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1954
Vol. 8 Issue 5
October
DON'T FORGET

JUNIOR ESSAY CONTEST
FOR ALL FLORIDA SCHOOL CHILDREN
GRADERS 5 TO 12 INCLUSIVE
ENDS NOVEMBER 30, 1954

CONTEST RULES
1. The contest period is from September 1, 1954, through November 30, 1954.
2. All essays must be mailed first class prepaid to FLORIDA WILDLIFE, Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission, Tallahassee, Florida.
3. Each essay must contain a minimum of 300 words.
4. Each essay must bear the following information on the first page of the essay: name, sex, age, grade, address, school, county, and teacher.
5. a. Students of all Florida schools, grades 5 through 8 inclusive, will be eligible to enter division one of this contest.
   b. Students of all Florida schools, grades 9 through 12 inclusive, will be eligible to enter division two of this contest.
6. a. Each student entering the contest is asked to write about "what is the value of wildlife in Florida's economy?"
   b. Each student entering the essay contest will write about "what is the value of wildlife in Florida's economy?"
7. No papers will be returned and the decision of the judges will be final.

PRIZES

FIRST DIVISION — GRADES 5 TO 8

FIRST PRIZE — $75.00 Value
PFLUEGER SUPREME CASTING REEL
South Bend Glass Casting Rod
Assorted Lucky 7 Hooks and Leaders
12 Assorted Lures and Spoons
Manning Shrimp Lures
L & B Line-O-Lures
Clack Spoon
Chase Spin Dilly
Barracuda Spark-A-Lure
South Bend Size Duper
Doty Fish Gripper
HOW TO HUNT (book)
FISHERMAN'S HANDBOOK
1 Year Subscription FISHERMAN Magazine
1 Year Subscription FLORIDA WILDLIFE

SECOND PRIZE — $40.00 Value
PFLUEGER PELECAN SPINNING REEL
South Bend Glass Spinning Rod
Assorted Lucky 7 Hooks and Leaders
12 Assorted Lures and Spoons
Manning Shrimp Lures
L & B Line-O-Lures
Clack Spoon
Chase Spin Dilly
Barracuda Spark-A-Lure
South Bend Size Duper
FISHERMAN'S HANDBOOK
1 Year Subscription FISHERMAN Magazine
1 Year Subscription FLORIDA WILDLIFE

SECOND DIVISION — GRADES 9 TO 12

FIRST PRIZE — $75.00 Value
PFLUEGER SUPREME CASTING REEL
South Bend Glass Casting Rod
Assorted Lucky 7 Hooks and Leaders
12 Assorted Lures and Spoons
Manning Shrimp Lures
L & B Line-O-Lures
Clack Spoon
Chase Spin Dilly
Barracuda Spark-A-Lure
South Bend Size Duper
Doty Fish Gripper
HOW TO HUNT (book)
FISHERMAN'S HANDBOOK
1 Year Subscription FISHERMAN Magazine
1 Year Subscription FLORIDA WILDLIFE

SECOND PRIZE — $40.00 Value
Bar-B-Grill
Assorted Lucky 7 Hooks and Leaders
12 Assorted Lures and Spoons
Manning Shrimp Lures
L & B Line-O-Lures
Clack Spoon
Chase Spin Dilly
Barracuda Spark-A-Lure
South Bend Size Duper
FISHERMAN'S HANDBOOK
1 Year Subscription FISHERMAN Magazine
1 Year Subscription FLORIDA WILDLIFE

PRIZES

FIRST DIVISION — GRADES 5 TO 8
THIRD PRIZE — $25.00 Value
Large Keding Perpetual Minnow Bucket
Assorted Lucky 7 Hooks and Leaders
10 Assorted Lures and Spoon
Manning Shrimp Lures
Clack Spoon
Clark Spoon
Barracuda Spark-A-Lure
South Bend Size Duper
FISHERMAN'S HANDBOOK
DICTIONARY OF FISHES
1 Year Subscription FISHERMAN Magazine
1 Year Subscription FLORIDA WILDLIFE

FOURTH PRIZE — $15.00 Value
Small Keding Perpetual Minnow Bucket
4 Assorted Lures and Spoon
Manning Shrimp Lures
Clark Spoon
South Bend Size Duper
FISHERMAN'S HANDBOOK
DICTIONARY OF FISHES
1 Year Subscription FISHERMAN Magazine
1 Year Subscription FLORIDA WILDLIFE

FIFTH PRIZE — $12.00 Value
PERCH LANDING BUCKET (book)
FISHERMAN'S HANDBOOK
DICTIONARY OF FISHES
1 Assorted Lures and Spoon
Manning Shrimp Lures
Clark Spoon
South Bend Size Duper
1 Year Subscription FISHERMAN Magazine
1 Year Subscription FLORIDA WILDLIFE

SECOND DIVISION — GRADES 9 TO 12
SECOND PRIZE — $25.00 Value
Plastic Glass Casting Rod
Assorted Lucky 7 Hooks and Leaders
Assorted Lures and Spoon
Manning Shrimp Lures
Clack Spoon
Clark Spoon
Barracuda Spark-A-Lure
South Bend Size Duper
FISHERMAN'S HANDBOOK
DICTIONARY OF FISHES
1 Year Subscription FISHERMAN Magazine
1 Year Subscription FLORIDA WILDLIFE

FOURTH PRIZE — $15.00 Value
Min-O-Trap
4 Assorted Lures and Spoon
Manning Shrimp Lures
Clark Spoon
South Bend Size Duper
FISHERMAN'S HANDBOOK
DICTIONARY OF FISHES
1 Year Subscription FISHERMAN Magazine
1 Year Subscription FLORIDA WILDLIFE

FIFTH PRIZE — $12.00 Value
SALT WATER FISHING (book)
FISHERMAN'S HANDBOOK
DICTIONARY OF FISHES
1 Assorted Lures and Spoon
Manning Shrimp Lures
Clark Spoon
South Bend Size Duper
1 Year Subscription FISHERMAN Magazine
1 Year Subscription FLORIDA WILDLIFE

BONUS PRIZE — To best essay by eleven year old boy and eleven year old girl a complete set of TRUE-TO-LIFE books (10) about fish and game.

OCTOBER, 1954
Greetings to all of you from way up north in Connecticut. The writer is on vacation visiting his home town, Fishville, Connecticut. I sincerely hope and trust that all of you had a most wonderful vacation this year. I will be back with you very soon and plan to visit each club this coming fall. I would like to see some of you in action. I can also give your club a rating while I pay you a visit. See all of you soon.

(An open letter to the new League officers recently elected at the Third Annual Conference of the League of Junior Conservation Clubs.)

Dear Officers:

The Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission and its Division of Information and Education extend sincere congratulations to you on your election to your respective offices for the coming year.

This fiscal year will find many things for you to accomplish in the State League. It will be up to each one of you to make your term an outstanding one. Upon your shoulders rests the responsibility of strengthening the League of Clubs and to insure the best cooperation possible.

As your state executive secretary, you have my permission to cooperate and assistance whenever needed.

The very best of everything good to all of you. With kindest personal regards, I remain,

Very sincerely yours,
DENVER STE. CLAIRE

By DENVER STE. CLAIRE

With school well underway now and things getting back to normal, we are busy preparing for those of you who attend the Junior Conservation Clubs in school to start getting your clubs into shape. Start checking with your officers, especially your secretary about the operation of your club. A good way to find out each month as to your club’s accomplishments is to check the barometer of clubs doing something for the conservation of our natural resources here in Florida. Each month in FLORIDA WILDLIFE ratings of clubs are listed.

One of the big musts for your club this year is to have your charter processed and legally set up in the State League. If you haven’t a charter now, the time is now to start acting on it. Get your sponsors or advisors to work with your committee and get it set up. On doing this, send it to the writer and have it examined. After the examination is made, the charter is returned and a presentation of an official certificate is made to the club.

Those of you who had the opportunity of coming to camp this summer will remember how the camp was located. If you were to see this camp now you would not recognize it as it is a completely different place.

Of course, our permanent building stands, but everything else has been turned over to the agencies and very kind people who helped make our camp such a complete success. Where the mess hall stood good, sections of lumber have been piled and will remain there until we start permanent construction in the very near future. Looking at it, one would almost believe they were looking at a ghost town. But soon, we hope, we will be starting building for next year’s camp.

Plans for the present site call for more surveys and drawings. When these are completed, an all out drive to have the proposed buildings for 1955 will be the principal concern of all of us.

By the way, I mean every young member of any club throughout the entire state of Florida. This project is everybody’s project, and it will be accomplished so much faster if all of us put our stout hearts together and work towards that GOAL. Teamwork.

Camps

You Junior Conservationists in clubs that did not send campers and delegates to the summer camp this year, start planning now for next summer. Don’t wait until the very last moment next season. Now is the time to set up your plan for both or all of the above, please send the information to me. Other clubs are interested in what you are doing. Pass it on to some other clubs some of your successful programs. Share your club’s successes with others so that we may have a League of merit.

After every camp meal there is always the chance for those youthful appetites that resulted in his winning meal of the Junior Conservation Camp in the Okeechobee Forest.

More Junior Camp Pictures

Lyne Ward and companions fishing in the famed Oklawaha River. The fly rod Lyne is using was awarded to him in recognition of his accomplishments which resulted in his winning meal of the Junior Conservation Camp at the State Junior Conservation Camp.

Dede W. Thornton, Advisor of the Alapaha Optimist Junior Conservation Club plays Calypso music for the enjoyment of some of the Junior Conservation campers.

The Reddish Egret has two distinct color phases, a dark phase egret pursues and catches its prey, indicating the quiet dignity of its kind.

