FLORIDA WILDLIFE'S

Fishing Citation

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

ELIGIBILITY REQUIREMENTS

All fish must be taken from the fresh waters of the state of Florida, as defined by the Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission. Fish must be caught on conventional fly, spinning, or bait-casting tackle, with artificial or live baits, in the presence of at least one witness.

The catch must be weighed and recorded at a fishing camp or tackle store within the state by the owner, manager, or an authorized agent of the respective establishment.

Application for a Florida Wildlife Fishing Citation must be made within 10 days of the date fish was caught. Application must be made on the prescribed form as shown on this page. Requests for additional forms should be addressed to: Florida Wildlife, Game & Fresh Water Fish Commission, Tallahassee, Florida.

Citation, showing recorded data of the catch, will be mailed to the applicant upon receipt of application form that has been properly filled out and signed.

The receipt of any and all photographs, pertaining to the registered catch, including the applicant and the fish, will be appreciated by the editor for use in Florida Wildlife Magazine.

CUT OUT AND SAVE THIS APPLICATION BLANK

APPLICATION FOR FLORIDA WILDLIFE FISHING CITATION

The Editor, FLORIDA WILDLIFE Magazine & Fresh Water Fish Commission, Tallahassee, Fla.

Please send me the Florida Wildlife Fishing Citation with the inscribed data listed below:

Name__________________________ Address__________________________
Species of Fish__________________ Weight____________________________
Length__________________________
Tackle Used____________________
Where Caught___________________ Date______________________________
Catch Witnessed by________________ Weighted by____________________
Registered, Weighed by________________

(Signature of Applicant)

Florida Wildlife magazine is published monthly by the Florida Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission, Tallahassee, Fla. Single copy, 85 cents. Subscription, 1 year, $3.00. Out of state, add $2.00. This publication is mailed to all Florida residents, providing for research purposes, and is not intended for general circulation. Florida Wildlife assumes no responsibility for loss or damage of your application. Applications may be ordered from: Florida Wildlife, Tallahassee, Fla. under the Act of Aug. 28, 1912, Florida Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission, 1956.

Departments

STRIKES & BACKLASHES 4 MUZZLE FLASHES 38
JUNIOR CONSERVATIONIST 5 MEET YOUR COMMISSION 42
FISHING 6 MEAD-JUM-DONE 45
SPORTSMEN'S BOOKSHELF 35 TESTS & TELLS 48

Florida Wildlife is published monthly by the Florida Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission, Tallahassee, Fla. Single copy 85 cents. Subscription, 1 year, $3.00. Out of state, add $2.00. Florida Wildlife assumes no responsibility for loss or damage of your application. Applications may be ordered from Florida Wildlife, Tallahassee, Fla. under the Act of Aug. 28, 1912.

Copyright 1956, by

MARCH, 1956

Published monthly by the
FLORIDA GAME AND FRESH WATER FISH COMMISSION
Tallahassee, Florida

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

BILL HANSEN, Editor MORRIE NAGGAR, Associate Editor
C. L. SATTERFIELD, Circulation M. L. NORWOOD, Editorial Assistant

In this Issue

Panfishing Paradise
The Chain Pickerel
Great Jumping Catfish Stew
Selective Poisoning at Trafford
Send Your Thumb to School
Underwater Gar Hunt
Fish Conservation Fundamentals
Don't Take a Boy Fishing
Why a TVA Fisherman Comes to Florida
A Compleat Scientifik Angler
Around the State
And the Bull-headed Bass
In the Good Old Days

Florida Wildlife magazine is published monthly by the Florida Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission, Tallahassee, Fla. Single copy, 85 cents. Subscription, 1 year, $3.00. Out of state, add $2.00. This publication is mailed to all Florida residents, providing for research purposes, and is not intended for general circulation. Florida Wildlife assumes no responsibility for loss or damage of your application. Applications may be ordered from: Florida Wildlife, Tallahassee, Fla. under the Act of Aug. 28, 1912, Florida Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission, 1956.
JUNIOR CONSERVATIONISTS

By DENVER STE. CLAIRE

A run is being prepared in Lake City in the headwater region for the outstanding club of the year 1955, and also studying the reports from the various clubs who have nominated their top three members for the Outstanding Junior Conservationist of the Year. It is the hope of this department to have all these results in the April issue of Florida Wildlife.

Camp Survey

Near the end of last December, 129 questionnaires were sent out to the many campers who attended last summer’s camp at Lake Eaton. At this writing, 103 surveys have been returned and more are still coming in for study. This is a sampling survey designed to find out what our campers liked most, and to find out what improvements can be made for this year’s summer session. When these returns are complete, they will appear in this issue.

The second pages of this survey will be sent out to a similar number of campers who attended in 1954. We are quite anxious to hear from you, too. So, boys and girls, be on the lookout for this questionnaire. All you have to do is check your answers and fill in the space provided for remarks. Here you tell what you did or did not and any other pertinent remark which will help us make this a better camp. We all want it to be the very best.

Club Secretary Reports

It seems that in every issue of this column, the subject of sending in reports finds its way into print.

Dear Sir/Ge t:
Am glad to see you folks taking an interest in what your Chain Pickerel or what we call a "Jack" huntsmen, for many years they should be classed as a Sport Fish as they are just as much a challenge to the angler as the ever popular rainbow trout. I used to catch a world of Jacks and sunfish up in the old Okefenokee Swamp years ago, the lively sunfish will give you a fight to equal, especially on light spinning tackle.

I have been matching quite a few small Jacks here at my home just in the last few weeks. I have taken several from 10 to 12 inches in length and 12 to 15 inches in length and 12 to 15 inches in weight. I used them in the local contests and they have been a great hit.

Gentlemen:
I notice in my last copy of Florida Wildlife as few days, and I quote, "The true angel comes not for the fish, large or small. The fish are only an excuse to be out of doors. The fish is a focal point around which revolves the intricate pattern of man's kinship with nature and his awareness of it." I am of one mind. The attitude of protection and preservation is the only way to ensure the future for our great treasures.

Mr. Editor:
Dear Sir:
I am writing to you to thank you for your fine work. I have been a subscriber for some time and have always found your magazine to be a great source of information. I have been unable to find any other magazine that covers the same topics in such detail. I have always enjoyed reading it and look forward to receiving future issues.

Dear Sir:
I recently went on a camping trip in the northwestern part of Florida and managed to catch a few nice fish. I am sending you a photo of one of them in the hopes that it will be published in your magazine. I am a big fan of yours and I always look forward to reading your articles.

Sincerely,

[Name]

Director of the Youth Conservation Program at FLCC.

Dear Sir:
I am writing to express my concerns about the recent changes made to the guidelines for the Youth Conservation Program. I believe that these changes will have a negative impact on the overall success of the program. I urge you to consider revising these guidelines to better meet the needs of our participants.

Sincerely,

[Name]

Assistant Director of the Youth Conservation Program at FLCC.
By CHUCK SCHILLING

FALL SEASONS of the year, spring is the most rewarding to the angler. Even in Florida, where our seasons are not noted for much variance, spring touches the earth with a magic wand and awakens the nature of quickness and desire to hatch, to grow, to live. In the spring, all nature unites in a conspiracy to forget the hardships of the winter just passed. All of God’s creatures, including you and me, feel this stirring. If you are an angler in the Florida spring, you are doubly blessed, for here nature and the season have truly “tighed the lily.” I have long considered the springtime, fly rods and popping bags as synonymous. Perhaps it is because in this season, I love to wade the backwoods ponds and savannas, getting into the cool water, feeling the hard sand underwater, and breathing the peculiar odor of the swamp that is brought to the surface by the gas bubbles released by my passing. Moving slowly through the shallows of some lonely backwoods pool is one way of losing yourself in an escape from man’s oneness with his environment.

As I wade along, I work a small, yellow or brown popper. Here is where the short, light fly rod really comes into its own. It is a perfect rod for this size popper, ⅛ ounce. I use this size popper and a number 12 fly in the backwater with the fisherman’s confidence in his environment.

