black cross-bands. The tail is usually velvety brown of the same color.

Small snakes thrive about overgrown fields and abandoned farms, often living beneath the floor of a deserted cabin or barn. They also occur in thickly wooded areas on hill-sides bordering lakes or streams, or in brushy hollows full of fallen logs and rank weeds. During the hotter part of the year, they may be found in low areas of heavy timber, and sometimes in actual swamps. The great cane-brakes, or cane swamps, once widespread in the Southeast, are nearly gone today, and the common name of "cane-brake" rattlesnake is no longer very appropriate.

In better part of August or September the female cane-brake rattler retires to a hollow log, abandoned fox burrow, rock pile, or other suitable retreat, there to give birth to a litter of living young. The number of young may range from five to 15, with eight or nine being usual. The babies are similar to the parents in color, although somewhat paler and with a yellowish tail tip.

Soon after birth, the young snake sheds the epidermis, or outer layer of the skin. The epidermis first comes loose about the edges of the jaws. Then the snake, by rubbing its head against the ground or nearby weeds, peels the epidermis back over its snout. The soft, moist epidermis clings to the ground or to the grass stems and the snake then literally crawls out of the old "skin," turning it wrong-side-out in the process! The shed is left lying in the grass, and the young snake rattlesnake is on its way.

Baby cane-brake rattlers feed upon mice, young rats, shrews, and occasionallyupon small birds. Larger specimens restrict their diet to warm-blooded prey, especially rodents. Examination of the stomach contents of 40 adult cane-brake rattlers revealed mainly wood rats, barn rats, cotton rats, white-footed mice, pocket gophers, and field sparrows. Occasionally a squirrel or baby rabbit is eaten, but this is seldom.

At birth, the cane-brake rattler is about 15 or 16 inches long. Growth is very rapid, however; the snake more than doubles its length in the first year. Soon after birth, the baby cane-brake rattler sheds the epidermis, or outer layer of skin. The shed is left lying in the grass, and the young snake rattlesnake is on its way.

EXAMINATION OF THE STOMACH CONTENTS OF 40 ADULT CANE-BRAKE RATTLERS REVEALED MAINLY WOOD RATS, BARN RATS, COTTON RATS, WHITE-FOOTED MICE, POCKET Gophers, AND FIELD SPARR. OCCASIONALLY A SQUIRREL OR BABY RABBIT IS EATEN, BUT THIS IS Seldom.

At birth, the cane-brake rattler is about 15 inches long. Growth is very rapid, however; the snake more than doubles its length in the first year.
The Wildlife Story

Like Jack's beanstalk, it just grew and grew and never stopped.

Almost as quick as the pantom as it strives to protect, the State Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission's FLORIDA WILDLIFE magazine has grown and grown and grown.

The October edition of the magazine has 40 pages, an increase of 16 pages over the September issue. This makes FLORIDA WILDLIFE one of the largest state-sponsored wildlife conservation magazines in the country on the basis of number of pages.

Size isn't the only field in which the magazine has ballooned. Since the publication was founded in 1947, its circulation has grown from 1,300 to 20,000. And that's not all. Editor Bill Snyder feels confident FLORIDA WILDLIFE's subscription list will grow to 50,000 within the next few months.

This increase in circulation not only sells the commissioner's fish and game conservation program, it also sells Florida.

A look at the magazine's circulation list indicates that the FLORIDA WILDLIFE has subscribers in all of the 48 states and in a great many foreign countries, too.

The nearly 300 foreign subscribers of the magazine live in such countries as French West Africa, Japan, Netherlands, Germany, Italy, France, Switzerland, Hawaii, the Philippines, Norway, India and scores of others including most of the countries in this hemisphere.

When you see this list ask the question, "How did the magazine become so well known in such a short time?" All the answers are not known, but it is certain that Bill Weeks word of mouth played a large part in the growth of WILDLIFE's popularity. Many people write in every week, new friends are being made in Florida and the state of WILDLIFE.

To point out the phenomenal growth of FLORIDA WILDLIFE, you have to go back to June, 1947, when the Bill Weeks single-handedly put out the first edition. The inaugural issue consisted of 16 pages, and was mailed free of charge to 1,500 persons.

Weeks continued to serve as editor of the publication until June of this year, when he resigned. Bill Snyder, who joined the staff as associate editor in time for the July 1947 edition, took over the editor's chair at that time.

Snyder was formerly a newspaper and publicity man. He worked on both of the St. Petersburg newspapers and did publicity work for several groups connected with show business. In addition, the former crime reporter was the first public relations man for National Airlines and was that company's first passenger. Snyder says at that time the line consisted solely of two planes, two pilots and one mechanic.

Charley Anderson, who was photographer for Ringling Bros. circus, was also added to the growing staff.

Then in December 1947, WILDLIFE took its first step toward expansion and increased its size to 24 pages.

All the while, WILDLIFE was being mailed free of charge. On August 49, the magazine had a circulation of 15,000. The cost of production necessitated charging for the publication. The subscription rate was set at one dollar a year beginning with the September edition. That rate still is in force.

Naturally, the subscription rate last circulated. Out of the 18,000 persons who were in contact with the magazine, complimentary ads are also banned.

Snyder emphasized the fact that when the magazine starts making money, the funds received will be placed into the Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission's general fund and be used in the commission's conservation program.

By PAUL EINSTEIN
(Reprinted from Tallahassee Sunday Democrat)

FLORIDA WILDLIFE

REGULATIONS FOR 1950-51 HUNTING SEASON

OPEN SEASON FOR TAKING GAME BIRDS AND ANIMALS

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<th>QUAIL</th>
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For further information, contact your local county judge's office.

NOVEMBER, 1950
Florida Wildlife
$12,500.00 IN PRIZES

THE GRAND PRIZES

No. 1

Pictured at left is Sir King Gradon 127, a prime registered Brahma Bull calf raised by Norris Cattle Co., of Ocala, and donated to this contest as only one of the grand prizes. Sir King Gradon is listed as P. H. No. 127/0 and A. B. B. A. No. 58312. Sir King Gradon was sired by King Gradon 17th, No. 687-34572, out of 48th Miss Rigo Manso, No. 217-44890. He will be awarded to one of the four chapters in Florida selling highest number of subscriptions.

No. 2

Two registered Hampshire Gilt sows donated by Dryden Cattle D Ranch, Moran, and Dr. Adams, Lake City. These gilts are to be awarded to one of the four chapters in Florida selling highest number of subscriptions. Also included with this boot will be one 5-h.p. outboard motor.

No. 3

One Guernsey Heifer has been donated by Dinsmore Dairy of Jacksonville. This heifer is the fourth grand prize to be awarded to one of the four chapters in Florida selling the highest number of subscriptions.

No. 4

The above Correct Craft Boat, 12 feet in length, is donated by Correct Craft Boats, Inc., Pinecastle and Titusville, as one of the grand prizes awarded to one of the four chapters in Florida selling highest number of subscriptions. Also included with this boat will be one 5-h.p. outboard motor.

Numerous Other Prizes

Numerous other prizes awarded in this contest will include everything from trips to Cuba and Kansas City to fishing tackle rods, baits and reels, and from fountain pens to .22-calibre rifles.

Subscription Contest
$12,500.00 IN PRIZES

Seven thousand members in the 183 Chapters of the Future Farmers of America in Florida are cooperating in this contest.

RULES AND REGULATIONS:

I. Contest is confined to members of Future Farmers of America in Florida. Open November 1 through December 31, 1950.

II. Chapter Grand Prize:
A. Received by four (4) chapters selling most subscriptions within State, with chapters having first circular Grand Prize awarded to chapters with winning chapters at Florida State Fair, Tampa, February 5, 1951. These participating chapters are as follows: 1. Brazos Bell, North Carolina, Ocoa, 2. Correct Craft Boat—Correct Craft Boats, Inc., Pinecastle and Titusville, 3. Two Hampshire Gilt—Dryden Circle D Ranch, Marathon, and 4. Adams, Lake City. One Guernsey Heifer—Dinsmore Dairy, Jacksonville.

