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1954
Vol. 8 Issue 6
November
In this Issue

Florida's 1954-55 Hunting Program
The Story of American Waterfowl
Hunting Safety
Florida's Water Wolves
Dead Aim For Deer
What It Was, Was Warsaw
The Singing Bait Goes South
Big Cypress Grab Bag
Florida's Vanishing Snaihawk
If You Kill It, Get It
Around The State
Florida's Field Trials

Departments

STRIKES AND BACKLASHES
JUNIOR CONSERVATIONIST
DIRECTOR'S DESK
KNOW YOUR WILDLIFE
WILDLIFE TESTS AND TELLS

Florida Wildlife is published monthly by the Florida Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission, Tallahassee, Fla. Single copy, 25c; subscription rates, $1.50 per year. Changes of address should be sent to editor. Unclaimed first-class advertising rates address. They shall be handled with care.

The December issue will again contain many interesting and factual items concerning hunting and fishing from around the Sunshine State. In addition to the nine regular departments, there will be many feature articles with the emphasis on hunting.

Do not miss one single issue of the Florida Magazine for All Sportsmen. Subscribe to Florida Wildlife now and receive a full year's armchair hunting and fishing. If you are pondering upon the idea of Christmas gifts, read page 8 of this issue. A year's subscription to Florida Wildlife makes a perfect Christmas gift.

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FLORIDA PRESS ASSOCIATION

RODEO TALLAHASSEE
Thank you again for the application for the fishing citation and keep your great magazine coming.

Julian H. Smith
2d Lt., Inf.,
DefLand, Fl.

Dear Stu,

I have fished out of the same camp for over 20 years, but now this camp is no more and I am looking for a new place to fish. What I am trying to find is a camp off the main road—where I can get meals, lodgings and a good guide. I fish for bass with a casting rod and artificial bait and am satisfied if I have a chance to hook a big one occasionally. Also like to fish for bass and Report with a cane pole. The place I hope to find need not be elaborate but comfortable with plain meals. I usually fish about one week per month.

My mailing address is 1153 Drew Street, Clearwater, Florida.

A. V. Smith

T

The BIG NEWS for this month is the meeting of the State League Board of Directors in Marathon, November 5, 6, 7. The Board members—in case you have forgotten—are Charles Scurry, Jr., President; Walter Krueger, Vice President; Secretary, Cathlyn M Cain; John C. Kennedy, Treasurer; Carl M. Penner, Director; Colin McLaughlin; and the past president, Don Hendron.***

By this time you will have received a directory of the clubs in the State. If you find your club listed with an address that is incorrect or that one is not complete, please send a post card to the writer in Williston, Box 77.

We would like to issue a more complete directory sometime in January of 1955. For this directory a form will be sent to all clubs asking for the information to make the directory the best it can be.

Make use of your directory. Drop your associated clubs a line. Find out what the clubs are doing. Get acquainted with your next door neighbors—perhaps they are within the same county or next to you. Drop in and pay a visit.***

Club Material

Are you getting your material sent to you? That's so important secretaries. Many valuable hours are spent in typing, cutting stencils, operating the mimeograph machine, mailing, etc. Let us know if you are not on the receiving line. Tell your Information and Education Officers.

Welcome New Clubs:

During the month of September, six new clubs were added to our roster. We now have a total of 45 Clubs in the State of Florida.

By DENVER STE. CLAIRE

Over at Cedar Key the young men and girls organized themselves with a membership of 63. And call their club the Cedar Key Shakers Jr. Conservation Club.

Officers elected: Perry Kirkland, President; Stephen Feuing, Vice Pres.; Carolyn Wedley, Secretary; Benny Rogers, Treasurer; Directors: Shelby Young, H. Castell, Don Richburg, Advisors: Miss Josephine Packer.

The initial meeting for organization was most successful and all of these young members hasten to tell all of you that you will be hearing from them from time to time. At this meeting representatives from the State Board of Conservation were on hand and hope to do something as a joint project. Agents H. V. Gibson and Leo Collins were there to talk to the newly organized club.

Dunnellon School has started out with a bang. They not only organize one club but two yes. air, gang, they have organized two units within the school. Grades six and seven are organized into one unit and they are banded together.

Here's a report on their first organized meeting:

The upper grades voted to call themselves the Dunnellon Jr. Sportsman Club and elected the following officers:

President: Austin Porter
Vice president: Billy Markham
Secretary: Richard Dickinson
Directors: Thomas Miller, Ronnie Cumby

Advisors: Coach Howell Perkins Members: 22

The second unit organized at Dunnellon School is the Dunnellon Jr. Wildlife Club (grades 4-7). Officers elected:

President: Patricia Gresham
Vice: Fay Shipp
Secretary: Evelyn Phillips
Treasurer: Sandra Hayes
Director: Sharron Hutchins, Sylvia Drablow, Shirley Roberts

Adviser: Mr. W. Brown Members: 37

The Oklawaha-We ledsale Club had its first initial meeting for the purpose of organizing and will send in their roster of officers and directors as soon as they are in order.

At Perry Elementary School (sixth grade), Organized September 16. Number of officers hasn't been sent in for this issue but they have 38 members both boys and girls.

Advisor to the group is Mr. Allen Powell, Assistant Principal of the School, Co-advisor W. O. Mack Cook.

Over at the Faby Jr. High School in Perry another club was organized. Age level 12-16. Membership is at 37—all boys. Organized September 23.

Advisor is Coach Hendry, Co-advisor is Mack Cook, W. O. Mack Cook meets the 2nd and 4th Thursday of each month, And the Jr. High unit meets the 2nd Friday of each month.

League Dues:

Many of the clubs throughout the state are still tardy in getting their league dues in. The fiscal year started on July 1, 1954, and ends June 30, 1955. Clubs that have paid their dues (Continued on Page 88).
DON'T FORGET

JUNIOR CONSERVATION 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 postpaid to FLORIDA WILDLIFE, Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission, Tallahassee, Florida.
3. Each essay must contain a minimum of 500 words.
4. Each entry 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. The subject students in division one will write about "what will conservation mean to me."
b. The subject students in division two will write about "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 — GRADERS 5 TO 8

FIRST PRIZE — $75.00 Value
Phoenix Water Scope
Assorted Lucky 7 Hooks and Leaders
Manning Shrimp Lures
L & B Bait-O-Lures
Clark Spoon
Chase Spin Dilly
Barracuda Sparker-A-Lure
South Bend Super Duper

SECOND PRIZE — $40.00 Value
Phoenix Water Scope
Assorted Lucky 7 Hooks and Leaders
Manning Shrimp Lures
L & B Bait-O-Lures
Clark Spoon
Chase Spin Dilly
Barracuda Sparker-A-Lure
South Bend Super Duper

SECOND DIVISION — GRADERS 9 TO 12

FIRST PRIZE — $75.00 Value
Pflieger Frigate Spinning Reel
South Bend Casting Rod
Assorted Lucky 7 Hooks and Leaders
Manning Shrimp Lures
L & B Bait-O-Lures
Clark Spoon
Chase Spin Dilly
Barracuda Sparker-A-Lure
South Bend Super Duper

SECOND PRIZE — $40.00 Value
Pflieger Frigate Spinning Reel
South Bend Casting Rod
Assorted Lucky 7 Hooks and Leaders
Manning Shrimp Lures
L & B Bait-O-Lures
Clark Spoon
Chase Spin Dilly
Barracuda Sparker-A-Lure
South Bend Super Duper

FIRST DIVISION — GRADERS 5 TO 8

THIRD PRIZE — $25.00 Value
Large Kedding Perpetual Minnow Bucket
Assorted Lucky 7 Hooks and Leaders
10 Assorted Lures and Spoon
Manning Shrimp Lures
Clark Spoon
Chase Spin Dilly
Barracuda Sparker-A-Lure
South Bend Super Duper
FISHERMAN'S HANDBOOK
DICTIONARY OF FISHES
1 Year Subscription FISHERMAN Magazine
1 Year Subscription FLORIDA WILDLIFE

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

FIFTH PRIZE — $12.00 Value
Fresh Water Fishing (book)
FISHERMAN'S HANDBOOK
DICTIONARY OF FISHES
3 Assorted Lures and Spoon
Manning Shrimp Lures
Clark Spoon
South Bend Super Duper
1 Year Subscription FISHERMAN Magazine
1 Year Subscription FLORIDA WILDLIFE

SECOND DIVISION — GRADERS 9 TO 12

THIRD PRIZE — $25.00 Value
Plastic Gun Case
Assorted Lucky 7 Hooks and Leaders
10 Assorted Lures and Spoon
Manning Shrimp Lures
Clark Spoon
Chase Spin Dilly
Barracuda Sparker-A-Lure
South Bend Super Duper
FISHERMAN'S HANDBOOK
DICTIONARY OF FISHES
1 Year Subscription FISHERMAN Magazine
1 Year Subscription FLORIDA WILDLIFE

FOURTH PRIZE — $15.00 Value
Min-O-Pump
4 Assorted Lures and Spoon
Manning Shrimp Lures
Clark Spoon
South Bend Super 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
3 Assorted Lures and Spoon
Manning Shrimp Lures
Clark Spoon
South Bend Super 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.

FLORIDA WILDLIFE
WHO said Christmas comes but once a year?

