PLEASUED TO MEETCHA

We would like to introduce this month Mr. M. G. Rawlitt from Wildwood, Florida, the new commissioner for the fifth district. Mr. Rawlitt was formally appointed Monday, January 25, by Acting Governor Charles E. Johns and attended his first commission meeting later the same day. In private life, Mr. Rawlitt is connected with Sea-board Railroad, and we will get a chance to hear some of his views on conservation when he writes for "A Commissioner Comments" in April.

CONGRATULATIONS

Also this month, we want to offer congratulations and the best of luck to Mr. Miller Joiner from Jacksonville, the Second District, who was recently elected Chairman of the Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission. Mr. Joiner has been with the Commission since May 25, 1949, and we will find out what he has to say about conservation when he writes "A Commissioner Comments" for the March issue of Florida Wildlife.

COMMISSIONERS

MILLER JOINER, Chairman
Second District, Jacksonville
A. STERLING HALL, First District
Bradenton
E. W. HINSON, Third District
Quincy
HENRY M. JERDONIA, Fourth District
Fort Pierce
M. G. RAWLITT, Fifth District, Wildwood

ADMINISTRATIVE STAFF

CHARLES W. PAGE, Director
O. EARLE FRYE, Assistant Director
J. L. BUCK, Administrative Assistant
NANCY O. FRIEDMAN
Chief, Fish Management Division
B. R. CAMPION, Chief, Wildlife Coordinator
JACK RICHARDSON, Information-Operations Coordinator

DIVISION OFFICERS

Northwest Florida Division
CLAYTON W. MARSHALL, Division Director
7419 E. 49th St., Biloxi, Miss.

Northeast Florida Division
WILLIAM H. CROWLEY, Division Director
Ed Washington Street, Tallahassee, Fla.

Central Florida Division
DAVID SWINDLE, Division Director
Wiltonia, Florida

South Florida Division
E. T. HENDERSON, Division Director
St. Petersburg, Florida

Everglades Division
CURTIS WRIGHT, Division Director
P.O. Box 497, Hollywood, Florida

Florida Wildlife is published monthly by the Florida Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission, Tallahassee, Florida. Single copy, 5c; subscription rate, $3 per year. Changes of address notice, 5c per address; address change instructions must be received 4 weeks in advance of change. Correspondence concerning advertising or editorial material should be addressed to Florida Press Association, 201 N. W. 2nd Street, Miami, Florida. Unwarranted material will be handled with care, but Florida Wildlife cannot assume responsibility for loss of mail. This publication does not necessarily express the views of the commission. In this publication will be granted to responsible news service agencies on the editor. printed at Press, Inc., Tallahassee, Fla. Printed in U.S.A. 1954.
Dear Sir:

You have found a peculiar quail that Terry Hinkle killed in Calhoun County. Terry sent it to Professor H. E. Helms. Do you have any information about quail such as this?

H. E. HELMS

Vewahshika, Fl.

---

Dear Editor:

About 1949, your magazine had an article describing the "jaguarundi," a member of the cat family from Central America, a few of whom had been seen in Florida in recent years. I believe that, with four other persons, we saw one of these species sometime in 1949. When we noticed a large cat standing on the left bank, scarred yards from our boat. The sketch enclosed tries to give an idea of its appearance, which was most evil and vicious. The color was black, white, and orange, and for several minutes it stood glaring at us in a most ferocious way.

It was not disturbed, frightened or angry apparently, and we slowly moved away from the palmettos. I would guess his weight between 80 and 90 pounds and would like your opinion as to its being a "jaguarundi."  

E. J. TEAGARDEN

Bonne, Georgia

---

Dear Sir:

Mr. Helms: We are showing the picture you sent in order for the bird experts to check on no record of a quail such as this is in our files, or could we dig up any information from reliable sources. Any answers received on this controversial bird will be reported in later issues.

On the inside back cover of the January issue, we published a series of delightful and informative letters exchanged between 10 year old Bobbie-Lou Kaminski of Tampa, and Jack Shoemaker, the Game and Fresh Water Commission's Information and Education Coordinator.

Bobbie-Lou desired a baby deer for a pet, and through the understanding correspondence of Mr. Shoemaker, learned the reasons why it was not possible to grant her that wish. This reply was the most recent received:

Dear Mr. Shoemaker:

I understand about the baby doe deer and all the deer. I thank you very much for the information and the nice letter and the wildlife book. Thank you very much for everything.

MISS ROBER L. LOU

(And so the got a parakeet)

---

MISS ROBER L. LOU

(And so the got a parakeet)

---

One time, quite a few years ago, a pretty great man said something to the effect that you people of the people all of the time, all of the people some of the time, but it is very much of an impossibility to fool all of the people all of the time. Much in keeping with this same line of thought, we might also say that you can please some of the people all of the time, all of the people some of the time, but it would be a gross understatement and virtual nonsense to suppose that you could please all of the people all of the time. This fact is such an obvious truth, it hardly seems worth mentioning, but one can see the relationship of such a statement to our lives applied every day. This factor explains why in this country we have two political parties, why there is more than one flavor ice cream and why all women's dresses don't look like something by Christian Dior. Some people just don't have tasteful designs.

When one stops for a second and thinks about the above statement, almost simultaneously, he will realize that since such is the case, the only thing that one can do is to try to please as many people as possible and not step on the toes of the ones who are displeased. This is what we have at the Commission are trying to do through the medium of Florida Wildlife. This is what our magazine is trying to do for its reader, while at the same time is in keeping with this publication is the official publication of the State Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission.

In the past months we have received, here at the commission, a great amount of mail praising the policy of our magazine of making known to the state the terrific program and workings now being carried on by the commission, but still there have been a few anonymous letters, saying that the magazine is not what is expected of an outstanding type magazine. We would pass for a moment at this point and carefully examine what the function of Florida Wildlife is. Our purpose intended to be, nor does it profess to be, a publication of the type that would be competitive in nature to such publications as "Outdoor Florida" or "Sports Afield." What it is intended to do is to let you, the Florida sportsmen, know what your commission is doing to improve your state's hunting and fishing. Whenever we here inaugurate a new phase of game restoration or rough fish eradication, it is the duty of Florida Wildlife magazine to let the Florida hunters and fishermen know about it: where it is going on, how it is being done, the various methods being utilized to insure that such a program will be carried out successfully to the benefit of all Florida sportmen. At the same time we realize that anything can be overdone, and in an effort to prevent the magazine from leaning too heavily towards the technical side, we realize that each issue will have a definite percentage of the magazine space devoted to material that is not of a technical nature. But even in view of this fact, we must not lose sight of the primary function of Florida Wildlife.

We feel, here at the commission, that articles both technical and adventuress, dealing with the important task of maintaining Florida's natural resources, are important to every true sportman. You must remember that Florida is continually growing, and with such population increase, more hunters and anglers enjoy our abundant resources. We are not just working for today and tomorrow, but twenty, fifty and a hundred years from now.

In order for all of us to be of some success, we must work directly with YOU, the sportman. We are striving continuously to preserve your hunting and fishing, for you and the generations to come. To do all this, it is necessary for us to combine with various programs, problems and efforts needed for a continued abundance of wildlife. Florida Wildlife Magazine should be an enjoyable media of receiving this knowledge necessary to all of us.

We are not alone in what we are doing. Almost every state in this vast country is doing their utmost to preserve the natural resources they enjoy. Publications of various types are used to present the facts you see with various programs, problems and efforts needed for a continued abundance of wildlife. Florida Wildlife Magazine should be an enjoyable media of receiving this knowledge necessary to all of us.

Another thing to remember is, that you help pay for this magazine with each hunting and fishing license that you purchase. This is one of the many ways the methods we employ in our striving to continue to provide the best economic utilization. From the bottom of our hearts, we have a feeling that this magazine is one of the best in presenting the many essential projects is pleasurable reading.