III. Individual Grand Prize:
A. Four (4) all-expense round-trips to Cuba from Miami, donated by Daise Lily Milling Co., of Florida.
B. Four (4) all-expense round-trips to Kansas City National Livestock Exposition, donated by Jackson Feed and Grain Co., Kansas City.
C. Three (3) all-expense round-trips to Miami, donated by Whiskey Petes, Inc.
D. One (1) all-expense trip to New York City, donated by the Florida Fishing Tackle Mfg. Co., Inc., New York.

IV. Chapter Prizes:
A. Single chapter in State selling highest average number of subscriptions per total membership will be awarded a registered bag, dunnage presently unknown, plus $1,000 pounds commercial fertilizer donated by Filer Fertilizer Co., Jacksonville. This prize cannot be won by any grand-prize winner.
B. Single chapter having largest number of members selling ten (10) or more subscriptions each will be awarded a registered bag, dunnage production each.
C. Complimentary Prizes:
A. A choice quality, beautifully finished fountain pen will be awarded for every first five (5) or more subscriptions sold by any one chapter, per State.
B. Five Remington .22-calibre bolt-action rifles, Model 5-14 A (retail price $15.00) will be awarded for the next fifty (50) subscriptions sold by any one chapter, per State.

VIII. Advertiser KP participating chapter shall render a weekly report of its advertising forms, furnished by contest manager, and must accompany subscription remittance to each chapter.
IX. General manager will furnish weekly reports to all chapters in regards to subscriptions.
X. All subscriptions must be postmarked by December 31, 1950.
XI. In case of tie, duplicate subscriptions shall be awarded.
Don't be a Corpse

by CHARLES ANDERSON

Hundreds of hunters bound for a carefree day or two in the open this fall will wind up in the morgue instead! A terrible prediction but true and one that could be erased with the proper understanding and handling of firearms.

No hunting season in the United States ends without at least 500 hunters being killed and another 3,000 injured by the shots of their fellow huntsmen. This season doubtlessly will be even more a national calamity since it is certain that a record number of hunters will rush to America’s woods and fields when the hunting zero hour arrives. Many of this year’s hunters will be inexperienced—a fact that makes it doubly essential to recognize that a shotgun or rifle is a lethal weapon that must be fully understood and respected.

Death stalked Florida hunting grounds last season. Five persons were killed by: pulling a shotgun through fence; taking a loaded shotgun from attic; placing a loaded shotgun in automobile; loaded shotgun falling in boat; and one hunter accidentally blasted by companion. Of the 16 injured in hunting accidents, seven were mistaken for either deer or turkey; one resulted from a hunter trying to scare his companion; another, when an obstructed shotgun burst, while another fired a charge into his foot when leaning on his gun.

Hunting can be fun—or dangerous. So be careful.

Never remove your gun from a vehicle barrel—first. It will mean a trip to the hospital or morgue if you accidentally tug the trigger of a loaded gun.

This is the proper way to take loaded or unloaded guns out of your truck or car. You’ll be safe when you handle them butt-first with the barrel in the air.

Never use your gun for a crutch or a leaning post. Don’t stick the barrel down in the ground for it’s easy to foul a muzzle.

Here’s what can happen when a gun barrel is stuck in the ground. Just pull the trigger and it’s likely the gun will explode in your face.

These fellows are headed to a safe hunting trip. Hand your partner his gun after he crosses the fence and keep the barrels painted away from each other.

Never use your gun as a club to beat down the bushes when you start searching for lost game. Remember, a snagged trigger can result in instant death.

There you are! A quick shot at the roots in the bush would have made you responsible for killing or injuring your hunting mate and his mate.

Never shoot at a rustle you hear in the bush—it may be another hunter. Never pull your trigger until you’ve sighted your target.

Gunpowder, like gasoline, doesn’t mix with alcohol. Keep out of trouble by taking your last drink of the day after you’re home from your hunting trip.
that the summer fishing program has bridged a gap never before bridged, between the youngsters of our town and the officers, and has benefited the officers as much as the child. I hope this type program can be enlarged to interest all the boys and girls in this community.

Fred Jones believed wholeheartedly in the recreational and the character building values of fishing. For an honest sportsman, Jones says, the basic rules of good sportsmanship don’t end with the day’s hunting or fishing. They are carried on into daily life.

“This is especially true if these rules are learned and practiced while the boy is still young,” Jones says. “You give a boy or a girl the chance to learn the laws of sportsmanship, and to practice those laws and the odd is that they will grow into decent adults.

But Jones wanted something more for the Lakeland children than a chance to fish two days each summer, or even one day a week. He didn’t want just a temporary program. He wanted something permanent, something that the children could use year-round and for years to come. To be concrete, Jones wanted a lake for the kids. A lake especially for the use of children alone.

If the kids were to have these lake certain things must be considered.
1. The lake must be accessible to the children.
2. It must have a good supply of game fish.
3. It must be for the children, and for the children only.
4. It must be run properly so that it would be a benefit to the City of Lakeland — not a detriment.

Above all, it must not be an average project. It must be good from the very start and continually kept up in that way. A great deal of work was as he involved but he knew it would be well worth the trouble.

Here is how the machinery was set in motion that gained for Lakeland, the largest cleared lake in the state, and one of the largest “kids” lakes” in the world.

Jones had not yet decided which of the 11 lakes within the city limits would be best for the kids. After checking them all, he decided on Lake Wire, a beautiful 16-acre lake that was within a five-minute walk of downtown Lakeland. This lake was chosen for various reasons: It was easily accessible; it had a gently sloping shore line that would give a maximum of safety; it was particularly free of any growth around the edge; and, besides, it could stand the type of converting Jones had in mind.

Now Jones went directly to the City Commission and explained his project, telling in detail how it could be accomplished and how he believed it would benefit the City of Lakeland. “It will help not only the youngest,” he said, “but it will be a boon to the entire city.” An understanding Commission passed the resolution setting aside the lake for children on the same day the request was made.

Realizing that this resolution would carry no legal weight the City Commission turned to the State Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission. The State Commission, alone, had the legal authority to prohibit fishing in a specific lake, or to say who might and who might not fish there. The State Commission gladly went along with the idea and said so the way was clear for Florida’s first “boys” lake.

The lake Jones had chosen was infested by the weed Echla. This weed is not native to Florida, but had been planted in the lake to clear the muddy color of the water. It didn’t work. Instead, the Echla multiplied so that it 25 feet thick. Jones wanted a lake to clear the muddy color of the water. It didn’t work. Instead, the Echla multiplied so that it 25 feet thick.

(Continued on Page 32)
Porter Driving Home; Eustis Bear Jaywalks; Porter Has Bearskin

EUSTIS—It might be titled "The Case of the Jaywalking Bear," but in any event Mayor Louis C. Vogt, Bob Spiker, Frank Porter and Chief of Police Jannie Dickson received the fright of their lives one dark night last week as their car derailed simultaneously northward after the four had attended a meeting in St. Augustine. Frank Porter, local state vehicle license inspector, swears that he didn't see the "jaywalker" until it was too late and his testimony was corroborated by his three companions. "First thing we knew there was a dark shape looming up in front of us on the road," said Bob Spiker. "Yeh, it held up its paws and we saw it was a big black bear, just as we hit it," said Chief Dickerson.

Porter's light car passed over the bear and the men turned the car around to shine the headlight on the dark form now lying in the middle of the white concrete. "Not a pistol in the crowd," Frank Porter explained later in telling how they very carefully got out of the car and approached the bear which they hoped was in the inactive stage. After a careful examination of the big beast, which they figured weighed over 300 pounds, the men hunted the dead animal into the trunk of Porter's car.

Arriving at Eustis at the Body and Welding for an emergency repair, Porter backed his big auto wrecker out and transferring the bear's hind legs to the crane, hoisted the black monster in the air.

