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In this Issue

Nature's Cupboard

Dr. Raymond F. Bellamy

Tough . . . . But with Compensations

Wyatt Blossingame

Slagger of the Sea

Bob Dohne

Stars Over Florida

Harold Richards

Fighting Mullet

John Hodge

The Trees of Florida

Departments

STICKS AND STONES

J LINES FOR FISHERMEN 18

EDITORIAL

4 BOOK REVIEWS 27

DOGS AND HUNTING

14 WILDLIFE TRADING POST 29

FLORIDA'S OUTDOORS SPEAKS 30

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DUDE WITHOUT RANCH

We received a gift subscription to FLORIDA WILDLIFE, and enjoy each issue as we spend several weeks each year in Florida. We've heard of dude ranches in Florida, and this summer would like to take our children to one. We've been watching the ads in FLORIDA WILDLIFE, but all of the places listed are for fishing and hunting. We've also written to several Chambers of Commerce, but have not been given the name of any such ranch.

Do you have the name of a dude ranch where we can get horseback riding and fishing in July?

MRS. ALFRED J. FABACD

5032 W. Collins Ave.

Chicago 34, I1l.

Any help for Mrs. Fussell?

STOOL SITTING

You write words of stuff about conserva-

tion and you sit right on your stool and let

the gnot, mud and such destroy all the

game fish in the lakes of Florida. Back

in the 20's, there were more fish caught

with hooks and lines in Lake Okeechobee

than there is today, yet back then they had

bucket nets and seines. Now the game

has taken over and of course the game

fish leave when the gnot are there.

PLEASE DO SOMETHING!

J. F. SHEPPARD

Sterke

Who me?

EVEN ADS GOOD

Your splendid, instructive and interesting

magazine is the biggest dollar's worth I

know of. I would not be without it. The

subject matter is timely, and always well

written. The Illustrations are splendid, and

the advertisements are an important addition.

Your interest and best wishes for continued

success.

RICHARD F. DECKERT

Miami

(Continued on Page 27)
Let's Go Fishing

For thousands of years, mankind has spent endless hours composing magical charms, chemical formulas and exotic processes that might be used as medicines for curing the ailments of other human beings. Millions upon millions of dollars have been spent in this endless search for an all-inclusive cure-all potion.

But in all this time so many of us have completely disregarded that essential formula for health and happiness—relaxation. All of our drugs, all of our medicines and all of our sciences are almost as nothing beside the simple treatment prescribed by Mother Nature that is contained in the three words: "Let's go fishing!"

For fishing, as any angler knows, is an exaltation that somehow sets a man apart from his fellow men. Not that it makes him a better man than others, but that it lends a more distinctive flavor to his way of thinking and his method of living. Fishing leaves a special mark upon a man's spirit that is clearly distinguisable only to his fellow anglers.

Never forget that a boy who is fishing is not delinquent, and a man who is angling has no time for the meaner or more sordid things of life.

Many a man goes fishing, not to catch fish, but simply to go fishing. He wants something to take him out-of-doors, away from the clash and clatter of modern life and out where he can think and meditate and ponder upon such things as meets his fancy, with no disturbances.

It is an escape for him. An escape into the peaceful outdoors where the running water clucks, the birds sing merrily in the green treetops, and the warm sun heals his soul. An escape into a place where he can cock his ears to the rustle of growing things about him, sharpen his eyes upon the swooping flights of a hungry hawk, fill his nostrils with the clean scent of free air, feel the whisper of a soft breeze upon his cheek, and absorb an entirely peaceful world through all of his senses.

And he comes back healed, rested for the fray of making a living and speaking kindly once more to his family and neighbors and enemies. It doesn't matter whether he has caught a fish or not—he has still captured something that his human frailties sadly needed. He is completely at peace, and no longer needs the anxious attentions of a psychiatrist, doctor or lawyer.

In a sense, he has been born. He has gone fishing and all is right with the world.

So if you're tired and weary of leading a modern existence, upset by the nubble and jumble of business methods, or just want to get away from it all—then take a full measure of Mother Nature's own home remedy. In other words:

Let's go fishing!

The Editor

An Editorial
Jack-in-the-pulpit roots must be parboiled before eating to remove poisonous elements.

The cranberry is not found wild in Florida, but in some places in the state there is an "Ophechee Plant," called by some natives a "High Cranberry," which is really one of the tupelo's, differing from the typical tupelo in having red rather than blue-black berries.

Other edible Florida fruits are scattered among various botanical families or groups. Elderberries are good either raw or cooked. The elder bush furnishes a variety of foods; we have noted in the first of these two articles that its leaves and young shoots make good greens, and its berries are edible, and, in addition, the flowers may be eaten. If the small white flowers are shattered off and mixed with pancake batter, they make the cake brittle and add a pleasing flavor. The flowers may be held by the stem and dipped in the batter and thus transferred to the griddle or skillet. When this is done the stem should be cut loose with scissors before the cake is turned. I have never been overly successful in this last maneuver, myself, but it can be done.

Mulberries have always been among the wild fruits of Florida. The squirrels' whole diet consists of mulberry fruit. If its exterior, turns dark purple during mulberry season, for the squirrels know what is good to eat. It is surprising how many mulberries a growing boy can eat. I have never heard of a boy who is sick after eating mulberries. Mulberries are not only good raw, but they also make excellent pies. They are apt to be infested with insects so that they are not so good as other fruits.

Another little known edible fruit is the "black hawk." These blue-black berries are a favorite of the opossum, and other animals, but few human beings know of their food value.

Florida wild persimmons are much smaller than the cultivated varieties, but they are much better to eat when ripe. They ripen much earlier in Florida than further north, sometimes as early as August. Persimmons are said to be a valuable food for anemic patients, and have been extensively used as food in hospitals.

Although Florida is known for its swamps, rather than its deserts, there are many native cactus plants, more species occurring in South Florida than in the northern part. The cactus fruit is often edible after it is peeled, and has a pleasing flavor, one of its virtues being that it is somewhat thirst quenching.

Treading on more dangerous ground, there are some fruits of the Solanaceae family, which include such domesticated plants as the tomato, potato and tobacco, which are edible, among them the ground cherries or Jerusalem cherries. The service had best leave these alone as there is too much danger of picking the deadly nightshade, or any one of several other highly poisonous fruits. Incidentally, a dangerously poisoned weed which grows around our barnyard is the Jimson weed, and precautions should be taken to keep children from eating its seeds or chewing the leaves.

In addition to fleshy fruits, there are many dry fruits or seeds which may be eaten in Florida. It is amazing how much good food is wasted in America. If we teach water through crushed acorns, for instance, the bitter chemical will be removed and the other good in the northern part of the state. It resembles a coarse

Florida wild cherries may be bitter, but have a pleasing taste when fully ripened. For a while they will have the same effect, but this process turns them black, and that would offend the sensibilities of some people.

