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Vol. 7 Issue 8

January

I give my Pledge as an American to save and faithfully to defend from waste the natural resources of my country - its soil and minerals, its forests, waters, and wildlife.

In God We Trust

JANUARY, 1954

25¢

Florida Fish and Wildlife Conservation Commission
In this Issue

Our cover this month depicts the Florida State Seal and the Conservation Pledge, in keeping with this month's issue being our special conservation issue. To start off the new year with our best foot forward, we would like to call attention to the article "Something to Think About," by Charles W. Pace on page 6. In this article Mr. Pace gives us a great deal of material that is truly worth thinking about. Also we would like to spotlight a new column under the department head, "Cracker Crumbs." This column is all at once entertaining, interesting, and informative.

BOY! IS OUR SLIP SHOWING!
We have really had our share of the largest of the largest of the large. What about the little ones? We know that many people are interested in the smaller species of wildlife. So, what are some of the little ones that you can find in Florida?

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FLORIDA WILDLIFE
Published monthly by the Florida Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission
Tallahassee, Florida

DEDICATED TO THE CONSERVATION, RESTORATION, PROTECTION OF OUR GAME AND FISH

WILLIAM W. PERRY, Editor

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The Senior Anglers Club of Fort Lauderdale, only recently organized and sponsored by the Anglers' Club of Bartow County, has just elected their new club officers. Their new president will be Dave Ridley, vice president, Paul Byrley; secretary, Conrad Ballinger, treasurer, Peter Schwallier. To the knowledge of Uncle Rufus this is the only club in the state so far as to be completely dedicated to fishing, and we would like to welcome them to the league. Total members for the new club now stands at 37 and it is still growing fast.

The Executive Junior Conservation Club has just had a re-organization meeting over in their city on Dec. 11th, and came up with an election of the following officers: President, Ron Baker; vice president, Jim Douthat; secretary, Larry Taylor; treasurer, Bill Hinson. Adviser: Tommy Anderson, president of the Easter Joyce, and Wildlife Officer, Ed Ridley. The total membership now stands at 13, and the total money in the treasury is $15.00. The club is sponsored by the Executive Junior Chamber of Commerce.

Over at Bellview another new club has been organized by Ed Zagor and Ed Ridley, and this new Bellview Junior Wildlife Club has a membership of 20 members for the club are Frank Polk, B. J. Wall, Tom Sweeney, Peter Schwallier, James Ari, Wallace, Wooden, and W. O. Ed Ridley. The club meets at 7:00 every first and third Thursday on the High School. Uncle Rufus wants to wish this new group good luck in the coming new year.

Down in Tallahassee, Florida, another new Junior Conservation Club has just been organized. This one is called the Everglades Wildlife Conservation Club, and the age level for the members is 12 now numbering about 25 in membership. Officers...
by Charles W. Pace
Director, Game & Fresh Water Fish Commission

It has been said time and time again that almost anything can be proved through the analytical process of statistics. So it you have ever read any of those lengthy reports involving the comparison and proportions of figures, you've probably already come to realize that this fact is so and that sometimes the conclusions are quite astonishing. This particular article, while not trying to prove or necessarily advocate anything, rather being more of just something to think about, does, however, produce some amazing results, the knowledge of which, if properly used, could be quite advantageous to Florida sportmen and to the Florida conservation program in general.

This article is intended, in the main, to merely examine the possibilities, advantages, and or disadvantages of introducing into Florida a county fishing license to be required of all persons who fish only in their own county with either a cane pole or artificial fishing equipment (i.e., rods, reels, plugs, flies).

As the fishing rules and regulations of Florida now stand all persons who fish out of their home county, using either cane poles or artificial tackle, are obliged to buy a state fishing license. Persons who fish only within their home county are required to buy a state fishing license if they fish with artificial tackle, but persons who stay within their own county and use only a cane pole are required to buy no license at all. Under this arrangement, the sale of fishing licenses for the State of Florida for the fiscal year of 1952-53 totaled 318,777, and the income from those sales amounted to $783,128.50. The breakdown on the licenses included 219,678 resident permits for a total of $384,436.50; 14,771 non-resident annual licenses, $147,718.00, and 44,228 non-resident, 14-day permits, $252,984.00.

Judging from estimates derived from various surveys throughout the state involving different local Chambers of Commerce, Wildlife Officers, and various local civic clubs, it has been conservatively estimated that in Florida there are some 500,000 cane pole fishermen who fish in their home county and are, therefore, not required by the state to purchase a license. For the sake of being ultra-conservative however we will use in this article the smaller figure of 400,000. Were a county license to be inaugurated at a cost of $1.00, this would mean that the income derived from the sale of fresh water fishing licenses would be increased by an amount equal to $400,000 with which the state could carry on a much more extensive conservation program to the advantage of all Florida sportmen.

It would be well at this point to introduce into this plan of thinking the Dingell-Johnson Act of 1950, a legislative act which each year apporitions certain amounts of funds to the individual states for fish restoration and management. These funds are derived from the ten percent excise tax on the sale of fishing tackle throughout the nation.

In 1952, the latest figures compiled in connection with the Federal aid received from the Dingell-Johnson Act, showed that the total appropriation was $2,929,250. Of this total amount, four previously determined amounts were set aside for the United States possessions of Alaska, $37,000; Hawaii, $25,000; Puerto Rico, $10,000; and the Virgin Islands, $10,000. The remainder was then divided on a 48.69 percent basis, 48%, to be allocated in the ratio that the area of each state, including coastal and Great Lakes waters, bears to the total areas of all the states, and 62% in the ratio that the number of persons holding paid licenses to fish for sport or recreation in each state bears to the number of licensed fishermen in all the states. Since the law requires that no state shall receive less than 1% or more than 5% of the total amount apportioned to all the states, another step requires a redistribution of funds in keeping with maximum and minimum limitations and a final adjustment to insure that apportionment for all the states.

The amount received by Florida in 1952, on the basis of percentage of land area was $19,000 and the amount received on the basis of license holders was $27,993. Florida was 21st from the top in receiving funds for water and land areas and 19th from the top in getting money for the number of permits sold. The sum of $27,993.00 was obtained from the number of license holders for the fiscal year of 1950, since these naturally were the latest compilation when the funds were distributed in the middle of 1951 for the following year, 1952. It will be noted that the amount of money received by Florida on the basis of number of licenses sold in such a way that the amount of money obtained from the Dingell-Johnson fund in dollars is a little over five times the fund. In view of this percentage, this would mean that presumably, if a county license were introduced into the state for $1 and the ultra-conservative figure of 400,000 people purchased that license, Florida would receive from the federal government $40,000 more than it would receive if these licenses were not sold. Let us carry this example a little further.

As the situation now stands, for the fiscal year of 1952-53 the State of Florida derived from the money distributed $384,436.50 from licenses $783,128.50. It will receive from the Dingell-Johnson Act a total of $47,194.00, or an income of $832,324.50 through the sale of its fishing licenses.

Now note, in the above, in addition to the state license a county license which would presumably affect a conservative figure of 400,000 people, then we would have an increased income of $40,000 from the Dingell-Johnson fund on the basis of the additional licenses sold. This additional total, equaling more than $440,000, would then make the complete total of money derived from the sale of freshwater fishing licenses more than $1,223,139.50, an appreciable amount with which to carry on an extensive state-wide conservation program and to enlarge the present plan of fish restoration and management.

At present, Virginia is the only southeastern state that has both a state and a county fishing license in regards to cane pole fishing. It states and regulations of Virginia, who would think of the "get away" without purchasing a license. But then on the other hand, to off-balance fishing by rules and regulations the 400,000 who would not buy such county licenses for various reasons, there would be a good possibility of this total figure who, if required to buy such a license, would think that it would be worth the difference in cost to go to Florida and would again affect the amount of the number of state licenses sold. This group would presumably be larger than the group who would have to buy a license in Virginia.