Asked what he was going to do with the bear, Frank Porter said he guessed he would skin it. "We had to bring it home, though, Evidence, you know. Who would have believed a story like this without the corpus delicti?"

Play safe!!! Wherever you hunt or fish carry a vac-viper-kit

A sure, safe, quick snake-bite suction kit sold by car motor or by mouth

Manufactured by W.M. E. McCreeary • Route 6, Box 633 • Tampa, Florida

November, 1950 Please mention Florida Wildlife when answering ads.
Outdoorsmen May See ‘Flying Oranges’ While Quail Hunting

Reports of “Flying Oranges” are expected to fill the air shortly as Florida’s hunters and nature-lovers first encounter the numbers of a flock of 157 brightly-colored mourning doves recently released by biologists of the State Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission, according to Frank Winston, dove biologist.

Trapped, banded and then colored a bright orange with harmless dyes by Winston and Wildlife Officer L. O. Montgomery, the doves were released as a part of a program which has resulted in the banding of over 4,000 birds within the past 15 months. Purpose of the program is to learn migratory habits of doves so that the hunting season may be properly regulated so as to conserve stocks and fairly distribute hunting for the same birds.

The “Flying Oranges” are part of a cymetous flight of doves which appear in a certain section of the State every year, usually around October 1, and then disperse after two or three weeks. State biologists say that all persons encountering the orange doves, or other banded doves, will send the leg bands to the proper authorities.

A SNAKE TERROR

"Clip" a spunky tawny terrier owned by Mr. and Mrs. Horace Baldwin, of Riviera Beach, should be known as a “snake terror,” or perhaps as a “snake terror.”

According to Mr. Baldwin, the dog was responsible for the extermination of a diamond-back rattlesnake measuring three and a half feet long.

"Clip" was reported to have sensed the snake near the house and around its owner, who immediately killed the serpent.

No snakes in the grass for “Clip.”

U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service, Washington, D. C. The leg band number will then become a part of the cooperative dove banding program which is being undertaken in all of the Southeastern states, as well as many other states, and even the Virgin Islands, Winston stated.

Before drying the 157 doves, State biologists carefully studied reactions of sample birds to determine that there would be no ill effects from the dye, and also to make certain that the orange coloration would not interfere with the birds’ feeding, breeding or living habits. Winston said.

Fishing Dog Takes Catch Home for His Master to Clean

COCOA—Almost any hunter can tell interesting tales about智能 hunting dogs, but to Laddie, a nine-year-old cocker spaniel, and Mrs. W. O. Yoont of Cocoa Beach, have what is probably the only fishing dog in the state of Florida.

Like any other fisherman, Laddie loves the sport, and also like his human counterpart, he brings the catch home for the little woman to scale and clean. It is not unusual for the Yoonts to find several fish beside the door that Laddie has placed there, and when his luck is really good, he keeps them busy putting sandfish and mullet back in the river or burying them. His largest catch, a mullet, was estimated by Mr. Yoonts to be nearly 18 inches long.

Laddie is a self-taught fisherman. He watches the water from a small dock and when a noisy fish ventures close, he jumps down and chase it into shallow water where he pins it down with his feet and catches it in his mouth. He got the idea one day when Mr. Yoonts was spearfishing. One was only slightly wounded by Mr. Yoonts’ gun, and Laddie helped catch it in the shallows. Since then he has been an asset—and successful—fish-dog.

NOW IS SIGHTING-IN TIME

By ROBERT IRWIN

T"he panicum, semi-paralyzed feeling described as "back ague" saves the lives of many buck deer each season. But, according to C. F. McCullough of Remington Corporation, Inc., there is another and even more important reason for the poor marksmanship of a considerable percentage of the gunners who take to the woods in search of venison. This is their failure to sight in their rifles properly.

Many hunters have these rifles aside at the end of the deer season and pay little attention to them until the next Opening Day. In the meantime, a lot of things could have happened to get the sights out of kilter and keep the bullet from going where the shooter thinks he’s aiming. So the time to check those rifle sights is right now. Don’t wait until you get a chance at a big rack-

headed buck and then have your bullet whiz harmlessly over his back.

"Rifle sights are not easily jarred out of alignment," says McCullough, "but it can happen in transportation or otherwise without being too obvious. And when it does happen a whole hunting trip can be spoiled. So, whether your rifle is new or old, be sure to sight it in to suit your eyes or manner of holding before you leave on that hunting trip this season. And then be very, very careful to get the gun out of the hunting grounds.

"The sights of all rifles are carefully adjusted before they leave the factory. If your eyes are exactly normal and you hold it in the proper manner, your rifle should shoot true. However, there is a considerable variation in the eyes of hunters and all shooters do not hold in the same manner. Consequently, it would be wise for all hunters to check their sights consistently while another, using the same rifle, may find his bullets going wide of their mark. The sights may then be adjusted to make the necessary shooting corrections.

"In testing a rifle for accuracy, the shooter should be done from the prone position using a sandbag rest. This can not be made by simply putting enough sand in an ordinary feed bag so that it will hold against your wrist and the back of your hand which holds the fore-end when you are in the prone position. Never rest the rifle barrel across the sandbag, lay or any solid object.

"Aim carefully, take a breath, release a bit of it, hold it, and squeeze the trigger. The correct way to squeeze the trigger is to increase the pressure on the trigger as smoothly and steadily that you do not know exactly when the rifle is going to fire. Shoot three to five shots for a group. If the shots are not in the bull’s-eye, then move your rear sight in the direction the group would be moved to place it in the center of the group."

"If the rear sight is fixed, adjustment for elevation can be made by moving the front sight. If the rifle is shooting to the right, move the front sight to the right or the rear sight to the left. Remember this rule: If group is low in the direction in which you shoot the rifle to shoot "high" in the opposite direction. The front sight should be moved in the direction of the shot, while the rear sight is moved against a hard black dot. But your shots will be true after you have the average distance of most shots at deer or lie of your hunting territory.

Carefully check your sights, make sure your eight sights are as good as you have sighted so that he shot will be as good. If he occasionally jarred out of alignment. Test carefully, make the necessary sight adjustments for his accuracy. In other words, some chances of bagging a buck will be greatly increased.

"Sighting-In Day would be a worthy project for every sportman’s club whose members hunt deer. There are always four or five experienced gunners in every club, yet how many clubs can help a novice make his rifle shoot properly in his own region. And this sort of instruction is always greatly appreciated, and the novices see at a loss to know just what to do. Organize A Sighting-In Day program at your club and see how many of the members who will turn out for aid.

The difference between a hit and a miss is often in the eye of the beholder. Closeness or slight distance between the shooter’s cheek and the stock of his gun is of little significance. The thing to watch is the distance between the shooter’s face and the trigger, the distance by which the finger is away from the trigger. Most gunners realize immediately some of the errors of good shooting. Raising the stock to the cheek allows the shooter to get a better "right picture", and helps him to relax from making the all-too-common error of raising his head just before firing.

Raising the head causes the grimmer to do the strange thing fault of most hunters. "Keep your head down" is one of the cardinal rules in good shooting and is strict observance must be made. If the charge of a shot is to strike the object at which the shooter thinks he is pointed. Most gunners realize immediately upon touching off the trigger whether or not the shot was properly aimed and are not bound to the side of the gun. The fellow who shoots with both eyes open (and this is the proper method) of centering the object on the sight and then shoots high than the chap who closes one eye for the latter is more likely to make his "right" shot higher rather than "point it."
**Riverside Lodge**

"Best all round fishing & hunting in Florida."

A beautiful and quiet fresh and salt water fish and hunting camp. Saltwater flats, deep lagoons, bonefish, snook, tarpon, sailfish, kingfish, snapper, redfish, jacks, sea trout, red drum and 36 species of salt and fresh water fish. "Let's Go Fishing!"  L. Chenay, Owner-Manager PRANCE'll 235

**LAKESIDE SPORT CAMP**

A. A. BECK, Owner

Route 2

MOORE HAVEN, FLA.