The Reddish Egret has two distinct color phases, a dark phase egret pursues and catches its prey, indicating the quiet dignity of its kind.
That period of the year which Florida's
nincompoops have been impatiently awaiting
is with us again. With the opening of the marsh
season on September 9th, the first wave of
Sunshine State gunners and duck hunters set
sail to harvest the annual harvest of the game
crop. The dove is next on the agenda, followed
by seaweed and, a short time later, by the gen-
eral season on the other game species.
For the nincompoops, fall is a season of great
expectation. All massed, star is removed from
storage and checked over to be sure that all
is in readiness. Camping gear is repaired and
put into top condition. Arrangements are
made with hunting companions. Many are
the plans that are laid for the ensuing months.
Hunting ever in the background during these
months of the hunting season is the
spectre of sudden death, ready to cast its
shadow over the careless, the thoughtless, and
the foolhardy.
A glance over some newspaper clippings
from former years is enough to convince the
most optimistic of the carelessness
of some of our hunters.
Here is the report of a hunter who heard
what he took to be the yelping of a turkey
calling from a clump of brush. He sighted
his gun on a movement in the bush and fired.
The charge of heavy shot killed a fellow
hunter who was using a call in an effort to
lure a turkey to his blind.
Another clipping tells of a squirrel hunter
paddling down a certain river in an old
woodie-like boat. He stood up to shoot at
a red-tailed hawk tree, the craft
capsizeed, and the hunter drowned.
And then there was the one standing felt his
pulse rise as he noted fresh bear tracks in a
road leading toward an abandoned farm
stove. He entered the clearing, spotted he had
a branch crack in a large pear tree nearby
and, believing he encountered a dangerous
example, as a hammer is part of a carpenter.
Are you head for the fields and trees toward
the top of the tree. He quickly raised his gun
and fired at the object. His bullet killed a
14-year-old boy who had climbed the tree
after pears.
A duck hunter was killed in a certain forest
area when another man, who was hunting,
was struck by a buck run between the
two men during a drive.
And so the reports run, deaths and injuries
that are listed as hunting accidents. It is
the same every year. The list of hunting
deaths and injuries seems to be an
inconstant part of every hunting season. Are
these incidents actually inevitable? Let's take
another look at the reports. The person who
killed the turkey caller, for example. He
heard what he thought was a turkey yelping
from a brush pile. He saw a movement in the
brush and fired without even taking the trouble
to make sure who it was which
he directed the lethal charge of shot. Acci-
dent? It sounds more like murder.
It is the same with the other cases. A hunter
shoots another or himself through some
act of carelessness or because he didn't stop
to think.
To most people a hunting accident is an
unfortunate occurrence but somehow it seems
that we are not personally concerned hence
the incident fails to make much impression
on our minds. If the same thing happens to
some stranger, we are not very interested; if it happens
to friends of ours then we are sad and dis-
tressed. Any area that is open to hunting is
the potential site of a hunting tragedy. Every
one of us who handles guns has an interest
and a responsibility in keeping shooting in all
its variations a safe sport for more Americans
to enjoy.
If you are like the majority of experienced
hunters in the field today, you seldom give
more than a passing way you handle a gun, simply because through long
experience your actions and behavior with a
firearms have become second nature to you.
You do not have to think out each move before it is carried out because the gun
is as much a part of you as the clothes you

Blazing Bronzelocks

By E. B. JONES

WHEREDO all the bass go during these hot
days," Al TeRondo inquired, interrupting our
business conversation in his Wellington real estate
office a little while back this morning and never had a rise

"—must be in deep water.
It is nothing new for me or Al and me to swap fishing
information. We live less than a half-mile apart on the
St. Johns River and angle similar spots almost
daily, but I hadn't seen the realtor since a trip to Big
Lake George a few days before. "Plenty of 'em at Cabbage Point in the Big Lake," I assured him, "but
they are mighty particular about what lure looks
appealing."
Our topic remained on the subject long enough
for Al to fever up and ask "How about a trip up there
soon?" It was late afternoon and one of the searching
days in late June (June 1954) and the haunting
words inspired me to date the event the following
evening.
Details of the trip were planned as we crowded
the lone fan in his attractive office. We would leave
early enough to arrive for the pre-sunrise plumbing
and return for lunch. It was agreed that the early
morning casting might prove best—and we had
other affairs to encounter after noon.
The last-quoted day was two days older and its
crescent appeared just above the horizon as we
left the beachhouse at 4 a.m. A slight breeze drifted out of
the west as we boated the tens miles to Big Lake
George via the St. Johns River.
Al was about to hummed a perfect rhythm in the
cool air and my sealed beam spotlight illuminated
drifting hyacinth as we sped along in the dark
ness as much as a part of you as the clothes you
wear. You are head for the fields and trees toward
the top of the tree. He quickly raised his gun
and fired at the object. His bullet killed a
14-year-old boy who had climbed the tree
after pears.
A duck hunter was killed in a certain forest
area when another man, who was hunting,
was struck by a buck run between the
two men during a drive.
A day after, another member of his party in
the excitement that resulted when a
buck ran between the

drive.

(Continued on page 50)

(Continued on page 44)
**GAME LAWS AND HUNT RULES 1954-1955**

**BUCK DEER**

- General Regulations: Day's bag—2 deer.
- Season's bag—2 deer.
- Kill of doe prohibited at all times.
- Fawn deer, spotted or Axis deer, buck deer with antlers less than 4 inches in length protected at all times.
- Evidence of sex and heads must remain on carcass while in camp or forest.
- All deer killed must be tagged immediately with tag detached from license or tag allotment and the date of kill must be recorded on license or tag allotment. Use of 22 rim fire rifles prohibited when taking deer.

**DAILY SHOOTING HOURS:** One half hour before sunrise to sunset.

1st District: November 29-February 1; first 9 days open, December 25-January 1 open, Monday, Tuesday, Friday and Sunday closed.

2nd District: November 20-February 1; first 9 days open, December 25-January 1 open, Monday, Tuesday, and Friday closed at all other times. Alachua, Bradford, Clay, Columbia, Baker and Columbia south of U.S. 90 from Jacksonville to Lake City, Columbia and Suwannee south and east of State Road 247 from Lake City to Suwannee River closed. Special season in Gilchrist County December 12, only Monday and Tuesday, and Friday closed.

3rd District: November 20-February 1; hunting permitted every day except Monday and Tuesday on Gulf and Calhoun Counties west of State Road 51. Closed Okaloosa, Santa Rosa, Walton, and Escambia Counties closed January 1.

4th District: November 20-February 1; first 9 days open, December 25-January 3 open, Monday, Tuesday, and Friday closed at all other times. Monroe County closed to Key Deer.

5th District: November 20-February 1; First 9 days open, December 25-January 3 open, Monday, Tuesday, and Friday closed at all other times.

**APALACHICOLA DEER HUNT**

- **Hunt Area:** That portion of the Apalachicola Wildlife Management Area not closed to hunting.
- **Open Season:** November 29 to December 1. No Sunday hunting.
- **Legal Game:** Deer—two (one per day) or buck—any day.
- **Permit:** Public Hunting Area Permit necessary.

**OCALA DEER HUNT**

- **Hunt Area:** That portion of Ocala National Forest and the Osceola Wildlife Management Area not closed to hunting.
- **Open Season:** November 20 to December 26, 1st day open; Mondays, Tuesdays, Fridays, closed Christmas Day open.
- **Legal Game:** Deer—two (one per day); bear—any; panther—any; except that no hunter can take more than two of any combination of big game and jungle fowl; all other legal game.
- **Permit:** Public Hunting Area Permit necessary.

**OSCEOLA DEER HUNT**

- **Hunt Area:** That portion of the Osceola Wildlife Management Area not closed to hunting.
- **Open Season:** November 20 to December 26, 1st day open; Mondays, Tuesdays, Fridays, closed Christmas Day open.
- **Legal Game:** Deer—two (one per day); bear—any; panther—any; except that no hunter can take more than two of any combination of big game and jungle fowl; all other legal game.
- **Permit:** Public Hunting Area Permit necessary.

**FLORIDA WILDLIFE**

**GULF HAMMOCK DEER HUNT**

- **Hunt Area:** That portion of the Gulf Hammock Wildlife Management Area and the Steinhatchee Hammock Wildlife Management Area not closed to hunting.
- **Open Season:** November 20 to December 26; 9th day open; Mondays, Tuesdays, and Fridays closed thereafter.
- **Legal Game:** All legal game except the bear may not be taken in the Gulf Hammock area.
- **Permit:** Public Hunting Area Permit necessary.

**COLLIER HUNTER**

- **Hunt Area:** That portion of the Collier Wildlife Management Area not closed to hunting.
- **Open Season:** November 20 to December 26; 9th day open; Mondays, Tuesdays, and Fridays closed thereafter.
- **Legal Game:** All legal game.
- **Permit:** Public Hunting Area Permit necessary.

**TURKEY**

- **General Regulations:** Turkey must be killed immediately after killing with tag attached from hunting license or tag allotment and date of kill must be recorded on license or tag allotment. Possession limit is 3 turkeys.

**DAILY SHOOTING HOURS:** One half hour before sunrise to sunset.

1st District: Either sex. November 25-February 1; first 9 days open; December 25-January 1 open, Monday, Tuesday, and Friday closed at all other times.

2nd District: Either sex. November 25-February 1; first 9 days open; December 25-January 1 open, Monday, Tuesday, and Friday closed at all other times.

3rd District: Gobblers only. November 28-February 1; first 9 days open; December 25-January 1 open, Monday, Tuesday, and Friday closed at all other times.

4th District: Either sex. November 25-February 1; first 9 days open; December 25-January 1 open, Monday, Tuesday, and Friday closed at all other times.

5th District: Either sex. November 25-February 1; first 9 days open; December 25-January 1 open, Monday, Tuesday, and Friday closed at all other times.
ST. MARKS GOOSE HUNT

Hunt Area: That portion of the St. Marks Wildlife Management Area not closed to hunting.

Open Season: November 15, until closure on date designated by director.

Legal Game: Goose, two per day. Permits: Purchase $3.00 daily permit required in addition to regular license and Duck Stamp. Selection of permits by public drawing at the Tallahassee office on October 15. Apportioned by check, may be made by the Tallahassee office until October 18. Fifty permits per day. Limit of two permits per hunter per season.

Special Hunt Rules: Area to be divided into five compartments. Hunters select compartment and must remain within it. Hunting from established blinds only. No rifles, shotguns, or large caliber firearms allowed on area. Hunt during daylight only.

Species: Goose.

Species
Season
Day's Bag
Possession
RAIL AND GALLINULE
(Marsh Hen)
Sept. 8-Nov. 17
Hunting permitted
30
WATERFOWL AND COOT
Nov. 12-Jan. 10
Duck – 4
Hunting permitted
30
COOT – 10
DOVE
Oct. 11-Oct. 30
Duck – 8
Hunting permitted
8
Dec. 11-Dec. 30
Geese – 4
Hunting permitted
to
4
COOT – 10
WOODCOCK
Nov. 26-Dec. 29
Hunting permitted
to
8
SNIPE
Dec. 24-Jan. 7
Hunting permitted
to
8
*Only 1 hooded merganser permitted in day's bag and possession.
*Only 1 wood duck permitted in day's bag; 2 wood duck permitted in possession after opening.