Florida, Virginia is the only southeastern state that has both a state and a county fishing license in regards to cane pole fishing. It states and regulations of Virginia, who would think of the "get away" without purchasing a license. But then on the other hand, to off-balance fishing by rules and regulations the 400,000 who would not buy such county licenses for various reasons, there would be a good possibility of this total figure who, if required to buy such a license, would think that it would be worth the difference in cost to go to Florida and would again affect the amount of the number of state licenses sold. This group would presumably be larger than the group who would have to buy a license in Virginia.

The person who fishes in his home county and who fishes with a cane pole does not have to buy a license at all, and frequently such fishermen go more fishing than many of those who must buy a state license.
that state licenses comprise one-third of the total licenses sold this would seemingly indicate that the 318,777 licenses sold in Florida would be one-third of the total, making the total over 1,000,000. This would show that the number of county licenses would be well over 600,000.

It seems to be quite common in most states over the nation which do have such a county license to also exempt any cane pole fishermen who is either under 16 years of age or over 65. This would be another factor which would affect our 400,000 figure. But still should be kept in mind that this arbitrary figure is extremely conservative and that presumably two-fifths of those actually affected would spend the extra dollar and purchase a state license.

There is still another plan which would be well worth considering while thinking in this particular vein. There are many states in the southeast and throughout the nation that have combined hunting and fishing licenses. Approximately three-fifths of the states have such a plan. In most states which have these combined licenses, a person can buy either a fishing license or the combined hunting and fishing license. Let us look over some of our southern neighbors and see how they manage their licenses in respect to this.

In North Carolina a person can buy either a combined hunting and fishing license for $4.10, or he can buy just a fishing license, in which case he has a choice of either a state fishing license for $1.10 or a county license for $1.10, the county license affecting only artificial tackle and not cane poles. In the 1952 appropriation of the Dingell-Johnson funds, North Carolina received $25,650 based on the figure of 252,849 licenses sold, $15,387 based on land area making a total of $42,951. In Mississippi there is no county license, but there is a combined state hunting and fishing license at $3, or just the state fishing license at $1. In 1952 this state received from the Dingell-Johnson funds $16,041 on the basis of 158,018 fishing licenses sold and $14,147 on the proportion of land area. All of these license prices are for resident licenses only. Non-resident licenses are considerably higher in all states.

Georgia in 1950 offered a fishing license similar to ours for both residents and non-residents, and for a total of 187,925 license holders and its land and water area it received a total of $28,778.00. However, in the following year, it offered a combination hunting and fishing license for $1.25 and on the basis of a much increased license sale for that year, the Dingell-Johnson funds for 1953-54 will be high enough for Georgia to make it the second ranking state in the Southeast, with only Tennessee being ahead of it. Tennessee is another of the states which have both state and county fishing licenses, but the county license affects only the use of artificial fishing tackle. From Dingell-Johnson funds, Tennessee received $60,567 for the 557,882 fishing licenses sold and $12,405 on the basis of land area, totaling $68,972. South Carolina has neither combined county nor state licenses, and a resident state fishing license is sold at $1. This state however received $25,998 on the basis of 18,211 licenses sold, and the "not less than one per cent" clause took effect in this situation.

In view of all the preceding knowledge and assumptions, one can readily see that the county fishing license introduced into the state of Florida, the present income derived from the sale of fishing licenses would be increased by at least one-third its present figure. Even if such a plan were to be devised as to ex- (Continued on Page 30)

A Commissioner

Comments...

By HENRY M. JEHNIGAN
Commissioner, Everglades Division

YOU readers of the Florida Wildlife are concerned, interested, and interested in the Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission because you believe that the Commission and its large group of trained employees can make possible more fish, game and other wildlife and also provide for the protection and propagation of wildlife which adds to the beauty and attractiveness of our State.

Apparently, the first game conservation law in Florida was enacted by Suwannee County in 1829, all for the purpose of game being in the hands of the various counties until 1941 when a constitutional amendment established the present Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission. No doubt, many of you remember the confusion that existed prior to that date, there being 166 laws, local in character, on the statute books. While it has not been possible to eradicate all confusion, the situation has been greatly improved and game has become more abundant. Turkey and deer have multiplied by some 155 per cent, even though there are twice as many hunters now as there were in 1941.

Your present board of commissioners have hunted and fished in Florida and other states since childhood. They are students of wildlife and have one common objective, that of using far resources to the best advantage in the propagation and preservation of our wildlife. Please bear in mind that there is no money for this purpose except through the sale of hunting and fishing licenses. In other words, there is no subscription through taxes.

Perhaps our most controversial problem in 1953 was that of commercial fishing. Six years ago commercial fishing was an-established two years ago on an experimental basis. It was again discontinued in June of 1953 after a lengthy hearing with a large representation. Experimental in 1953 was being conducted by the Commission in Lake Recoy, near Okeechobee, and Lake Panasoffkee in Sumter County, all land locked lakes. It was taken from natural breeding grounds. By the use of this method we are assured of continuing the wild strains and survival is not a problem.

Sportsmen, sports writers, and the general public are taking a great interest in the affairs of the Commission which are giving this license is over in these special areas, restocking of quail and turkey, to be taken from natural breeding grounds. By the use of this method we are assured of continuing the wild strains and survival is not a problem.

Hunters report that they have taken the full season's quota and they feel that the season is over in these special areas, restocking of quail and turkey to be taken from natural breeding grounds. By the use of this method we are assured of continuing the wild strains and survival is not a problem.

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FRONT COVER

FLORIDA WILDLIFE
Some of our most pleasant surprises come in little packages, or so the ancient saying goes, and with us it's quite true for many letters that cross our desks help to bring smiles to our withered and furrowed faces. Many letters tell of fine hunting trips, other letters discuss the top-notch angling found in certain waters, which will here be described in detail, and plans and programs being made in the interest of conservation of our natural resources.

But every once in a while there arrives an unsigned letter carrying either a brickbat for our past work or a condemnation for past actions of persons or groups relating to outdoor sports or conservation. Now the policy of this magazine is that of not printing unsigned letters and of withholding signatures of those who wish their names printed without identification.

However, in the case of the letter from "A Citizen" (printed elsewhere on this page) we have seen fit to circumspect our ordinary procedure because such mail necessitates an explanation, or at least a discussion.

We know that all too often such cases of utter disregard for hunting regulations are going on, and in many instances the violators are arrested by our Wildlife Officers. But it's a certainty that our Officers, who have an average of 320,000 acres of land and water ares to patrol, cannot be in more than one place at one time. He's got to depend upon the public to inform him about such illegal hunting and fishing operations. The ready answer of adding more area is not possible.

"A Citizen" was one taught in the why's and wherefore's of protection and restoration of our natural resources, would have contacted the nearest Wildlife Officer and given this information to him, with names if possible. Such information is not squealing or telling tales, for these game hogs were stealing something that belonged to all the people of Florida. They were taking something that "Citizen" himself owned.

Only by constant cooperation between the Game Commission Wildlife Officers and the general public can such outlaw be apprehended. In the best interests of conservation, we urge all citizens everywhere to report known game and fish law violators to the Wildlife Officer living nearest them.

The public's stake in the business of conservation is tremendous, for the economy of hunting and fishing directly and indirectly affects and benefits everyone of the residents of this State. Only by their interest in the Game Commission's conservation programs will we be able to insure game and fish for as long as you live, for as long as your children live, and so on ad infinitum.

To get off the serious vein for a moment, the editors of Florida Wildlife Magazine and the officials of your Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission would like to wish everyone of our readers and the general public of Florida the best the New Year has to offer, with tight fishing lines, a steady aim at your hunting targets, and many pleasant hours in Florida's out-of-doors!

Dear Game Warden:

I write this to tell you that some hunters kill too many doves. There is a place known as Cassey Dairy on the Ulmerton Road, near the State Road crossing, about 15 miles northeast of Largo, Florida, where the fellows killed hundreds of them last year. Seem they don't know the limit is eight birds a day. One of them killed a hundred or more. I am not a dove shooter, but I hear things talked around. Hope you fellows can watch out and catch up with these fellows. I thought about writing a piece to the paper but thought best to let you know first and see what you would do about it.

Yours truly,

A CITIZEN.
Better Watch Out for These Plants-- They're Poisonous!!