"Beaut 1 Go home!"

FLORIDA WILDLIFE

NOVEMBER, 1950

Please mention FLORIDA WILDLIFE when answering ads.
RAREST BIRD

(Continued from Page 7)

M. L. Kelsay, of Blountstown, is, to residents of the area and protect the ivory-billed.

The Audubon Society, founded by John H. Baker, president of the National Audubon Society, is very much interested in the work. Reader-reports from the Audubon Society in negotiating with the persons who own the land on which the ivory-billed woodpeckers lived. Through his efforts, and those of Baker, the South Paper Company and the Neale Lumber and Manufacturing Company, agreed to set aside the land they own to make a sanctuary for the bird.

Then the Florida State Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission entered the picture, in October of 1950, officially designating the 1,300-acre area as a bird sanctuary for America's rarest bird. The sanctuary actually includes all of the area in North America in which the ivory-billed woodpeckers are definitely known to exist.

Meaning that two more birds were found, making a total of four, that remain out of the thousands and thousands that once lived in the swamp-forests as far north as Illinois and as far west as Texas.

So Whitney H. Eastman was the man who painstakingly followed the dream of his life to its successful conclusion and gave the ivory-billed woodpeckers back to North America.

Whitehead Solves Fish-Biting Plan With Fertilizer

CHILDE-Linton T. Whitehead of Corvallis believes that he has found the solution to the problem of stopping the fish biting in Florida's larger lakes and ponds.

Proper and effective fertilization of large lakes has long been a problem. Through cooperation with the Commercial Fertilizer, this increasing plant growth and furnishing more food for fish, the method of treating large waters of even a few hundred acres is generally prohibitive.

No millionaires, Whitehead was confident that he would be able to cheaply maintain good fishing in nearby Lake Apopka. His experiments, which are being followed with interest by biologists of the Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission, may well be the forerunner of such work throughout Florida.

Instead of attempting to fertilize all of Lake Apopka, at a probable cost of $5,000 a year, Whitehead is converting a stretch of swamp-land on his lake into what he calls a "natural fish hatchery."

Believing that a seedbed of fish will maintain its spawning beds in the same over one year after he plans to fertilize only a shallow canal running through the swamp-land for about a quarter of a mile. That way, he believes, he can economically "in-crease" his supply of fish far more than when the spawning season is over, the fish will fan out from the canal over the entire stretch of water.

If the plan works, Whitehead believes that there will never be any danger of Florida's 60,000 lakes becoming "worn out."

THE CANEBRAKE

(Continued from Page 19)

than double in length by the end of its first year, and more than triples its length by the end of the second year. A length of five feet may be reached by the end of the third year—truly rapid growth! Specimens much over ½ feet in length are rare in Florida. 6-footers and even 7-footers have been found in Georgia and South Carolina. The canebrake rattler must therefore rank as one of the largest rattlesnakes in existence, being nearly as large as the diamondback. The canebrake rattler, however, is more slender in build than the average diamondback.

The canebrake rattler sheds the epidermis about once every 45 days, and uncovers a large segment of the rattle with each shed. As the rattle becomes longer, it usually breaks, sometimes leaving behind no more than one or two rattle segments. It is obvious, then, that the age of a rattle-snake cannot be told by "counting the rattles"—as the authors have previously pointed out in connection with the diamond-back rattlesnake (FLORIDA WILDLIFE, July, 1950).

As cold weather approaches, canebrake rattlers congregate in some safe retreat, called a "den. This den may be a cave or fissure in a limestone formation, a deserted fox burrow, or the tunnels left by the decay of pine roots in the ground. Here are sometimes found beneath the debris of an old saw-mill site, or under an abandoned and collapsing house in the rubble about the chimney base. The snakes apparently migrate to the dens from considerable distances, and as many as 81 rattlers have been found in a single den.

The venom of the cane-brake rattler is more potent that that of the northerly timber rattler, but less potent than that of the Florida diamondback. The bite of the cane-brake rattler is a serious matter, however; there have been some fatalities.

areas where cane-brake rattlers are common, many hunting dogs are bitten. Cows and calves are also sometimes killed by this dangerous reptile.

ON THE WATERFRONT

GAME AND FRESH WATER FISH COMMISSION

SEPTEMBER 30, 1950

Debit Credit

Cash with State Treasurer $240,537.72
Uncollected Check 6.25
Disbursements 158,743.39
Accounts Receivable 115,693.00
Due State and County Judges (underpayments) 17.75

Receipts:
Sale of Licenses: Florida commercial $256,743.75
Commercial licenses collection 21,852.90
Net State Collected 2,451.70
Sales of Magazine Subscriptions 3,336.25
Sales of State Licenses for Fishing 1,714.75
Fishing Licenses 2,413.64
Hunting Licenses 4,976.00
Unencumbered Balance 265,285.84

FLORIDA WILDLIFE

November, 1950

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HERKOMER'S CAMP

Quiet and restful in beautiful Central Florida, 20 miles N. of Ocala. Furnished Sunshine-Camp with all modern conveniences. Built at cost of $25,000. For reservations, write us.

HERNANDO, FLORIDA

RATES: $2.00 per week. Rates half-priced for children 12 and under.

HIGH-QUALITY LODGING AT SPANISH SPRINGS TARPON SPRINGS, FLORIDA

JOHNSON MOTORS

SALES SERVICE

BOATS MARINE SUPPLIES

CONNELLY'S MARINE

TAMPA, FLORIDA

"Toss Fresh Water Fishing in Florida" HERKOMER'S CAMP

"A Sportman's Dream Come True" HERKOMER'S CAMP

"A Sportman's Dream Come True" HERKOMER'S CAMP

"A Sportman's Dream Come True" HERKOMER'S CAMP
"Show of Flickering Black Bears to the World"

Picket's Farm Camp

"A beautiful Okanoga River"

One of the nine best fishing holes in America, as appeared in LIFE Magazine, MODERN COUNTRY, and other leading BAIT & BOATS • MOTORS EKODORA, FLORIDA For Reservations: PHONE 4230 BLACK, Ocala Exchange

SOUTH STATE OIL CO.
BULK PETROLEUM HAULERS
TALLAHASSEE, FLORIDA

LONE CABBAGE CAMP
BLACK BASS FISHING
OF FAMOUS OLD S. J. JOHN'S
(Seven Mile West of Ocala)

LEE'S LODGE
Pentacostal's Finest
MODERN CABIN 4 FAMILIES KITLINING
2 Beautiful Magnolia Shores
Write for instructions or call MODERN COUNTRY, 524 S 18th St.
SDS LEA & SON
Paradise, Fla.

DOC LAFEYER'S FISHING LODGE
The Best in Fishing
WEALA, FLORIDA
(Paradise of Black Bass)
C. D. ANDERSON•Owner
Phone: POMONA PARK 333

ANDERSON'S INVERSION HARDWARE COMPANY
SPORTING GOODS
CONTRIBUING SCHOOLS
INVERSIONS, FLORIDA
Circle 919 in The Sportsmen's Parade

Subscribe to FLORIDA WILDLIFE Magazine—$1.00 a year.

BACHELOR'S PARADISE
(Continued from Page 10)

for the day when there no longer is a place to hunt and run, he cautions.

He suggests that groups of nimrods, 16, 25, 50, or 100, pool their funds, lease suitable tracts of pine woods and swamp land, fence, stock and post it and use it for exclusive hunting. The man says, "Unless you budget, be used by sportsman clubs and other similar groups.

During the return trip to Bachelor's Paradise, I learned a bit more about the art of hunting a man who had already taken steps that would result in his life-long interest in conservation being effective long after his death.

"I have enough interest in seeing that the wildlife lives and improves that I have actually arranged to have the income from my trust fund used in stocking fish and game after I am dead," he told me quietly.

