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1954
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August

Scanned by:
The Research Information Center of the Fish & Wildlife Research Institute
Florida Fish and Wildlife Conservation Commission
Dear Editor,

July issue is tops. I like the "Wakulla Land" article and pics. I don't fish but take
on many excursions all I can of Flor-
ida. Have been down twice and thought
Silver Springs was the place. Now I must see
Wakulla though I don't fish. So your article
pleases the tourist too.

W. W. Russell
Harrisburg, Pa.

Dear Editor:

Enclosed is a check covering a renewal
for myself and for my friend and will you
please back date these so there will not be
a lapse between issues. My friend is receiv-
ing from a long illness and I discovered
last weekend that FLORIDA WILDLIFE
was one of the bright spots to look
forward each month.

Incidentally, we both心脏病ed
your article on hounds a few weeks ago.
I agree that the account of shaking terrific little
tails into the waiting mouths of a pack of
hounds was utterly revolting and only
unbelievably cruel. Perhaps these "sportsmen" would have enjoyed the thrill of seeing the Romans of old as they threw unarmed Christians to the wild beasts to devour.

Personally, I feel that all of us have an
equal share in the lives of our wild animals,
and that it is just as for animals to live
for nature lovers as to live for "sport".

A few weeks ago while driving through the
Ocala National Forest I saw the
corral of a herd of deer high on
the shoulder of the road. I wonder if the driver
of some car got a thrill as his car drove
down upon the bounding little creature.
Some hunter was deprived of killing this
deer. Many people were deprived of seeing
it alive.

Sincerely,
Sidney P. Newell
Orlando, Fla.

Dear Editor:

Thank you very much for the spinning
lure. Sorry I won't be able to use it in
Florida this year but I'll give it a chance
in Canada.

My wife and I have never been down in Florida except February or March, but
soon we hope to spend more time there
and maybe we'll try fishing for bass next
year. So far our fishing in Florida has been
fishing with fly and spinning lures for
bassfish, tarpon and snook. Of all the fish
I've caught I still have not seen the
bass in Florida. Also tarpon and snook
are lots of fun on fly and spinning rods.

But my wife and I some day do want
to try bass and other fresh water fish as we
are devoted to bass, trout, and salmon up
north.

Sincerely yours,
Frieda Y. Larrington
Christ, Conn.

Gentlemen:

Every once in a while you hear of an
oddity about fishing and I believe Norman
Webster of Deland considers this 15-pound
catch a bit unusual. He caught it while
fishing for brook at the mouth of Blue
Springs in the St. Johns River.

C. Schilling
Jensen Beach, Fla.

Dear Editor:

I am president of the South Florida
Anglers Club and we are looking around
for a waterfront piece of property within
100 miles of Miami.

Several of our members have outboard
motors and boats and others would buy
boats if we had some kind of our own.

Many of your readers know of such property.

Sincerely yours,
Ben Rockfield
400 N.W. 59th Street
Miami, Florida

Dear Sir:

I am a New Zealand boy and would like
to fish in the USA.

I will be in August and I would like
to write to boys and girls between 15 and 23.

My hobbies are stamp collecting and
ridin' bikes.

I would be very much obliged if you
would publish my name and address in
your magazine.

Yours sincerely,
Ian Henderson
Veinice Street
Martinsborough
North Island
New Zealand

Gentlemen:

The enclosed snapshot shows A. Aldridge
and B. Smith of Madison, Georgia and their
fourof 15 bass caught out of Lloyd's
Camp in the Suwannee River. The
largest one was a little over 8 pounds.

Respectfully,
Tallahassee, Fla.

Mr. Jack Shoemaker
Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission
Tallahassee, Florida

Dear Shoemaker:

Several weeks ago Mr. Don Carroll was
in St. Augustine with the Wildlife Trailer.
We want to tell him about the "Lobstering
of the redfish" was the
resistant past, the fierce little battle
in the played.

The freshly caught with his hook-like face,
and all the other animals, makes and fish.

We hope that Mr. Carroll will come in
St. Augustine again with the Wildlife
Trailer.

Your friend,
The Fifth Grade
Fullerwood School
St. Augustine, Florida.

The Fifth Grade
Fullerwood School
St. Augustine, Florida

Dear Student:

I would like to say thanks for the very
cute letter I got.

The mailman told me how much you
enjoyed visit-

ing with the panther, bear, bobcat, deer, rac-
coons and all the small animals. I really
imagine that these same animals enjoyed
their visit with you. Have you ever thought
about the fact that animals want to
have friends, particularly boys and girls
who understand them and will treat them
kindly?

I think that it would be mighty interes-
ting trying to find out all about any
and all the animals, for then you will be able
to understand them easier and you will know
what you must do to protect them and
use them wisely so that there will always be
some animals and birds left for the children
that come after you.

Sincerely,
Jack Shoemaker
Chairman
Information and Education

Ohio is one of the most conservation-minded states in the country!

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August 1954

Florida Birds

TURKEY VULTURE

-Bill Walker

This useful bird is familiar to all who have lived in Florida for any
length of time, for it is seldom, dur-
ing good weather that he is not
visible somewhere in the sky, a
famly drifting black smoke riding
the thermals of the upper air.

Not a bird of prey, the vulture per-
forms a very useful function in
cleaning up all sorts of carrion that is
the natural by-product of the hasty
butting world below him.

In spite of the fact this bird is
shy and provided with very weak
talons, unable to cause death to any
life forms through the years
become a symbol of bad luck and an
omen of evil to the superstitious.

Even today in cartoons and stories,
he is portrayed as a villainous crea-
ture, and all of this, perhaps ex-
plains why he sometimes falls
before angry boys and thoughtless
hunters.

3
Most of you by this time have read and seen the new enrollment certificate for Jr. Conservation Clubs affiliating with the State League. A club meeting the requirements necessary for membership in the league is eligible for such a certificate. The first club to become eligible was the club in Ft. Lauderdale known as the Jr. Anglers Club of Broward County. And now comes the second club down south, the Pahokee Jr. Conservation Club. The club will receive this certificate in a ceremony. It didn't take that club long to get in there and almost be another first. They were the first in the state to bring in their state league dues payable until June 10, 1955.

Congratulations to you men in Pahokee, to the Local Carpenter's Union, No. 628, the American Legion Post, No. 90 ... and to a very swell fellow, C. W. Orr. You young members in the club really have a good backing right down the line. Here's a complete club report from the new club over in Groveland.

Membership—44.

Officers—President Bill Wilkins, Vice President Charles Rohn, Secretary Ray Plowden, Treasurer Malm McDonald. Board of directors to be elected.

Treasurer's report—$42.70. Club meets every other Tuesday, Place—Groveland High School Auditorium during school. Meetings will be held every other Tuesday, Place—Groveland High School Auditorium during school. Meetings will be held every other Tuesday, Place—Groveland High School Auditorium during school.

A welcome to new clubs organized during the month of June: Halfax Jr. Conservation Club.

By DENVER STE. CLAIRE

News from Lake Eaton—Summer Camp:

Well fellows, by the time you read this you will have had your visit to our Jr. Conservation Camp at Lake Eaton in the Osceola National Forest. I know that some of you couldn't make it but for those of you who did, I know that you had the time of your lives.

For summer fun you just can't beat sleeping under a tent with the cool breezes softly putting you to sleep after a rather strenuous day of fun and learning.

Everyone says that we have a beautiful camp and that with its growth and development, it will be one of the very best in the state.

Jr. Conservation Camp news:

First boy to arrive at camp—Bobby Desautel.

First Jr. Conservation Club to be represented—Leesburg.

First camping mascot—Mr. Frank Carver, Okeechobee.

First K.P. — Jack Swift, St. Petersburg.

First guest speaker — Mr. Earl Christmas, Ruskin.

First camp mascot — Richard Niles, Wildwood; Robert Swift, St. Petersburg.

First tent captains—Walter Krueger, Leesburg.

First Wildlife Officer to arrive—Officer Ed Richey.

First eingage—P. O. Box 751, Bartow, Fla.

Memberships—25.

Officers—President Lenon Lawrence, Vice President George Howell, Secretary Larry Branan, Treasurer Artie Dehn.

Meetings: Every Thursday at 7:00 p.m.


Membership—10.

Officers—President Charles Drels, Vice President Bob Thompson, Secretary, Jas Reach, Treasurer Howard Pendarer.

Meeting time 2nd and 4th Saturday of every month.

We are quite honored in having a new school, the Okeechobee Junior High, in our club from the St. Paul's Sportsmen's Club of Cincinnati, Ohio. This club has read about our wonderful Jr. Conservation Club movement in Florida and are most interested in securing as much information as possible so that they may carry on a similar project.

Many thanks a lot for your kind letter and you can be sure a letter with the many facts you wish to know will be sent your way. Write to us again soon.

Jr. Conservation Clubs: Rodeheaver Boys Ranch, Palatka, President Roland Palatka; Vice President Bobby Higgenson, Secretary Ronald Reyers, Treasurer John O'Connell.

Meetings will be held every other Tuesday on Wednesday evenings.

Lakeland Jr. Wildlife Club is proud to have President Rollie Richard, Vice President Johnny Allen, Secretary Deetning, Treasurer Betty Stillwell. Meetings 1st and 3rd Tuesday of each month.


Melbourne Jr. High Conservation Club.

Conniston Jr. High Conservation Club.


Officers — President Richard Adams, Vice President Jimmy Wilson, Secretary David Eth, Treasurer David Eth.

Membership—9.

For the baseball enthusiasts: Wildlife Officer Ed Richey in the Central Division has organized a small league made up of 5 club teams in his district. According to a recent report, Belleview defeated Wildwood by a very close score, 7 to 6. League continues the following weekend.


P. O. Box 751, Bartow, Fla.

Memberships—25.

Officers—President Lenon Lawrence, Vice President George Howell, Secretary, Jas Reach, Treasurer Howard Pendarer.

Meeting time 2nd and 4th Saturday of every month.

The Dean Malher Jr. Conservation Club in Ocala just had a re-organization meeting and elected the following officers:

President Fred Cole, Vice President Steve Hudson, Secretary Jared Lomax, Treasurer Jack McCoy.

Sponsors—Gene Gallant.

Advisor—Don Stroud, game biologist.

Two vacancies due to resignations in the Bartow Club have been filled—the club's new vice president is George Howell and the secretary is Sonny Kirkland.

Leesburg sends in this slate of officers — President Freddie Parker, Vice President Norm Holmes, Secretary Eddie Parker, Treasurer Jimmie Chatman (report not complete).

