STILL TIME— TO ENTER

THE JUNIOR CONSERVATION ESSAY CONTEST

FOR ALL FLORIDA SCHOOL CHILDREN
GRADES 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 by class prepared 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.
6. (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 is "what will conservation mean to me."
6. (b) The subject students in division two will write about is "the value of wildlife in Florida's economy."
7. No papers will be returned and the decision of the judges will be final.

HUNDREDS OF PRIZES

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 is published monthly by the Florida Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission, Tallahassee, Florida.

Published by Florida Wildlife and Fresh Water Fish Commission, Tallahassee, Florida.

Dedicated to the Conservation, Restoration, Protection of Our Game and Fish

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December, 1954

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Dear Sir:

FLORIDA WILDLIFE has proven to be of great help in my Bow Shoot program. I see the comments of group 55, Key West, Florida, and we have enjoyed all your facts about Florida wildlife. Of course, there have been a few articles I couldn’t agree with entirely having been a Floridian. However, most of the facts I agree with. Keep up the good work promoting conservation, etc.

Lots of luck,

BILL DAYHOFF
Key West.

NEXT MONTH
THE HUNTING SEASON SPECIAL
DO NOT MISS THE JANUARY ISSUE OF Florida Wildlife ON THE NEWSSTANDS DECEMBER 15th

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<td>2. Apalachicola</td>
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<td>$5.00 Public Hunt Permit</td>
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Don’t Shoot The Snail Hawk
EVERGLADE KITE

Fourth rarest bird in U.S.A.
Less than 50 pairs survive
Eats only snails
Does not prey on ducks

FLORIDA 1954-1955 HUNTING PROGRAM

There are approximately 3,620,000 acres under management through Florida’s progressive public hunting program. Of this amount, 2,843,000 acres will be open to hunting this year.

On the map, the open areas are indicated by solid black and the shaded areas show the 770,000 acres closed as refuges or awaiting the build-up of sufficient game to warrant controlled hunting.

The chart shown on page 4 lists all the management areas, number of acres open to hunting and the principal game for this hunting season.

December, 1954
GOOD NEWS: For boys throughout the various cities of Florida. At a recent meeting of the Board of Directors of Junior Conservation Clubs, International, held in Clearwater on October 1, representatives from 36 clubs attended meetings, one of which was conducted by Denver St. Claire discussing the Youth Conservation Program sponsored by the Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission. The good news concerns the fact that many delegates returned to their respective communities to discuss the possibilities of sponsoring Youth Conservation Clubs by the individual clubs. At this time the Orlando Optimists are preparing to organize one or two clubs. The North Orlando Optimists have shown much interest and hope to sponsor a similar organization. Other cities working on club plans are Tampa, St. Petersburg, Jacksonville, and West Palm Beach.

FROM THE CLUBS
Dean Mother Club of Orlando: This club is doing a bang-up job on clearing the Oakham Dr. area of a lot of debris, stumps, etc., to enable better fishing and to offer greater safety for those who enjoy fishing. A very worthwhile project.

The Club is trying to pay off a mortgage too. They owe something like Three Hundred ($300.00) Dollars and are now in the process of naming a Ways and Means Committee to look into details to raise money. Good luck to you from us. When they raise that money, I believe they will be the first club in Florida to own its own building.

Hillsborough County Junior Wildlife Association: We had word that this club named a chairman a while back for a dance to be given to raise money for the Polo Drive. We would like to know more about it. Richard Rhodes was appointed chairman by President Charles Scruggs, Jr.

Hardee County Junior Conservation Club: This club reports they have purchased a gill net to remove gar from the creeks to improve fishing. Bob Anderson, Secretary-Treasurer reported too that they have $22.50 in the club's strong box. President Don Herndon, who is a student at the college has resigned and Thomas Brown was duly elected by the club to replace him on October 4.

The Club is also planning exhibit at the Cucumber Festival and plan to catch as many birds and animals as possible. The club has 4 new members with C. A. Platt and Lincoln Cathcart acting as advisors.

Junior Conservationist

By DENVER STE. CLAIRE

On the night of this column is our introduction to the new Merit Point System. It contains 26 special projects with the total value of points for each completed project. There will be other projects introduced as we continue our study of conservation of our natural resources.

Keep in mind that the total points given for each project are possible points to be accumulated for the advisor or teacher or whoever grades and checks your accomplishments may grade them for completeness, originality, neatness, etc. The advisor or teacher shall conduct the individual clubs to grade their members for honors, awards, and rank. It will be a guide to establishing and finding the Junior Conservationists of the year. And it will be a method to determine who will be eligible for the Annual Junior Conservationist Camp. The projects are so designed that various ages and grades may participate in the different projects.

FLORIDA WILDLIFE

DECEMBER 1954
WHO  
said Christmas comes?
but once a year.

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DON'T WAIT
DO IT NOW!

LEI E. B. (SHORTY) JONES

Recently I had the pleasure of attending the Eighth Annual Conference of the Southestern Association of Game and Fish Commissioners in New Orleans. To me, the most impressive feature of the meeting was the spirit of cooperation that prevailed among the representatives of the various state, federal, and private agencies and organizations that came from all of the fish and game departments of the southeastern states, the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service, the Wildlife Institute, U.S. Forest Service, and other groups concerned with the management of our valuable wildlife resources attended the meeting. It was indeed gratifying to experience at first hand the selfless devotion to the cause of wildlife conservation on the part of so many men of such high caliber as those in attendance at the meeting.

Again a point was driven home to me, a fact that has long been recognized in every branch of human endeavor. It is a thought so basic, seemingly so simple, that we are likely to overlook the true magnitude of its meaning. That thought is that it is only through cooperation with others that we can realize notable achievement. In no endeavor is this statement more applicable than in the field of wildlife management.

Our wildlife resources are not independent entities that exist without close connection with other resources. The state of "health" of our forests, soils, minerals, and waters reflect directly upon the well-being of our wildlife, and upon one another. Each of the agencies concerned with any one of our natural resources is an important link in this chain. The U.S. Forest Service and its counterparts on a local basis, such as the various state forestry departments, deals in, and is primarily concerned with, the protection and wise use of our forests. The Soil Conservation Service is charged with the preservation and restoration of that most basic of all natural resources, the soil, and so on down the list of conservation agencies, each with its own main concern, but each with interests inseparably entwined with the interests of the others.

Nur is this cooperation important only on the state-federal basis for it is at the "grass roots" level that cooperation begins, and it is at this level, perhaps, that pulling together toward a common goal is most important.

Our hunters and fishermen are the ones who are in the fields, the forests, and on the waters harvesting the wildlife crop. It is for their benefit essentially that state and federal wildlife agencies have been evolved. These organizations are operated like any other business, with a top layer of "brass", various sub-departments each with its own head man, assistants, a staff of field men (the "salesmen" of the organization) and secretarial and accounting personnel. Each of these organizations is an involved and complicated set-up representing the outlay of thousands or millions of dollars, depending upon the relative importance of the particular resources in question and the size of the state or section.

No matter how efficient a resource management organization may be, without the full cooperation of all at the "grass roots" level, the people who do the actual harvesting of the crop, no program can reach anything remotely resembling successful attainment. For example, let us bring the discussion closer to home. We have on the staff of the Florida Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission some of the finest technically trained men to be found in the state. But without the cooperation of the sportsmen with their scientific approach, free from the bias of tradition and "think-so", have been instrumental in theotic restoration of our once depleted wildlife resources. Important as our trained biologists and game wardens are, there is no way to do this. Cooperation of the outdoormen of Florida, with whom our outdoorsmen are most often in contact. Cooperation with these guardians of our wildlife is an important way in which every person can con-

(Continued on Page 44)
Bird brain

By ROSS PHARES

Whoever originated the term "bird brain" to denote stupidity didn't know birds. True a bird has a relatively small brain. But it has all that it takes—for a bird.

Take the seagulls, for instance. They have some tough nuts to crack, shells, that is. Clams are a delicacy to these birds. But this favorite mollusk is incased in a hard shell that resists all efforts of beak or claw. But the seagulls have "figured out" an ingenious way to get this food that makes some human beings appear slow-witted in comparison. The gulls take the shell-encrusted clams and fly high into the air with them, drop them on rocks to crack the shells, then sloop down to pick up their meals.

Crows even have ambulance service. These birds often rally around a sick or injured conside, helping it to shelter. They will carry the disabled one aloft if necessary.

Almost any experienced hunter will vow that a crow can distinguish between a man carrying a walking stick or fishing pole and a man carrying a gun. They develop teamwork that a varisty coach might envy. A dog with a tidbit in his mouth is a pushover for three clever crows. After discovering the dog, they light near him. One crow fusses his attention in one direction, another attracts him from the opposite direction, and the third crow, with patient, good timing senses the play. At the moment the dog is rattled, or at least properly engaged, the third crow darts in and snatches the food. The team takes to the air with the trophy, and the dog is left without even a moral victory.

Birds can do some quick thinking when escaping their enemies. Well, call it use of instinct if you want to be technical. Whatever it is, it saves the—

and that's what counts. J. O. Langford, in his book, Big Bend, told of seeing a hawk swoop down upon a quail the instant the quail left the ground. The hawk, with talons faster on the wing, was soon upon the quail, reaching for it with open claws. "Then, at the last possible instant before he was captured, the quail did a curious thing. Instead of sailing out on it as had started, it shot straight up, letting the hawk shoot past, under it; and the quail wheeled off in another direction. Before the swiftly flying hawk could cut his speed enough to come about and give chase again, the quail was back on the ground and out of sight."

Roy Bedichek in Karasawaya Country described an attack of a hawk upon three prairie chickens. At the approach of the hawk the prairie chickens disappeared as if they had evaporated. And the hawk didn't check his speed as he swept over. "I spent about two minutes scanning the ground (with binoculars). For the first time I noticed that the booming ground was dotted here and there with dried-out droppings of cattle, little piles of dung that are called locally, "cow-chips." Presently I saw one of these chips rise and become a full-grown prairie chicken; then another, and another. My three birds were back again. Squatting down among these gray mounds, they were perfectly camouflaged... The size, color, and shape of a cow-chip, seen from above, almost exactly correspond to the size, shape, and color of a prairie chicken sitting on the ground."