Another thing to remember is, that you help pay for this magazine with each hunting and fishing license that you purchase. This is one of the many ways the methods we employ in our striving to continue to provide the best economic utilization. From the bottom of our hearts, we have a feeling that this magazine is one of the best in presenting the many essential projects is pleasurable reading.
WILDLIFE AND FORESTRY ARE BIG BUSINESS

by c. h. coulter and o. e. frye

Forest land makes up more than 60% of the total area of Florida. This, approximately 23,000,000 acres of woodland, includes large forest tracts as well as 8,000,000 acres in farm woodlots and small holdings. All of this woodland is actual or potential game habitat, since game production fits in better with forest production than any other major land use practice.

Food and cover are the fundamental requirements of game. Where woodlands are placed under good forest management, both are generally found in appropriate quantities. Admittedly, the best forestry practice is not always the best for game nor is the best game practice always best for forests. It is, however, possible to work out a compromise that will permit the production of both. The nature of such a compromise is dependent upon whether game production or forest production is considered the most important on the particular land in question.

Both forest and wildlife are tremendously important resources in Florida, economically, aesthetically, and recreationally. More than $310,000,000 was received in 1951 from a huge variety of forestry products, including lumber, pulpwood, firewood, naval stores, poles, pilings, cross ties, veneer and even excelsior. Payrolls to thousands of persons, totalling more than one hundred million dollars, are included in the manufacture and remanufacture of these wood products.

According to a survey conducted by Mr. Arthur

C. H. "Har" Coulter has been State Forester of the Florida Forest Service since 1945. Mr. Coulter, as a writer. In Florida from 1907 to 1927, is probably the best qualified man in the state to discuss forestry problems.

O. Early Frye, Assistant Director of the Game and Fresh Water Commission, has studied and worked with Game Management since 1927.

FEBRUARY, 1954
Fred Jones of Lakeland, has estimated that the amount of money spent in Florida for hunting and fresh water fishing alone exceeds $300,000,000 annually.

Having realized the million dollar figures involved in both wildlife and forestry, let us analyze the close relationship between the two. Forestry is important in all sections of Florida, but is presently of greatest importance in the northern part of the state. Although all of Florida is considered coastal plain timber type, there are major subdivisions which affect the type of timber and its growth, and consequently, the suitability of the area for game.

Probably the most important timber type, from the acreage standpoint, is flatwoods. These areas known as flatwoods occur on generally poor-drained soils and are characterized principally by slash pine, Caribbean pine, saw palmetto, gallberry and wiregrass.

Large, unbroken areas, of flatwood are relatively poor game habitat, but where frequent ponds and hammocks are found scattered through the flatwoods, excellent habitat is formed, principally for deer, turkey and quail. The fox squirrel is also an animal of pinelands of one kind or another, and is abundant in flatwoods with a good stand of sizeable pine timber.

The rolling sand and clay hills also comprise an important timber type in Florida. On these well-drained sands, pine are more productive of game than are flatwoods. This is true particularly of the more fertile soils. Certain of the sand hills with poor soil are not at present particularly productive either of game or timber.

Probably the most important forest type in Florida, from the game standpoint, are the broad-leaved forests. These range from the live oak hammocks on high well-drained soils to black gum, bay, and Tupelo swamps. Throughout most of these broad-leaved forests occur cypress and various species of pine, depending principally upon drainage and the nature of the soil. Broad-leaved forests are of particular value when mixed in with pine forests. This tends to break up dense woodlands with more open areas of pine and results in the varied habitat so sought out by most game birds and animals. The broad-leaved forest is the home of the grey squirrel, Florida's most important small game animal and furnishes food and cover for deer, turkey and quail.

There is one very special type of forest land in

(Continued on Page 40)

Turkey thrive in balanced forest or cut-over land, whether weedy or kept open by frequent fires, or partially covered with ground litter. This photograph showing a mixed oak and cabbage palm hammock, form a type particularly favored by Florida turkey.
B. With the assistance of local conservation technicians, those in attendance will be alerted to the conservation needs of the community and methods by which anyone may help solve the problems. The Scout conservation program for the summer will be announced and help requested to carry it out. At the Council Campsite Conservation Plan, usually there are some one or more of the Conservation Good Manners camping areas will be used as part of the kick-off activity, and in addition will be promoted by Scout Units for the balance of the Conservation Good Turn. Several ways have been suggested to Scout Units for taking the Code to all Americans and requesting its acceptance as a guide to proper behavior in the outdoors. By special programs in schools, churches, service clubs, civic clubs, sportman’s clubs, P.T.A.’s and other youth and adult groups, the Out- door Code will be proclaimed to all America. Each Scout and leader who agrees to take part in the Good Turn project and to live up to the Code will have a pocket card on which the Code is printed. Poster Distribution

A poster has been prepared by the Cooperative Forest Fire Preven- tion Committee and will be distributed by the 90,000 Scout Units across the country. The poster asks the public, "Join us with the Boy Scouts in helping to Prevent Forest Fires, Conserve our Forest, Soil, Water, Grass and Wildlife Resources." It will be distributed to those places in the local community where it will have a most permanent value.

Unit Conservation Projects

This area of action is the most important of the whole Conservation Good Turn. Much of the success of the program is based upon the degree to which boys carry out conservation projects on the land in the local community; and upon the importance of the wise use of natural resources. These projects must be developed locally to meet local needs and make use of local techniques, to have real meaning and usefulness. The assistance of local con- servation technicians will be sought for the purpose of developing a list of ideas of conservation projects of interest to the local community as well as to boy interest and ability.

By E. W. HINSON, Quincy
Commissioner, Third District (Northwest Florida)

WHAT A WASTE OF LAND!!

"Waste of land" these words are just not words, they are facts! A mine greeted me with one day after I had taken him on a tour of sections of Northwest Florida. He did not care for the scrub oaks, the tall thin pines, the swampy marshland, the brushy wooded clearings and acres of non-inhabited land going westward from the Auveria river in Jefferson county to the lazy Perdido river beyond Pensacola. But he was just a city boy who didn't know any better until I told him a few facts about this area.

We talked for hours, and with his being an outdoor man, hunting and fishing came in for quite a few statements before that afternoon was over. Here are just a few of the points I made to him that day.

"The wasteland you spoke about is probably the best all around hunting territory in Florida strictly because civilization and agriculture haven't made the inroads in this area that they have in other sections. The Apalachicola National Forest with its oaks and pines is without a doubt the best big game area in Florida with good deer being noted here, plus a goodly number of deer and squirrel."

"The swampland you don't care for is as good a duck hunting spot as any in the State and the best goose hunting, without a doubt, can be found in the areas bordering the St. Marks Wildlife Refuge."

"The few farms and the great many open fields harbor game birds like quail and dove, by the hundreds. In addition to these, you'll find turkeys by the flocks here."

"The swamps and their decaying vegetation furnishes fertilizer for the many lakes and streams in this area, making valuable food grow for our fish, which means bigger and better fishing."

Well, you know, after a bit of discussion along these lines, he just had to agree that this area was not a wasteland; rather, it was what one might call a frontier, yes, that was what I called it, a wildlife frontier. As is the case in most of my conversation, we started talking about activities of the Game Commission in this particular area. First of all, I mentioned that I represented the Third District, which is comprised of Jefferson, Leon, Wakulla, Gadsden, Liberty, Franklin, Jackson, Calhoun, Gulf, Holmes, Washington, Bay, Walton, Okaloosa, Santa Rosa and Escambia Counties.

Then I said that we have 23 radio-equipped mobile units and four land base radio stations in this division, which help to cover effectively every section of this Division as far as our law enforcement is concerned. We have a total of 34 Wildlife Officers, and several game and fish management technicians in this section to aid in the general conservation activities of the Game Commission. I also spoke about the various wildlife management areas we had here, particularly the Apalachicola National Forest, the Blackwater Management Area, the Roy Gaskin area, and the Eglin Field Military Reservation, one of the State's best deer hunting grounds. I mentioned that these areas, plus the new Auveria Management Area, meant about 700,000 acres of future public hunting territory. As it is now, sportsmen this year participated in controlled hunts on 500,000 acres of this area.