I once laid a popping bug in front of a yellow perch, and the fish turned to the fisherman’s left and he cast a fly. The perch was not there, but he trustingly cast as though the fish was there. The perch, however, was nearby, and the fisherman had a perfect cast. The perch did not take the fly, but a nearby brown trout did. The trout was feeding on a wooly bug that the fisherman had cast.

Tom Decker, a yellow popping bug, and a fisherman’s confident cast. The perch was not there, but the trout took the fly. The perch was nearby, and the fisherman had a perfect cast. The perch did not take the fly, but a nearby brown trout did. The trout was feeding on a wooly bug that the fisherman had cast.
When combined with a long, limber pole, the pictured tackle items will outfit a Florida coarse-fishing fisherman in style for catching bream, crappies or any of a host of other Florida panfish species.

**PANFISHING PARADISE!**

_Here's my new address, Jim," a suburban New Yorker said recently as he handed his mail carrier several filled-in charge of address cards._ "I'm going to Florida to live—and fish! There are millions of panfish down there just waiting and during me to catch 'em! I know; I've fished there in past years. No other state can match Florida's fishing!"

Our new neighbor (because he is already down here, settled and out fishing as this is written) is not alone in either his thinking or his fishing, or in citing facts.

According to Francis Wyley Hall, of Jacksonville Beach, who compiles a lot of interesting information about Florida fish and fauna, an estimated 92,600,000 pounds of freshwater fish—including millions of panfish—were taken by sportsmen in a single year. The figure checks with that mentioned in a report for the same period by the Florida Game & Fresh Water Fish Commission. Further research shows that it is typical of annual yields.

Barring unprecedented decimation by some natural catastrophe, following or coinciding with heavy fishing pressure, or careless pollution of widespread water areas by man, it is unlikely that Florida's fresh waters will ever be depleted of panfish populations. In essence, the situation is much like an item in a Ripple Table puzzle that if the Chinese people should march four abreast at normal parade pace past a given point, the march would never be completed! Instead, millions would succeed themselves, through children and grandchildren before a complete march could ever be made. Florida's panfish populations in the state's larger lakes and streams have similar perpetuation. Represented panfish species are many, in some localities so numerous and hybrid as to cause confusion. To save space, only certain basic species, and agreed-upon common names. Especially plentiful in Florida's fresh-waters are such popular species as Bream, Sunfish, Largemouth Bass, Spotted Sunfish or Stumpknocker (of which there are several varieties), Black Crappie, Calico Bass, Shad, and Red-tailed Sunfish, Speckled Sunfish, and Red-breasted Sunfish or Red Bream. The favorite fly is the Bream, Black Crappie, Largemouth Bass, Shad, and Spotted Sunfish or Stumpknocker, in the probable order named. With Florida residents and vis-a-vis angler to make the best of this.

But, aside from angling for pleasure, Florida's pan-fishing is also seriously and successfully performed by individuals who depend on the sport for their livelihoods. As such, panfish catches are supplementary table fare for themselves and their families. Although all Florida residents are millionaires, not all can compute their worth by the dollar standard! To them, panfish strolling in a frying pan are important to their food budget.

To enjoy Florida's superb panfishing, it is merely necessary to go to the nearest freshwater lake, river or pond. Access to 165 rivers and more than 300 lakes gives Sunshine State anglers uncrowded water. In Lake County alone there are some 1,400 lakes to provide elbow room and good fishing. No river where an angler may live in Florida there are fresh-water fishing spots literally at one's back door or within easy trudging distance.

Among the many widely dispersed areas that have earned fame by reason of their varied and plentiful panfish populations are the waters of the Wacissa-Aucilla rivers of Taylor, Jefferson and Madison counties; Black Lake; Lake Jaquin, Lake Panasoffkee, Lake Apopka; Lake Kissimmee, Crystal, Withlacoochee, Chipola, Chassahowitzka, Homosassa, Chain of freshwater lakes in the central part of the state and in Jackson County; Taylor Creek in the north end of Lake Okeechobee, and the Dead Lakes region of Golf and Collier counties. Many of these places are not untold schools of big bream, particularly, help make the Dead Lakes angling anything but dead!

Hodges of hundreds of unconventionally named ponds, contribute liberally to the total of millions of Florida panfish caught by sport fishermen each year. It has been said that one might spend a lifetime panfishing in Florida waters, angling in a different spot each day without ever fishing them all. However, like the fisherman of New York, who is so apt to Florida to live and fish, you can try.

In summarization, Florida panfishing centers not around the question of where in Florida to find panfish, but of what tackle and how.

Boating is not needed to catch Florida panfish, but, as might be expected, those anglers who know their fish, have the proper tackle and who are flexible in both viewpoint and applied techniques are usually the ones who take the largest fish and who seldom return home empty-handed. Although there is much these days that is new under the sun, there are certain basic principles that the Florida panfish angler should religiously observe and have. These are: (1) Use a live or natural baits; (2) practice streamfishing as possible, or if sight of the fish; (3) keep fish on the take without the working ten a fly; (4) Modern anglers can also credit Dame Juliana with the good advice of opening the stomach of the first fish caught; and (5) keep all your food on for which it has been feeding—and then use identical natural bait or competition.

While Florida's more expert panfishermen still follow Dame Juliana's centuries-old, four-point advice, their tackle reflects many changes.

However, the combination of cane pole, attached line and bobber has lost none of its early popularity or efficacy. Beyond doubt, more Florida panfish are taken on natural baits than any other tackle. For one thing, they are readily available and inex-}

By EDMUND MCLAURIN

Newest of all is Gladling's "Clearon" monofilament line, imported from Germany. This line, made in four pound test and up, is not visible in the water at all and is smaller and more uniform in diameter than previous products, users say.

Commercially assembled and carded cane pole lines, equipped with proper panfish size hooks and bobbers, are now obtainable at very low cost. Two such products popular with Florida panfish anglers are the "Gettem" and the "Cardina" rig. The first features a neutral colored nylon line, a tiny split shot sinker and a small red and white cork and a gold plated hook. The "Cardina" rig is packed with either split shot sinker or cigar-shaped cork float that offers desirable sensitivity to fish to strikes. On Flagler and Volusia, use eight feet of light green nylon line, Either can be found on the counters of sporting goods stores and on the shelves of innumerable recognized good panfishing spots. Whatever your line material choice, however, first attach your line well back of the pole's tip; then wind the line spirally up the pole; when tip wind is ended, secure it with two half hitches.

This method of rigging a cane pole takes much of the angling strain off its tip and cuts down on the}

March, 1956
For catching Florida's many panfish species, natural baits can usually be depended on; are generally easy to obtain. Earthworms, grubs, maggots, crickets, grasshoppers, roaches, college worms, crayfish, freshwater shrimp, small minnows, snails and insects and insect larvae are panfish delicacies.

(Continued from Preceding Page)

chances of experiencing a broken pole and lost fish. Allow a working length at least as long as the pole, with bobber and hook attached.

Try using an old, discarded fly rod, similarly rigged, as a cane pole. It will give you greater water coverage than the usual cane pole and its action will be fast and thrilling to the hand as a biting fish is struck and hooked.

Snap-on bobbers, especially if they are of clear plastic "bubble" style, are commendably convenient and practical. Changing their location on the line, to properly correspond with water depth and fish feeding conditions, is easily done with the incorporated snap-on feature and, once positioned, such bobbers stay put. Users of snapping tackle employ the plastic bubble style floats as helpful casting weights by partially filling them with water to create any desired weight. In addition to using them with natural baits, they combine them effectively with choice dry flies, for variety.

Bait casting rods see plenty of panfishing service in Florida, too. As a rule, the solid glass models are stronger than hollow types. However, the latter are lighter and generally have better action. For the average angler, a choice can be made on a coin toss-up. It is only the veteran anglers who find such marked differences that they may argue advantages and disadvantages at length. Glass rods are constantly being improved—and that can be said for both solid and tubular types.