Chinquapins, which are rather abundant in some parts of the state, are merely specialized acorns which lack the bitter taste. Another near relative is the beechnut, which is the acorn of the chestnut. If you ever get a chance to eat some of these little three-sided delicacies, do not miss it. The beechnut once furnished the bulk of food for the wild pigeons which migrated in such uncounted millions, and the destruction of the beech forests had much to do with the extinction of these wonderful birds.

The few beechnuts which now remain seem to bear very few nuts, and, unfortunately, there are not many young people who have ever tasted one.

Closely akin to the oats and beeches are the walnuts and hickories. Black walnuts are not only good when eaten raw, but they give a flavor to some cakes, and crushed kernel in rolls, for which there is no substitute. Florida hickory nuts are pretty bitter, but some of them are delicious. They may be used as chestnuts in the same way that chestnuts are used to advantage over pecans in those that are not bitter. The Indians mash up a pile of these and boil them in a vessel of water to allow the shells to settle to the bottom. With gentle stirring, the kernels can then be shaken off with the water. Deer meat cooked with this hickory nut makes a delicious dish. Naturally, other meats may be substituted for the venison, and the hickory nuts may be used instead of hickory nuts.

Heartburns may be cured in early spring and some carry cherries until mid-winter.

The yellow lotus which grows abundantly in our lakes and bays has a funnel-shaped capsule which holds several seeds that look almost exactly like acorns. The Indians in the Northwest used to harvest great quantities of these for food, and they are a source of food for our wild ducks, as is the wild rice which grows in scattered localities in the rivers which rise from cold springs, such as the Wakuilus and St. Mary's Rivers in Northwest Florida. Wild rice is a delicacy, and is sold at fancy prices.

Fines seeds are quite good to eat, but, in Florida, only the long-leaved and slash pine produce seeds large enough to be important as food. Squirrels and pigs eat large numbers of them.

There are many other edible seeds of lesser significance, either because of scarcity or lack of flavor. Maple seeds are not bad, but they are rarely eaten by humans. Sunflower seeds have always been a delicacy in Russia, and some of our wild sunflowers have sizeable seeds.

Numerous leafy herbs have edible seeds, or fruits. One of the arums of the swamp has a star-like blossom, which grows in dense clumps. They may be leached, as the arums are, with a similar improvement in their taste. These have a commonality called "duck corn," but when cooked, pigs, cows, and even wild animals will eat them. It is rarely eaten, or ever seen, by humans.

In addition to the lemons, fruits, and seeds, the roots of many plants are of value as food. Certainly the most important of these in Florida is the Zamia, of which we have two species, one characteristic of South Florida, and the other found in the northern part of the state. It resembles a coarse

Roots of palm-like zamias are still staple food of many Seminole Indians in Florida.

fern, or small palm or sago. It is still a staple article of food for the Seminole Indians, and Professor F. J. Bruguiere, of the University of Florida, who has recently completed research along these lines, believes it was used rather than corn by the earlier Indians.

Another root, which is standard food for the Indians is "Indian turnip," or the root of Jack-in-the-pulpit and the closely related green dragon. It is exceedingly bitter that this par
bolished before eating. It is not exactly poisonous, in one sense, but it would probably kill a person if eaten raw, in much the same way that a handful of broken-up razor blades would. One member of a party nearly touched his tongue to one of them, and we immediately had a problem on our hands.

There was no water at hand, so one of the party hurriedly dashed off and brought some from some distance away. The water helped, but was not by any means a complete success. We tried everything to get rid of the burning sensation in his mouth, the most successful turning out to be hav
ing him eat some of the chard stalks described in the previous article. All members of the arum group, including the cultivated "tangelo" and several of the same characteristics, and even the leaves contain an irritating substance.

Squaw root has been used for food for several centuries after, and is therefore no reason why they should not be used for food. The squaw root is the wat
er-like which have clumsy yellow dumb (Continued on Page 20)
TOUGH...

...but with compensations

By WYATT BLASSINGAME

FOR TRUE ADVENTURE, YOU CAN'T BEAT THE LIFE OF A FLORIDA WILDLIFE OFFICER

I'm not working. I reckon I spend about half my nights at home. The rest of the time I sleep in the woods. Once I spent three days and nights watching a fish trap, waiting for the man who owned it to show up. Then there are trips like this when I'll be gone for a week or more.

Even on those nights when a warden can be at home his hours of work are uncertain, "I get up when I wake up," Von said. "Sometimes it's 2 in the morning, sometimes 5 in the morning. Most of your violations are in the early morning, but you can't count on that, and you can't let your violators count on you. If you know they are out every morning soon 5 or 6 o'clock, they'll jackrabbit or run their fish traps at night. You've got to let them see you one morning at 5, and the next at 7, and again at midnight. They've got to know you are likely to turn up any hour of the night."

What did his wife think of this way of living? "I was a game warden when she married me," Von said, grinning. "That's natural, it doesn't do to be away from her too much. But it's not as much as it might seem. She likes to be fishing and hunting almost as much as I do, and I take her with me whenever possible. Sometimes it's a help to her, too, the violators seeing you with a woman don't expect you to be a warden."

But what about the danger, I asked. "I don't take her where I think there's going to be too much danger," Von said. "And then, quite seriously, "The truth is, the job isn't very dangerous.""

This, it seemed to me, depended largely on the point of view. The game warden goes into the wildest and finest parts of the country, goes usually alone, and after men who are

"To the Old fellow had no use for the game laws but he liked to hunt deer in season because there were other people in the woods then and he could make use of their dogs. This particular morning somebody's dog ran a couple of bucks past him and with his usual regard for the law he shot both of them. He put the smaller one on his shoulders and lugged it over to the big one and just as he was touching to put it down he saw the game warden leaning among a tree and watching him. The old cracker never batted an eye. No, just straightened, spat tobacco juice, and said, "I see you got one too, warden," and took off.

"Well we laughed. "Of course he didn't go far," Von Walker said. "But it gives you an idea of the game warden's job, a game warden's job is to keep a man, a warden, a game warden, a wildlife officer, in business."

We were sitting around a campfire on the bank of the Suwannee River and it was not a country of old plantation houses and dandies singing in the moonlight. It was wild and beautiful and rugged. For a day a half, since leaving White Springs, we had not seen a house or a person. Three days before we had put our boats in the Okefenokee Swamp and we were headed for the Gulf of Mexico. Von Walker, Florida wildlife officer, had been sent along by the Florida Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission as guide.

I asked Von how he had happened to become a warden. "It was more or less by accident," he said. "I had been invalided out of the Navy and when I was getting well I went on a trip with some friends who were wardens. They were after gus dynamiting fish. Only one fellow got away from us and he got away start nacked."