A GIFT SUBSCRIPTION TO
Florida WILDLIFE
12 THRILLING $2.00
ISSUES

HERE'S HOW IT'S DONE:
FILL IN YOUR LIST NOW, ATTACH CHECK OR MONEY ORDER AND MAIL TO:
FLORIDA WILDLIFE MAGAZINE
Tallahassee, Florida

ATTRACTION GIFT CARD
HAND ADDRESSED AND SIGNED WITH YOUR NAME, ACCOMPANIES FIRST ISSUE OF EACH GIFT SUBSCRIPTION.

WRAPPING AND MAILING FREE
SIMPLY SEND US $2.00 FOR EACH NAME ON YOUR LIST AND WE'LL DO ALL THE WORK.

No List Too Large or Too Small
SO THAT WE CAN GET YOUR GIFTS OUT ON TIME—

DON'T WAIT
DO IT NOW!

Says "Merry Christmas" over and over again throughout the year!

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Last month on this page the importance of observing the common sense rules of firearms handling was emphasized. At this writing, marsh hen hunting, the first half of our split dove season, and two special bear hunts are well under way. The waterfowl season and the general game seasons are not far off. Between the pages of Florida Wildlife you will see continuous reminders concerning hunting courtesy and safety. Observation of these rules of courtesy and conduct with firearms not only marks a person as a good sportsman but also could well mean the difference between an enjoyable experience afield and a trip blackened by tragedy that could have been avoided.

Under a progressive program of game management, our wildlife populations continue to show a most satisfactory increase. The game is there for you to harvest; this should be a banner year for the nimrod. When in the field, let safety be your byword. A bountiful game harvest is in the offing. Absence of hunting casualties is in your hands. Let's make the 1954-55 hunting season the best and safest yet.

Now let us take a look at Florida's public hunting program for this season.

Besides the thousands of acres of private lands that are open to hunting, the Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission has available for your enjoyment 2,842,000 acres of prime hunting territory in 20 game management areas. These public hunting grounds are distributed throughout the state from Eglin Air Force Reservation in northwest Florida to the Everglades and Collier Management areas at the southern end of the peninsula.

We have prepared for your guidance, a map of the state indicating the management areas which will be open to hunting this year and listing the principal game species available on each. The map and a chart listing fees and other pertinent information appears in this issue of Florida Wildlife; thus you will have plenty of time to include a trip to one or more of these public hunting grounds in your planning for the coming season.

Last month we listed the complete rules and regulations governing the management of hunts. The rules and regulations are now available in pamphlet form. Anyone desiring a copy of the 1954-55 game regulations may obtain same by mailing a request to me or to your Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission division director.

This summary will acquaint you with information that will remove any doubt of what is right and what is wrong in the particular area you plan to hunt.

You will save yourself the embarrassment of violations which may occur through ignorance of the law and will help to promote better enforcement relations which are required of sound conservation.

There is no reason why any hunter should not be aware of our hunting regulations. They are made for a definite reason with your hunting future in mind. In some cases, such as waterfowl and dove regulation, the laws are set by the U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service.

This means that Federal wardens, along with our own wildlife officers will be prepared to prosecute all violations and seek full penalty for failure to comply with the regulations.

Educate yourself to the importance of safety in the handling of firearms, know your game laws thoroughly and we will all rejoice in a happy and successful Florida hunting season.
In addition to a regular hunting license, a bargain priced $5.00 Public Hunt Permit gives the nimrod access to most of the 2,843,000 acres of public shooting grounds. Exceptions are the C. M. Webb Management Area where a $5.00 daily permit is required, the Everglades Area where there is no fee charged, the St. Marks Area where the charge in $3.00 per day for each of the two one-day hunts allowed the individual hunter during the season, and the Eglin Air Force Management Area where the Air Force hunt permit costs only $2.00.

Maps and regulations regarding each of the 20 State Management Areas are available from the Game & Fresh Water Fish Commission, Tallahassee.

**Typical of the 2,843,000 acres of prime hunting territory encompassed by the 20 State Game Management Areas open to hunters this season are the three areas covered by the maps on this page.**

The Ocala Area located in Marion and Putnam Counties is outstanding for the large number of deer found on its 115,000 acres of open hunting territory. The Avon Park Game Management Area located in Polk and Highlands Counties boasts an exceptional quail population located on its 58,000 acres of choice bobwhite habitat that will be available to Florida’s hunters. The Collier Game Management Area in southwestern Florida contains 300,000 acres of unusually good turkey territory where the aspiring hunter will have better than an even chance to bring to bag one or more of the wily, bearded gobblers.
Until ready to hunt, keep your guns in their carrying cases, with their actions open.door loading up for actual hunting, take time to glance through the sights; make sure that it is free of a forgotten cleaning rod; be sure it is charged. Also, be sure, too, that the shells you carry are the proper size—not mixed 12 ga., 16 ga., and 20 ga.

For personal safety, many hunters wear bright red or vivid yellow caps and add a large square of the same color to back of hunting coat, to keep from being mistaken for game by over-anxious hunters in the same area. It is a good idea!

When loading a double-barrel shotgun, bring the stock up to meet the angle of the downward pointed barrels to close the action; in the interest of safety to companions, never flip the barrels up to meet the stock and breech sections—changes the direction of the pointed barrels sharply and often dangerously.

A cardinal rule of hunting safety is to be sure of your target before you squeeze off the shot. To be able to recognize a legal target quickly, familiarize yourself with the identifying features of the game you intend to hunt.

When you and your hunting companion come to a fence that must be climbed, open the actions of your guns and let one man hold both until the other is safely on the other side; then pass the guns—actions still open—across the fence. If you happen to be alone, open the gun's action and pass your weapon through first, carefully laying it on a flat surface. Then climb the fence at a point a few feet away, and walk over and pick up your gun and re-lead.

These hunters, shown stopping for a chat, are violating the rules of gun safety in as many different ways. Any of them might lead to a bed in a hospital or a dash at the morgue. When stopping to talk, keep guns pointed away from all persons, yourself included.

Left: Though you may go through an entire season without seeing a single snake, it is wise to wear either light-weight, detachable snakeproof leggins, like these, or high top leather boots, when hunting in country that might harbor big rattlers.

Below: A dangerous situation this! If the man climbing through the fence, gun loaded and breech closed, should stumble, his helpful friend on the other side might easily get a hole blown through his middle—provided he didn't shoot himself in the foot first!

Above: Don't use your gun to push back brush when searching for a lost kill. The trigger might catch on a twig and fire your weapon, with possibly disastrous results. Also, if you should get a hit or some other obstruction in the muzzle end, a stopped gun muzzle can mean a burst barrel on the next shot.

Left: After your hunt, or when walking to a new stop for weather try, unlock all guns and replace them in their protective cases, actions open. Notice how two of the hunters in the picture are carefully unfolding their guns, with barrels pointing away from selves and companions.

HUNTING SAFETY
WOLVES

WATER

By BOB DAHNE

FLORIDAS
DEAD AIM FOR DEER

By EDMUND McLAURIN

A Winchester model 12 pump gun reception sight-equipped for
higher front sights...and with a pump, too. The gun pictured
features its slug remarkably well-conducted field shots.

gun perform like a rifle. To hit with a rifle one must
aim precisely and have the rifle's sights adjusted so
that the weapon will shoot where it is aimed. For
the rifleman, there must be the critical alignment of
a front and rear sight if real accuracy is to be had.
No matter how fast one may make a shot, the rifleman
time he squeezes the trigger. The shotgunner, on
the other hand, knowing that he is releasing a large
pattern shot in the direction of his target, can more
or less be certain of his shots. His multiple shot load
tends to offset reasonably minor errors in pointing.
How a shotgun pattern depends to a great extent on
the degree of choke in its barrel and how that boring
handles a particular shell loading. This choke is
produced in a shotgun's breech, nor in the full
length of its barrel, but by decreasing the diameter
of the barrel a few thousandths of an inch near the
nozzle. To a shooter possessing good sense of touch,
this constriction can frequently be felt with one's in-
serted finger; most assuredly it can be felt when a
tight fitting cleaning patch is pushed forward and
through the barrel from the breech end. Most
pronounced is the muzzle constriction of a Full Choke
boring, and progressively less in severity as one makes
the test of guns bored Improved Modified, Modified
Improved Cylinder and Cylinder, the five degrees of
choke in order, gaining in severity. Shot bolted as
made by Remington and others, is an entirely sep-
apart, and claimed full length of the barrel.

Regardless of choke boring, a shot charge in flight
assumes the shape of a three-dimensional cylinder
and the maximum number of shot in a relatively short
column from front to rear.

(Continued on Next Page)

The Williams receiver-
shape shotgun sight. The
model features a remov-
able insert to permit the
shooter instantly adapt-
ing the sight to various
hunt conditions. The
Lynx model also has this
feature.

Shells that ordinarily throw rifled slugs also are intended
target shells for the shotgunner, and can frequently be made
suitable for game hunting. Given a little assistance from an
adjustable, Posi- sight is installed on a shotgun that the front
main defect of a shotgun the forward slugs—the bringing of the point of
bias to correct it is corrected. Two-first-shot
slugs, 12-gauge. Slugs fired at fifty yards, fed through a popular
make 12 gauge pump.

large target, but he can travel fast and far. To kill
him quickly you must hit him hard in the neck, chest
avity or in the region of one of his vital spots, largest of
and most preferred, is the heart shot. You cannot hit in
any of these areas, however, if you or your gun
saphaelly.