Some of the four ounce glass bait casting rods used by Florida fishermen for panfish and bass angling are strong enough to lift eighteen pounds of dead weight and bend an extreme of a 110 degree arc if a fishing episode should ever demand such a demonstration of rod strength and flexibility. Most broken rods are the fault of the angler, not from hard hooked fish.

"Doc" Howe, of St. Petersburg, who regards fishing as life's primary interest and who nomadically covers Florida's best fishing spots by an almost continuous itinerary, has long liked a 6 ft H&I #206 bait casting rod blank, custom-finished by Sherman Siehro, another expert. Howe matches finished rod to a Shakespeare Ultra-Sportcast reel with cardboard bearing and a plastic or balsa arbor-filler. He combines this main equipment with a high grade braided nylon line and a four or six pound test spinning leader ten to twenty feet long with a tapered knot connecting line to leader and a tiny safety snap at the business end for quick change lures. With it, Howe has taken thousands of Florida freshwater fish using lures weighing next to nothing up to one ounce.

Walt Willman, a former national casting champion and now dean of the St. Petersburg Rod and Gun Club's college of casting, also favors a six foot, limber bait casting rod for panfishing when he elects to cast aside his favorite fly rod. He likes the added leverage and action that a long, limber rod gives the angler over a panfish. Willman's outfit in the bait casting category is usually a matched Heddon "Pal" reel and companion rod. His line is fine diameter Dacron carrying a long monofilament, practically invisible leader, a hook or lure attached directly, without connecting hardware, his conducted fishing school, Willman emphasizes that the lighter and less visible line and leader the more panfish you will catch. He proves his theory by taking many panfish every year.

Fly casters who have fished considerably with spinning tackle and who learned to reel with the left hand are now keeping the fly rod in their right hand all at times and panfishing with such a perfectly pointed type. In a spinning rod for Florida panfish pools, fly casters should one six and one-half feet long with an action that will cast very light lures with a selected light line—four pound test preferably. Such an outfit is admirably suited to probing deep water holes with midwater lures for crappie and warmouth.

Little things can mean a lot when one is panfish angling. For example, a natural nymph characteristics swims with his head upstream. If, therefore, an artificial nymph is improperly upstream, the leader from the eye of the hook will usually cause the bait's head to swing downstream, disrupting the natural nymph action which wise (and usually large) fish are quick to note and view, with suspicion. Conversely the nymph should be simultaneously cast upstream and across so that the current will cause it to take on a natural position and movement.

Again, merely using a hook that is too large and heavy for the weight and action of the natural insect baits commonly used will make for poor fishing. Experienced anglers know that bulky, heavy hooks are not needed to light weight hooks as small as No. 12 short shanks have sufficient strength to hold average panfish;

In the matter of hook choices for Florida panfish, there is considerable varied opinion. For bream long shanked Carlisle hooks in size 8 are popular, while for speckled perch a No. 4 size is often preferred. Some mighty successful Florida panfish fishermen use a No. 6 or 8, claiming that either of these will hook Florida panfish better than the Carlisle pattern. For crappies, certain propositions will have no other hooks than a No. 8. Obviously, don't name as good as Florida panfish catchers; otherwise they wouldn't have their staunch and devoted following.

Substitution of barbless hooks for the barbed variety will enable the panfish angler to cast to water many undersized fish that otherwise would be mortally injured by hook extractions. Undoubtedly, more widespread use of barbless panfish hooks can contribute considerably to Florida fish conservation.

For an alert, skilled angler, a barbless style hook can pay off, especially when fishing for crappie, as many—and often more—fish than a barbed one. Primary reason is that the barbless hook will penetrate easier. Secret of success here is that the angler must keep the fish from pulling down line, pulling against a live, limber rod.

When barbless hooks cannot be retrieved, panfish reaches are excellent and rate with earthworms and grubs as bream delicacies. Exploded popcorn can be tried if insects or imitations, are totally lacking.

Leading Florida's panfish popularity poll is the bream or bluegill, especially with the newer fisherman who is interested in growth, rural bridges, weed beds and lake water holes. When these fish take a fly, they make a quick flash that invariably run for cover.

Florida bream take baits readily. For instance, they can be tempeartmental and bait choosy. At such times maximum fishing skill and application of extra light leaders will be needed.

Snails are, of course, good on the bottom with earthworms, catlpa worms, crickets and insect larvae. Live shrimp, minnows, wax worms, etc., are excellent and rate with earthworms and grubs as bream delicacies. Exploded popcorn can be tried if insects or imitations, are totally lacking.

However, artificial flies on No. 12 or No. 10 hooks will usually take more bream than natural baits when conditions are right. The nymph fly is one of the most popular. Fly fishing is catching "Lee" and "Bob" eggs.

For many years, with different techniques of fishing, they have been known to fish for crappie and warmouth

The scrappy bluegill is a widely distributed species and the staple of Florida panfish anglers.

Special in bream size are good, too, so are certain small spinner and spoon combinations. Light leaders of at least six feet long are best. You'll find Lake Wilkinson the home of some mighty big bream—also Lake Okechobee. You merely have to locate resident schools.

Habitually, bream remain in schools for most of the year, preferring brush and weedy areas not far from the water's edge. The larger fish tend to maintain school formations and favor deeper water than the smaller fish of nominal inclination who frequently wander away from formed schools.

Fortunately for the angler, bream have a characteristic eddy, it is this eddy which gives away favored feeding grounds. When congregated in runs, bream reaches are excellent and rate with earthworms and grubs as bream delicacies.

FLORIDA WILDLIFE

(Continued on Page 44)
The Chain Pickerel

S O MILLENT in the moonlight in which bask Florida's world-famed largemouth bass that scarcely a ray of illumination has been allowed to filter through to fall on another freshwater worthy, the chain pickerel. As a matter of fact, most southern anglers are inclined to cast a jaundiced eye on the "jack." When one does fall victim to the bass fisherman's offering many in the blood of the despoiled "skate" and in the common, reviled by the interference with their bass fishing pleasures.

In the more northerly portions of the pickerel's range he is supplied with both as a game species and as a food fish. There is good reason for his acceptance as a freshwater worthy for the pickerel possesses all the qualities demanded of a game fish, he may be taken with a variety of tackle ranging from cane pole to fly rod; he will seize upon a live minnow, a crawfish, an artificial fly, a plug, or a spoon; he puts up a fight that would do justice to many another more popular fish twice his size, and when properly prepared he makes good table provider.

In the past there has been a considerable amount of confusion regarding the proper relationships of the various branches of the Esoxul, the scientific family which includes the pickerel, pike, and muskellunge. The pickerel is often mistaken for a small pike and with good reason for in body conformation there apparently is a striking similarity among all members of the family. All of the group have a long slender body, a single soft-rayed dorsal fin set well back on the body, and a long flattened mouth which gives an appearance somewhat similar to that of a duck's bill when viewed from above.

The pickerel family includes four species: the northern pike, the muskellunge, the barred or red-fin pickerel, and the chain pickerel. To the casual observer, the similarity in appearance among the various members of the family somewhat confuses the issue of proper identification. The distribution of scales on the head offers the most certain means of separating the three groups. In the case of the pickerel, the gill covers and the cheeks are entirely scaled. The pike has cheeks and upper gill covers which are scaled but the lower parts of the gill covers are not. The lower halves of cheeks and gill covers of the muskellunge are without scales.

Of the two species of the family which occur in Florida, only the chain pickerel is of much interest to the sports fisherman. It is not that the redfin or barred pickerel does not possess the voracious appetite that makes his larger cousin a ready and willing mark for the angler, but rather it is the fact that seldom if ever does the "grass pike" exceed one foot in length and one pound in weight.