By J. Casey

Broadly speaking, plants are like people—there is some good in every one. However, again showing a resemblance to mankind, it is necessary to become well acquainted with certain plants before realizing their true worth—or that it is best to entirely avoid them.

Nature has provided mankind with many fruit producing plants, others for ornamental and other purposes. Yet, in a few instances she slipped poisonous substances into the roots, stems, leaves, flowers, or fruits of a variety of plant life. And a few plants have poison in every part of them. When we consider the great number of beneficial plants, there are comparatively few of the villainous plants.

Poisonous plants may at times constitute a real danger to the gardener, to the hunter, the fisherman and the picknicker. Perhaps we have in our midst some plants that are deadly poisonous to man and beast. There may be others that can cause much suffering, if not actual death. Parts of one plant may be harmless, while other parts of it are harmful. Some poisonous plants, when wisely used as drugs, are of great service to mankind, yet in their natural state they are extremely dangerous. So it is never safe to assume that if one part of a plant is edible the other parts are at least free of harm. For example, the stalks of rhubarb are delicious when made into pies or sauce, but the leaf blades contain a poisonous compound; the leaf shoots of the pokeweed are favorite "greens" with many people, but the roots are very poisonous; and fruit of the Mayapple is the only part of this plant that is not harmful. A considerable number of our common plants are poisonous if eaten, even in small quantities, and a person should be cautious in tasting unfamiliar roots, fruits, barks, or other parts of plants.

Inasmuch as none of the dangerous plants are marked "POISON," or bear the familiar skull and crossed-bones, many people are unaware of their danger. As protective measures, it is the duty of every one to acquaint himself with these plants, because there is never any telling when they will be encountered.

Two of the most common of our dangerous plants are Poison Ivy and Poison Oak, which because of their wide distribution, and because they are bad through and through, should be classed as Public Enemy No. 1 in the Plant World. Regardless of the fact that much has been written concerning these plants there are still many people who fail to identify them on sight. One good rule for recognizing them is that they have three leaflets, greenish-white flowers, followed by waxy white berries. Many people mistake poison ivy for the Virginia Creeper, one of our most beautiful native vines. In the autumn, the leaves of the poison ivy and poison oak turn to bright hues of yellow, red, orange and brown—pretty to look at, but to most people is dangerous to touch. However, this past season imagine the author's horrified surprise upon visiting a house where poison ivy had been used profusely for decorative purposes! Happily, neither the lady who gathered it nor any member of her family were susceptible to its poison.

To persons who are susceptible, ivy poisoning is most terrifying. One can get the poison by merely rubbing against the plant, or handling tools or clothing which have been in contact with it, or by letting the smoke of the burning plant touch the skin. These plants—poison ivy and oak are all bad—every part of the plant contains the poison, which is a non-volatile oil, and the sap is especially virulent. It is said that no one is ever entirely immune after once having had a case of ivy poisoning, so it is best to avoid the plant if possible. If one has been near or exposed to the poison, wash thoroughly—with strong soap. If rash develops, consult a doctor at once.

Poison Sumac while a beautiful one, is also the most dangerous of our native trees. It differs from other sumacs in that it grows only in wet, rich soils. The large leaves, with 7 to 13 leaflets, are quite different from those of other sumacs. The fruit, hirsute white berries are borne in slender, drooping panicles. Only a slight contact with the leaves of this plant to persons sensitive to vegetable poisoning is sufficient to cause severe rash.

Crown Poison, also known as Scentless Wild Onion and False Garlic, is a fleesy, bulbous herb with grass-like basal leaves, almost leafless flowering stalk, which produces clusters of small greenish-white flowers. The plants are similar in general appearance to the wild onion, but do not have the onion smell.
scent. Both the roots and leaves are poisonous to cattle, as well as man. In several instances this plant has been mistaken for the edible wild onion and eaten with dire results.

The cocklebur, one of our most noxious weeds, has a wide distribution. It is most poisonous, especially in the seedling stage. It is frequently fatal to hogs, sheep and cattle. We have personally known of one instance where young cocklebur leaves—mistaken for edible wild greens—were cooked and only a few latter eaten by persons who became violently ill and had to have immediate medical aid.

The big Spurge family contains several plants poisonous to either eat or touch. It is said of white-mustard spurge, also known as 

Stems-on-the-mountain, that merely touching the leaves causes a skin irritation, and that nibbling on the leaves will poison one. The milky juices of this plant are capable of causing serious skin poisoning.

The Castor Oil Plant, another member of the huge Spurge family, widely cultivated, is thought to be a native of tropical Africa. It has been grown in recent years as a "money crop" for oil obtained from its seeds. Although the seeds con-
tain a poisonous compound, the toxic material is removed and the oil is widely utilized and commonly known as castor oil.

Like the old "bad men" of the West, the Bull Nettle trusts to its defensive weapons for safety. Also a member of the Spurge family, the bull nettle is noticeable because of its many branched, stout-stems, and large leaves all covered with white, bristly, maliciously stinging hairs, and clusters of exquisitely fragrant, wax-white flowers. In size and shape, the leaves resemble its near relative, the Castor Bean. Also the fruit, a 3-lobed, oblong bristly pod, containing 3 mottled grey seeds, is similar to the castor bean, except these seeds are edible. Upon contact with the skin of humans or animals, the hairs break off and produce a severe burning and itching which may last for hours.

Jimson Weed, Jamestown Weed, Devil's Trumpet, or Apple of Peru, as it is variously known, is widely spread and its leaves, seeds and stems contain a powerful narcotic poison. The dried leaves when burned emit a pungent smoke which is said to be one of the few known remedies for asthma. The narcotic seeds, which apparently heal, as well as kill, have been a favorite medicine of Gypsies for ages. "White Man's Plant," is what the Indians called it, because it is said to have been brought to this country by the first settlers at Jamestown. Because of the disagreeable taste of the leaves, they are seldom eaten by livestock; however, they have been poisoned by eating hay containing dried leaves of the Jimson weed, and people have been poisoned by sucking the sweetly fragrant flowers.

The Oleander, a member of the Dogbane family, a native of the East Indies, but is widely cultivated and naturalized throughout the south. It is seldom that every part of a plant is poisonous, but such is the case of the handsome oleander. The roots, stems, bark, sap, leaves, flowers and seeds are capable of causing death to a person if taken internally. Fortunately, it is not poisonous to the touch and may, therefore, be handled with impunity. Personally, we know a child who ate two or three petals of an oleander blossom. She immediately became violently ill, and only the quick work of a nearby physician saved her life.

Forglise, also known as Fairy Fingers, is one of our most handsome garden plants. It is erect, growing 1 to 3 feet high, producing a profusion of tubular, bell-shaped, 5-lobed, purple flowers. Its leaves have an unusual odor and a strong, nauseous taste, but they are very powerful and poisonous and yield the well-known drug, digitalis. The leaves are too dangerous for home use, and should be used only by physicians.

Jessamine, a slender climbing vine of the legumia family, has pretty yellow, trumpet-shaped flowers, and found in many areas. All parts of this plant are poisonous, including...
Jr., and myself, we no jeeps, and a Harry Clarkson, that day. Four of us, C. hunt. The scene: a bow and arrow. We were ... the woods to the hunt area. A number of gates and lanes and wildcat hunters and between Citra and Orange Springs. With 11 top-notch cat dogs, two jeeps, and a small truck, we rolled out of Ocala about 5:20 in the morning, then, to Citra, and through a number of gates and lanes and gates and lanes, weaving our way through the woods to the hunt area.

The "strike" dog was turned loose. And the hunt was on.

I understand now why they called that dog a "strike" dog. When he hit the scent of the wildcat, he gave out with exciting bugle-like tones, and left the road in a hurry. The other dogs were released from their cages in the trucks, and we hit the trail after the cat.

The road we had been following ran north and south. The dogs were running the cat toward the east, and we could hear in the distance the bell-like tones of the hounds as they chased after the elusive cat.