Coming in for quite a bit of talk was the action of the U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service which mutually cooperated with the Game Commission in opening a section of the St. Marks Wildlife Refuge to controlled waterfowl hunting. It was one of the outstanding hunts of the past season.

It is common knowledge that fresh water fishing here the past few years hasn't been much to brag about, but the rains in States north of us the past
GAME LAWS ARE NO JOKE!

by CLAUDE D. KELLEY

L

ast year, in one of the turpentine-and-sawmill counties of Florida, state wildlife officers brought in what they thought was an ironclad game-law violation case. They had caught a hunter coming out of a game refuge with the carcass of a deer—and the deer season was still months away. The hunter was charged with taking game out of season and in a refuge, and the case went before a county court. The wildlife officers told their story simply and matter-of-factly, pointing to the carcass as supporting evidence.

When it was all over, the jury deliberated five minutes before finding the defendant not guilty. The jury verdict was bad enough, but when the judge ordered the deer returned to the alleged violator, the wardens threw up their hands in hopeless frustration. By its action the court had silently bade the defendant go home and sin as much as he damn well pleased.

This unique parcel of justice stirred up quite a stink for a few days. Conservation groups were outraged, and the game commission publicly voiced with the idea of removing its wardens from the county. But outside of the fact that it hit the headlines, there was nothing unusual about the case. The same sort of thing is happening every day, not only in Florida but across the nation.

The recent alarming upsurge in game and fish law violations has been blamed on everything from lazy wardens and unscrupulous sportsmen to weak laws. But so far, no one has leveled a finger at those who can quickest remedy the malady—the courts themselves.

I am going to point that finger and point it hard, with the full knowledge that I am treading on what many consider a sacred ground. It is generally regarded as poor taste and extremely ill-advised practice to criticize the august conduct of our courts. You might come before a judge yourself sometime. But I am sick and tired of the travesty upon justice continually being enacted in fish and game cases. Right now pressure on our wildlife

resources is twice what it was only a few years ago. In many states the very existence of fishing and hunting is threatened by sheer pressure of numbers. State, federal, and private agencies are spending nearly $100,000,000 a year to keep wildlife supplies somewhere within reasonable reach of the demands. And through it all, violations continue to zoom upward. The old saying that man is our worst predator has been borne out. In a vain effort to control this predator, wardens are making more than twice as many arrests as they did half a decade ago. But they haven't stemmed the tide. Unlike the four-legged variety, the human predator cannot be eliminated on the spot. He is entitled to his day in court. And too often the game violator's day in court ends with a wink, a smile, or at most a slap on the wrist.

This is not intended as a blanket indictment of all judges and prosecutors. Many are doing their part to halt the reckless, ruthless waste of our wildlife resources, but many more are not. There are hundreds of jurists who not only fail to give game laws the consideration they merit, but by their attitude on and off the bench actually encourage violations.

Judge Bath Dyes

I know of a prominent trial judge who for years maintained a baited dove field for the use of his political cronies. He didn't even bother to disguise his activity until a new federal game-management agent was assigned to the state; then he became a little more easy.

In North Carolina a recorders' court judge recently refused to hear a fishing case on the grounds that he was a justice court and that a violation of fishing laws required no justice. In South Carolina a judge acquitted a man for killing a hen turkey, then watched him buy it back at public auction for $2.50.

A veteran salt-water warden in one of the coastal states had this happen to him a few years ago. He haled a man into court for taking sea-turtle eggs in close season. The judge took one look at the defendant, burst out laughing, and dismissed the case. Later he explained the joke to some of his courthouse buddies. It seemed it was the judge himself who had hired the man to fetch him a batch of turtle eggs.

Not long ago a county prosecutor in Florida announced publicly he would prosecute no more fish and game cases until the game commission rescinded a certain regulation he found irritating. In the same state a senior circuit judge was arrested for hunting quail out of season.

In my own state of Alabama one circuit judge allegedly refuses to pass sentence in game cases until the accused habitually charges the juries hearing such cases to bring in not-guilty verdicts. In Kentucky, officials admit that there are "four or five judges" who insist upon turning violators loose even with pleas of guilty.

These are a few of the more blatant examples of official disregard for conservation regulations. More subtle but just as damaging is the attitude of left-handed condonation adopted by many courts. In such courts the offender may be convicted for the record, but the judge makes it plain he is acting under statutory duress.

Colorado's chief game warden, William F. Hunn, told us: "Our problem isn't so much the disposal of cases as the attitude of the justice of the peace when he talks to the violators. He usually makes it plain that the only reason he is fining them is because it is mandatory and the Colorado statutes give him no alternative."

Hunn's problem is shared by enforcement men in many states. They find it very hard to discourage vio-
lations in the face of an indifferent or apologetic court of law. It is par- ticularly sad to read of sentences in the form of ridiculously low fines or let off altogether. Stock raising and the culling of gannick is notably common in states having minimum population in rural areas and is handled circumspectly. It doesn't seem so bad because it is widely known on the federal and the state level. The violations are passing as a rule, and technically it is supposed to serve as an excellent check on the other two violations which would never have been enforced.

Most game officials agree that the number of suspended sentences shows a tendency to increase. Statutory sentences may become stiffer. The director of the fish and game organization of one state estimated that ten out of every one hundred law violations would result in suspended sentences. Strangely enough, he said, most of the suspended sentences were not reviewed by the judges after the fact. Those calling for heavy, mandatory penalties are of the opinion that the sentences were too severe to back up a piddling game law.

Sportmen and conservationists who have spent years of uphill legis- lative battles to get the damming of waterways and the lowering of water levels in our weak-mouthed conservation laws find this mighty discouraging. The legend of hard-fought scalp in the legislature today looks like an illusion.

For example, after much sweat and swearing, North Carolina got through with a bill to prescribe a fine of $25 to $50 and thirty days in jail for dynamiting fish. Properly carried out, it would have been a deterrent to any one inclined to blow up the fish. Recently, W. S. Patton, executive director of the state Wildlife Resources Commission, says that the new law has been a failure. Mandatory penalty or not, he says the average sentence for dynamiting fish was a $25 fine with no jail sentence.

**Game Court a Joke**

"Another game court is an extreme need for the courts to be made aware of the gravity of game violations," Patton wrote. A decade of suspended sentences and reprimands are regularly handed down in cases which should be treated as serious offenses."

By way of illustration, he points out that despite the fact that most game violations carry minimum fines of $25 to $50 in North Carolina, the average fine last year was slightly less than $9. Furthermore, only one out of ten law violators has ever been convicted. A time when the country is still wallowing in the waste of the world war all talk about protests are gir's, a shocking 25 percent of the annual waterfowl kill still falls into illegal hands. The price of the duck stamp to give us more efficient enforcement, but the structuring of the cost of two $20,000,000 depends upon the attitude of the conservationists.

Some Crack the Whip

Some judges have been cracking the whip right along. A California jurist gave a notary public who sold a bottle of gin $2,500 fine and thirty months in the pokey. In Florida a game warden was convicted of selling convictions for $100 and was sentenced to two years in jail. After he had administered a thorough tongue-lashing to the bewildered officers he finally saw fit to fine the offenders $10 each. Significant too in one of the four state wardens who has been recently convicted. He was fined a $25 fine with no jail sentence.

**Florida Wildlife**

FLORIDA WILDLIFE

FEBRUARY, 1954

(Continued on Page 18)
The excitement of a youngster catching a fish or seeing some big game always gives me a spine tingling. And to hear this same small fry say, "Ah! he's too small, throw him back", or "Gee, isn't he a beautiful animal", always makes me throw out my chest with pride to know that these youngsters are really conservationists—Junior Grade.

These future senators, doctors, lawyers, yes and even governors are learning what it really means to have fish and game in this great state of ours in abundance. All the responsibility of raising and protection of this heritage of theirs will rest upon their shoulders in just a few years and these youngsters are eager to learn and to practice the right way in the conservation of our natural resources.