The chain pickerel, Esox niger, derives its common name from the characteristic wavy dark markings which form a chain-like pattern on sides and back. There are local variations in the basis colors of this fish as there are in most fresh water fishes. Depending upon the locality, the back coloration ranges from green to a dark brownish green, shading into a greenish yellow on the sides and belly.

The chain pickerel occurs throughout most of the eastern half of the United States from Canada southward through Florida, west to Texas and up the Mississippi Valley at least to southern Wisconsin. Their popularity in some localities is evidenced by the stocking of suitable waters formerly lacking pickerel, therefore there has been an artificial extension of the range of this species over that which occurred under natural conditions.

As might be expected of a fish which range encompasses several geographic sections of the country, a variety of names have been applied to the chain pickerel. In various localities he is known as jack, jackfish, pike, green pike, blue pike, grass pike, hammerhead, banded pickerel, barred pickerel, black pike, duck-tailed pike, snake, and Federation pike. Some of these names also are applied to the smaller red-fin pickerel.

The chain pickerel is an early spring spawner. The exact time of spawning varies somewhat with the particular locality, being earlier in the year in the southern portions of its range and correspondingly later toward the north.

Identifying characteristics of the three groups of the pike family.

BELOW: The gill covers and the cheeks of the pickerel are scaled, but the lower part of the gill covers are not.

UPPER RIGHT: The cheeks and upper gill covers of the pike are scaled, but the lower part of the gill covers are not.

LOWER RIGHT: Only the upper half of the cheeks and gill covers of the muskellunge are scaled.

March, 1956
By ERNEST LYONS

Every fish has unique characteristics and those which leap do so each after his own way: the black bass straight up, gilt rattle, poised in air at the peak of motion, the snook with a slanting run, the tarpon often "up and over"—and I have taken photographs of all of them. All you need is a fast camera and a cooperating angler. There are second, ahead when you can adjust focus, a rising line which warns that the fish is about to jump in camera reach.

My ambition now is to get a photo of a channel cat in air. In my personal opinion—and I have tried—it would be the outstanding action shot of fishing photography for 1956.

Bill took me out in his Model-A Ford through the piney woods to the raw gash of C-23. Frankly, I looked forward to a dull morning (except that I had smuggled my fly rod and casting outfit along). Up till then, these new waters of South Florida that go by alphabetical and numerical names on the systematic maps of the U.S. Engineers and Central and Southern Florida Flood Control Commission, had left me more than cool. "Lock how they're tearing up the country," I said to Bill. "C-23! What a heck of a name for a place to fish. Now, if it was called Otter Creek, Deadwater Creek, Blue Hole, Mossy Run or Bass Branch or—"

"Jumpin' Catfish Pool!" grinned Bill. "Yeah, like you just call this old man Liz. If I honestly corrected, there really were jumping kittens in it."

I cried out like jebus, "Bill Abbett said, "They jump like crazy fools. I lost three rigs on them today." He saw my look of doubt. "Don't tell me," he asked disgustedly, "that you don't believe catfish jump!"

"Well, now," I answered guardedly, "I've caught catfish. Back in Mississippi, Grandpa and I used to run a trotline on the Leaf River. We caught plenty of big old cats. They tugged good. Made wonderful stew. I won't say it isn't fun to catch a catfish, I rambled. "You take those 20-pound or better Florida blue cats like you'll hook occasionally on the St. Johns, they'll give you a hassle for your money. Pretty fair stew material, too, as for jumping—"

"Look here," Bill came back grimly, "listen to me and learn. I've located a nest of great jumping catfish. Tag, Rascal! These babies out-run, out-jump and out-fight any bass I ever saw. They're hefty, man-sized scrappers—some of them will go 10 to 12 pounds—and, if I'm right, they're the same breed of spotted fiddler channel cats that won their place as top game fish in the Illinois Valley and Missouri watershed.

"Sounds wonderful—all but the jumping part." Never be too cocksure about anything in the field of outdoor sport, especially in Florida, where the amazing is commonplace and the unusual occurs with regularity. Pursue this down. Remember it. Never lose a bet on it. Under certain circumstances, catfish jump! I know. My eyes have seen the glory of the jumping channel cats of C-23, a drainage canal which flows from the Allapattah Flats into Bessey Creek, a few miles northwest of Stuart. I've raced down the bank after one, spinning rod held high, while he pecked off 100 yards in a frantic dash for freedom, then took his distinctive, vibrating, twisting, turning, threshing leap in air.

"Uh, huh," he replied. "That's the way I felt too," he looked Old Liz to a stop at the brink of C-23's second spillway. The canal is about 25 miles long, second spillway. The canal is about 25 miles long, second spillway.

"You're the guy who claims that catfish don't jump," Groaning, I followed Bill down over the rocks, camera slung from my neck, spinning rod clutched in one hand, a can of worms in the other. I noticed that Bill was using eight-pound monofilament and clamping on four hookshot above a fine wire No. 6 hook: "I use six-pound mono," I said brightly. "It casts better. And one hookshot is plenty to hold it down."

"Sure," said Bill. "I used to do the same," He threaded on six or seven red wiggler worms on one arm of the hook. He cast what I thought was an unnecessarily large glob of worms out into the center of the pool.

"This way," he said politely, "a small beeram or a little cat can peck at it and still leave enough bait for—Uh, ole, he's pickin' it up—" Bill's arm rose with the rod. "He's startin' off—he's got it—wham!" he reared back and set the hook.

The spinning rod arched and line whizzed off at express train speed. "He's gonna jump!" yelled Bill. I dropped my rod, jumped to my feet, and tried to focus my camera in the center of the pool. Away off yonder, 100 yards downstream in the long shallows where the water raced out of the pool, there was a geyser, sort of a St. Vitus dance of a jump in air of a big fish, a resounding whomp and a shower of spray where it hit. I stared stupidly, mouth agape.

Next thing I knew, Bill was off and down the bank.

---

CATFISH STEW

leaping like a goat, rod held high while he tried to gain line. That catfish was bound for parts unknown. I raced along after him, camera held at the ready. When I caught up with them—Bill and the fish—I shouted: "Let me know when he's ready to jump again."

"They only jump once," Bill gritted through clenched teeth. "Get out of my way! Here he goes again!"

That first channel cat weighed 11 pounds. He did not give up until he was battled down one-eighth of a mile below the spillway. The only "action shots" I got of him were after he was well under control, caught and landed, while Bill tined him up the bank and then held him at arm's length, gazing proudly. He was a true spotted channel cat, a soft pearl gray along the sides, covered with tiny black dots, a gray"
LAKE TRAFFORD near Immokalee in Collier County was once a six-pound-bass fishing lake. Limit strings of scrappy largemouths were so common that they hardly elicited comment from local rod and reelers. As happens, however, the once near-fabulous angling on the popular south Florida lake slid almost imperceptibly into a decline until scarcely a bass could be coaxed from the waters. At the same time the crappie population seemed to be faring well and soon the lake was enjoying a reputation as something of a hotspot for these popular cane pole and light tackle favorites. Sporty as they are, to many anglers crappies are a poor substitute for the plug hitting, tackle testing bass. The changed conditions, whatever their nature, seemed to favor other locally abundant fish and soon the waters of the lake were crowded with various rough fishes, especially gizzard shad.

The Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission’s Fish Management Division had a haul seine crew working at Trafford in an attempt to reduce the imbalance with the object of restoring the waters to something of its former status as a sport fishing lake. In June 1954, at the start of the haul seineing operation, Trafford’s fish population stocked up something like this: 79% rough fish (71% of which were gizzard shad), 14% crappie, 6% bluegill, and a smattering of other fishes including a mere 1.6% of bass.

In nine months of haul seineing, 184,776 pounds of rough fish were eliminated. During this period 45,577 pounds of game fish taken in the seine were turned back into the lake at the end of each seineing trip. In all, the results of the haul seineing were released in Trafford upon completion of the seineing activities. By the end of the nine months of seine operation, the percentage of rough fish had been cut down only 6%, which means that rough fish still made up a whopping 73% of the Trafford fish population.