Due to the shape of their stocks and their sight lines,
shots, shotshell hunters shoot low. A
third group represents guns that shoot "dead on"—
perfect for Skeet and Trap shooting.

For shotgunners will throw shot charges to a common
center that coincides with a dead on point of aim. You
could unceremoniously call it a dozen shoots for
ordinary shots, however, striking and penetrating vital
organs with a buckshot load is largely a matter of
luck, and crippling shots—and lost deer—are mat-
ters of all too frequent record.

For shots of fifty yards or more, buckshot have
one strike against them before they even start for
their distant target. They're round.

Now, when a projectile is round, like the old style
cannon balls and the modern small shot used in ordi-

ary shotguns, velocity falls off rapidly, due to the
increased air resistance over that encountered by an
elaborate rifled barrel. Killing range of a round ball
is correspondingly reduced as its forward velocity is
slowed and its hitting power is diminished (by fric-
tion). That's what happens to each of the 16 or less
buckshot contained in a load. If he looks over a rifled
12 gauge shotgun shell—and killing power depends
on penetration to vital areas. Buckshot simply do not
have the power to penetrate the flesh, bone, clothing
or the heavy rifled shotgun slug, except, as already
pointed out, in a tight pattern at very close range.

The rifled shotgun slug is an American Hunting Perfor-
amance record, dating back to one of the earliest models, the
German-developed Buck-eye, introduced early in this century and still available through the
A. F. Stoeger Arms Co. of New York.

At sixty yards, the Buck-eye shell ricard enough to
penetrate about seven inches of pine, a wallow
combining great shocking power with inflicted havoc.

The 12 ga., 115 grain slug, and 2755 foot pounds of
muzzle energy. The slug weighs 478 grains, has a conical head and a
sharp shoulder and flat base. The stabilizing flight grooves are spiraled along the slug's flat sides, to give it a
spinning motion in flight.

Though longer ranges are claimed for it, any deer
ekilled beyond sixty yards with a shotgun slug will be
in the nature of a long shot. At an average one
Under sixty yards, and accurately chambered, the
rifle slug can be deadly.

Compared to the Buck-eye, our American-made
rifled slugs in 12 ga. size have an average muzzle
velocity of around 1470 feet per second and an energy
range that goes as high as a buck's heart shot with all the
smashing power you need to knock down
Florida deer for keeps at average ranges—provided
you hit your target.

Physically, the Florida whitetail deer is a relatively

The model B Redding sight, made for pump and auto-loaders her-
by Streamlined receiver, like the Winchester model 50, the IMCO
7, Remington 870 and 11-48 and guns of similar receiver design.

A. F. Stoeger model C 12 gauge shotgun receiver sight-equipped for
higher front sights and with a pump, too. The gun pictured
features its slug remarkably well-conducted field shots.

A Winchester model 12 pump gun reception sight-equipped for
higher front sights...and with a pump, too. The gun pictured
features its slug remarkably well-conducted field shots.

A Winchester model 12 pump gun reception sight-equipped for
higher front sights...and with a pump, too. The gun pictured
features its slug remarkably well-conducted field shots.
Like other sizes of shot, buckshot fired at a target don't all get there at once. At the end of the flight, as with other shot sizes, will travel farther and give more penetration. With shot that hit the rifle barrel, or the rifled shotgun slug, will maintain velocity better and be deflected less than a round shot ball of the same weight.

Unless your shotgun has a very cold, closed-choke barrel, and only in the very closest of "off brand" models, you can't hurt your shotgun's choke by using rifled slugs. The extra accuracy is made up, and the rifled slugs can be very deadly in practical hunting ranges; without rear sight assistance the buck hunters may take paths traveling wide of the target. In shoulder-punishing tests conducted by this department, more than 250 shotgun slugs were fired through seven different makes and models of 12 and 16 gauge shotguns, with and without rear sights, on ranges that averaged fifty to sixty-five yards from a sandbag rest. Results showed that, without a rear sight, only one of the guns tested handled the bullet straight and well, and the big bullets in a reliable killing pattern consistent with the point of aim taken. The others threw the heavy lead according to their whim. But there were in some semblance of a tight pattern—yes!—but the groupings were invariably too high, too low and too far to one side. Some combination thereof. One double, lacking a rear sight, determinedly threw the rifled slugs wide of the fifty yards. After a folding-type, open rear sight had been carefully positioned and screwed to its rib, the same double2 grouped all its slugs within an inch or less to a central area at the same distance. The true ability of the side-by-side double was brought out when the open rear sight was added. This gun, that because double has two different choke bores, with tubes aligned to crossfire at a certain range, slug performance in any double, with or without sights, is that it can shoot two different patterns and disappoint depending on how a double cooperates with the rifle barrel. The intended mark is necessary to make a double and slug a workable combination the tests showed. Performance with pump guns and auto- loaders was something else again. Some of the tested repeaters grouped their slugs within a 3 9/16 inch circle at fifty yards; however, it is that because poorer than 3 1/4 inch inclusive spread for five shot striking at that, four of the seven, one of which was fitted with a Weaver 1X scope, averaged within a six inch circle at seventy-five yards! With all of the guns that tested it an easy matter to bring the slug groups to point of aim, making otherwise mediocre weapons deadly for deer within sensible range. When a rear sight was in- stalled, the first main defect of each tested gun, the bringing up the post of the bullet impact to coincide with point of aim, was corrected. It seems a little illogical, therefore, for the deer- seeking shotgunner to spend time and money for equipment, hunting license, ammunition and trans- portation and then not invest the additional five dollars.

There is no guarantee of accurate slug performance with any manufacturer's, or gun editor's, choke recoiling in the open rear sight. If choke that will give the best accuracy to rifled slugs can be determined only by shooting. If there are no clearly different pattern slugs exactly the same, even when of the same make and marked barrelling, this can fail to be the same degree of choke. That's why it is important to put up a large cardboard with imposed targets and do a little pre- season shotgun patternning, whether you plan to shoot deer or dove. From experience we shooters have learned not to rely solely to choke being stabilized on a gun or selective choke device, but to judge a gun's true choke by shot pattern performance alone.

How accurate are rifled shotgun slugs? With proper sights, the heavy, specialized cartridges can be very deadly in practical hunting ranges; without rear sight assistance the buck hunters may take paths traveling wide of the target. In shoulder-punishing tests conducted by this department, more than 250 shotgun slugs were fired through seven different makes and models of 12 and 16 gauge shotguns, with and without rear sights, on ranges that averaged fifty to sixty-five yards from a sandbag rest. Results showed that, without a rear sight, only one of the guns tested handled the bullet straight and well, and the big bullets in a reliable killing pattern consistent with the point of aim taken. The others threw the heavy lead according to their whim. But there were in some semblance of a tight pattern—yes!—but the groupings were invariably too high, too low and too far to one side. Some combination thereof. One double, lacking a rear sight, determinedly threw the rifled slugs wide of the fifty yards. After a folding-type, open rear sight had been carefully positioned and screwed to its rib, the same double2 grouped all its slugs within an inch or less to a central area at the same distance. The true ability of the side-by-side double was brought out when the open rear sight was added. This gun, that because double has two different choke bores, with tubes aligned to crossfire at a certain range, slug performance in any double, with or without sights, is that it can shoot two different patterns and disappoint depending on how a double cooperates with the rifle barrel. The intended mark is necessary to make a double and slug a workable combination the tests showed. Performance with pump guns and auto- loaders was something else again. Some of the tested repeaters grouped their slugs within a 3 9/16 inch circle at fifty yards; however, it is that because poorer than 3 1/4 inch inclusive spread for five shot striking at that, four of the seven, one of which was fitted with a Weaver 1X scope, averaged within a six inch circle at seventy-five yards! With all of the guns that tested it an easy matter to bring the slug groups to point of aim, making otherwise mediocre weapons deadly for deer within sensible range. When a rear sight was in- stalled, the first main defect of each tested gun, the bringing up the post of the bullet impact to coincide with point of aim, was corrected. It seems a little illogical, therefore, for the deer- seeking shotgunner to spend time and money for equipment, hunting license, ammunition and trans- portation and then not invest the additional five dollars.

New York Zoological Society

The Florida black bear is the largest native land mammal of our state, occasionally reaching a weight of 400 pounds or more. It is a heavy-set beast with brownish-black fur. Usually there are tan markings about the nose and face, and sometimes a white spot or patch on the breast. There is but one kind of bear in Florida, and so identification is no problem.

The Florida black bear is found throughout most of the state. However, it does not thrive in well- settled areas, and so today is confined mainly to the big swamps and timbered tracts. It is most often found in river swamp, scrub, cypress swamp, larger hammocks, pine flatwoods, and the "prairies" of the Everglades.