Wildwood Jr. Conservation Club sends its slate of officers: President Roland Reyers, Vice President Jack Hatcher, Vice President Jesse B. Ramsey, Secretary Ron Loven, Treasurer John O'Connell.

Meetings will be held every other Tuesday on Wednesday evenings.

Lakeland Jr. Conservation Club sends its slate of officers: President Bill Hacksley, Box 17, Cleveland, Fla.; Vice President Ray Wachob, Rt. No. 1, Pampa Gardens, Secretary Bernie Crews, Jr., Box 33, Cleveland, Fla.; Rodeheaver Boys Ranch, General Delivery, Punta Gorda.

Little Falls, Fla.

The Edward L. Constance Fish and Wildlife Club of the High School report that they now have 118 members, both boys and girls in their club.

With their report they also list the following officers — President John Adams, Vice President Jim Barber, Vice President Secretary-Treasurer Frank Laffson.

Let's hear more from you.

At one time the Edward L. Constance Jr. Fish and Wildlife Club was one of the very top clubs. Welcome back into our fold of good fellowship and conservation.

And gang, here is a pleasant surprise.

The Ft. Pierce Jr. Rod and Reel Club has become reactivated with a total of 38 members. They are about to elect a new slate of officers and secure a new sponsor. More power to you.

And all of us welcome you back and hope that there are many good days ahead for you with your new activated club. Their report is not complete at this time but I feel sure that just as soon as they have all of this information they will send it to the writer.

And word comes from Belleview that they have 19 members. Here is their complete club report:


Membership—19.

Officers—President Larry Moody, Vice President O. P. Taylor, Secretary Johnny Storey, Treasurer Ray Alabaster.

Advisors—Mr. Harry Evans, Mr. L. R. Moser, Mr. Frank Pilot, Wildlife Officer Ed Richey.

Meeting place—Belleview School.

Time—1st and 3rd Thursday of each month.

Amount in treasury—$18.00.

News from the only All girls club in the state:

The Bay County Girls Conservation Club of Panama City sends in a report that they now have 14 members in their club.

Officers — President Cathlyn McCauley, Vice President Secretary.

(Continued on Page 2)
As this month’s column is being written, your Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission is getting well underway with its varied and widespread activities in game and fish management for the new fiscal year which started July 1st.

By CHARLES W. PACE

As a matter of fact, the Department of Agriculture, which has recently received a major federal grant to support its activities, is already working hard on a number of important projects. One of these is the development of a new method for trapping fish, which promises to be both effective and humane.

Another project that has received a lot of attention recently is the development of new fish species in Florida. Scientists have been working for years to develop new species of fish that could be used for food or as bait, and they have made some exciting discoveries. For example, a new species of fish has been discovered that is able to live in extremely saline waters, which could be useful for developing new methods of desalination.

In addition to these projects, the Department of Agriculture is also working on a number of other initiatives to support the health and welfare of Florida’s fish population. This includes efforts to improve water quality, to protect aquatic ecosystems, and to support sustainable fishing practices.

Overall, the work being done by the Department of Agriculture is vitally important for the future of Florida’s fisheries and the economy of Florida as a whole. The state’s fish population is a valuable resource that must be protected and preserved for future generations.

END
APPOINTMENT IN OKEOBEECH

By CHANNING COPE

If you are a fresh-water bass fishermen and mingle with others of the same stripe, you will sooner or later hear of the great Lake Okoebeechee and its constant source of wonderful fishing. Of course, when you think of Lake Okoebeechee you are really thinking of a continent because it is 750 square miles in area. I have been told it is the largest fresh-water lake in the United States and having come across it recently in our houseboat, The Emuissance, I wouldn’t doubt this statement for an instant. In truth, when you look out upon the open waters of this enormous lake it is no different than looking out on the Gulf of Mexico or the Atlantic Ocean except in color. Okoebeechee is wide and thin, as one of my friends told me, and the occasional squalls stir up its waters and make it appear brownish. Most of the time, however, the Lake is clear and this is the main reason why cane-pole fishermen go there for big breale and shell-crackers. They can see the bees.

In fishing such a large body of water it is not always easy to know where to go for the best fishing. Fishermen have their favorite spots and I have been directed to every section of the lake by well-meaning friends. It is not for me to say which part provides the biggest bass or the most strikes as I have only fished a small part of Lake Okoebeechee. But if the remaining parts of the Lake turn out the bass like the Southwestern part, the Lake is a fisherman’s Paradise.

The Emuissance, with Ruthie Cope as mate, Tammie (our Scotch terrier) as ship’s conscience, and me as main-dee-work, was making its way leisurely from St. Petersburg to Jensen Beach and was anchored on the Clewiston area of Lake Okoebeechee for three things: (a) a visit with Eddie Jones, Manager of Clewiston Inn, (b) to kill off the barnacles on our vessel which had picked up since St. Petersburg, and (c) to do some fresh-water bass fishing. We couldn’t have selected a better spot, especially for the fishing. We motored alongside the city pier about 200 yards outside the Hurricane Gate No. 2. The Johnson Fish Camp, where Bill Johnson and his son, Billy, are proprietors, and, more interesting to us, were authorized Everglades dealers. We push our houseboat with two, 15-h.p. Evirnudes and we wanted them overhauled before our voyage. We hadn’t been at Clewiston many hours before we learned that we were in the region of the big bass. Bill Johnson, Sr., came aboard to discuss motors with us and in no time at all the boat was underway. We found ourselves discussing the bass fishing, lures to use, the type of boat to get there and the thousand-and-one things that bass fishermen love to discuss.

Bill Johnson is one of the most unusual fishermen I have known anywhere. On one occasion he fished for bass 135 days in a row and kept a record of the weather conditions, the best fishing hours, the numbers caught, the lures used, and what the bass were feeding on. On another occasion he followed the same procedure for 175 days, and still later on again followed the same procedure for 238 days in a row. It goes without saying that any man who is the meticulous about collecting records would naturally be a very fine fisherman. As one of the number of men in the field of computing the best hours for bass fishing, I was particularly anxious to check Bill Johnson’s records before I had a minnow. There is no question but what our hours for the best fishing were almost identical. I have been checking with Bill Johnson for a year, with friends who were kind enough to follow my tables but Bill Johnson was the first man I ever contacted who had such profound experience over such an extended period of time.

Bill Johnson, the son, was on a boating trip when The Emuissance was anchored off the hurricane gate pier. He had a minnow, I was told, and apparently was going to try for a big bass. He went on to say, "I have fished this lake many years and have never had such a good year for big bass ever before. At the time I was talking to him a large bass took a minnow he was using and I was glad to note that he carried a tub, a gunny sack, and some ice in his boat; this meant he fully expected to come back with a bass. We checked with my fishing tables and found the suggested time for the best afternoon fishing so left the Johnson dock in Billy’s motorboat. We were in the boat when a moderate breeze was sweeping across the great lake, causing a ripple just under the white caps area. Bill Johnson saw one white cap when we had pushed out beyond the Hurricane Gate and told me to sit up. He then said, “I am going to open her up in a minute, and you’ll get wet if you don’t.” I was somewhat familiar with the structure of the boats, and, immediately, we decided we were heading for Observation Island about 13 miles Northwest on the lake. This is the point where we corrected. I noticed that the speedometer on the outboard-driven boat showed 27 miles per hour. The boat left the dock in a series of clear, open ponds or lakes. There were quite a few in the small area and the high-bass placed appeared to be clear blue islands in a sea of brownish grass.

Business picked up at once. The moment I saw the still, protected waters I said to Billy, “Isn’t this the ideal place for a topper lure?” and he agreed. With this bait Billy had a minnow. He was very enthusiastic about this new bait and I asked him if it was new. He said it was. He had noticed his fisherman efforts to catch fish by retrieving it. Billy had found that his topper lure was taking small bass and that he didn’t want to keep them. He finally thought of using the old, beat-up, topper lure, which he had used for years, and that he had not thought of it for some time.

Billy Johnson, the father, had remarked to me about a few years ago in North Carolina that the water was unrefrigerated and wherever it was clear. It was a battle-Scarred veteran and hero of many a big bass fight with his old, beat-up topper lure. Bill Johnson’s father had remarked on seeing it. "No," Billy had said, "when the plug gets that old and beat up, just throw it away and get a new one. I am glad to carry a tub of minnows and the two of us went out.

As in most other permanent fresh-water lakes, there were very few alligators and a lesser number of islands fringed with bennets. Here is the feeding ground for the bass. The big bass always have a boat and waited for Billy to make his first cast. It was early in the bass season and they were short, short. Billy had four strikes before he hung one securely and landed him.

I began to cast Old Pop, getting closer and closer to the bass. I was one of those fishermen who has an inherent fear of casting the lure up into the grass or on shallow water. I spent very little time to work up to the proper distance. It was not until about 5 minutes later that I took my first bass. It was a twin to Billy’s and weighed a pound and a half. "Aren’t these yearling bass?" I asked. "Bill," said Billy, "we call them little blue bass."

In each of the pools or lakes Billy or I, and sometimes both of us, would set to work. Apparently the splashing of the caught fish and the noise of beating it and adding it to the galvanized tub momentarily frightened the fish remaining in our pool so we would move on. We had taken several bass each, all of them pure, incidentally, and moved on into a selected bend-registered pool that looked as though bass Walton himself had designed it. "What a magnificent spot for a bass," I told Billy. "You said it!" he agreed. "I call it the Last Chance because if I can’t catch a bass here, I may as well go home." I looked over the area gingerly and with suppressed excitement let go the first cast. Have you ever seen a splendid bass made from dropping a huge stone from a bridge or some other high point? Well, that was the response I had. Billy shouted, "He’s a whopper," but anyone could see that Billy dropped his rod, grabbed the paddle and began to back the boat away from the bass. "I’ll give you some room to fight him," Billy shouted. "What a fight it was!" Then we began to work toward me and it was all I could do to take back the slack to keep from losing him. Once I thought I had lost him but when the line was taut again I was still there, surging and slashing and fighting with every ounce of his strength. Twice he almost made it to the bennets and my heart stood still. There was nothing to do but "horne" him for a few feet and hope that the line would hold. It was 9:30, but it was not too late. Yet I had never broken a line while taking a bass. The battle raged for about fourteen minutes (at least that’s what we figured afterwards) before the bass tired and I had to get alongside the boat. He or she was a dark, glittering beauty riding steadily though slowly, half on its side as if tortured by out-reached fingertips, it was caught. With a final half
``When Fred’s fish felt the hook he boiled up out of the lake, fighting mad. I counted nine jumps in all. I tell you, it was a beautiful sight! Now, if only I’d had a camera in the boat……"

I recalled, sympathetic understanding. Back in 1957, I, like many thousands of other Floridians who hunt and fish, had many times wished I could have recorded some of the action-packed moments that came to me afield and afloat. Now, if only I’d had a camera……

Necessity forced me to take action. Writing hunting and fishing stories for national magazines, and feature articles for Sunday supplements, I often needed good photographs to illustrate my work, and finding ready-made ones to fit a particular story proved almost impossible.

