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

1954
Vol. 7 Issue 10
March
We point with pride to our first article, "25 Years from Today: a Florida Fantasy" by Philip Wylie, who tells us here that we in Florida better mind our p's and q's last all too soon we have no p's and q's to mind. By the way, Phil’s new book, "Tomorrow", has just recently begun to start its climb up the best seller list in the book stores across the nation. His "25 Years from Today" is reminiscent of the frightening style he uses in his former best seller, "Generation of Vipers".

Also this month, we are pleased to welcome a new department in our magazine, "Muzzle Flashes" by Edmund McLaurin. Ed is one of the writers for FLORIDA SPEAKS and the AMERICAN RIFLEMAN and a frequent contributor to national outdoor magazines. He is endorsed by the National Rifleman’s Association, and the U. S. War Department, and a recognized expert by many various arms manufacturing companies.

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Plans are now being made to organize clubs in the following cities: DeLand, Sanford, Cocoa, Daytona Beach, Jacksonville, St. Cloud. Clubs are now being reactivated in Titusville, Vero Beach, Ft. Pierce. The Leesburg Wildlife Club sponsored by the Jay Cees in Leesburg just recently voted to join the State Game sponsored Jr. Conservation League.

The Leesburg has Gene Gruber and Dick Bair for Counselors. And have five adult instructors teaching in five different classes: L. D. Geiger and Ormond Vickers-Smith for hunting; John Grober, fishing; Clyde Nesbitt for boating; Dick Thomas for fire arms; and Conservation Wildlife Officer Ed. Richie. A new club was formed in Melbourne Jr. High School recently with Mr. Gerald Eisen as school advisor and sponsor. The eighth grade composed of boys and girls voted to call themselves the Melbourne Jr. High Conservation Club.

The club has thirty members. Election of officers, setting up a constitution and by-laws with charter is the next important task. Over in Titusville, in their reorganization program two committees were formed to investigate possible sponsorship. A report will be made next week.

The new Information and Education Officer in the Evangelines Division, Mr. Frank L. Nowak, was busy last week in securing names of interested people who may sponsor our club in Vero Beach and Ft. Pierce. He also accompanied Mr. Dennis, R. D. L. and Field Representative, to Connnston Jr. High School in West Palm Beach. Plans are now in progress for forming a new club there. Key man for the planning of the club is Wilfred Gibb. Wilfred was a former member of the Jr. Fish & Wildlife Club from Edward L. Constance High School in North Miami.

The big news—the Game Commission through its information and education division has just received a quantity of Jr. Conservation Club League insignia. This insignia is designed after the emblem and insignia worn by our wild life officers in the State Game Commission. Full particulars will be sent to those clubs who are interested. Write to the Information & Education Division, Tallahassee. Paul Evans and Mr. Cost of formatting letters are getting their boys together for a reorganization meeting next week at Vero Beach.

Listing of Clubs—Top Ten for January 1954:
1. Leesburg Jr. Wildlife Club
2. Glades Junior Conservation Club
3. Allapattah Jr. Conservation Club
4. Jr. Angler's Club, Ft. Lauderdale
5. Evangelines Conservation Club, Hialeah
6. Wauchula Jr. Sportsmen Club
7. Belleview Sportsmen Club
8. Jr. Rod & Gun Club, Clearwater-Dunedin
9. St. Petersburg Jr. Rod & Gun Club

Are you getting your 1954 project outline charts and the project rules? The packets are sent out to each teacher or advisor of the Jr. Conservation Club. Just drop us a line if you are not on the mailing list and be sure you get your new club roster into headquarters as soon as possible. We are trying to prune our Jr. Club Directory.

And we can't do it unless we have help.

Send:
Club Name
Club Roster
Club Membership
Club Address
Club Officers Addresses
Club Sponsor
Club Advisors or Instructors
Send to: P. O. Box 5278, Orlando.
Denver Sr. Claire.
END

Are you planning an unusual hunt or fresh water fishing venture? If so, Florida Wildlife Magazine is interested. Information and photos of interest to our readers are always sought and your story may be of beneficial service. If possible, notify the editor in advance as it might warrant our coverage.

CORTLAND MEN'S WEAR
Specialists in Tropical Sportswear in beautiful Mt. Dora, FLORIDA

GRAND VIEW HOTEL AND DINING ROOM
OPEN YEAR ROUND Complete Spinkler System
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FLORIDA WILDLIFE

STICKS
and Stones

This issue of Sticks and Stones will appear as the November issue. In the monthly, the winner of the new game contest will be announced. The next contest will be printed with the newly selected heading.

Dear Sir:
We are two New Zealand girls who would like to join your society in your country. We would be very grateful if you could publish our names and address in your magazine.

We are Joan Henderson, age 16, works in a public accounting office, and Joyce Henderson, age 15, who works in a County Office. We would like to hear from people in any part of the United States.

Yours faithfully
Joan and Joyce Henderson
Venice Street, Martinborough
North Island, New Zealand

Dear Sir:
I enjoy your magazine very much, especially since I spent 19 years in Florida. My dad was born there and is now attending school in Miami. Theo I am at present too far from these and these big bays, the day is not too distant when I will be back in the land of sunshine for keeps. I think that the Commission is doing a wonderful job. I had the pleasure of spending a month in Florida, a year ago, with my parents at Key- stone Heights and found the contrast in feeling towards wildlife and game license usage changing for the better all the time. Proper education and presentation of pertinent facts concerning wildlife and its proper protection, such as you are doing, is having its effect on the public's attitude towards good game preservation.

If I may voice my opinion, and I do it as a Florida Cracker and not a damoscene, I sincerely believe that the sooner people must buy a county license, regardless of the type pole used, the sooner the state will have sufficient funds to carry out their many projects. Thus, in the end, it will make it much better for all the thousands of hunters and fishermen.

Enclosed, you will find my choice for the Sticks and Stones contest.

H. H. Lawrence
Fort Clinton, Ohio

Dear Sir:
Please send me your free copy of the complete boating and hunting guide, your wonderful "sunshine" state.

Sincerely,
A GLOOMY NEW YORKER
(E. Baker)

LAKE COUNTY'S 8TH ANNUAL

Sportsmen's Exposition

LET US BE OF PERSONAL SERVICE TO YOU

TAYLORS CHAMBER OF COMMERCE
Tarpon, Florida

March 15-20, 1954

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COTTREL MARINE COMPANY
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Boats—Motors—Trailers—Equipment LEESBURG AND EUSTIS

MARCH, 1954

Dear Editor:
Thank you kindly for sending the issue of FLORIDA Wildlife that you sent me all past issues of this publication, which I keep for my friends and I keep it to read. My book shelf will ever feel naked unless I am a subscriber for a long time to come and as you can see I had my delayed renewal.

Allan D. McFarland
West Palm Beach, Fla.

Florida Wildlife

January 28, 1954

Florida Wildlife

Fish Commission
Tallahassee, Florida

Attention: Editor

Gentlemen:
Enclosed, please find check in the amount of $2.00 for a year's subscription to Florida Wildlife.

After reading your January, 1954 issue, I was very surprised to find that your magazine is one of the best of its kind. The articles are clear and to the point and easy to understand, that I am most anxious to read your next issue.

If you have not already done so, I would certainly like to see an article written on how to raise and care for "Chains," "Big Cypress," "Devil's Garden," etc., were derived.