Later I read his will—and there it was! It provided that after the death of his father, mother, and brother, the income from his trust fund will be used by that state or federal agency having authority to stock the lakes of Florida. Ochlockonee county with black bass, and the forests of the same counties with quail and wild turkey.

TIMBERWOLF or other I felt told
Diogenes must have felt in his search for an honest man! I had met a man whose interest in conservation would be demonstrated long after his life span had ended. It was an interest that likely started when Walter, as a seven-year-old youngster in Ochlockonee county, acquired his first gun, a single-shot .22 caliber Stevens.

"Yes," Walter told me, "hunting and fishing have always been my evils—this tells that my father was a

A successful businessman shouldn't have to"

Back at Bachelor's Paradise, Walter entertained me for several hours with color movies of his quail hunting experiences. He had thousands of feet of film that covered five years of hunting and represented an investment of well over $5,000.

"What do you honestly think of my pictures?"

Phillips asked after the last of the films had been run through the movie projector.

"I am convinced that you likely have the biggest quail hunting film ever taken in the United States," I told him honestly.

AN extremely exciting film when you think that Florida and Game and Fish Water Frederick," he said quietly.

His only stipulation in this amazing offer was that the Game Commission have the film edited down to 800 feet and produce it with sound and narrative added.

As a result of Phillips' thoughtful ness, Florida sportswriters in the new months will be able to view the amazing hunting picture in all sections of the state. Together with the communication of Information and Education already is having the film readied for production.

Thus ended my first visit at Bachelor's Paradise.

"Now come along down the highway," I mumbled to myself.

"Walter Phillips, a fine sportsman and a wonderful conservationist—a swell guy!"

Father and Sons

Bag Big Bear in National Forest

QUINCY—George Allen McDermid, Jr., one of the most outstanding conservationists in the local post office, added the laurel of big game hunter to his wreath of accomplishment by virtue of bagging a big black bear estimated to weigh about 335 pounds on a hunt in the Apalachicola National Forest in Liberty county.

The bear was shot by both McDermid and his son, George Allen, Jn., when it appeared on the census to determine from which gun the fatal bullet was fired. The honor, if any, is being shared jointly by the two boys.

Ben Bostick, who accompanied the two McDermids on the party along with James Cox and Dr. G. E. Boring from Cagle and 12 Liberty county hunters, stated that it took all the brawn that four men had to load the prize aboard a track for the return to Quincy.

Bostick said that he believed that the baggers of "Old Bear" were going to make a rug from the hide, probably as a prize and joy to gaze upon in later years to cause chums to surge forth and pop off many a vest button, he added.

FLORIDA WILDLIFE


Substituted "Hunt, Where and Where to Hunt in North America," this volume seems to live up to its name. Encyclopedic in quality, and completely and fully illustrated, it covers all types of hunting and all species of game and predatory animals and birds in the U. S. A., Alaska, Canada and Mexico also. And it presently finds itself on campfire, woodpile, sking, dressing and coking game.

Carrying the writings of 14 authoritative outdoor authors, approximately half of it is devoted to rifle hunting, with the remainder devoted to shotgunning. Sessions for each type of game and area are charted, as well as gun laws, trophy records, and game inventories.

This book is undoubtedly a repository for a more diversified range of hunting material than can be readily found elsewhere. It does not, however, carry any information on 'pass' or ammunition, which material is found in the companion volume OFFICIAL CUB BOOK.

The OFFICIAL HUNTING BOOK is bound to be of great interest to any hunter, and is a welcome addition to every outdoor library.

ADVANCED BAIT CASTING—By Charles K. Fox. 204 plus ill. pages. Sketch illustrations by Fred Everett. $3.75. G. P. Putnam's, 2 West 40th Street, New York City.

Covering the evolution, practice and theory of bait-casting, this volume is written in a readable, non-technical style. Intended to carry the average plug caster one step farther in the sport, it principally advocates the use of lighter, balanced tackle, that is, light rod, lines and red used in conjunction with the jig and four-ounce

Mr. Fox also goes deep into the problems of hooking, playing and landing fish, principally black bass, as well as the normal renting locations and feeding grounds of the fish. He also has sessions on night casting, field problems, and fishing. He brings the book to its close with chapters on personal recollections, reflections and theories of conservation.

ADVANCED BAIT CASTING can be recommended as a worthwhile volume for confirmed bait casters who enjoy reading and theorizing about their favorite sport.
Heart with two Oak Leaf Clusters while serving his country during World War II. The most recent decoration was for Snow's heroic action when his company was attacked by a superior enemy force and subjected to heavy crossfire of small arms and mortar fire. Volunteering to contact the battlefield command post, 1,000 yards behind, Snow exposed himself to enemy fire. The next day, although the post was evacuated, and Snow was wounded, he returned to his company with information which aided the operation in its withdrawal to safety.

In World War II, he received decorations for gallantry among his troops, even though he was seriously wounded, and leading them into battle against enemy forces.

Capt. Snow is the son of Ernest Snow, of Brooksville, and is the husband of Mrs. Marjorie Snow, also of Brooksville.

Although generally unpopular as a game or food animal in Florida, the opossum will make a delicious meal when properly prepared.

"FOR SALE"

An ideal marketing setup for those hunting outdoor sports equipment, material and services for use. Display advertisements in FLORIDA WILDLIFE are effective because all outdoorsmen read the magazine. Write Advertising Dept., Florida Wildlife, Tallahassee, Fla., for advertising rates and other information.

ACT NOW!

DO YOUR CHRISTMAS SHOPPING THE EASY WAY...

GIVE FLORIDA WILDLIFE SUBSCRIPTIONS!

FLORIDA WILDLIFE will mail your presents—your subscription to FLORIDA WILDLIFE, the only magazine devoted solely to the wonderful Florida outdoors—to each name on your mailing list for only $1.00. Furthermore, in addition, FLORIDA WILDLIFE will send a handsome Christmas gift card to each person on your list. ABSOLUTELY NO EXTRA CHARGE. But, all gift subscriptions must be received by CIRCULATION DEPARTMENT, FLORIDA WILDLIFE mailing division, before December 15th. (Gift subscriptions will begin with January issue. )

STICKS AND STONES (Continued from Page 3)

OCTOBER LAURELS

Dear Sir:

We are taking this occasion to complimend the editorial staff of the magazine and Fresh Water Fish Commission, and especially so with reference to the current October, 1960 issue of FLORIDA WILDLIFE.

We have enjoyed all the previous issues of the magazine and are appreciative of the present issue which features the editorial, "The Disappearing Panther," by Miller Joiner, Commissioner for the Second District, Jacksonville, and also such interesting articles as that of "The Disappearing Panthers" by O. Earl Frye with Bill and Les Piper, and the article entitled "The Coral Skates" by Ross Alles and Wilfred T. Neil, together with the center page featuring "Reptiles Can Be Beautiful" by Charles H. Anderson.

More power to you!

H. S. NEWINS, Director

School of Forestry

College of Agriculture

University of Florida

Dear Sir:

I have just carefully examined the October issue of FLORIDA WILDLIFE magazine with a critical eye. Here in the Federation office we receive a copy of this magazine as well as all other State Game or Fish Commissions regularly. By comparison, your magazine is by far the finest in the entire United States.

Personally, I find it to be the most exact piece of pictorial publication in the world today and feel proud to be a part of your magazine. I feel this privilege to see. Please add my congratulations to the thousands I imagine will be on your way to you, if not already received.

In addition, I will realize the hard work and aggravation connected with such a publication, and it should be appreciated by all sportsmen that you and your faithful workers have produced the superior banquet for sportsmen's magazine. I also wish to thank you and the staff for their fine cooperation with me and the Federation during the past two years of our association.

HELEN SULLIVAN, Exec. Sec.

Florida Wildlife Federation

YES, INDEED

Dear Sir:

I have read for interest a number of years your magazine devoted to the game and fresh water fish.