Up until that time, I had not made any pictures except a few family group and pet photos, taken with a camera inherited from a family member who used it around 1890, so had to start from scratch and learn a few basic fundamentals of good photography. I invested less than a dollar in a book, “How To Make Good Pictures”, which I found in a local camera shop, and gave it several careful readings.

Meanwhile, I had been looking around for a quality, reasonably-priced camera. I wanted one that would be comparable in photographic capability but at a price within the capability of a relatively prosperous family. I decided on a Bell and Howell Camera Company model, costing less than twenty-five dollars. This figure included a yellow filter, a lens hood and a portrait attachment. The camera came with a close-up lens, and a case.

Frankly, my first couple of rolls of film were a little disappointing, but one I began to use in my camera’s features, and absorbed more of the text in the instruction manual, I began to get clear, sparkling pictures. One of my earliest attempts at typical hunting and fishing photos won a national contest, and from then on the going was fairly easy.

Though succeeding years and photographic assignments gave access to Speed Graphics, Rolleiflexes and Graflex cameras, Leicas and other expensive, specialized photographic equipment, it is significant that at least 90% of the pictures I have made for reproduction in the form of magazine or newspaper illustrations have been taken with simple, inexpensive equipment—the great majority with the little folding camera I purchased in 1957 and am still using! Readers who are proud owners of fine equipment as represented by an expensive Leica, Contax, Speed Graphic, Graflex, Rolleiflex, Esakta or Kodak Chevon need not be offended. You have photographic equipment rated among the best and you know it.

My point is that the average hunter and fisherman need not miss out on making a cherished picture record of unusual or successful trips by reason of the being able to invest in professional-class equipment.

There is even a basis for argument against using expensive cameras for the making of snapshots under some of the rugged picture taking conditions that frequently go to make up a hunting or fishing episode. Spray thrown by a moving boat, beach sand, rain and accidental dropping can ruin an expensive camera easier as a less expensive one. In the professional camera class shutter repairs are costly, and you are out of luck unless you carry camera insurance with all of us.

When taking pictures from a boat, there is always a chance of costly mishap. Once, while photographing a hammerhead shark from a small boat, I lost my balance and fell overboard, camera and all.

er in hand. A complete camera overhaul by the factory cost less than ten dollars. Had I been using an uninsured Contax, Leica or any of the other more costly cameras it would have been a very different story. Another point: I lost only eight pictures that day; it might have been a $25 exposure $330, baking, in which case I’d have also been out the time, effort and potential picture possibilities of the longer, more expensive equipment.

In the field research required for the preparation of this article, many makes and models of cameras were tested to determine their capabilities and limitations. Attention was directed on those most likely to be within the means of the average sportsmen. Models selling for $50 or more were not considered.

The research definitely established one paramount fact: With current camera models especially, it is quite possible to make a broad variety of pictures for a surprisingly low investment in equipment. In fact, a simple, fixed focus, box-type model, products of a big American manufacturer of photographic equipment, made one of the best illustrations appearing with this article. The little camera sells for less than $60, with yellow color filter and portrait lens attachment included.

Beyond doubt, present day camera models are far ahead in features, value and versatility when compared to models of only a decade ago. Today, there is a wide range for personal selection of a moderately-priced, precision camera from among many famous brand names, in box-type, folding, miniature and reflex models. Prices range from four dollars to $475. For less than fifty dollars one can be on the modern photographing job that will take pictures of professional quality, properly used! Some models handle color or black and white film as desired.

Least expensive is the simple-operating, fixed focus, box-type camera. Most models have shutter speeds of around 1-30 of a second, plus bulb or time exposures, and many are flash synchronized for indoor and night use. Probably more good pictures have been made with box-type cameras than any other model. One Florida photo finisher, now handling one of the state’s major streams of photo finishing work, has stated that he would credit box cameras as being responsible for 70% of his almost staggering volume.

More advanced is the compact folding camera, offering large picture sizes and a variety and selection of shutter speeds, greatly increasing picture making possibilities. The folding cameras are the generally available camera of the field, have scale or range finder focusing, and have a reputation for taking a lot of punishment in active life.

Miniatures, now riding a peak of popularity, are small, light and easy to carry; use small size films and are much used for candid shots. They require more precise focusing and exposure as any errors in making the pictures will be magnified and emphasized when the small-sized negatives are enlarged by the finisher.

Bell and Howell permit you to see the planned pictures in actual, finished size. Because the negative area is square, there is no need to turn the relief camera sideways for their making. Models with reflecting-type focusing are to be had for less than $50—indeed, many of them are reasonably priced—but the twin-lens models, where two precision lenses are coupled together for critical focusing on a ground glass, are more.

For average outdoor photography, the sportman-photographer will get very good results with the ordinary amateur-photographic type of medium speed and sensitive to all colors except red. They are less expensive and less bulky. The chrome type films are marketed under such trade names as Verichrome, All Weather Plenachrome, Sensachrome and other similar identifying names. The chrome type films are considered excellent for all around use, and give good results in combination with color filters, especially light yellow. They frequently enlarge nicely, too.

The panchromatic, or "pan", films are sensitive to all colors and speedily affected by light. They are the (Continued on Next Page)
the normal exposure as required to compensate for the filter factor. All filters come with recommendations, instructions, or your photo finisher, or an experienced photographer friend, will probably have some worthy suggestions regarding their use.

Where the light is extremely bright, or where panoramic films are used in box-type or fixed-focus cameras, yellow filters can frequently be used with excellent effect to allow the filter factor, the extra sensitivity of the film automatically compensating for the added filter. A little experimentation will show just what average results can be expected.

All filters and portrait lens attachments should be of good quality and, like the camera’s lens, must be kept clean. Remember that light must pass through both the filter, or portrait, attachments and the camera lens to properly record the image on the film. Any imperfections in either, or dirty smudges on camera or auxiliary attachments, will affect the negative’s quality and sharpness.

You will get better pictures if you fit your camera with a lens hood, used by most professionals and the more successful of the amateur photographers. This shade slips over the camera’s lens-mount and shades the lens from light coming from objects outside the area covered by the lens. A lens hood finds practical use when subjects are side lit, or when unobstructed light is required for the film to show as much of the scene as possible with possible; never in direct sunlight if it can be avoided. Roll film users should also keep the metal, blackout slide in place over the counting window except when advancing the film for a succeeding exposure, to prevent possible gradual fogging of the film. Unprotected panoramic film—cut, film pack or roll—must be handled in total darkness. You can’t be too careful!

Your local camera supply dealer will be glad to tell you more about the various films and how they should be used in your camera. It is a good idea to select one or two types of film and stick with them if you are thoroughly familiar with their properties and peculiarities.

Color filters and a portrait lens attachment greatly increases your picture making versatility, at a little added cost. The average amateur who does not rate his hobby ahead of hunting or fishing will need only a couple of filters and a portrait attachment to take a wide range of subjects.

Select a light or medium yellow, all purpose color filter for scenic, cloud effects and contrast. Use with a yellow ground glass or yellow filter to show off bright sky and green foliage as background for a dark foreground subject.

Because a filter holds back some of the light that would otherwise reach the film, you have to increase

A number of the inexpensive, box-type cameras now come equipped with built-in flash synchronizers. To use them, you simply stick in a flash bulb, aim and squint your eyes. The flash bulb requires adjustable synchronizing attachments that will time the flash bulb’s peak of brilliance to coincide with the full opening of the camera’s shutter, and must be adjusted for each camera on which the attachment is used.

If you suspect that your adjustable synchronizer is not working harmoniously with your shutter, try checking its accuracy the easy, practical way recommended by Lee Wulf, noted sports photographer. If Wulf thinks his flash and camera shutter synchronize to a hit off, he sets his camera for a high shutter speed, points loaded camera at a large mirror and shoots.

The idea, of course, is to make a picture of the exploding flash bulb as reflected by the mirror. If the exposed, developed negative shows the flash bulb burned out or almost so, then the shutter is obviously opening too late. If the bulb photographs unburned, the shutter is opening too early. Synchronization is ideal when the burning bulb appears on the negative at maximum peak brilliance, indicating good teamwork between flash unit and shutter.

As regards the question of required exposure for outdoor pictures, I have found it advisable to take a chance on slightly overexposing a negative rather than underexposing. A good finisher can often get a very good print from a slightly overexposed negative, but, without expert retouching, cannot put in detail that was never captured by underexposed film in the first place.

Of course, use of a light meter of reliable make will eliminate much of the guesswork of proper exposure. Certain recent models no longer require personal application of the mathematical principle that things equal to the same thing are equal to each other. They use simple light meters as a basis of comparison of various combinations, reading with its corresponding value on shutter time, film speeds and camera aperture scales. Instead, once

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Stopping down the amount of light passing through the lens. Combined with shutter speeds, they control exposure and depth of focus. The latter is the measure of the picture detail focused on, within which details in the picture will be sharp and the picture smaller the opening the greater the depth of focus.

Shutter speeds and Stops can be juggled about to

(Continued on Page 21.)

The Brownie Hawkeye shown at right is an automatic camera. It gives you daylight snaps and Hi-contrast color, black and white or full color. Camera $6.95, flash $4.00.

Below is the Kodak Tourist II, a good illustration of the folding camera. It’s an automatic camera and has many exposure controls. Price $24.75.

Kodak Pony 155 is for the 15 mm. lens. It is exceptionally well adapted for colored pictures; contains 20 or 36 pictures per roll. Camera $15.95.

The reflex camera below and Hi-contrast film flex are becoming more and more popular. “Picture Window” promises that each exposure in full color is priced at $15.95.

The reflex camera below and Hi-contrast film flex are becoming more and more popular. “Picture Window” promises that each exposure in full color is priced at $15.95.

AUGUST, 1954

FLORIDA WILDLIFE
At night the 'Glades take on a new look, complete with sound effects.