Now, as you know, a wildcat is plenty smart and an old hand at his game. He will run a pattern of a large circle, over the same tracks, time after time after time. On a later run he may face to right or left of the pattern he has been running, and jump in one direction or the other, as far as he can out of the pattern he has made. The dogs follow the pattern until they discover that the scent is not nearly so strong as it had been, begin casting about to catch up with the latest run of the wildcat, find the place the cat had leaped to, and then go on from there. But by this time the cat has gained considerable ground... and the chase goes on.

That's evidently what happened to us. At one time it sounded as though the dogs were coming close enough to get sight of the cat, but although we beat the brush for over an hour as fast as we could go and get close enough to see the dogs several times, we never did see that fast traveling wildcat.

The wily old cat had given the bounds the slip, and the dogs finally gave up and returned to the trucks and the starting point in groups of two and three.

There was nothing to do but try again. So we loaded up and left for a hill section of the 500 acre tract where we pulled up in position. The "strike" dog was turned loose and we waited for action.

Sitting in the jeep and trucks, the warm sun beaming down, I got a little drowsy. I removed a wool shirt I had been wearing and again sat down in the jeep, listening for some sound of the strike dog to tell us that game was on the move.

But there was no high pitched baying noise—just quiet.

Setting down into the seat, I pulled my cap over my eyes and prepared to nap—but that nap never materialized.

At that moment a snake crossed near the rear end of the jeep and I hit the seat in a hurry, snatching up my bow on the way! A large cottonmouth moccasin, the snake was making his way uncorrected toward a nearby pond.

I drew—and missed.

I loaded again and drew. The second shaft went cleanly through the center of his body and we moved in for the kill.

The moccasin was about four feet long, as big around as my forearm, with deep brown coloring on the back, and a dirty yellow hue on the bottom side. He had the typical poison snake head—a vicious customer.

The snake was dead, and the dogs not having struck game, we decided to move to another area.

Our luck was better this time.

Taking his dog, Nichols began his way into the thick underbrush next to the road deep into the woods. Twenty minutes later he was back to the road with the news that the dog had hit a trail and was going like a house afire.

The wind was wrong to hear the dog from our direction, so we followed a fence line road to the right that would get us ahead of the "strike" dog. Soon we could hear his traveling, and he seemed to be nearing the hunters, coming out of, and chasing what we hoped was a cat.

Nichols and Burnett opened the dog racks, and put the pack over the fence to join the chase.

As the pack joined the "strike" dog the running hounds gave out with baying voice and set out after the quarry. The hounds moved up to within a area of about six hundred yards from where we waited, and the chase continued....

I never know the voice of one hundred from another. To me they sound pretty much the same. But not to trainers like Nichols and Burnett, who can listen to the anxious sound of the chase and call the names of the dogs nearest the cat right to the very last animal—and be right every time.

The running hounds had now moved up almost to us. The chorus of dog voices was very close.

I picked up the bow and climbed the fence, hoping for a shot at a running wildcat. I moved up and down as the hunt moved one way to the other, waiting for a shot.

Then came a call, "You hound hunters, we got this cat up a tree! Come on!" Both McLain and I recrossed the fence and ran into the tangled growth toward the tree cat.

Did you ever try to run through such thick stuff? Palmettos as high as your head, thorn vines, scrub... carrying a quiver of arrows on your back and a four and a half foot hunting bow in the string position?

You arrive out of wind, trying to catch your breath as you look for a sight of the wildcat. They point out for you.

There he is, stretched out on a limb about thirty feet above your head, showing his teeth and temper to the waiting group below. You reach over your shoulder for an arrow and load the bow.

The cat, rustlessly beginning to move on the limb, may jump at any time to the ground. The bow is drawn.

This is no target range, no time to calculate the distance. You release the arrow. It travels two inches over the cat's shoulder and speeds off into the blue toward nowhere.

I hear McLain's bowstring as he turns loose his first shaft. It strikes the limb on which the cat is standing. Mac is faster than I on his second shot. This one connects with the cat on the hip. His third clips a toe from the cat's foot as the wounded cat leaps from the tree and heads for the dense undergrowth, the dog close behind.

Why didn't I shoot again? When we had killed the snake earlier, I had lost the points. Driven deep into the ground, they had remained there when I pulled the arrows loose, and I had put the two headless arrows back into the quiver with the other arrows.

I had reached into the quiver once while the cat was on the limb, and, as luck would have it, had

Continued on Page 32
K I L L O F F the varmints and there'll be plenty of game!”

How often the outdoorsman hears that chant. To many sportsmen a predator control program is the panacea that will take care of all the ills to which wildlife is heir.

In some sections of the country, predator control has received more attention than any other factor affecting the game supply, except possibly the control of hunting. Much of this attention, and many predator control programs, unfortunately have been based upon tradition or assumed destruction of game by predatory species.

We must realize that there are many factors to be considered in determining the importance of predation. Some of these factors are the density of game and predator species, the natural food preferences of the predator, the availability of escape facilities (cover), the physical condition of the game, and the abundance of prey forms other than game species which may divert the attention of the predator.

An increasing population of game species is the natural and expected result of any game management program on a particular area. With this increase in game, it is frequently to be expected that the numbers of predators will also increase. This may be partially the result of the greater game supply and partially the result of the increase of small prey forms such as mice, rats, and rabbits attracted by the improved habitat on a managed area.

The natural food preferences of the predators must be considered. Because the hunter is engrossed in his pursuit of various game birds and animals, he often fails to notice the abundance of rats, mice, insects, snakes and other small animal life that occur in nearly every type of habitat throughout the state. These small animals, by their very abundance, serve as a buffer between game and predator, absorbing much of the pressure that might be directed toward the game.

That these small forms are an important source of food for predatory species is indicated by the presence of the remains of rats, mice, rabbits, snakes, lizards, and insects as well as various berries and fruits in the stomachs and droppings of predatory birds and animals in Florida.

In analyzing droppings and stomach contents of bobcats collected at various points throughout the state,

harassed by predators is an important consideration in the formulation of a game management plan. To the hunter who has crashed through palmetto scrub and brush thickets in pursuit of his sport, cover might have other than pleasant considerations. However, it must be remembered that unless the cover is available near the food supply, game will be exposed to possible predation each time it is forced to venture far from cover in search of food. In this respect, provision of suitable escape cover may be considered a form of predator control.

The physical condition of game is also an important factor in reducing the loss to predators. For example, a quail that is well fed and in good physical condition is much more likely to escape the attack of a hawk than the same bird starved from near starvation and preoccupied with the frantic search for enough food to sustain life. A well balanced management program considers the importance of abundant game food. Experiments are underway in the state to determine the effects of artificial feeding and the planting of food plots. We may consider this activity as yet another form of predator “insurance.”

The foregoing discussion is intended to point out the complexity of predator-prey relationships. What may appear to the uninstructed as a simple problem, in fact has many ramifications. The need for research into this many faceted phase of wildlife management is apparent.

We must examine the predator problem with an unprejudiced mind. We need the facts so that we may be sure we are serving the best interest of the game we are seeking to protect.

Dr. Benjamin B. Leavitt, of the Department of Biology at the University of Florida, found that rabbits, rats, mice and other items of non-game composed more than 95% of the food of the bobcat. Dr. Leavitt stated that "not a single item has showed up that would cause a sportsman concern."

The fact that some of these “buffets” forms themselves at times may be predators on the eggs and young of game birds is borne out by the detailed studies of the cotton rat in relation to quail nest destruction in southern Georgia, an area very similar in type to much of the game land of Florida. Thus it may be seen that, by removing these rodents, the predatory species are actually doing a service to the quail.

In this same vein, many of the native rats and mice compete directly for food with game birds. This factor may be of real importance where food is scarce, a condition that has been noted during late winter and early spring, especially in places where heavy use of the forage is being made by domestic livestock.

The “buffer” species may also harbor and transport certain diseases of game. By their removal, predators are of service to the sportsman.

The availability of escape cover to which game can retreat when
AY back in August of 1952, Florida Wildlife published an article by E. H. Stout concerning a pet bass called "Oscar." Oscar, according to this story, was not just a bass, but a very special little piscatorial fellow who lived in the little spring fed pool of crystal clear water, some 200 feet in diameter on the grounds around the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Saltsbury in Sanford. Aside from enjoying being fed by the hand of his master, Mr. Saltsbury, and following Saltsbury around the lake like a little puppy (naturally being limited by his marine nature), Oscar was unusual in that after each meal, he loved to be scratched under the "chin." Now anyone can readily see that Oscar was not what you would refer to as the average run-of-the-mill pond bass. He was an extremely friendly and likeable old Joe with a dynamic fluid personality, and water on the brain or knee was one thing that never caused him any great amount of concern.