"Like the cracker with the deer," I said. "He didn't get far.""

"He didn't get away. There were just two in the last dynamite last we tackled and when we came away this fellow was in the water nacked. The other man was on the bank. When they saw us the man on the bank took off, and I took off after him. I could run faster than the warden and I'd heard good luck running down the dynamite."

I believed him. He had a way of exclaiming from complete immobility into action like a bullet from a gun. Charlie Anderson, our photographer, said Von had a muzzle velocity of better than 100 yards per second."

"I don't worry about the man without any clothes," Von said. "The wardens were sitting on their clothes, I just lit out through the brush as far as one of the streams and when I caught him I said bring him back the naked one were gone—we'd swim straight across the river, climbed to the bank, and run. The only way the wardens could have stopped him would have been to shoot and they didn't do that. Anyhow, we were sure he couldn't get away. About five miles off there was a swamp nobody could get through, with a public highway on one side of it. Either the fellow would have to double back or turn north, so we circled out to get him, taking his clothes with us."

"And then—"

"He fooled us. At the swamp he wrapped Spanish moss around his waist and climbed up on the top. He walked two miles right down the public highway, crossed a bridge and went to a friend's house. We never did get a conviction on him."

"But," Von added, "that's how it happens in a game warden."

The district chief was along on that trip and he offered me a job and I took it. Von looked at me across the campfire. His face was suddenly serious and inarticulate. "And I've never regretted it," he said. "The job doesn't pay too well. I've heard fellows say they wouldn't work as hard as I do for the money I make. But I wouldn't change. I figure a man has to earn a living, but if he can't, he's happy while he's doing it, he's ahead of the man who makes move and is miserable while he's doing it."

That made sense, but I wondered how many young men had the courage to make such a choice in this era when Success is a religion and Money the only path to Success. They had told me at the Florida Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission that Von Walker represented the new, young school of wildlife officer the commission wanted. "Only it's hard to get the men we want," Coleman Newman, the commission director, had said. "We realize our work is as much educational as it is law enforcement, and for that we need men of real moral and intellectual quality. They must be high school graduates, at least, and they need an acquired as well as native, born knowledge of the woods and of wildlife. They need physical courage as well as physical strength and intelligence. The work is dangerous, the hours long and uncertain, and the pay relatively small."

Then Cole man, who was once a game warden himself, in Texas, added, "But for the right man there are a great many compensations."

Now, listening to Von Walker talk, I learned what some of those compensations are. I learned a great deal from him in the next four days as we made our way downstream toward the Gulf. He talked about the independence of his work, about being alone and on his own most of the time. He spoke of the security the job offers now that it has been removed from the sick; hole of politics. But it was when he talked of the outdoors, the Florida woods and streams, that I understood why he was happy in his work. "I was born and raised here," he said. "And, if I were on a pension I'll keep right on doing pretty well what I'm doing now."

How many hours a week did he work? "I don't know," Von said. "Because it's hard to say just when..."
almost invariably armed. Only a few
jumped from behind, disarmed, and were
badly shot or cut by the warden's collarbone, cut his face and head, and undoubtedly would have killed him had not the warden shot the man in self-defense. By now the viola-
tor's companions could be heard running toward the scene and the warden, not wishing to be forced into shooting anyone else and in no shape for fighting, left the scene. Later, despite the fact that he was a fully accredited law officer perform-
ing his duty when attacked, he was hailed into court and charged with first-degree murder. The charge was finally reduced to manslaughter after the commission sent in its own lawyer, but even so the warden was sentenced to 20 years' imprisonment. Only after a long and bitter fight by the com-
mision was he finally paroled.

In another case in north Florida a warden was arresting two men for

(Continued on Page 21)

I T WAS a frantic scene: Several dozen fishermen were perched precariously on the slippery, coral-crusted rocks bordering an ocean inlet. Every now and again, a towering cumber boomed over the rocks, battering the unlucky men off their feet, and only soaking the more fortunate ones.

In between times, the anglers cast furiously into the inlet, reeling their lines in a top speed as they moved their long rods back and forward in rhythmic sweeps that imparted life-like motion to the feathered hooks. And they were catching fish. On almost every cast, the rods would suddenly buckle down and then spring back under a hard, aggressive strike.

Sometimes the strike was short and false, and the fish would slip away into a watery freedom. Other times, the unknown fish was hooked fairly, and the fisherman would go dancing and leaping over his prize.

By BOB DAHNE

the jack flipped suddenly, and the
man's foot came down hard on a
rounded edge of rock. He tested si-
tently, off balance and then fell head-
long into the foaming water. He
crashed for air as he came up, and then
crawled slowly back to his rock

He was sitting forlornly on the
corals. In between, he heard the
anglers speckling the flat, hard fish
ever the catch. He seemed to be crooning a sad song
under the blows, and the fish would slip away into

He held them up for inspection. His right hand was flashed open next
ly across the palm, while his left hand showed little specks of crimson, when
pieces of skin had been chipped and knocked off.

"I can't even open and close my
dands enough to hold my rod, much
less reel in a fish," he complained.

"You hadn't oughta pick up a jack
by the tail; those scutes along the
side will cut you open every time."

"Well, I might as well go home.
Even if I could cast, you can't catch
nothing but jacks. That's what gets
me—every time the fishing gets good,
the jacks move in by the thousands."

"You must be crazy!" said another
fisherman. "Ain't no better eats a
jack than a jacks; and as far as fighting
goes, they don't come any better."

"Well, you can sure have my share
of them. I wouldn't give you a nickel
for a jillion of them. Nuts to your
jacks. I'm going home and soak my
mitts in hot water." He turned and
trudged up the beach toward the line
of parked cars.

So it goes. The jack crevalle is cu-
rious for the fact that most fisher-
men regard him in two lights: They
either hate him, or they love him. Rare is the rodster who can dis-

(Continued on Page 24)
FLORIDA is so full of human stars that we must state our meaning when we talk about stars. This is about real stars—stars in the heavens, stars that light up the universe, stars that seem to shine so much more clearly and brightly for the observer than they ever do for the people who stay up in cities.

But who always stays in a city seldom sees a really good look at the Milky Way, that bright belt in the heavens which shows the shape of our particular galaxy in the universe—our own island universe, one of thousands. What city-dweller, whose orbit includes only his place of work, his home, and a few local rendezvous, has ever seen the stars as they present themselves when a man or girl is out hunting, fishing, camping by night, or just plain loafing under Florida's starlit canopy of beauty?

Have you ever used the stars to find your way out of the woods or the hammocks or the waters of Florida? Stars won't fool you.

You may have noticed them shifting around from month to month, but what is a star? And what is the rhythm of their shifting?