The Everglades at night are different, dark and strangely enough—NOISY! Anyone who has been a night prowl in the 'Glades will testify that the vast area which sprawls across the lower part of Florida is just as interesting in the moonlight as in the sunshine.

However, not too many people have yet taken up prowling in the 'Glades at night, although it is becoming a popular Saturday night event for many from December through April in the Everglades National Park near Homestead.

During the park's winter—and most important season—prowls are conducted from the Royal Palm Ranger station in the Everglades National Park under the guidance of a park ranger-naturalist. The weekly hikes are held regularly at 7:15 p.m. on Saturday unless the weather prevents, and have attracted as many as 50 people for a single outing. The prows were first held during the 1953-54 season.

The appeal of the out-of-doors at night attracts not only adults, but children as well. It makes an excellent family outing, and being held early in the evening permits even very young children to make the trip. And they love it.

There's no fee or offering. Your only ticket of admission is your interest—shown by your presence—and a flashlight which comes in handy while strolling in the dark.

The prowl party starts from the modern Royal Palm Ranger station. And the curtain goes up immediately on the wildlife acts. In an unkempt cypress tree in the lagoon near the ranger station is the first 'Glades creature to be seen—a huge white heron, who normally disdains the spotlight of fame thrown upon him by the many flashlights which probe his roosting place.

Usually he ignores the winking lights, but sometimes he awkwardly flaps away to a darker spot in the neighboring sawgrass, returning to his favorite roost after the Saturday night prowlers are gone.

While you're still along the banks of the lagoon, your flashlight seek out alligators swimming or half-submerged on the opposite shore. Despite the darkness—which varies with the stage of the moon on a particular night—you find it is not difficult to locate the gators by the reflections from their eyes.

Each prowler quickly learns you can tell the sex of a 'gator by the color of the eyes. A pair of red glistens in the darkness means a husky male lurks in the black waters. A pair of greenish eyes announce the presence of a female or a young 'gator of either sex. And it is surprising how many red and green lights can be seen along the edge of the pond.

Prowling at night has an unexpected advantage. The flashlights' beams can probe beneath the surface of the lagoon, and reveal underwater life that would be invisible in daylight. Gar fish are plentiful and actually appear to be spotlight lovers, languidly swimming out of the circle of light if they bother to move. However, let a 'gator slosh in the vicinity—they love to eat gars—and the gars disappear but quick like.

On the edge of the lagoon your flashlight can pick up snails' eggs and grasshoppers. In the shallow water can be seen breezes, and occasionally a turtle who appears much disgusted—if a turtle can appear that way—at the probing lights. You may be lucky enough to see a bass searching for minnows, or some other underwater specimen.

From the lagoon you move down the road towards the entrance to the Anhinga Trail, pausing to inspect each bit of water, to watch coots in their waddling flight across the water and lily pads, or to see a 'gator crawl up a shallow stream bed, with perhaps only his snout above water, but its ungainly body outlined against the white sandy bottom by the flashlight beams.

It's during this part of the prowl that everyone suddenly realizes the 'Glades are noisy at night. Strange sounds are heard in the underbrush. A coot splashes across the pond. In the distance rises the wailing cry of a limpkin. A bullfrog grunts close at hand, and others answer in the dense sawgrass. Gradually each separate sound takes on a tone of its own. The silent glades are no longer silent.

And then the Anhinga Trail is reached. You move quietly, very quietly—the ranger specifically requests subdued lights and muffled talking to prevent scaring the roosting birds—out onto the boardwalk over a swampy part of the 'Glades. In daylight this walkway is one of the most popular attractions of the national park, and it loses none of its appeal by moonlight.

At the observation station, you again probe the darkness with your flashlights. A couple of husky 'gators rest on a log in the twilight, slowly swimming into sight, their eyes pinpointed by the lights, and then as if deciding they've done their part, slowly submerge and disappear.

Participants in an Everglades Night Prowl head for the Anhinga Trail—named for the anhinga or water turkey—where many birds roost.

By MAX HUNN

Alligators are plentiful near the Royal Palm Ranger station. This one was reported basking on a small rock which pokes under the road. He didn't seem to mind the flashlights of the members of the night prowl.

Everywhere the drama of life in the wild goes on. Gar fish frantically swim away from an unseen enemy—'gators. Frongs grunt and sometimes give forth with a death cry signalling a meal for some snake or 'gator. In the bushes, heron and wood this roost, along with indistinguishable anhingas and gallinules whose dark colors blend into the night.

And then it is time for the party to retrace its steps. Off the Anhinga Trail, back down the road the prowlers go, their flashlights swinging in the night. The lights of the Ranger Station loom ahead. The ancient cypress tree's roosting white heron is still gone, and the prowl is over. And in the distance, the 'Glades are as noisy as ever.
but casting was sort of difficult, as it seemed as though every time we hit a likely looking pocket there would be a huge tree draped with moss hanging over the water and it was rather tricky to cast under the branches and have the lure land in the right spot without getting hung-up.

Our efforts were not wasted, however, and we both had strike after strike, and on several occasions enjoyed seeing our plug batted out of the water by an angry bass. I don't recall how many were brought up to the side of the boat and released, all too small for us; we were out after big ones, but two were on the stringer that we took on the way up, kept for sure, a little over three pounds each. Had on some bigger ones too, but they shook themselves free after a few minutes of frenzied acrobatics.

Jack had been trying various plugs, but it didn't seem as though style, size or color made much difference to the fish, they took a smack at most everything he had to offer. Most of the time I used the spoon and had just as much sport with it as I would have had switching plugs. I did lose a nice frog-like plug of Jack's in the branches of a tree.

Finally we reached the end of the route. No more open water ahead of us, the hyacinth had the river choked from bank to bank and as far as we could see ahead of us there was nothing but a solid mass of purple balsams.

Digressing for a bit; it is to be decried how obnoxious leafy menace with its pretty purple flowers has ruined so much of our best fishing and duck hunting waters. How it has virtually ruined many of our favorite dream fishing spots. It is almost as destructive as pollution.

Naturally after being stopped by the barrier of vegetation we came about and headed back down the river, letting the current do most of the work. Three good size bass were on the stringer now, all over three pounds each.

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Florida’s Air-Plants

By ROSS ALLEN and WILFRED T. NEILL

AIR-PLANTS are conspicuous features of Florida scenery, and add a great deal to the tropical aspect of the state. The ones shown in the photographs are growing (left) upon the trunks of pond cypress in Big Cypress Swamp, and (right) upon the branch of a live-oak in Hillsborough River State Park.

These plants are often called “orchids,” and are even sold under this name in some curio shops, but they are not orchids at all. Botanists call them “bronemlia,” for they belong to a plant family known scientifically as the Bromeliaceae. This family is confined to tropical and subtropical portions of the New World, except for one African species and several cultivated varieties (including the familiar pineapple) which have been introduced into many lands outside their natural range. The pineapple and a few other bromeliads grow on the ground, but most of the species in the family grow upon the trunks and branches of trees. They are not parasites; they derive only support, not nourishment, from the tree on which they live. Sometimes they are found upon walls and house tops, in South Florida it is not unusual for them to grow upon telephone wires.

A few bromeliads have thin, elongated stems and leaves which hang in long streamers from the tree branches; the common Spanish moss is one of these. In other species, the stringy leaves grow in dense clusters, forming tufts that curiously decorate the tree trunks and branches. But most bromeliads have long, stiff leaves like those of the pineapple; each leaf has a dilatation at the base that serves to catch and retain water. This modification is of considerable importance to the plants, which usually grow in regions where periods of heavy rainfall alternate with periods of drought. Most of Florida's bromeliads—commonly called “air-plants” are of the water-retaining kind.

In many parts of the New World tropics, there is nearly total drought during a portion of the year, and at such times the only water for miles around is to be found cupped in the leaf bases of the air-plants. Since some of these plants are 6 to 8 feet tall and cover an area of 5 or 6 feet square, they can hold a lot of water; and the unsuspecting greenhorn who tips one over while reaching for the showy blossoms is apt to get a drenching. During the dry season many small creatures invade the bromeliads and remain there until the rains come again. Biologists in the tropics begin

(Continued on Page 37)
M y rovinoode hircence experiences in Michigan were confined to the ruffed grouse, the cotingaill, and the lovery curb gobbler or "whistle pig." When I settled in Pace County, Florida, therefore, it was with a great deal of expectancy that I approached the challenge of the wild turkey. A young man who had been successfully trapping coon and otter agreed to initiate me into the ancient and honorable order of Gobbler chasers. Surely, I thought, a man who spends so much time in the woods and swamps would be eminently skilled to introduce this exciting sport to a novice such as myself.

One morning, just at daylight, we hit an oak ridge that looked promising. Turkey tracks, dixie, and pin stripes were everywhere in abundance. For a time I trod after my guide in blissful ignorance of the hazards of the game, fully confident that before the sun set that evening, there would be at least a couple of turkeys in the bag. I worried about filling my season's quota too quickly; after all, it would be more fun to spread the hunting over at least three trips.

After an all-day session of sneaking quietly from one gobbler patch to another, we returned to the car, sore feet and a single gobbler picked up out of a dusting place to show for the day's efforts. After reflecting on the hunt, I came to the conclusion that, in spite of my limited fun-trapping, perhaps after all he was not a turkey hunter. My first experience brought home Lesson A: One yojicacote a gobbler.

As I continued my research into the mysteries of turkey hunting, I learned that the more successful hunters depend on a good turkey call. I procured a call and began using it. At times I was able to get the neighbor’s domestic turkeys to answer me, but more often I would manage to come out with a poor note or two that gummed the works.

Finally I became acquainted with an old Cracker who gave me some excellent advice regarding the art of turkey calling. He did not put much faith in the usual box type call, but rather depended upon his own vocal cords to provide the proper sound. His contention was that every turkey has a slightly different tune to his voice. The important point, he emphasized, was that there is never that give away scratch in the throat call.

I began listening carefully to the domestic turkeys and before long I found that I was able to imitate them pretty well. It was many a session I had talking turkey with the neighbor’s birds, until I began to fear that he would think I had designs on some of his turkeys.

The teacher gave me a tentative o.k. when I gave a performance for his benefit. He cautioned me never to call too often. It seems that the wild turkey is not given to an excess of gab, especially when alert for possible danger. An important point, he emphasized, is that the call is only a partial call. He explained that when a turkey gives this particular call, it spells danger to any of his brethren within hearing distance.