Duck Stamp required for taking duck and geese.

MIGRATORY BIRD REGULATIONS

QUAIL

General Regulations
Day's bag – 10.

Possession of quail limited to two days' bag after opening day.

Daily shooting hours: One half hour before sunrise to sunset.

1st District: November 26-February 1; first 9 days open; December 23-January 1 open; Monday, Tuesday, and Friday closed at all other times.

2nd District: November 26-February 1; first 9 days open; December 23-January 1 open; Monday, Tuesday, and Friday closed at all other times.

3rd District: November 26-February 1; first 9 days open; December 23-January 1 open; Monday, Tuesday, and Friday closed at all other times.

4th District: November 26-February 1; first 9 days open; December 23-January 1 open; Monday, Tuesday, and Friday closed at all other times.

5th District: November 26-February 1; first 9 days open; December 23-January 1 open; Monday, Tuesday, and Friday closed at all other times.

Special Hunt Rules: Only 4 permits may be issued to any one hunter. No overnight camping permitted.

HENDRY HUNT

Hunt Area: That portion of the Hendry Wildlife Management Area not closed to hunting.

Open Season: November 26-December 26; first 3 days open; Saturdays and Sundays open thereafter.

Legal Game: All legal game. Permit: Hunting Area Permit necessary. Special Hunt Rules: 1. Rifles prohibited. 2. Only slow trail dogs may be used for deer hunting. Running dogs or packs of running dogs are not permitted.

EVERGLADES HUNT

Hunt Area: That portion of the Everglades Wildlife Management Area not closed to hunting.

Open Season: November 15-December 31; first 9 days open; Mondays, Tuesdays, and Fridays closed thereafter.

Legal Game: All legal game. Permit: Hunting Area Permit necessary. Special Hunt Rules: 1. Rifles prohibited. 2. Only small sidearms or bow and arrow are permitted for hog hunting during closed season.

J. W. CORBETT HUNT

Hunt Area: That portion of the J. W. Corbett Wildlife Management Area not closed to hunting.

Open Season: November 26 to December 26; first 9 days open; Mondays, Tuesdays, and Fridays closed thereafter.


CECIL M. WEBB HUNT

Hunt Area: That portion of the Cecil M. Webb Wildlife Management Area not closed to hunting.

Open Season: November 26 to December 26; first 9 days open; Mondays, Tuesdays, and Fridays closed thereafter.


FISHFEATING CREEK HUNT

Hunt Area: That portion of the Fisheating Creek Wildlife Manage- ment Area not closed to hunting.

Open Season: November 26 to December 26; first 9 days open; Mondays, Tuesdays, and Fridays closed thereafter.


AVON PARK HUNT

Hunt Area: That portion of the Avon Park Wildlife Management Area not closed to hunting.

Open Season: November 20 to January 19; 8:00 A.M. and 5:00 P.M. EST on Saturdays.


LEE HUNT

Hunt Area: That portion of the Lee Wildlife Management Area not closed to hunting.

Open Season: November 21 to December 31; first 9 days open; Saturdays and Sundays open thereafter.


RICHLOMA HUNT

Hunt Area: That portion of the Richloma Wildlife Management Area not closed to hunting.

Open Season: November 20 to December 26; first 9 days open; Mondays, Tuesdays, and Fridays closed thereafter.


AUCILLA HUNT

Hunt Area: That portion of the Aucilla Wildlife Management Area not closed to hunting.

Open Season: November 20 to January 19; 8:00 A.M. and 5:00 P.M. EST on Saturdays.


SQUIRREL

General Regulations

Possession of squirrel limited to two days' bag after opening day.

Daily shooting hours: One half hour before sunrise to sunset.

1st District: November 26-February 1; first 9 days open; December 23-January 1 open; Monday, Tuesday, and Friday closed at all other times.

2nd District: November 26-February 1; first 9 days open; December 23-January 1 open; Monday, Tuesday, and Friday closed at all other times.

3rd District: November 26-February 1; first 9 days open; December 23-January 1 open; Monday, Tuesday, and Friday closed at all other times.

4th District: November 26-February 1; first 9 days open; December 23-January 1 open; Monday, Tuesday, and Friday closed at all other times.

5th District: November 26-February 1; first 9 days open; December 23-January 1 open; Monday, Tuesday, and Friday closed at all other times.

Special Hunt Rules: No camping in Jefferson and Wakulla Counties. Camping on designated areas is permitted on designated campsites.
the cotton fields of Dixie and from the rolling wheat lands of the west to the arid deserts of our southwestern states? Consider the extremes of weather conditions under which the species thrives, the varied food conditions which it encounters after hatching.

So scattered are the nesting doves during the warmer months that the northern outdoorsman can scarcely realize the tremendous aggregate population of the species that occurs within our borders. It is only when flocks migrate from the north band together that the resident southern population in the country below the Mason-Dixon line that some idea of the abundance of the species may be obtained.

It is true that sometimes a limit of doves may be taken, but most winters the northern woods provide good hunting. A group of doves perched along a telephone wire in the same territory the wildest, craggied, uncut corners. Some old whitetailed buck can be bagged with ease by the fire hunter and many of the mule deer.

The dove is a inhabitant of a spacious part of the northern upland upland upland, eye sharpened by a season of pheasant and ruffed grouse hunting, who has been introduced to southern hunting via a session in a Dixie dove field only to undergo a most thoroughly ego-defeating experience.

Let's take an appraising look at the background of this bird which is held in such high esteem by so many sportmen.

The dove family, the Columbidae, is a large one with representatives occurring throughout the temperate and tropical areas of the world. We find included in the Columbidae such varied members as the turkey, the Victoria crowned pigeon of Guiana and South Pacific islands, and the turkey of the southern United States, Central, and South America. The New World dove is located on the islands of Mauritius, which gave it a true but descriptive phrase by becoming as dead as, was made more than a prototype of the feathered.

The family includes several hundred species. Among the characteristics which identify such a diverse group as the dove-pigeon tribe are several distinctive features of habit and physical makeup. First off, while the rest of the world's birds drink by taking a full bill of water then tossing the head back to swallow, the Columbidae immerse the bill and suck down draughts without raising it from the water.

Another important feature of the group is in the method of feeding the young. During the breeding season certain physiological changes occur in the lining of the crop causing the secretion of a fluid which, when mixed with the finely ground food ingested by the parents forms the so-called "pigeon milk." The

A GROUP OF gray shadows cleaves the sky over some deep-south peanut field, running the gauntlet of fire where, if the truth were known, a half in ten tries would be considered average shooting. With whistling wings a single, a pair, or a small flock of straining birds flash from the cover of a hugging-downdowndow corn field to move with rapid careening flight toward the open pastures. A sharp-tailed feathered bullet, water hole hurtles through narrow opening among the stream side trees and is gone before the waiting hunter can get the smoothshelled half yard to his shoulder.

What is this jet propelled will-o'-the-wisp so beloved by the manufacturers of sporting ammunition for the vast amounts of their product expended in his pursuit? None other than the mourning dove, the third most popular upland game bird in the United States, exceeded only by the quail and the pheasant in numbers taken each season. Based on various surveys throughout the United States, it has been estimated that the annual legal kill of mourning doves is at least 15,000,000.

Despite the mourners fragile appearance, the species stands fair to take top honors as our most rugged, adaptable game bird. What other upland game bird is at home from the rocky pastures of the northeast to

September when there occurs a sudden decline in the number of breeding birds. Generally speaking, no breeding takes place during October and November. Often doves successfully bring off three broods during a single season and may make several other unsuccessful attempts. Young of the year, hatched in the spring, may reach maturity and nest themselves in August or September of the same year.

Dove nests are seldom located in densely wooded spots for the species prefers sites in trees located along the edges of fields, pastures, or other clearings. Isolated trees seem to be especially attractive as nest sites. A nest occasionally may be located on the ground.

The mourning dove is a haphazard nest builder. Weed stalks, small sticks, pine needles or whatever other material is available in the immediate vicinity is used in constructing a flimsy platform through which the eggs may sometimes be viewed from below. Both birds take part in nest building and the task occupies the pair for several days. T

Two eggs usually comprise a setting, although in rare instances three and even four eggs have been found in a single nest. The eggs, somewhat smaller than those of the bobwhite, are smooth and white with little gloss. Incubation and brooding duties are shared by both doves making it unnecessary for either of the adults to bring food for the other. Incubation requires fourteen days. After the young have hatched, the parent bird

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WHISTLING

WINGS

Ranking third in the matter of numbers harvested each season in the United States, the fast flying mourning dove offers wing shooting that rates the skill of the best smoothbore handler.

(Continued on Next Page)
Strange Names Of Florida Towns & Rivers

By Wilfred T. Neill

Not long ago I drove from the state capital to my home at Silver Springs. Florida. On the way I thought of the many strange place names along the road. As we traversed the beautiful landscape of the state, I was constantly impressed by the variety of names, each with its own unique history and significance. This article attempts to provide a glimpse into the fascinating world of Florida's place names, highlighting the stories behind some of the most unusual and intriguing names.

The formation of place names in Florida can be traced back to the early settlers who explored and claimed the land. The Spanish, who arrived in the 16th century, played a significant role in naming many places. Names like St. Augustine, Pensacola, and Tampa reflect their influence. Later, English settlers added their own flavor, giving rise to names like Tallahassee and Miami.

In the early 19th century, when Florida was part of the United States, the process of renaming continued. Many Spanish names were replaced with English names, while new settlements were founded with names reflecting the aspirations of their founders. Names like Okeechobee and Everglades emerged during this period.

In recent times, the influence of Native American names has also been evident in Florida's place names. The Seminole, who were the original inhabitants, have left a legacy in names like Fort Lauderdale and Seminole Lake.

Florida's place names are a rich tapestry of history, culture, and geography. Each name tells a story, whether it be of the early explorers, settlers, or the indigenous people who have called Florida home. Understanding these names not only helps us appreciate the state's past but also connects us to the people and events that shaped it.