Some birds use ingenious devices practicing the urgent art of home security. Whenever the hellebdir (sweat-dried creeper) expioes an enemy approaching its nest, the hellebdir gathers a carpet of rotting vegetation—over its nest, then sprays the water without making a ripple, and reappears a hun-

dred feet or more away. A Scotland Yard detective searching for the next would probably step on it with- outhasing.

Birds are expert deceivers. A ground-nesting bird when disturbed while sitting or caking for chicks will run away from the nest with a trailing wing drooping conspicuously on the ground, giving the illusion of being injured and easily caught. This attracts the intruder away from the nest. When the intruder is bared a safe distance away, the parent bird flies in.

Birds often take the initiative in the face of an enemy. Roll off, This Contests, contends that the charlapper of cock (Road-runner) can figure out a few practical things for himself when faced with an enemy like a rattlesnake. "The charlapper cock might stop its hunt for bugs, set in its hill a group of cactus thorns, spread its wing wide and low, and running more speedly than could any race-horse, dodging as elusively as does heat-lightening, drive those thorns squarely into the snake's open mouth, poke out all the body eyes, and then resume the hunt for bugs."

Some birds are smart enough to get others to do their work for them. One of the most amazing dead-beats is the cowbird. These scheming chatters not only get a free ride, but they have other build nests for them, hatch their eggs, in fact raise their families, while they go off following the cows gobbling up what insects the big animals' feet stir up. Those Gypsys simply lay their eggs in the nest of some unassuming bird of another species and then forget about responsibility.

Some male birds share nesting duties with the female. But not the hornbill. When it is time to set the nest, both the mother bird up inside a tree hole, closing the hollow with mud until there is only an opening sufficient for the female bird to stick out her beak. And there she stays until the eggs are hatched and the chicks large enough to leave the nest. The father does not care for them, he provides food both for the mother and the youngsters. It seems he just doesn't like home work, and he is clever enough to get out of it.

Birds have their way around—at least they appear to know what is a ginster, and where it is. There is a small African bird that might aptly be named the crocodile's toothbrush. This little bird lets the crocodile bathe its meal for him, and in return cleans the big reptile's teeth for him. After the crocodile has eaten it crawls out on a bank, holds open its mouth and lets the little bird pop in and out and pick its teeth.

It appears that many birds have a sense of humor, or at least possess the intelligence to have fun devising games or cooking up devilment. Crows with their telescopic eyes will esplo a rabbit doing several. Several will pull the rabbit for a "grand stand seat" at the show. Then the crows win go paw-pursuing up to the doing rabbit, give it a sharp rap on the skull and

that sends the startled, half-dazed creature slapping the bushes in a frantic escape from its known and well-used place. Crows can't laugh, but if not what is that cut-up, chisled, having noise they burst forth with at the sight of the butt of their joke, or swarming away as if all the demons of the woods were after them? Crows are the same kind of tricks on cows and dogs. Possibly nothing, but a bunch of doing cows quicker and more efficiently than a devilish crown. Some people say the crow is the meanest of birds. Many ornithologists observers contend that he has a higher intelligence, at the average, and the routine life of other birds boro him, that he in no way amuse himself, and therefore bas his fun in his own way.

Long before man thought up the idea of air conditioning, certain birds were practicing the nearest to a bird's equipment can provides. Birds, including domestic fowl, have been observed on hot windy days with spread tail turned windward, getting their posterior's fanned by nature's own air conditioning.

Birds have been given courses in classes of animal psychologists in order to determine their I.Q.'s. Their report cards showed up surprisingly high for pupils in the brain. But the brains are the subjects of disparaging cracks. Birds learned to perform patterns. Generally speaking, the professors tell us, birds learned to discriminate between squares, circles, and triangles more successfully than the laboratory rat, an animal that is not social. One American professor reported that the cardinal stayed at the head of his classes. They learned from the first demonstration. He said that once they have been trapped they will never follow the trap again. Arithmetic is not beyond the bird brain. Many birds have learned to count up to seven. Ravens and parrots learned to pick up the first six grains offered him, but avoided one grain, because they knew it. One American professor taught hens to eat every third grain of corn in a row. At first the intervening grains were glued down. But later, when they were left alone the hens still picked it up. This appears easy make up order of similar test with lollipops on some human small fry.

Birds are the greatest travelers on this earth. They may go far enough across the world in one migration and slight to some pin point destination with an unanny skill equaling the most accomplished human navigator. Some people say that they are guided by landmarks or that they are drawn by the magnetic pull of the poles. No one—or the birds—really know how this is done.

Actually there are many things that go on in a bird's head that we don't understand. No reason to play with creatures with the bird brains. The bird brain works marvelously well—at least, for all the strange intricate needs of a bird.
The Zig Zag Champ

John Halliburn, Eastern Airlines Operational Manager, and Frank Reynolds, of the C. A. A., were to meet us later in the day. While we waited, Freddie started a discussion of the why's and wherefores of sniping.

"Use a smaller gauge gun than you would for most game," he told me. "A 12 gauge is ideal. A snipe doesn't have the stamina of a dove, and a few of these little light shot will do the trick. The problem is getting the shot to its mark." I glanced through the grass and saw the thick snare spread on the muddy bank of the slough in front of Freddie.

"I'm going to blast it. Watch for your birds," Freddie said.

We stared at the myrtles ahead. There were several clumps, but when Frank's shot rang out no birds appeared.

"That finished him," Freddie said, pointing to the thrashing, half buried cottongrass. "Anything up there yet?"

"Afraid we've lost that pair," Freddie said. "But let's go make sure.

The fear of us snipers is that first bird. After a couple of times around we relaxed. "Either they pulled out flying low or are right under our feet because when Freddie raised his gun said, "Probably strays anyway. Let's head for our happy hunting grounds.""

"Good enough," Freddie agreed. "You and Frank work in the north. We'll stay south of that line." He pointed to the Australian pine projecting like a modern Christmas tree above the first glades.

"Good enough," Fred said. "But let's head on west.

"What's that bird doing out there?"

"Another windbreak of Australian pines I spotted more than a dozen birds bunched together in a social situation. Look like gulls," I remarked to Freddie.

"They are," he replied. "You'll see thousands more as we go.

"Ahead, the road turned into the county ground. We were flying a lot of old ladies looking out over Menor's International Airport for the big plane to land. Freddie had pointed that out some of the glades were spots when he mentioned it to me.

"That's why I've changed a bit since I hunted snipe 15 years ago," Freddie told me on the phone. "It's still the same place but the old ladies love to shoot. A lot of older men with a lot of money and they're more important to me than the old counties.

"Last year, a few of the old counties didn't get off their land until last night. There were a few days left of the old counties. A lot of the old counties didn't get off their land until last night. There were a few days left of the old counties. A lot of the old counties didn't get off their land until last night.

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Florida Plants Abound in Christmas Legends

By J. CASEY

The plant lore of Christmas symbolizes religion, history and romance. As we picture the shepherds and Wise Men when seeking the Christ-child, much of the plant life accredited to the Holy Land is suggestive of many of Florida’s own plants. Trees, fruits, flowers and even vegetables are important in the traditions of Christmas because of their association with the birth and early childhood of Jesus Christ.

The Golden Bough, “Magic Plant,” and American Mistletoe are some of the popular names of the interesting parasitic plant. The word “mistletoe” is thought to have come from the misel thruss, a messenger of the gods who brought the plant to earth. While its scientific name, Phoradendron flavescens, means “tree thief,” describes its true characteristics, as it lives on either evergreen or deciduous trees and kills many trees. Regardless of which name used, mistletoe is doubtless more widely known, used more extensively in decorations—indeed plastered with legends than any other plant associated with the Christmas season.

A sacred plant of the Druids, the mistletoe was gathered with great pomp and ceremony. A white-robed priest, using a golden sickle, cut the plant and distributed twigs and bits of it to the people present.

An old monk called the mistletoe “The Wood of the Sacred Cross,” because according to legend one time it was a sturdy, handsome tree, and because the wood was so strong the mistletoe tree was selected for the cross upon which our Saviour died. Saddened because of the awful use its wood had been used, the huge tree shrank away until it could no longer stand alone, but must be dependent ever afterwards upon some other plant for its existence.

Scandinavians once regarded the mistletoe as sacred and if two foes met under the plant they laid down their arms and a truce was declared until the next day. Doubtless this explains the custom of hanging mistletoe over the doorway during the Christmas season, thus predating to anyone who might walk beneath it peace and friendship. Even today the French and Swedes believe in the power of the “magic plant” and wear rings and good luck charms of mistletoe.

Famed and beloved is the holly, used extensively for Christmas decorations and trees. It has a much deeper meaning than is commonly associated with this beautiful plant. From the beginning of the Christian era, according to popular legend, the sharp pointed prickles on the leaves of the holly symbolize the latter life Christ had while here on earth—His weariness, His watchings, fastings and death. The Crown of Thorns was plaited from limbs of holly, and before the crucifixion the berries were pure white, but after His death this plant was so sad the berries turned scarlet, representing the blood Christ shed for sinners.

Extending back to remote ages, supernatural qualities were attributed to holly. It was placed on doors and windows to keep out evil spirits. In the olden days never brings the holly into the house first, either husband or wife, is the one who will rule in the ensuing year.

Florida, of which Florida has more than 12 natives and many imported ones, from earliest time has played an important role in mankind. Not only is it an ornamental, medicinal plant, its fruits, stems and leaves are used in many ways to provide some 880 items, including food, drink, and medicine.

From the earliest times the palm branch has been looked upon as the emblem of victory and the herald of triumph. Some credit the Date-Palm with being the original Christmas trees. Egyptians were the first to use such trees as symbols and they explained that the palm puts forth a shoot each month; a palm with 12 shoots signified a year completed.

An ancient legend credits the pine as the Tree of Life, and tells how the angels looking for the World’s Christmas Tree passed up the majestic oak because its branches were commonly used for crosses. They did not select the beech because it lost its leaves, and the willow was rejected because it was a symbol of weeping. Seeing a stately pine tree they decided this was perfect for the Christmas Tree. It had a pleasant aroma, a nice form, and evergreen needles—an ideal symbol to represent Christmas faith and grace.