After thoroughly digesting the fundamentals of calling, I headed for the woods to see if I could get a little experience. It didn't take long before I had the official seal of approval on my new "learned" gobbling.

There was a certain spot in a hammock where turkeys signs were abundantly distributed and I had located an improved pine where I could sit on the bole and be screened by the maze of tree roots. An hour after I took up a stand, a gray squirrel spotted me and began talking the news to the world. I had about decided that my place had been broken up and that I had better move to a new location, when I heard a turnip port somewhere close behind me. There was not much chance just as plain as I could be. I turned my head slowly and beheld a hen turkey scratching her way across as if trying to outburst from the squirrel's call. This was the offshoot of a slight movement from the palmetto thicket behind the hen and finally made out a pair of gobblers partially screened by the brush.

I was on the wrong side of the roots, right out in the open and feeling like a big cyanide bird. The only thing I could do was to sit perfectly still and hope for satisfactory development.

The hen flew slowly, stopping every few feet to voice an inquiring part. Then she suddenly stopped dead still. A curious look on her pretty face, with her head up. My favorite theory was that she did not belong there, she gave an explosive alarm call part! part! There was a mass of wings, a crashing in the undergrowth and the birds were gone. Thus my second attempt at turkey hunting ended like the first but I did have improvement. B: If possible, get in blind from which you can see in all directions while at the same time being screened from view on all sides.

A few days later I again took to the woods for the third attempt. The thought of the old saying goes: "Third time is a charm"—boasted my spirits.

This time I was resolved to be more careful in selecting a blind, and finally settled on a fallen tree top and with a little fixing, I judged it perfect. After a long siege of waiting, I spotted three gobblers feeding. Two of them were out of range, I slowly raised my gun and got set so that when they finally walked close enough I would not have to move.

The gobblers continued their actions as they fed slowly towards me, stopping every few feet to look. I had almost given up hope but recalled that army General Order which runs: "Keeping always on the alert, observing everything which takes place within sight or hearing.

At last, when one of the birds was within what I judged good range, I got set, sighted a small, low whitish, and they flew from. As soon as I let them go I saw and with the object of scattering the rest of the birds. This accomplished, I turned back to pick up my turkey. Only by being the last of the bunch. I caught a glimpse of the bronze bodied prize just disappearing over the tree tops or through the brush. It was still without my gobbler. And lesson C was driven home with no uncertainty. Before turning away from a hit bird, be sure he is down for the full count.

After a long and unsuccessful search along the line of flight of the bird I returned and found a fallen oak. I sat quietly and let things settle down. After about an hour or so I gave one tentative yelp which, to my surprise was answered almost immediately from a point directly behind me. I could not see the gobbler around and I knew that I dare not move. In spite of all precautions, however, the sharp purring of the alarm call rang clearly in my ears. Instead of just sitting there with my gun at ready, I froze for a few minutes. When I did venture to look around, the turkey was gone.

As I headed for home, I was feeling in a sorrowful mood. It was not only the thoughts of the ribbing to which I would be subjected but the realization that the wounded gobbler would fall prey to a wild cat, possum, or a wood hog.

I had to unload my sale of two to someone so I stopped by to see my old Cracker friend. If I expected sympathy, I was in for a disappointment. I got a most unsympathetic horse laugh. "You must have shot too soon and aimed for the body," my teacher stated. He did however compliment me on my control in restricting my calling. "Most green hens yelp too often," he commented.

Two days later I returned to the same territory for another try. This time I selected for a blind, a large log lying at the base of a big pine. After several hours of unfruitful sitting, I began to get restless. Perhaps another spot would be more productive. Then I recalled the old Cracker's admonition to stay put, I decided to remain longer.

Without warning, a shadowy form glided into my field of vision. The form soon dissolved into itself a small, big-eyed, large turkey gobbler, husbanded copper plumage aglow. He had caught me off guard. The bird stood erect, his eyes searching the ground ahead alert for possible danger. He was too close for me to do anything but sit tight and hold my breath, of course.

The gobbler decided that, for the moment, he was safe and began feeding toward me. When I was within twelve feet of the blind some sixth sense must have warned me. He jerked himself to a stance, stared, and then, his position for a fraction of a second, then with an explosive Port! Port! he whirled and shot out for a nearby gobbler thicket, running full tilt, with wings half raised.

As I eased off the trigger, I had a flash of that good feeling that comes with times experiences when he is confident that he has made a successful shot. The bird went down, feathers flying and a little run through the brush. I closed in on the gobbler crashed from the blind and made a wild dash to the spot where my prize was flopping madly in the undergrowth. Evidently, they were flying past all the dead that lay by the neck. The bird kicked frantically and I was sporting a pair of gobbler drops before I knew what was happening. I hurriedly dropped the gobbler and stood guard with my gun at ready until he quit kicking.

Having, at long last, a satisfactory answer to that oft-voiced question, "What for teacher's house confident of a passing grade in a mighty rough course, the ABC's of Turkey Hunting.\"
AROUND THE STATE

Wild turkey restoration programs have become increasingly important to the sportmen of Florida. Various individuals and organizations are continually working with Game & Fresh Water Fish Commission personnel for the betterment of the state's game bird situation. Wildlife Officer Vernon Galligher and sportsman Emmer E. Weitz hold four gobblers trapped on the Folk-Oseola Breeding Grounds. Turkey from heavily stocked protected areas are live trapped for release in places where the local situation indicates restocking will be beneficial.

F. O. W. A. TRI-ANNUAL CONVENTION HELD AT VERO BEACH

FLORIDA OUTDOOR WRITERS ASSOCIATION ELECT NEW OFFICERS AT JUNE MEETING

One of the last duties of retiring president Bob Dahne of Vero Beach was to present a $250 check to Denver Sec. Chalmers Executive Secretary of the Junior Conservation Club League of Florida. This money was voted to be used in helping build the new Junior Conservation Club at Lake Estate. Pat Sullivan, Miami; Jack Shoemaker, Tallahassee; and Paul Maines of Jacksonville look on.

Ray Martin (right), noted angler from Panama City and holder of several world records holds the 22-pound permit that won him grand prize of the FOWA fishing contest.

Besides the regular meeting sessions informal get togethers help to clarify many of the general outdoor activities all over the state. Snaps from every part of Florida gather to discuss the progress and problems of the Sunshine State.

Clearwater Lions Club members and Florida Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission officers check some fish-feeding species balance at Clearwater's Clear Lake in preparation for the Clear Lake Fishing Jamboree. The Jamboree is an annual affair sponsored by the Lions Club of Clearwater and is for children between the ages of 5 and 15. Left to right: Lions Club members Wesley Love, Jack Settle, Arlie Smith, and president W. A. Tri, and Freshwater Fish Commission officers J. T. Phibbs and Dick Boyett. Bill Woods, right, is the area's fisheries technician.

Beautiful Lake Eaton in the heart of the Osceola National Forest is the home of Florida's new Junior Conservation Camp. Opened this year for the first time, many youthful participants received instruction in first aid, boating, swimming, firearms safety, casting, and general conservation practices. Tents housed the boys this year while arrangements are being made to have permanent cabins and a top-flight recreational-educational installation ready for future years.

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firearm held level and uncocked. A recoil correction is indicated when the firearm is held level, then any adjustment of the reticle is indicated. A corrective bias is indicated by the observation of an apparent flatness or tilt when the firearm is held level, then any adjustment of the reticle is indicated. A corrective bias is indicated by the observation of an apparent flatness or tilt when the firearm is held level, then any adjustment of the reticle is indicated.

Some people have wondered why considerable text has been devoted to the various types of sights for sporting firearms. The reason, in addition to the fact that nothing influences your ultimate success or failure as a firearm's sights and how you use them, is the assumption of the reality that the most accurate firearm in the world is no better than the one you use.

Come hunting season, correctly installed and adjusted sights will pay big dividends to many readers of this column.

Because telescopic sights are perhaps the least understood and the most technical of any type to install and adjust, the last two columns have covered scope sights and their practical mounting, adjustment and hunting and accuracy. This one will attempt to clarify some of the mystery that seems to exist in regard to individual focusing and adjustment of telescopic sights, and next month's will give information on selecting-in any type of sight in preparation for the coming hunting season, to come hunting season, to come hunting season, to come hunting season, to come hunting season, to come hunting season, to come hunting season.

When you buy a telescopic sight in sporting goods, you should do it in shopping order, be sure that you get with it the sheet of instructions furnished by the manufacturer. You should not only be read most carefully but should be saved for future consultation. Many users have installed incorrectly and experienced dissatisfied users of this type of mount. If you are experiencing dissatisfaction, you should be attempted in logical sequence:

First, make sure that the mount is secure and that the scope is screwed on and tight that attaching screws are tight. Next, make sure that the reticle will be properly positioned. If the reticle of the post type, it should appear to be centered to the shooter's vision. If the firearm is placed to shoulder and looking through the scope where the reticle of the popular crosshair type, both hairs should be accurately positioned. Third, the horizontal one should be perfectly level and the perpendicular one should be precisely erect.

By EDMUND MCLAURIN

THE WAY'S OF SUCCESSFUL ANGLING

By Thomas McGuire

In my rambling search for that elusive piscatorial Utopia, I have searched water’s edge, over the top of the trees and even that other infamous place: the bar. In that bar, waters I had recently dragged with manifold familiar results. The expert hauls up the bank with his fly line at alight. A huge bushstream tree, his cane is growing ever thicker, and his rod tip grows an inch or two a day. It’s his dream, in the time of day in his mug and in placer manner and trouts with the catch that not only yesterday they may be hitting better.

Early the next morning, we pick up this trail of this bar as he strides confidently toward the river. Soon he slows back, but not because he is reverently the amount of anything he’s pondering the versus something on the ground. His hand shoots out and he takes up the prize. He stands there a moment and then ponders it, measuring aimlessly about the mountain. Suddenly he grows a little to speak in the leaves. So it looks like maybe he’s changed his plans and is picking berries instead of going fishing. Suddenly he bends over and grabs something from the mush. It looks like something on the sound. His hand goes out and he takes up the prize. He stands there a moment and then ponders it, measuring aimlessly about the mountain.

Cautiously, I approach this buck of a hunter and yours truly is not as close to practice what every angler with an IQ of 200 should know. A simple yellow ribbon gilderfisht, ties it on the leader, and casts the stream where he immediately begins jerking out fish at a most shameful rate.