Encouraged by the results of selective poisoning experiments on smaller bodies of water in other parts of the state, the Fish Management Division decided to attempt a selective poisoning operation at Lake Trafford.

For some years, rotenone, a derivative of the root of a tropical shrub, has been used as a fish poison. Experience has shown that some species of fish are more subject to the toxic effects of the rotenone than are others. Further testing indicated the possibility of selectively poisoning rough fishes and especially gizzard shad by the application of concentrations which would kill the rough fish without harming to any appreciable degree the gizzard fish population.

It is necessary in an operation of this kind, to calculate within a small percentage of error the actual water volume in the lake to be treated in order to control the concentration of the toxic material. Where a body of Lake Trafford is concerned, calculations within the small allowable margin of error are obviously difficult. Too heavy an application of poison might result in heavy kill of game fish, too light a concentration would result in preservation of the relative expensive poison. By a series of calculations based on data and methods, it was determined that, at the time of the operation, Lake Trafford covered 465 acres.

On November 9, 1955, 348 gallons of 5% emulsified rotenone and concentrated rotenone solution (Pro Novo Fish) were dumped into Trafford. Weather conditions prevented completion of the operation with the Commission's plane dropping its aerial bombs into water hydraulic control spraying operations were pressed into service to complete the poison.

The bulk of the weight of shad present in Lake Trafford at that time was composed of fish greater than 12 inches in length. Past experience had indicated that the concentrations of rotenone required to kill these latter-sized shad was close to the lethal to largemouth bass.
Getting back to our ball player, he knows his pay-check depends on his performance, so instead of passing up spring practice, he'll be at the training camp days ahead of schedule in order to get in some extra conditioning. He runs and throws and bats as much as possible so that when he calls on his muscles to make a particular play or swat a game-winning hit, those muscles respond like they're expected to because he's practiced that particular action hundreds of times.

There's no comparison between the complexities of making basketball plays and the relatively more simple requirements of proper batting. But there is this similarity. Both call for the reflexive use of muscles, and the only way you can develop reflexes is by practice.

Now, you can go about this thing in one of two ways. You can wait to do your casting until you're out in a boat and the chips are down, so to speak. Or you can take a few 30-minute sessions with a practice plug in the relative privacy of your back yard, when you're relaxed and can figure out what you're doing wrong.

In effect, give your thumb a little education—some spring training. Give it practice controlling the speed on that ever-diminishing spool as the line races out through the rod guides. Let it learn for itself when to increase pressure on the spool and the precise moment when it must stop the movement altogether. These things the thumb must learn to do automatically, without any conscious thought on your part. For when you're casting under actual conditions, you haven't time to think about the fundamentals of your sport any more than a batter has of the spool, it tends to restrict "over-run" which causes the majority of backlashes. For this reason, you or two above the beginner class, an educated thumb takes the place of the mechanical device. To use a primitive as rod wrist, thereby sacrificing accuracy. The best word of advice for the caster is "don't." Now that you have chosen the proper equipment for your casting plan you can, and have decided to do a little private back-yard "spring training" for the thumb that weighs about the same as the plugs you plan to use. They are available in 4#, 8#, and 12#. As a precaution for the 4#-ounce as most practical for this purpose.

Just one more word of advice concerning your thumb. Its IQ is fairly high and its learning process: So if you're thinking of changing the whole business because you envision a course of training comparable to preparation for a heavyweight championship fight—if you're worried about that, forget it. Two or three half-hour sessions will get you in fighting trim for those Florida largemouths, while a couple of hours' practice a week for a few months will make your such work. Casters nudge one another and exclaim, "Boy! there must be years of practice in those casts!"
UNDERWATER
GAR HUNT

PHOTOS BY BRUCE MOZERT

Silver Springs model and swimmer Ginger Stanley explains the operation of the spear gun to Wildlife Officer W. H. Wiggins as Ricou Browning stands by impatient for the hunt to begin.

There they are! The gar hunters spot a concentration of the well-armored long-nosed sporters about the crystal clear depths near the confluence of the Silver River with the Ocklawaha.

They're off in a swirl of spray. The gar hunting party heads down the winding course of the beautiful Silver River.

A few minutes later the two swimmers corner another gar under a sunken tree trunk and Ginger scores again.

Ginger and Ricou don their face masks and slip carefully over the tide to begin their underwater stalks. As Ginger approaches a sunken log, a garfish glides out of the shadows. A carefully aimed shot scores a direct hit.

Ginger and Ricou pause on the river bottom to examine the catch.

At the end of the hunt, Ginger and Ricou compare notes. They may argue who speared the largest fish but both agree that an underwater gar hunt is real sport.

Although spearfishing in the fresh waters of the state is prohibited by law, special permits may be issued by the Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission for organized gar hunts conducted under the direct supervision of a Wildlife Officer.

FLORIDA WILDLIFE

MARCH, 1956
FISH CONSERVATION
FUNDAMENTALS

By R. W. ESCHMETER

CONCLUSION: THE SPORTSMAN'S ROLE

In the early days, sportmen were responsible for the beginning of modern fish conservation. Their early squabbles led to the hiring of biologists to serve as trouble-shooters. This hiring, in some states, led to the change, from indiscriminate stocking and arbitrarily-made regulations, to a more effective fish conservation program.

Today, as in the early days, our progress will be determined mainly by the actions of sportmen. We can have good fishing only if the anglers, themselves, insist on an up-to-date program; and, only if they, collectively, take a hand in the many aspects of fish conservation which cannot be handled by the fishery authorities alone.

Organizations

Individuals carry light weight in an age when group action determines what shall and shall not be done. Individual sportmen can be of only limited help to a fish conservation program; organized sportmen, working together, can carry enough weight to decisively influence our fishing future.

We have organized sportmen's groups in our least progressive states, as well as in those which lead the fish conservation parade. So, the mere fact that a sportmen's organization exists in a state is of little importance. The strength of that organization, and the ability, progressiveness, and caliber of its leaders are the important items.

Sportmen's Activities

Here are a dozen specific suggestions for sportmen's groups:

1. The organized sportmen should insist that the state have a modern fish (and game) program, handled by well-paid, competent personnel, free from politics.

2. Sportmen should insist that the regulations be made by the fish and game (or conservation) department, and that they be based on facts and reasoning. If made by the legislature, sportmen should see to it that only the proper laws are enacted.

3. The poaching problem can be solved by an easy, enlightened public opinion. It's too big a program for the fish and game authorities to handle, but pressure from sportmen's organizations can go far toward forcing pollution abatement.

4. The cluttering of our waters and shorelines with cans, bottles, and other debris is leading to an increase in "keep out" signs. The remedy to this problem must come chiefly from the sportsmen themselves, through educational programs.

5. In many instances the quality of our fishing depends on land use in watershed—on the farming, forestry practices, etc. In some instances, such as preventing silting of fishing waters as a result of improper road building, the sportmen can be extremely helpful by putting pressure on the road builders to correct the bad practices. In some other aspects of land use, especially on private land, improvement must come through education.

6. Some city water supply reservoirs are open to fishing, others aren't. There is no excuse for not permitting fishing on such waters, provided certain sanitary regulations are enforced. It's another problem for the organized sportmen.

7. Each sportmen's organization needs an active and capable education committee. It can be expected to do an effective job in helping out on both adult and juvenile conservation education. A little money might well go to a considerable degree on the expressed views of constituents. Sportmen can have a decided influence on national legislation as well as on forest, national parks, and other public domain. State legislation can also greatly influence our fishing. Sportmen should play a part in the writing of desirable state and national legislation, and in the defeat of proposals which would harm our favorite form of recreation.

8. Sportmen must play a vital role in having proper recognition given to fishing values in the building of dams for hydrowpower, flood control, or irrigation.