Some historians believe the idea of the Christmas tree goes back to the Aryan race who, living in the foothills of the Himalaya mountains, fancied they saw in the rays of the rising sun the image of gigantic trees. These sun poets added to the tree image suggested from the more distant heavens, thus the sun, the moon, and the stars became golden fruit that hung on the branches. The larger clouds suggested saws and doves flying in and about the tree, while the golden flash of heat-lightening became the mystical flower that grew on the tree, the celestial mistletoe.

From these ancient legends we get the tree itself, as we know it today, and its decorations.

One of the most beautiful legends woven around Christmas plants is the one of the star that became flowers, namely the snowdrop, water lily, chrysanthemum, and rain lily.

While enroute to Bethlehem the Wise Men had followed the star as a guide, but along their way snow-white, star-shaped flowers marked their way. Wherever there was water the star was reflected, and the reflection immediately became large white flowers which, today is known as water-lilies. ... After reaching Bethlehem, looking for some token denoting they had reached the right place the Wise Men were feeling low in spirit as there was no welcoming music, dancing or feasting—all was silent and gloomy. Suddenly the leader saw a flower—such as he had never seen before—the many-rayed chrysanthemum, like the twinkling star that had guided them, and it was just outside the stable doors.

Upon entering the stable, while gazing at the Christ Child, the star burst with rapture and its stardust took root and soon appeared white, star-shaped flowers, similar to and related to our Rain Lilies.

The Poinsettia, known as the Christmas Flower, while comparatively a new-comer, it heads the popular list of Florida’s Christmas plants. A pretty legend comes to us from Mexico as to how this plant originated... When the Wise Men were on their trip they met a girl who was tending her sheep. Gazing upon the gifts they were taking to the Christ Child the girl wept because she had no gift. Soon

The Cypress Tree, among others, supposedly furnished shelter to Mary and Jesus in their flight.

Holly—A pretty old legend tells of two poor children who, having no candles to put in the window to light the Christ Child’s way on their cabin Christmas tree, lighted the tips of a tree’s branches, and in the morning the berries became living lights, the star-like berries symbolizing the children’s home had been blessed.

December, 1954

(Continued on Page 16)
SOME OF THE most outstanding fishing waters in the state are located in the Florida counties which comprise the Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission's Central Division. Included in the array of notable fishing waters are the rivers St. Johns, Oklawaha, Withlacoochee, and Kissimmee, and Lakes George, Panasoffkee, Crooked, Apopka, Eastside, Harris, Minne- ray, Dexter, Tohopekaliga, Poinsett, and Talsa Apopka.

Under the wing of Central Division personnel is some 10,800 square miles having a population of approximately 80,000 people.

Under the supervision of a Division Director, there are three game biologists, four game management project assistants, an education officer, a fish management technician, three area supervisors, thirty-three wildlife officers, and a secretary.

The six game management areas in the Central Division total 480,000 acres of public hunting lands. The management areas include the Ocala which is located in Marion and Putnam Counties, the Gulf Hammock in Levy County, Tamals and Farnton in Volusia County, Sunter in Sumter and Citrus Counties, and the Richibous area in Turner and Hernando Counties. The latter is being opened to hunting this year for the first time. The game management areas offer some of the best hunting grounds in Central Florida and are utilized by resident as well as many non-resident hunt- ers.

The operation, development, and maintenance of each of these areas is carried on under the provisions of the federal Bannerman-Brook program. The work of the game technician is under the general supervision of the Division office. In addition to the technical staff employed on these areas, there is a complement of Wildlife Officers who are charged with enforcement of the general and special regulations of each area. In order to introduce good fishing to the youth of Florida, the Game Commission hopes to develop a number of artificial waters such as the one held at Sanford.

In order to introduce good fishing to the youth of Florida, the Game Commission hopes to develop a number of artificial waters such as the one held at Sanford.

URING the past year, the Fish Management Division have been issued licenses to fish in public areas totaling some 250,000 miles and spent 74,096 hours on land patrol and 16,594 hours on water patrol. These officers checked 16,594 licenses and made over 480 arrests for fish and game law violations during the past year. The most frequently encountered offenses were fishing without license and exceeding the bag limit, but a good many cases were made for illegal seining, fish trapping, dynamiting, and spearing fresh water fish. Out of season hunting, especially for deer and turkey and fire hunting are the most common game violations.

Large amounts of equipment used by violations fall into the hands of enforcement officers. Last year seized equipment included several thousand yards of net, large numbers of fish traps, several underwater spear outfits, ten boats, and six outboard motors.

Public relations work directed toward the education of the people of the district regarding the importance of wildlife conservation is given much time and effort.
BEACH AT DAVERNAV

by Joe Marz

RED FISH

ART CRAZY

(Continued on P buyers)

The author's name. The title of the book and the name of the publisher. If applicable, the date of publication and the page number. A brief description of the book, including its genre and themes. The author's bio and any relevant information about their background. A quote from the book, highlighting a particular passage or concept. A review or critique of the book, discussing its strengths and weaknesses. Any related artwork or images, such as book covers or illustrations. Additional resources or links for further exploration of the topic. Citations for any sources used in the creation of the content.
A half-dozen miles back to camp. There are some of the most successful hunts that happened to the future this year. Which all goes to prove there's more to foxhunting, than just releasing the hounds and having them romp house with the hunters. They catch fast from point to point, and are down at the end of the course, the big guns. The seasoned spectators will argue that the releasing of the hounds is more the result of the starting gun than of the ability of the foxhound. It makes no difference how well the fox is started at the starting gun. The success or failure of the hunt depends upon how well the hounds get started after the gun, and how well the hounds are fired up to the hunt. A good hunter is a case of few feet can get into the woods, but the dog of the other guy. And, brother! You'd better get out of your way—they're a thundering herd. It takes more skill to hunt the fox, hounds, and dogs and judges to insure a successful hunt. These are the problems true to control with this. This brings in the services of the State Highway Pll. Then there's agencies like the forestry department which keeps the roads open for the same purpose, and also issues a book of fish. Florida Wildlife officers also cooperate by keeping the hounds and dogs with the shortwave radio installed in the hunters' vehicles. A houndsman will tell you there's no "sweeter music" than when a pack of hounds is "tongue. They sing in all keys—even in tune, but loud! But there was another story. James Melton catching a fox. "Music is where you find it," remarked one oldtimer. It could easily be seen that his favorite tune was "Hound- dog Ramble." The Florida State Foxhunters' Association has its start some 25 years ago through the combined efforts of two racy foxhunters, Jesse Landon of Leesburg and Frank Drake of Mount Dora. Since then the organization has come a long way. Today it is one of the most successful hunting organizations in the country. The amount of participants seem to be increasing each year, and the hounds and fun even better. One of the original charter members of the outfit is 72-year-old A. L. Teaf of Palatka, Fla. Being a dyed-in-the-wool foxhunter, Mr. Teaf has missed only three meetings since 1927. Which is, no doubt, some kind of a record.

As in the past two years running the hounds on the St. Joe Paper Company's 35,000 acres of prime gray fox country was through the courtesy of its president Ed Ball. Laced with roads the area makes it possible for all interested parties to get a glimpse of the racing hounds and listen to their "serenade to a fox."

One might say dogs are kids with a tail and a bark. They have their good days and their bad. Sometimes they are sad. But on the average, like most kids, it doesn't take too much to make them happy. They'll play games at day and keep the peepers happy. And again like Junior, they are likely to play hokey now and then. They'll play hokey while on the hunt. One such tardy pup made himself a hole in a bunch of bushes and sat there quietly watching the road. Some condemned him for being a laggard. They argued he was playing it smart—watching the road for the return of the judges. Then, they say he'd dash out of hiding and make like he'd been tracking the fox all the time. Yet, if you were owner of the pup you'd certainly have to argue in his defense. To wit: He was playing the hounds' game, that is laying in wait for mister fox. Then springing on his prey. Both parties come out right.

To those unfamiliar with the foxhound, his gentleness is a bit mystifying. He might be rocking his quary to death one minute with all the ferocity of some wild beast, and the next look up at you with those big, soft brown eyes of his, full of warmth and innocence. All which leads one to believe he'd make a wonderful pet around children.

J. R. Holland of Savannah, Georgia, with his hound that took all-age female prize.

However, the word "hound" definitely brands this gentle canine as a killer in the eyes of the general would-be pet buyers. Of course, there's another side to the story, too. The price of a good hound runs high. Those who have field training sometimes hit the thousand-dollar mark; often more. Which all boils down to: too expensive to keep just as a pet.

Once the foxhound becomes too slow to chase the fleet fox, he is retired to the slower hunting fields, such as coon and deer. Here, he can generally keep up a good front until ripe old age among his joints. Even then he hasn't outlived his useful life—he's still a good pet for the kids to tend.

The hound also rates pretty high when it comes to being a show dog. Watching him perform at the beach show is a sight well worth an owner's attention. The foxhound is scored on various points at the points to just as any other breed.

The highlight of the evening was at the end of the field trials. It's the night the fifty or more trophies and ribbons are awarded to the past two years Wilson Beach Cottage winners. It's a time of festivities, as well as general head quarters for the foxhunters. During the evening of the prize giving, the restaurant is held in the restaurant, all other activity comes to a halt.

All activity, that is, except that around the award table. While awaiting the judges' verdict on the top winners—all age endurance and the highest general average dogs—you see faces smiling nervously by others tense with excitement. After the announcement enthusiasm reigns.

Good fellowship is a big and important part of the Florida State Foxhunters Association. It pulls a long face because their hound didn't carry off the highest prize. Faith in the judges' decision is standard behavior among the runners-of-the-fence. It gives you a great idea of how other cooperates with genuine warmth.