"O.K. you say, I know all this but you go to a fishing trip and you don't live flies? Simple, chum. You tie a nymph. A nymph is a slanting device made to represent the time-consuming fly. Cast the nymph upstream, with plenty of slack. It’s the way to catch.”

Try to guide it past likely looking spots where a lurking monster may surface to serve up his dinner. Make the retrieve slow and with a slow rise in your new telescopic sight a simple, practical shooting aid rather than the mystery.
It was a typical day in Florida, quiet, peaceful. The whispering of the breeze through the Spanish moss and the sleepy twittering of the birds waking to the peaceful tranquility of the countryside. Eureka—that is what it is called—not a town nor a village, but a place where a country road crosses the Oklawaha River on a picturesque swinging bridge. A small fish camp and nearby provided a launching ramp amid a wake of war surplus air strip landing mats. The gray dawn turned slightly crimson and the scuttling clouds gave warning of the fickleness of the weather.

A car looked out of the shadows carrying one of the advance agents of the Jacksonville boat cruise. Rapidly other cars arrived, pulling trailers carrying a variety of boats. These pulled off in an orderly fashion on the north side of the road which was the launching spot for the directing committees of the cruise. The committee men and their wives made leisurely preparations for the biggest water show staged in Florida. Months of tireless planning by the cruise master, Bubba Cummins, and a committee consisting of El Butts, J. M. Smook, B. B. Slappey, Joe Pavlick, and Don Burney made this spectacle a reality. They were the producers, advance agents, trouble shooters, and directors of this weekend cruise from Jacksonville to Leesburg—truly the world series of boat cruises.

The flotilla captains gathered about the launching site. Clarence Lovendahl, Commodore of the Jacksonville boat club, was the group leader of the first flotilla. The launching started at 7:20. No organized circus could have moved more efficiently. One of the group captains directed the trailer to the water's edge, where three more men united the boat, promptly launched it and waved the owner to proceed. The second line went through the same procedure. Two more men unhitched the trailer marked with the boat number and moved it to a convenient parking area reserved for boat trailers, while the owner or some member of his party drove the car to an open field several hundred feet distant. Cars approached continuously, boats paddled into the water, trailers wheeled into their resting places, and cars bumped their way into the parking field. Owners hurried back to the boats and noisily started their motors. At 7:53, the cruise committee was assembled and the flotilla number one was on its way. Five minutes was allowed to elapse for the initial flotilla to get under way. The procession was repeated all over again. At 7:53, not 20 minutes later, including the 5 minutes waiting time, the second flotilla was on its way. The participants were attired in their own picturesque costumes, from the more conservative out-fits projecting green patterns from the brilliant Florida sun, to those more daringly attired in shorts or colorful swimmimg bathing suits. A variety of costumes, a riot of color, framing hundreds of eager pleasure seeking actors in a pageant unsurpassed by any paid performance. It would be beginning the impossible to produce such a spectacle anywhere except in fabulous Florida, with its winding picturesque waterways and its endless miles of weirdly beautiful scenery. No manufacturer of automobiles, radios, or otherwise crowded the boat of more precise timing.

In order to finally experience the boat trip, the Jacksonville club arranged for the author to ride with Louise and son Jerry. On the main river we took up the appropriately named We Three. All of the boats in the flotilla flew the Jack- ville Boating Club, except the two group leaders and the tail end Charlie, whose boat sported the flag of the color key of the flotilla. Our group was an extravaganza. Tim flew a homemade 12 foot boat with a 16 h.p. motor. The others

The launching committee handled 175 boats in record time.

photos by
bob and ginger teese

By FINLEY C. BROOKE

OKLAWAHA KICKER CRUISE

Up the Oklawaha River, under the bridge at Sharpe's Ferry, past the Silver River, and on to Leesburg.
used to be a skipper on a 40 ft. pleasure boat on this stretch. In those days the government took care of the river. A snag boat kept it clear of stumps and floating deadheads. My cruise covered an 80 mile stretch of river. The crows made it something less than 50 miles. The Oklawaha just has to be crocked down through these parts. In the 80 miles I traveled, the deep was something like 20 feet.”

Starkes Landing signaled the approach to the run where the overflow from Silver Springs enters the Oklawaha. With the passing of the boatside through the narrow confines of the river, the waters turned almost black with the skill churned up by the thrashing propellers. The emerald green waters of Silver Springs Run evinced ohh and ahh and pointing fingers indicated the line where the water became dirty from the passing boats.

The scenery had changed again. Isolated paths to the water’s edge marked small fish camps. The frequently encountered fishing boats were tossed about in the bushes lining the shore and disgruntled fishermen waited impatiently for the boats to pass, little realizing that their fishing day was to be disturbed several times again by the parade of boats strung for many miles along the river.

The river became straighter and was flanked on each side by high rises and banks roughly foned off into the pasturage land of enormous cattle ranches. The wakes of the boats produced a neat pattern of fringed scallops along the sandy shores. We were approaching the Moss Bluff locks. The yellow banner was sighted and we pulled in to shore to wait for the preceding boat to clear the locks. One rain squall later every signal was given to enter the locks where we found that careful advance preparations had been made. Long ropes were stretched from one end of the lock to the other. Boats, stem to transom and side by side, about 40 in all, were packed in like sardines in a can. Gas tanks had been filled before entering the lock as the rules of the cruise prohibited going smoking while in the locks. After a short time, the down stream gates were closed and the rush of water lifted the entire cruise, some 200 boats, were on the level of Lake Griffin. A large group of us formed a welcoming committee from the Leesburg docks who were on hand in the hospital, Pat O’C. Fields did the official greeting.

The boats quickly regrouped and sped toward Leesburg, passing through boondock fields and floating islands. The Oklawaha gradually changed into Lake Griffin at the land end of Pine Island. A pathway through the bocce 30 feet wide designated the trail to be taken by the fishing boats were in evidence, poking their pokes among the bocce in search of the elusive bass sheriff’s sign banner. One marked the entrance to Haines Creek. Date with adventure to get the docks of Lake Griffin, only a few miles distant, the water level of the City of Leesburg could be seen, yet the Venetian Gardens, destination of the cruise, was still more of water travel was necessary. Haines Creek presented a most thrilling ride indeed. If the low reaches of the Oklawaha were crocked, in comparison, the trip through Haines Creek was like traveling around a series of a corkscrew. All that was visible of the boat ahead was its wake, showing which way the next turn was to be made. Yet, with all its winding about, the trip up Haines Creek did not offer any of the hazards experienced on the Oklawaha, since there are no stumps, dead heads or sunken trees creating this kind of a problem.

After a half hour’s rapid travel, the boat ahead of us signaled a halt. We were on a small island with 200-200 foot tops had to be lowered in order to pass. Next we reached Hooks Landing, another river side fishing camp. Many people had driven over from Leesburg to welcome friends made on previous cruises. This was the last of the land side stops, after which our annual cruise had no more than 178 boats totaling 971 boats.

After lunch, the boats regrouped and continued up the Creek to Lake Eustis. We crossed the rough, rough waters of Eustis, passed through Dead River, and then entered Lake Eustis. We were at Lake Harris and on to the destination point of the cruise the Venetian Gardens. Viewers of the club came out by boat to meet the boat which rendezvous outside the Gardens. The whole cruise came swelling up to the quay and pulled up on the shores and into the canals of Venetian Gardens. All boats were decorated with flags and garlands without mishap. Well, almost, that is. One of the motor boats, and no amount of pressure could get the one motor the owners had in the hands of Haines Creek instead of turning right, and was delayed about 45 minutes passing through the entrance of the windsewnt waters of Lake Eustis. Every boat that started on the cruise was now safely ashore in the City of Leesburg.

At the boats docked, a public address system gave forth the facts that the enormous overnight housing problem for 508 guests could be solved. Guests were driven to lodging assignments for the night. Courtesy cars provided by members of the boating club and merchant were pressed into service for transportation to the lodges where guests could quickly refresh themselves and return to Venetian Gardens for the balance of the festivities. All boats were gaged up soon after their arrival and the boats were employed in a daily drummed approach and normally consumed nearly 2,000 gallons of gasoline and 500 quarts of oil for the return trip. The trip consumed some 4,000 gallons of gasoline in their approach and boats used in the trip would be the envy of any sporting goods store, in value amounting to well over $6000.00. All this to please all the participants of the cruise for registration, housing, and meals.

After the personal nature of the address took place with O.C. Fields and Leroy Oetjen filling in for selling Commodore Wilson, which he and Leondah Mappingly accepted the most official key to the city from Mayor Gregg. Paul Mann, the old kingfish and Pinky Eusty publicly presented their year’s hard earned achievement of the entire congregation. Free refreshments were provided by the members of the boats were carried on until upper was served at 6:30, when one and all enjoyed the appetizing food served by the boats. One of the more interesting features of the evening covered beer dispenser. There one could obtain a paper cup full of beer, or a quart container, full, just for the asking. The dishes were washed off with huge slices of ice cold watermelon eaten free style.

Every one had a story and the public address system was busily occupied directing the courtesy cars to pick up parties at various hotels, motels and restaurants. The resulting marketing made into the motels bore silent testimony to the efficient arrangement of housing accommodations for the guests of the Leesburg Lake Club. Travelers seeking accommodations in and around Leesburg were amazed and almost bewildered by the number of motels, yet the “No Vacancy” signs were conspicuously displayed. Several of the restaurants in Leesburg, normally closed at 7:00 PM served a late dinner of hamburgers and other dishes for the benefit of the unoccupied guests.

Captains were held on the veranda of the boat club, the final plans were made for the return trip with each stop at Silver Springs. The public address system announced the formation of the various flotillas. The last flotilla was to be made on the trip to Leesburg was the first group to be dispatched for the return trip. The early morning column of motor starting and turning up trial runs around the boat line created the normal peaceful waters of the basin. It was a trip up in angry current, totally rock- ing the still beached and oversized boats. Commodore Leondah launched his boat and presently started the regrouping of the flotillas, directing the boats like a boat at a Meridian in a river, making them circle around and pull into line in an orderly fashion. Food farewell and adieux were said as each group left for the return trip.

This was the largest cruise ever planned and executed in America. The Jacksonville boat club has 230 members, not all owning boats of sufficient size and speed to participate in the cruise. However, the 175 boats in the cruise carried 508 people, truly a tribute to the popularity of motor boat cruising in Central Florida. This two day trip and return covered 160 miles. Boat miles covered was 28,150 for a total of 66,000 passenger miles. It is conservatively estimated that, at the end of this cruise, the Jacksonville boat club has covered over 1,000,000 passenger miles during the year, with the most serious accident being a ducking received by a man when his boat flipped and he sank to the bottom of the basin. The popular Jacksonville-Leesburg cruise attracts many new boat club members. Ringling Brothers and Barnum and Bailey never produced such a spectacle as this Jacksonville-Leesburg Outboard cruise.