With some fifty Junior Conservation Clubs organized and sponsored by the Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission these future hunters and fishermen are being guided along the right path so that they may build up the game and fish population not only for themselves but for future generations as well. It is the purpose of these clubs to better acquaint the youngster with the need for Wildlife Conservation and to equip him or her with the facilities to cope with the many problems involved. Most of these young fellows are "naturals" for this job, for they love to hunt and fish, and to know that they are helping in a small way to better the hunting and fishing of our State pleases them to no end.

In these things that make men out of boys and sportsmen out of men. Most of the boys that belong to these Junior Conservation Clubs are members not just to belong to a club but because they love the outdoors and want to be doing something worth while for its preservation. Some have bird feeding programs to help the quail and turkeys through the lean months and to restock areas where there isn't enough birds. Others work on rough fish control projects and enjoy gar hunts or even go out with Wildlife Officers with nets and take out all the predatory fish from the waters of small lakes or take fish from drying-up lakes and moving them to larger bodies of water so that the fish may be saved for future fishing pleasures. Still others work with the Wildlife Officers and Biologist in trapping and banding birds for scientific study so that we may know more about the habits of birds and be able to help them and by the same token help ourselves. Along with this work, the boys mix a little fun in by having Weiner roasts, camping trips and having dancing programs at their club houses with music furnished by musicians found in the club itself. These boys also help display wild animal exhibits at the various fairs throughout the state, even in some instances fixing floats for the parades that are part of the festivities.

These Junior Conservation Clubs are no fly-by-night organizations either, they have a State Charter and each club has its own officers and Board of Directors along with advisors either from the Game and Fish Commission or from some civic club in its community. To help the treasure along and to keep from spending the monies taken in by the payment of dues, the boys sell subscriptions to the Florida Wildlife mag-
Conservation clubs are becoming more numerous and popular all over the State. These members of the St. Petersburg club will soon be strong advocates of conservation.

Conservation State League, an organization combining all the clubs into the state-wide program, lending a hand in developing good citizenship, leadership and sportsmen among the small fry of our State.

With the future of hunting and fishing in mind these youngsters work year long in their respective clubs on projects that suit the locality of the clubs and the boys in some of the clubs work to be chosen "Conservationist of the Year," an award given by some of the clubs to the deserving boy.

Yes, these are the future sportsmen of this nation of ours. These are the boys that will take the load on their shoulders and carry on for the future hunters and fishermen of the generations to come. Yes, these are truly, "Conservationist—Junior Grade".

**by ROSS PHARES**

**Hunting,** in an Indian, was both a frolic and the serious business of making a living. His methods were a combination of good sense, superstitions, and desperation.

The Indian was a patient hunter, a trait that worked both for and against him. Time meant nothing to him. So he tried to get as close as possible to his game, sometimes frightening it away after he was close enough for a "pot-shot".

One frontiersman reported that he had seen an Indian "crawling upon deer, holding his head just far enough above the grass to watch the motions of the game, and when the deer threw up its head, instead of ducking his own, the Indian would remain perfectly still, while the quarry gazed suspiciously at him for a few minutes until apparently reassured, and then put down its head and went on feeding.”

Most Indians were skilled decoyers, adept at imitating the calls of animals. Some tribesmen made a decoy by skinning a deer’s head up to the nose, removing the brains, and drying the hide, and part of the head holding the antlers, and then reshaping the head to its natural form and mounting it on upright sticks. The hunter thus equipped with decoy and deer caller secreted himself in the woods. He then inserted his arms into the cavity of the decoy, and taking hold of the upright sticks within, held it up to view, attracting the attention of the doubling deer by rubbing it against the bushes or a tree. Seeing this, the deer no longer suspected danger but continued to advance till it met death.

For hunting elk, the Indians created an ingenious "knife," made by splitting a long, light pole about a foot from the lighter end, forming a Y, and securing in the split, about six inches from the open end, a keen edged blade set diagonally; upon discovering a herd, the hunters approached against the wind, and dashed suddenly upon the frightened beast. Running up behind a confused elk, the hunter set the crotch of his pole against an animal’s hind leg just above the knee. The prongs of the pole, extending beyond the blade, served to guide the blade to its mark. A sharp push severed the hamstring.

In hunting turkey in the open country, the Indians, mounted on horses, flushed the turkeys and then ran under them or as near them as possible, until the birds were exhausted. Then they shot them with set adrift.

Major John Cremony in “Life Among the Apaches” told of observing the Indians catching waterfowl. They set large numbers of gourds adrift on the windward side of a lake. The gourds were gradually propelled by the wind until they reached the opposite side. There they were recovered, carried around to windward side and again set adrift. At first the ducks and geese showed suspicion of these strange floating objects, but soon grew to us to them, and paid them no further attention. Having brought the fowls to this stage, the Indians fitted the gourds over their heads, often furnishing holes for eyes and mouth. Next, the hunters, armed with bags, entered the water, not over five feet deep, and, exactly imitating the bobbing motion of the empty gourds upon the water, moved gradually in among the birds. Here they reined them by the feet, dragged them under, and stowed them into the bags.

Hunters were influenced by many superstitions. A young hunter never ate of his first childhood kill. This was presented to someone else. It was thought bad medicine for a hunter to step over a fallen log. The cautious hunter always went around its ends. The Comanches believed that the horned toad would always run in the direction of buffalo. Hence its movements were carefully noted by hunters. The Indians also regarded ravens as buffalo pointers. This belief had some natural basis. The ravens eat carrion, and they followed the buffalo to eat the insects on their hides.

Indians always followed a wounded animal until killed, if at all possible. They never killed more game than needed. And they wasted no usable parts of the animal. They watched the extermination of the buffalo by whites with enraged amazement. To them such an act of destruction was unthinkable. Though the Indian was handicapped by limited implements and crude methods, he was a better conservationist than his white successors.

**FLORIDA WILDLIFE**

**FEBRUARY, 1954**
FLORIDA WILDLIFE

FEDERATION NOTES

SEAMAN, CARLING
CONSERVATION SEC.,
NOW IN FLORIDA

Ralph Seaman, Secretary of the Carling Conservation Club of Cleveland, Ohio, is to be in Florida for about three weeks during the month of February. Mr. Seaman will show several conservation pictures before Sportsmen’s groups throughout the state. (Continued on Page 40)

JACKSONVILLE CLUB
HOLDS MEETINGS
AT GOOBYS LAKE

Ken Friedman, President of the Florida Tackle and Gun Club of Jacksonville, has been having interesting and entertaining meetings at the splendid club house on Goobys Lake. Once each month, Ken invites the public to attend their meeting. His programs are well rounded out, featuring noted Sportsmen or Conservationists, plus an interesting fishing or hunting picture.

The Florida Tackle and Gun Club is the largest Sportsmen’s Organization in the Second District, and as such plays an important part in Federation’s conservation program.

FLORIDA WILDLIFE FEDERATION
TO MEET AT JACKSONVILLE
Pollution and Conservation
Program Planned

At the Federation Meeting in Jacksonville, Feb. 6 and 7, the program is set up largely around Pollution and Salt Water Conservation. President Dr. H. R. Wilber, has lined up a number of noted and interesting speakers. The program will be as follows:

Sat. A. M. Feb. 6
1. C. R. Gutermuth, Vice President
2. Wilder and Sales, Vice President
3. Parkes, Washington, D.C

JOIN NOW!

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

Florida Wildlife Federation
AND TAKE AN ACTIVE PART

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.

Enclosed is $2.00 for my membership.

Name
Address

(Continued on Page 40)

The Florida Deer

By ROSS ALLEN and WILFRED T. NEILL
Ross Allen’s Reptile Institute, Silver Springs, Florida

AT ONE TIME the white-tailed deer was abundant in all the country east of the Great Plains, from southern Canada through the Florida Keys. With the coming of civilization it vanished from many areas, and Florida was one of the few states where it survived in large numbers.