I am, and have been interested in conservation for over fifty-five years, and have had a dual appreciation with the mystical (Continued on Page 42)

NEW PLAN WILL OPEN CLOSED HUNTING LAND TO ORDNARILY HUNTERS

The inauguration of a new plan to open thousands of acres of new-closed hunting lands to Floridians with ordinary hunting budgets has been undertaken in the Tampa area, according to Cecil M. Webb, chairman of the State Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission.

The program, expected to gain wide spread popularity throughout the state, calls for a working agreement between industry and business houses in leasing thousands of acres of top-flight hunting territory and making it available solely to the average outdoorsman.

Under the plan, business houses would cooperate in acquiring hunting lands now not posted and, after stocking by the game agency, to open the territories under a fee permit system. It was pointed out that the permits would be awarded to companies of the cooperating business houses. It is planned to have the system in full operation for the 1951-52 hunting season, Webb said.

Disle Lilly Mills, first of a number of Tampa organizations to join the movement, has announced plans to acquire 10,000 acres for the new "Webb Plan" hunting program. Other organizations are preparing to follow suit, it was said.

thing in a dozen states. In all fairness, there is less desire for true conservation in Florida than any other state in which I've lived or visited.

You get out a splendid magazine. Your articles are simple, not too wordy. For some reason that fast part of Florida that I know, the west southern part, has had nothing resembling conservation in the fourteen years I've lived in Florida.

Like the weather, everybody talks about Conservation, but nobody does anything about it.

By your July issue, Paul Mason, president of the Florida Outdoor Writers Association, makes the suggestion that an effort be made to see if woodcock can live in fresh water in an effort to protect the species.

In the name of all that's good! If the people of Florida are so mediocre as to let the greatest game fish they have be killed, shot, and killed, dynamited, burned, hunted out of existence, then they haven't any right to be called conservationists. I have caught over 10,000 sock eyed, fresh-water tackle . . . and I've literally lived with this, the greatest, that fish that swims . . . and I have tried to avoid Florida to the last she is about to shut. In ten years they will be as rare as the dodo bird and the wild pigeons anything like the destructive methods of certain interests are curbed. If Floridians are going to sit up nigh t and let a few hundred untrained people ruin the State of its greatest game fish then they don't deserve any game fish of any kind.

There seems to be entirely too much politics and too little interest in the public welfare of Florida. Let a candidate pass 50 around that he is not in favor of any restrictions on netting and he gets this small minority vote on many. Why not announce the two and a half millions to the realization of their loss unless the Legislation passes some legislation to save the fish that belongs to all of us, and not just a very few minority?

J. S. HARDWAY, JR.

Bonita Springs

"Now hold on! You mean to steal them and say I wiped your dog?"

NOVEMBER, 1950
October 18 Storm Damages Few Fish In Lake Okeechobee

An estimated total of 105,868 pounds of fish were killed in Lake Okeechobee as a result of the October 18 hurricane, according to John F. Desprez, director of the Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission. It was stated, however, that the total amount of fish killed was probably too small to have any effect on the Lake's fish population as a whole.

A recent United States Fish and Wildlife Service survey made by Don Lathrop, fish management supervisor, most of the dead fish were observed in the 7-mile-long area between Nokomis Slough and Fort Martin. Desprez said that it was too early to say what effect, if any, the storm damage would have on the Lake's fish population.

To date, Doran's Kissimmee Fibre-Glass Manufacturing Company has been in operation for a little more than a year, and he markets the majority of his blanks, blades, and completed rods to a national list of jobbers, as well as to local dealers and manufacturers. He is never too busy, however, that he doesn't have time to put aside a little time to answer his customers' inquiries or to walk a customer through his setup and what kind of rod he likes.

A graduate of his company, Doran is aided by his vice-president, Harry P. Thompson, and several workers, including Pat Ledger, Emma Morin and Thelma Thompson, all local Kissimmee people.

A man whose quiet appearance belies his active, ingenious mind, Doran is also keeping his eyes open on uses for the numerous glass by-products of his business. He is reluctant to talk about what he plans to do with the glass dust from his grinding machines, as well as the many other uses to which he can put his fiberglass. But you can be sure that Doran is thinking hard about such manufacturing problems, and, since he is presently the only fiberglass manufacturer in Florida, he is constantly blazing new trails with his product.

He is a quiet man, is Doran, but he is a magician with glass, and, like all magicians, he isn't telling anyone all of the tricks he knows, especially when they concern glass magic.

Ocala National Forest Special Hunting Permits On Sale November 15

Special permits for hunting in the Ocala National Forest from December 6 to 31 will be available only from County Judge D. B. Smith, of Ocala, this year, according to Coleman Newman, director of the State Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission. Permits will go on sale on November 15.

Hunting will be permitted in that part of the forest not included in the Federal Game Refuge, with the first five days open to hunting, and Mondays, Tuesdays and Fridays closed thereafter. Special permits costing $2.00 for persons under 18 and $5.00 for persons over 18, will be required in addition to the regular hunting license. Bag limits this year will include no more than one pheasant, or one partridge, or one duck—seven with one or more visible shot marks. Other game species may be taken according to State and Federal regulations. Licenses with turkey and pheasant hunting permits will be closed, and 22 rim-fire rifles will be prohibited in the taking of deer.

St. Marks Refuge Quail Hunt Slated January 15 to 20

The annual controlled public quail hunt in the St. Marks National Wildlife Refuge will be held January 15-20, with a maximum of 60 hunters participating. This year the refuge will be closed to the public and the judges will be conducted in the Okefenokee National Wildlife Refuge, south of Waycross, Ga.

Applications for permits may be made individually or in groups, and at the time of application. A choice of hunting dates will be settled by public drawing held at 2:00 P.M. December 11. No holding of permits for future dates will be permitted.

Since the annual hunt is controlled, no unlicensed hunters must abide by the rules and regulations, copies of which may be obtained from the refuge manager, Newman stated.

The wildlife of Florida is a public resource, and those individuals who violate this property and the laws that protect it are guilty of stealing from the public.

Johan W. Kimbell caught this bony 3-lb. tench, the heaviest of the 227 caught in length-and-weights outing in Washington County's Crystal Lake.

Golf cars • Bait • Motors • Guides
KINARD'S FISHING CAMP
On the Beautiful St. Johns River
5 MILES SOUTH OF PALATKA — ON HIGHWAY 17
FLORIDA WILDLIFE
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Wishing Stone
Open Mon. evenings... Tunes a Week
Piping, Violins, Band, Pauk, Pageantry, Free Dancing and Films
CABERNETS • MUSCATS • ROSES
45 Miles South of Jacksonville — U. & S. 1

GLASS MAGICIAN
(Continued from Page 9)

In making the Kissimmee rods, Doran produces tips for surf rods, fly rods, casting rods, spinning rods, as well as any other type of rod that you can think of.

To date, Doran's Kissimmee Fibre-Glass Manufacturing Company has been in operation for a little more than a year, and he markets the majority of his blanks, blades, and completed rods to a national list of jobbers, as well as to local dealers and manufacturers. He is never too busy, however, that he doesn't have time to put aside a little time to answer his customers' inquiries or to walk a customer through his setup and what kind of rod he likes.

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In making the Kissimmee rods, Doran produces tips for surf rods, fly rods, casting rods, spinning rods, as well as any other type of rod that you can think of.

To date, Doran's Kissimmee Fibre-Glass Manufacturing Company has been in operation for a little more than a year, and he markets the majority of his blanks, blades, and completed rods to a national list of jobbers, as well as to local dealers and manufacturers. He is never too busy, however, that he doesn't have time to put aside a little time to answer his customers' inquiries or to walk a customer through his setup and what kind of rod he likes.

A graduate of his company, Doran is aided by his vice-president, Harry P. Thompson, and several workers, including Pat Ledger, Emma Morin and Thelma Thompson, all local Kissimmee people.