END
big scrap

at Gandy

by Hapsburg Liebe

in length he measured 6 feet, 4 inches. Scotty had used a strike, a Channel Bass of some 28 lbs. It appears in the photo with the Tarpon. This was a nice enough battle. The next strike was mine, a small Tarpon. I had seen the first jump— you know how difficult it is to drive a hook past the back of the trout and nearly on this fish, unless you happen to hit one of the thinnest spots, usually you are out of luck. The next strike went to Elmer’s father; a fine Tarpon he ran through the bridge, leaped and shook the hook neatly, fell with a smash! that had me thinking of a barn door coming down flat-wise on the water.

An hour afterwards, Scotty’s big strike came. He pulled on his wretched Burman-caused red with all his might. There was a brief, tense moment—then a flashing silver arc that reached to the level of the bridge. Then, followed by a crack-like-lunge reminiscent of a heavy truck falling off the bridge. At once the fish swam up the sea far enough that the reel fairly smoked under the leather through the bridge. It was an old reel, 3/9, free-spool, without a drag handle. The other fishing man revolved. Paul took out his watch and made note of all the time.

Well, Scotty’s Tarpon took out most of his line, and leaped again, off into the darkness, but the water was full of phosphorus that night, and we could see a great ragged splash of white. Scotty was in the forward end of the cockpit now. When his fish made this second leap, he stepped quickly backward to aid in tightening up his line, and as the open hawse—he fell all over that half of the boat without ever letting go of the rod with either hand; quite a trial. For me to tell you!

The Tarpon then began a wild rush toward the bridge, and I grunted at the prospect.

“Gandy,” said Pals, “if Gandy could talk, ‘it’s just like that.”

But he wasn’t. He veered away from the pilings and ran back up the tide again, as though for a new start. Well, this Tarpon kept that up for all of a quarter of an hour, making swift runs up the bay and diving back toward the bridge, but never quite going through. Scotty snatched the fish pretty hard in the face of that; he seemed to know how much the line would stand.

At last the run became shorter. There was no third leap. Once the Tarpon passed under the bridge, and quick hawsework was necessary on the part of the man with the Burman-caused reel. We could not let the big white streak the fish made in phosphorus-filled water; hard to describe the beauty of that Twenty-three minutes of the battle had passed, and Scotty was sweating like a worker in a harvest field. The strain was telling on him.

Then, quite suddenly, the Tarpon began another of his long runs into the dark bay. He finished it, turned, and began yet another wild dash toward the bridge— the wilders of them all. Paul and I agreed with him. Somehow Scotty’s thumb-breaking got out of place, and he blisters his right thumb. The fish was now very close to the bridge. It was then that Scotty signalled his big go.

To this the real he clapped his right forearm against the handle. It checked the handle all right, but not the reel. There was a groaning sound. The worn old reel had the king key.

And then there happened a thing that proved once more an old adage of mine, a claim to the effect that a fish, when tired enough, will stop fighting if one will only release the pressure on the hook. That Tarpon stopped fighting the moment the strain went bad. “Oh, gosh, Hap,” Scotty said, “what will we do!”

Ordinarily I would have told him it was his fish. As it is, I stepped to him and made sure the free-spool lever hadn’t slipped. Elmer had a head on his shoulders, not merely a knob to hold a piece of line. I said, “I wonder if that feel fish will milk like that long enough for me to tie my line on Scotty’s at the tip of the rod before I take his fish or my fish or the fish on my rig; it’s the only chance I see, Hap.”

“Glad chance,” I said, “but I don’t see anything else to do, so let’s try it.”

Elmer got into action at once. He had a dandy outfit, a second growth hockey rod, new line, and a half the rest of the best reels. Pulling, or merely tiring and resting, the big Tarpon gradually moved when line trailed. It seemed a very long time to us.

The fish could have spoiled the plan in a split second. Naturally, I now recall having read of some famous sportman’s resorts to this same thing when fishing in New Zealand waters, where our trick was hardly original.

When the lines were tied and Scotty’s line cut free, Elmer worked the boat carefully back on his own. The fish came easily until he saw the boat, then the snare was on again. Finally, at the end, he kept close watch over the part of the spread.

When forty minutes had passed since Paul Scotty’s starting time, two of us with gall pulled the fish to me—to the entire party. I think it was for the fact that with drag both tragedy and drama. Perhaps only those who fish for the good of their immortal souls are thoroughly understand the simple thing.

Scotty’s Tarpon, or Elmer’s, as you like, lifted his green caesar’s plume and lay in the hay. A show that shook the boat—and never moved again.

It lay there then, so very still, truly a king in the

END
The treatment of lakes and ponds can be compared to medical treatment of patients, or the "doctors" in Massachusetts call us. Here is the case history of one body of water.

Patient's name and address: Five-Mile Pond, Springfield, Mass.

History of the patient: The patient was born in 1960 and lived for 40 years, during which time it was treated with various medications. The patient was first treated in 1910 with a combination of white perch, yellow perch, bullhead, catfish, walleye, smallmouth bass, largemouth bass, chain pickerel, crappie, pumpkinseed, bluegill, sunfish, and numerous other forage fish.

In the following years up to and including 1950, the patient was given 415,074 adult and fingerling fish, composed of the following species: white perch, yellow perch, bullhead, catfish, walleye, smallmouth bass, largemouth bass, chain pickerel, crappie, pumpkinseed, bluegill, sunfish, and numerous other forage fish.

In 1953 the patient again complained about poor fishing. This time it was purged with a 5 percent solution of formalin.

Laboratory Report (Autopsy): Subject found to contain no traces of either smallmouth bass or white perch, although both regularly administered for 40 years in various sizes. Treatment with formalin was a resounding success, and 1,674,900 units of this product, averaging 2.7 inches in length, were removed. One slightly neurotic catfish was found, and one large and well-filled perch. A few thousand bullhead, yellow perch, and pumpkinseed were noted, as well as 800 pickled and 600 large-mouth bass of assorted sizes. No trace has yet been found of 10 goldfish stocked in 1921. Attending physicians believe the patient's problem could be treated with the large and ill-prepared doses of正式fish which it received. This lake was literally "fished to death."

Another type of fishing camera is the German-made Rollflex. Complete with film for 10 rolls, this camera can hold up to 1/25 second, it can be purchased in this country for $36.50.

JUNIOR CONSERVATIONIST
(Continued from Page 7)

Officers: President Walter Wilder, Vice President Jerry Phillips, Secretary Robert Nedley, Treasurer Bert Munn, Board of Directors—Dick Dawson, Carl Anderson, Tom Sum-ner, Robert Nedley, Bert Munn, Jerry Phillips. Board of directors—To be elected.

Meeting place—Port St. Joe High School. Meeting time—1st and 3rd Mondays of each month.

Officers—President Tom Sum-ner, Vice President Ed. Neel, Secretary Jimmy Conner, Treasurer Robert Hathcock.

One of the newest junior clubs to enter the League is the Halifax Junior Conservation Club. Officers elected were: Secretary Glyn Smiley, Treasurer Robert Athcock. The club's membership is 13.

FLAT-WALLET PHOTOGRAPHY
(Continued from Page 10)

Some of the new exposure meters, like this one, are "autocounter" readings—you set your camera for whatever number the pointer indicates.

A little bit below the knees, in shooting a rifle. Gradually, you will find that there is one spot on the knee caps, or just below there, where the elbows will tend to bend over. If you set your camera on the ground for a low single shot, be careful that your feet, or those of by-standers, do not scuff sand in the camera's direction. Sand and other shutter repairs have had to be made because of a single moment of carelessness.

Modern camera cases offer carry- ing and convenience and suppliess, but they have been developed to some extent. The same is true of the new clubs of all the others. The newer the club, the better it will be, but you must assume a momentarily steady hand when shooting, and if the subject is difficult to see, if the subject is moving, and if you are shooting at a distance, it is possible to get good photos, to be the instrument a rifle or a camera.
UP THE NORTH FORK

As the Florida sun was beginning to ease up and start to creep down behind the moss hung trees I just made a nice shot cast under some branches into an inviting spot. The plug landed just where I wanted it, lay still until the circles disappeared, started to go under as I started to retrieve and stopped sud-

B

The weeks that followed found Lucus on the south end, Lucie from daylight to dark EVERY
do. The man MADM about the snook. Each day the same story for a week or two. The action was a spurt to further campaigns. Bushels of snook to the tail as a tactic or rest. was going to come up under the boat.

moothing of plug and well was hac.

mumming in our direction. Speeding but as he goes up, the bug switches in a long, fat yellow plug or a long, fat I've only got a short glimpse of the 'emergent'. I gulped hard, hoping that he was going to come up under the boat.

ach NL. This was another three pounder, plus.

The sun was getting lower and the forest or jungle on each side of the river was coming to life. On the way up we had scarcely heard a sound nor seen any sign of wildlife, but now as the shadows were getting deeper there were all kinds of bugs, crickets, crickets, and other noises. Over head a flock or two of this flew at tree top level, headed up the river, going to roost, perhaps.

had signed off from fishing and was letting my gander wander and holler, and, taking in the scenery when my eyes nearly popped, for there was a fish quite well up the bank, not a mile up the river away the nose of a'gator swim-

ing for food. He had to go serve some deeply seated ideas. He had to revise his thinking on some theories, but he caught snook, and he caught them on extremely light tackle. He had a wonderful time. Before the fever waned, Lucus had stretched his Jensen Beach records from his original estimate of "about" to ten for a single day. Such is the effect of snook on even the experts.

The dog days of summer are tra-

Chick SCHILLING

The plug landed clear and with a splash the bass went some place else. There went the biggest I had had on for the day.

Not long after Jack got a good snook, but he was more a profi-

cient fisherman than I and having tangled with these things built its pride of

mossy branch. It was so satisfying that before I could say, "micropterus salmoides floridanus", the plug was thrown clear and with a splash the bass went some place else. There went the biggest I had had on for the day.

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investigating bromeliads a good many years ago, and within in the kinds they found ants, beetles, mosquitoes, spiders, millipedes, centipedes, bugs, lizards, snakes, birds' nests, rats, mice, and even opossums. Some of these creatures visit the plants only occasionally; others spend most of their time in them, living, nesting, and dying in the plants.