Very truly yours,
Jovita M. Pitts
Ft. Pierce, Florida

CITIZENS NATIONAL BANK OF LEESBURG, FLORIDA
Member Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation

LEESBURG CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

Leesburg, Florida

Famous for its lakes, clover, cattle and citrus, you will find in the Northeast corner of Florida one of the most charming and attractive communities in all of Florida. Located in Lake County, about 50 miles northwest of Orlando, Leesburg is a town of 3,000 people. Founded in 1886, it is the county seat of Lake County. Leesburg's 36 lakes and the adjacent 325 miles of lake shoreline are the major tourist attractions. With its mild climate and mild weather, Leesburg is a real eyewatcher. Visitors are welcomed and encouraged to enjoy all of the opportunities Leesburg offers. If you have any doubt, you're invited to come to Leesburg and check it out for yourself. Leesburg is truly a place of beauty and charm. It is a city of lakes, loveliness, and beauty. The Leesburg Chamber of Commerce is always ready to help you with any information you need regarding the area or the services we offer. We have a number of great hotels and motels in the area to accommodate your needs. If you would like to know more about Leesburg, please call us at 352-736-3411 or visit our website at www.leesburgchamber.com. We look forward to seeing you soon.
Now that much of the State of Florida has been abandoned as uninhabitable, it seems incredible that the debacle was not foreseen. Even twenty-five years ago—in 1954—much of the cause of what later became catastrophe could be observed. In that far-off era, indeed, many citizens—conservationists and plain, hard-headed business men with foresight—were striving to stem those forms of "progress" which meant short-term gains at the cost of permanent damage and irretrievable loss.

In 1954, for example, small quantities of oil had been discovered—after much drilling—in southern Florida. It was not until 1956, however, that the great Okchobee well came in and the boom was on. And five years—years of valiant struggle—were to pass before the National Park was opened up to exploitation by the drillers, ushering in calamity.

Even this might not have occurred save for the great "floods" of 1957 and 1959. These "floods" were, actually, the result of extra heavy but not unexpected rainfall concentrated in the months of August and September together with an "unusual" (though statistically probable) number of hurricanes which passed over the peninsula. By 1957, however, much land in the southern area of the State had been "reclaimed"—i.e., raised somewhat above the "normal" high water level by fill. This land supported extensive new housing—all of which was inundated and largely destroyed by the two years of "unusual" but by no means unforeseeable weather.
Three factors, thereafter, weighed heavily on State and Federal legislators: first, the growing national need for oil; second, the devastation wrought by those "floods"; and third, the pressure exerted by persons who were making fortunes from the Florida land boom. It was finally decided to change the Everglades drainage pattern in such a fashion as to open up access to the oil "straddling areas" and to "assure the safety of homes" situated even on low ground. New, gigantic engines were installed. The level of lake Okeechobee was lowered so that, in the ensuing three years, a multitude of mudflats and mudpiles, the rainy months. This "sea of mud" was, afterward, entirely drained by pumps and past underground phenomena.

The first great adversative effect was, of course, the infiltration of oil through the underlying dolomite rock formation. This had been expected many. But comparatively little, it was soon found that annual rains would alone "keep up the head of fresh water" consequently, the legislature, and the general public thought that sky-rocketing rain would insure sweet water in South Florida no matter what surface changes were afloat.

For some years, the drinking water in South Florida had already possessed an unpleasant, brownish tinge to wades and spruces from Glades oil fields. Now, gradually, it also became salty.

In the event, the Florida occurred simultaneously, of course. Cheap power from nuclear reactors competed with the cheap power of oil. A series of oil cities of Miami, Sarasota, Ft. Myers, Tampa, Stuart and other towns and cities were treated to the importation, by ship, of a vast variety of raw materials from South America. They were machined and fabricated so that there were not a few "underwater cities," as they were called by rail. Industrialization inevitably added further, prodigious drains on the water resources of Biscayne, Silver Springs, far to the north, was tapped by huge conduits, as were other fresh-water sources in the vicinity. As a result, the flow of water diminished. However, these water sources had already been tapped by the gigantic atomic energy facilities then in existence in Georgia—facilities that are now considered a ghost town. It is said on excellent authority—support.ed by photographic evidence—that during the last five years of the "industrial period"—the sea and water of Miami and the surrounding area for about a twenty-mile radius were polluted, fertilized by oil and by other chemicals, that almost no vegetation could be raised anywhere. Trees vanished. Glades gravel became a fish food. Public parks were surfaced with sand, tanbark, and so on. (The use of water on plants or for lawn sprinkling of course was subject to severe penalties—as early as 1965.)

That left, with the result, nearly all bird life in the region, various insect pests, not surprisingly, multiplied rapidly and took over huge stands of weak-rooted trees and bushes that could not, even the mangroves—red, black and white—which had managed to thrive in spite of industrial and municipal activities, soon succumbed to Adelphastus Milleri. Some effort was made, by helicopter spraying, to save the "world's largest" mangrove forest, perpendicular to the winds. But it turned out to be as much an economic loss as a political.

The "great drought" of 1973 followed. The weather Bureau was able to show that the very climate of central and southern Florida had changed. The vast, shallow, inland seas of fresh water no longer stood above the land to lend the surrounding atmosphere a moderating influence; they left the major part of the peninsula exposed to the fury of continental summer heat and continental winter cold. In addition, the total demunition of the State deprived it of a priceless "windbreak." Now, hurricanes are imposed only by the works of man. They hurst across Florida in every direction—often gathering violence on such land, rather than losing it.

The "great storm of 1974" brought down nearly every structure more than four stories in height, south of an east-west line drawn through Cocoa. A hundred venturers over the deserted southern two-thirds of the State, found water, made rock, with salt leaked while on the shores of the hurricane-washed shores. In the rainy season, some green woods flourished briefly, but then were washed back from what was Daytona down, still show signs of erosion edge. Wading birds and gulls are few. By night, a few lighted boats create a scene of renfres does work beneath the few land and undersea settlements, and in the few small famed phenomena.

The new city of Miami Beach, (Bitter lessons learned in that matter by California and Maryland) flourished, Miami Beach, and many similar resort areas—also possibly gradually into work-areas—the hotels gradually deteriorated into work-areas, and then to the safety of homes" situated even on low ground. New, gigantic engines were installed. The level of lake Okeechobee was lowered so that, in the ensuing three years, a multitude of mudflats and mudpiles, the rainy months. This "sea of mud" was, afterward, entirely drained by pumps and past underground phenomena.

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I was with sincere humility and a deep conviction of humility that I recently accepted the duties of Chairman of the Florida Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission for the year 1954. I was humble because I fully realize the responsibility I am assuming in assisting in the task of protecting and improving our heritage of wildlife for all Florida citizens and generations yet to come regardless of class, color, or creed.

Quite a number of years ago, Florida citizenry voiced an unhesitating demand for separate politics from wildlife and to set up an efficient organization to accept the undisputed responsibility for protecting, preserving and improving our cherished and famous fish and game, hunting and fishing for generations yet to come. On that day, the Florida Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission was born.

In many ways, I am proud of the progress made in some directions that has been registered by the Florida Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission since it became a constitutional body. On the other hand, I also have a feeling of shame for numerous mistakes made in the past, an army of mistakes that resulted in the mismanagement of the wildlife heritage over which the Commission has been placed and which has assumed complete guardianship. As a matter of fact, I have noted some serious mistakes along with many improvements in fish and game and our Fish and Game program which I first assumed duties as Second District Commissioner nearly five years ago. During my period of service, I have been deeply grateful. On the other hand, I recognize in the enforcement of our fish and game laws, greater respect for these laws from year to year, the part of our ever-growing army of sportsmen, and increasing interest in our educational program designed to convince the sportsman and citizen of the importance of conservation of our natural resources on which no human can place a monetary value. I give all due credit to our enforcement officers and the public who have cooperated in the enforcement of our laws.

In addition, I will continue to fight political influence and selfish groups wherever they make an effort to take advantage of our great natural resources.

If the ideals envisioned by constitutional amendment are to prosper and succeed, it is definitely certain that politics must be completely eliminated and that the Commission proceed in an orderly and unhampered manner in the business of conserving our fish and game.}

(Continued on Page 38)
Like to shoot a rifle, pistol or shotgun, but don't know where to find either a safe range or desired shoulder-to-shoulder competition?

You need not travel far to find either. Regardless of the section of Florida in which you claim residence, or chance to be as you read these lines, there is plenty of organized shooting activity close by.