A man whose quiet appearance belies his active, ingenious mind, Doran is also keeping his eyes open on uses for the numerous glass by-products of his business. He is reluctant to talk about what he plans to do with the glass dust from his grinding machines, as well as the many other uses to which he can put his fiberglass. But you can be sure that Doran is thinking hard about such manufacturing problems, and, since he is presently the only fiberglass manufacturer in Florida, he is constantly blazing new trails with his product.

He is a quiet man, is Doran, but he is a magician with glass, and, like all magicians, he isn't telling anyone all of the tricks he knows, especially when they concern glass magic.

Ocala National Forest Special Hunting Permits On Sale November 15

Special permits for hunting in the Ocala National Forest from December 6 to 31 will be available only from County Judge D. B. Smith, of Ocala, this year, according to Coleman Newman, director of the State Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission. Permits will go on sale on November 15.

Hunting will be permitted in that part of the forest not included in the Federal Game Refuge, with the first five days open to hunting, and Mondays, Tuesdays and Fridays closed thereafter. Special permits costing $2.00 for persons under 18 and $5.00 for persons over 18, will be required in addition to the regular hunting license. Bag limits this year will include no more than one pheasant, or one partridge, or one duck—seven with one or more visible shot marks. Other game species may be taken according to State and Federal regulations. Licenses with turkey and pheasant hunting permits will be closed, and 22 rim-fire rifles will be prohibited in the taking of deer.

St. Marks Refuge Quail Hunt Slated January 15 to 20

The annual controlled public quail hunt in the St. Marks National Wildlife Refuge will be held January 15-20, with a maximum of 60 hunters participating. This year the refuge will be closed to the public and the judges will be conducted in the Okefenokee National Wildlife Refuge, south of Waycross, Ga.

Applications for permits may be made individually or in groups, and at the time of application. A choice of hunting dates will be settled by public drawing held at 2:00 P.M. December 11. No holding of permits for future dates will be permitted.

Since the annual hunt is controlled, no unlicensed hunters must abide by the rules and regulations, copies of which may be obtained from the refuge manager, Newman stated.

The wildlife of Florida is a public resource, and those individuals who violate this property and the laws that protect it are guilty of stealing from the public.
Dear Sir:
I got a great deal of pleasure out of your magazine. I am a Florida waterfowler, having been going down on and during the winters since the season of 1935-17. About most any time at Bradenton, and have caught many a big snook out of the Manatee River.
R. G. CORNELIUS
Ridgewood, N. Y.

SNORK ROOSTER

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Ridgewood, N. Y.

NO SALUTE

Dear Sir:
Thank you for sending me your order to cover starting my subscription to FLORIDA WILDLIFE at once. Also add my vote to the many other letters and fisherman in the State who DO NOT want our good fishing ruined by selling our spotted perch, bass or trout.
R. D. PRIEST
Jacksonville

PROFESSOR DEFROCKED

Dear Sir:
I have had the opportunity of seeing your magazine in our school library and I read it until the pages were thin. I can't wait for the next edition so I'm asking to be placed on your mailing list.
I caught a 38-pound garfish in Lake Talquin last month. He fought 18 minutes before I was able to land him.
When I put him open into his stomach contained about 20 small fish, 1 casserole and several small sardines. I am starting a one-man campaign against such predators even though I am only 14.
JIM POWELL
Orlando

Dear Sir:
As one of your 7,500 license customers, now I add my appeal for a protection on fresh-water streams and lakes in Florida beginning Oct. 1 and continuing there after vacily during the spawning season. I will not attempt to argue with our college professors over whether a closed season helps or not. Results are my only measuring stick, and 40 years of Florida fishing has been a very good guide in my receiving first-hand information. I believe closed seasons are ineffective.
CLAUDE ROUNTREE
Thomsonville, Ga.

MORE BLACKLY

Dear Sir:
We enjoy your magazine very much. All the articles are swell, and the cartoons, too. Joe's have more Blackly cartoons, we didn't see any last in the September number. Keep up the good work and please renew our subscription.
MR. & MRS. CHICK CHICK
Miami

EXPANDING

Dear Sir:
Consider the little magazine very much work a "book" of mine-or anybody's. The proof of why you've expanded FLORIDA WILDLIFE and get "enlarged" about it, but I realize how things are these days.
BOB BULLARD
St. Petersburg

SCHOOL DAYS

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Wildlife Institute Says Added Effort Due From Hunters

More individual effort on the part of duck hunters will be needed to sustain the perpetuation of America's waterfowl fitness, the Wildlife Management Institute reports.
"The pw is not the only factor tugging at the waterfowl resource," although hunting pressure is rising annually. The heavier kill is taken by destruction of breeding, feeding, and wintering marshes upon which waterfowl depend. Such areas are presenting rapidly to American scene through drainage -some essential to agriculture but much more important to marshes through the filling of marshes from dredging operations, and through the expansion of industry. The situation prevails, from the breeding marshes in Canada to the Gulf. The combined efforts of all agencies interested in ducks continue to keep pace with destruction of marshes by the Army Corps of Engineers, FMA, the Bureau of Reclamation, and industry.

In every town where duck hunting is popular, there are one or more marshes which produce ducks during migration or winter. Most are small, but there are a few which produce a brood or two, and those farther south, a hundred or more ducks each winter. Nearby are large, essentially weedless, shallow, too and too clogged with vegetation to support anything but a few small game.
Organized sportsmen have two choices: they can watch these marshes go and watch the ducks go with them, or they can roll up their sleeves and go to work to maintain the wet areas remaining productive. Through proper planting and the management level of water lows by dredging, or ditching or blasting clogged marshes, tracts producing this season ducklings a year can be made to produce 24. State game department, the Soil Conservation Service, the

Florida's Best Fresh Water Fish Food

EAGLE'S NEST FISH CAMP
120 MODERN COTTAGES AND KITCHENS, RESTAURANT AND BAR. Via Lake Talquin, 40 miles from Tallahassee.
W. W. Pugh - Box 45 - Weir's, Fla.

NO SIGNAL

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JIM POWELL
Orlando

"This shirt features plenty of room for padding, casting, and describing the fish that got away."

NOVEMBER, 1950

W. C. DAVIS
LUMBER • BUILDING MATERIAL
Missouri Avenue
NEW PORT RICHEY, FLORIDA

Please mention Florida WILDLIFE when answering ads.

Florida's Best Fresh Water Fish Food

EAGLE'S NEST FISH CAMP
120 MODERN COTTAGES AND KITCHENS, RESTAURANT AND BAR. Via Lake Talquin, 40 miles from Tallahassee.
W. W. Pugh - Box 45 - Weir's, Fla.

"Now if we should get lost, I hope you won't go blacking out on our wives which way we went."

Florida WILDLIFE

Prospective advertisers for FLORIDA WILDLIFE magazine are advised that unauthorized persons have been reported as fraudulently soliciting advertising for FLORIDA WILDLIFE.

Potential advertisers are therefore warned that the only persons authorized to solicit advertising and collect advance money for FLORIDA WILDLIFE are regularly employed personnel of the State Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission, and have upon their person at all times an official letter of introduction and authorization.

Before discussing FLORIDA WILDLIFE advertising with any person who claims to be a FLORIDA WILDLIFE representative, please insist on seeing that all of his credentials are in proper order.

"I don't know, I just walked in and asked for a dozen shrimp."

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Bart Peaden Resigns
Post in Commission
Auditing Department

Bart Peaden, administrative assistant to the director of the State Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission, recently announced his resignation effective November 30, 1950, according to Coleman Newman, director.

In making his resignation, Peaden stated that he was taking the action in order to enable him to accept a more lucrative position in private business.

Peaden joined the Commission’s auditing department September 15, 1947. He was formerly associated with the State !. W. Siegler Druggist at Eglon Field as assistant property and supply officer.

Director Coleman Newman accepted Peaden’s resignation with regret, stating: “I regret very much losing your services from our department. However, with the advantages that you have gained, it would be difficult to try to encourage you to remain further with our Commission.”