This big animal has a remarkably varied diet. It is especially fond of turtle eggs, and will dig up a turtle nest with one scoop of its powerful paw. Often it trots along a river bank or lake margin, passing only to dig out turtle nests, which it appears to locate by smell. Sometimes it opens alligator nests, also, devouring the eggs or the hatching young. It tears up rotten logs and strips the loose bark from decaying stumps, in search of termites, grubs, beetles, lizards, small mammals, and mice. Ant nests are also dug out. The black bear often raids bee-trees, ripping the wood apart to get at the nest and then lapping up the honey, the comb, and the young bees. The angry insects swarm about the bear's head, stinging fiercely. Evidently the bear can feel the stinging of the bees, too, for often it will slap at the air, almost, just as a man would do. Nevertheless, it is not discouraged by the attacking swarm, and will continue to devour the honey. After the feast is over, bee stings are often imbedded in the bear's nose, lips, and eyelids. Sometimes a bear will dig up the nests of yellow- jacket's, seeming to be hurt no more by these wasps than by the bee.

Plant food of the black bear include bollweevils and other wild grapes; the berries of smalls, sweet-bay, black gum, saw palmetto, sparkle-berry, buckhuckle, and blackberry; persimmon; cumber; ealpines of purple and green; grass; and the tender leaves of various trees and shrubs. Often, in mapping up terrmites and grubs from a fallen log, the bear gets a mouthful of decaying wood, which it swallows along with the insects.

Although the bear has been known to capture domestic hogs and sheep, it generally remains in the deep woods and avoids the farmland and open pastures. It does catch wild hogs on occasion. In some instances it comes off second best in an encounter with an older hog bear, whose long tusks can inflict serious injury even on a bear.

The bear has few natural enemies. An occasional bear may die in combat with a hog, and the young cub may sometimes fall prey to big alligators; but man is the bear's chief enemy. Not only does man hunt the bear, he also removes the swamped habitat in which the animal must dwell. Consequently, with the advent of civilization and the range of the bear has become more and more restricted. At one time, some kind of black bear was found throughout all the wooded portions of eastern North America. Today, it is gone from most of the East, persisting in any numbers only in Florida and southern Georgia and the Savannah River swamp of eastern Georgia and western South Carolina, the Appalachian Mountains, the northern New England states, some Louisiana swamps, and the Florida and Wisconsin Bears from Florida and southern Georgia differ slightly in

Know Your Wildlife

November, 1954

(Continued on Page 41)
When I answered the phone one balmy evening a month earlier, I was greeted with an excited "Is that you, Roy?"

"I had no sooner given an answer in the affirmative when my old friend, Buster Niquet, skipped over the trim charter boat, Southland, started a torrid flow about some real "tough babies" he and one of his parties had encountered a few miles offshore. "Roy, we were fishing in twenty-two fathoms and every time one of the gang let down a nice chunk of bait, something big would either break the line or straighten the hook. Busted a thirty-dollar solid glass rod and straightened several 10-0 hooks.""Shark was the thought that passed through my mind. "We had better than a thousand pounds of red snapper and grouper," Niquet continued. "And that sure indicates rock bottom. Those hookers might be Giant Sea Bass and—"

As Buster started to run down, I began firing questions at him. "Did the hooked fish run from the boat?"

"No!"

"Was the bait mangled?"

"No!"

"Did they hold onto the bottom?"

"Yes."

"Can you spot the place again?" This was the $64 question.

"Sure, I left a five gallon can buoy anchored there: order to pick up particles from the Gulf’s floor. After he retrieved and examined the lead, there was no doubt about it, we were over solid rock and what should be the scene of some heavy piscatorial activity. After checking the current direction, we dropped the hook so that the boat swung about and drifted to within ten feet of the can buoy. As we settled into position on a sea ideal for our undertaking, Niquet and the mate proceeded to fish for red snapper. Besides providing delicious food for the larder, this action agitates the larger fish that might be maneuvering about.

No sooner had their rigs touched the bottom than the red snappers started to hit. While my companions were busy with the snappers and an occasional dinner sized black grouper, I baited up the largest octopus in the bait bucket. I had a nine foot wire leader on my line. The 28 ounce sinker easily found the rocky bottom, I sat back and waited to see if "Big Bertha" was in a receptive mood this fine day.

Suddenly I felt that long awaited tug as though two fish were trying to pull the octopus apart. I braced myself with the Captain Niquet yelled, "Set your hook.

At ten minutes before four the next morning, I was at the deck. Through the sun still heavy with sleep, I saw

"Four siren," I yelled, "so be ready. I'll get our gear together.

Three Giant Sea Bass are more commonly known as Jewfish in these parts and the real heavy are
tackle busters supreme. We had tangled with them before and I was hoping that Buster's find meant that we were going to get another crack at them.

This was all my fishing experience, as I started to assemble the heavy gear that would be required to do battle with the hookers, I was as nervous and ex

do battle with the hunkers, I was as nervous and exc

cited as a kid at Christmas. To go after Giant Sea Bass with the ordinary run of the mill sea fishing tackle is comparable to a carpenter taking on the construction of a four story building with his five year old

son's dime store tool kit. I began2 hurrying around in my "possess" chest and came up with a supply of my 28 ounce leads that would be needed for the swifter currents of deep water. Next I uncovered a full box of 14/0 O'Shaughnessy hooks and a quarter pound roll of 174 pound test stainless steel leader wire. The collection of these items, and my Penn Senator 6/0 reel loaded with 180 pound test Sunset squidding and a good heavy flexible glass rod completed, I felt ready to cope with the kind of action I anticipated for the next day.

After I had the tackle loaded in my station wagon, it was time to look over the bait situation. I keep a variety of frozen bait for just such special occasions. A good many times during the past ten years I have12 found small octopi in the stomachs of large fish so I headed for the bait freezer and dug out some savory looking specimens weighing about six pounds each. I now considered myself ready for the approaching expedition.

When I arrived at the Gulf of Mexico, the water was blue as it was in the morning. The wind had dropped and the sea was calm. The sky was overcast and the water was cold and clear. The fishing was good, but the fish were not biting. I decided to go out a little farther and see if I could find some better fishing. I anchored the boat and started to fish.

I was using a fifty pound test line and a three ounce sinker. I was catching a lot of fish, but they were not biting well. I decided to try a different bait. I changed to a seven ounce sinker and a one hundred pound test line. This worked better, and I started to catch more fish.

I continued to fish until I had caught enough fish for my needs. I then hauled up the anchor and started to head back to shore.

Finally, I reached the shore and docked the boat. I was exhausted, but I had caught enough fish for my needs.

I put the fish on ice and headed back to shore. I was happy with the day's fishing and I was looking forward to the next day.
THE "SINGING BAIT" GOES SOUTH

By ED LOYUS

The author has a cricket on the hook. Crickets are a wholesome panfish bait and usually taken with sign.

"SINGING BAIT CANE" explained the fisherman delightedly. And that's what they are. The speaker cocked an appreciative ear, as a mellow chorus of chirps asked hedged his compliment, and the cheerful "tone of the ages" echoed from wall to cluttered wall of a west Minne tackle shop. The familiar tones, reminiscent of the Dickens classic "The Cricket on the Hearth," rural meadows or mysterious caves—depending on the origin and the imagination of the listener—were magnified tenfold in the perforated metal container.

A domestic version of nature's musical insect, via the scientific "bag farmers" to the north, is south Florida's newest and fast becoming its most popular fresh water bait—the live grey cricket.

Yes! It's the same grey cricket that North and Central Floridians, South Georgians, East Alabamians and Central Kentuckians have been happily "panfish dunking" for years. As a live, commercial bait, the grey cricket like its wild relatives, the grasshopper and the black field cricket, combines a lively kick with a "come hither" aroma that seems to excite and what's more important—fetch the fish, with emphasis on the "high class" as we call it. That is to say they are a B.B.E.A.-M.

The "singing bait cane," a used 12-ounce soft drink or beer can that has become a familiar sight on fresh water bait counters and along the canal banks of South Florida during recent months, is a ventilated crown type can with a cork stopper. This can diameter and size are just right for the live grey cricket—no bigger, and just a bit smaller than the way this bait is marketed upstream and in many parts of the south. The blowing of the mouth, sediments to the lake country around Leesburg bay, ten hundred Floridians are just learning the art of the grey cricket—no floss.

Hardly five months ago, the grey cricket was practically a stranger to the "cane pole army" fishing along the backwater edges and drainage ditches to the west between Fort Lauderdale and Minne. Folks accused of dunking the standard fare of red worms and dead shrimp were skeptical of the new bait. Then vacationing fishermen from up state arrived. They didn't need much telling on crickets. Tourist anglers were soon out-fishing the natives and bragging about it. The natives got to asking questions.

"What you using?"
"Crickets."
"Why?" "I declare!"

Crickets are definitely a panfish bait—not a bass bait, but the latter is stated with reservations. Suppose we put it this way: If bass are definitely on the feed, particularly surface feeding where both the insect and the size of the fish are involved, then crickets are an excellent bait. When "oie releys" gets a hankering for minnows though, he can be a mighty skittish cuss . . . he don't want nothing but minnows. For small bass, under the two-pound class, crickets are tops most any time.

For bluegill, however, and for shadacker, speckled perch and catfish in that biting order, the bait cricket is hard to beat, and that goes for grass shrimp, shiners, green frogs and a number of other competitive baits. Crickets have always been associated with rural cane pole fishing but no more, friends, the urban slickers with balanced tackle are turning more and more to the bait with a kick—black, grey, or otherwise.