In the northeastern United States, from Maine to Wisconsin, the white-tailed deer reaches a very large size, old bucks often weighing 300 pounds. In this area the coloration is usually reddish in summer, grayish-brown in winter. The antlers of the male tend to be wide and flaring. This distinct northern race is often called the Michigan white-tail. Although not a native of Florida, it has sometimes been stocked in that state. It does not seem to do well, however, being accustomed to life in the cold northern forests.

From Pennsylvania and Ohio southward through most of Florida, the white-tailed deer averages somewhat smaller, bucks seldom exceeding 200 pounds. In summer the coat is usually tan; and the tips of the antlers curve sharply inward. This variety is called the Virginia deer, or Virginia white-tail. It is abundant (Continued on Page 37)
where else but Florida?

where else but Florida does the happy heart
suffer from spring fever all year
long, where the subtropic summer
weather makes January seem like
June, and the billowy, cumulus
clouds dot the blue February skies,
making the great Florida out-doors
an irresistible coquette to
the young in heart—let's

go fishing—let's go boating—

tennis, anyone!
When he had told Del that he was taking Bob along, Del had practically blown up. He had said, "This was going to be a deer hunting trip, now we're running on the line. The subject of hunting had left both men angered and hurt, but Del finally agreed to go with Bob.

Bob slept little that night and was wide awake when his father came in the early morning to wake him.

With a hurried breakfast and a last kiss for mother, Bob and his father met Del as he drove up in the Model A. Del showed none of his misgivings as he made room for Bob among the duffel bags on the back seat. Regardless of his feelings, Del was determined to try and treat Bob like a man on the trip.

Along the long trip over the paved roads Bob held tightly, with pride, to his brand new shotgun. Finally he saw a sign beside the road announcing that they were entering the Ocala National Forest, and soon Del turned the car into a sand road that headed over the gentle hills and into the scrub. The sand was fine and almost white and the rutts in the road were deep and crooked.

Bob had expected to hunt in the sand than he had on the paved roads. Bob was at his father's side and then on the floor. The duffel bags batted him from side to side but

dreams—these are just a few of the many things that hunters have felt for thousands of years. Del smiled. "One you have answered the call of the wild you will do so as long as you live."

After a long drive over the sand road Del pulled to a stop in front of a big two-story house that had once been white, but now the paint was peeling and the front porch sagged on one end. Down the hill from the house was a beautiful clear pool of water; the beginning of one of the many rivers in Florida. A pure spring bubbled up in the center of the pool. Around the house were parked many cars and hunters dressed in all colors of the rainbow lounged on the porch of the house.

And hounds... Bob had never seen so many hounds before in all his life. He recognized some as Walkers, Red Bones, Blue Ticks and Black and Tan, but some he had never seen the likes of before. There was one little brown dog so close to the ground he looked like a goather and a big white dog that growled at everybody.

Bob looked up, but he did not see a tent; so finally he asked on the seat of his father. "Dad, we aren't going to stay in a house, are we?"

Mr. Smith looked at his son and

nothing could have erased the grin from his face.

Between bound Bob had time to see the scrub oaks on the hills with the foliage turning many colors of red and brown and gold. He saw the long leaf pines growing here and there among the scrub. He saw the little scrub pine trees growing up in the sand. Bob had heard his father tell so much about—this was the hunting ground of yesteryear.

From time to time Mr. Smith would turn around to look at Bob with a bit of pride, but rough going Bob had not uttered a sound—although his father knew from the expression on his face that Bob was experiencing the same mingled feelings that he had felt many years ago on his first hunt.

Excellent, anticipation, fulfillment

FEBRUARY, 1954

"FLORIDA WILDLIFE"
AND THE SNAIL

by

Maurice H. Naggar
Frogging—EVERGLADES STYLE

GOGGING QUICK-JUMPING frogs, while speeding at 20 miles an hour in an air boat through the eerie blackness of Florida's vast and mysterious Everglades, is a fast growing pastime among rugged South Florida sportsmen.

Using a wide variety of air boat equipment—everything from homemade jobs to snazzy stock models—the outdoorsmen have swiped this idea from hardy professional frog leg hunters, who migrate around the swampy regions of the Gulf states seeking a livelihood in hard-to-reach places.

Gigging from an air boat—a shallow draft, airplane propeller driven craft-skimming along in the inky blackness at top speed, is no sport for the inexperienced. The locale may be any of the hundreds of canals winding through the vast emptiness of the 'Glades. The time always is night and it's better in the dark of the moon, too.

Launching the boat shortly before sundown, these hardy sportsmen crank up and head off into the sawgrass and hammock land which typify Florida's Everglades. The hunters, equipped with a compass, battery-operated "headlight," their 'Glades lore and a snake-bite kit (just in case) head for a night of sport.

Skimming into the deepening dusk, herons, ibis and alligators flash in view as the air boat buzzes along. Deeper and deeper into this vast unknown of grass and water speeds the boat until night descends and hunting begins.

Frog hunters make use of the fact that a frog "freezes" on the spot when spotted by a bright light. Why? Even the "experts" don't know. So, the frogger spots the "jumper" with the headlight, which he wears.

RIGHT: A FROGGING WE SHALL GO—Driven by an airplane propeller operated by an automobile engine, this air boat is ready for a frog hunting expedition in the Florida Everglades. The sportsman frogger on his high perch, steers the boat with the "stick" on his left. These boats can reach speeds of 30 miles an hour, skimming over grass, swampy land, and water.

LEFT: A QUICK PICK-UP—Spearing daintily with his right hand, the hunter snags a juicy jumper on the saw grass. The stick on the left is used to steer the airplane-propeller driven craft. The light on his head spot and "fishing," the frog as he skims through the glades in ear-to-blackness.

ONE FOR THE BAG—A south Florida sportsman drops a freshly gigged frog "in the bag" during a night frogging expedition in the Everglades west of Miami. The gigging is done from speeding air boats, shallow draft, airplane-propeller driven craft, which can skim through the canals and saw-grass of the 'Glades at speeds up to 30 miles an hour.
on his cap, and then drives the boat into gigging range. A quick thrust and the slippery frog is dropped in a bag conveniently placed alongside the driver's seat. The gig, mounted on a 10-foot staff, is a two to five- pronged affair with the prongs virtually barless so it is easy to remove the frog. Ordinarily, one gig is used, but if the frogs are thick, an expert gig with both hands as he steers the boat with his knees. The frogs stand out in the blackness as gleaming white spots along a canal bank. Once sighted, the hunter drives the air boat at breakneck speed along the canal, picking up the frogs with his gig from either bank as he speeds by. Not infrequently, he gives himself a good jarring when the boat bounces off the bank. The sportiness of frogging lies in the boat's speed. Moving through the pitch-black night at 30 miles an hour provides an unstable base and the target is tiny, only three or four inches in diameter. So, Mr. Frog has a fair chance to win. And yet the rewards—15 to 25 pounds of legs in a single night—make it worthwhile to the rugged South Florida sportmen.

FROG PEELING—The final step before the frog is ready for the frying pan is skinning. For these South Florida sportmen, this is but a quick "rank"—and Mr. Frog is table bound.

INSPECTING THE CATCH.—A tame swamp rabbit rides in an elevated cone at part of the night's "bag" of a pair of frog hunters. These strange little animals, found deep in the Everglades, often become pets to the "Glades sportmen.

A NICE FAT, JUICY ONE.—Sometimes it is necessary to leave the airboat to retrieve the gig and frog. As a rule, two boats will be running together for safety sake, as a breakdown means hours of work until searchers find the wandering sportmen. One of the sportmen then makes a choice meal to his companion.

By WILLIAM D. FAVELL

WOULD YOU CARE to sleep with an ugly, black, four-foot, cottonmouth water moccasin? . . . Well, such a fellow was my bed pal on a weekend fishing trip!

The cottonmouth water moccasin is the most vicious snake; I know. Most reptiles, upon the slightest sign of a human, will scurry away to some secluded place—but not this villain. He makes it a habit to stay around—without being discovered—in hope that he might dig his polished, pearly fangs into some unsuspecting hunter or fisherman. That's what one of them tried to do to me!