“Your work with our department has been extremely efficient and ample credit has been given for your work and services being properly managed by you. I especially appreciate the personal interest you have taken in all fishery conservation activities. Your appointment of Peaden’s successor has not as yet been announced, Newman stated.

**TARTERLANDS AND WILDLIFE**

By Bob Dahne

(Reprinted from Florida Trees and Trail Magazine)

TIMBERLANDS AND WILDLIFE

Timberlands are the natural habitat of many animal species found in the State of Florida, and as such are extremely important to conservation of our state’s wildlife and the woodlands are found in the woods that are found nowhere else.

Such animals as the deer, fox, raccoon, opossum, pond hiker, and a host of others are naturally harbored in woodland areas, while many song and insect-eating birds live in these.

In many cases, where woodlands are uncontrolled or destroyed or burned as a result of human activities, timber and wildlife losses are significant. In extreme cases, the more the area is disturbed to the wild natural woodland habitat, the greater the variety of game that will be found. Forest fires, open clearings are especially valuable to certain types of wild creatures.

Uncontrolled burning and cutting of timberlands is often extremely detrimental to our wildlife. Under improper forestry practices, the woodland creatures are bound to become fewer and fewer, and sometimes disappear.

To protect the useful and beautiful wild things found in our woodlands, we must first protect their woodland homes, so they may rear their young, hide, and breed, living and hiding places.

Protection of our woodlands is always an important part of conservation and management program. Planning and development of woodland automatically results in the preservation and conservation of many kinds of wildlife.

In any conservation program in Florida, the sportsmen and conservationists must realize the importance of planning and development of cover for many of our game animals, and, as such, must be properly managed and preserved.

**FISHERY**

**FISH YIELD**

**LIVE BAIT FOR SALE**

**200 Red Worms $1.00**

**200 Crawfish $1.00**

**200 Savage Beads**

**The fish and game of the world in can be caught and sold by advertising in the Wildlife Trade Post. Reasonable rates:**

**FISHING CAMPS**

**BOATS**

**STAR Metal Sportsman Stainless Steel 12-Foot Boat. Like new. Our rack includes 320-22, 320-6-20, 320-6, 320-6.**

**Fishing Camp: BACKWATER FISHING complete furnished cottages with cooking facilities, boat, tackle, guides. Located between Dunbar and Engle.**

**SALESMAN**

**YOU CAN sell yourself and your abilities most efficiently through a classified advertisement in the Wildlife Trade Post. Businesses can quickly acquire angler clientele.**

**PEA FISHING**

**IF YOU are interested in holding a fly fishing party in your local area, and need special breeds of flies, such as dog flies, flavos, gray flax, gray flies, or anything, send your quick-starting, high-impression, accurate, non-try advertising copies through the Wildlife Trading Post. Reasonable rates.**

**BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES**

**TIIRED of something time clocks? Looking for small, private, part-time business of your own that needs only a small capital investment? Why not try designing advertising for your local tackle, bait or outdoors supply stores, advertising them for sale in the Wildlife Trade Post? Reasonable rates.**

**REAL ESTATE OPPORTUNITIES**

**A PERFECT place to go fishing or if you are looking for a beautiful place to live or home or small shops, etc. The ideal place to locate your business in the Wildlife Trade Post. Reasonable rates.**

**MISCELLANEOUS**

**IF YOU are in the market for or sell services, such as building outdoor sports equipment, services, etc., the ideal place to locate your business in the Wildlife Trade Post which reaches outdoorsman in half the country. Reasonable rates.**

**TRAVEL-ADVENTURE**

**IF YOU are looking for a traveling companion to take you on a short trip to see the wonders of mystery or distant lands, the ideal place to locate your business in the Wildlife Trade Post. Reasonable rates.**

**FLORIDA WILDLIFE**

**1950, NOVEMBER 50**

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**FLORIDA WILDLIFE**

**1950, NOVEMBER 50**
WHEN strangers, especially men, first hear the story that I, a mere woman, once traveled the Inland Waterway from Long Island to Florida alone in my cruiser with only a black kitten for a crew, they look at me as if I were slightly mad. A few of them recover sufficiently from the shock to ask why a woman would ever undertake such an insane, lonely voyage.

The only answer that I can give is that I just had to come to Florida. Florida has always struck me as being the ideal base for any artist, writer, craftsman or creative person of any sort. The lower living costs in Florida, if not actually in nine-dollar-purchasing power, can be measured in terms of the less expensive and fewer number of clothes necessary to live in Florida. In addition, there is almost no fuel problem for eleven months of the year, and the rents are lower unless a person feels the need for the lush surroundings customarily found in high-priced, fashionable tourist traps.

Weighing all of these attractive statistics, I first picked Florida as my permanent home and working base back in 1946. At that time I was part owner of a costume jewelry manufacturing plant in New York City.

Fortunately, I had bought a small cruiser just after the end of the war. I immediately took a course in navigation and small boat handling at the Huntington High School. I must admit that I wasn’t too good a book student, but with the boat to learn my lessons on, even if I learned them the hard way, I soon became fairly proficient inside of two seasons.

Then, suddenly, I fell in love with the idea of making the trip to Florida via the famous Inland Waterway. There was nothing to stop me, and I thought that it would be most convenient and economical to tie up at some pleasant harbor and use my boat as a combined home, studio and office. Then I would figure out what the next step would be. After all, even a vagabond must eat three times a day.

I knew that I would have to make the trip alone, since there was no one available who could, or would, spare the time, or with whom I cared to be in such close quarters with for such a long period.

I also wanted the freedom of being able to stay as long as I pleased in any port, or leave at any time without the necessity of complying with someone else’s ideas.

So, business disposed of, I began making my preparations. They were thorough because I would have to spend at least three months alone on a cruiser. My only companion would be my black kitten, whom I designated as my crew.

About the trip, all I can say is that the next three months were the most delightful ones of my life. The so-called monotonous wastes of the Carolina swamps, with their bird sanctuaries and ever-changing colors and contours, filled my eyes with beauty and my soul with peace. But I never had any trouble becoming too peaceful or lyrical on that trip, because there was always an occasional night spent grounded on a shoal or a little engine trouble to liven things up for me. Although I did have my troubles, stranded by the tides or out of commission, I was always able to proceed sooner or later by one method or another.

Finally, I landed at Melbourne, tied up at the Indian River Marina in January, 1949, and began looking about for some way to make a living. Almost immediately I found a market for my bird paintings, and some commercial art, using primarily the themes that had occurred to me during the long contemplative months of my voyage.

Eventually, such was Florida’s effect on me, I launched my “Florida Artist Series” of greeting cards.

What I really want to say is that during the two long, happy years I have spent in Florida, I have found a true contentment for myself that is beyond any price. I only wish that many other people, everywhere, will also be able to find that peace of spirit that the Inland Waterway has given me.
"SUPERCRAFT IS TOPS... for maneuverability and safety."

Ed White, veteran wildlife and law enforcement officer, who covers miles and miles of waterways with difficult places to load and unload, praises SUPERCRAFT'S qualifications.

Signed—ED WHITE, State Wildlife Officer

DEALERS:
- MARSHALL ELDERIDGE
  Lakeland
- GENERAL MARINE BROKERAGE
  Sarasota
- JOHNSON OUTBOARD MOTOR SALES
  Jacksonville
- TURLER MARINE SUPPLY
  Bradenton
- BRYAN WALKER
  Gadsdenville

SPECIFICATIONS:
- 10-ft. and 12-ft. Boats
  Side—¼" Marine Plywood; Bottom—⅛" Marine Plywood

- 14-ft. and 16-ft. Boats
  Side and Bottom—¼" Marine Plywood; Beam—52"; Transom—15½"; Bow—18½"; all framing, seats, rails, etc.; white ash. Marine paints and varnish used throughout.

SEE AT YOUR DEALERS OR AT

Supercraft Boat Company
1116 CARMEL ST.
TAMPA, FLA.