Rod and reel anglers, especially the fellow with a light spinning rod, found that crickets on a No. 4 hook, tied to six-pound test monofilament line, could be drifted on the surface into weed pockets and along overhanging banks. Gentle tip action of the rod will emphasize the natural action of the bait, and often coax driving strikes when those "hand-sized" bluegills get absolutely disinterested in any offering. Monofilament lines or leaders are recommended for all tackle in the use of crickets and the less the hard way, the better the chance to fool the big ones that got big by keeping their mouths shut at the right time. Monofilament tied or preferably snelled to a short shank hook makes the terminal rig practically invisible; this is particularly important in clear water and where the bass are both jittery and scarce.

The No. 4 jumaped O'Shaugnessy type hook is the maximum size to use with crickets, and the best size for bass, while the No. 8 or 10 size are popular for breem—depending, of course, on the size fish targeted. Again, short shanked and snelled hooks are stressed. Here's why. The short shank is lighter and usually stronger and crickets with monofilament helps conceal and strengthen the hook. It all boils down to making the bait look as free and natural as possible. For plain old cane pole fishing where neither size or quality is the objective, most folks use a cork float and fish the bait about 12 to 15 inches below the surface. A split BB shot, placed 4 to 6 inches above the hook on the mono leader will hold the bait down without impaling the "feel" of the rig. Nylon leader material or monofilament, which has a tendency to coil, should be straightened before use. Stretching, or rubbing with a piece of rubber or old inner tube to create friction will do the trick . . . the fellow who can't be bothered with this precaution just ain't got no business using bait crickets on mono.

Cork floats should be small—just large enough to float the bait. This is because panfish will frequently take a natural bait like the cricket and mouth it frustullly as a baby with a bottle, so for the un-initiated: watch that cork like a hawk for that tell-tale wiggle.

When float fishing it is advisable to use an adjustable cork that can be quickly slipped up or down for the desired depth. My old standby is the bottle cork with a vertical slot cut about half way through the cork which will bind, yet not choke light monofilament. I remember the advice of an old fellow named Hill, while float fishing with live bait on Lake Nellie in Lake County some years back. Like many fishermen, I fell (ill them) that fish were obligated to seek the level of my bait. My companion on the other hand, was big to such things as water temperatures and weather conditions, and he was aware of one pertinent fact: "Fish are where you put 'em." While his cork was disagreeing with monoporous regularity, mine drifted along undisturbed—yet we were using the same bait, the same tackle and fishing in the same place. "It's all in adjusting the cork to suit the depth of the fish," Hill explained . . . and not to suit the fisherman.

Reckon that rule applies to cricket fishermen, too.

The cricket's odor previously mentioned, seems to make the dead bait almost as effective as the live one, after fishy appetites have been whetted, but it must be a fresh dead bait to get results. Recently a friend and I were pole fishing with crickets along a ditch near 20-Mile Bend on Route 27, west of Fort Lauderdale. About half of our crickets were dead, and in this particular instance the dead baits, when cast under the likely shade of a bush, were ignored by the brook. About two-thirds of our crickets were dead, and in this particular instance the dead baits, when cast under the likely shade of a bush, were ignored by the brook. About two-thirds of our crickets were dead, and in this particular instance the dead baits, when cast under the likely shade of a bush, were ignored by the brook. About two-thirds of our crickets were dead, and in this particular instance the dead baits, when cast under the likely shade of a bush, were ignored by the brook.

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The Andytown Strip, which was cleaned out and re-stocked by Broward County Anglers Club, co-operating with the Game and Fish Commission, and the rank among the state's best bass fishing waters; most of

NOVEMBER, 1954

At 8:30 a.m. one chilly day in February we were on a No. 6 jumaped hook and a can full of crickets.
all hunters. After registering and having our licenses checked, we received a list of area rules and a map along with hearty wishes for a successful hunt.

To many people the name, Everglades, of which Big Cypress is a comparably small 2400 square mile extension, conjures up visions of swarming vegetation where alligators, venomous snakes and bottomless muck vie with one another to bring a hasty denouement to all who venture there. There's each of the yeos, but not in terrifying proportions. A great deal of the land is relatively flat and prairie covered with waving grasses and bayhead hardwoods, all flecked between by lofty pines. Of course, there are great stretches covered by water and airboat, places where the earth trembles like jelly beneath your step and immense tangles that never see the light of day or eyes of man. All in all, not the easiest place in the world to hunt, or the safest, as we soon found out.

The graded road looped past two blackened derricks with their flaring gas; oil wells that add a bizarre note to the landscape. Deciding to get off the main road as far as possible before dawn, we turned on one of the myriad trails. The big timber cats had churned the turn off into a morass of muck and water making four wheel drive a must, as it is for any extensive woods travel in this section, with even the tiny little Jeep helpless in places. Then the more specialized "swamp buggies" take over, even though they have limitations.

We made about six miles before hitting a doubtful looking stretch that skirted a long cypress head well inside the great arm of the Big Cypress Swamp. Joe slowed down and stopped short, his feet flew out from under him, and he hit the ground. Scraping muck with a shame-faced grin, he said:

"Forgott the damned shells, he said."

"What a bunch of hunters!" I groaned bitterly. Because to all who know the glades, where we were stuck and centered a wide river of knee-high grass and scattered palmetto clumps, parallel banks of cypress, and pines, where I had ahead it widened into an open plain with spread jackpine, scrub oak, and an occasional cabbage palm. Crunch was talking, almost to himself.

"That flock was spoooked pretty bad, but I don't think they'll take to the timber since they didn't flush. I'm going to push through a piece and hike a circle back along the south rim, we might get lucky. What do you think?"

Being the expert in our family when he talks turkey I just listen. Angling from camp we threaded palmetto thickets for a mile, then skirted a wide belt of wire grass and shrub pine alongside a heavy hammock growth where we spread out. After a half hour I found my way blocked by a maze of hardwoods, festooned by the devil was unwary, thorny Cerasus. As I skirted its edge to clearer ground, a boat of movement caught my eye. As the details became clearer, I saw the water's edge. We voted the glancing strike had ripped wide open the dam which had been followed by the muck while the water crept higher into the floorboards. There is a certain helpful feeling up with Joe after the swamp, a feeling of manseedance to each heat of the engine, your headlights the only thing warm and real. We voted it was quiet and almost wouldn't spring a leak when the bottom dropped out of the wheels, unimpressed by their impromptu charging. She was hogged to the frame.

"Anybody for swimming?" Joe quipped hollowly.

Several wading trips took the equipment to high water in the Big Cypress Swamp. One the best was when the river crept up over our heads and we were somewhere in the Big Swamp. Outside that the tent was wet and fraught with strange noises of reptiles and amphibians.

I awoke to a sensation of being boiled alive. My first thought was that it was the Jeep that was on fire, but it was not. The tent was on fire. The next time we were somewhere in the Big Swamp. Outside that tent all we could hear was strange noises of reptiles and amphibians.

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Gobblers like this don't come easy.

By CARSON ALEXANDER

BIG CYPRESS GRAB BAG

bronze in the sun. As soon as they were all hidden I slipped swiftly and silently to intercept their path. Gaining a perfect vantage point I hunkered down. In sight again they crossed toward the hammock still feeding. Except all the big gobbler. In a moment of indecision I watched them disappear, and still I waited. Finally deciding my quary was going away under cover of the thicket, I eased out and stalked carefully for its edge. Wound tight as a chorus line G-string and laying each foot in slow motion, my attention was rigidly fixed ahead as I stepped over a wire grass clump. Something rolled viciously and at the same time I felt a hard blow against my nose tippeing boot. I knew I tripped six feet straight up and twisted to the side. The twelve gauge roared before I touched ground, and immediately twice more, into a twisting mass of the biggest diamondback it's ever been my midriff to meet. He was thick as my leg, and my spine was jelly.

The shotgun thunder rolled out and all hell broke loose. Inside the swamp, a cloud of hookbill shot shot up in raucous, startled clamor. Turkey took off on thunderous wings from seemingly every point of the compass—this was after from so close I could have hit him with a rock. For a brief instant he was starkly outlined against the blue sky towering over the trees, then silence descended.

In rash moments I've often wondered if it wouldn't be almost the same to get bit by a rattlesnake as to be scared to death by one. The only thing that saved my bacon was the fact I was upside down, else his size would have given him a good chance of hitting above the boot-top, or even through boot and heavy socks. His large glancing strike had ripped wide open the gashes almost through starting a half inch from the top seam and ranging off to the side. I was still shaking when Crunch came up close to me. On my face quelled their anticipatory grins as look at my face wordlessly I pointed to the still bloody body. We picked up five birds for supper on the way back when a covey of quail bosed from underfoot. Marking them down we changed loads. Without a dog we lost two cripples however, and quit kicking out the

(Continued on Next Page)
The plug hit... and "knock!". I was tied to a snare pole that had tarpun earrings.

I couldn't get one, being awfully busy watching where I stepped.

There was a jeep parked by camp with two saddle horses tethered nearby. These men sitting up as we drew near. Two were hunters and the other a warden who greeted us.

"Howdy boys," Joe answered, "and a rattler—if that's what you mean.