In opening up your life to include the stars, the main thing is to hold on to a few landmarks, and then catch on to the way the stars shift from hour to hour and month to month. "Well, well," you say, looking up in the sky, "There's Orion! Winter is coming—or what passes for winter in Florida."

For a great many people, life takes on a new meaning when they can glance up at the sky and note that the stars are in their places at the right time. Never mind, now, just light the night—let's affect our committees, strikes, prices, or warlike communities.

The best thing at the start, of course, is to walk up all night, as soon as possible. Do breakfast on the parade pass in review for the first hour or so. One of the main troubles with the world is that more people don't stay up all night. In the daytime we can be interrupted, but at night we can concentrate. If somebody gave you a high-powered racing automobile, you would want to find out how it could do, wouldn't you? But suppose somebody flashed a red stoplight every two blocks, and you had to start all over. You'd lose all the momentum you had! You would never find out what the beautiful machinery could do.

Something similar applies to our intellectual machinery and our intellectual momentum. So start your night at least twice a week, watching the stars. You don't have to keep your eyes on them every minute. But keep closely every hour—and figure out some of your personal problems between looks. You'll notice changes through the night.

The main skymark is the North Star. The North Star stays put. Year or night, its altitude above your horizon is about the same as your latitude. Jacksonville, Tallahassee and Pensacola are at approximately the same latitude, a little more than thirty degrees north of the North Star. So, for North Florida, the North Star is about thirty degrees above the north horizon, and you should see it in the early evening. Miami is a little less than twenty-six degrees above the equator, and Key West a little less than twenty-five degrees. So, from South Florida, the North Star will shift two-thirds of the way up from the horizon. But for quick naked-eye work, you can count on finding the North Star roughly one-third of the way up from the horizon, figuring the angle from the horizon to the overhead point as all the way.

Just stretch one arm out due north, and other straight overhead to zenith. That's ninety degrees. Then take one-third of that angle, up from the horizon to the North Star, pointing to the North Star, the brightest star in that part of the sky.

To make sure, check by the Big Dipper, the Little Dipper and Cassiopeia. Find a curving line of stars going out from the North Star and ending at an approximately square cup. This is the Little Dipper. The North Star may be likened to a bright nail the Little Dipper is hanging from—the nail through a hole in the end of the handle.

Then look for another dipper that appears about twice as large, and brighter. This is the Big Dipper. The two stars forming the outside of the cup of the Big Dipper point to the North Star. They are called the pointers. The Big Dipper has a slight bend in its handle near the end.

Finally, look for a "W"-shaped constellation of five bright stars, looking nearly as big as the Big Dipper. This is Cassiopeia. The open side of this "W" (the top as the "W" is printed) is a general direction of the North Star. Early on a summer night, in Florida, Cassiopeia is too close to the horizon to be well observed—but give it a few hours and it will get up high enough to be seen, later on in the sky. Cassiopeia is to the north, 120 degrees, or two hours, a month.

Still another test, if you happen to be a camera enthusiast, is to leave a camera focused on the North celestial pole for several hours, with the shutter open. For a few minutes, the camera will be in about the center of the picture. Keep the camera shielded from the light. Then after a few minutes, the picture won't be fogged during the long exposure. The camera is steady, well shielded, and properly focused, you will find parts of circles on the film.

Astronomical distances are so great that it is difficult to measure them with a standard telescope. One method is to use a small telescope to look through at a given distance in the sky, the distance and magnitude ratio being determined by the telescope's magnification and the distance of the object. This method can be used to determine the distance of a star or galaxy.

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and they were all pretty good. I had been in my own estimation, inadvisable.

And my dogs suffered, once at least. It happened a week after the run.

On that particular night, a friend and I had had two or three hours of running rabbits until he had caught quite a few

coons and had been horribly sprayed. Otherwise, he may have the impression that you don’t want him to run anything. Reminds me, he can’t understand what you are trying to do. For instance, I think the fact that you don’t like what he does.

Now, I don’t want, and won’t have, fox or coon dog that will strike

and trained several good dogs at once. I think to have to be a whole dog when you are out. But I never did until they had several months of exposure

on the game sought. As a dog gets older, and more experienced,

he has to be able to stop running rabbits otherwise it is soured to the

learn. I usually found my friend’s dog up all night; it was a weak.

From this, I find that in the first six months or so, we’re going
to do just what we did with the puppy last month. We’re going to

teach the pup to run, to be with us, want to please us, and love, and respect

us. We’re going to be kind, for the dog himself, so that we can learn all about him and also learn to love and respect him.

Then we’re going to take him out into the woods to let him get acquainted with this big, strange world. We’re not going to

run him any more than we did the big pup. All in good time, we’re going to

teach him to run. The best way to train any hound is to

hunt with an older dog, or a pack of dogs. This method, the one I learned from example, and I’ll have the satisfaction of

some of the most famous.

This is the idea involved, but maybe, for some reason, we can’t do this. Then we’ll have to try a team with older and

newer, or at least we’d have to try a team of dogs. If we don’t have enough, we’d have to train them in a similar way.

Thereupon, if you want to hunt foxes, the most important item is to get a fox dog.

If you want to hunt cats, get a fox from stock that has been running cats. And so on.

But let’s be more specific. Let’s assume that we want not only a hound, but that we want to hunt coon especially.

The first thing we’ll do, if we’re wise, is to get a pup (remember we’re going to

Punishment of the dog for errors should be

proof that we know. The main reason we’re going to

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accuracy. In all the instances of coon hunting that I’ve ever been in, the dog has come to be an aid to the owner.

Perhaps you have your friend who is a coon hunter, and even if it’s not

true of the one you are talking about, and not true of me,

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Stretching from Pensacola in the west to Miami in the south, Florida's vast forests cover approximately 22,000,000 acres, and are one of her most important natural assets. Florida's forest lands, producing chiefly slash and longleaf pine, support a mushrooming woods-products industry which includes pulp and paper mills, sawmills, lumber companies, and other valuable enterprises. Today, these industries are bringing the state an income of more than $200,000,000 each year, and this total is increasing steadily each year.

Not only are Florida's woodlands economically important, but they also are an attraction to every person who loves the outdoors. Besides providing shade and beauty, Florida's trees provide food and shelter for all of the varied species of wildlife found in the state.

Presented here are only a few of the more than 300 native and exotic species of trees found growing wild in Florida. No other state in our nation has such a wide variety of trees within its boundaries.

Trees mean both beauty and money, so the slogan "Prevent Woods Fires in Florida" should have a special meaning to all.
By PHIL FRANCIS

BLUEGILLS ARE BITIN’!