Not counting the many gun clubs that are well organized for the conduct of regular Skeet and trap shoots, a spot check of shooting activity on the Florida scene shows that there are more than sixty active rifle and pistol clubs currently affiliated with the National Rifle Association, Washington, and conducting either open competitions or instructional classes in expert and safe firearms handling. While the NRA-chartered club activities attract the largest following, still, there are many local groups of shooters who fire in good fellowship without official NRA affiliation; they, too, have fun and share their ranges and programs with others who enjoy burning gun powder in one form or another. If these independent groups were added to the roster of Florida's NRA-affiliated clubs, the total number of participants in shooting activities and the available range facilities would be a veritable Army of fun-loving Floridians who shoot for the sport itself in times of peace, and for American ideals of freedom and democracy when our nation is forced into war.

Shooters who seek safe ranges and competition will find them among the organized shooting groups at Tampa, Miami, Jacksonville, Clearwater, Hollywood, Coral Gables, Fort Pierce, Key West, Orlando, Pensacola, Tallahassee, Venice, Winter Haven, Dunedin, St. Petersburg, Daytona Beach, Eustis, Naples, DeLand and Fort Myers, to name a few localities that are notably active.

For those who like to shoot the old black powder, plenty of activity and powder smoke will be found along the Tampa short-cut, one mile north of Dunedin, where the Rebel Muzzle Loaders' Rifle Club meets the first Sunday of each month.

Big competitive rifle and pistol shoots, like those sponsored annually by clubs in St. Petersburg, Miami, Jacksonville, Tampa and Clearwater attract marksmen like screen actress Jane Russell in a tight sweater. In addition to a heavy Florida following, smallbore shooters of both sexes from Tennessee, Ohio, Georgia, North and South Carolina, Alabama and points west attend these open tournaments, to compete and to talk guns. Invariably these open competitions result in new friendships being formed, friendships that are made stronger each time the clan gathers. "See you at St. Petersburg (or Miami, or Tampa or Clearwater)" has been the parting expression of many visiting shooters who annually "take in" competitive shoots in various sections of the country—not for cash prizes, but for the pleasure of shooting shoulder-to-shoulder with other firearms enthusiasts. Many come to Florida for a round-robin circuit of the available shooting activity, starting with the National Mid-Winter Matches at St. Petersburg, in March, and moving on to Tampa and other points for other scheduled competitions, ending up with the big shoot at Clearwater, in November. When range officers in charge of competition firing call, "Ready on the right? Ready on the left? Ready on the firing line!" some dusty famous riflemen, Floridians and visitors alike, snuggle respective firearms against shoulder and cheek in preparation of squeezing off accurately-timed shots following the command, "Commence firing!"

Due to the system of classification used in Florida (Continued on Page 18)
The weather is beginning to moderate now and that "internal thermostat" of the goose is causing them to wing their way north again after their winter’s visit in Florida. Each day sees the conspicuous V-formation heading north high up in the clear blue sky accompanied by the loud resonant honk, honk.

Since my gun has been oiled and put away in the closet to wait the coming of next hunting season, I have had time to become interested in the habits of this majestic bird we call the "big honker" around our parts, the Canada Goose. And as the man says "I have done a little studying on it," and the life story of this bird we see in Florida only once a year is worth, I believe, calling to the attention of the many hunters that have met him on not so even-a-grounds.

The Canada Goose is probably the most widely distributed and most well known of North American wildfowl, as well as the most persistently hunted. It may be seen at some season of the year from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the Gulf of Mexico nearly to the Arctic coast. And when the clarion notes are heard during the day or even at night, who can resist the temptation to look into the sky to catch a glimpse of the passing flocks. When the Canada Goose begin to migrate, they tell us in Florida that winter or spring will follow them. They assume the well-known V-shaped formation, with the leader at the head. If flights are unusually long, from time to time a change of leadership will take place. The flocks fly by night or by day, as circumstances permit, stopping only to rest or feed when necessary and then only in such spots as their leaders know to be safe. Whether flying to their winter homes in Florida or to their summer homes in the north, they fly a straight and true course; high in the sky following no coast line, no river valley, no mountain chain. There is no map of the earth for them to follow.

The local habitat of the geese once they have reached Florida are the extensive shallow sounds and smaller bodies of water, fresh and salt, that offer favorable feeding-grounds. The food of the geese is primarily vegetable, while various water plants, bugs, small crabs and shellfish are eaten by them.

Whether feeding on land or water the flocks are always guarded by sentinels. You may have seen two or more long black necks stretched up on the lookout for impending danger. If the warning of the sentry is given every head is immediately raised and, if necessary, the flock takes to the air and heads for refuge.

As you probably remember, geese are cunning birds who have many clever tricks they use to avoid danger. Such examples as lying flat with their long necks outstretched without moving, resembling a piece of driftwood in the grass, or doing the same thing while afloat are some of the tricks used by them to avoid detection. When hiding in such a manner they provide an excellent example of natural camouflage.

It has been said that, contrary to the duck which takes a new spouse each year, the Canada Goose mates for life. They are so faithful to their mate that if either partner dies or is killed the survivor is said never to mate again.

However, it is during the breeding season that the gander shows his loyalty to his brood. The following account is given you as some straight into their nature and what to guard against. There is a story told about a man up north who suffered rib injuries after being

(Continued on Page 35)
FOR ALL OF those fellows who have a reputation of the nature that they can really spell out a line, we have found a member of the fairer sex to whom they can point a finger in argument to the fact that the males aren't the sole possessors of the art. This girl really has a line, one that she uses and uses well, only it isn't quite the same when we get down to a more literal transposition. Just to carry this ridiculous play on words a little further, we might also point out that whereas the fellow who "really has a line" is one whose line is usually of a loose quality, but in all probability, our gal, Joan Salvato, has more times than not what they term in the angler's vernacular as a "tight line." At this point it would probably be well to explain what it is we're trying to say and stop being cute about it.

Joan Salvato, formerly a New Jerseyite but now a resident of Coral Gables, Florida, has not only gone to the top in the Women's accuracy fly competition, but has chalked up a few titles in the men's competition, too.

It all started back in New Jersey when she joined the Patterson Casting Club of which her father was also a member. Another point in her favor was the fact that her father was himself quite a skilled caster, owner of a sports shop, and a member of the New Jersey Fish and Game Council, but even at that it was quite puzzling to him why Joan should take to the sport so much more readily than either one of her two brothers, James Jr. and Louis Renee.

After Joan graduated from high school she went to a secretarial school and from there she went into office work where she stayed four months before she found out that it wasn't for her. Then she studied dancing and later became a dancing teacher, another profession which she soon found wasn't to her liking, so what else can a poor girl do when she doesn't want to be a secretary or a dancing teacher? For some reason, when Joan asked herself this question, the only answer that she could come up with was fly casting, so that's what she decided to choose for a career, and she hasn't yet had any reason to regret the decision.

Her first victory was won in 1937 when she took the sub junior dry fly event in the annual New Jersey casting contest, and since that time she has won more awards and trophies than she can keep count of, and at the present she actually doesn't know how many victories she has proclaimed for herself. In 1943 she won the women's national dry fly championship sponsored by the National Association of Angling and Casting Clubs at Chicago, and since then she has won at least one national event every year, not to mention six national championships for 1951 alone.

Just in case you're wondering how a person can make a career out of such a normally thought-of hobby, it's done this way. First, after Joan made her all-important decision, she worked with a national sports goods manufacturer giving casting demonstrations at sports shows, and then later traveled the country vis-
ing tackle shops as a representative of the company. She has also worked at private tackle shops and large department stores giving demonstrations, and has given lessons on her own, being a constant crusader in that she tries to get the fairer sex interested in the sport of fishing.

Joan points out that many women are missing a lot of fun and outlet for relaxation, especially those who are inclined to be the outdoor type, when they don't investigate this fishing angle. So many women complain when their husbands won't take them along on their fishing trips, but then when they do, what does the woman do but sit in the boat like a paying

(Continued on Page 35)

Below: William Tell shot an apple off his son's head with a bow and arrow. So what, says Joan, who demands that clicking a banana at fifty feet is no task at all.

Above: One of the basic fundamentals of good fishing, as in any sport, is good form. Not only does Joan have the proper form, but it's equally seen that she also has the form for the form.