Foxhunting is truly a sport of "the people." The people who participate, General George Washington, who is said to have enjoyed the sport so much, might have had something to do with the calibre of people who follow the chase. Anyhow, it is probably the last, or one of the few, remaining sporting events not polluted by the sporting racketeers. Foxhunters follow the sport for the thrill of it and the companionship they find in each other. Not to mention love of the hound and his nervous rhapsody of the hunt. It's like the oldtimer says: "Music is where you find it."

The event was jointly sponsored by the Wakulla County and the Apalachee Chambers of Commerce. Those in charge of the program were: Hon. W. H. (Buck) Ripley, who shared bench judging honors with C. W. Smith of Cedar- town, Ga., Dr. George Chain, Dr. Forrest Park, Ga., ringmaster; Hon. Don McLean, Bartow, Fla., Master of Hounds; George Harris, Jackson- ville, Fla., and Nelson K. Hamilton of Foley, Ala., Master of Ceremonies, and B. P. Scott, Welcome address.

First prize in hunting was awarded to Lady A. W. Garfield, O'Brien, Fla., pose his dog.

Best match trophy was won by Cindy Gay, belonging to E. E. McCloud of Bartow, Fla.
**THE COMPETENT VENISON COOK**

**By CHARLOTTE PALM**

A MEAL PLACED on your table is no better than your skill as a cook. The finest cuts of meat available will present no finer taste treat than the most carefully prepared. Nothing is done to harm its succulence to the last. Many a housewife has watched her husband off to the woods in search of a deer, and in the back of her secret mind was the unspoken thought and wish that he might fail so that she would not be compelled to struggle in the task of making tasteless meat passable. Granted that it is if it's handled as most hunters handle it — improperly. Granted, also, that it is if it's improperly aged or not at all, as is frequentedly the case.

That, however, needn't be true in your household. If hobby can get his buck, and knows how to properly store it, it is evident that the cuts are properly aged, then you can match his skill with your own by seeing to it that the meat receives the finest treatment possible in the kitchen.

Here are some ideas that will enable you to put tasty venison before that hungry hunter of yours.

**SPICY ROUND STEAK**

Ingredients:
- 1/4 cup flour
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1/4 teaspoon pepper
- 2 tablespoons suet dripping
- 1 medium, thinly sliced, onion
- 1 sliced green pepper
- 1 cup catup
- 1 finely sliced lemon
- 5 whole cloves
- 1/2 cup water
- 1/2 teaspoon basil

Steam should be about 1/4-inch thick. Mix salt, pepper, flour, and suet dripping into the suet, then add the round roast and brown the steak. Put meat in a baking dish. Blend the water and catup and pour around the steak. Ingredients: cover with aluminum foil and place on lowest oven rack.

Cook for about one hour at 350 degrees F.

**FLANK STEAK**

Ingredients:
- 1/4 cup flour
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1/4 teaspoon pepper

Scrape the surface a diamond pattern to sever lengthwise fibers. Rub both sides well with flour, salt, and pepper.

Using a heavy skillet with a tight cover, brown in a small amount of fat. Add 1/4-2 cups of hot water.

**VENISON ROAST**

Ingredients:
- 1/4 cup flour
- rosemary or basil

Marinade:
Red wine vinegar

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**FLORIDA WILDLIFE**

**WILL YOUR DEER BE FIT TO EAT?**

**By JULIUS STURM**

I HAVE a friend who would rather fight a wildcat than eat venison, although he is an avid hunter. He claims the meat is tough and tasteless — and he's probably right. For the majority of the time. If he'd been subjected to the handling most deer receive from time they're spotted by hunters' dogs, dropped in rough terrain, transported on the hot hoods of automobiles for several hours (and even days, in some cases), transported in an almost hopeless task of trying to make tasteless meat passable when placed on the table.

Yet venison bears the same mark. Granted that it is if it's handled as most hunters handle it — improperly. Granted, also, that it is if it's improperly aged or not at all, as is frequentedly the case.

There have been more deer killed in the last few years than in the hundred preceding years, and the increase has not been more than the population of the state. It may be that we have the other essential bits of equipment, such as dry cleaning, a rag, a quantity of twice, a can of black pepper, and several inches of cheesecloth. The first two items are particularly important when the weather is hot, as it often is during the hunting season in Florida.

If you don't dress your buck properly, there is little that could be done to improve it. You can dress it up on the table. The majority of hunters, however, who attempt to dress their kills in the woods instead of carrying them home, bole dressed, get into the least that they are taking a step in the right direction — they are doing their dressing but promptly on the spot instead of hours later at home.

There is a definite technique to dressing out a deer, and it is one that every hunter should learn as early as possible. If you never had a chance to learn it, there's nothing like starting with your very next hunting trip to be a full-grown hunter instead of a gentleman shotter.

Bleeding is the first step. Place the deer in an inclined position, head down. Cut the throat, and where the flow of blood slows down, lift and drop the head several times; also lift and drop the hind legs.

Hog-dressing is next, but it should be done neatly and cleanly. Prepare a gambrel stick by sharpening it at both ends. Cut slits in the backs of both hind legs, between the hams and the leg bones, and insert the sharpened ends of the stick.

Using a sharp knife, cut carefully around the tail and rear vent. The ends of the intestines should then be tied off. Now find the large cartilages in the precise middle of the pelvis, and cut it. It will probably require a heavy knife for this, or a strong hand.

Now make a small (not too deep) slit in the skin of the underparts, cutting the skin behind the butt. By inserting two fingers of your right hand into the slit, you can spread the opening and follow the cut carefully, so you handle the knife with your right hand. The ribs meet in a hard cartilage which you can sever if you cut exactly between the ribs. Continue the opening all the way to the brisket.

Now raise the carcass and the internal organs will spill out. Be sure to salvage the heart and the liver as they are both of the choicest parts. Rub the interior and wash with the clean rag.

In case of a buck, remove the sex glands cleanly, or almost immediately the meat will become tainted. This is a point where scientists commonly hang their cleaning jobs.

Now remove the lungs. Just as quickly as possible hang the deer, head down, and let it remain hanging until it is thoroughly cooled, if you want perfect meat. The hide acts as insulation, so remove it promptly if the temperature is above freezing, as it frequently is in Florida. At the same time you skin the animal, remove the head. The way in which this is so essential at this point, is to not only skin the animal, but to quarter it as well. Be sure to check first, because you won't be able to quarter your game in the field.

It frequently happens in Florida that the weather is warm during deer season. In addition to quartering and skinning the game as quickly as possible, further precautions must be taken to insure good, edible meat. Pepper should be rubbed liberally into all the surfaces, each piece wrapped carefully in cheesecloth, and the meat placed to cool a spot as possible.

(Continued on Page 47)
This 308-pound black bear was bagged in Liberty County by Emery Stone during one of this year’s special hunts conducted by the Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission in the Apalachicola National Forest. Shown in the above photo are, front row, L to r, Bud Crowley, Earl Sumner, Emery Stone, F. W. German, and Artis Cornell. Back row, L to r, J. C. King, Claude Whitehead, Marion Lamb, John Gilliam, Columbus Kyle, Otto Schuler, Earl Dullar, and Ted May. Insert at left shows the bear’s front foot compared with man’s hand to indicate size. Right inset, Emery Stone poses with the bear he dropped with a single shot from his rifle.

Young Johnny Rowland doesn’t quite know whether he likes this 12-pound largemouth bass or not. It is being held by his mother, Mrs. Bobbie Rowland of Ocala. The fish was landed in a small lake on the Lake-Polk County line.

Two-year-old David Clark isn’t sure he likes the shame of his pot of green. However, he doesn’t seem to be afraid. He and his dad, William Clark, are among the many who enjoy the animals in the Florida Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission Wildlife Exhibit trailer.

Harvey Noel of Blountstown, Florida, came close to having a picked load of fish in the three sturgeon he caught in the Apalachicola River near Rock Bluff. There is a seasonal run of these strange “relic” fish in some of northwest Florida’s streams.

Visitors to the Southeastern Fair in Atlanta, Georgia, last October were treated to a display of Florida's, featuring a pair of real bragging size largemouth bass here being shown off by Barry Freeman (right). Assistant Chief Fisheries Biologist and Ed Zager, Fisheries Technician. The display was sponsored by the East Side Chamber of Commerce.
We weren’t interested ... until we caught the words, “they say there are two rooms.”

“Two rooms?” we thought. What are they talking about—“rooms”? There are no real caves in Florida except those over in the northeast section. Anyway, that’s what I thought.

But Bob Rowland, herdsman for Finley Farms, in whose pasture the cave is located, insisted that it not only had rooms but that the cave was so deep a ladder was needed to get down into it. This I had to see. And I did, too.

In the Finley Farms pasture, only seven miles west of Ocala and some forty feet below the ground, was the cave.

We let ourselves down into the first room with a cable and a 25-foot ladder. There was a small hole in the lower end of the room which led to another room set lower than the first. We lowered ourselves and, emerging into the second room, found a side entrance leading to still another room. And at the far end of this one was still another room.

From one extreme to the other, in the part of the cave we “explored,” it ran some 150 feet. Our depth below ground level was about seventy-five feet. And this in Florida!

How many rooms there are in all we have yet to discover. We made two trips down, the initial discovery and one later for photographs, but we were reluctant to try to penetrate any deeper into the cave without proper equipment and safeguards, fearing bad air, cave-ins, and getting lost.

We found evidence that we were not the first to enter this particular cave. Stuck into the hole which led into the second of the rooms were the remnants of a homemade ladder, now rotted and broken. Scratched into the soft limestone of the walls were initials and dates, one reading “1881,” all covered with moss.

So now I am a spelunker. I’m not interested in any of those commercial caves or exploited attractions. I don’t want to “explore” anything with groups of visitors around each corner. I am interested in “wild caves.” Who knows what I may find at the bottom of the next “hole”?

Anyone for spelunking? END.

SPELUNKING IN FLORIDA? I didn’t believe it either until I did it myself.

Spelunking, or cave-exploring, as it’s commonly called, is actually a sport in which Floridians can take part, although few of us realize it and few of us do it. I admit it, though—although I have hunted, fished, and covered the outdoors of Florida for more than a quarter of a century, I didn’t know about spelunking either until just recently.