But, alas, someone of an unscrupulous nature, probably having read about Oscar in Florida Wildlife, slipped onto the Saltsbury grounds one grey day and with cane pole and earth worm took advantage of Oscar's playful nature and trust in homosapiens. Only a few weeks ago, Florida Wildlife received the following letter imparting the tragic news:

DEAR SIR:

Enclosed you will find my subscription renewal. I thought a great deal about your article on "Oscar," our pet bass, in one of last year's issues. This past October, some boys came onto our property without our knowing it, and caught Oscar along with other bass of ours. We were all rather worked up about this and felt very much like teaching the responsible parties a lesson. The culprits were known to us, but as we couldn't do anything about it, decided to see if another bass could be "Oscarized."

We now have other bass that will jump for their food and follow us about. One small fellow gets over anxious at times, and once landed in my lug. Having an abundant supply of mullet last year, Dad decided to cut some into strips and see how the bass would take to it. Sure enough, they were crazy about these pieces of mullet and could be easily enticed to jump for some.

I am enclosing a snapshot of me holding the small anxious one, hanging on a strip of that delicious mullet. He wouldn't let go, so I easily lifted him from the water. Although the original Oscar is no longer here we have managed to keep his brothers unafraid and they too have become pets.

S/Sgt. JOHN L. SALSBURY
APO 862, New York

The photograph on the right shows how one of the new "Oscarized" bass will hang on to a strip of mullet. This little fellow put up such a fight on his "lunch" that J. L. Saltsbury was able to lift him completely out of the water.

The photograph back to the left and right, one of the original Oscar going through his antics with Mr. J. W. Saltsbury. As in the first article about the pet bass, we point out the shadows as proof that no trick photography was employed in acquiring these pictures.
Three men, moving clumsily in 
heavy, winter clothing, struggled 
in single file through the deep snow. 
They were burdened with heavy 
equipment. The numbing cold and 
the wind made conversation almost 
impossible. As the dawn hea 
seeded the darkness in the east, 
the three travelers came to the shore 
of a lake. Here the snow was less 
deep, the open face of the lake giv 
ing the wind an opportunity to 
 sweep the ice, piling the snow in 
 drifts on the south shore. 
Unrolling a heavy square of can 
av, the men put their equipment 
on it and, taking up a tow rope, 
they started out over the ice, heads 
lowered to the bitter wind, pulling their improvised sled behind them. 

The wind-swept expanse of ice, 
the stark countryside, frozen in the 
grasp of winter, and the three lonely 
figures trudging along, made a deso 
tate picture as revealed in the cold 
half-light of the breaking day. 

MEN WITH A PURPOSE 

What inner drive brought these 
men to such a trial of hardship and 
endurance? Were they explorers, 
pushing on past the comforts of 
civilization, seeking new frontiers? 
Perhaps they were scientists, ex 
ploiting themselves in order to fur 
ther the fund of human knowledge? 
Surely, some heroic impulse must 

have persuaded these men to for 
sake home and fireside for the cold and 
the wind. 

The men, themselves, had no such 
exalted dreams. They were merely 
 fishermen going fishing. I know, be 
cause I was one of them. To such 
lengths will fishermen go in the pur 
suit of their sport. I can't remember 
just what we caught, or if we caught 
anything on that day, but I can't 
forget the cold and our talk, as we 
compared our lot with our more for 
tunate brothers in the sunny south. 

THE LAP OF LUXURY 

Puscatorially speaking, we Florida 
 fishermen are all jackpot winners 
in the Isaac Walton sweepstakes. 
Perhaps, having had firsthand fish 
ing experience in many less favored 
climes, makes me more aware of our 
wealth and good fortune than the 
grumbling I occasionally hear, who 
seem determined to magnify our few 
small problems far beyond their 
actual importance. 

Year round fishing alone would 
seem like Heaven to the vast major 
ity of anglers in these United States. 
Add to it our blessing of sunshine, 
the most sweet water lakes of any 
state—the longest salt water coast 
line of any state and the best fish 
ing of any state, and you begin to 
realize that, not only do we live in 
the lap of luxury, we are getting free 
and an expense account to boot. 

BE THANKFUL 

I attended a meeting of the Florida 
Outdoor Writers at Marathon in 
the Florida Keys in mid December. 
The fishing was wonderful, as usual. 
The sun was bright and hot. I suc 
ceeded in avoiding a painful sun 
burn only by using an excellent sun 
tan cream. At our meeting, we had 
a discussion of the new, Rudy Schae 
fer statewide Fishing Tournament 
that starts January 1, 1954. The dis 
cussion was about minimum weights 
of black bass to receive a tournament 
citation. Not a prize, mind you, 
only a citation. These writers from 
all around the state decided that any 
Florida black bass not weigh 
ning at least eight pounds was not 
even worthy of a mention. I predict 
that the bass that takes first prize 
in the tournament will weigh in excess 
of 15 pounds. 

I remember when Harrington 
Lake in Kentucky was in the full 
flush of its fishing heyday and be 
fore its decline. In those days, we 
were bearing of really big black 
 bass being taken. At last, word got 
avowed that the common monster had been caught. A call went out to 
track down this fish. General opin 
ion was that, if it could be found, it 
should be preserved and placed in 
some high niche of honor. 

The fish was finally located in 
Cincinnati, Ohio, tackle store win 
dow, frozen in a block of ice. Be 
cause I was feeling run high. There 
was talk of Yankee carpetbaggers, 
plundering the south of their treasu 
res. Confederate flags began to 
 fly, and the southern accent began 
 to noticeably. Terrible to think. 

It cooled off when the noble fish 
was mounted and returned to its native 
land—no doubt it still got a little 
hot under the collar thinking about it. 
All that fuss was about a 10 pound 
black bass! I thought of it a 
 little sheepishly as I listened to the 
 boys decide that a Florida black 
 bass must be at least 15 pounds 
or eight pounds to rate a citation. 

To be worthy of our natural bles 
sings, the Florida fisherman should 
be fully aware of his great 
 good fortune. He should contribute 
toward the preservation of his heri 
tage and should resolve to see it 
wisely used. Last but not least, to 
fully enjoy his blessings, he must 
be thankful. 

I fished with Fred Jones of Lake 
yard recently on a benefit flat in 
the Keys. It was a beautiful morn 
ning, and as we fished along, we 
could hear the shouts of our comp 
panions who were fast to good fish 
via the fly rod and streamers. Jones 
remarked that he had never fished 
this particular flat in company be 
can discover a dozen or more small specimens,rawl 
about over submerged vegetation near the edge of 
spring. These young ones look something like craw 
fishes, with which they are often found. 

If you want to catch one of the adults, however, 
you'll probably need a face mask and swim-fins. Dive 
down into one of the holes from which the spring 
water flows. In the dim half-light you may see several 
giant shrimp, clinging to the cavern walls. Approach 
one from behind; seize it quickly and firmly by the 
body. (The shrimp shown in the photograph was 
cought at Silver Springs in just this way.) If you ap 
proach the creature from the front, you're apt to 
touch one of its long antennae. Immediately it will 
dart away, into the black depths where you cannot 
follow. 

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Giant Shrimp of the Fresh Water 

By ROSS ALLEN and WILFRED T. NEIL 

ROSS ALLEN'S REPTILE INSTITUTE, SILVER SPRINGS, FLORIDA 

Central Florida is noted for its mammoth springs, 
welling up through caverns and fissures in the under 
lying limestone. The springs form sizable rivers, which 
turn with fishes, turtles, and other aquatic life. Far 
below the surface, in the dark holes of the bottom, are 
other creatures—strange creatures whose presence 
may be unsuspected. One such is the giant shrimp, 
shown in accompanying photograph. 