Right: Naturally what really counts in the final analysis of any sport is the results. Here Joan shows that she is not one to be slighted in this respect.

Also like any other sport, one of the important aspects is having the right equipment to do the right job. Joan has a special red for such varying in the fishing field.

TANGIBLES AND INTANGIBLES

By MIKE HUDOBA

IN AN article especially prepared by Michael Hudoba, Washington correspondent for Sports Afield Magazine, and one of the country's best posted authorities on wildlife resources he sharply criticizes the defensiveness and superficiality of the hac
cering pressure of the fishing interest, concerning the future of hunting and fishing in America.

Mr. Hudoba's remarks bring into clear focus the increasing public appreciation of intangible outdoor values, a factor which could and should be molded into concrete constructive effort in behalf of wildlife restoration. Mr. Hudoba says:

"Whenever I hear a sportsman make any comment that indicates a defeatist attitude toward this problem of increasing the outdoor opportunity, especially in the viewpoint of the issue of tangible versus intangible values in conservation. I cannot help but rise to make a stump speech like the old politician in my home town would do whenever he saw two people togeth
hday before election.

I hate to think that more than thirty million adult Americans cannot face up to the issue of working to do some constructive effort for their recreational interest, that traditional sport of hunting and fishing which is getting new converts every year, and which means so much to us in these days of constant population pressure. Of course, if we don't support constructive conservation-restoration efforts, then we will have real reason for an inferior complex.

The salt water may be special, but any special target is the defeatist attitude of those concerned in conservation who become faced with the issue of tangible versus intangible values.

The business of selling blue sky stock was quite profitable a few years ago—although such practice now would earn lots of free time in some federally-supervised waters.

"But selling blue sky is legitimate. It is part of this question of intangibles versus intangible loss of conservation. It is true that we become hard put to measure and place in direct economic value on some of the things that one of every five American adults goes afield to enjoy. The lumberman can give you a dollar value for a forest by measuring the board feet of the stand; the canoe builder can calculate the value of every cubic measurement of water in the stream gurgling over a pebbled riffle; and the farmer can give a pretty good estimate of the bushel yield on the back corner which supports a covey of birds. But then we are apt to stutter a bit to calculate the value of the ethereal—although we may allow ourselves to get boxed in trying to estimate the value per pound of a game bird or big game or fish.

"The sport of hunting and fishing, according to a survey made by Sports Afield, brings nine billion dollars a year into the economy of this country by expenditures of hunters and fishermen and in pursuit of their recreational interests. This is big business. It is a bigger business than many of the businesses that get the attention of do-good economists and planners.

"But that isn't the point. Last year over thirty-one million adult hunting and fishing licenses were sold in this country—that is, one in every five of this nation's total nonagricultural population went to the effort to go to a license selling agency to buy and pay for a "so-called" ticket to go afield or to a lake or stream.

"They asked no guarantee of pound for pound return in bag or creel; they were paying an admission for an outdoor opportunity. I'll bet that, like myself, they got full value watching the tense drama of a flashing blue bird at work, hearing the ear-filling burst of a covey rise, and the snap of the gun report. So I miss, and the birds scatter. We fly a grouse and bag a leaf or tree trunk; we get a rise and the fish escape from the lure. The tangible would be a bag or creel full of legal limit. The intangible is the smell of the woods, the crispness of autumn, the color and the freedom all become one and part of nature, returning to the fundamental on our existence. This one should not try to calculate in dollars, even if they could.

"We sing our anthems; we love our rocks and rills, our temperate hills. These are part of the Constitution which says that we pursue happiness as one of our three basic freedoms.

"So, thirty-one million Americans buy licenses to hunt and fish which is four times more than the number who bought licenses ten years ago. Over forty-one million Americans visited the national parks and monuments of this country last year, an all-time record and more than double ten years ago. Over thirty million visited the national forests last year. We cannot even begin to count those who visited state parks, picnic areas along roadsides, or merely went for a walk afield or into the woods. In my book, it begins to add up to more than a majority percentage of our national population who like to go and see the woods that a sawing woodman can appraise in board feet, or to enjoy the stream that a one-track minded engineer would like to dam, or any of these resources that have more than one use which is characteristic of intangibles.

"I won't go into the number of states of this country where the tourist business is the first, second, third or fourth largest industry of the state, or the states to which people, visiting to enjoy the intangible outdoor values, leave more than a hundred million dollars annually.

"We could go on and on reciting a brief with statistics that are here I'm giving from memory and round figure estimates. This question of tangibles versus intangibles is relative. There is a place for both. We need resources to continue our existence and to build and grow. But we also need the intangibles protected and retained in perspective to give us a reason to work and to build and to grow."

Reprinted from Kentucky Happy Hunting Ground!

MARCH, 1954

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Three different kinds of bullfrogs are found in Florida. Least known of the three is the river frog, also called alligator frog or river bullfrog. It is shown in the accompanying photograph (upper left inset). This is a stout, warty creature, somewhat like an overgrown snail in appearance, with conspicuous dark and light markings on the lips. It lives mainly in river and creek swamps, seldom venturing into ponds, lakes, or "prairies." Its call, a loud, raucous croaking, has been likened to the bellow of an alligator. A chorus of river frogs, tuning up suddenly, can give the fisherman a fright.

The life history of the river frog is interesting. It breeds mostly in lagoons and ponds along the floodplain of a stream. Each female lays several thousand eggs, which are deposited as a mass in the water. From the start, the eggs are attacked by all sorts of things—water molds, fungi, leeches, aquatic insects, and the like; many of them never mature. Nevertheless, thousands of them do hatch, each producing a tiny tadpole. The little tad is black with a golden band, like a round, around its middle.

The tadpoles cluster together, forming a great mass in the water. Then they begin swimming, still clustered, around the margin of the pond. All along the way, tadpoles drop out of the mass, wriggle feebly once or twice, and fall dead to the bottom. The path of the moving school is strewn with dead and dying tadpoles. The cause of death is not known. All day the tadpoles swim in a circle around the pond, and when night comes the school moves out to deeper water. The next morning the little creatures return to the shore line and take up their strange circling.

Along the way they browse upon algae and other tiny water plants. As the tadpoles grow larger, they lose the golden band, and develop black stripes along the tail (see lower right inset photo). Then, if possible, they leave the pond and enter a stream. At this stage they are still unable to live on land, and must reach the stream via some water connection.

About two years are spent as a tadpole. Then legs begin to develop, the tail shortens; the head becomes more frog-like. Usually the eyes turn light red or orange, but for unknown reason. Before the tadpole tail is entirely lost, the creature begins to eat out of water. Finally transformation is completed; the tadpole has become a miniature bullfrog, less than one inch long. Thereafter, growth is slow; maximum is not reached for about five years.

The river frog is not often sold in markets. It is dark in color, and not as tasty as that of other bullfrogs. The river frog was not known to science until 1924, when specimens were found at Callahan, Nassau County, Florida. Since that time, it has been discovered in South Carolina, Georgia, and Mississippi, also. It has not been reported in southern Florida, below Marion County.

Professional snake hunters, who prowl the swamps for moccasins and water snakes, catch large numbers of river frogs and bring them to the Reptile Institute. Here they are used as snake food. On one occasion some river frogs were placed in a glass aquarium with several large alligators. There happened to be a few baby diamondback rattlesnakes in the water. With the alligators, the rattles were paid no attention to the frogs, for diamondbacks feed only on water snakes. One day a big baby diamondback made a dash for a little blue bullfrog. The little bullfrog leaped away as fast as it could. The other bullfrogs were frightened enough to make the fisherman a fright.

The common bullfrog is widespread throughout the eastern United States, and has been introduced into the western states and various foreign countries. It is found in all sorts of places, from the shallow ponds of South Florida to the borders of ponds and streams. It will live in roadside ditches, small spring runs, and bogs.

At the Reptile Institute we receive many letters beginning this way: "Dear Sir, I want to start raising bullfrogs. I have heard there's lots of money in it." Our advice is, "Don't try it." Bullfrog farming is a difficult business. A few well-meaning individuals, misled by these pamphlets, have spent a lot of money in experimentation, found that bullfrogs required at least nine feet of water, and sold them out of business. In August after considerable loss of time and money.