I watched Manny’s cast settle lightly on the ripples where the sun was setting, and a moment later heard the typical kissing sound of the rising fish. Manny’s fly rod slanted into a graceful curve as the fish bore in darting circles in a plucky attempt to free itself of the hook. A few moments later, Manny’s face beamed with a happy grin as he held up a chunky bluegill.

“This is fishin’, Phil,” he said. “You can have your美观, your turpence, and your bass. I’ll take ‘taters.”

Manny thinks nothing of driving a 200-mile round trip from Miami to Clewiston for a week at Lake Okeechobee bluegill. Lake unluckiest members of anglers throughout the state, he finds a peaceful relaxation to the angling for which the more boisterous gamefishing does not offer.

The magnificent black bass is said to be the most popular gamefish in the country, but there is certainly plenty of room for argument about that. The bass is undeniably a top fish with the boat casters, but I’d be willing to bet that the bluegill and the other panfish such as sunfish attract a larger total following of fishermen.

This is surely the case in any lake town of Clewiston. When the word is out that “the brim are bedding,” folks who haven’t set a line in months rush to dress their fly rods or check the rigging on their cast poles. Everyone suddenly becomes very busy digging worms, tying their flies, or making leaders. The tackle counters feature a brisk business, fishing camps enjoy a marked increase in camp rentals, and the stampede is on.

Why are bluegills so popular? An easy question and easy to catch, and easy to eat. They are picturesque, nor capricious, nor unpredictable. They don’t care which way the wind is blowing, and they pay little attention to the phase of the moon. Being fish of simple tastes and direct purposes, they are not too choosy about how, when, or where they are taken. Bluegills simply eat when they’re hungry — and they’re nearly always hungry.

To discuss all the methods of fishing for bluegills would be impossible in the space allotted to this department, for the means of catching them are legion. Since the maximum pleasure with a bluegill is to be had via the fly rod, let’s take a look at a few of the fundamental principles of fly fishing for them.

The bluegill and a light fly rod are more compatible than ham and eggs. In the first place, the bluegill’s snide little light is more pleasing on fly tackle than on any other type of equipment. In the second place, artificial flies will take more and larger bluegills — day in, day out — than any natural bait. If you disagree with this assertion, it is always good that you have a lot to learn about fly fishing for these little cousins of the black bass.

The fly itself is of prime importance to successful fly fishing for bluegills. Not that bluegill are overly particular about color or pattern, but the fly and the fisher both need the fly特殊 must be of a size easily encompassed by the bluegill’s tiny mouth. Hooks larger than size 10 simply will not stage a respectable percentage of bluegill strikes, whereas sizes 12 and 14 will make contact nearly every time.

There is no more killing lure for bluegills than a size 14 dry fly, similar to those used for trout. Dry flies are typically fished merely by hackle feathers, not by cork or balsa wood bodies. They may be beaded in a regular dry-fly oil, or they may be waterproofed with fly-line dressing to make them float better. Red, humeral, goldhead dry flies are seldom seen in Florida, and our "cracker" bluegills are easily fooled by them. Dry flies are especially effective late in the evening. Fish them on very light leaders, and don’t try to manipulate them on the water. Just cast them over the brush, and they’ll do the rest.

Very popular for bluegill in the Lake Okeechobee area is a size No. 8 yellow-and-black popper designed to create the general appearance of a humble bee. Dealers in Clewiston tell me it’s their best seller, so it must have strong bluegill appeal. Second best in sales here is a brown rubber grasshopper with a yellow underside. This one is a spinner which frequently gets the bluegill when they refuse to come up to a surface lure.

Excellent, too, are the sponge rubber spider forms with rubber band legs. These can be fished either under or on the surface, and are best in the smallest size available.

All of the standard wet fly and streamer patterns, small bucktails, and even dry-rods spoons and plugs, will take their share of bluegills. Just remember that tiny mouths make your fly a tempting tidbit when you make up your fly assortment and keep those hooks small!

If you can afford a special rod for broom fishing, get an ultra-light one. In any kind of fishing the fun the fishermen gets is in inverse ratio to the weight and strength of his tackle. Be that as it may, there isn’t a fly rod made that won’t do a good job on bluegills, so if you own a fly rod—any fly rod—that’s all you need.

Nothing special in the way of a reel or line is necessary for fly fishing for bluegills. Any type of fly reel that will hold more line than that of lines that balances with your rod will serve nicely.

Light tapered leaders at least six feet long are recommended for bass fishing, and they should test no more than six pounds at the fly end. A long and light leader is always an advantage when the fly is small, giving the fly better balance and a more detached appearance.

Fly fishing for bluegill is easy. There are no set rules of casting form or style. Just make short casts, and fish the line slowly. If you find yourself missing strikes, put on a smaller fly. The smaller the better, the better it will serve you.

—END

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SALE - $19,500 - CASH DISCOUNT
"Follow the signs right of Hernando" ON LAKE TRAIL APPEKA
NATURE'S CUPBOARD
(Continued from Page 7)

flowers, and leaves which are green on the underside of the leaf, and it would be interesting to know something of its composition. It might have great food values if properly processed, or it might contain poisons valuable as insecticides. The same is true of the wild sweet potato, or "sweet potato of the earth." Palmetto berries are poisonous by day, and it is quite possible that they would make good human food. Smilax berries might have food value and might help the heavy crop of smilax roots.

Research might also be made in the cultivation of some of these wild plants. Zamia grows in a sandy, purplish sand where nothing else much grows, and it would be interesting to plant a few acres of Zamia and see what happened. An orchard of Mayhaw trees, properly trenched and seeded, might be of use as a root maker as well as a grove of chinquapins.

In closing, it might be worth while to note that not only neglected many of our wild foods, but we do not fully utilize our cultivated foods either. Right on the campus of Florida State University there are several kinds of pleasing foods which are unmentioned.

There are two types of date palms on the campus which bear edible fruits; one of these fruits is round and yellow in color and has a queer exotic taste. It is edible raw, and also makes a clear yellow jelly, jelly very easily. People differ greatly in their likes and dislikes of this fruit.

The other palm bears a fruit which ripens and falls off, looking very much like the commercial dried date. It tastes exactly like common dates, but it is nearly all seed, the pulp being only a thin coating. It is quite a delectable fruit.

There is a fascination about getting our food from nature's cupboards, but it is not all seed, the pulp being only a thin coating. It is quite a delectable fruit.

Tough ... But with compensations
(Continued from Page 10)

set the fish. One of them suddenly whipped a pistol out of his boot top. The warden was faster and shot first. It was only a flesh wound and the man was hospitalized for only a few days, but the warden who had acted to save his own life was charged with assault with intent to kill. Again it was only a battery of legal talent furnished by the defense which saved the warden from prison.