This crustacean is not a lobster or a crawfish but 
a true shrimp, related to the more familiar salt water 
species. It dwells mostly in deep spring holes, less 
often in lakes and streams. At night it leaves its re 
treat, crawling about over the bottom in search of 
food. The big, old adults are very timid, and rarely 
venture into shallow water. The young ones are 
bolder; sometimes, with the aid of a flashlight, one 

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KNOW YOUR WILDLIFE 

FLORIDA WILDLIFE 

JANUARY, 1954 

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All who are sportsmen have seen Hal Sharpe’s daily “column” in var- ious newspapers around the country. His column is strictly a one-col- umn cartoon mat in which he both illustrates and comments with hints on catching fish and killing game.

This book is a compilation of many such cartoons which give con- cise, down to earth information and diagrams, covering all phases of game and hunting. Its handy size—it ‘ll fit in your pocket—makes it convenient for the hunter to slip it into his jacket for reference while in the field.

Here are hints on how to become a better shot, a more skilled sportsman and an expert in safety. Start- ing with small game, the author goes into the hunting of all species. A section of the book is devoted to better marksmanship, another to dogs and their training, and others to proper camping, preparing chow in the woods and all safety precau- tions. For $1.50, no one can go wrong in buying this book.


Nob Buckingham, one of the noted Outdoor Writers of America, writes the foreword on this book, and describes why such a book had to be written for the benefit of the Country’s trap shooters. 

I did not know very much about trap and skeet shooting before reading this book, and although I’m still not very much interested in that particular sport I did learn quite a bit about it.

It is not a non-trap-shooter, as long as he’s interested in hunting, will find this book of value, for it’s just as though the author stands at your shoulder speaking in easy to understand terms on what you should do and what you’re doing wrong.

Fred Etchen is probably one of the greatest trap shooters in the last 40 years and he knows whereof he writes. And for a good beginning he tells the story of fire- arms safety, then goes on to de- scribe good hunting practices and principles. The frontispiece shows the Elshen Shooting Country Club in Miami, Fla.

THE PIKE FAMILY, By Robert Page Lincoln, Illustrated by Fred Everett, Published by the Stackpole Company, Harrisburg, Penna. Price, $5.00.

Bob Lincoln does himself proud again, as far as those people who are particularly interested in fishing for members of the pike clan are con- cerned. Here he describes his var- ious angling trips for the northern pike, pickerel, wall-eyed pike and muskellunge, in all sections of the country.

This was the author’s final book before he died, and in it he divulges a vast store of knowledge amassed in a lifetime of angling with the seasons in many waters.

In reading the book, you’ll find the history and interesting features of the different species, the best lures and methods of fishing for pike, and pertinent characteristics of all mem- bers of this fish family. You’ll get a deeper understanding of fishing, you’ll derive greater pleasure with your tackle and you’ll obtain a greater abundance of action while fishing for pike, after finishing this book.

I’VE HEARD so many new- comers to Florida speak of “Cypress Bay Heads”, “white g e e s e s”, and “water fowl jumbles”, that I think it’s about that time that one of our old “Flor- ida Crackers” got the truth laid out on their names.

Now, usage really makes a name. Until there is enough of that usage, there’s confusion. People start call- ing the same thing, by different names and no one knows what the other is saying.

To eliminate some of this con- fusion, this is being written by a professional Floridian who knows that all the folks ought to know the words.

I’ve even had this checked and double-checked by several old-time Florida Crackers who are experts on the language. No dictionaries or encyclopedias have been consulted —this is “Cracker talk”, and you writers and talkers can put this little item on your lists.

There’s a big place in my heart for the word Cypress, so we’ll start with that.

If you speak of a large area of Cypress, many trees in circum- stance, it’s a Cypress Swamp, and is generally identified by a name such as “Telegraph Cypress”, “Hog Town Cypress”, or “Little Cypress.” And even though there may be some oak, pine, and other trees in it—it’s still a Cypress Swamp.

If in this area there are compara- tively smaller groups of Cypress trees, a few acres in diameter in a generally round or oval shape, these are Cypress Heads, and not Cypress Domes or Cypress Bay Heads. Just Cypress Heads. Cypress Heads may be out and away from the main body of trees, it may be in the main body of the swamp, but distinguished by a group of larger trees almost falling away from the larger trees, like hills fall away from mountains.

The Cypress Heads are in an oblong form stretching from about a half mile in length, it’s a Cypress Strand. But if the Cypress is stretched out along a creek or river, it’s a Cypress Swamp or the creek or river swamp.

An area consisting of many miles of pine trees is known as pine timber. If you speak of a smaller group of pines in a clearing, or a few miles in circum- stance, it’s a Pine Island, regard- less of whether or not there is a name around it, or Cypress trees, or open land around.

Groups of Bay trees are known as Bay Heads. The largest area of Bay trees in the State, lying east of the Apalachicola, or “Alabed Hills”, is known as The Bay Gallis.

If it’s a group of small oak trees, it’s an “Oak Scrub.” A group of large oak trees is an Oak Hammock, never an Oak Head. If speaking of very, very small oak trees, about six to twelve inches high with acorns on them, we refer to them as “Broom Acorns.”

A group of large oak, mixed with Palmetto Cabbage, is an “Oak and Cabbage Hammock.” A large area northwest of Lake Oklawaha con- sisting of many many miles of Cab- bage Hammocks is known as the “Cabbage Woods.”

The low-lying palmettos with stickers on their palms talk, called Saw Palmetto. If the Saw Palmetto is high like along a creek or river, they are just high Palm- tots. But if they are short, like out on a prairie they are called scrub Pal- metto, or Hog Palmetto.

The Cabbage Palmetto or Palm- to Cabbage is known as “Swamp Cabbage”, or just plain “Cabbage.” The base of the fronds which you take off when you cut a Cabbage to cook is known as a “Boot.” The part of the cabbage which and which has a bitter taste is called, appropriately enough, The Bitter.

A body of water that is perman- ent, and does not run, is a lake, and can extend out from a river or creek, or it has very little open water in it. A marsh can be water which extends out from a river or a creek. It often makes up into a slough, which may make up into a creek or river. “Slough” is usually just called the “Glades,” which are made up mostly of Sawgrass and Miden.

All areas in Florida have names that have something to do with trees, or bodies of water, or the seasons.

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BASS ON FLIES IN COLD WEATHER

All Florida fish are very sensitive to lowered water temperatures—none more so than our Florida Largemouth Bass. In northern waters the largemouth is most active when water temperatures are in the range of 60 to 70 degrees (in most areas) and becomes “loggy” when the water gets up to 75 or 80 degrees or when it falls to 50 degrees or less. Florida bass are accustomed to quite high water temperatures and are active when the water gets down to 60 degrees or less.

Now—northerners unfamiliar with Florida bass habits, and plenty of Floridians also, are likely to use the same methods of angling when the water cools off that they used successfully all through the spring and early fall months. In that event they are most likely to be very happy with the results and may even “cuss” the quite innocent bass. Generally speaking, surface popping bugs are almost useless in cold weather, except in the most southerly waters of the state and even in those warmer waters are less effective than their users would have expected.

As the air cools the water also cools, although not rapidly. As the cold surface water sinks it gradually reduces the temperature of the entire depth of water. Bass, seeking to remain in water with a temperature that suits them, will then drop down into deeper water. For a while they may be able to stay in just in the right temperature and remain active and aggressively feeding; then the angler has only to find the right depth and the same sunken flies and lures that worked in warmer weather will still produce. The problem is what to do when this fails.