The booklets and advertisements make frog-farming sound very attractive. All you need is a small pond and a few "selected jumbo" breeders. Each female lays thousands of eggs. The frogs feed themselves on insects, and when they're grown you can sell them for several dollars apiece. Sounds pretty good, doesn't it? Now let's look at the facts.

It is quite true that a female bullfrog lays thousands of eggs at a time. Indeed, as many as 25,000 eggs have been produced in a single laying. It is also true that thousands of each clutch succumb to the attacks of fungi, molds, leeches, water insects, turtles, and the like. Thousands more simply fail to hatch. Most of the little tadpoles that do hatch fall prey to water insects, fishes, water snakes, moccasins, other reptiles, and even rodents, egrets, many other birds, raccoons, opossums, and a host of other enemies. Out of the huge brood produced, only two or three will ever live to reach breeding age. In other words, bullfrogs have so many natural enemies that their vast reproductive ability merely suffices to keep their numbers constant.

This means that you'd better remove any one of the following—turtles, water snakes, moccasins, etc. You should also fence the pond off very securely, lest more turtles and snakes wade in from the surrounding territory. You'd better make a darning good fence while you're at it; otherwise a family of raccoons or some other predator will stuff themselves on your breeding stock.

You can't do anything much about the fish. The common bullfrog is a voracious eater of small fish, egrets, and other frog-eating birds at a glance.
wake up--

it's morning and it's spring

We have beautiful rolling hills to see
forests to walk through,
lakes to sail on
fish to catch,
songs to sing,
stories to hear and tales to tell
soft summer clouds to watch
tall of Florida’s outdoors to know and learn,
there’s so much to do so...

wake up---

it's morning and it's spring.
OUTDOOR REVIEWER
by Jack Shoemaker

ZANE GREY'S ADVENTURES IN FISHING. Edited, with notes, by Howard S. Published by Harper and Brothers, New York, N. Y., Price, $5.00.

From the dark pools of the Delas river, where he fished for bass and trout, to Nova Scotia, to Australia and New Guinea, to Florida and the Everglades, to Tahiti, and to many nameless isles of the Pacific, Zane Grey journeyed to take up his favorite sport of fishing. And in the course of his adventures some of his thrilling battles with fish, the victories and disasters of angling, and the wonder and beauty of the living sea.

Here, selected by Ed Zern, are the choicest chapters of Grey's trips, chosen to provide long hours of entertainment for active fishermen and the reading public alike. Zane Grey, although he enjoyed fishing for the smaller species, specialized in catching some of the mighty giants of the sea, and some of the records he set 50 years ago have never been officially surpassed.

Appropriately enough, the first chapter in the book starts off with fishing for tarpon in Florida. From his headquarters on Long Key, he fished for sailfish, bonefish, barracuda and the various reef species. He made expeditions up the rivers of the Everglades to catch snook and tarpon. You'll find his description of catching a big tarpon and watching it throw the hook, and you'll be amazed at his literary ability in making you see a bonefish strip 200 yards off you before you've been able to hail his tarpon. There are many more such tales to be found in this book.

WATER WAGON. By Rube Allyn. Published by Farrar, Strauss and Young, Inc., New York, N. Y., Price, $3.50.

Rube Allyn is one of the most versatile writers in Florida today and the above book is the story of a boat that Rube had built for himself. He made the rounds of many shipyards before he found one that would take on the task of building a boat to his plans.

The entire book is one of Rube's adventures in Florida's waterways with his boat. The Water Wagon is an amazing craft that cost less than $3,500, powered by outboard motors, and it can do anything that an amphibian can do, almost. It can go on waters no more than six inches deep.

The story starts while Rube's a sailor on Midway Island during the war and he begins owning a boat that will do the trick with the best of accommodations as far as he's concerned, big toilets, modern eating facilities, etc. Then the next chapter deals with his eventual discharge and coming to St. Petersburg, working on a local newspaper there and looking for a carpenter to build the ship. Finally he does get it built.

The book then tells about his three shake-down experimental cruises, the first through Florida canals and rivers, the second through the Everglades, swamped him into the Gulf of Mexico, and the third down Florida's East Coast from Jacksonville to Miami. I know that you'll enjoy reading of Rube's adventures in his "Best Boat".


The Confederates called the Winchester what damned Yankee Rifle that can be loaded on Sunday and fired all the week. For the man who is truly interested in knowing guns, I can do little but say "This is the book for you." It's actually a volume of facts and statistics in the development of the guns of America.

Dr. Williamson, a Professor of Economics and Ph.D. from Harvard, has produced in this almost 500-page work, a truly monumental research project. It's a book that will satisfy the shooter because the book tells him (and shows him in pictures) the various stages in the development of America's standard guns and ammunition. The author is an historian for accuracy, and an economist for insight as to the place of the Winchester Repeating Arms Company in the financial picture of a country of growing industry.

Men who love guns call it the most intelligent of hobbyists, for they are not content to know merely how the gun was shot in the center of a target, they also want to know why one gun is better than another. Winchester's book will satisfy this curiosity. The gun's interest leads him to many by-paths in the history of firearms, study to metallurgy, and from ballistics to history, and all of these can be found in this volume.

FLORIDA WILDLIFE FEDERATION NOTES
Don Southwell, Editor
P. O. Box 874, Ormond Beach

NATIONAL REPRESENTATIVE VISITS FLORIDA CLUBS
Bad Jackson, Field Representative of the National Wildlife Federation, recently gave the Florida affiliated Clubs a much needed shot in the arm. He spoke of the present status and possibilities of the National Legislation. Bad enjoyed our fishing so much he is considering returning next year for what actually takes place in the National Federation, and pointed out how important a part the organized sportsmen play in dealing with our legislation. He says the Fish and Game Associations and all the many Sportsmen's Organizations, giving them the benefit of his vast experience in Conservation work. He painted a vivid picture of what

COMMISSION MEETING AND CONVENTION PLANNED FOR MIAMI
Henry M. Jernigan, Commissioner of the Fourth District, and Dr. H. R. Wilber, President, and Don Southwell, Executive Secretary and Treasurer of the Federation recently met with officials and directors of several Clubs in Miami. The purpose of the meeting was to formulate plans for the Annual Federation Convention to be held at Miami in the fall of this year. Plans were also discussed for a Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission meeting to be held for the first time in the Fourth District. Among those present were: Charles M. Brookfield, George Jana, Bob Sharrard, Mike DeStefan, Jack Horsey, and Valerie Smith. DuDon, Roy C. Hill, Dr. R. M. Sheete, A. D. Bailey, Mary Bailey, Flora DuDon, and Dorothy M. Hill.

FLORIDA WILDLIFE
MARCH, 1954

JOIN NOW!
DON SOUTHWELL, Treasurer
P. O. Box 874,
Ormond Beach, Florida

I wish to actively support the constructive activities of the Florida Wildlife Federation and its affiliated clubs in guarding, preserving, restoring and developing the natural resources of our state. By signing below I am expressing is $2.00 for my annual membership.

Name ________________________________
Address ______________________________

Florida Wildlife Federation AND OUTDOOR ACTIVITIES

MRS. CUDDY NEW PREXY OF DADE COUNTY CLUB

Mrs. Mildred Cuddy was elected President of the Women's and Juniors' Regional Chapter of the Sportsmen Club of Dade County, at a recent election held in Miami. Re-elected to serve with Mrs. Cuddy were Mrs. Belle Mathes, 1st Vice-President, Mrs. Elizabeth Theobald, 2nd Vice-President, Mrs. Margaret Cunning, Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Joe Becorest, Treasurer, and Mrs. Dot Hill, Recording Secretary. Mrs. Flora DuDon is the Director to the Federation for this organization which includes all women Sportmen's Club, and they are very active in our important conservation work.