Florida's unique place names are a testament to its rich heritage and diversity. From the grandeur of the Everglades to the quaint charm of St. Augustine, each name reflects the character and spirit of Florida. As we continue to explore these places, we are reminded of the stories that lie beneath the surface.

END

Dove Hunters Attention

If you bag a banded dove, please return the band or band number to the U.S. Fish & Wildlife Service, Washington, D.C., giving the date and the location in which the bird was taken. Information obtained from dove banding records will assist the Fish & Wildlife Service and the Florida Game & Fresh Water Fish Commission in assuring continued game abundance for your enjoyment andfield.
THE AMBERJACK AND JIM BRANCH

By CLEVELAND VAN DRESSER

IT CAN BE said without much fear of contradiction that virtually everyone who loves to fish hopes someday to land the one that will break a record. The amount of time and money spent in such piscatorial quests are beyond calculation. Tackle companies stay in business producing equipment that is eagerly purchased by Isaac Waltonians the nation over who wish to capture the ever elusive grail of a record fish.

The tantalizing thing about the sport is that no one ever knows when a tackle buster will strike. Prey always flies out the window when it comes to stating any authoritative opinion on what a fish will do. A complete novice may cast his line into ocean or lake and be rewarded with a record breaking strike on his very first try. And anglers who have spent whole lifetimes at the sport never gain more than the satisfaction of trying. It’s almost a byword in Florida that enough money has been spent on topper boats and expensive tackle that individuals who make a study of the art of angling (and it is an art) should acquire the major share of the big ones. The fact remains that individuals who are more apt to be rewarded than the angler who plies his rod in a more desultory fashion. All this appears only to add to the richly-brown nature of the Florida fisherman who, after years of practice and experimentation, throws the law of averages in their favor.

Of such ilk is James Branch, Jr., of West Palm Beach, whose picture (and that of the fish) illustrates this article.

Branch is 26 years old and a native Florida product. Ever since he can remember he’s been fishing in the waters of Lake Worth and Palm Beach. In his younger days, he always had a rod in his hand whenever school was out. Lately he does the same thing when he’s not attending to his real estate business. He’s caught more fish than he can remember or count.

As a boy of “warmer upper” for his big bout with a 91-pound amberjack. Branch had a battle with two snook at the same time. He caught one on only one hook, too. It seems that the larger snook tried to swallow the smaller snook which was already hooked. It seemed a slight antisocial gesture on the part of the larger fish. Branch landed both snook.

But to get to the main event:

It took place in the waters of the Palm Beach Inlet. Branch and a friend, Alex Kaye, were fishing for amberjacks from a 16-foot outboard motorized skiff. They had no live bait, so they were trolling for blue runner to fill the deficiency. Branch hooked a jack crevalle and as he was reeling him in, a monstrous amberjack followed and lashed at the crevalle several times. It would have been impossible to battle the amberjack on the light rig Branch was using, so he reeled in rapidly, took off the crevalle and baited it up on heavier equipment, a glass casting rod, service reel and 36-pound test line. If the big amberjack wanted that crevalle he could have it, but without some argument. Apparently the quarry was somewhat wary, for it

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THE GRAY FOX

By ROSS ALLEN

and WILFRED T. NEILL

The Gray Fox is common in Florida, being found throughout most of the state. It inhabits all sorts of brushy places, such as second-growth timber, abandoned fields, flatwoods, turkey-oak stands, and scrub.

It is particularly abundant in parts of Central Florida, where the ground is thickly covered with palmettos.

The gray fox is easily recognized. It is somewhat dog-like in appearance, with a long muzzle, up-standing ears, and a long, bushy tail. The general color is a sort of grizzly gray above, with rich reddish-brown along the sides and underparts. About 27 inches long, this fox is about a yard long from nose to tip of tail, and weighs six or seven pounds. The pupil of the eye is not round, as in dogs, but vertical.

The red fox of the North is famous for its shy ways, but the gray fox is not such a clever animal, being much easier to trap or to hunt. It is not very suspicions of man, and is often seen in the wild, running off through the brush at no great speed. Sometimes a gray fox will take up residence no more than a few hundred feet from a house. At Silver Springs one of these animals learned to raid garbage cans; every night he would meek into the outskirts of the community to eat his fill of table scraps. He never turned the cans over as dogs do, but would perch cat-like on the rim.

When the lights of a passing automobile fell upon him, he would scampers off into the shadows and then return to his meal in a few moments.

Although the red fox may run for hours when pursued by dogs, the gray fox will usually hole up after a fairly short run. Often he dives into the burrow of a gopher tortoise. Occasionally he will climb a tree, something the red fox never does.

The gray fox digs its own burrow in the ground, or enlarges a gopher hole to suitable dimensions. This burrow may serve as a place of refuge when the fox is pursued.

In the den the female raises a litter of four or five. When the babies are old enough to eat solid food, both parents bring them mice, lizards, and other small creatures.

The gray fox will eat almost anything: rats, mice, pocket-gophers, sparrows, lizards, small snakes, frogs, fishes, fruits, nuts, berries, mushrooms, etc. Mice are a favorite food.

Sometimes, on still winter nights, the gray foxes will yap back and forth at each other in the woods. One fox will utter a short, sharp bark; another will answer with a similar cry; a third will bark, farther away. Sometimes a fourth or fifth can be heard in the distance, answering the call. The purpose of the “concert” is not known.

The fur of the gray fox is attractively colored, but is coarse and not very thick. Consequently it is of no great commercial value.

The red fox, mentioned previously, is not naturally found in Florida. However, from time to time sportsmen liberate red foxes in the states, and then try to run them down with dogs. Sometimes the animals escape, and show up much later. Thus the Florida hunter should not be surprised if he encounters one of these creatures. The red fox is easily recognized; it is reddish or cinnamon above and white below, with black feet and a white-tipped tail.

The coyote, another dog-like animal, turns up occasionally in Florida. It is not native to our state, and the cases found here are generally presumed to have escaped from captivity. No one has explained why so many coyotes have been found in the Southeast, however. Some say the coyote pups are sold as “baby red foxes” to unsuspecting sportsmen, who look forward to a good fox hunt. When the pups grow into coyotes and not foxes, they are simply liberated by the disappointed hunters.

Formerly, two kinds of wolves ranged into Florida. One of these was a big, grayish animal, closely related

(Continued on Page 24)
ARCHERY IN OCTOBER

By EDMUND MCLAURIN

select a 25 inch arrow and a five foot or a 3/4 foot bow. Another person, one 5’ 7” to 5’ 8” tall, would shoot well with a 26 inch arrow and a 3/4 foot bow. Men 5’ 9” to 5’ 10”, inclusive, should settle for a 5 ft., 7 inch bow and 27 inch arrows. Very tall bowmen, that group with individual heights of 5’ 11” and over, should select 28 inch arrows matched to a 5 ft., 9 inch bow. These calculations should be taken as a suggested selection standard only. Archery experts, like gun editors, do not always agree on certain technical points, and this is one of them.

One popular and reliable rule for determining individual arrow length is for an archer to place an arrow with its feathered end against the base of his neck, with the pointed end resting between fully extended arms and fingers. Correct arrow length will be that measurement from the base of the archer's neck to the tips of his fingers.

For hunting, arrows should be carried in a wide, 9 inch quiver on shoulder or back, for quick accessibility and extraction. Besides being large, it is important that the quiver be designed and fastened in such a manner that it will not rattle itself or contents. The leather used for its making should be strong, but not so stiff that the material will not collapse under its own accord. Arrows should protrude six or eight inches above the archer's shoulder.

Before you begin your hunt, separate your best arrows from the poor and mediocre ones, and take only the best with you; then you won't make the mistake of selecting an inferior arrow under the pressure and excitement of a hurried shot. Arrows and bow must be a matched combination and the former, preferably, should be all of same weight, same spine and manufactured lot. Various styles of arrow tips are available in the quick-filling broadhead class.

Two other accessories essential to the hunting archer are a set of firm, but pliable, leather fingertips, and a smooth armguard that can be quickly donned.

Clothing worn should blend with the area hunted (Continued on Next Page)

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and embody a considerable brown and dark green coloration. Bright red, recognized safety sign for the fishermen-equipped boats, is reminiscent of the Florida archer's hunting attire. Experienced hunters claim that bright red is inconspicuous to Florida woodlands, even in late Fall, and that part of the hunts advantage comes from the honor of the vision color blend. Choose your own scheme of thought.

Avoid clothing reeking of mothballs or cooking odors; wearing such a scent will drive a rowdy mosquito or machine through crowded city streets. Cut down on human scent by chewing chlorella tabs, and by possibly adding to clothing the natural glands of the animals in the hair sets. Some hunters saturate their clothing and挥手 in wild grass smoke to reduce body scent. You want any game that chances to pick up your want to hate you and your scent natural to the area, not a stronger with lethal intent.

Footgear is very important. The archer must be able to tread softly without creating any ground sound, favoring deer, especially, learn of danger through that medium. Similarly, stamping the ground is a deer's way of warning other animals of likely danger, and a deer's shoot is a literal "Pull up stakes and get going!" signal for emergency flight.

Florida's best hunting is usually in pine-infested country, and for adequate protection from this possibility, good, comfortable boots, 15 to 20 lbs. to a pair, are logical. Since the legs are accustomed to wearing of moccasins or tennis shoes, and who "walk with eyes in their feet", there may be some justifiable substitution.

Studies of records of deer killed with bow and arrow in the U. S. shows that, on the average, the Florida archer may expect to shoot his game somewhere between 15 and 40 yards. In essence, this blindly means that the hunter must get fairly close to his target—sufficient distance of all kills figure only 23.7 yards—and that the truly successful group of archers are invariably good stalkers.

Likewise, the records show that one of every four deer killed with bow and arrow have been running shots. To stalking ability, therefore, must be added the skill to release arrows at moving targets with combined speed and accuracy.

Hunting success for the archer represents a combination of careful stalking, shooting skill and pure luck. For this reason, the archer should be prepared to uncertainly against simultaneously doing correctly the estimated eighteen different ways that go to make up draw, aim and release, it is unlikely that Florida's archers will ever deplete the game supply to the extent of rival powder burners. Opponents among the latter group, who object to giving bowmen special and prior access to game preserves in advance of regular seasons, should cease grumbling in their beards.