This is the sort of thing Von Walker up against when he goes into the backwoods of the state to perform his job. So it seemed to me his statement that "the warden goes about his job," Von said. "I went to arrest one man for shooting over hallowed field and he refused to come with me. He had his gun in his hands and said he would kill me if I tried to take him in. Maybe he would have just told him, all right, I had my gun. I could look up his name and address and then the sheriff and I both went on him and he had the extra charge of resisting arrest. Of course I don't know if I could have made it stick, but it scared me. I gave him time to think about it and he cooled off and came with me."

That is typical of how Walker goes about his job. He is playing a prominent state politician who, he says, was regularly killed under his own name, and he is not afraid to kill himself. "When I caught up with him," Von said, "he had the limit but no more. I know he had left others in a farm house on the other side of the field, crab, or other such standard foods. But there is another kind of pleasure in searching through the deep woods, digging up a small root and brushing most of the dirt off it before eating it, or shaking ripe persimmons down into the winy grass. I do not know which pleasure is better for human being, but I do know that I hope I shall never have to forget either, for our Florida yards and laws are filled with food, as are our forests, fields and swamps."

END

Two articles by Dr. Bellomy.

FLORIDA WILDLIFE
JUNE, 1951
rest him, to force my way into that family's house for the other birds. Lord knows what I'd have been sued for." Von laughed. "Game warden get some things anyway."

He told me about the warden who had arrested a fisherman for shooting ducks twice before the season opened.

When the case came up in court the violator defended himself, pleading not guilty on the ground the warden had no right to be on the water before the season opened! And anyway, the man charged, the warden had exceeded the speed limit with his outboard motor and should be prosecuted.

And there was the county constable who took to his heels when the warden approached him as he was shooting doves over a baited field. The warden gave chase; as he began to overtake the constable, the constable turned on him furiously, "why is the hell are you chasing me?"

"I'm the hell are you running?"

The warden asked.

"I just flushed a fowler and you've made me lose him."

Dove s quite poaches full of doves the constable wanted to bring charges against the warden interfering with the processes of the law.

This is the kind of story that Von Waller has to tell about his job, all in all, certainly the job of game warden seems to be rich in humor. Game and fish violators are a resourceful lot when it comes to allistics.

For instance, last year one Floridian charged with shooting ducks with an untagged gun. His defense was that he had believed the gun to be plugged and it was only after the warden apprehended him, that he discovered himself had eaten the gun. Judge recommended cruciate treatment.

Then there was the man in Columbia County who was caught with more than his limit of bass. He admitted his guilt but had an explanation.

"This was a tourist, he said, and this was the first time in all his life he'd ever found a place where the bass struck on almost every cast. "I don't give a damn how much the judges fines me," he told the warden, "I care how much it costs. But just let me keep fishing here until the sun goes down."

This tourist had been some relative of the violator caught on Fishcreek River near Lake Okeechobee.

When the warden came, he was pulling a string of big bass and just taking another plug. "How'd you do?" the warden asked. "I saw you get your car and start fishing less than an hour ago." "Yeah," the man said. "Forty-five minutes." He looked at the warden, and he looked down on the string of fish with a kind of holy glow in his eyes. "Warden," he said, "ain't a fishing son of a gun!"

But the warden's job is not confined to listening to this kind of story and arresting the violator. He may be called on to trap anything from an armadillo to a panther. He may be sent with resuscitation equipment to the depths of Okefenokee Swamp or the wilds of the Everglades. He may act as a roving life guard; last year Florida warden saved 11 persons from drowning. He may go into the wilderness to search for lost personal, on one such trip, looking for the survivors of an airplane wreck, four warden stayed in the forest for over 20 hours without eating or sleeping.

And a long ago a warden discovered a "ghost village" in the Everglades and later led an expedition to it. This received considerably more publicity than the warden, stopping by a backwoods cabin for a drink of water, discovered a woman alone, in labor, and started in to act as midwife.

Each year warden are sent out to rescue fish stranded by receding water in pockets and shallows. This is dirty, back-breaking work, but every thousand of bass are saved is a victory for the sport fisherman to take on rod and reel, if he can.

Around the home of almost every warden there is a small menagerie of crippled animals he has found and is nursing back to health; animals brought to him by friends and neighbors for attention: foxes, bears, bobcats, injured wild fowl. The warden, more than likely, returns them to the woods. In the spring he wonders at his work; in the fall he knows that it is his expense.

Also, the warden is given a full line of educational duties. He shows movies, makes speeches to sporting men's clubs, leads Boy Scout troops. His chief emphasis is to instill the educational phase of conservation.

For jobs such as these the Florida game warden is paid between $150 a month—the minimum for a new warden—and $350 a month for a district warden. The average for the last five years of service he may retire on 60 per cent of his average salary. For instance, Von Waller, who became a wildlife officer at 24, may expect to retire at 54 on a pension of about $120 or more a month. Because the Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission has been, as much as been possible, removed from politics by a state constitutional amendment, today's warden can expect considerable job security. Quite a few wildlife wardens, even go on to other and better-paid jobs. Von Waller is last director of the Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission have been former wardens. Dr. George Kennedy, for instance, warden, serves as administrator of publications, Art Carhart, Ted Trueblood and possibly others have become top-notch outdoor writers.

But Von Waller and many of the men do not want to change their jobs for anything. Von Waller has said, "I have really considered quitting. That was when I was transferred up into a new county. Warden has to know all the back roads and side trails and trails in his county, and I didn't know any of them. Also, a lot of people are leery about showing a warden around. The best way to learn is to find a girl who has been raised in the county and whose folks know and fish and who knows all the roads, and get her to show you around. So I found a girl. He looked at me and grinned. "I was single then."

"I hope," I said. "I was a trouble was," Von said, "I fell in love with the girl and we got engaged. Then one night we were parked in woods and I thought I heard somebody brassing down on the lake. I went down there and started fishing. As I was so used to being alone in the woods I forgot about my girl waiting. It was four hours before I went back to the car."

"Well," there was a little while he looked like he was going to give up being a game warden or give up getting married. But it is easily worked out."

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HAVE YOU A FRIEND?
Florida will be glad to send
FLORIDA WILDLIFE is again the process of undergoing new changes. The editorial staff is expecting a percentage increase in the number of pages in each issue in the near future. Plans are also being made to begin an outdoor magazine on local newsstands throughout Florida, as well as other southeastern states, for the near future.

Through all this, the editorial content of FLORIDA WILDLIFE has remained much the same: "For the Conservation, Restoration, Protection of Our Game and Fish."

In this anniversary issue, we can do no more than reiterate subscribe with us above. The above, and all of the readers that the editorial policy of FLORIDA WILDLIFE will continue the same within the foreseeable future.