MARCH, 1954

FLORIDA FEDERATION TO ATTEND CHICAGO MEETING

The Florida Federation is send its representative to the Annual Meeting of the National Wildlife Federation to be held in Chicago on March 11, 12, 13. Of importance to Florida will be the election of the Florida Sportsmen's Club, De Funiak Springs, and Judge Joe Dan Trotman.

RESOURCE PROBLEMS TOPIC OF MEETING

Never before has Florida been faced with so many problems concerning the resources of our woods and fish and game. For the first time the Federations' District Meetings held before at Jacksonville early in February, brought together on common

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lure into just another lure in the conventional way. It also gives him a free swimming lure without a snap or ring. A little thing! Thousands of a thousand such little things that Ted Williams and all other experts employ in their constant search for perfection.

SPECIALIZE: I would be the last to attempt to lay down a pattern that would apply to all sports fishermen. Still, I think the average fisherman does not specialize enough in a sport that is highly specialized in itself. In the past six years, I have concentrated on fishing with just three different lures. In '48 and '49, I fished with a floating plug in two sizes and three color patterns. I fished it fresh water and salt and under all conditions. After the first year, I began to understand something about that plug's potential. The plug and I became acquainted. My confidence in it, and still is, unlimited.

In '50, '51 and '52, I changed to a popping plug and the fly rod. I used one bug in six color patterns, and I used little else. I think the angler's sport reaches an all-time high in bug fishing with the fly rod. The simple looking popping bug is actually a very complex and sophisticated specialized piece of fishing tackle. My three years with this bug were, I think, the most rewarding in all my angling experience. Each new discovery about it opened up other unsuspected avenues of exploration in a fascinating labyrinth of angling adventure. I became fairly well acquainted with this bug and this fishing. I still consider it tops in the sport.

A year ago, I came down with a bad attack of spin fever. I regretfully put aside the long rod and concentrated on spinning tackle and one spinning lure. Since then, I have used practically nothing else. This time, it's an underwater lure that has caught my fancy. I am being continually amazed at the results I get concentrating on learning all there is to know about using this one bait.

I'll be the first to admit that concentrating on three baits in six years is going to extremes, but in deference to my method, let me say I fish only for fun, and I get more fun out of doing it this way. I've also, learned a lot about how to use

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The TURKEY FOODS in Florida

A Scientific Study of What They Eat for better hunting

BY SANFORD D. SCHEMINTZ

from Pittman-Robertson payments.

The majority of these crops were collected from landing stations on six state controlled Wildlife Management Areas from November, 1952, through January, 1953. Live oak acorns were the most important single food item found in the fall and winter crop sample analyzed, composing 48.5 per cent by weight of all food eaten. One full crop contained 137 live oak acorns.

Nine other major vegetable foods totaling an additional 38 per cent in decreasing order of importance were: Parapsilus spp. (bush grass) seed, slash pine seed, black gum berries, pine grass seed, cabbage palm berries, panic grass seed, longleaf pine seed, heath of yellow clover, and grass (often called hard head) and sweet-rush tubers.

Plant material contributed 97.1 per cent of all food eaten. Poison ivy seeds occurred in 12 per cent of the crops. This plant, although poisonous to humans, seems to have no ill effect on the turkeys.

Important animal foods included dragon flies, grasshoppers, moth larvae and ants. One crop contained 56 adult dragon flies. An important forest pest, the pine sawfly, was found in food items included the skin of a small ribbon snake, particles of tinfoil and crayfish. Although making up only 2.9 per cent, leaves and insects in the crops, animal foods were found in small amounts in over three-quarters of all the crops examined.

An average of eight different vegetable foods and three animal foods occurred per crop, illustrating the wild turkey's habit of wandering over widespread areas bringing it into contact with a large number of different plant and animal foods in various habitats.

The crops were collected in formalin-finished glass jars before analysis. The contents were then transferred to enamel trays and examined under a binocular microscope. Similar material was separated, dried, weighed and recorded.

Since turkey crops can be collected from turkeys killed over a limited portion of the year during a single hunting season, another food habits study technique, dropping analysis, was used to get a clearer picture of year around food habits. A total of 2,775 turkey droppings were collected by game biologists throughout the state from 16 locations from the Steinhatchee Wildlife Management Area south to the Big Cypress Swamp, Collier County. Droppings were collected from all ages of the year, mainly under tall pine tree turkeys roosting and in
IT STARTED out as an afternoon of spearfishing. But before the day was over we had forgotten the fish and were after a new and more intoxicating prize. Long before we slipped from the river late that evening, too tired to feel the weariness of exhausted muscles, we had put aside our underwater weapons to seek a stranger quarry.

There were four of us. Ole Olson, Jack Rippey, my brother Bob, and myself. For two weeks we had planned a trip down the St. Marks River. We had spent a lot of hours sharpening the tips of spears, finishing bamboo tubes for our homemade guns, and readying the various bits of equipment that had been found necessary for below-the-surface auguring. In spite of our careful preparation, on the day of our departure we found that the point of one of the spears had been badly blunted. And then someone came up with an idea — drag the steel rod alongside the car as we drove to the river. It was worth a try. When we reached the docks we discovered that the "blunted" spear was now the sharpest of the lot.

Ole Olson has an 18 foot Seagull which he keeps at Bill Wilson's basin in St. Marks. She's a trim sloop marconi rigged. Sometimes when the wind is good, we rig a genoa and head for blue water. She's a fairly fast craft and easy to handle. We sailed through three light squalls one afternoon and never shortened sail.

This was a little different. We were on river waters. It's not too hard to sail the river, but we didn't want to lose any time — so we stowed the sails and hooked an old Johnson "22" to the transom and forgot about the elements. In addition to fishing gear we carried along an inflatable navy liferaft. It's easily moved, even when inflated, and when we reached the fishing grounds it became our base of operation.

It didn't take long to get underway. The "22" behaved properly, and we were soon headed down-river. The sky was as clear as the water, and as we moved past the docks of St. Marks we could see that most of the party-boats were out. A few minutes later and St. Marks lay behind us. Another few minutes and we reached the site of old Fort St. Marks, now covered over by the thick vegetation at the intersection of the St. Marks and Wakulla Rivers. Below this point lay the fishing grounds.

Although there are plenty of fish above the intersection they are protected from the underwater fisherman. Spearfishing is unlawful in Florida's fresh waters, even though whole schools of mullet, mangrove snapper, an occasional tarpon, and other salt-water fish find their way upstream to fresh water. The waters below the intersection are classified "salt-water," and all fish beyond this point are fair game for the fisherman with face-mask and spear-guns.

A little further downstream and we dropped anchor. The water was fairly deep and the bottom was spotted with white sandy patches. The anchor took hold and we inflated the rubber raft. As the raft belonged to Jack he assumed command of the small craft. The rest of us slipped over the side into the water.

Before we left the Seagull we had put on light rubber swim-fins. Each of us had a face mask dangling around his neck. The spear guns we carried were simple weapons. The spear itself was a three foot welding rod with a sharp tip. When after large fish we carried rods with detachable points. This way, when a fish was speared the barbed point, which had a strong line attached to it, stayed in the fish much the same as a hook. The line could be held

Underwater

You never can tell what you might find when you're rummaging around on the bottom of some river or lake these days. This is a story of some fellows who ran across a pretty interesting underwater discovery.

By A. M. WITHERS

MARCH, 1954
by the diver or fastened to the boat. However, we were after fairly small fish, which could be taken with the pointed welding rods. These were slipped through hollow bamboo tubes to which were fixed two strands of strong surgical rubber. When a spear was set against the rubber and pulled back, it had a potential propelling force of almost forty pounds. That’s enough to stop any ordinary fish at a distance of six to twelve feet.

By the time Ole and Bob and I were in the water Jack was about fifteen feet downriver, peering over the side of the life raft. Just as we started moving toward him we saw him straighten up and raise one hand.

“There’s a big school of mullet just ahead of us,” he called. “You can reach them O.K. if you dive where you are and swim this way.”

Now we had decided long ago that safety allowed only two people to spear at one time in the same area. And then it was a rule to stay at least twenty-five to thirty feet apart. Fish aren’t the only creatures allergic to a sharply pointed length of steel.