Charlie, my fishing companion, and myself had left Tampa just after lunch one hot Saturday afternoon, heading for the Withlacoochee River and a mess of those big-mouth perch. We didn't know it then, but we were on our way to an adventure which we both would tell our grandchildren!

We were the happiest fellows under the hot Florida sun that afternoon. Soon our fishing gear was out and we were walking along the river bank, jogging our lines up and down in the water. It wasn't long before we had a nice string and were ready to make camp and most of all, eat. We built our fire about ten feet from the water's edge, spread our quilt some five feet away, underneath a big oak tree, and settled down to eat.

Having eaten, we fished again, until the sun set and it was time to call it a day. It had been a good day. The fish were biting and I felt fine. I drew the side of the quilt next to the river and we turned in. In a few minutes, Charlie was asleep. I lay there for awhile with my eyes opened, just a hair-line from sleep, thinking of the good time I was to have to have tomorrow. My eyes grew heavy and sleep moved in on me.

It could have been the night air. . . Or maybe a frog or a bird . . . Or a pine-knot popping on the fire . . . Or maybe God. But something brought me full awake and startled!

I raised myself and glanced in the direction of the fire. But I never really saw the fire. What I saw was an enormous black, ugly, cottonmouth!

The cottonmouth was only inches away, laying on the quilt between me and Charlie. His tail was across Charlie's foot and his head was just below my knees. And he was looking at me!

My getting up had aroused him. He raised his head. His thin black tongue was flicking in and out. I felt the world falling down on my head, my insides were no longer with me, and I was going to get sick. What should I do?

Then I noticed that he wasn't coiled. This was a hope. I knew usually coil before striking. I knew then that there was only one thing to do. I prayed for both of us and prepared to do it.

Slowly, cautiously, I slid my right hand down to my hunting knife. The fellows had always laughed at me and my knife. It is as big as a bayonet and razor sharp. It didn't feel half big enough that night.

The snake had noticed my movement. . . He began to ease himself into a coil as I eased my knife toward his chest.

He was as thick as my arm and his head was as big as my fist. In the flicker of the campfire, I could see his white cotton mouth and strong body—black, ugly death coiled there just below my knees . .. His eyes were now glued on the shiny blade of the knife. I had the knife raised in front of my chest. Did I know what I was doing? What crazy idea was this, thrusting in my head?

I slashed out with all my strength! He must have struck at the knife blade at the same moment that I slashed toward him. The sharp blade caught him squarely in the mouth and venom shot everywhere, over the knife and on the quilt.

I whirled and slashed with savage chops, severing his head completely, whirling and slashing, whirling and slashing, in a frenzy of fear and hate!

Charlie awoke like someone shot out of a gun. He stood there, still on my head, my insides were no longer with me, and I was going to get sick. What should I do?

Then I noticed that he wasn't coiled. This was a hope. I knew usually coil before striking. I knew then that there was only one thing to do. I prayed for both of us and prepared to do it.

Slowly, cautiously, I slid my right hand down to my hunting knife. The fellows had always laughed at me and my knife. It is as big as a bayonet and razor sharp. It didn't feel half big enough that night.

The snake had noticed my movement. . . He began to ease himself into a coil as I eased my knife toward his chest.

He was as thick as my arm and his head was as big as my fist. In the flicker of the campfire, I could see his white cotton mouth and strong body—black, ugly death coiled there just below my knees . .. His eyes were now glued on the shiny blade of the knife. I had the knife raised in front of my chest. Did I know what I was doing? What crazy idea was this, thrusting in my head?

I slashed out with all my strength! He must have struck at the knife blade at the same moment that I slashed toward him. The sharp blade caught him squarely in the mouth and venom shot everywhere, over the knife and on the quilt.

I whirled and slashed with savage chops, severing his head completely, whirling and slashing, whirling and slashing, in a frenzy of fear and hate!

Charlie awoke like someone shot out of a gun. He stood there, still on my head, my insides were no longer with me, and I was going to get sick. What should I do?

Then I noticed that he wasn't coiled. This was a hope. I knew usually coil before striking. I knew then that there was only one thing to do. I prayed for both of us and prepared to do it.

Slowly, cautiously, I slid my right hand down to my hunting knife. The fellows had always laughed at me and my knife. It is as big as a bayonet and razor sharp. It didn't feel half big enough that night.

The snake had noticed my movement. . . He began to ease himself into a coil as I eased my knife toward his chest.

He was as thick as my arm and his head was as big as my fist. In the flicker of the campfire, I could see his white cotton mouth and strong body—black, ugly death coiled there just below my knees . .. His eyes were now glued on the shiny blade of the knife. I had the knife raised in front of my chest. Did I know what I was doing? What crazy idea was this, thrusting in my head?

I slashed out with all my strength! He must have struck at the knife blade at the same moment that I slashed toward him. The sharp blade caught him squarely in the mouth and venom shot everywhere, over the knife and on the quilt.

I whirled and slashed with savage chops, severing his head completely, whirling and slashing, whirling and slashing, in a frenzy of fear and hate!
CONCRETE TEACHING OF WILDLIFE

in the twin lakes elementary school

by omar c. mitchell

For the past twelve years, functional landscaping has been an integral part of the program of Twin Lakes, a Tampa Elementary School with a campus of thirty-two acres and an enrollment of nine hundred children. A pine forest is now lifting its head toward the heavens. Fruit trees are beginning to provide morsels of delicious food. Well-equipped playgrounds constantly elicit cheers of happiness from the children. Oak trees with beards of grey Spanish moss beckon the students to come and play in the cool of their shades. The flowering plants and shrubbery make the campus resemble an artist's canvas with all the hues of the rainbow. A landing field for cub planes lends zest to festive occasions. The school grounds are rapidly being converted into a child's world—an educational laboratory.

Regardless of the beauty and felicity of the campus, a barren spot in the program would exist if wild life were not included. Landscaping and wild life are inseparable, each supplements the other. In some recent research conducted by the author in the Appalachian State Teachers College, Boone, North Carolina, in the summer of 1953 under the direction of Dr. Lee F. Reynolds, it was estimated by a class of teachers that the average elementary student spends 25%, or one quarter, of his school time on the grounds. Since a high percentage of a child's time is spent on the grounds, we can ill afford to neglect the potentialities of this area of education. Children should see, taste, smell and listen to the beauties of nature. This is education through the process of "composing". THE SCHOOL GROUNDS AFFORD A WONDERFUL OPPORTUNITY FOR ALL WILDLIFE ORGANIZATIONS TO MAKE EXCELLENT CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE EDUCATIONAL WORLD; it would be wise for every local organization to explore the possibilities of its elementary school campus! A closer cooperation between the schools and wild life organizations would not only enrich the schools' programs but in addition it would increase the future memberships of these organizations.

What could lend more enchantment to a school than to have squirrels barking, quail whistling, and song birds singing on the grounds? Our campus with the assistance of the Florida Fish and Game Commission and the Hillsborough County Wild Life Association is being made into a wild life sanctuary. Enough quail, squirrels and other wild life are to be provided for breeding purposes. Recently the Fish and Game Department released several pairs of quail during an outdoor assembly; in addition, two mallard ducks, two baby alligators, several turtles and three opossums were added to our Zoological garden. We now have metal feeders filled with grain hanging in the trees for the song birds. In addition we have recently received several quail feeders from the Hillsborough County Wild Life and Game Commission. Then too, our boys in one of the sixth grade classes are making extra feeders of wood. In order to make the grounds more attractive to wild life, we are including food producing trees and shrubbery in our landscaping plantings.