Everything considered, the archer assuredly earns and deserves the game that falls to his feathered shaft. However, how great the expansion of the sport in Florida.

W. E. Backpack, archer, was the first Florida archer to kill a deer in two special seasons of hunting. He shot the pictured buck near or vicinity of opening day of the 1951 season, in Osceola National Forest. No arrow passed entirely through the four-quarter back of sixty yards.

John Reveil, another Florida archer, is shown carefully producing a measured movement of the draw in a picture of Osceola's archery stand during Florida's archery season. For the archer's stand, he leaves the recurved stick and only bow. Note the shoulder-shoulder position of his archer, and supply of arrows for quick assimilation.

Pine trees for the modern archer is the black line. Florida archers will have chances to bag the droopy hunter during the coming season.
SOMETIMES this fall, a nervous hunter will see a flashing movement on the other side of a bush, and will map down on it. As the gun roars, there will be an anguished scream and a dull thud. Followed by moaning and thrashing in the weeds.

Next day, the morning papers will carry the usual paragraphs about William Blank, who is either dead or in the hospital. The police, the hospital, the newspapers and the court, or the coroner's jury, will all agree that it was a "hunting accident."

The nervous hunter, it seems, mistook Mr. Blank for a deer, or a moose, or a bear, or something. Mr. Nervous simply saw something moving, shot instantaneously, and blew a hole in Mr. Blank. Most unfortunate—but everyone knows that it is not just another "accident."

Accident? Nonsense. It was either murder or assault with a deadly weapon.

Why? Simply because there is never a valid excuse for any hunting "accident." Guns are not toys—they are deadly weapons. And every careless hunter is either a potential or actual murderer.

Think, if you can, of a legitimate alibi for any shooting accident. Here are a few standard alibis to start with:

He didn't know it was loaded. A twist caught in the trigger. The dog knocked the gun over. He was on the other side of the target. I just didn't see him. It ricocheted off the water. The muzzle was full of dirt and the bag exploded. He slipped. He was climbing through a fence with a suitcase in his hand. He was pulling the gun from the car—muzzle-first. He was drinking.

Do any of those alibis make sense? Of course not. They're all shooting accidents, but the real accidents were only followed by every person handling a gun.

But the simple rules won't be followed by every hunter this fall. At least several hundred other hunters will wind up in the morgue or the hospital. Widows will weep, and hospitalization will be paid. It happens every year, and it will happen again this year. And it will all be so unnecessary.

What to do about it? Well, in the first place, if any tomfool points a gun at you—loaded or unloaded—there's only one sure cure. Just smash him in the teeth with the butt of your gun. It works every time. He'll stop fooling around, then. Of course, he won't be your friend anymore, but at least you'll still be alive when the hunting season ends.

It's a rough remedy, but guns are not made to fool with. Guns are made to kill with. So if someone points a gun at you, you can take it for granted that he is trying to murder you—either purposely or "accidentally."

Just remember that quite a few people are killed every year because someone "didn't know the gun was loaded." Don't let the dead one be you.

Then there's Ready Freddie. He's the joker that insists on having his gun loaded at all times. Freddie never forgets the time a deer bounded through camp when no one had a loaded gun handy. The deer got away safely, and Freddie has always regretted it. So Freddie is always ready. His gun is loaded at all times—in the car, in camp, while resting and during mealtime.

Of course, Freddie always makes sure that his gun's safety mechanism is on, or almost on. He says, "that's what safety is for."

Freddie never heard of an unsafe safety mechanism—a defective one that can be accidentally brushed off the safety position. Worse than that, Freddie is always so ready for a shot that he often slips the safety off long before he could possibly get a shot at anything. Then he forgets to put it on again.

Freddie never heard of the rules, "never slip your safety off until you are actually raising the gun to shoot" and "never carry a loaded gun except when actually hunting."

There's only one thing to do with a Ready Freddie. Put him on the blacklist of hunting companions that you can do without and like it.

By BOB DAVHE

Off then one thing to do with a Ready Freddie. Put him on the blacklist of hunting companions that you can do without and like it.

"You've never heard of the rules, "never slip your safety off until you are actually raising the gun to shoot" and "never carry a loaded gun except when actually hunting."

There's only one thing to do with a Ready Freddie. Put him on the blacklist of hunting companions that you can do without and like it.

Freddie never heard of the rules, "never slip your safety off until you are actually raising the gun to shoot" and "never carry a loaded gun except when actually hunting."

However, there are things that you might encounter in the woods this hunting season.

There's a real Corkin' present. You'll find at least one out at every hunting party. "Just one lil' ol' nip," says Corkin'. "You'll like the feeling." Pretty soon Corkin' has one for the road, and another because it's "Tuesday afternoon." Corkin' Bottles is shooting up the woods, plumbs prevailing. He fumbles the safety, he fumbles the trigger, and he fumbles the targets.

For people like Corkin', chisel this rule in a prominent place. If you don't carry a gun, don't drink. If you must drink, don't handle a gun. You can add two more characters to the bad list. Mr. Potent and Ear Banger. Poker is the guy who uses his rifle or shotgun to poach in the woods for bushels for breakfast. Sometimes he actually does find the bird he lost. More often, he finds the muzzle of his gun jammed with twigs and dirt. Every once in a while, he finds his head blown off as the result.

Ear Banger is the one that bangs away no matter who is standing by. Get too close to Ear Banger, and bang goes his gun, and you are dead. In addition, Banger often aims to shoot by other people, never realizing that someone might suddenly step in front of Banger's gun at the wrong time.

The remedy for an Ear Banger? Just pick up the largest hard-core rock that you can find. Then do what comes naturally.

Not to be forgotten is Amateur Hunter. He's never been hunting before. He's never handled anything but a squirt-gun before. He borrowed a rifle from a neighbor. And he's eager to prove his chance to shoot at something. Anything. Will do for him.

Amateur Hunter is a guy who believes he's taken the trouble to learn how to hunt, has had firearms safety instructions, and has done at least a little gun-handling and target shooting.

An amateur is one that looks down the muzzle to see where the bullets come from. An amateur with a gun is a child with a firecracker. Something is bound to happen.

Don't be afraid to take young hunters with you. But do insist that they know something about guns, ammunition, hunting and safety rules before the first hunting trip.

Last on the list is Harry Hardguy. Hardguy is proud of his mastery of firearms. He can get his something hot, eat in the rain, live in dirt and disorder. Furthermore, he eggs other hunters into doing the same.

You can always tell a Hardguy when he gets home. He immediately moans for a double-barreled shotgun. There are a few double-barreled shotgun rules that you should remember during the hunting season:

Don't be ashamed to take a first-aid kit with you. A make-up kit might come in handy. Be careful of knives, axes and guns. Wear non-slip boots or shoes. Don't get lost. Be careful of your food and comfort. Don't go hunting when you are tired. Buy a hunting license before you go hunting. Observe all game laws. And, most important of all, use the common-sense rules of hunting safety, because they probably aren't written down anywhere, as if they were written down, they probably are.

You can't have a good hunting time if you come back dead.

END.
By EDMUND MCLAURIN

IT IS FORTUNATE that only a minority group of hunters takes
living out lives ahead of their duties. Otherwise, manu-
ufacturers could not possibly meet the demand for
shooting weapons, even if they pooled resources and combined their output.
In fact, as matters stand at the moment, there are still shortages in every department, stepped-up production, and some of the
manufacturers are system that is not
This year, as always, hunters will
carry more former-season guns into Florida's woodlands and
waters. But few of the shooting clan are ever truly satisfied with
their hunting weapons from season to season.
Each year usually brings about some desired personal
changes in equipment, barreling, choke, or in stock fit. More changes in gun design within the same gun family, in all other gun features
combined. It's why "Muzzle Flashes" has given you an indication of its mechan-
ic reliability and field performance.

The named calibers may be a little
heavier but if full loads are a little
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Four hard hitting big-

muzzle flashes

Left-handed shooters can

be equitably cope with the lever-actions of the new Remington 760 pump
or its older brother, the 761. But the
8414 is not the choice of most
hunters, as the Smith & Wesson
is chosen. The 760 pump is used
by many who have decided that
the lever-action is the best and
the best action for the money.

Some of the new hunting and target guns that you see in action in Florida this season—
how many of these pictures can you identify?

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GALLBERRY BRUIN

By HERB HEINS

THE HUNT had reached its wildest pitch. Joe and I had just finished a long afternoon of hard hunting in the towering jumble of matted ti-ti whose whispering encouragement to the dogs. Even when the rookery was flush- ing through the tinder dry brush, I could hear an ominous deep down in the chest bellowing, like a mad bull on the prowl, punctuated by the snapping of teeth and the frantic bawling of the hounds.

The temptation was too much to resist. In spite of repeated admonitions to stay put on my stand, I decided to head for the impromptu arena located somewhere behind the furiously wall of vegetation before me.

A quick check of the carcine assured me, for the first time that morning, that a 170-pound Silvertip nested in the chamber awaiting the call. I buckled my head and charged the brushy barrier. A few minutes later I was well into the jungle, face and hands bleeding from the multitudinous scratches inflicted by the needle-like thorns of sweet briar and the sharp-pointed twigs of the tinder dry brush.

I paused a moment to get my bearings from the sounds of the no-holds-barred fracas up ahead. The hounds was still at fever pitch from all indications. I charged on ahead, bellowing into the bending brushing brushy mat. Now the racket seemed to be coming from a spot no farther than 25 yards ahead. Although it was difficult to tell for sure, it did seem that there was a slight thinning out of the brush in that general direction.

Suddenly there was a shrill kik-kik from one of the dogs. With a crash the brush erupted in my face. I caught a glimpse of a mountainous mass of black fur plowing a pathway through the bush. Fascinated by the sight, I fired blindly into the chaos of drumming brush and the clattering hounds. In less time than it takes to tell, bulking black shadow was gone, leading the madly baying hounds on another lap of the brush baying race.

Shaken from the excitement of my sudden encounter with the bear, I placed down at the rifle to discover with no little chagrin that in addition to the gun, I had my hand wrapped around a second sized stalk of ti-ti. No wonder the gun wouldn’t come up. It was probably just as well; a wounded bear at close quarters in a brushy jungle would have been too much of a good thing with the odds stacked heavily in favor of the brush baying race.