In parts of Florida, airplants are abundant—at least in numbers if not in kinds—as they are in the tropical jungles. In Big Cypress Swamp of Collier County, almost every pond cypress supports one or more bromeliads. Often several species are found growing upon one plant. Colonies of the plants are met with at scattered localities throughout the southern half of the state. A few hardy species range farther north, although most of these are not of the water-tolerating type.

In Florida, just as in the countries farther south, a host of little creatures inhabit the airplants. Snails and millipedes are abundant, along with mosquitoes, crickets, gray moths, beetles, and several kinds of spiders. To mention only a few of the flowers that familiar little green or brown lizard, is also present in numbers, along with the inch-sized frogs and green tree-frogs. In winter, when the cypress trees are bare, the plants are very conspicuous, most of them being in full flower. The showiest of Florida's airplants is known to botanists as Tillandsia fasciculata; it is very common in the southern part of the state, where it is popularly called "pineapple airplant." As its flowers are quite distinctive, the species is easily recognized by the white flowers are small, but are carried in large, crimson bracts. When seen from a distance, the whole flowering stalk, as much as two feet in length, appears to be encased within a large, flaming red flower. Largest of all our airplants is Tillandsia usneoides, a species with cream-colored flowers and green bracts. This remarkable plant reaches a height of 8 feet or more, and its leaves may hold two or three quarts of water. Several other bromeliads are found in Florida, including one in which the flowers are pale greenish-blue instead of the bracts rose pink and cream.

When the larger airplants finish blooming, the colored bracts remain but the petals drop away, to be replaced by silky white tufts. These bromeliads produce great numbers of tiny seeds, each with a little tuft of "pamphlet" or "paddles" to help them. When the seeds are ripe, they drift away on the breeze, and some find lodging on the surface of some airplant or tree. These soon sprout, and new plants begin to replace the old. In the meantime, however, has been slowly wilting and turning brown; for these plants are like the century-plant to which they are distantly related, blooming but once in a lifetime. Often several years pass back to the bromeliad that produced them, and new colony springs into being from the roots of the old plant.

...dry spells, the Everglades and Big Cypress Swamp may go entirely dry. There may be no stand-by water supply outside of the ground water, except in the airplants. It has been found that even the early explorers in this area, caught without drinking water, thrived on the liquid from these plants, provided they drank the wauster now. The water trapped in bromeliads is clear and tastes a sort of rain, consisting of rain, mist, dew, dust, decaying leaves, plant juices, and the droppings of various creatures, plus numerous living, dying, and decomposed insects. Some botanists claim that the plants absorb certain nutrients from this brew; no doubt it is necessary for the occasional bromeliad, water is clear and tastes as if it were a part of the water source. It is so refreshing, perhaps it was such as these to their nearest source. Their sweet flavor. More seriously, however, it is probable that the South Florida swamps never went dry before drainage and reclamation. The early explorers could usually find water in the trees, but not the airplants.

Each airplant is not only a showy house plant; it is the home of a whole community of plants and creatures. Airplants play an important role in the protection of the environment, as many species are very sensitive to contamination.
AMERICAN WILDLIFE RECIPE

BARBECUED ARMADILLO

If cooked in an oven, cut in serving pieces, season with salt and a little black pepper and bake until nearly done. Pour off excess fat, cover generously with your favorite barbecue sauce, and finish baking uncovered.

ARMADILLO DELIGHT

A friend of ours suggests that the "beginner" use the following recipe to camouflage your first great meal with armadillo, if you feel a little squeamish about eating this strange-looking little creature:

Cut meat from bones and cover with cold water. Parboil and drain. Cover with Luke-warm water and bring again to a boil, skinning off any excess fat that rises to the top. Heat low and simmer for hours or until very tender, tasting to see that just enough liquid is kept to "float" it.

In the meantime, peel and add three or four sliced tomatoes, a good-sized onion diced, a cup of diced celery, 1/4 cup vinegar, a dash each of powdered cloves, nutmeg, cinnamon, salt and pepper to taste. Cook slowly most of the day, and serve with steamed white rice. The flavor is even better the second day.

APPOINTMENT IN OKEECHOBEE

The circular surge away from the boat was nearly 350°.

Served with baked sweet potatoes and broccoli salad.

THE WAYS OF SUCCESSFUL ANGLING

The green trout (Continued from Page 21)

SCILLING'S FISHING

(Continued from Page 21)

prove no good, give wet flies a go. Pick out a pair of wets, one of very bright color, another of a drab color. One of course goes on the end of the line, the other five or six feet up the line are the dry free drift cast as with the nymph. If this strategy meets with failure, we still have another chance.

The spider flies, specimens with outstanding hackles, will often turn the trick when fish are reluctant. With these flies, always cast upstream so the spider drifts downstream, tossing and playing with the current.

Since I've followed this plan of attack, I've seldom failed to put at least a fish or two in the pond. Try it, friend. Could turn the trick for you, too.

END

Gulf Coast Sportsman

with pictures by Robert E. Beidler, star-

guest editor. Ralph Williams

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FIVE NEW FLORIDA CLUBS AFFILIATE

Many new Clubs have become affiliated since the beginning of the Federation's fiscal year. The latest organizations coming into the Federation are:

1. Martin County Air Boat Association of Stuart, under the chairmanship of Oh. R. Willson.
2. West Coast Rod & Gun Club of Tarpon Springs, under the chairmanship of Manuel Johannes, President; Nick Pesias, Secretary; and C. V. Green, Treasurer.
3. East Burborough Farms & Game Club of Plant City, under the chairmanship of Floyd Hogg, President; F. L. Hogan, Secretary, and Arthur Tickle, Treasurer.
4. Northwest Florida Sportmen's Club of DeFuniak Springs, under the chairmanship of Thomas D. Beasley, President; Buford B. Toole, Secretary.

Air Boat Conservation Club of Palm Beach County, under the chairmanship of Dewitt Uphoff, Secretary.

FIREARMS BIG ISSUE

Local Sportmen began to gather forces for a bitter fight when the Volusia County Commissioners voted to propose a bill to sell legislation for the compulsory registration all firearms owned in the County.

The Halifax Fishing and Hunting Club has informed the board of directors that it cannot join in the proposal as well as the Conservation for the National Sports Magazine. The bill will be seriously studied at a meeting of the County of Conservation Clubs, which is scheduled for a date.

(Continued on Page 41)

OUTDOOR REVIEWER

(Continued from Page 36)

FLORIDA WILDLIFE

FEDERATION NOTES

Don Southwell, Editor
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H. R. Wilker, M.D., DeLand
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FLORIDA WILDLIFE

MIAIMI BEACH SIXTH SUMMER FISHING TOURNAMENT

The Sixth Annual Miami Beach Summer Fishing Tournament of the Miami Beach Anglers Club recently got under way.

The Sportmen's Club of Dade County has launched a campaign to build a beautiful new Club house on Blue Lagoon Lake on N. W. 7th Street, Miami.

The Dade County Conservation Council, composed of many member organizations, and formerly headed by E. B. Moylan Jr., now have as their skipper, John C. Womble Jr.

DIRECTORS MEETING AT ZEPHYRHILLS

A First District Directors' Meet- ing of the FEDERATION, held recently at Zephyrhills, came up with a number of interesting discussions and proposals.

Statewide interest was the acceptance of a revised Charter and By-Laws of the Federation. A report was made by the Treasurer that all the old bills carried on the books before 1950, when the Federation went on a pay-as-you-go basis, had been paid or otherwise liquidated.

The Florida Wildlife Federation is now free of any debt whatsoever. Among proposals under discussion were: Closed season for live-bait or "shiner" fishing for Florida, for a prox- imate season of black bass; jobber-dee or tax for fresh water fish, and urban or im- ported minnows; and to license or regulate Fresh Water Fishing Guides.

Another recent debate was an Advisory Committee to the Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission and Department of Conservation, to be composed of a sportman from each district.

Of great importance to Sportmen, fish who fish the waters of the Gulf from St. Marks to Steinhatchee, and the Fenholloway River and its tribu- taries, was the discussion of pollution emanating from manufacturing plants in Ponce, Florida.

An Act of 1947 (House Bill No. 242) granted every municipal corpo- ration, and every person, firm, or corporation operating any manufacturing or industrial plant in Taylor County, Florida, the rights and power to discharge and deposit sewage, industrial and chemical wastes and effluents into the waters of the Fenholloway River and the waters of Puget Sound into the Gulf of Mexico are into which the river flows. State legis- lation will doubtless be needed to undo the damage this bill could render to Florida's waters.
THE FLORIDA DUCK

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41

In hand, the light tawny head and neck of the Florida Duck serve to separate the species from the closely related Black Duck.

Of all the species of surface feeding or “pudle” ducks, the Florida Duck consumes the highest percentage of animal foods, up to 41 percent of the total volume taken according to waterfowl biologists. Smartweed, grasses, tubers and seeds of sedge, lilies, and cantaloupe, and the seeds of widgeon grass and pondweeds constitute the most important vegetable elements in its diet.

Mollasses constitute the main portion of animal food, although insects and crustaceans are both important. A small percentage of fish may be taken, but the total is insignificant both in volume and in effect on fish populations.

The nest is constructed on the ground, most often close to the water but sometimes as far as 300 yards back from the water’s edge. The eight to 10 eggs are laid in a downy grass nest located under a bush or otherwise screened so that even if the nest is not normally visible from above.

Because the bird occupies such a restricted range and there is no out of state migration, the Florida Duck is of minor interest to hunters in other states. However, local hunters harvest the crop in a most adequate manner during the regular waterfowl season.

The Florida Duck is a large motley brown bird lacking a lobe on the hind toe. The wing feathers are very light on the under surface, the neck and head are tawny, the bill orange or yellow-green, and the speculum (the colored barring on the wings) is greenish to dark purple bordered front and back with black, and sometimes with a white line in back. The species is slightly smaller than the closely related and similarly appearing Black Duck.

Probably because it is not hunted or anything approaching the degree to which the Black is sought, the Florida Duck is much less shy. Even though it is closely allied to the Black Duck and to the Mottled Duck, Anas fulvigula maculosa, of Louisiana and Texas, no case of hybridism or crossing between the species has been recorded.

In spite of the high percentage of animal food in the Florida Duck’s diet, this bird is of excellent table quality judging from the reports of waterfowlers who regularly gun the marshes within the range of the species.

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