9. In areas where fishing waters are scarce, organized sportmen can take the initiative in the building of fish hatcheries for use or for public use. In some areas, this is an important club activity.

10. Each sportmen's group should have an active "junior" program. This might include sponsoring

ROUGH FISH REMEDY?

I F you can't beat them, join them. Maybe we could twist the words a little and come out with an idea for rough fish control. Something like, "if you can't beat them, eat them."

Through the years, fish and fowl, man and beast, have been stamped with stigmas that persist for no logical reason whatsoever. Consider the toads that "cause warts," the corgi that "will kill a man to death," and the "blood-sucking" tendencies of the common bat, to mention but a few. Such prejudices are popular but ungrounded beliefs.

And the fish kingdom has not escaped in this regard. Many fish are discriminately accused of taking an unfair share of the fish population. We might as well consider them as enemies. But the" Rough Fish" is the fish that saddens the majority of us who would not consider eating

While we are not suggesting that everyone will like fillets of garfish, carp, and other rough fish, we would suggest that the eating of such fish might be faced with an open mind, unhampered by the stigma of time and convention.

What a boon to rough fish control if gar, bowfin, and drum were sought for their eating qualities! Bastaedly for their eating qualities! Perhaps there is no physiology reason why there should be no edible. For such fish should be considered. For example, carp are primarily water weeds and tannins, bowfins, catfish, and drams subsist on small fish, snails, and worms. As compared to the classic example of the food habits of the popular favorite, the chicken, these fish are gourmet.

A northern pike is judged about average when it can swallow a man's index finger, but pity the innocence (or ignorance) of an incident we once observed. A man and his wife, newcomers to fishing, came back to the house with a 30-pound northern pike. When the lady asked the sun-wrinkled dock attendant what kind of fish they were, he volunteered: "Them's mokes, ma'am," a local label applied to the common northern pike. When the dock attendant had said "roughfish," (or better yet, "northern pike") how different their reaction would have been.

Forget dogmas, old wives' tales, and superstitions. Go fry up a rough fish. Then if you don't like it, well, there's no use to have anything more to do with the catch—and even friend husband, affected by the terminology, looked pale around the gills. If the dock attendant had said "roughfish," (or better yet, "northern pike") how different their reaction would have been.

MARCH, 1956

FLORIDA WILDLIFE

END

23
DON'T TAKE A BOY FISHING

By MALCOLM C. JOHNSON

Malcolm and Mike, friends, colleagues, accomplices. Both boys have two younger sisters but no brothers and are quick to admit that this is something less than satisfactory. The boys would like to be real brothers but can only claim to be God-brothers and blood-brothers. The first because I, "Big Malcolm" am Mike's God-father; the second binding and everlasting relationship was established by bleeding into each other's wounds (really scratches) made with an unbelievably dull 35-cent knife. Malcolm is a veteran of many fishing trips; Mike almost a complete neophyte.

As a reward for something or other, probably just being little boys, a joint fishing trip was promised and planned and postponed and promised and planned and so on until at last the day of fulfillment was at hand. Arrangements were made to pick Mike up at 9:00 o'clock; by 7:00 he had become so impatient that he had telephoned twice to be sure there would be no delay. By 9:15 he was engrossed in a comic and Malcolm was out of the car and part way to the door before he realized we were there. He almost beat Malcolm back to the car from a sitting start.

On the way to the boat the boys manfully decided that since it was their trip they should do all of the work. Besides, they felt that they needed the supervised practice in preparation for the day when they were big enough that "nobody didn't need to take us fishing." As it turned out, they learned how to go fishing but not to return. The unpleasant fact that boats once loaded must be unloaded, cars reloaded, and tackle washed and oiled is as much a mystery to them now as it ever was. Cleaning fish? As far as I can make out from the amount of assistance they gave me, it isn't even necessary. At eating them they do real good.

Well, it's over now and I've thought it all out. After considering what it costs in time, temper, and trouble, my advice would be simply this, "Never take a boy fishing—take two."

END.

Actually more time after lunch is consumed in play than in fishing. Here the boys successfully grab at tiny minnows schooling at the surface. During the next hour a blackfish, a pinfish, and a croaker are netted in spite of the breakers.

Though really pleased, Malcolm feigns disgust at the size of a croaker that has just given him quite a tussle on light rod.

Between bites of lunchmeat and peanut butter and jelly sandwich, each boy gazes about the superior number, kind, and size of fish he will catch when he resumes fishing.

Surprised and genuinely proud mother praises catch of tired and equally proud boys.

Best fish we ever ate. Say, wonder who cleaned these things anyway.
WHY A TVA FISHERMAN COMES TO FLORIDA

By VALDANE STEPHENS

I loaded into a boat, clamped on the motor and eased out to the main channel. The August sun bal-
anced on the horizon and promised to give forth with a stove. The spell of the early morning river scene,
me. All fishermen should occasionally fish alone. It
is never so close to the Almighty and His handwork as
when, he is away from his own kind on just such an
occasion as this. I looked into my outboard wake.
The water had a golden copper tone. Why was I de-
pressed yesterday when no one would fish with me?
I had company aplenty. Mr. River was there, warm
and welcoming. Mr. Peace and Mr. Contentment got
aboard around the bend and I knew then I was in
for one fabulous good day, fish or no fish.
The river is narrow and fast flowing here. It
quits out into grassy lakes and shallow hydraulic-choked
dough. The country is flat and deserted. Seagulls
give paletto and level cattle country spread to the hori-
dora. I studied the shoreline to places the river level
with the pasture land. In others myrtle, pines
and weeds hung out from sloping banks. Sure looked
good for bugs.
A mile from the dock I cut the motor, joined my
desk rod and tied me of the black and white bugs
on a six pound leader. The current carried me along
as I worked the bug out to the shady bank. At many
reaches, it was possible to work both baits while
drifting mainstream.
After offering my bug for an hour, I decided
the fellow’s statement at the tackle shop, “the bass are
catting up popping bugs,” must have been motivated
by membership in the Chamber of Commerce. The
tournament was not big but the bugs really did look good however, so I cranked the five horse motor and retraced my route. The
run was riding higher now. A grandly bail make, awkward
in the water, challenged the right of way. He
was creating a wake of proportions similar to
mine. I agreed with walked out on the bow using it as a protective windbreak. Florida
flies must be smarter than Tennessee flies.
Gazing at the bartender’s eye, I pointed to the
fishing picture. He walked over, mild irritation
showing in his face.

“Been fishing lately?”

“Nope, never touch the stuff.”

“Wow, with all the good fishing around here?”

He spoke in a flat disinterested monologue, “Don’t like ‘em. Cut bait on a party boat once. Seven days a week. Smells make me sick, fish makes me sick, water makes me sick and bugs make me sick.”

I told him to expound the merits of the greatest outdoor sport but thought better of it. This man was
obviously a twisted crank of some sort or he had
sold his soul for membership in the Florida Historical Society. The address is Gainesville, Florida, the four dollar a year. The quarterly
publication is well worth the reading time and the modest cost.

The next morning I brewed a pot of coffee on the
kitchen stove and my roadtrip had driven the
28 or so miles to the Idle Hour Camp on Highway
50.

MARCH, 1956

27
The Compleat Scientifik Angler

By EVERETT (Pok'chops) WILLIAMS
(Tamper Bay Itchygologist)

Or perhaps I should say that my brother and I took turn about on the oars.

The boat itself was a paradox. It had no bow, a lack that the builder had sought to overcome by providing the craft with two sterns. Probably no skiff ever traveled faster without going anywhere. The duds on the dock had dubbed it a "fish," a description that apparently took into account the rotary action of the oar as well as the forward speed.

In those days there were no regular tides as such: we have since, and always as we rowed out, the tide was coming in, and as we rowed back, the tide was going out.