It all happened by accident. We were in Ocala spending a quiet weekend with our daughter and her family just taking a much needed rest and large doses of relaxation, when someone mentioned a “cave” out in the pasture.

Mrs. Kenneth Basley flattens against the wall of room four so we can get photo of hole in end that may lead on to other rooms. She had just tried to squeeze through hole but, although smallest person in party, was unsuccessful. Hole shown in background is about 75 feet below surface. We found date carved in wall near Mrs. Basley’s head, 1881.
FLOWER WILDLIFE

Black Bear

By ROSS ALLEN

SKUNK

SPOTTED

The

FLORIDA WILDLIFE

FEDERATION NOTES
The Whistlin' Angler

By

ALICE JOHNSON

the champion was safely in the boat of their tormentors. Mely put her hands on her hips. Mely lowered her head like a goat about to ram something hard. "NOW" they said in loud concert. But "now" was "Not yet!" The two fishermen had upped anchor and moved out fast. They were already headed for another fishing spot and the ladies roared right after them. The men again baited their hooks and cast. What a lake. Practically packed with bass. Both men had strikers. The girls once more held their wrath and cast. They also had strikers.

The wolf whistle echoed over the water but the men weren't even looking in the direction of the girls fishing from the other boat. This was disconcerting. The whistle was plain and completely standard, but accompanied by no overt looks or gestures. The men had eyes for nothing else but fish. Then why the whistle?

"What do you suppose is the matter with those fellows," asked Mely, thoughtfully baiting her hook.

"Whistling at two perfect ladies just fishing for fun and minding their own business?"

"They whistle and make you lose your fish and then they don't even look. It's insulting," said Mily.

"They're crazy," counterpointed Mely.

"You should fix 'em, once and for all," said Mily.

"Just wait till they try it again," threatened Mely, hauling in a small one and throwing it back with a vicious slap.

Both, men cast. This time "dark glasses" had a striper, The man Hank, or was it "glasses", gave forth with the long low whistle. The girls gasped.

"Maybe they aren't whistling at us," ventured Mily, the timid type.

"They should be," rasped Mely pulling up the anchor with a mighty heave-ho. Mily started the motor.

"Get to 'em, this time, before they're in the middle of catching another one," shouted Mely from the roar of the outboard.

They brought the boat to within three feet of the two men in the boat and heaving gently at anchor. Mely was spokesman.

"You—you—you water wolves," she screamed. "You can't get away with it!"

Dark glasses turned his gaze toward the angry ladies.

"Hello there," he said pleasantly, "out for a bit of fishing?"

"What do you think we're doing? Dragging the lake for a body?" spotted Mely.

"No harm asking, is there? Hank, give the lady a fish. We have more than we need. They're beautiful," giggled Mely.

"Never mind about beauties," snarled Mely, "stop whistling at us. You make us lose our fish. We have as much right to—"

She was interrupted by roars of laughter.

"Fresh!" both girls were near tears.

"Freest you ever tasted," teased the man called Hank, "Some babies!"

"We'll some babies you!"

Dark glasses pulled a red and white bobber out of the water. While tears of laughter streamed from under his glasses he said in mock seriousness, "Here, this is your sea wolf. Listen!"

He pushed the queer looking bobber down under the water as if a fish were pulling it at it. The resulting whistle, long, low and provocative sent chills of embarrassment up and down two feminine spines.

Mely looked at Mily.

"I was going to call the police," said Mely.

"I was going to hit them over their heads with an oar," confessed Mily, the timid one.

"Besides," the man named Hank explained, "my friend Al, here is blind. He can't even see you. The whistle is to tell him when he has a fish on the hook.

If two girls in a fourteen foot boat with an outboard can sink, Mely and Mily quietly slink away, wiser in the ways of wolves on the water.

Al Shaw, who tells the stories with glee says, "You never saw a more discombobulator-lasted pair of females." He went on to say that the American Council for the Blind put on many tricksy gadgets such as whistling bobber to help blind people help themselves in everyday life.

Disguise their food. The Caracara has been charged with bothering domestic animals, but the charge is probably being laid on hearsay evidence.

The Caracara spends the larger part of his time on the ground, but he has a strong direct way of flying, usually close to the earth, but occasionally riding the upper air currents like a vulture. The Caracara is usually seen in pairs, giving rise to the supposition that it mates for life.

Its name is derived from its call, which is usually uttered in the morning and again in the evening.

The Caracara is distinctively
FISH AREN'T really smart. They just see what's there. No reason to be so smart is that the fisherman is in some ways like a modern-day Brian from the brain-power of the fish. This means that the fisherman is actually a kind of fish, which he can do by studying and following the ways of the fish. So the fisherman is there to be smarter than the fisherman.

Odd as this sounds, it's true. More often than not, it should be.

Now the fisherman may be able to find the fish, make a noise, and make a lot of noise. He does these things through his superior intelligence. He is able to think, reason, and make deductions.

The fish, on the other hand, can do none of those things. It doesn't really think it has no reasoning power, and it certainly can't take a cake. The fish just hasn't got that kind of a mind. Instead, the fish's brainpower is only a matter of habit, instinct, and a normal reaction to its surroundings.

So the fisherman operates on a low level of intellect, and the fisherman operates on a very high level of intelligence. Often, the two levels do not meet. The result — no fish on the hook.

"I don't believe I'd ever married you had I knew I'd be playing second fiddle to a home made fly." —By BOB DHANNE

A personal experiment done some years ago may help explain this. A number of fish of various sizes — black bass were being kept alive in a tank in a house in North Florida. When the tank was kept in its office. Rarely was the incident noticed, it was found that the amount of light in the tank resulted in very distinct reactions on the part of the bass.

When a normal amount of daylight was present, the in the tank, the bigmouth bass would have almost always remain near the top of the tank.

But when the fluorescent lights were suddenly switched out, the bass would immediately sink to the bottom. They did not swim down to the bottom. Instead, they just sank quietly downward.

If the light remained on, the bass would eventually begin to slowly rise in the tank, until they reached their normal position.

But if the light was turned off while the fish were swimming up, the fish would actually begin to slowly sink down, as though they had an elevator reaction. When the light came on, the fish would suddenly begin to swim up again. When the light was switched off, the fish would slowly rise upward.

By snapping the light on and off at various intervals, it was possible to make the bass sink and down in the tank, just like submerged electric lights.

Seldom did the fish appear to swim up or swim down. They just appeared to be swimming in the tank, in almost a straight vertical line.

The explanation? The fish were acting only by instinct and a reaction to their surroundings. When the light was turned on, the fish swam toward it, and then below it when the light was switched off. They eventually sank deeper and deeper. When the light went off, the bass eventually rose to a level at which they were most comfortable.

The sudden changes in light conditions made the bass restless. The light in the tank came on and went off, and the bass just reacted to it. They did not especially think about it. They just reacted to it. The light came on — the bass sank to a safer level. The light went off — the bass rose to a comfortable level.

So how does this apply to our intelligent fisherman?

Well, suppose that the fisherman, on a beautiful sunny day, went fishing. There was an unusual wind in him and he suspected a touch of late autumn Spring Fever. Late that day he was fishing the drop-off for Old Ned. But then, that had been a crazy mixed up season anyway. He'd hooked Old Ned four times—and lost him each time. In the process, four new lures had disappeared along with an undetermined amount of line.

Furthermore, he'd managed to strip the gears on his reel. A marvelous record.

Thoughts of Old Ned brought his spirits up remarkably. Old Ned was the biggest, craftiest, most cantankerous pickerel! Uncle Josh had ever encountered. And the two of them had been encountering each other as far back as Uncle Josh could remember. It had been great sport—but Old Ned had never allowed himself to get caught. This fact did nothing to bolster Uncle Josh's already crestfallen pride.

Now it looked as if Old Ned might live to become a legend after all. Uncle Josh's fishing days had come to a sudden and reluctant halt.

He had been fit to choke with indignation. It was all the fault of that fishersnapper, Dr. McGraw. He'd told Aunt Martha that Uncle Josh would have to confine himself to less challenging trout, that his heart wouldn't take the excitement Old Ned brought on.

It was a conspiracy, Uncle Josh reasoned. They were trying to turn him into a fishy.

As he contemplated some form of rebellion, footsteps approached behind him. He leaned back and flashed his eyes.

"Ain't never voice always reminded him of a rusty wagon wheel. "Uncle Josh!"

FLORIDA WILDLIFE

DECEMBER, 1954

A soft moaning sound was his only reply.

"You're coming to the store for a few minutes—now don't you dare. Uncle Josh waited until he heard the door close behind him. A few minutes later he was running down the path toward the lake, his rod and net in one hand, his tackle box in the other.

Across the lake, a small boat was slowly backing to the lake. Uncle Josh cut the motor and drifted until the boat was a good bit of lily pads bordering the drop-off. He pulled up side of the boat and pulled his rod off.

Shortly afterward he heard a noise. He didn't look up. He was fishing at the lake's length and surveying the water from the boat he dipped into the water. Where's your grandson today?"

"Come on out, propped the rod between his knees and stood back out of the far side of the lake. Nothing happened. Just as he was turning the boat, something caught his eye.

Uncle Josh and the Lake Monster

By ROBERT F. BURGESS

Lily pads were acting queerly off his starboard side. Either they parted or were jarred roughly under the boat. The water was clear as a glass, and there was no doubt the apple moved on the surface. It became a V-shaped wave, moved into open water and disappeared in a swirl of twisted water. Uncle Josh hardly felt the strike. He reeled in slowly. Suddenly there was a miniature explosion and the water was wavy and a mose sitting on the surface. The lake was cold and Uncle Josh swam a side of the lake. "Yahow?" Uncle Josh was on his feet, seizing the doubled rod as it was a magic wand that had suddenly sprinted wings.

The drive toward the lily pads. Uncle Josh leaned back, feeling the violent shivering on the far end of his line. The muscles in his arms cried out in protest and there was a hard indentation inside his head as if someone was belaboring him with a frying pan—then suddenly the fish turned, shot out into deep water and finally out of determinations.