THE EDITOR

FLORIDA WILDLIFE
Tallahassee, Florida

---END---
SLUGGER OF THE SEA
(Continued from Page 11)
play after interference when a crevalle smashes into the bait, for their fish are the rampaging brutes of the sea.

Depending on your viewpoint, you might admire or despise the top-notch sport he offers, or you despise him so a tackle-busting battle, the crevalle fights like a 75-lb. fish for 20 minutes while more favored fish swim by unharmed.

The crevalle swims from South America eastward through the Atlantic Ocean to Africa, and northward through the West Indies to Florida and as far up as Cape Ann, Massachusetts, as well as northward through the Pacific to the Gulf of California, the swift crevalle generally manages to leave a string of shranked, sight laughing, and cursing fishermen behind him. They may shout at his smashing initial strike at a bait. They may laugh and cheer as he goes into his spectacular under-water fighting tactics. But they often end up laughing because he strips the line completely from the reel, leaving the unhappy angler with only a blistered thumb for his pains.

If you are fishing in deep water when you have a hit, you are fortunate, because the crevalle usually dives for deeper waters, jerking here and jerking there as he presents his broad, flat sides to the pull of his line. But if you are fishing in fairly shallow water over flats, bars or shoals, then look out! The crevalle, with his one-track mind, wants nothing more than to get beneath his belly at a time like this, so he simply takes off at top speed for deeper water. Even if you are far away and have a run, almost impossible to turn, if the jack happens to be a husky specimen, easily end in an empty rod, a broken rod, or merely a snapped line. Such is the character of the common jack crevalle, a perfect specimen. Swift, swift, powerful, and cold of mouth, this strong, 50-lb.-forked tail fin, mounted on a thin frame, is probably an ancestor of chasse and chasing fleet mule, mullet, and other saltfish. The jutting lower jaw gives the crevalle a fierce comforting spirit, and may also be why the crevalle chooses to feed on shrimp, crabs, and other crustaceans. Two marks distinguish the crevalle from all other fish—a blackb Mediterranean feeder. Unlike his kingfish or even the pompano, the crevalle has no flashy colors, but with a black body and a forked, striped tail, it crosses his path. Furthermore, he rarely plays with his food, preferring to swallow it whole, with the exception of the occasional small fish which means that the fishermen must face the first strike.

In fact, so swift and ravenous are the jack crevalles that they have received the honor of the peak of sport in Florida to hunt jacks with a rifle. In the summer of 1903, when the steelhead feeding via the shallow water over flats and shoals. Sitting at a good vantage point along a high shoreline, rifle marksmen had what they considered good sport because the rapid feeding meant feeding through shallow water over flats and shoals. Sitting at a good vantage point along a high shoreline, rifle marksmen had what they considered good sport because the rapid feeding provided an excellent opportunity to catch fish with a rifle.

Since the crevalle likes warm waters, he usually makes his first appearance in Florida waters about May, remaining until late fall, although occasional jacks may be taken at any time of the year.

The crevalle is essentially a fish of salt water, and in the deep north the tediousness of the extreme North American jacks does not provide an opportunity to catch a hook on a line. This fish, identified at the time as a Jack W. Totten with the Tennessee Bone fishing, the crevalle is a quick and fearless predator, often attacking in schools. It prefers flats and shoals and is often found feeding in shallow water over sand or mud bottom. The crevalle is a strong, fast swimmer and is capable of covering long distances when necessary. It is a voracious feeder and will eat nearly anything it can catch, including other fish, squid, shrimp, and small crustaceans.

The crevalle is a valuable fish for sport and commercial purposes. It is a popular game fish and is also harvested for its food. However, overfishing and habitat destruction have caused a decline in crevalle populations in some areas, and this species is protected in several regions. Conservation efforts and sustainable fishing practices are essential to ensure the long-term survival of the crevalle.
STARS OVER FLORIDA
(Continued from Page 13)
marked out by one star, but two. Those are called Mizar and Alcor. You can tell if you’re flying by one slight bright flash if you can separate them with the naked eye. Then you also see that they are much farther apart than the two stars we saw earlier.

Actually, with the best astronomical equipment, we find that this ‘‘band of the handle of the Big Dipper’’ is made up of six stars moving in a coniculated manner, ranging as high as 70 times as much light as our sun, and traveling at about 50 miles a second—40 times the highest artificial light-diffusion observed. You can judge how far away the stars must be by their size. They are several billions of light-years away.

If you go out tonight and point and say, ‘‘The North Star,’’ you ought really to say, ‘‘There’s no place about Florida, fish, methods of fishing, and fishing sport. It also contains a complete listing of all fishing ramps in the state that have Deep-Boat ramps for rent, as well as the Big Cypress area and hunting, and these are the latest reports on the state’s deer hunting seasons. It’s also available at the office of the State Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission, Tallahassee, Florida.

New Series Outdoor Articles Slated in Florida Wildlife

Hunting and fishing in every county of Florida will be featured in a new series of articles scheduled to begin with the July issue of FLORIDA WILDLIFE, according to the editor of the magazine.

First of the series will be devoted to Lee County on the southwest Gulf Coast. Additional articles will feature counties selected at random from around the state. Editorial crews working in each county will coordinate their work with the local Chamber of Commerce officials, wildlife officers and civic organizations, it was stated.

STATEMENT OF CONDITION FLORIDA WILDLIFE

JUICE ISSUE, 1951, FLORIDA WILDLIFE

Total Paid Subscriptions

Total Newsstand Sales

Total Unpaid Subscriptions: Exchange, etc.

Orangement—Single Orders, File Copies, etc.

Total Press Run

(Tables from May 24, 1951)

(Continued from Page 21)

Two New Booklets Distributed Free By G & F Commission

Two new booklets of interest to Florida sportmen are now being distributed for charge by the Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission, according to G. F. Commission, director of the Division of Information and Education.
The nearest star is four light-years away. Brilliant, our brightest star, is eight light-years away. FLORIDA WILDLIFE

NO HUNTING, NO DOLLAR

I see no more dollar for your FLORIDA WILDLIFE. Do not think I will ever buy another State hunting license, for there is no place where I can hunt. I don’t know the deal that a wildlife officer can hunt, for he has been to lots of places to hunt, and he can’t go to the place where I can’t go. He also gets a gun—pistol and oil burned, I guess— and he knows where all of the game is, because he thinks the State should open all of the Big Cypress area to hunting, and close all of the other parts of the state as it is now made. No hunting rights, neither the government nor the State gets any tax on that money.

E. W. KNIGHT

SNEAKS FEED

Every secretary gets accused of reading her own mail, and, yes sir, I do just that. I read FLORIDA WILDLIFE every time Mr. Mandall leaves it around long enough for me to see.