From the tangle off to my right came an inquir-
by Chuck Schilling

SHINING

PORTRAITED AND ATTACKED

By Chuck Schilling
By ROSS PHARES

WE OFTEN EXPECT our dog to understand us beyond his capacities—to forsake a canine’s world and adapt himself to a man’s world—and completely like it. To understand some basic differences between man and dog abilities may lead to better man-dog relations.

A dog lives in a strange, wonderful world of smells. His concentration on this sense often makes his personality appear lop-sided, and his taste beyond human understanding.

When I am dressing, my cocker spaniel takes a keen olfactory interest in the proceedings. Apparently he is interested in knowing how his master is dressed when he goes out—from socks to necktie. And he will know if I will give him the consideration of a few whiffs. Just what all this sniffing tells him, and what conclusions he reaches I have often wondered. But I know that is the only way he can know what suit I am wearing on a particular day—because dogs are color blind. They live in a grey world.

When I take him for a stroll, I am often impatient at his detailed, delaying sniffing at the most commonplace objects. I want to cover ground and look about at the views and observe the offerings of the particular season. Then I realize that my canine pal is in another world. When he depends upon his sight as I do, he often acts silly. He charges discarded sheets of newspaper and shiny tin cans, and then walks shyly away, obviously embarrassed; and goes back to his more familiar world of smells. Possibly my dog is near sighted. However, it is believed by many people that seeing ability of dogs is generally overrated.

Scientists have conducted tests to determine just how sensitive a dog’s sense of smell is. Dr. F. J. J. Buystendijk of the University of Groningen discovered that dogs were able to recognize the presence of nitrobenzol in a solution of 1/200 of one percent. And the animals were still able to recognize it when disguised with five other powerful odors, including flowers and cinnamon. The most alert dogs tested detected the odor of iodofin in a solution of one part in four million.

If you think your dog makes a nuisance of himself barking at nothing, this may mean only that he is barking at something you can hear. What he hears may be as distinct to him comparatively as a concrete mixer in operation, a few yards away, is to you. A dog’s keen sense of hearing is one reason he is so valuable to mankind, as a sentinel. His keen auditory equipment has served as a sort of natural protective radar for mankind for ages.

Scientists have reached the conclusion that the acuteness of a dog’s hearing is sixteen times that of man. One experimenter found that a dog can hear a sound easily at a distance of a mile that a man can hear at only 175 yards by straining. A typical dog can hear the ticking of a watch forty feet away.

When it comes to coursing sounds a dog’s ears are about as far ahead of ours as radar is ahead of him. His sense of pitch is the envy of many people. He can distinguish between notes one-fourth the range between two piano notes.

A dog has a lot of endurance. But actually he may not be able to take a long grind as well as his master. A dog may hunt night after night. But he takes naps in the daytime. As an animal with a highly developed brain he requires a lot of sleep. He can go for a month without food. But keep him awake for five straight days and he will die from lack of sleep. Force him to stay awake against his will and he will become neurotic.

It is devotion to friends and antagonism toward “enemies” that has endeared the dog to mankind. Yet it seems likely that both of these traits are developed along individual lines rather than that of species. There are innumerable cases of dogs mothering animals generally regarded as instinctive enemies. An almost starved fawn was found near Lufkin, Texas, and suckled by a female hound, along with her pups. Dogs have been known even to adopt racoon and skunks.

The two most devoted animals I have ever known, of the same species or otherwise, are my cocker spaniel and my half-Persian cat. The cat shows the conventional animosity toward every other dog in the community, so far as I know. And the spaniel fights every other cat that will stand, and chases all those that run. But the devotion of these two animals toward each other is touching. When they are separated for any length of time they appear disconcerted. The dog, even when hungry, will wait patiently beside the cat while he eats, to get any tidbits that might be left. Their courtesies and manners toward each other would put a lot of people to shame.

Any discussion on the intelligence of dogs is likely to be biased. To some admirers, a dog’s calculating ability—dogs the admirers have owned, that is—the canine brain rates just a few notches below the modern mechanical brains. On the other hand, Richard Hubler in an article “Dogs are Dumb,” in Coronet, February, 1954, brought this indictment against canine intelligence: dogs are below the elephant, chimpanzees and rat. Considering the many species, this appearance in fourth place (or thereafter) is no mean rating.

Dogs are alert imitators. Maybe they try to set like human beings. There is a wide difference of opinion as to the ability of dogs to understand words. But there is no question about them being influenced by human moods. Dogs take on their masters’ traits. Sensitive dog owners usually raise sensitive dogs. Nervous people almost always have nervous dogs. Boisterous, noisy people usually raise the noisiest canines of their breed.

A dog may be so affected by a jittery, high tension master that he will develop ulcers. A dog shares his master’s worries.

People should study their own temperament when selecting a canine companion.

If one is a sensitive introvert who wants delicate understanding and appreciation from a dog, then the most compatible breed might be a cocker spaniel or wire-haired terrier. But the sensitive, brooding nature of these animals will cause them to go off the deep end if they are misunderstood or abused.

If you want a dog that can take your stormy, unappreciative moods, and momentary neglect, then a Great Dane, boxer, or English bull would be the type least likely to crack up with neurotic tendencies.

We should try to be understanding and sympathetic toward our dog. It may be quite a strain on a dog, making him live a man’s life.

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OCTOBER, 1954

END
PINEY WOODS

SERENADE

SINCE the earliest days of the Republic, fox hunting and fox hunting have been an integral part of the American scene. Even before General George Washington sent to England for a pack of carefully selected fox hounds, the hills of the Old Dominion had long been ringing with the thrilling music of a pack in full cry. Down through the years, the spirit of fox hunting has maintained its hold on that segment of our population to whom the mellow rolling hunt notes of a trained hound is sweeter music than that of any other type of music in the world.

The trappings and regalia of the hunt may vary with the participants, the location, and the times, but there is one objective all fox hunters share, though it may be red coats, blue slaid or red and white; the desire to own and hunt the best hounds that breeding and care can supply.

Some twenty-eight years ago, Jesse Litton of Lenoir and Frank Drake of Mount Dora gathered together some fellow followers of the hounds to form the Florida State Foxhunters Association. The group was organized in an effort to create more interest in fox hunting and to encourage improvement of fox hounds and their training.

Each year the annual meeting of the Association has seen an increasing number of participants. Last year there were 325 dogs entered in the trials. This year at least 400 hounds and between six and eight hundred sportsmen are expected to participate in the event.

For the third consecutive year the Association will hold the meet in Wakulla and Franklin counties. Headquarters and kennels will be located at Wilson Beach Cottages on James Island, 35 miles south of Tallahassee. While holding their annual gathering about two main phases, the bench show and the running or actual hunting of the dogs. The bench show is to be sponsored jointly by the October 18th and the field trials from 7:00 A.M. until noon on the 19th, 20th, and 21st.

The courtesy of Mr. Ed Ball, President of the St. Joe Paper Company, running will again be on some 55,000 acres of prime fox hunting country owned by the company at James Island bordering the Gulf. Besides being a fox haven, the area is laced with roads making parts of the area accessible enabling all interested parties to get themselves into position to hear plenty of hound music.

The event is to be sponsored jointly by the October 18th and the field trials from 7:00 A.M. until noon on the 19th, 20th, and 21st.

The Master of Hounds, with his dog at the starting line and ears twitching the signal from the Master of Hounds to begin the hunt.

The handlers have their dogs at the starting line and ears twitching the signal from the Master of Hounds to begin the hunt.

The handlers have their dogs at the starting line and ears twitching the signal from the Master of Hounds to begin the hunt.

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for entering a dog in the trials and show. The most popular strains of fox hounds used in the southeastern states will be represented. Walkers, Jaults, Triggs, and Goodmans are the favored strains although many other types are usually on deck for the event.

Each owner has his own ideas regarding the proper training of his dogs. Pups are normally started at the age of three months and can move on to the final peak at three years of age. Many of the hounds are retired to the least strenuous fields of coon and deer hunting after they have passed their prime in the rugged activity of the fox chase.

An International Foxhunters' Stud Book is maintained so that pedigreed dogs can be registered and many pedigrees run back six or eight generations.

In the bench show, individual dogs are judged and scored on various points of conformation, as with other breeds. In the running division, individual dogs are scored on their hunting performance, speed, drive, trailing ability, and endurance. Any dog that is cast must run the full time until the hunt is called by the Master of Hounds. All participating dogs are marked with large numerals painted on their sides so that the judges during the hunting can evaluate the performance of each. This year, W. H. 'Buck' Tatum, Ripley, Mississippi will be Bench Show Judge. Dr. Geo. Christian, Forest Park, Georgia will be Ringmaster, and Don McLean, Bartow, Florida will be Master of Hounds.

A good deal of social activity takes place during the four day meet. For example, this year a dance is planned for Tuesday night. Wednesday afternoon and evening will feature a visitation of new officers and their business meeting, several wives gathering to entertain the visiting women. Thursday night will see the climax of the meet when the awards and prizes will be presented. The judges of these dogs, the judges are faced with a tremendous responsibility in picking the winners. Final decisions are pointed sometime during the evening of the final day of the trials.

The officers of the Florida State Foxhunter's Association are George A. Harris, Jacksonville; C. E. Harris, Jacksonville; Secretary-Treasurer; John Stephens, Quincy, 1st Vice President; Pat Moody, Plant City, 2nd Vice President; and Albert Mooney, Crawfordsville, 3rd Vice President. The Association has some 40 directors located throughout the state. For further information regarding the show and field trials contact either George Harris or C. E. Harris at 723 N. McDuff Ave., Jacksonville, Florida.

Even if you can not tell a Walker from a Redbone, the bench show and field trials at James Island will be an event of interest and value to every outdoorsman. Who knows, under the spell of some real old time hound dog music you too may become infected with the fox hunting bug.

END
THE GRAY FOX
(Continued From Page 31)
to the timber wolf. The other was a large, reddish-brown, known as the Florida red wolf. As late as the 1890's, these were still fairly common in the unsettled parts of the state. They died out soon thereafter, however.
A few years ago there was a report of a wolf in the Big Scrub region of Marion County. The Reptile Institute offered a $1,000 bounty, and hunters would bring the animal in alive. After several weeks of effort they finally caught it; it proved to be a coyote and not a wolf. Apparently there are no wolves left in Florida at the present time.