At that time, we not only didn’t know anything about fishing; we didn’t even know that we didn’t know anything about it. But fortunately for us, the fish weren’t any smarter. Although fast as a striped snapper and tough as a TV rambler, the average game fish of that era suffered from myopic vision and primitive intellectual development. We hadn’t at that stage moved up to the quadruple reel, and our casting technique with the throwline was not unlike an old cowhand drawing a lassoing bead on an errant steer. But heavy snapper lines and leaders and the total lack of modern conveniences seemed not to matter at all.

I have often thought how interesting my scientific studies on the fish if they had some kindred spirit to give them—some kindly ichthyologist with a strong back, an innborn aptitude for making complicated outboard motor work, and the latest type pliers and screwdriver, and an intimate knowledge of boat salvage operations.

But I have concluded—and I say this regretfully—that the purely philosophical and meditative aspects of ichthyological research have little appeal even for men of obscure intellectual attainments.

For a time after I first began my studies, it seemed that I had found companionship of the highest quality. Charley Rose, who had never tasted a fish-market fish, came along on an expedition and seemed to enjoy himself with the perfections of the outing was, however, marred slightly by two minor incidents. We had selected the checkered flats hard by the Hotwater-Hitch, a limit. Almost immediately I began to assemble a prime string of panfish, (Lepomis Microchirus), which for some reason Chase and my assistant fisherman, (Haplochromis Ramboideus). Though the angling conditions were virtually perfect, the spotted sea trout, (Cynoscion Nebulosus), were not roused enough to puzzle at this. Charley consulted his solemn tables to discover that theunker yellow perch was a bottom-dweller that was not likely to be hitting eel bait at worktime Monday morning.

I had early noted an odd mannerism of Charlie’s, as he continually rowed up and down, and up again in the manner of a stripping bobbin for apples. I had even found pride in the fact that my lure, a Grassmaster, skinned his hat each time that he bent low. But when through carelessness on Charlie’s part, he was late with his drip, my lure whooshed lithly into his back. But in a few minutes he had got his breath back and was casting from a prone position in the bottom of the boat, the better to drift up on the speckled trout, (Cynoscion Nebulovera), without speaking to me. In another instance I feared that Charlie was a little provoked as he surged on a smooth side, I have since regretted that he did not keep his shoes on as he stepped overside to push the boat off the oyster bar. But I was sure that Charlie would be eager to go again at an early date, and three or four days later when he was released from the rest home, I invited him to come on a fishing again. He declined regretfully. At one time he had had every week-end—as well as the period from Monday through Friday—free for fishing, but he had lately accepted employment in a salt mine and would therefore be obliged to pick up all of his fish at the seafood bazaar, as he would have no time at all to go fishing any more.

On one memorable occasion, I received an invitation from Rufus Alley, the jule mill Croesus, to accompany him on a fishing trip. There was no fishing lodge, the Realtie. We had scaredly arrived at the chosen area—the Goose-Egg Grounds adjacent to Waterhead Key—when my small Halibut Pole here was engulled by a tremendous pompano, (Trachinurus Carolinensis). The battle that ensued rivaled any of the titanic struggles related in the pages of Yold and Screes. At one time, the gyration of the maddened fish caused the tip of my rod to beat a lusty rate-out at worktime Monday morning.

I had early noted an odd mannerism of Charlie’s, as he continually rowed up and down, and up again in the manner of a stripping bobbin for apples. I had even found pride in the fact that my lure, a Grassmaster,
I had noticed an odd movement of Charley’s. (Photo by Bob Zimmerman.)

(Continued from Preceding Page)

likewise the grunts of a shoal who contended with his fellows for the
fragments of a hurst watermelon. But when I twitted Rufe mildly on
his own failure to nab a rare delicacy, he informed me—with what
I thought was a trace of asperity—that my catch was in reality a
tourist-type pompano, or in the
scientific term a hard-tail jack, (Car
rusx Hippus).

We boasted an assortment of
lures that contained every artificial
ever heard of—including several
that were better unheard of besides a liberal supply of live baits,
including a small but choice selec-
tion of catahula worms. But despite
this formidable array of weapons and weather conditions that were
seemingly ideal, neither the spotted
sea trout, (Cynoscion Nebulosus),
the regular weakfish, (Cynosc
ion Regalis), nor the bluefish, (Pomato
mus Saltatrix), were rising.

Rufe attributed our indifferent
success to a condition that he de-
scribed as south moon sideways. In
this complex situation, the tempera-
ture of the quarry was to spur artificial or live baits and to seek dead baits
instead. But when I suggested hope-
fully that we dispatch some of our
chosen baits, Rufe pointed out that the temperamental species would
accept only those baits that had died
peacefully. To implement his point, Rufe dug a complicated chart out of
his tackle box and ran his fin-
gear down the fine print to our day and
hour, where I beheld the legend:

Today’s Best Bait: Kelly Pool.

On the way home, Rufe let me
steer the boat, and I played a promi-
inent part in the widening of the
Mileposte Bridge. It was evident that the bridge engineers had got
the pilings too close together.

In less than a month the Best Bite was off the ways and Rufe admitted
that the craft had needed a new
bottom anyway. But when I pressed
Rufe for a new fishing jaunt he in-
formed me regretfully that his time
was now taken up completely in his
chronicling of the angling joys of
others, so much so that he had
no time for fishing, or even for visiting the seafood bazaar, but must needs
rely on a courier for his mullets.

Another angler of the first rank
was George Somberlin of the Den-
ver’s National Bank. A crafty fish-
erman, George was also a mighty
man with the poling pole and the
tailing bucket. I well remember our first—and I fear, our last—fishing
trip. I had just bought my first spinn-
ing outfit, and the perfidious dealer,
grimacing broadly as he pocketed
my wife’s butter and egg money, had assured me that mere possession
of the spinning equipment would make me an angling master, while the
freedom from backtalk that the gear provided could make an old pro out of any barefoot boy of
thirty-five.

I was delighted with the no-back-
lash feature of the method, but I
suspected that George was mildly
perurbed by what might be called a
forward-lash, as the coils of the reel
of an oomf line leaped off the fixed
spool in a loose ball about the
size of Rocky Marciano’s fist. But with
my usual foresight, I had brought

Wildlife Officer Willard Driggers examines two doe killed by
some low-violators in the Steinhatchee Management area during
the second day of the season. (Photo by Ralph Yarn.)

Officers of the Lee County Junior Rod and Gun Club examine a
wood duck, specimen prepared by George Fresh Water Fish
Commission biologists Wayne Murray. Left to right: John Dunks, club
president; Lloyd Griffin, vice-president, and Jimmy Deffenbacher, treasurer. The club is sponsored by the Tellahassee Optimist Club.

On the long march to Florida’s Silver Springs. (Photo by Mount.)

Making friends with a largemouth bass is Miss Joe Banks, under-
water swimmer at Florida’s Silver Springs. (Photo by Mount.)

the state

J. R. Beach, Youngstown, displays a 14½-pound goldfish he killed in
while duck hunting in the Gadsden Wildlife Management area of
northwest Florida. (Photo by Ed Timmens.)

Florida wildlife

MARCH, 1956

(Continued on Page 46)

30
31

(Continued from Page 44)
DAD AND THE BULL-HEADED BASS

By CARSON ALEXANDER

Old Ben Walker lives out of town a piece on a sandtrap farm that is the kind tourists point out as being typical of lazy southerners, then rush on down the road to nowhere feeling real smug about the whole thing. If Old Ben knew that, he’d probably put up a roadblock and try and whip the tourists swimming around in his pond. Then he’d start flinging a plug and hanging on. After fighting it out with two or three buster bass from five to fifteen pounds and had the poor guy’s eyes hanging down around his knees and his hands twitching with fishing frenzy, he’d haul up a cast or two and laugh. Ben couldn’t understand it, except for the fishermen. These he’d drag in his pasture and show them the little, fat, pit and what’s the time I was your referee. Only once did I get to fish that pool, but that time made up for all the refereeing and wanting.