I am an especially interested and aroused over the articles on Key Deer. For Florida and the nation, to keep such an unusual attraction as these ‘‘Lill Fellers’’ is a sin and a shame. I am sure the National Federation of Business and Professional Women’s Club, will make it my business to see that the Key Deer are not driven from the U.S. because of the National Park Service’s concern for its state and national conservation, charities, and maybe we women can get some women start1ed up to help the good old folks carry on through the protection of Key Deer.

But why go to all the expense of the ‘‘Tarpon Plan’’ (January, 1951), issue, where the public can be educated to use these plants for their own benefit and that of the sportsmen, and the land? Hypo- crites might make a wonderful match for citrus trees, pampas, or any other things that are a rich moisture-holding humus—each stream could be cleared of hypocrines and they could then be piled up to a density for the most wonderful country you could find . . . riverfront owners in Lee County have started planting with laundramat.

DOROTHY E. MCLAUGHLIN

Fort Myers

TERSE TREATMENT

I want to tell you how much I appreciate the double spread of pictures and text but

FLORIDA WILDLIFE

GUIDE TO EASY DOG CASE—Tom Farley, 12-page pamphlet, illustrated with line drawings. Distributed free by Dog Food Division, American Meat Institute, 125 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

Tom Farley’s Guide to Dog Care is an easily read booklet containing useful, arranged information of interest to any dog owner. Advice on housebreaking, training, handling, feeding, and Cdng your favorite dog. Worth more than twenty postcard needed to send in your same requesting free copy.

AMERICAN ANTIQUE GUNS AND THEIR CURRENT PRICES—Martin Brey, 56 pages plus heavy index cover. It is illustrated with 30 plate photographs showing groups of guns, $1.00. Pioneer Press, Harrison, Texas.

This is the third edition of a standard guide in the fascinating hobby of collecting antique guns. Lists 2,000 American pistols and revolvers. Describes, classifies, and gives recent values for all makes and models from Springfield to Winchester, and from early times to present. Also contains history of firearms, dictionary of terms, illustrations and anecdotes. Costs postpaid. Guide to gun catalog, catalogue of Factory armors, readers, and grimes. Written to assist gun collecting. Of interest to gun enthusiasts.


These two 60° pamphlets will be of interest to fishermen who can afford to make the long trip to Nova Scotia in pursuit of giant trout and smallmouth, rainbow trout and salmon, pike and Scottish pike. Gives directions, location, guidelines, game laws, etc.
STICKS AND STONES

(Continued from Page 27)

SAD SOUVENIR

Please enclose a dollar to send your magazine to Fred Landreaux, Chicago Heights, Illinois.

Fred and family, along with George DeWit and family, also of Chicago Heights, have just returned home from a trip on which they covered most of our state. They enjoyed very successful fishing trips out of Everglades City for snook, and out of Fort Myers, for king mackerel.

Both families seem to agree that Fort Myers Beach was one of the things they enjoyed the most for a change.

JOE VAN WORMER

Bend, Oregon.

CONCEALED SPINACH

I’ve enjoyed reading FLORIDA WILD LIFE, and your organization is to be commended for doing such a fine job. The State of Oregon is definitely way behind in this department of magazine publishers.

It has long been a pet theory of mine that propaganda and information, such as conservation, need not be fed to the public like so much garbage. That is, as something that is good for us and, though distasteful, we should eat it anyway. Better, I think, is the idea of mixing liberal doses of humor, entertaining writing, and good pictures. In this manner, the propaganda is absorbed subliminally but, nevertheless, effectively.

FLORIDA WILDLIFE seems to be doing a good job along this line.

JOE VAN WORMER

Bend, Oregon.

LAKES AMONIA LINN AND RODFISHING club members and State wildlife officials are very pleased to be able to speak with great hunting and fishing rights, including:

- Marion B. Knight, of Mt. Altus,
- Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Leonidas,
- Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Leonidas,
- Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Leonidas,
- Mr. and Mrs. B. W. Leonidas,
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Skill and Light Tackle

Skills vs. Luck! Light tackle vs. heavy tackle! Sooner or later, whenever fishermen gather, these two subjects come up for discussion.

The light or heavy tackle angle is a matter of individual taste. The fellow who fishes for "meat" more than sport is naturally unwilling to lose even an occasional fish, and will "horse it" anything. He is inclined to use a good heavy line and a short stiff rod, and, as far as the fun of fishing is concerned, he might just as well be using a broomstick and piece of clothseline.

As recently as 1945, it was difficult in this part of central Florida, to buy line under 15-lb. test, and you usually had to settle for 15-lb. And a customer who talked about 5- or 6-lb. fishing rods was looked on as slightly "twitched."

When Skish classes were started here in Mount Dora, special orders had to be made for both lighter lines and longer rods, and even the salesmen were skeptical about the whole thing. Parents of youngsters learning to cast, as well as tackle dealers, were sure it was a mistake to start children out with "grown up" equipment. Their idea was that a 5-ft. rod was about right for children. It didn't take long to change their minds, and now, thanks to Skish, light lines and long rods are stocked regularly for both children and adults.

Fly-fishing was then practically unknown. You were told that it was "no good here." Of course, fly-fishing has its own appeal to all the state now, but many people still shy away from fly rods. These hold-outs just don't know what they're missing. Any fisherman who has never landed a scrappy speckled perch on a light fly rod would only have to try it once to be converted. Then he would throw away all his bamboo poles, because, fished, this way, "specks" will put up as good a fight as much larger bass.

Fishing a deep lake where, in recent years, I was told that practically no one fished for specks, and using both live bait and spoons, I hit the jackpot three years in a row. Fishing just offshore, with the boat barely drifting, I picked up a fair-sized perch that gave me a good fight. But the payoff was its deep water—30 to 40 feet deep—some 50 yards offshore. These fish ran close to 1/2-lbs. and, when you picked one up off the bottom of the lake, you played it! On a 4-oz. rod, you had to play it!

As for the skill angle, the following incident answers arguments about both skill and light tackle, for my money.

My good friend, Charlie Cottrell, an old-time Floridian (well up in his 80's) has never lost his enthusiasm for fishing. When conditions aren't just right for boating, Charlie sits on the end of the dock, in front of his home on Lake Gertrude, and fishes for shiners, just to keep his hand in. His shiner outfit consists of a short bamboo pole, tiny hook, and bread pellets. But his line is pale blue mercerized cotton sewing thread that he swipes from his wife's sewing basket.

The other day, while indulging in his hobby, Capt. Charlie caught a shiner, but before he could get it out of the water, something hit it, and hit it hard. Being a skillful fisherman, he got a big kick out of playing his catch on his light tackle, until he was sure he was the fish down and landed it... landed a pound and a half of good black bass on a line that could be broken with a light jerk!

If that isn't skill with light tackle, it's a pretty good fancy.
Before Deciding - - -

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