WHEN IS THE BEST TIME TO CATCH FISH
(Continued From Page 21)
is from 1½ to about 2½ hours. Feeding
just during the winter periods lasts about 45 minutes. Although a minor feeding period, fish—so feeding period is shorter, therefore—will probably feed the theory goes—will probably feed just as well during that time as in a longer period.
Solunar tables are available almost anywhere. Most large newspapers publish them. If you fish from these tables, however, be sure to use the adaptive information telling you how many minutes to add or subtract from the day you are fishing. You are also reminded to make your corrections by standard, not daylight saving time.
Like all theories, the Solunar one has a "but" in it. Knight warns that: 1) a falling barometer; 2) air temperature lower than water temperature; 3) high water or storm wind; 4) a cold, blustery day—any of these will throw his theory into a cocked hat. Solunar tables, he says, show fish-feeding times for normal weather only.
Of course, you can work up quite a discussion over what constitutes normal weather.

TEMPERATURE: This is a theory introduced by Mr. Robert Page Lincoln. It contends that different species of fish seek a certain temperature level in the water and in all probability can be found there. He further adds that while a certain species will spawn at one temperature level, it will not necessarily feed there. For instance, big mouth bass spawn in water temperatures of from 35-60 degrees F., but will only occasionally feed at this point. They feed best, on the other hand, at temperatures up to 70 degrees. Surface waters around the 80 degree mark force bass into deeper, cooler holes.
A special type of thermistor is required to locate water temperature levels. This gimmick has a cup-like contraption built around the thermistor itself. You lower it into the water to a level where you think fish may be and hold it there for about 5 minutes. Then bring the thermistor up quickly and take a reading. Water from the level you are examining is held in the cup-like affair and when brought to the temperature of a whole, but—by the same token, this is a kind of trout fishing I never hear mentioned when the trout fishing addicts begin raving.

RECONCILED.
So—After sampling the much touted smallmouth bass and trout fishing we do not have, I think I’ll just stay in Florida and put up with what we’ve got.
Besides, visiting anglers from the smallmouth bass and trout country keep me so busy, I probably never would have time to pack up to go anywhere.

END

SCHILLING’S FISHING
(Continued From Page 33)
Many trout fishing addicts will tell you that experience at trout fishing can hardly be called representative of trout fishing as a whole. BUT—by the same token, this is a kind of trout fishing I never hear mentioned when the trout fishing addicts begin raving.

RECONCILED.
So—After sampling the much touted smallmouth bass and trout fishing we do not have, I think I’ll just stay in Florida and put up with what we’ve got.
Besides, visiting anglers from the smallmouth bass and trout country keep me so busy, I probably never would have time to pack up to go anywhere.

END

REDDISH EGRET
(Continued From Page 7)
ined, but it is possible to make good catches when other fishermen are fishing for other species.
The Texas MUSLLER THEORY: So there you have it. Each cobbler to his last, each fisherman to his theory. I have one of my own. Briefly, it’s this:

Fishing is one of the grandest sports and hobbies known to man. It can calm the temper, soothe the mind, yet irritate you enough to keep you working. Whatever theory you hold to, the best way to catch fish is to go fishing. The guy who wets his line the longest is the one who will catch the most fish.

And above all, respect your adversary, the fish. He is a capricious creature, I don’t care what the sun, moon, or temperature says. In fishing, as in any other sport, it’s sometimes better to start with bad luck.
A friend of mine graces his office wall with one of the largest saltfish I ever saw. I was with him when he caught it, and the beautiful mounting nowhere mentions that it was foul-hooked.
The Musler Theory, in essence, is: Take your thermistor, barometer, Solunar table, moon chart, sextant, or ouija board with you, but by all means go fishing!

END

The 10 Commandments
of Safety

1. Treat every gun with the respect due a loaded gun. This is the first rule of gun safety.
2. Guns carried into camp or home, or when otherwise not in use, must always be unloaded, and taken down or have actions open; guns always should be carried in cases to the shooting area.
3. Always be sure barrel and action are clear of obstructions, and that there is only ammunition of the proper size for the gun you are carrying. Remove all oil and grease from chamber before firing.
4. Always carry your gun so that you can control the direction of the muzzle, even if you stumble; keep the safety on until you are ready to shoot.
5. Be sure of your target before you pull the trigger; know the identifying features of the game you intend to hunt.
6. Never point a gun at anything you do not want to shoot; avoid all horsplay while handling a gun.
7. Unattended guns should be unloaded; guns and ammunition should be stored separately beyond reach of children and careless adults.
8. Never climb a tree or fence or jump a ditch with a loaded gun; never pull a gun toward you by the muzzle.
9. Never shoot a bullet at a flat, hard surface, or even the surface of water; when at target practice, be sure your backstop is adequate.
10. Avoid alcoholic drinks before or during shooting.

END

FLORIDA WILDLIFE

OCTOBER, 1954

For More Fun In A Boat

Use Common Sense Afloat

KNOW YOUR BOAT
Every boat has its idiosyncrasy; never attempt what you cannot adapt from your boat.

BALANCE YOUR LOAD
Distribute weight evenly in the best way from side to side and from bow to stern.

WATCH THE WEATHER
Head for shore before a storm breaks; weight drift lines and gaffs on floor.

AVOID SHARP TURNS
Fast, sharp turns strain any engine. Make a full stop when fishing, then let off slowly.

END

39
back with a long-tailed slant and a taint of habitually bawling hounds overwhelmed Slim. Slim shot at me to get my rifle and head for my stand. He dove into the front of the jeep and hur- rowed under a jumble of equipment for his own gun, then headed at a fast trot in the direction the dogs had taken. For a few moments, the only sound from the gallberry thicket was a faint swishing sound as the dogs ranged through the brush seeking the trail. Suddenly there was a long, rolling bawl as Jester, the most interesting of the dogs, got the smell of something of interest. Immediately the other dogs took up the chorus and the chase was on. Developments came fast. From the trail the hounds immediately switched into the excited tearing rush that indicated the bear had jumped. Even above the clamor of the dogs, I could hear the noisy crash- ing of brush as the bear shifted into high not a hundred yards away. At first I remained in that crouch. I could see several of the other hunters looking back toward me. They had not had time to reach their stands before the charging hounds had fouled up the planned ambushing of the hunt. The dogs were telling the world that they had a blackie on the go. The bear was wasting no time making the killing of the bear out of the way. From the reports of the hounds the bear was running just inside the fringe of the thicket that lined the roadway. Suddenly a black shadow streaked out of the thicket and up the side of the road. I could not make out the outline of a big sized bear. The old-timers in the jeep and I eased off a quick shot that threw up a cloud of dust that gave us a front view of the bear. The black form disappeared back into the screening of the thicket. The dogs were closer now and bawling frantic- ally as though they fought the heavy brush get at the bear. A few moments later, the bruin came another try but this time it was my turn. Spotted him, two shots echoed through the woodlands. The frantic baying of the hounds in the brush was witness to the fact that Joe's wild as my own. The bear bobbed back into the brush and the frantic tempo of the hounds stepped up the tempo. The bear, evidently deciding that he could put more distance between himself and the pestiferous hounds, broke out of the thicket again and headed for the middle of the road. Anyone who figures the lumbering bulk that the bear appears to have, can not fail of seeing the bearing just hasn't seen one that is being air head or has a pack of eager for battle hounds. From where I stood I looked like a small black cloud scudding across the territory from the ground and backed by hurricane force winds. The ketchers standing in the road broke up as the bear shot past them un- noticible. That the fact that it is not due to the careful and quiet way they work that it would be, that would be one of the those feats of translation. Here are a few Seminole place names that are not names of things in the Creek lan- guage, somewhat mispronounced, Apopka, means fishing place; Bitho, a dugout canoe; Chassowahoochee, a large prairie; Chok- cokkee, marked rocks; Chok- cokkee, deserted house; Chuhota, fort; Econfina, earth bridge (nat- ural bridge); Efaw, dog; Fenhollo- way, high foot-log; Hatchineha, cy- press tree; Untah, turtles, ibis, ta- ha, red men; Loxahatchee, terrapin river, Narroosee, a black bear; Oka- cola, little bad water; Ockla- wahla, boggy; Panamaflkee, deep val- ley; Talasahehe, old town; Tala Apoka, bass eating place; Wac- hoo, cow bar; Weekwichee, little spring (this word alliterates), spring; Wehauta, yellow water; Wewa- hatches, water view; Yahla, orange. Several Florida Indian place names are from the Muskogee language. This Seminole-Creek word means, literally, "there some there." Wacosa means "some covers there," as we might say, "cow place." Thono- tosassa means a place. Thono- tosassa is generally translated "pepper place;" but the present-day Seminoles tell us that the original form of the name meant "whiskey place." A few names are in the Muskogee language. The best known is Oke- chobee, "big water." In some cases, the early white settlers just assumed the Seminole names at hand, and instead labeled them, T u s a, Wewa- baysyati, Crystal River; Thilthoth-a-popka-hach, Tampa, became Fish- eating Creek; Talasahehe, long bears river, became Peace River; Yahla-hach, wolf river, became Wolf Creek. Quite a few places are named for the Seminoles or the leaders. Thus, a number of Seminole County and Osce- ola County, Florida, names in Pasco County, is named for Apa- yauh, one of the last Seminole leaders. Emathia, a name probably was named for Tasla Emathia ("Charlie Emathia").

- Florida wildlife

- Lake County, the Sioux Indian horsemanship of Seminole's poem, "Song of Hiawatha." We even have a com- mended called Petaluma (Dade County) "chippewa" was formerly a town in California, with a name derived from the language of the Coastal Miwok Indians. Shasta (Ley County) is another California name, this time from the language of the Klamath Indians. Many of our lakes, rivers, and communities is named for Indians tribes: Catawba, Euchee, Erie, Mo- hawk, Minnecoo, Secotan, Seneca, and Shawnee. Of this lot, the only the Euchee and Muscogee (i.e., the Yu- choke and Muskogee) ever lived in Florida. Geographic names can be contro- versial subjects. Unfortunately, many of them were "translated" long ago by people who really knew very little of languages and who made some serious mistakes. Some erroneous translations have been handed down and are often faith-
The Amberjack and Jim Branch

(Continued from Page 18)

took Branch more than 28 minutes before the giant fish finally struck and when it did, Jim knew he had tumbled into one of the toughest saltwater warriors he had ever encountered.