"Seems to be a lot of them this year," I noticed the other men glancing down at their snake-proof leggings as I showed them my host. I almost wished I had a pair of the leg coverings. Over coals from the ice chest they told us their dogs had been running back since daylight, but they'd lost them. We said we hadn't heard a dog or seen another hunter all morning.

Asking the warden about a good place to camp, he said, "You can follow me soon as we get your rig out.

With the power-driven winch on the front of the warden's jeep it was the work of a few minutes to set ours alongside camp. Other than such a winch, which is limited by the length of its cable and totally dependent upon whether the engine can be started under water as is often the case, the best system I have found is to carry two sturdy bumper jacks of the type that is now standard equipment in passenger cars. With these you can lift either front or back, and slide under the wheels. You can raise to their highest limit and then drive in the jeep at the time, often to slide up or down near the bank, or to clear deep ruts, or in conjunction with one of the new" type weight block and tackle rigs on the market for such use, you can elevate your outfit from most any predicament.

Cranked down the two half gallon streams to where a fallen oak formed a perfect lair. The plug plopped between the angled trunk and bank perfectly. I twitched it once and let it lie. At this second I raised my eyes to the overhang above and saw something that shook my knowledge of game habits clear down to the bootstraps. There, staring placidly as cows in a stall at milking time, were four turkey. Easily I made out every feather in the half light. One hen gave her head a characteristic shrug, a warning to the others.

For a moment I stood astounded, unmoving, then, agonizingly conscious the gun stood a long reach away. I'd begun to think of it when I entered the room, then was flashed by the forgotten plug. Four heads shot up like poppets on a string, and throwing caution to the wind jumped around the box, crowning... (Continued on Page 41)

**FLORIDA'S VANISHING SNAILHAWK**

In the hands of Florida's waterfowl hunters rests a major responsibility, for in them is vested the fate of a unique segment of our wildlife heritage. The Everglades, the River of Grass, symbolically, is on the verge of vanishing completely from the Sunshine State.

Today, in the Lake Okeechobee area exists a single pair of the Everglades snailhawk, a nesting pair, the remnant of a species that, up until thirty years ago could be found in almost every freshwater marsh of the state. This complete disappearance is an example of the tragedy that has befallen many other marsh animals. The Everglades marsh that was the home of the snailhawk now supports only two species of birds, the plumed and the black Necked stilts. The plumed stilts are thriving, but the black Neckeds are rare and only found in small numbers.

The marsh, a combination of aquatic and upland areas, supports a wide variety of plants and animals. In the past, the marsh was home to many species of birds, including the Everglades snailhawk. The snailhawk is a small, black bird with a white band on the tail and a red band on the wing. It is a specialist feeder, feeding on the snails and other small invertebrates that are abundant in the marsh.

As the Everglades marshes have been drained and converted to agricultural use, the snailhawk has disappeared. The species is now listed as endangered and efforts are being made to restore the habitat and protect the remaining population. Scientists are working to understand the needs of the snailhawk and to develop strategies to ensure its survival. In the meantime, the snailhawk is a reminder of the importance of preserving our natural resources and the need to act to protect endangered species.
Widespread among hunters is the fatalistic attitude, "I missed." Did you?

By FRED JONES

Defeatist attitude on the part of inexperienced hunters who have missed their deer or turkey. The game gets up; the hunter fires a shot or two; the game goes on out of sight; and the hunter is glumly assured, "Oh, I missed him!" an easy shot. In many instances I have helped the hunter to recover this "missed" game which had been so badly hit it travelled only a few yards.

I learned my lesson on this many angles years ago in legal hunting. When I went with the guy who had the perfect shot at the ten point buck and who, rather than waiting for the deer to stiffen after it had jumped into a spruce thicket, eagerly rushed right on and thereby not only losing my deer but also exposing myself to considerable danger.

The deer was bleeding in a pool of blood. In ten minutes it would have been stone dead. As it was, it leaped out of the thicket and disappeared into the huge boulders of old rockslide at the foot of a cliff.

That same season I learned about wounded deer and their ability to travel even though hard hit. We had turned from Northern Maine to Dad's home in the southwestern part of the state and were doing some local deer hunting.

One morning we returned home after hunting the woods some eight or ten miles away. For some reason Dad and I walked around to the back yard, after I had unloaded and left my rifle on the front steps. Dad still carried his 30-30. We were astounded to see a big doe (legal in Maine) standing in the edge of the woods some fifty or sixty yards back of the house—astounded, but not so much so that he didn't remember to shoot. Dad got a shot before the deer disappeared into the cover.

We ran down to the corner of the small patch of beans and trees thinking that the deer had soared over into a big field beyond, but saw no sign of it. Neither Dad nor I had seen any evidence of the deer which had been hit so we gave it up for lost right then. But on the instant that we were turning back we heard a big sigh—and found the deer lying at our feet just three feet from the house.

That deer had run a hundred yards and jumped the well with no heart left in its body. Don't let anyone tell you that an arrow always drops its "flag" if it hits it. "That's a bunch of baloney!" I've seen a dozen deer run and die and but with the flag bobbing at every jump as long as I can remember.

This piece of misinformation nearly cost a young hunter in the Delta National Forest his buck one year. I had been working and hunting trail one evening when I heard dogs in the distance. I squatted to course the dogs in hopes that the deer would come my way. And it nearly did, crossing the trail only a hundred yards or so ahead of me but over a slight rise in the right spot, however, was this young hunter. The deer crossed right in his face and he got in one shot with his twenty gauge shotgun loaded with No 1 buckshot.

I couldn't see all this but I heard the shot. I waited as the bucks came on, paused at the trail for a second or two and then went on, only to stop again after having covered a couple of hundred yards on the other side of the trail.

Waiting a couple of minutes more, I moved on over the rise to the hunter, then sitting down to check the signs of one of the two dogs. "What happened," I asked.

"Can't see a buck right over me!" the young fellow exclaimed, "and I fired my muzzle!" This latter with deep self-disgust in his voice.

Since I well knew that dogs don't quit a trail all of a sudden and come off on this business of having missed didn't add up to me. But I stood around, apparently accepting his version of what happened, asking questions and making small talk for ten or fifteen minutes just to kill the necessary time.

Then I asked him the lead, "Want to go get your deer now?"

Astonished at the sudden briskness in my voice and change in my attitude, the boy could hardly get out an intelligent answer. So, to kill a little more time (there's never any hurry in trailing a wounded deer) and to set the lad right, I explained: "Those dogs were well on the trail and come back right out here to you if the deer hadn't been hit and killed. You thought that you had missed just because the buck didn't stand so when you shot, but they rarely ever do that anyway. And you've been beaten up so many times that a deer won't shot its flag if it's that you believe, little fellow. But it just isn't so. Come on and I'll show you."

And, to make a long story short, we found the buck standing on his version of two hundred yards. It had been hit in the chest and neck with the fortieth bullet.

I said that hunters actually seem eager to believe that they cannot hit the side of a barrel with a scatter gun, nor can they buy that statement. If so how about this experience?

(Continued on Page 42)

Sometimes a deer that has been visibly hit will move out of sight as though unscathed. Don't be too ready to assume that you have missed. These hunters miss hundreds and enjoy a truly successful hunt.
Excursions into early season hunting for doves and marsh hens in localized areas, and setting up for the first weekend of the special, supervised big-game hunts scheduled for this period, most of us November 20th will be the first big day of the 1954 hunting season.

It is assumed that you have wisely limited your hunting to just a few sessions on your practice range prior to your planned hunting on Opening Day, and that there are still a few days of grace remaining as you read this, you’d better jack rabbit out to the nearest suitable spot and fire a series of get-acquainted shots through your favorite gun— and if, by chance, you don’t see this final reminder soon after the hunting season opens, you’ll receive another one before Opening Day, maybe you can rig up some sort of illuminated paraffin headlight, for those all-important, story-telling, pre-season sights.

Just as important as the gun and ammunition carried, however, is the selection of the miscellaneous equipment you will need for your hunting trips. A list of those items along with the priority of presentation in the last “Muzzle Flash,” you’ll receive before Opening Day, or perhaps some of the timely tips this department has had to offer in the past, of hunting will make both your advices and computations, as well as actual hunting more enjoyable. And, you’ll find many Florida outdoorsmen, getting ready to go hunting is often the last, but not the least, of a fishing trip. Listing your equipment, you may expect to wear or carry on your person—your hunting clothes, watch, field hunts, hunting license, ammunition, gun, compass, waterproof matches, first-aid kit, bandana, handkerchief, compact snake bite kit, prescription eye glasses (if you wear them), water purifying tablets, a small package of toilet paper, a couple of band-aids, candlenuts or chewing tobacco. In the second section of the list, record all other items for which you will need, but which will not necessarily be carried while you are actually hunting. This will include, for the two lists, by far, and will seem of its own accord once the first few items you check off the list, you’re through, you’ll wonder if you should junk most of the listings and simply rough it on vegetation, expect to suffer some depravations, and eventually starve. A tent, however, you can buy, feed your stomach, extra clothing, water bags or cans, tea, axe, rope, a few naps and such personal items as razor and soap, toothbrush and paste, face towel and your tobacco supply— all the things to keep them all, even if you decide to scratch off some of them, until you come to assemble your gear.