When the fish moved again it came charging full tilt toward the safety of the lily bed. Uncle Josh had been fishing for hours, and the wind had picked up. Uncle Josh was perched in the point of the bow, braving himself to keep the contents of the boat from sliding out. He knew Old Ned wasn't taking the excitement Old Ned brought on.

It was a conspiracy, Uncle Josh reasoned. They were trying to turn him into a fishy.

As he contemplated some form of rebellion, footsteps approached behind him. He leaned back and flashed his eyes.

"Ain't never voice always reminded him of a rusty wagon wheel. "Uncle Josh!"

(Continued on Page 50)
GIVE HAPPINESS, NOT TRAGEDY, FOR CHRISTMAS

DURING THIS season each year thousands of American boys (and girls) receive their first guns. I would guess that more than half the youngsters in this country get that first gun as a Christmas present.

And, if you can remember your own first one, you'll know that nothing else perhaps brings the same thrill and happiness. The gift of a gun signifies that you have at last reached a phase of adulthood. It means that dad and mother no longer think of you as a baby. You're grown up now.

The is the prospect of many happy hours to come—the plinking, the competitive target shooting, the hours afield. All in all the gift of a gun is the climax of long and impatient waiting. It is one of the stages of "growing up.

But all too often this intended "happiness of all times" becomes deep dark tragedy. In the twinkling of an eye a gift intended to bring happiness can cause the loss of a life, or blight the lives of several people. And the difference between happiness and tragedy is usually a simple failure to make the gift complete.

For gun accidents, like other accidents, are caused—they don't just "happen." Gun trouble in 99 cases out of 100 is caused by "carelessness," which in turn can be laid to lack of information and training. If it were possible to build safe and same gun handling into a gadget that could be installed in each shooter fact, some of our states now require such training in their schools.

According to Charles Gillham, of Western-Winchester, every school in Sweden has its rifle club. In the United States, California, Maine and New York have legislation requiring some shooting and gun handling training in the schools. Charles points out that girls and handicapped children can compete in shooting on an equal basis with boys and un-handicapped youngsters.

All this, of course, is good. Many "accidents" have been prevented. But there is still much to be done, and it must be done by those who give guns.

For parents this should be no chore at all. Certainly there is no greater pleasure than for a parent to give a youngster a gun and then to participate in the fun with the boy or girl. Both the child and the parent will enjoy the hours spent together on the target range or in the field. Memories of these hours will last throughout the years.

Training in the safe handling of guns should start with the very first—even though it be a noise-making pistol or a cap shooter. The very young should be taught first of all never to point any gun at anything or anyone unless he wants to hit it. Youngsters 3, 4, 5 years old may be taught these basic rules with toys. As the youngster grows older, and the power of the weapon is increased, the training should be continued.

It should be emphasized, however, that the responsibility of seeing that proper training is included with the gift of each gun should lie on the parent from making such a gift. It certainly is as much a "crime" to deprive an American youngster of the pleasures of his own gun as it is to give a gun without including the proper instructions. To deprive the youngster of this pleasure is simply shrinking the duties of parenthood. (And results in depriving the parent of an equal pleasure.)

The instruction of the proper handling and use of guns can start with the very young and the selection of the type and power of the weapon should be made to fit the age of the youngster and the conditions. The very young can be taught the basic rules with a caps gun or noise-maker. As the child grows older he or she can be given a different type and more power of weapon. Instruction as to what and when to shoot can then be given.

After having written many articles on this subject, made many observations, and received many complaints and suggestions, I have come to the conclusion that many parents are careless about their selection of weapons as well as about omitting proper instructions. In my opinion the giving of the time-honored 22 rifle as a first gun is often a mistake. The gun should be selected with an eye to the use to which it may be put.

Very frequently, for instance, that first gun might better be a small caliber shotgun rather than a rifle. If the parent-youngster shooting is going to be done on a target range then the gift of an air powered rifle or the standard 22 might very well be in order. However, if the shooting might be done in the field and for small game hunting, then the selection of a 410 or 20 gauge shotgun would be far more fitting. And it should always be borne in mind that the shotgun has a far shorter deadly range than a rifle which makes it a safer gun under many conditions.

So, with Christmas just around the corner and with thousands of American boys and girls looking forward to receiving their first guns, it is time for parents to give some thought to selection of the weapon and to the training that will go along with it. It is a happy season coming up. Let's keep it that way. Make the gift complete.

By FRED W. JONES

12-year-old David Jones at Kathleen, Florida, gets target range instruction from his Daddy. [Photo: J. Jones]. A busy keyboard makes a safe backsip.

DECEMBER, 1954
The Florida spiny turkey is found from the south- eastern part of the state to Daytona Beach and south to the Okefenokee Swamp in southern Georgia. It is considered a rare species. The Florida spiny turkey, re- sembling a pheasant, is also known to be as spiny turkeys in Iowa and Wisconsin. In northern Florida, there is a breed of large turkeys that have stiff spines and are common in this area.

Within its range, the Florida spiny turkey inhabits the vicinity of swamps, where the shallow water is covered with tall grasses. The bird is usually found in a brushy area, its coloration providing good camouflage. It is a shy bird, and when disturbed, it will take cover in nearby bushes or undergrowth. Its call is a nasal and reedy note. When alarmed, it will crouch in the underbrush and utter a series of low, harsh notes.

The Florida spiny turkey is a common game bird throughout its range, and it is hunted for sport. It is also a valued food source.

**FLORIDA PLANTS ABOUT IN CHRISTMAS LEGENDS**

he heard a light rustling like the wind and before he knew what was happening, he asked, "Why do you weep on this wonderful night?" She told the angel that she had been sent on a mission from the Holy Babe and the shepherds had a white dove, fruits and honey but she didn't have even a flower. The angel com- promised her to gather some day, brown woods at her feet. The child obeyed and immediately the woods became a garden with brilliant red flowers and bright green leaves. Then the angel had a gift to send—exquisite flowers.

The tree and shrubbery are trimmed with florid flowers to Mary and Jesus in the right. While a cypress sprouts its trunk to hide them from the ad- mirers.

The Star of the East is said to have first blessed at Christ's birth, closed at the crucifixion and opened again at Easter. This is a perfect habit of closing its petals into a compact ball, looking like a closed flower, but when opened, the petals unfold and spread in Florida. Often mistaken for a cactus because of its thorns, this plant is closely related to the poinsettia. The cactus spiny stem, almost vine-like, if given an op- portunity can be trained to any desired shape such as in a cross-shaped trellis, or around a hoop, similar to a crown.

Cedar, another popular evergreen for Christmas decorations, is a symbol of endurance, strength, life and eternity. A very old Christmas card tells of a contrast be- tween the Holly and the Ivy. It was finally decided the holly, with its bright crimson berries, should have the place of honor instead of the ivy whose berries are black. END.

**WATERFOWL POPULATION**

**Hunters of the Atlantic Flyway have the oppor- tunity to bring about an immediate increase in the waterfowl population if they will cooperate in a Flyway-wide effort to reduce the crippling losses of ducks.**

According to the Atlantic Waterfowl Council, the coordinating unit for States and other agencies in the Flyway, for ducks and geese, the losses are most pronounced during the period from the beginning of regular hunting to the peak of the迁徙 season on the East Coast.

As thousands of duck annually are being wasted through crippling in this Flyway, and reduction of this loss is possible only in one way—by lowering the rate of participation of the guns in a self-imposed campaign to kill cleanly and recover each duck downed is the only way the job can be done.

To emphasize the seriousness of this crippling loss, the Waterfowl Council cited fact and figures from recent data. Conservation and experiments. They show annual crippling losses range from 8 to 15 per cent, and average 25 per cent on a national basis. The losses are greatest when the vegetation is most dense. Decoy shooting tends to reduce the losses when the hunter is not able to see the losses, but they are not killed clean.

The following code is suggested by the Waterfowl Council to guide co-operative hunters in the campaign to reduce these losses.

1. Shoot only at birds at reasonable close range. When you hit one, you have it. When you miss, don't shoot. Don't try for long range.

2. Shoot only when you can drop the birds in open water. Birds in or over feeders has only a very few, and few of them are lost.

3. Use a retrieving dog. You will really add to your bag.

4. Don't hunt where you can't recover your birds.

5. Practice on clay pigeons before you start hunting. You will be surprised how few hunters realize what a bad shooter they are.

The many hundreds of thousands of ducks which can be saved each year would return to their natural habitat and continue in the Flyway populations ever after. The increase in Flyway populations ever after a few years. The increase in the Flyway populations ever after a few years. The increase in the Flyway populations ever after a few years.
THE COMPETENT VENISON COOK

(Continued from Page 24)

ROAST VENISON SANDWICH

Ingredients:
1/4 cup margarine
2 large onions, finely chopped
2 tablespoons margarine, butter
1 teaspoon sage
1/2 teaspoon basil
1/4 cup stock
2 tablespoons cracker crumbs
Salt
Pepper

To make sauce: Cook onions in margarine for 5 minutes. Add other ingredients and cook gently for 30 minutes.

Place thin slices of roast venison on toast. Cover with gravy and garnish with parsley and a slice of dill pickle.

VENISON CURRY

Ingredients:
1/2 pound trimmed meat per serving
1 medium-sized onion
1 medium-sized potato
2 tablespoons curry powder
3 tablespoons peanut butter
3 sliced tart apples

Cook in a little water; when starting to lose its tenderness, add starch to cover. When tender, drain.

Sauté onions until brown, add meat and stir well. Add curry powder. Add stock or cornstarch to cover. Add other ingredients and cover dish. Simmer gently for about one hour, stirring frequently.

Serve with boiled, fluffy rice.

PROGRESSIVE GIVING

When you boil it all down, catching a Red Fish is a cinch: you have simply to offer him what he wants. The businessman who wants more sales and the sport who wants better catches on his days out.南北

CENTRAL DIVISION

(Continued from Page 17)

members. The quail taken under this program were released on open land where they will be accessible to the public.

The Central Division recently leased a tract of land from the Monarch Orange Company of Sumter County. The leased property is expected to supply turkeys for the re-stocking program and will thus be maintained as a game refuge. The area situated west of Wildwood is outstanding as a wild turkey habitat and at present has a very high turkey population.