Fortunately for Branch, the Inlet was fairly calm. At times the tide races through it at a lively pace, and had that been the case that day, Branch would have played the savage fighter with all the skill he had accumulated over the years.

The battle lasted for 25 minutes, with both men praying that the line wouldn’t break, the hook wouldn’t pull out, the leader wouldn’t snap, or half a dozen other things wouldn’t happen.

Nothing catastrophic did happen, and Branch finally subdued the Amberjack.

Back at the dock, amid the ooohs and aaahs of a large group of musclemen, the Amberjack’s tackle was filled out and signed to the International Game Fish Assn.
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OUTBOARD BRONZE BACKS

We were all-square with seven each by 7:15 and needed only two more for our limit, but the slack period came as I expected. During the next two hours one more bass was added to the list but many were hung and lost in our effort to report a two man limit catch. Every bass had that unusual body heat that is unfamiliar to cold blooded species of nature.

The sun was setting down from a cloudy sky but the speed of the motor supplied artificial breeze as we headed north for Welaka. The fifteen bass attracted our admiring eyes many times before reaching the dock at 10:13 am.

TeRonde carried the heavyweight title with 6½ pounds while I tallied with four over the 4 pound class. All others were good size to give us a total weight of 47 lbs. 6 oz.

There may be plenty of folks that might advise not to fish in Florida during the summer months, but none will ever be able to convince Al TeRonde that 85 degrees will stop the blazin' bronzebacks from biting when they're hungry. END.

Fennockers today in the picnic area at Manatee Springs State Park, on the Suwannee river, near Chiefland, roast their steaks, toast their marshmallows, and enjoy their sandwiches where Indians 800 years ago roasted venison, ate shellfish, and made stew of marrow and coconut roots.

FLORIDA WILDLIFE WILDLIFE

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FEDERATION ANNUAL MEETING TO BE HELD IN LEESBURG OCT. 9-10

Dr. Wilber on Gulf Committee

Dr. H. R. Wilber, President of the Federation, has been appointed to serve on the Salt Water Research Committee of Marine Laboratory. The Federation has been very active in the organization of lay groups to aid the scientific efforts to control RED TIDE. The Federation has been instrumental in increasing the scientific horizon by interesting more money sources and in more facilities in the study of Red Tide. Dr. Wilber and members of the Federation have met with the original Beaches Organizational Committee, which has grown the Gulf Coast Coordinating Committee. They have also met with the Scientists, specifically interested in Red Tide study, from the U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service, Miami University, University of Florida and the University of Tampa.

Fifth District Elects Officers

The Fifth District Sportmen's Association held a recent meeting held in Apopka, elected Don Southwell President, George Welch, Vice-President, and Jack Mills, Secretary-Treasurer. Palding is a member of the New Smyrna Beach Gun Club and Mills is a member of the Orange County Sportmen's Association. Comprising 12 counties and more than 30 sportmen's clubs, the Fifth District Association has been active in Conservation for the past five years. The Club was organized in Orlando in June, 1949, when Bill Follett was elected its first President.

A 8 BOYS, my brother and I lived with my grand- mother who was a very strict woman. There were two things she disliked intensely: the Devil and a dog. So we had to steal our dogs and Uncle Albert was the only two available.

What breed they were none of us knew, not even my uncle. They were not bulldogs, hounds, feists, nor collies. They were mongrels with a bit more hound than hound, and a little more collie than feist. The male, Buck, was white with light brown ears and a smear of brown on his tail. Nick, the female, was cream-furred brown with light lemon ears.

My brother and I used to sneak up the back fence behind my uncle's place and steal his dogs by giving them a series of long, low whistles. This was against my uncle's rules and we were never quite sure what measures he would take if he caught us in the act. We knew he would not be pleased but whatever pain he might deal out could never compare with the pleasure we got in taking the dogs hunting.

This particular early fall day we caught Grandmother busy in the kitchen so we beat it to the old fence behind Uncle Albert's house.

"Tell the whistlin'," my brother said. He was bigger than I and could whistle much better.

"Okay," I said, "but not too loud. I don't want Uncle Albert startin' on me this evenin'."

So my brother let it rip a couple of times. Pretty soon I could see the dogs looking toward us across the new plowed field. They came on and jumped the fence and headed their heads and hugged them and then off for the creek as fast as we could go.

At first the dogs hit the creek and had a beautiful time running up and down on both sides of the stream, in the brier patches on the edge of the fields, then back in the thicket along the creek banks. My brother went up the creek on one side and I went up on the other. We were armed with slingshots and clay capacitors, the best hunting equipment a boy ever ran into. We were looking for rabbits. I don't recall that we ever killed any, but I do recall we had a whole collection of fun looking for them.

The most fun was when the dogs would jump one and the rabbit, being clever, would strike for the creek bed and give the dogs the slip. Then my brother and I would close in on the thicket and try to get the rabbits for the dogs. Many times we spent the whole afternoon chasing one rabbit from one brier patch to another until sundown and we couldn't see anymore.

And we'd troop home as tired as two old soldiers home from the wars. It was great fun.

Today I have a funny feeling about hunting. A lot of times when we were hunting we were just having fun. I catch myself saying, "Well, the thrill of the hunt is not so much in the killing as it is in just being out in the woods." I think most men love to hunt but only a few would tell you they hunt primarily to kill.

This afternoon the dogs jumped a rabbit and it made a dash for a patch of briar thicket right on the creek bed. My brother and I, thinking the dogs would soon get it, backed up a couple of paces and held our slingshots ready.

But the rabbit didn't come out. Instead, Nick, the female, came out. She was limping and whining in a very poor, pitiful state. She held up her left foot like it was broken and came straight to my brother and tried to give it to him.

"What's the matter, Nick?" he said, kneeling down and taking the paw.

"Maybe she stuck a thorn in her foot," I suggested. He turned her foot up and took a good look at the padded bottom. Nothing there.

Then up on her shoulder I saw what the trouble was. I didn't know for sure right then but the next few hours taught me that I was right.

"Look at this," I said.

"What?"

"This blood," I said. "She was just on a big drop of blood on the thick hair of her shoulder. It wasn't running blood. It was just one drop, hanging there, still, like when you poke a needle into a vein."

By this time Nick was lying flat on the leaves, holding her foot delicately up in the sunlight and whimpering when she could not touch it. My brother said, "Gosh, you're right! Give me your handkerchief."

Pam what he wanted to do. He wanted to put a tourniquet on her leg. We had studied all about that in science class at school.

"It's no use, Dave," I said. "The bite is too high up on her leg."

Then he asked me what he meant. There was no possible way to do it. The bite was on her shoulder and the flow of blood couldn't be cut off either way.

"Well, then," Dave said, "the only other thing left to do is to take a pocket knife and slit the bite circles."
I stepped back. Dave raised his stick, drew back, and struck with a wallop. He missed, and as he did, the moccasin reared its head. The air seemed to be inching toward us.

Buck discovered what was going on and came up behind the snake from the creek. We shouted for him to get back and, being a very obedient dog, he backed away slowly. Dave struck again with his stick. This time he struck the snake across the back but the stick shattered.

The moccasin was mad. It reared higher, looking at us and coming closer. Dave and I looked everywhere for another stick but neither of us could find one that would do any good. Finally I got scared because the snake was now closer and closer.

"Get him, Buck," I shouted.

Buck leaped from where he was standing right onto the back of the moccasin and started to chipping and slashing at his head so fast I could hardly tell what was going on. Every time Buck would snap at him, the snake would back out of reach until finally Buck got back of the snake's head in his mouth and that was the end.

Dave and I couldn't move. We just stood there scared and watching Buck. He stood right there in his tracks for a long time tearing and pulling the snake's dead body into angry little shreds.

When it was over, Buck was dead. Buck went over to her briefly, looked and sniffed, and then went back to the snake to shake it some more. He was as upset as we were and took his anger out on the snake's dead body.

Dave and I knew we had to do it. We took Nick home on a brush sack and got Albert. We called him out to the porch and he looked down at Nick.

Stuttering, stammering, and on the verge of tears, we tried to tell him that he tried to tell him how deep our sorrow was and how we would do anything if it would make it up for us.

Uncle Albert stood there in the half dark with the light from the open door behind him making him look awfully big and tall. He didn't say anything for several moments and when he finally did, his voice was low and gentle.

"It's alright boys," he said, "I've known every time you took one off. But I was a boy too." Buck moved up the steps, brushed himself against Uncle Albert's leg and looked up into his face. "Dave," said Uncle Albert, "go get the shovel."
There is nothing difficult about these commandments. They are just common sense, everyday precautions that should guide every hunter. Hunting "accidents" result from negligence or ignorance; from failure to observe the caution indicated when handling any lethal weapon. Adherence to the Ten Commandments of Safety will assure pleasurable sport for the army of hunters taking to the fields, forests, lakes, and marshes. Help do your part to keep hunting a healthy, enjoyable form of recreation rather than a life insurance agent's nightmare.

---

WILDLIFE TRADING POST

Real Estate for Sale

Dolphin Hammock Camp Site. One of the finest sites on the Indian River, just a short walk from the public beach, and a 15 minute boat ride to the Atlantic Ocean. Price $3000.00. Write or call L. D. Goode, 404-296-7030.

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Fishing in Season

DIREC'TOR'S DESK

(Continued from Page 8)

END

RIVERS & LEWIS

FISHING in Season

FOUR ROOMS

FLORIDA WILDLIFE'S

FLORIDA WILDLIFE MAGAZINE

"for that BIG ONE" that DIDN'T get away

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All fish must be taken from the freshwater rivers of the State of Florida, as defined by the Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission. Fish must be caught on conventional fishing equipment, with or without tackle, with or without artificial or live bait, in the presence of at least one witness.


cut out and save this application blank

APPLICATION FOR FLORIDA WILDLIFE FISHING CITATION

The Editor, Florida Wildlife, Tallahassee, Florida

Please send the Florida Wildlife Fish Commission this signed application

titled below:

Name:

Address:

Species of Fish: Weight:

Length:

Type of Tackle, Bait Used:

Where Caught:

Date:

Cath Witnessed by:

Registered, Weighted by:

(Signature of Applicant)

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