For the actual hunting, this department believes in adorning one person with the minimum of equipment serving a probable field need. But roomy trunk compartments of your own cars and the hunting properties of station wagons enable you to take along just about everything you may ever need on an extended trip. Properly packed, completely equipped wagons, and a quantity of equipment can be compactly stowed, so that you will not find yourself, ready for use if needed. It won’t be any good to you, though, if it’s just thrown into the back of a car, ready to have that you may have to rummage through accumulated trunk compartment in order to find it. Clean out the storage space so that when you begin to load your trip you can store your gear in logical order, but don’t forget to put back the spare parts, etc. Ready and spread out a bag for civil use. Under them use the car wheels, rough, or anyone, for that needed wheel traction.

Whenever possible, figure on making a little more than a single trip of work or two or more separate articles. For example, instead of carrying a complete cooking outfit, you may be able to carry with you only one match container and a reservoir for salt, an important commodity to the hunter. When you have missed a landing, or have settled down, for example, you should immediately pull out of your pants pockets their contents every time you lean.

Pants should preferably be of rugged design, favorite style of lumberjacks and woodsmen, and they should be full at the knees, cuffs, have deep pockets, and be made from a quality, briar-resistant cotton material. Sprayed with Cushman, a commercial weed killer, they will do the same practical job, and get up above—be that of the heavier binoculars, but it will do the same practical job, and get up above, be that of the heavier binoculars, but it will do the same practical job, and be useful in field work, without affecting their texture or suppleness.

Underwear, especially, should be legible and comfortable, whether a combination of light cotton under-
FLORIDA’S FIELD TRIALS
1954-1955
By YE OLD SCRIBE

Excellent judge, estate handler, and an imaginative club official. His many friends mourn his passing. Lester Alford, P. M. Paul, W. T. Windsor, Iris Brown and Dick McKinnon—all of Kissimmee—were moved into the breach. They have everything under control and all augurs well for a successful renewal of the trials, come December 6th.

The Everglades Field Trial Association plans to hold its Fourth Annual Renewal at Moore Haven on February 21, 12, and 13, 1955 on the Lykes Brothers’ Brothers’ Bohr Hammock Ranch, some twelve miles north of Moore Haven. This is a game breeding reservation under the jurisdiction of the Florida Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission. It will run the usual complement of amateur stakes—all-age, derby, puppy and shooting dog. There will be no open stakes.

Most of the members of this club live in the Miami area. Over my two decades of association with the field trial sport I have never seen a group where everyone seems to be as happy as this year. The dog handlers have been so good that we will be able to follow the running—ever since they have been skill with a horse. The hunting scenes by the camp fire bring all together in a spirit of camaraderie and good fellowship. Here we see the epitome of American sportsmanship.

The club is composed of an ardent group of sportsmen. We wish that we could give you a complete list but since our memory is faulty, the list will be incomplete. We recall Paul H. Brinaman, Willard Hurst, Robert F. Collier, Fred N. Taylor, Wilson Lovell, J. R. Landford, G. M. Simmons, Gay Chambers and others. They constitute an enthusiastic group when it comes to hunting and to the amusements of their favorite canine pursuits. But why should any man be held responsible for the “lies” he tells about his fishing or hunting—or the conceit hereabout?

There is another club that runs most of its trials in Florida. It is the Georgia-Florida Field Trial Club, which is composed of plantation owners in the Tallahassee-Thomassville area. The running is always scheduled for the day following the closing of the hunting season. Only one stake is run. That is an all-age stake and the entries are limited to fifteen. The running is moved around among the plantation owners. Birds are plentiful. Well do I remember seeing 62 coverts of quail in four hours of running time when the trials were held on the Forcal Sheriff Plantation in 1948.

A local wag remarked a few years ago that it was the wealthiest field trial club in America and that the poorest dogs were shown in its trials. Like all such statements, they are never more than half-time and the only true part of the above statement is the first part. The dogs in competition would rate well above part. The dogs in competition would rate well above.

The dogs in competition would rate well above...
American Waterfowl

(Continued from Page 31)

molly and crossing between flyways. In the prairie
states particularly, waterfowl tend to be
concentrated in specific locations of waterfowl from one
generation to the next. Weather conditions
play an important role in these movements.

The migratory routes of the various species of
waterfowl are generally well defined along the
coasts, although some species do not seem to
follow as closely defined routes as the case with
the various species on the return migration,
which makes their behavior particularly
interesting.

From approximately latitude 66 degrees North
north to the North Pole, there is a
characteristic breeding area of the continent,
although some species nest in scattered
locations. This area is also divided into two
portions: the nesting area and the non-nesting area.
The nesting area shows the location of the most
important breeding grounds, while the non-

WATERFOWL HUNTERS ATTENTION

Make sure you have a 1954-55 Federal Duck
Stamp in your possession before you hunt
waterfowl. Available at a cost of $2.00 from your
local post office, the stamp is required of all
waterfowl hunters 16 years of age or older.

Your name must be signed in ink across the
face of the stamp before you hunt.

The Ring-necked ducks shown at the left are
featured on the 1954-55 stamp.

(Continued from Page 31)

Muzzle Flashes

table shortening, salt, measuring cups and packed

(Continued from Page 31)
carelessly drops a cigarette or other

(Continued on Page 6)

GRASSHOPPER

(Continued from Page 32)

A. D. CRUICKSHANK FROM NATIONAL AUDUBON SOCIETY

The Snow or Blackbelly is the most numerous of the ducks hunted
in Florida's salt water areas.

the grasshopper, the cone and the hopping
cane, has been brought to the interior of the public.

 wilderness is clearly visible in various positions.

Through active cooperation of

other species and others interested in the

the badge is now being sold by the Florida

the photograph of the Marsh Harrier now available

from the Florida Game and Fresh Water

Fish Commission for.show-

ings to sportmen's clubs and other

rural and other areas where sportmen are likely
to see them.

In addition, a movie "Phantom of the Marshes," now available

from the Florida Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission, contains
certainslow-motion shots not only of
ducks but also of other birds one might see in the
Okeechobee marshes.

Through far-reaching publicity, the plight of two other threatened

END

VANISHING SNAILHAWK

(Continued from Page 31)

An important bulletin hearing on the future

of the Everglade kite. During the

month of May when the kites are nest-

This month, June, the bass fishing in the area

where sea gulls breed in large numbers.

As a result, great

numbers of anglers descend upon this

lake. Although the waters in this

area have little fear of man and may

be rather easy to adapt to

urban dwellers, oil-drilling opera-

tions, and similar human distur-

bances are so frequent encroachment

on the nesting areas may cause the

kite to desert its nest, of which there is

no further attempt to bring off

a brood that season.

This month, June, is a time when a fisherman

who feels impelled to investigate the nest of a kite which he may
discov-"er while traveling through the

marshes, may endanger the success-

ful nesting of the pair for that

season. When a large quantity of the

nesting materials, as low a point as is the

Everglade kite population, the loss of one, or even

of one of the

secretaries of the Society is a serious matter. The

Florida Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission and the

National Audubon Society, is launching

a program designed to acquaint

the public with several "facts and

characteristics of interesting and

harmless bird. Marshes within the

present range of the species will be

showing field identification character-

istics and will carry an appeal to

sportmen to refrain from taking

and hunting the kite. These posters will also be

displayed at fish camps, boat

lands, sporting goods stores, and other places in the

areas

area

other

areas

(Continued from Page 27)

"Whaddya think, Roy, the 20-30 or the 30-06?"

The "SINGING BAIT" GOES SOUTH

(Continued from Page 27)

these bass, however, are still young-

ster "the Florida Largemouth". You

(Continued on Page 6)

END
IF YOU KILL IT, GET IT!

(Continued from Page 32)

A group of hunters in the Ocala National Forest were eating sandwichs and talking about the day's hunt when they heard dogs barking coming. Suddenly a big buck ran out of the woods and came right through the group. Two hunters were fast enough to get their guns and to get in a shot apiece. The deer went on into the woods. The next thing that followed, the two hunters ran out and cleared the area of anything where the hunters were and went on into the woods, opening a few shots.

I heard and saw all this from a distance of a quarter of a mile down a sand road. Only when the hunters started after the buck going on two hundred yards, and with the group of hunters paying no attention, did I interfere in the business.

Then I went down to the group and asked why they didn't investigate the baying of the hounds. I was told that the dogs had killed the deer (they charged it off to the suddenness of the event) and that the dogs were loading up three or four dogs and that you couldn't run a shot-off gun on a deer.

The two hunters ran back and chased the deer to a hilltop and were back up in the woods. I went down to the group and asked why they didn't investigate the baying of the hounds. I was told by the hunters that the dogs had killed the deer (they charged it off to the suddenness of the event) and that the dogs were loading up three or four dogs and that you couldn't run a shot-off gun on a deer.

This sort of thing is the reason that every turkey hunter should never trust the baying of hounds or the baying of hounds to guess the location of a turkey. Hounds are not infallible in this respect, and one should always be on the lookout for other signs of turkey.

I have been in a situation where the baying of hounds was the only sign of a turkey in the area. The hounds barked up and down a hillside, and the hunters followed the baying to the top of the hill. When they reached the top of the hill, they found nothing but a piece of buckskin that had been left by a turkey. The hunters then went back down the hillside and continued their hunt.