This year’s hatch has been good and brooder cases were set at an alarming rate for a large and promising an excellent supply of birds. It is expected that at least 100 turkeys can be taken off the farm during the live trapping period next spring.

Three radio stations are maintained within the division and plans are underway for the establishment of additional stations near Palatka and Deland in the immediate future. With the completion of these stations, the division radio network will have coverage over the entire area, and the general operation will be greatly facilitated.

In addition to twenty-three Wildlife Officers of the Northwest and Central Division, five agents of the State Board of Conservation attended the Legislative sessions. The division’s radio network was recently incorporated into the Civil Defense Communications Net and the units participated in the nationwide practice alert to test the efficiency of the warning system.

Although the Central Division has been without a patrol airplane for the past two years, a new plane has recently been purchased. This plane is operated by a pilot experienced in law enforcement activities and the addition of this equipment will constitute a new hazard to those bent on violating the regulations of the Commission.

Following the close of the recently established Junior Conservation Club Camp at Lake Eaton in the Ocala National Forest, the site was used for a week-long Wildlife Officer’s School. In addition, the school had classes in the challenging field of wildlife conservation where the tasks of each of the men serving the district. We in the Central Division are striving to do a better job in the challenging field of wildlife conservation where every other wildlife officer today spends the satisfying reward of more game and fish for all.

REDFISH ARE CRAZY

(Continued from Page 18)

Last fall I had the pleasure of watching a peculiar but not unwelcome hit of angling action. Fishing off Wakulla County’s Shell Point were a dozen skiff boat parties drifting the flats for speckled trout. Suddenly, there was a commotion over there and a distant boat started to grope desparately with their madly gyrating rods. While we watched, the same thing happened with the next boat in line, then the next, and the next until our own reels began screech-

ing in protest as a pair of funny bat-like things took off towards a straight direction of Carrabelle. We were right in the middle of a movement of big “Dull” reds. As soon as the action had started some-

one, what with the current rush to shore to obtain heavy tackle on the chance that another wave of migrating reds would hit the vicinity soon. They didn’t.

The schools pass at such infre-
quent and unpredictable intervals that it is nothing but luck when an angler happens to be at the right place with the right tackle at the right time.

For some reason, the full moon periods of October, November, and December are considered by the old timers to be the best time to catch the reds. There is no better excuse to get out of the current routine of eight to ten, and get on the flats, than to get a little fishing in between the hills.

FLORIDA WILDLIFE

SEE AND BE SEEN

December, 1954

.watch that muzzle

keep hunting a safe sport

Keep hunting a safe sport
Bedlam at Daybreak
(Continued from Page 17)
Mr. Callison urged that every effort be expended to secure enactment of the following national legislation:
1. Revision of the Courtship Act of 1946 in which there is a loophole for the Army Engineers in dealings with river basin projects, enabling them to disregard the wishes of the State Fish and Game Departments and the Fish and Wildlife Service in these areas.
2. Re-enactment of the Federal pollution control law (Taft-Barkey Act) which expires next year.
4. The Baker Bill which would set aside 10% of the national forest receipts for improving recreational facilities, particularly one which would encourage hunting and fishing in National Forests.
3. The making available on unappropiated $1.3 million dollars presently in the Pittman-Robertson Fund for the purpose for which it was intended.

Other speakers on the interesting and informative day program included Mr. John Finley, Assistant Chief of the Bureau, James Maggiori, G. S. Fish and Wildlife Service, Washington; Mr. Walter Creese, District Director, U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service, Atlanta, and Mr. Don Strode, Game, Fresh Water Fish Commission Biologist, Oklahoma.

End

AN AMAZING NEW HEARTWORM FORMULA
The new killer drug cures a Sta-Stat, Easi-Stat, Cattle-All and Stat-all disease in one day. It is non-irritating, has no after effects, and the animal will eat it, even if you put it in the hay. It has been tested in thousands of cases and has more benefits than any one other formula known to man. For sale in all feed stores.

ABSTRACT OF SOUTHERN REPTILE CONVENTION
Commonwealth Hall, Birmingham, Alabama  March 17, 1955
An outline of the following talk will be given:
1. The snakes of the South
2. The lizards of the South
3. The amphibians of the South

Florida Wildlife
(Continued from Page 24)
If the reaction of the bass in that tank is the same as that of the bass in the lake, you might have an undesirable effect. The fish would be restless and nervous. And very suspicious.

So, at one time, you would have a beautiful day for the fishermen, a bad day for the bass, and an indifferent day for fishing success.

Remember that fish do not think like humans. They do not have human reactions. They do not even see as a human does. They are an entirely different animal.

The advice of the fisherman should use all of his human intelligence. And then he should try to think like a fish.

Nail Polish
One of the handiest items to have in your tackle box is a bottle of plain colorless nail polish, especially if you consider your lady-friend might use. Available at drugstores or dime stores, the nail polish will save you many emergency purposes. Chipped enamel or plasting on a reel or rod may be reconditioned with plain nail polish. It will also protect metal from rust and when the occasional lead lab it on chigger bites for vast relief.

Flaming Bamboo
When buying bamboo sticks for making fishing rods, buy the ones which appear to have been burned, scorched or smoked. Bamboo cutters often straighten bamboo by heating it with a flame. This process seriously weakens the bamboo. Mottled effe

End

Ross Allen
Invites you to his WORLD-FAMOUS REPTILE INSTITUTE, SEMINOLE IN DIA - REPTILE, BIRD AND WILD ANIMAL EXHIBIT AT Florida's beauti - ful Silver Springs. SEE... "Milk ing" of Poisonous Snakes - Alligators - Hammer Snakes - Indians Grinding Corn - Tropical Lizards - Turtles - Crocodiles - Birds - Monkeys. OPEN DAILY: 8:00 A.M. 'til dark. Guided Tours, demonstrations, show and snake milking every hour.

End

GUNPOWER & ALCOHOL DON'T MIX

With Christmas just around the corner and the ever present problem of "what shall I give him" on hand, we would like to suggest that you check the "Out - door Reviewer" for ideas in back issues of Florida Wildlife. Every book reviewer would make a splendid gift for the avid hunter and fisherman, and this month we present our selection of a fine and inexpensive collection of books for the outdoorsman.

The number one selection, although not exactly hunting and fishing, is all-Florida and we believe it warrants a review in this column. It is called: Colorful Florida, by Lois and Joseph Steinmetz. Published by Steinmetz Ross, Inc., Sarasota, Florida. Price $2.00.

The most appealing part of this book is the more than fifty beautiful color reproductions from photographs taken by Lois and Joe Steinmetz. They cover Florida completely, from Pensacola to Key West and both photographers and color reproductions are outstanding.

Actually, this is called an Engagement Calendar and could well be the armory for the portrait to record his hunting and fishing activities. Each page has a colorful Florida scene that includes surf-casting near Jack - sonville to rustle fishing towns such as St. Marks. The artwork is space dated for each full week of 1955, which can be utilized for engagements or records. Of course, this is a must for every Floridian and especially their northern friends and families.

The following books are part of the "Complete" series published by the Bobb-Merrill Company, New York, New York, and we heartily recom - mend them all as a group or indi - vidually for the perfect Christmas gift.


When you sit down to read this one, plan on taking part in expeditions to all sorts of fresh water to take all kinds of fresh water fish. Mr. Koller lays out pictures for the angler all the basic equipment needed, gives the fundamentals, the knowledge for spinning, baitcasting, fly fishing and detailed information about and where to use what lures and flies and what. It is excellent how-to-do-it information, reading exciting text and helpful pictures.


A wealth of nautical knowledge compiled and written by experts including 250 photographs and diagrams and assembled between the covers of this 144 page book. It tells you how to choose a boat (salt or fresh water) and gives you books of new ideas and suggestions, including the hazards and rules of waterways and general advice. A must have book book. More than 300 craft are pictured in action and full detail.
Florida Birdlife (Continued from Page 33)

marked with a red area around the eyes and white beak, a black crested head, snowy white from the nose through the neck, turning yellowish with barred black marking to the jet black wings and forelegs, then barred black and white again to a black tipped tail.

The immature birds have brown markings in the areas which are black in the adult birds.

END

Directors Desk (Continued from Page 9)

tribute to the success of our conservation program.

The various projects and activities in which the commission is engaged have not been entered into without much thought and planning, drawing upon the experience of our own professional wildlife as well as the experience of technical men in other states where game and fish management problems are basically the same as our own.

Sometimes even the most carefully planned and executed wildlife programs can suffer fire from various individuals or pressure groups. Most often the cause for this distrust and ill-will is lack of understanding of the aims and the basic principles underlying the various management techniques. Your Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission through news releases, various technical and semi-technical publications and through the pages of Florida Wildlife magazine attempts to keep you informed not only in regards to the progress of its various programs but also the why's and wherefores of such activities. This material is published for your benefit. Keeping you informed in regards to the various activities of your Game and Fish Commission is not only important, it is duty as a citizen of the State of Florida. Cooperation is the key to success of our wildlife conservation efforts. You are an important link in the forging of a strong conservation program. Observe the game and fish laws, report violations, keep yourself informed regarding preservation activities in your state, support progressive programs and legislation in connection with wildlife resources. Cooperate with your Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission representatives. You will be the wiser.

END

"Bear Facts"

T

Here is an old saying, "When preparing Welsh "rabbit"—first catch your rabbit."

With the possibility of an open season on Florida bear coming up, maybe our initial advice to the cook should be, "First get your bear" —inasmuch as in a bear hunt it is sometimes doubtful as to who might end up eating whom.

Bear meat is not unlike beef and should be treated as such when being butchered and cooked out. Where the old-timers had to dry or "jerk" the meat in order to preserve it, today’s hunters has the advantages of freezer units to keep the meat fresh, enjoying roasts and steaks over a longer period of time.

Inasmuch as it is a little difficult to estimate the age of brum, it might be well to take advantage of recent developments in the culinary world and use one of the new tendernessizers to assure you of a delicious piece, tender piece of meat.