Unfortunately, the deadliest fly fishing combination ever dreamed up by man is the spinner-fly combination, in the hands of an expert fly—or strip-caster—a single or double bladed spinner on a fixed shaft like the “June Bug,” “Indi- an’s,” “Willow Leaf” and other styles in which the spinner blade or blades revolve freely around a fixed shaft. The type of spinner called the “Colo- rado” is not suited for use with fly but is excellent in running water used as the “Deb F.) as it should be, and al- lowed to sink slowly as it is allowed to drop back following a slow pull. Generally speaking, the length of the spinner blade is about the same as the width of its shape. In the case of the June Bug, the #1 Willow Leaf has a blade about 20 mm long, while the #1

FLORIDA WILDLIFE

By STAN B. (Doc) WADE

FLORIDA WILDFOWL

FLYFISHERMAN

January, 1972

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ULCNE RUFUS

(Continued from Page 4)


42nd—Gulf Hammock Junior Con- servation Club—Hammock Area

25th—Perrine Junior Sportsmans Club—Perrine

KNOW YOUR WILDLIFE

(Continued from Page 23)

Sticks and Stones

(Continued from Page 5)

Some news dealers here in Washington, that might handle your splendid magazine. There are many Floridians here who would like to purchase your magazine, in fact there are many from other parts of the country who have visited with me and confirmed that fact that when they see mine they all ask to read it after I am through.

Wishing you and the publication as well as the Commission, a happy and prosperous New Year, I sincerely yours—D. F. AVANT

Washington, D. C.

Dear Sir: Please remove enclosing check to cover $5 sub- scriptions to Florida Wildlife. I am also enclosing a photo which might be interesting to your readers. This boy of 10, and other four brothers, live on the Chocowinnoke River. The batters are Allred, Audrey, and Cap Gammage. The signed dog in the phone scene is named “Buddy” by Fort Walton, Fla.

Dear Sir: I am a resident of Fort Walton, Florida. I can also enclose a photo which might be of interest to your readers. This boy of 10, and other four brothers, live on the Chocowinnoke River. The batters are Allred, Audrey, and Cap Gammage. The signed dog in the phone scene is named “Buddy.”

Dear Sir: The other day I ran across an old copy of Florida Wildlife, my first encounter with this fine little magazine and I thor- oughly enjoyed it. I have fished and hunted in Florida all my life, until coming to France. After 18 months over here, it was a real treat to read about home and what everyone is doing to preserve our wildlife.

I am enclosing money order for one year subscription for myself and one for my father at Lake Placid, Florida. My regards to all the Wildlife Manage- ment staff.

David R. Austin

Chesapeake, France
Dear Zan,

As you all done knows I done come down here to Florida to soak up a little bit of sun. I catch me some of these big ole trout (they calls em bass in other parts) but I think I ought to tell you all about my trip.

I heard about a little creek (I done had to go out to the train depot and trace that ole board on the sid of hit) and thinks that this might be a good place to start. I arrive here last Tuesday to late to go fishing but I all sets get in set out that Wednesday. I starts out for surf and life and starts chunking that ole bait up like thirteen of mine around without much luck. Pretty soon I seen a bunch of boats out that running rougher and that with some guys picking up something and a puttin hit in a boat.

I decides I had better go over and take a look so I got me a canoe and since I ain't a catchin no fish nobob. Well I gets over there a little later and I see that hit is the biggest gosh darn sin I ever did see. Now I sets to myself I can see why I ain't catchin no fish—them fellers is a taking them all out with that sin.

But as I gets a little closer I see one of them fellers got some kind of a magic in his canoe and he was chunkin that ole bait with such speed as well as the job well done cause I'm agin this a catchin.

So I decide to ask this fellah he's goin' that's good and he's workin' with them. Then I thinks this would be a good place to start a passel of pore game wardens except I ain't a sure about the pothole or the warden. It sez fish management.

Well I figures that that must be somethin' that would causes no one to chunk the fish up cause I ain't the figured the fish needed any management. I decides I best go in and put a bunch of them beater one in a lake ever year. I decides I better go to this here fellah beater more and see if I can find out what his secret is. Well he tells me he's a fish management teccnicion and that he is in charge of a state owned and operated salted lake that he fish out the lake. I ain't never heard of that kind fish as I looks him what hit looks like. Well he tells me to stay a putte while and I show me they's about to get to the pocket (I thought somebody done by me some of that fish when I finds out they is taking all the fish out). Shore nuff in a few minutes, they all in the place and they finally gets it between two of them boats and start a haul-

them fish out of it. While some of them fellers are a haulin out them fish this teccnicion is aways and measuring some of em. Another fellah is a throwin some of them fish out and a leavin some in the boat. I sees a passel of big ole fish in there and I seen they was aplevin em in the boat with some other kind of a fish that shore looks like it orer be good eatin but I ain't never seen one like it afore.

They was taking some big ole trout and a throwin them back and I almost swallowed my lucky cause I ain't never seen any that big afore.

Well they gets all the fish out the pocket and this teccnicion gets done wayin and a measurin them fish and sez he is ready to tell me all about them ruff fish. He sez you see these fish in the boat, they is ruff fish. I sez that's an ole gud one and he sez that other and that shore do look like a brim or some kind of a fish. Why do you call em ruff fish? He sez that right on the gar and mudfish but them others is guzzard shad or stink shad as he sez sometimes call. He sez that stink shad ain't never hide no hook and that et the food that brown and young trout orter get. He says them gar and mudfish will et up the other fish and don't like trout and perch. 

So he sez you see them all of the fish (except one) crappie (speckled perch find out in this lake) and brim back to grow and hard fish fishing his way like nut. The gar, mudfish, shad, catfish and weever we takes that food weet and destroy. We done found out and destroy. We done found out and destroy. Here seeing that about 70 percent of the fish in this lake don't want to catch so we is a taking them all and moor more and road for the kind you all wants to catch. Well by this time this bar sainin' ain't soundin so bad but I wants to no how it effects the hitting rite now. He has got records of some of them that done been caught in a sain t catchin' few days later by a fisherman (I ain’t figured out how he nos hit was the same fish cause they all look alike to me). He says that I could probably start afishin in the same spot and catch me a fish but that time my ole middlings says it’s aint time for fishin so I’m ready to head for camp and get me a leettle bit to eat. But it’s a beginnin to sound better all the time cause you no we always take the grass and stuff outa our cotton so they won’t git none of that thin fertilizer and I guess them ruff fish is about the same paper.

Well Zed I got another fishing trip not fer in the morning so I guess I better stop now and hit the hay. I'll let you know a little more about these sainin the game and fresh commission is got here when I learn more about hit.

Your ole pal,

CRACKER JOE

FLORIDA WILDLIFE

ERHAPS few impressions are more indelibly engraved on one’s memory than those made on their first camping trip, particularly if the neophyte is a city-bred "cliff dweller." The incident which I now recall with amusement but in which I saw no humor at the time occurred during my freshman year in college. I was invited to spend part of my Christmas vacation at a botanical survey into the Everglades in the company of several distinguished scientists from various colleges and universities in the southeast. Although I knew even less about their fields than about camping, I was still eager to go along and therefore acquired a sleeping bag and the other essentials needed for the trip.

Bespindulent in new year, I felt every inch the seasoned veteran of wilderness trips. In at least one respect I had every power and was an expert. On this trip, I was a matter of climbing up on the hood of the jeep to see where we were going to push into the considerable regret that I abandoned my post near the fire where I was leasing on the front steps of the cabin. The long journey to my sleeping bag.

The talk among the crew, the aforementioned members grooped to their sleeping bags, and the small one crawled into the fire gradually dwindled to a spark and then flickered out. As the fire died, the darkness seemed to rush in, and the noises in the brush became louder in proportion.

Above the snap of breaking twigs would occasionally come the coarser sound of a larger animal moving about. Eventually however, the weariness brought on by the activities of the day permitted me to fall into a somewhat fitter slumber, frequently interrupted as various sounds disturbed me.

Some hours later I was awakened suddenly by a noise. I sat up with my flashlight in hand and placed around in the eerie half-light of the newly risen moon at the blurred forms stretched out near me. Had I really done it, nothing in the world would have held me back enough to venture anywhere near that run-down forms stretched out near me. Had I really done it, nothing in the world would have held me back enough to venture anywhere near that run-down form. Even now I am not sure about a cockroach in the bushes.