The lesson to be learned from this experience is that hounds are not always infallible in locating the location of a turkey. A turkey hunter should always be on the lookout for other signs of turkey, such as tracks, feathers, or any other indications that a turkey is in the area.

1,200 miles of salt-water coastline.

And who knows how many rivers, inlets, watersways and streams?

How about the St. Johns River, the Thousand Birds, Shark River, Suwannee River, Lake Trafford, Sebastian Inlet, the Gulfstream, Dead Lakes, Puerto Apeca, China Gulf, Gulf of Mexico, Lake Okeechobee—what can add in a few more of your own?

Have you fished all of the West Florida, or have you just gotten a fair start on Florida fishing?

The fact is that Florida has the greatest inland water area of any state in the Union. We have more than half a million fish in our lakes and rivers. We have a larger salt-water coast line than any of the 48 states.

When it comes to fishing Florida has got it. It has the most fresh water, the salt-water fish, the most fish and the methods of fishing.

When you first start out into the Florida fishing scene, either as a youngster, a visitor or a tourist, you are confused, bemused and amused by it all. Where on earth do you start in? You need it, the abnormally six different tackle boxes, nine different boats, four different guns, six dozen guns and a dozen different road maps.

Reloading, I worked in on the spot carefully but believing that the bird was down for good. However, it got up again and started back for the swamp at a heilt of about ten feet. And again I shot, this time at twenty yards or so.

I knew the big bird was hard hit for it stooped straight up into the air for at least fifty yards. It acted exactly as if it had been shot—yet you've probably seen that. But taking no chances, I continued over it at the peak of the zoom.

There was an obvious hit. The bird ran out and down, and the gobbler started falling end over end. I got the gun again for "life," recovering and flying off into the creek swamp to disappear into the trees.

I wouldn't lose another chance like that. Just gives another chance. Oh, Lord. And he had run right up to then the same sight all over again. Another turkey up in the same spot headed the same way.

Again my friend stood up and fired three shots. This time his time shot up into the air for at least fifty yards. It acted exactly as if it had been shot—yet you've probably seen that. But taking no chances, I continued over it at the peak of the zoom.

Again, I told my friend that we should have dug for two or three minutes ardently wishing for a golden opportunity to bag a much bigger bird.

He told me afterward that he shot there for two or three minutes ardently wishing for a golden opportunity to bag a much bigger bird.

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The Animal Kingdom, three volumes. Published by Gray- Stone Press, New York. This book is reviewed from Garden City Books, New York, N. Y., that the book is well worth $17.50 after Sept. 7. It is the most complete and authoritative natural history ever published. In its 2,000 pages and half a million words, it covers every kind of creature—mammals, birds, reptiles, amphibians, fishes and insects—found in the world today.

The Web of Life, by John H. Storer, Introduction by Fairfield Osborn. Published by The Devin-Adair Company, N. Y., N. Y. Price, $2.50. Ecology is the study of interrelationships—of how one living thing affects another and such is the basis of this book. Man has come to realize that all living things fit into a pattern and that the whole depends for healthy existence on the presence of its parts.

As a result of this, Storer has written about nature, but he has written it into a new light that raises the sciences. Ecology is essential reading for anyone interested in conservation and natural history. The book is one written with a view toward giving the reader an understanding of his environment and his proper place in the web of life. The book is one of the best books ever written about nature, and it should be read by anyone who lacks an understanding of the broad patterns of life in the world. The book is rich in information about the interrelationships of living things and is a valuable contribution to the field of ecology. It is a book that will be read by many and will be referred to often.

Biological Conservation, With Particular Emphasis on the Animal World, by John D. Blackman. Published by the Blakiston Company, Inc., New York, N. Y., Price $3.00. Do we want the same laws for every dog in the world? The author, an expert on the law of dogs, has written a book that sets forth the laws of dog behavior, and the experience of seeing a good working dog is well worth the time spent in reading this book. The author is an expert in the science of dogs and his book is a valuable contribution to the science of dogs.


Dead Aim for Deer, Continued from Page 22.

Field trials on that circuit are not shown at this trial. The dogs shown are accustomed to being handled from horseback. Here one sees the epitome of sporting dogs which have been trained for the purpose of hunting and shot are not used in field trials. One cannot compare a "pot likker" dog with one that hunts by skill and training. There is no way to measure the performance of a dog that is trained for the purpose of hunting.

A ground work: Selection of objectives, speed, range and stamina.

B: Running the dogs and accurate location, pointing intensity, style and stamina.

C: Training: Hunting the course, responding to handler, decorator, and ability to flush and hold.

A good all-age dog at the beginning of his heat should select likely-looking cover and go to it at a rate of speed that he can run on without exhausting himself. He must continue his costs to a distance that will enable him to maintain his point. The handler must move from one objective to the next while maintaining with high and up wind. He must quickly approach game and point at the correct distance with game located accurately. He must keep his guns trained on the handler and flights—not moving until ordered by his master. In some cases his dog can do the job of a trained dog—his handler can be directed to point by his master and the dog will follow him.

The amount of game killed will depend upon the skill of the handler and the fox dog's work. The handler must give the dog the right cue and follow through with his own performance.

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There can be no doubt about it, a good many mines are made each year. In the excitement of the hunt it is easy for a man to over- or- under. Particularly is this true underhand.

On the other hand there can be no doubt but what many hunters actually hit their target, yet walk away without realizing it, for they have failed to connect.

There are many things that go to make up a successful hunting trip. There’s a lot of time and money spent on each bag of game bagged. To have to return home empty handed at the end of a hunting trip is bad enough. But to come home empty handed, yet with the game killed and lying out in the woods to waste is far worse.

A little more confidence in shoot- ing, and a little information and thought about what to do after a shot is fired, might turn many a disappointing hunting trip into a very satisfying experience.

There’s a double reward in recovering “missed” game. Not only does it completely change the complexion of a hunting trip but also gives satisfaction to the man who, through the expenditure of some effort to recover downed game, has helped reduce the tremendous annual waste of wildlife killed but not recovered!

Muzzle Flashes

USHING Dealt with various types of shell-fish in the past, we can hardly overlook that overgrown crawfish—the Florida lobster. Better cooks say to avoid the larger lobster if you would have the sweetest meat—and never, never attempt to eat a lobster that is heavy with eggs.

In this wonderful day of ready-prepared foods, it is entirely possible to purchase your lobster at your local supermarket already cooked, and sawed down the middle. But for you “old-fashioned” cooks who still like to get ‘em alive here are a few suggestions. First, be sure your lobster is alive when you start, thus avoiding chances of food poisoning. If you are squeamish about plunging a live creature into boiling water, you may execute your “cook” quickly and easily by cutting his spinal cord with a long, narrow-bladed knife, pushing it into the tail, slitting the belly downward, and inserting it in the third small ring from the end.

In either case, be sure you cook the lobster 20 minutes in rapidly boiling water. Then remove the stomach, which is near the head, and then along with the “string” or intestine which goes through the entire length of the lobster. The rest (except the shell, of course) is edible. Incidentally, a nut-crusting lobster is very handy when cracking the claws, although a hammer can be used with care. Otherwise, you are in for an unpleasant experience when it comes to eating.

Broiled Lobster

Probably the easiest and most common way to serve lobster is (all recipes listed call for lobster) that has been pre-cooked (20 minutes) to bring it to a boil. Lay the two halves of the lobster on a flat baking dish. Brush the cut surface with butter, season with salt, pepper, and a little cayenne pepper and broil for a few minutes or until thoroughly heated through. Serve immediately.

Lobster Au Gratin

Carefully remove meat from shells. Mince and put into a stew pan with a little good stock. Season with pepper and salt. Mix well and refill shells. Cover with buttered bread crumbs. Brush with melted butter and brown quickly in a hot oven.

Lobster Ring

Chop finely a medium-sized lobster. Pour over 1 cup boiled cream and 3 slices of buttered bread. Season with salt and pepper to taste. Butter a ring mold, and fill with mixture. Cover loosely, and steam for an hour. Unmold on hot platter. Fill center with steamed rice and garnish with a sauce made of=

3 tbsp. butter
1 tsp. salt
1/2 tsp. pepper

Cayenne to taste
2 tbsp. chopped parsley

Worcestershire sauce to taste

Butter Curry

1/4 cup butter
2 tbsp. flour
1 heaping tsp. curry powder
1/2 cup tinned tomatoes
1/2 tsp. cayenne pepper
1/4 tsp. salt

Pour all ingredients into a pan. When melted, add flour and 1/3 cup boiling water, stirring constantly until brown. Then gradually add 1/2 pint butter, stirring rapidly until it thickens. Season with salt to taste. Add chopped green onions. Medium-sized lobster. Simmer five minutes. Rub hot plate with flour. Serve lobster over buttered slices of toast.

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WILDLIFE TESTS AND TELLS

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OUTDOOR REVIEWER

(Continued from Page 41) retrieving game, quartering, as well as curing him of the many undesirable traits and faults of pottering, trailing, false pointing, blinking and chasing rabbits.

The fruits of years of experience in this sport of training hunting dogs is written in this book. And anyone interested in hunting will find it to be of great value to him in educating his dog.

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