Cooking methods are about the same as with beef. Mrs. Stanley Snelgrove’s father was an early pioneer on Florida’s East Coast, and who now and then brought home a bear to fill the family larder, says her memory of the best way to eat bear is to roast it. This is the method her mother used:

Roast Bear

Fry out several slices of bacon in the bottom of the roasting pan, then add a chopped onion and cook until brown. Place meat in roaster and set in a hot oven (400°) 10 minutes, leaving the roaster top off so that the surface aluminum of the meat will conglutinate rapidly, sealing the juicy. In.

Reduce heat to (300°) and cook remainder of time, allowing 15 minutes per pound for a medium-done roast, 20 minutes per pound if you like it well done. Season with salt and pepper, using a little cayenne. Baste frequently with the drippings in the bottom of the roaster. Use no water.

Surround roast with either sweet or Irish potatoes.

If a "frosted" surface is desired on the roast, dredge it with a little flour after each basting. Work quickly to conserve heat and to avoid evaporation of the succulent juices. Serve piping hot.

Bear Steaks

Although bear steaks may be rolled in flour, seasoned, and fried like round steak, or browned in fat and then smothered in the oven, probably the most satisfying way to serve them is broiled.

Cut steaks desired thickness and brush lightly with fat or butter. Heat griddle smoking hot. Bear steaks quickly on both sides to keep natural juices in, turning with a spatula or pancake turner. Do notplit a fork.

END
JUNIOR CONSERVATIONIST

(Continued from Page 7)

are also serving as the Board of Directors. This club is being sponsored by the Wildwood Lions Club.

Club Ratings:
Here are the top ten ratings for August and September:
TOP TEN FOR AUGUST:
1. Bartow Junior Conservation Club—Jackson
2. Bay County Girls’ Conservation Club—Pana City
3. Hillsboro Junior Wildlife Association
4. Deenan Optimist Junior Conservation Club—Ono
5. St. Petersburg Junior Rod and Gun Club—St. Petersburg
6. Allapatah Optimist Junior Conservation Club—Palm Beach
7. Junior Everglades Conservation Squadron—Hialeah
8. Pahokee Junior Conservation Club—Pahokee
9. Junior Angler’s Club—Fort Lauderdale
10. Gladus Junior Conservation Club—Pompano

TOP TEN FOR SEPTEMBER:
2. St. Petersburg Rod and Gun Club—St. Petersburg
3. Bay County Girls’ Conservation Club—Pana City
4. Dean Mather Junior Conservation Club—Osceola
5. Hardee County Junior Conservation Club—Wakulla
6. Deenan Junior Junior Conservation Club—Cedar Key
7. Deenan Junior Sportsman’s Club—Deenan Junior Wildlife
8. Elementary Junior Sportsman’s Club—Perry
9. Junior High Junior Wildlife Club—Weston
10. Junior Everglades Conservation Squadron—Miami

Don’t forget to get your reports in. The season is getting better. Let us know what you are doing. Remember, the writer uses the point system quite frequently. Leave the grade of the secretary you elect. Your grade is a very important officer within your organization.

Speaking of officers and secretaries, let me take my hat off to a very excellent secretary at the Barlow Club—Sonny Kirkland. May be those of one day, we can get a tremendous thing going with, if the best secretary of the year . . . right at the moment, I would elevate him. If your club is on top or within the TOP TEN then you owe it to your membership to follow, how much you do, if he doesn’t get his report into our offices before Williston—there will be complete silence.

To help make the secretary’s work easier, we have devised a Secretary’s Club Report form. 12 of these miniature forms, along with some other material are now being mailed to each club and you should have them long before you read this.

Membership Cards: To all of you secretaries, I would like to receive in your next reports a sample of one of your membership cards for our display board here in Williston. If you are a club hovering around without a membership card, why not get a Committee assigned and start working on it. NOW IS THE TIME.

Shoulder Emblems: The same goes for the shoulder emblem. Send me a sample and I may display them to other clubs. When I am finished with them, they will be back into your reception, and you are pulling a team one, why not start planning to get one soon. TOMORROW IS TOO LATE.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS MEETING:
The big news next month will be the Board of Directors Meeting which will be held on November 5, 6, and 7, at the Key Motel. This is the meeting when the agenda of the meeting:
1. Point System
2. Application forms for Summer Camp
3. Eligibility in points for Summer Camp
4. dues for League
5. Membership Needs
6. Interchange of Clubs
7. CLAW Bulletin
8. Uniforms
9. Board Usefulness
10. Definitions of duties for Officers
11. Projects
12. Awards—pins —awards (design or patterns)

WILL YOUR DEER BE FIT TO EAT?
(Continued from Page 23)

Be sure it is thoroughly cold before you take it home. The meat of any deer should be put in the hands of your butcher immediately. Butchering should be as clean as he does his beef. It should stay there for three weeks at the very least, or can be butchered into proper cuts and refrigerated for future use. If you follow the above instructions you will bring to the cook, the undisputed thrill of Williston—there should be tender, easy to cook, and have a taste which is delicately on the gamey side. This, of course, will depend upon the sex and the age of the animal which will be found much more tender. Above all, the meat will be easy to eat, provided it is cooked properly.

Remember that, at a time when the royalty of Europe could afford any kind of meat which struck them in the fancy, venison was an odds-on favorite. It will be your fa

MUZZLE FLASHES
(Continued from Page 23)

of the left hand from shot to shot important technical factors affecting consistent holding on a target and a maintained point of impact.

Fireswivels come in various designs and can be attached in as many ways. Where there is plenty of room in a rifle’s fore-end to accept a screw long enough to hold firmly, attaching a forward swivel is merely a matter of driving two screws flush with the top of the swivel’s base, as in the case of the rear swivel. Detachable types that screw or snap into nuts or bases embedded in the barrel usually need barrel banding for end caps that include a front sling swivel as an integral part, are available. The styles are fine if you permit optional positioning, to fit the shooter’s comfortably extended arm and firing position.

To fit the gusling to your arm for target shooting, or for a deliberate, on-the-buttock shot, the key is for the gusling to hold the rifle in your right hand, holding it just forward of the trigger guard and the rifle butt on your right hip bone while you’re busily adjusting the sling.

Slings that arm through the loop portion from right to left so that the sling will receive the twist necessary to later make it lie flat against your wrist. Next, carry your left hand over the forward part of the sling in a right hand left hand motion, and grasp the rifle’s forearm just above the butt of the stock. Using your right hand, position the loop as high up on your left upper arm as it will comfortably go above the arm, and then slide off the arm, and then slide from the butt. It will be found much more tender. Above all, the meat will be easy to eat, provided it is cooked properly.

At a time when the royalty of Europe could afford any kind of meat which struck them in the fancy, venison was an odds-on favorite. It will be your fa

END
THE ZIG ZAG CHAMP
(Continued from Page 11)

said, "Sometimes you may spend a few dollars more than you will hunting. But remember, all the money in the world can't take the place of that old eye shot or that old eye shot and when you see a practicing shot, you'll notice that he's had more than one lesson on that topic." And if you're not satisfied with your accuracy, you can always get more help from the local gunsmith.

The Zig Zag Champ is a very popular model of shotgun. It is a smaller gun than most other models, but it has a high quality design and construction. The stock is made of high-grade hardwood and is very well finished. The barrel is made of high-grade steel and is very well finished. The trigger is adjustable and can be set to your personal preference. The sights are adjustable and can be set for different distances. The gun is very well balanced and is very easy to shoot. It is a very good gun for the price and is very popular among shooters.

END

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UNCLE JOSH AND THE LAKE MONSTER (Continued from Page 35)

It hit bottom and snagged, the bow dipped dangerously low in the water. The line became rigid with tautness and the wind whistled, Uncle Josh held his breath and tried to quell the heavy pounding inside him. He felt dizzy and numb all over. Seven polka-dots kept dancing in front of his eyes but he flapped his hand and drove them off.

All at once the line went limp and Uncle Josh stood staring at it lying loose on the water. Heeled. It came effortlessly. He peered down into the water and something inside of him got heavy and the polka-dots appeared again. Then in the darkness—he was down—a shadow moved. It was heading straight toward the boat and Uncle Josh began pumping the handle of the reel for all his might.

The fish shot under the boat with the speed of an express train.

"Old Ned!" Uncle Josh shouted and executed a kind of ballet step that brought his rod and line around the bow just as the giant pike tightened it and headed for the bottom.

Uncle Josh was staggered by a series of violent bull-dog tugs. But finally they grew weaker and weaker and the big fish gave up. Uncle Josh dragged him to the side of the boat and when he saw what he'd caught he almost toppled overboard.

The pike was larger than his wildest dreams. A regular monster. He had difficulty getting it into the boat. But with the fish safely stretched out under the seats, Uncle Josh sagged down and stared at it wide-eyed.

"You confounded ol' coon, I didn't think I'd ever get you!" The monster's scoured jaws opened and closed weakly.

In between breaths, Uncle Josh cursed and fumed for awhile then simmered down and studied his magnificent catch.

"You're finished Ned—you're getting too old for this kind of thing." Gingerly Uncle Josh brought the toe of his shoe near the fish's mouth.

"See there, not even enough teeth to hurt a minnow." Uncle Josh chuckled to himself.

He set back, folded his hands and waited for the old fish to die. Once or twice the large gill covers opened and closed as Old Ned gasped. Suddenly Uncle Josh felt very old himself. He glanced down at his hands. He knew Old Ned was watching him. There was a terrible look in those glassy eyes and Uncle Josh reached down and covered there with a clump of seaweed. In a way he felt as if an old friend was passing away. With Old Ned gone—things would not be the same anymore.

Then Uncle Josh made up his mind. He bent down and picked Old Ned up as gently as possible and eased him over the side of the boat into the water.

"I'm going to give you another chance—I guess neither one of us had a right to be out today. Go on home and nurse your wounds after all, you're not as young as you used to be and maybe I sort of had the advantage."

Old Ned swam off on his side in the water feebly flapping his tail and working his gills. Then slowly he moved off, flipped his tail and made the water boil as he swam away.

Uncle Josh beaved a sigh, removed his glasses and began polishing them. "I won't tell nobody about this," he said. "They might think I was getting twirly."

END.
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