Then, I wasn't in an entirely rational mood at that moment. I had just been settled back into my sleeping bag, satisfied that this was another fragment of my overactive imagination when I heard a loud noise that certainly wasn't my imagination. It came from directly behind me, and as I spun around with my flashlight in hand, the appearance of two enormous eyes about ten feet away, and close to the ground, I tried to warn, about a big vocor refused to respond. I turned on my flashlight and found that I was being rendered hora de comb by the "monster." As I lay there, powerless, I could visualize flesh and bone crumbling before my eyes. I was afraid to be. I had been an ornament in the wilderness for weeks and felt that I seemed to be an eternity of time, during which it lay crouched there

By PETE OGDEN

"You should be in Tennessee where it really gets cold."

JANUARY, 1954
SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT (Continued from Page 2)

emt all people over 65 years of age
those under 16 years old, and all
residents of Florida who are out
relief, this income would still be
reasonably increased. With this ad-
ded amount of funds all of Florida's
fishermen would stand to profit.
There would then be no inclination
for a more extensive conservation
program; rough fish eradication and
waste control could be extended far
beyond its present plans; other fish
management programs could and
would have state-wide expansion,
and Florida fishing as a whole
would become more beautiful, pleas-
urable and profitable.

As said in the beginning of this
article, this writing is not an attempt
at attempt to prove any particular thing
through its use of figures, nor is it
advancing that in the light of these
assumptions any program is im-
mediately inaugurated. However,
view of increased income directly
from the sale of county licenses and
from the additional income derived
from the Dingell-Johnson fund—it
is something to think about. —END

The little ruby-throated humming-
bird summers in the United States
but spends his winters around Cen-
tral America and Yucatan. Although
his wings measure just over an inch
in length, he can beat them about 75
times a second and is able to make
a non-stop flight of some 500 miles
across the Gulf of Mexico.

THAT FIRST NIGHT IN THE WOODS (Continued from Page 29)

unmoving and unblinking. I gradu-
ally recovered some use of my
muscles and began to move the
flashlight hesitantly in an effort to
see what it was. Several anxious
moments went by before it made
another sound and then all was ex-
plained, as several pairs of small,
beady black eyes were caught in
the beam of the flashlight.
My "Monster" was nothing more
than the shiny bottoms of two tomato
soup cans and the noises were caused
by rats scratching around inside
them!
Needless to say, no further "mon-
ters" disturbed my slumbers that
night.

FLORIDA WILDLIFE
FEDERATION NOTES

New Tagging Program Launched

The Halifax Hunting and Fishing
Club, of Daytona Beach, recently
launched a salt and fresh water fis-
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of officers.

Volusia Wildlife Association Holds Election

Larry Fagan was elected Presi-
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to serve with Fagan are Sam James,
Vice-President, and Norvel John-
son, Secretary-Treasurer.

Besides the election of officers,
the highlight of the meeting was a
vigorous protest by member sports-
men to the closing of an area in the
Ocala Forest to hunting, only a few
days before the season opened. Ac-
cording to Waldo Priest, Division
Director of the Fifth District, the
area in question was closed by the
Forest Service Road 16, leading to
Silver Glen Springs and that area
east of the road to the Lake County
line, which has always been open
to hunting, is now closed.

It was suggested at the meeting
that negotiations be made immedi-
ately with the proper authorities so
that the area might once more be
open to hunters.

National Wildlife Week Announced March 21 - 27: Pollution Control

Charles H. Callison, Conservation
Director of the National Wildlife
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will be the theme used to educate
our neglected natural resources.

Mr. Callison feels that Water Pol-
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son in all the states, and enable the Federation to secure
the cooperation of many groups and or-
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National Wildlife Week is a nation-
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Florida Federation Brochure Receives National Acclaim

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sent a copy of a brochure now being
put into circulation by the individ-
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Mr. Claude Kelley, President of
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Florida folder, and he suggested the
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vertising medium for Florida.

The brochure lists the primary
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It is an informative folder and its
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A number of Clubs have already
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The roots which yield a powerful drug. This plant is poisonous to animals as well as man, and I said that the nectar of the flowers kills young horses.

Mountain Laurel, also known as Measal Bean, is probably the most beautiful of our native shrubs when in early spring it is covered with a mass of sweetly fragrant blossoms. It is in color shape, the deep red clusters look very much like those of the blueberry vine, and it is served by large silvery pods which are filled with large, orange-red berries.

It is said that the Indians made a drink from the beans by which they committed an act of forcing the prisoners to drink. It is claimed that one half of a bean is powerful enough to put a man to sleep for several days, while a whole bean will cause death. The leaves are reputed to be poisonous to sheep and other livestock.

The Buck-eye is another plant in which danger lurks in its leaves and fruit. Both are poisonous to man and domesticated animals can eat the fruit without ill effect.

Doubtless it is among the plants with attractive fruits that the greatest danger lies. Both the red and white baneberry, native in some sections and often grown as ornaments on grounds of the State, and children have died from eating them.

While birds relish the fleshy, purplish fruits of the Poke-berry, it is said they are fatal when eaten by persons.

Mistletoe, the popular evergreen which is so widely noticed for decorative purposes at Christmases produces berries that contain sufficient poisonous compounds to cause death if eaten in quantity.

Other ornamentals cultivated for blossoms or foliage that contain poisonous compounds include the baneberry, black hawthorn, blackberry, larkspur, monk's head, loddonia, and privet.

According to ancient legend, the flower known as "St. John's Wort" begins to bloom on St. John the Baptist's Day, June 24, and gives protection against the evil spirits active on Midsummer's Eve.
creatures were the prey of the great flesh-eaters.

How did this multitude of animal life come to Florida?

Some 70 million years before the narrow bit of land we call Florida raised its head from the ocean floor, the continents of North and South America became connected for the first time by a land bridge—Central America. Across this new land, South American animals began a migration northward, lasting thousands of years.

Eventually, these animals—like the capybara, porcupines, armadillos, sloths, sloth bears, and opossums—found their way into the northern parts of Florida. They spread throughout North America, and some drifted down into the Florida peninsula. It was this land bridge that accounts for so many typically South American animal types being found in North America.

Then about a million or so years ago, a great change took place in the Earth's climate. Enormous masses of ice moved down from the Arctic region, turning much of temperate North America into a vast ice-box, teeth, tigers, mammoths, rhinos, and other beasts that had passed the continent a few years earlier. These glaciers moved into the Florida peninsula, beginning a series of changes that lasted for millions of years. During much of the Ice Age—which lasted until about 25,000 years ago—Florida's climate was so much colder than it is now. But the general pattern of woodlands, palmetto scrub, jungle hammock and swamp probably prevailed then as now. In the course of its many advances and retreats, the glacial ice never came closer than 500 miles to Florida.

The great Ice Age mammals in Florida were all gone by 25,000 to 10,000 years ago. One-half to two-thirds of the entire Ice Age animal population has vanished, leaving only minor forms in much smaller numbers—the squirrels, rabbits, raccoons, etc., and two species of deer, the black bear, and a few flesh-eaters.

What happened to the large mammals?

No one knows the answer to this riddle. There are almost as many scientific guesses as there are students of Florida pre-history. Some say the great mammals became over-specialized. The saber-toothed tiger, for instance, developed such large canine teeth that he may have been hindered in feeding. The colossal size of the mastodons may have made them cumbersome, unable to find enough food to keep them all alive because of their heavy bodies.

Another cause leading to their fall may have been the enormous numbers of animals in the restricted area of the peninsula. A more likely cause may have been sudden changes in climate and vegetation in Florida, causing their death or emigration.

It is common knowledge that modern Man has played an important part in the extinction or near extinction of many groups of animals. His thoughtless slaughter of animals, his fiendish industrial wastes, his drainage ditches and cleared lands have drawn any other creature into the domain of the flesh-eater.

Prehistoric man was in Florida at least 20,000 years ago. Some experts believe he was here as early as 25,000 years ago. There are several cases on record of human-made articles being found in close association with the bones of long-extinct animals. There is one report of an arrowhead found imbedded in the skull of a mastodon.

The effect these early men had on the struggle for existence of the Ice Age mammals can only be guessed. Did they drive them out of the great basin? Did they kill them off with their spears and traps? Did they ruin their feeding grounds by fires and axes?

This happens in modern times. It could have happened then.

Lions and tigers and bears and rhinos, peccaries and tapirs. Yes, hunting ain't what it used to be...
Florida Offers More in '54