In order for our students to learn more about wild life, the Florida Fish and Game Commission is to send a mobile unit of wild life specimens to our school for at least one day this year. We also hope to broaden the children's appreciation by inviting members of the various wild life organizations to lecture in the cafeteria programs. Pamphlets and other wild life literature provide excellent, interesting, and valuable material for reading lessons. In addition, the members of the faculty committee on wild life make talks to the children through the intercommunication system. We think the crowning event of our program this year will be the landing of a cub patrol plane on our
Dear Zen,

I guess this here sun is getting the best of me. I done over sleep this morning an I've got a hand full of what the fish with that number was tagged, how much it wayed an how long hit were tagged. Shorff nuff he comes down an tell me hit were tagged at the outlet just 22 an that wayed an tenth pound and were 15 inches long. Well now I no how nux one of them fish from the other. He done line em up an put a number on em just like they were a bunch of convicts. He done tolle me by this here taggin he could tell me how many bass thar is in the lake here and what percent of these fish we was catchin by some hi power figuring. He was he can tell us how much they migrate. He says he can tell how fast them basses: swim and how hard they hit when we try to catch them. We done hit down that that fishin go to these here bass an brim an speckled perch to have with em gar and shad it ought to make them bass an brim and speckled perch go a heap faster an they aims to find out by that taggin.

You no seb I'm thinkin this here tecknikons is agoin to be hopin this here fishin in the lake Pana-sofke (shore is good) write that word down last nite i shore would hate to have to walk out to that depot agin (an I'm beginnin to think this har saining is a good idea if they can guess all that dope from them sains. An that tecknikon done tolle me us fisherman can hope them by telll em abou any tagged fish we cotch. I nos i shore is a goin to look for them tags from now on.

Well zeb thars some guys over har in the next cabin that says they wants to learn how to fish. I'm goin to tell them how to fish called poke her so I thinks I'm mosey over that.

Yor frien
Cracker Joe

Fishing with hook and line is one of the oldest forms of human endeavor. We find references through all recorded history and in all the remains of ancient man. There is no one's guess just when the first primitive man quit using his paw for a scoop and fashioned a string and hook to select his prey. The step from using a hook and bait to using one made more attractive by the addition of bits of shell or feathers may have taken centuries. Perhaps the first man to use such an artificial lure felt a pleasurable thrill of achievement as he pulled his prize from the water. If so, he was the forerunner of the sports fisherman.

Today, angling is the most popular of all sports. The followers of Ike Walton outnumber their nearest rival by many times. Sports fishing is big in every respect. It is big business. It is important to the physical and mental well-being of the nation. Its therapeutic value is recognized by the medical profession and conservation organization. Great care is taken to safeguard the nations' recreational necessity for the sport to continue.

The ever increasing numbers of sports fishers has led to an ever decreasing (ratio per angler) supply of game fish. Why, then, do we continue so vigorously? The answer is simple and well-known to every sportsman. The biggest rewards are in angling and those collected as a by-product of the sport.

Every sportsman is blessed with an awareness in more or less degree. Without an awareness of the wonder and beauty of God's Creation the sportsman becomes a meat hunter and will soon tire of his unproductive efforts.

An awareness is not a gift bestowed on the fortunate and withheld from the rest. It becomes aware of the miracle of the natural world around us, we need only to open our minds and heart and it will be shown to us. This har crotch pur hour of fishing will show whether its a hoping or not. Well I shore hope next time I comes he'll have it all fixed up. Then I wants to no what for he wants the wates of them fish for and he sezs that so he can figuring out how many pounds we is a crotch out pun aker. I guess he's got somethin else that I wants to no how many pounds we of cotton we raise on an aker of land. Then he sezs did you know I wants to no what tag? He picks up one of my fish and shows me a

—END—
OUTDOOR REVIEWER

By JACK SHOEMAKER

FUN WITH TROUT. By Fred Everett. Published by the Stackpole Company, Harrisburg, Pa.; Price, $3.50.

Every once in a while you come in contact with a book that deserves special praise because of the work the author has put into it. Such a book is "Fun With Trout." Fred Everett, a friend of several years standing, has really gone overboard with his latest book and the story is there in words, paintings, sketches, and photographs.

The book itself is 287 pages long, but because the sketches take up about half of the page, it can be read in several evenings. Although we here in Florida don't have the fresh water trout, we thought that perhaps our many readers who read the States of the Union would be interested in reading about this particular book.

You'll read the story of flyfishing, its beginning more than a hundred years ago, and you'll both see and read about the various situations that Everett did during his many years of fishing. His chapter readings of "Common Sense," "Soliloquy," "Anticipation," "Recreation," and all the others might give you an idea of the different method of writing the author has used in his stories.

If you're a trout fisherman, I can heartily recommend this book to you. It will hold your interest, it will give you helpful hints on fishing, and it will enable you to have "Fun With Trout.

HALLOWED YEARS, by Nash Buckingham, Published by the Stackpole Company, Harrisburg, Pa.; Price, $3.50.

Whether you're an armchair hunter or one who loves to tramp the fields and forests, you'll enjoy reading a collection of hunting stories from a man who has spent a lifetime in the field with a gun and dog and who has worked the duck blinds with decoys and calls. The name of Nash Buckingham is noted for the outdoors, for he has spent his interest in conservation.

I'm sure that most of you readers have at times skipped through a magazine to see what was in it and then read only what you wanted to read. I've done it myself. But this is one book that you won't do it to, for every story in it is one that you won't skip by.

You might say that these stories are written in the manner of fiction, but it's only Nash's way of putting down on paper facts that are easily read and understood. He writes in the vernacular, and you can easily imagine that you're one of his hunting companions as he takes to the fields and as you leaf through the pages.

Buckingham writes about dogs, about shooting, about death, and about the violation of game laws in the book, and this reviewer feels that it's a neat compilation of trips afield that'll make you want to take up your shotgun, whistle for the dogs, pack up your gear and look for a hunting target.

HOMEMADE FISHING, by Vernon St. Davison. Published by the Stackpole Company, Harrisburg, Pa.; Price, $4.50.

Here in Florida there are many farms and ranches. There is also a lot of land on these farms that is going to waste, simply because it has not been utilized as it should be. Real land conservation means that the best use for each parcel of land is employed to bring about greater productivity of that particular farm. In some cases there is land that can best be used in farm fish ponds.

This book of Davison's, who is a regional biologist for the Soil Conservation Service, will tell you how

CONTINUED ON PAGE 39.

KNOW YOUR WILDLIFE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21.


FLORIDA WILDLIFE

FEBRUARY, 1954

FLORIDA WILDLIFE

The color of the adult is rusty red, with a lighter rump and a dark, shiny mane. The antlers of the young bear only three points each: a long one, a fork at the base, and a long spike at the end.

The sambar of St. Vincent's Island were described in Florida Wildlife, April, 1948. Florida also has the chital or axis deer, a native of India and Ceylon. This is one of the most beautiful of all deer, for it retains a spotted pattern throughout life. It is about the size of a Florida white-tail, and has long, graceful antlers.

The axis deer has been liberated in many parts of the world. Genetically, it is too well adapted to domestication.

In New Zealand, the introduced axis deer increased so rapidly that it menace crops, pastureland, and forests. The whole national park system of New Zealand was endangered by these animals, and millions of dollars were spent in a futile effort to exterminate them. Other countries have had similarly unedable lessons in the experiences with the axis deer, and have passed laws prohibiting its introduction.

Back in 1928, a few years ago, a few axis deer escaped in coastal Volusia County, Florida. Fortunately, they did not multiply as they had done in some areas. Today they are known to inhabit four Florida counties, all east of the St. Johns River. They are locally abundant.

For years when they have been protected by law in this state, they cannot be killed at any time.
Another judge was inclined to think the kid-gone-wild variations are merely a reflection of the public attitude toward the so-called "wild" species. This incidence of the same thing, though, might win favor with a jury. "A judge's office makes him a teacher of the law, but there is a need for him to take the initiative and make the public believe in the justice of his views," said one judge. Another judge, who prefers the idea of putting more stress on landscapes and character of the judge, agrees that the public's misconceptions need to be corrected. He feels that the public, in general, should have a better understanding of the justice system and its decision-making process.