Bob and Ole were a little closer to the raft so they made the first approach. I slipped on my face-mask and let myself sink down a few feet. Through the clear water I could see them moving in parallel lines toward a point slightly beyond the bottom of the raft. Suddenly Ole paused, and I saw him pull his spear back against the rubber sling. For a moment he appeared to hang motionless in the water. Then something flashed in the water ahead of him—it was the white underside of a mullet which he had speared with the first shot.

I could see Bob off in the distance but I didn’t see any fish in his vicinity. In a moment we all broke surface and swam to the raft. Ole was holding his spear high above him and we could see a large mullet squirming at the end of it. Bob was emptied, as the school had swerved away from him after Ole’s display of accuracy.

A few minutes later we located another school. As Bob had not had a shot the first time we were partners on the second dive. Holding onto the raft we pulled up and let go, letting the downward force carry us toward the bottom. When we were about ten feet below the surface we straightened out and swam slowly toward the fish. By the time we were in range Bob was almost thirty feet to my left. Luck was with him. The school of mullet had drifted in his direction. He inched closer and carefully pulled back his spear. A moment later I saw him fire, and again there was the same white flash of a hot fish.

The same luck that had favored Bob now turned in my direction, and the fish darted toward me. As they flitted by they reached the edge of the groups and hung motionless over the darkness. I got my gun in position and swam closer. When I was about six feet away I pulled back the spear and aimed at the largest fish. He was a very willing victim and sat very still while I set him up for the frying pan. I released the spear and in a few seconds was swimming to the surface with a two-pounder at the end of my spear.

For the next hour we continued this game of hide-and-seek with the fish. Everyone had a chance to try his skill. In addition to the mullet there were two red fish, weighing about ten pounds apiece, and three sheephead. By mid-afternoon we had four full strings and the makings for a small fish fry.

There were several hours of good sun remaining when we raised the hook and headed back up the St. Marks River. Ole wanted to go to Newport, about twelve miles upriver, to see Oscar Ewing, his boat-builder friend, about some spare fittings for the Seagull. The rest of us looked forward to a swim in the fresher water upstream. Besides, we had more than enough fish, and none of us liked to see the senseless killing of fish just for the sake of “sport.” We had a standing rule that we would never take more fish than we could accommodate in the kitchen—regardless of how good the fishing.

When we reached Newport, Ole found that his friend had gone to Tallahassee for the day. It was too late to go back downstream to the open sailing waters so we decided to spend the rest of the afternoon swimming and fishing in the warm sun. As it turned out we did spend a lot of time in the water—but what followed left little time for relaxation.

The fresh water felt good after a couple of hours in the sun and salt. There’s a new bridge under construction at Newport, and the steel girders provide an ideal diving platform some twenty feet above the river. In a few minutes the four of us were taking turns diving and swimming and drying off on the hot decking of the Seagull. It was a perfect day and we were thoroughly enjoying it.

About ten minutes after we had been in the water Ole, who had been paddling around with swim-fins and face-mask, came churning toward the boat holding something in one hand. We crowded around to see...

(Continued on Page 39)
ALTHOUGH skill of the taxidermist is the final test of how well your permanent claim on nature will look in the living room, your part in the mounting process is equally important. For, the first step in mounting should be taken almost at the moment life leaves the animal, bird or fish you wish to preserve.

Your taxidermist may be 10 or 1,000 miles away at the time your trophy is taken, and importance of your part is in direct ratio to this distance in most cases.

In a previous article, "Preserving Proof," (October issue) it was explained how good mounts can be preserved and how seemingly exhausted specimens can be restored. Equally important are the procedures to follow at the time of the kill so that a competent taxidermist can provide you with a life-like ornament that will last a life time.

Lack of knowledge has discouraged many sportsmen from attempting to bring their trophies home. Others, with an equal lack of knowledge, make the attempt and nearly drive the taxidermist to eating the arsenic he uses in his work. The first group has nothing to show for their skill except stories so one will believe, the second group frequently has sorry looking trophies or none at all... despite the skill of the taxidermist.

The ideal situation, from the standpoint of the taxidermist, would be for us to drop our animal or bird in front of his shop or to hand him our landing net with the fish still flopping in it. Since this is impossible, we must do the next best thing to get the best results. In every case, depending upon time and distance involved, we should deliver the trophy in as nearly normal a condition as possible.

Today there are many modern conveniences which provide us with the means to preserve trophies that were not available when the moth-eaten and dust-covered mounts of bar room infamy came into being. Actually, it is a tribute to the skill of the old-time taxidermists that any buffalo heads and other trophies of a by-gone era are still in existence.

Refrigeration is the most practical way to preserve whole carcasses. Taxidermist Wilson E. Ditty, of Shonokin Dam, Penna., uses several deep freeze units to preserve them until he can start processing.

However, with today's refrigeration, speed of automobiles and airplanes and wider dissemination of information through the printed word, preservation of wild things for further enjoyment is much more practical. In fact, I think that mounted trophies are going to become popular once again as attractive home ornaments.

Those fortunate enough to go on African safaris or into Alaska or India for their hunting seldom need worry about proper preparation of their trophies. This service is a small part of the cost for such a trip. But, for the average fellow on a weekend angling excursion into the swamps or a vacation trip to the mountains for big game, simple know-how can be the difference between a blank space on the parlor wall and visible evidence of a great thrill.

The simple instructions being offered here will be of little value, if, after all your care and preparation, you turn your specimen over to a wild-eyed correspondence student on his sixth lesson in taxidermy. This is not meant to discredit any good school, but it is meant to caution you about those students who discredit good schools of taxidermy.

Fine taxidermy is a real art and one that is not acquired quickly or easily. Its masters almost always supplement any knowledge they
squirrels, muskrats and other furred creatures, can easily be stored in the refrigerator upon being brought home. Freezing will not harm the pelt if it is necessary to store the animal for any length of time. As if it should be necessary to skin it, make one slit down the belly. Work the legs out to the first joint, then cut them off leaving the remainder of the leg in its natural sheath. Cut off the head at the shoulders. Salt the meaty parts and the inside of the pelt heavily.

LARGE ANIMALS are seldom mounted entirely except by museums or by a game commission when competent persons are hired for the task.

However, if you wish to have a head mount, you will likely want as much of the neck as possible. The simplest way to obtain it is to cut away the hide completely around well down on the shoulders. Then strip the hide toward the head as far as you can, cut off the neck, and get the head and cape in one piece to the taxidermist as soon as possible.

When the above procedure is impractical because of distance, weather or time involved, you may need to skin out the head. In such cases, it is necessary to split the neck, and this should always be done from the back. Never cut the underside of the neck for that is the part that will show on your finished mount. Remove the hide from the head and over the nose as carefully as possible. Use special care around the mouth and eyes. Turn the ears inside out, remove all flesh and salt the entire underside of the cape heavily.

In modern mounting, paper-mache (paper-mache) manikins are used, and it is no longer necessary to flesh-out the entire skull. But, a considerable portion of the skull should be sawed away and left attached to the antlers or horns. The taxidermist will do further sawing to make it fit the manikin, so it is better to be liberal than otherwise.

Before any skinning is done, however, two measurements should be taken and carefully noted. Get the exact distance from base of horn or antler to tip of nose from forward end of eye to tip of nose. Tag both skull section and cape so that they do not become separated at the taxidermist shop.

If you only desire a horn or antler mount, take plenty of the skull and let the taxidermist saw it to fit the mounting plaque.

BIRDS should be refrigerated intact if practical and taken for mounting as soon as possible. Every effort should be made to keep the feathers unrumpled. Cheesecloth or muslin

"A good job and a bad job. Two door copies which show the opposite extremes in preparation by the hunter. Which do you think will make the better head mount?"

"This elk will make an excellent mount: there is plenty of hide for the taxidermist to use in covering the manikin. Only a small part of the original skull is used."