The Much-Changing Of Rules

Some states, like Florida, have made it illegal to transport game species out of state, and as a result, the rules regarding the hunting and fishing of these species have changed significantly. In Florida, the much-changed hunting and fishing rules have been made to reflect the changing landscape and the needs of the state's wildlife. However, this has led to confusion among hunters and anglers, who may not be aware of the recent changes to the rules.

For the benefit of the fisherman, a new book, "Freshwater Fishing in Florida," provides comprehensive rules for all species of fish in Florida, as well as regulations for fishing in the state's estuaries and coastal areas. The book covers all species of fish, including those that are commonly found in the state's freshwater bodies, such as the redfish, trout, and snook. The book also provides information on the seasons and regulations for fishing in the state's coastal areas.

Another book, "Florida's Wildlife," provides comprehensive information on the state's wildlife, including the various species of fish, mammals, birds, and reptiles that are found in the state. The book covers the state's wildlife from the perspective of the hunter and the angler, and it provides detailed information on the various species of wildlife, including their habits, habitats, and the best times to hunt or fish for them. The book also provides information on the state's wildlife management programs and the steps that are being taken to protect the state's wildlife.

A receipt for cooking jerked venison has been submitted to use by Mr. and Mrs. Jones, who are planning to have a special dinner for their guests. The receipt calls for cooking jerked venison over a wood fire and then serving it with a side dish of rice and beans. The recipe also suggests using aTouch-me-Not "waterworks," which are a type of edible plant, for the side dish. The Touch-me-Not "waterworks" are a type of edible plant that is commonly found in the state's wetlands and estuaries. The plant is edible and is used to make many different dishes, including soups, stews, and salads. The receipt also suggests using a "Jerked" venison, which is a type of meat that is cured and smoked over a wood fire. The venison is then served with a side dish of rice and beans.

OUTDOOR REVIEWER

(Continued from page 58)

A receipt for cooking jerked venison has been submitted to use by Mr. and Mrs. Jones, who are planning to have a special dinner for their guests. The receipt calls for cooking jerked venison over a wood fire and then serving it with a side dish of rice and beans. The recipe also suggests using a "Touch-me-Not" waterworks," which are a type of edible plant, for the side dish. The "Touch-me-Not" waterworks" are a type of edible plant that is commonly found in the state's wetlands and estuaries. The plant is edible and is used to make many different dishes, including soups, stews, and salads. The receipt also suggests using a "Jerked" venison, which is a type of meat that is cured and smoked over a wood fire. The venison is then served with a side dish of rice and beans.
COMMISSIONER ~ COMMENTS
(Continued from Page 11)

FEDERATION MEETING
(Continued from Page 20)

CARLING CONSERVATION
(Continued from Page 20)

As an author of articles, stories, and books on the conservation and wildlife, public speaker, and an experienced angler, with forty years of fishing behind him, Ralph comes to Flori
more Conservation programs by residents of this section.

WILDLIFE AND FORESTRY
(Continued from Page 9)

on, the State. For the past several years, many field trials have been held here by dog owners who live in Florida. They picked Wa

There are dog owners from some 20 states in the Union who entered their dogs in these trials. Now, understand that the National Field Trials will be held here within the next few years.

In the same vein, many of the members of the Florida Coon Hunt

...HUNTING
(Continued from Page 2)

EXPERIENCE never TO BE FORGETTEN
(Continued from Page 26)

All they talked about on their way back from the camp was how many deer had been under the trees and how each of them could have gotten a shot. They agreed that there had been more than twenty-five deer in that one spot alone. And they shot more deer than any of them had ever seen before in one hunt.

That night after supper when all the dishes had been dried and washed...

National Legislation by Helen Sullivan
State Legislation by J. M. Miller
Finance by Don Southwell
Membership by Charles Schil
Land and Forests by L. L. Ja
tin
Water Studies by S. O. Chae

One under the guidance of the Fish and Game Commission. We plan to construct it in the shape of the state of Florida, using all specimens of fresh water animal and plant life of the state. Exper

NATIONAL FEDERATION OF
WILD FOWL CONSERVATION
BEACON No. 42
FISHING CAMP

BEACON No. 42
FISHING CAMP
Telephone OAK HILL 2100
CABINS ~ BOATING ~ MOTOR BOAT ~ TACKLE ~ GUIDES
Most Modern Fishing Camp in South East Coast
SAM WAMPIER, MGR.
2 MILES SOUTH OF MELBOURNE, FLORIDA

ALLENHURST FISHING CAMP
The only fly-fishing camp in South East Coast. No motors. Best of Florida. Palm Beach, West Palm Beach, Lake Worth, Boynton, Delray, Jax.
GET THESE FLORIDA BOOKS!!!
1. FLORIDA WILDLIFE
2. FLORIDA HUNTING AND FISHING
3. FLORIDA FISH AND GAME(Continued)

DAVID W. MERWIN and the PINE DERBY
McGINTY'S "PINE DERBY" RING, INC.
500 FIDDLER'S CREEK, FORT MYERS
"THE PINE DERBY RING IS FUN ~ FOR EVERYONE"

SITUATIONS WANTED
WORD HARD ~ real easy better willing to work anywhere on hour. Dependable, Auti
eumatic experience in farm, ranch, and home. Just call on Baby Williams, "Young Sturdy Stud", Bridgeport, Conn.

MODERNIZE your GUN with this

IMPROVE YOUR SCORE WITH a new sight! FULLY ADJUSTABLE! Standard, Quarter, Long, Match. Made in the USA. Available with black or chromium finish. Low Prize! FREE CATALOG! FLORENCE ARMS CO.
500 Broadway, Dept. B-4, Chicago 67, Ill.

February, 1954

1. FLORIDA WILDLIFE
2. FLORIDA HUNTING AND FISHING
3. FLORIDA FISH AND GAME

This Division also inspected 111 planted food plots, laid out in cooperation with the National Fish and Wildlife Commission, and conducted quality tests to determine the value of the research. This work for 400 quail food plots in Florida and 111, ground squirrels, and conducted quality feeding habits and covered all aspects of this subject at the Jackson County attitude programs by residents of this section.

Wasteland: Well, some people might call certain sections of North Florida wasteland, but we in the conservation business—and it is a multi-million dollar business—call it Florida's wildlife frontier with sporting dogs and shooting opportunities for all of our sportmen friends.

Concrete Teaching
(Continued from Page 33)

grounds by the Fish and Game De

Experience never To Be Forgotten
(Continued from Page 26)

That's no bound, Son, that's a gun.

Clarence was looking intently ahead, where the lights of the car swung under a clump of willow trees, "Great God," he shouted, "there's deer!"

Del slammed on the brakes and everything went tumbling into the front seat—hounds, huff caps, guns, and Bob. "Let's get out of here!"

"Get off my back!"

"How wow, bwoo!"

In the ensuing struggle for shoot

"There's deer!"

"You've got the land out of here!"

All they talked about on their way back from the camp was how many deer had been under the trees and how each of them could have gotten a shot. They agreed that there had been more than twenty-five deer in that one spot alone. And they shot more deer than any of them had ever seen before in one hunt.

That night after supper when all the dishes had been dried and washed...
not be used indiscriminately or by persons who do not fully understand its use. For example, if one is burning to form a seed bed for the establishment of pine seedlings, he must understand the reproductive cycle of pine. He must be able to determine, by looking at the seed trees, the best year to burn for pine seedling establishment since slash pine normally produces a good seed crop only every four to six years. One good rule for the average private individual interested in forestry and game is if you don’t understand the use of fire then don’t start it.

The forestry-game outlook in Florida is bright. The forests of Florida, more than any other area of the state, hold the key to future game possibilities. Areas geared to a forestry economy will remain good game areas because, in general, the things that benefit forests, benefit game. Working together the forester and the game manager should be able to guarantee an adequate supply of timber and game for the generations to come.

END.

ATTENTION BAIT DEALERS

We have millions of Large Red Wiggles ready for shipment. Contact us for prices and your regular requirements. Worms hand picked and packed 50 or 100 to container with ample feed for two weeks. Orders shipped same day received.

GILBERT’S FARMS

Chieflap, Florida

END.