"GAL WITH A LINE (Continued from Page 18)"

Baker County has been getting a large boost under its new turkey release program which is now well under way, and being worked in cooperation with the Florida Game and Fish Commission. This third release of the year including two gobblers and six hens brings the total release to 44 since the beginning of the year. This release was made from the old Sapp tract of the National Conservation Corp. lands, most of which in this area are included in the Lake Butler Wildlife Management area. Front, left to right: Arthur Combs, M. A. Griffin, Luther Hand, T. L. Rauscher, Howard Roberts, J. T. Bennett, Sidney Reesing. Standing: Edger Crawford, J. C. Levee, and R. F. Jones. All are Baker County officials or citizens.

"Shown below are some of the 4,5000 gos fish which have been removed from the Hillsbore River alone last year by members of the Hillsbore Wildlife Club. This function is one of the many now in operation being carried on by the State Game and Freshwater Fish Commission to aid Florida waters of rough fish and thereby increase Florida fishing from the sportsman standpoint."

"Good Joan really is at this casting business, she can slice a banana from a fifty foot distance, break a balloon with a hook on the line, and flick a cigarette from the mouth of a person standing fifty feet away. In 1948 she took the International 9 3/4 oz. accuracy in London, England, and in 1956 won the Women's all round Skish Championship, Skish Fly Distance Championship with 117 feet. In 1956 she won the All-around Accuracy, Dry Fly Accuracy, Wet Fly Accuracy and Flickersmen's Fly Accuracy, plus the Men's Flickersmen's Distance Fly Championship with an average of 125-139 feet long.

Now anyone would imagine that with all this demonstrating and giving public appearances that Joan does that the last thing she would want to do is to be away from the holiday, and the chances are that anytime she's not working actively at casting, on a professional basis, she is probably somewhere in Biscayne Bay showing the fish also that she "really has a line.""
TURKEY FOODS

The viscosity of turkey self feeders filled with corn. The dry droppings were broken up in the formative stages of the experiment. Sections were washed in a boric acid solution to prevent the growth of mold. Occasional estimates of the abundance of each food item were made to determine the most important single food item consumed by turkeys during the week. A food habit study involving only the week of the total food consumed on a year around basis as determined from dropping analysis. Including grass leaves, the ten top foods from an annual sample were: 1. Poo-poo: 2. Wheat: 3. Corn: 4. Corn: 5. Wheat: 6. Grass: 7. Hay: 8. Grass: 9. Corn: 10. Corn.

CLOSER THAN YOU THINK

BACK ALIVE

UNDERWATER DISCOVERIES

NOW THEY FLY NORTH

There were pieces of heavy square plates, sections of cups or mugs with peeling pastel or pastoral scenes painted on the sides, a pewter top to a brass planter, and two

EATING HUNTING CAMP

"Old New Canaan"—Turn left one mi. South of Oak Hill

COTTAGES AND RESTAURANT

"FISHING IS FUN — FOR EVERYONE"
There is one more little "hitch", noted in the advertising copy of the described product.

The beef egg hatches into tadpoles in about four or five days. The tadpoles swim around for quite a while before turning into little frogs. A few amphibians turn into tiny frogs after being raised in a tank. However, the majority require two years, and some reach maturity only after three or four years. The little frogs become active and large in size, providing a great deal of food for the aquarium enthusiast. The tadpoles, on the other hand, cannot be kept in the aquarium and must be fed to the fish.

RESOURCES

MOUNTAIN FISHING

These three lures—"I even know most of the LITTLE things. I think.

WHY NOT TRY IT?

Which brings us back to those LITTLE things. Do you use a nylon leader long as your rod with your plug casting outfit? Anyone can learn to tie the knots, and it will increase your chances for success.

Do you keep your hooks needle sharp? Are you able to cast accurately enough to drop your lure in those small pockets tight up to the bank or under a log? Is your tackle balanced for easy handling and trouble free service?

Do you have a few baits you REALY understand, or do you go out there hoping your "luck" will change? Do you worry about your casting reel? Keep it well lubricated? It is impossible to cast accurately with a poorly lubricated reel. Proper care means frequent cleaning and oiling. A few drops of oil on the level wind rod eye, a couple of hours when the reel is in use is a must. A LITTLE thing, but one that pays off in backcast-less casting and fishing satisfaction.

Some people have gone so far as to put up electrified screens around the lights; thus flying insects are electrocuted or, at least, stunned. The bugs are then supposed to fall in the water and be gobbled up. We can't do that with fish. They feed simply by snapping at anything in the water. Thus live food must be provided.

BACK ALIVE

"V" in the tail as soon as possible after the bite. If the fish is turned and the girth should be made at a sev- eral points and both girth and point of the cut be made accurately. The fish should be held securely and the filet can be removed by filing the cut. If the fish are not already present when it is done, the hook can be removed after the gill covers are removed. The fish can be used as a temporary sub- stitution. The filet will fit all fish of identical species are in the same color. A few notes may help you help the taxidermist in restoring the finish made to an original in the original.

REAL ESTATE AND BUSINESS PROPERTIES

REAL ESTATE and BUSINESS PROPERTIES in Columbus, New York, Business Opportunities — J. A. MURPHY.

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WILD FOWL FOR SALE

WILD FOWL FOR SALE

FLORIDA WILDLIFE

MARCH, 1954

ED MCCORMICK

BEACON No. 42 FISHING CAMP

CABINS — BOATS — MOTORS — TACKLE — GUIDE

2 MILES SOUTH OF SHOREL, FLORIDA

SAM WAMPBLER, MGR.
heavy green-black bottles. All of us agreed that there was much more material on the bottom. There was no doubt that below us lay the remnants of a historical graveyard.

We dove to the bottom again. And again it yielded pieces of old china-ware and bits of strange bottles. After a few more dives we brought up the broken fragments of a crude lantern. Another trip to the bottom brought forth a pewter spoon. And so on. By late afternoon we had covered the floors with a strange assortment of old china, foreign bottles and a collection of unidentifiable and forgotten objects.

Approaching night forced us to lift anchor and head downstream. On the way to St. Marks we sorted out the collection and carefully stowed it away in the ice locker. By the time we reached the Seagull's mooring everything was assorted according to size and kind and was ready to be taken to Tallahassee.

When we reached town we headed for the home of Dr. Hale Smith, Head of the Department of Anthropology and Archaeology at Florida State University. Dr. Smith is one of the best informed persons on the history of Florida in the state, and I knew that he was anxious to examine any new historical material found in the area.

Fortunately he was at home when we arrived. We carried in our collection and spread it out on the floor. For what seemed like hours we hovered over him while he finished his examination of each object. At last he sat back and gave us a historical description of our find.

The pieces of china, the pipes and pewter, all of these objects were from 150 to 160 years old! And as we had guessed, they were of English make. Although the records of Florida's early history are incomplete we know that the English occupied the territory from 1763 to 1783 when the Spanish took control. It is known that there was a small English settlement at Newport during that time, and perhaps the objects at the bottom of the river were brought to this country by these early settlers. The letters R T on the pipe Ole had found were the initials of a Robert Tippet, a famous pipe-maker of the 18th century. This alone would indicate that these objects had been resting on the river-bottom for more than a century and a half.

Pirate treasure? Probably there is none. Dr. Smith had already investigated a nearby site and had come up with objects similar to the ones we had found. In all likelihood we had stumbled across an outlying area of the same site. Or perhaps there are really two sites, one close upon the heels of the other. These are questions that may never be answered.

Whatever the case, we had unknowingly stumbled across the remains of a long vanished settlement. The names on the back of the angular plates — Adams & Sons, Staffordshire, Wedgewood — the markings on the thin clay pipes, the pewter objects, all of these tell of a period in Florida's history that in many ways remains a mystery to the student of the past.

But mysteries can be solved. Yesterday the four of us—Ole, Jack, Bob, and myself—started planning diving activities for next weekend. We've put aside the spear and fishing line, and we have suddenly found a new interest in Florida's early settlement days. If you should pass this way and drive by the small village of Newport perhaps you will cross the bridge and look down into the St. Marks River. If you do you might see bits of broken china—old English china. But more likely you will see four divers, with the Seagull anchored nearby, searching the bottom for what it may yield of the treasure and relics of the past.
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