I was 13 at the time it started, I know because on that birthday Dad had taken me fishing in Tiger Lake for a present. Coming back, we stopped at Ben’s that afternoon and saw him coming up through the pasture. Before we could utter a word he quickened something he said he had real excited. Ben normally looks like an old coon hide that was just salted down, tossed in a corner and forgotten, but now he was wilder looking than any man I ever saw.

“Ari!” he stuttered to Dad, “You ain’t gonna believe it anymore’ I did. Fact is, we better go back down there and see if I been seeing things.”

Like most of the real old phosphate diggers Ben’s past any record of what happens here, but he had found it, but the pasture grass grew smooth to the edge, marred only by the fennel patches, and dropped in deep foot banks into some 40 feet of clear silver-green water. On a calm sunny day you could see above a way down to where it turned ice-blue and see the hooks above the shoal shore just hoping something would fall in. Course it was silly, I just used to go around to make it look like they were looking for me that way. At the south end there was one shallow cove where most of the fish spawned and sawgrass grew thick along the edges as cover for the fry. Sometimes you couldn’t stick the end of a pole in the bottom without hitting a bed, and Ben, or Dad, would have two or three fish up.

Ben led us to the other end and the drainage had spun up from the water. Dad said, “I wish the grass cove where he’s going to bring me.”

“I oughta kick him!” Dad said. “You tell him I was imagining- that monster on the end of a line.

“Yeah?” Dad said. You could tell he was imagining that monster on the end of a line.

“Get me a record before I die.”

“Off the bed!”

Only way to get a bass like that,” they were glaring now like a pair of grizzled roosters.

“Well I’ll be damned!” Dad said, forgetting I was around. “You old hypocrite, I believe you mean something else.”

“Dang right I mean it!” Ben yelled, madder at himself than anything else. Dad got to going down now, “Tomorrow morning I’m gonna fling a Dalsom in there first thing.”

Dad had been getting red in the face, but now he began to see-saw-bee. Dad said, “Fish him out!”

“You throw a topwater in there and you’ll scare that bass hellbreamer. I ain’t worried about catching her then, even off the bed, and any fool can do that.”

Young as I was, I could see this thing was getting ridiculous. Ben was white as a sheet and Dad’s face had a queer pinched look about it. The silence kept getting deeper until Ben asked real quietly if I could do better.”

“Certainly!” Dad blurted, then could’ve lost his heart suddenly realizing he’d been played neat as you please.

Ben laughed wickedly, “Old hypocrite, huh? We’ll take a coin at daylight for first try.” Then he turned and walked into the house.

Dad raised a hand like he might stop him, but let it fall wordlessly. He looked sick and I knew why. Wrong as it was, Dad wanted that bass bad as Ben. He didn’t look at me all the way into town and I was glad because I was awful ashamed, too. During dinner Dad just picked at his chicken and Mom kept asking him if he was sick and he’d say no, and go right on doodling. Afterwards he tried the paper, but you could see he wasn’t reading, until finally he went out into the back yard. I watched out a window and thought it was pretty dark I saw he was picking up rocks from Mom’s rose garden and sticking them in his pocket. Soon he came in to get his hat, and telling Mom he’d be back in a minute, started out down the front door. Real quick I saw I was going across the alley to see Jerry, a pal of mine, and ducked out the back, only I didn’t go to Jerry’s, but jumped walking in the rear seat of the car and hunkered down on the floor. Dad got in front never knowing I was there and drove off.

After while I could tell we were out of town when the street lights stopped shining in and not long afterwards the car pulled off to the side of the road and Dad got out in the dark. When I couldn’t hear him anymore, I looked out and saw he’d stopped down the road from Ben’s and was climbing through a fence at the north end of the pasture. I followed on the fence as close as I could without being seen.

Dad went straight to the pit and I could see him trying to get into the position of the bed. Then he started throwing rocks, and he sure made them chunk when they hit I could just see high up in the bushes on the west side. Dad was chewing and grinning一直 swinging his pole, and the sound of the line and pole made him happy about something. I was and hard like he was happy about something. I had been to get worried about being from a place to get to the road like that and beat Dad to the car.

I was pretty close when the back door opened and threw light all over the place and I fell behind a gallberry bush just as Ben stepped out of the porch. He musta gone thief or start just like 1 (Continued on Next Page)
THE AMERICAN Angler


In his new book, McClane points out clearly the easiest way to catch big fish is to go where big fish are. That there are places the author explains, is reflected in the results of the annual Field and Stream contest. Certain waters have manufactured tackle-busters year after year, and it is no longer possible to kill them off. So have that big fish or no fish at all is, to my mind, a far better approach. That is, if one of the tide rules is to be followed, and if it is not to be to your advantage. It is a valuable guide to booking, hooking, and netting a rammy fish.


Robert Page Lincoln, one of America's pioneer bass fishermen, has thrown upon his vast knowledge and experience with bass to present in this book the most comprehensive book on the subject we have ever seen. Modern tackle and up-to-the-minute tackle are discussed in detail. Numerous questions are called on the famous bass manufacturers, but commercial bass fisherman Bob Lincoln was not affiliated with any of these which produces tackle.

TRIDENT SPEARFISHING by John J. Seabase. Published by See & Tell, Incorporated, 50 West 42nd Street, New York. Price $4.00. 48 pages.

This is the first full length book devoted exclusively to striped bass and striped bass spearfishing. It is an attempt to light by modern research on the habits of striped bass and the history of the fishery of the fishery, which dates to colonial times. The book is written by two men who make striped bass their business as well as their hobby. John J. Seabase (editor of Salt Water Sportman magazine), and R. C. Long, on the sea is considered the foremost expert on striped bass. Where the fish are found, how they are caught, and what kind of gear and methods are all included in this comprehensive book.

All the information has been reported from reliable sources. The results of the years spent on the sea is on the cover of the book. The author, on the other hand, is a great fisherman who has spent a lot of time on the sea. The author of the book is a great fisherman who has spent a lot of time on the sea.
IN THE GOOD OLD DAYS

HUNTER AND FISHER' IN Florida ain't what it used to be! And in many ways, thank goodness! However, there's still a lot of things just about the same.

For instance, this writer who wrote in 1872, an New Englander named Emmett, gave us the word on the battling black bass, could have been writing last month with a few alterations to observations, legal limits, etc.

"The species most widely diffused, and also the most valued, is the black trout or bass. This species is also found in the western lakes and rivers, but in Florida it grows to a larger size; specimens of eight, ten, and twelve pounds being comparatively rare in the northern states."

Of course, everybody knows that the Florida black bass is the biggest, fittest, most denizen of the fresh waters.

The writer describes the tackle, "a bob, which is a bunch of gay-colored feathers with two or three large glosses concealed in it ... is fastened to a piece of string, or two of strong line, and this to a stout reed pole."

You take a look in your tackle box and see how many bobs you've got, or maybe you call them jigs.

And how does he use this tackle? Well, "the fisherman sits in the bow of a canoe, which is paddled by one in the stern, and kept at such a distance from the weedy shore that the bob may be skittered along the margin."

A rule of thumb: "how-to" articles by the experts haven't changed much.

We said hunting and fishing ain't what it used to be, and here's some ain't. "Once on the Upper St. Johns ... two of us took, with spoons, trawling from the stern of a steamer, twenty or thirty black bass in an hour or two; they were from two to six pounds in weight."

You'd probably have a hard time finding a steamer on the Upper St. Johns to troll from, but you might use a skiff and a kicker. Eight bass is now the legal limit and "twenty or thirty" would be a fair invitation to visit "hazemiser" accompanied by a nattily dressed Wildlife Officer. Also, as any self-respecting chamber of commerce publicist will tell you, two pound Florida black bass are a lot of fish of their size that they hide until they at least weigh enough for an honest fisherman to exaggerate their alvery mass to a maximum of five pounds. But then, our 19th century reporter might not have been employed by a chamber of commerce.

Right after the Seminole War, a whole army battalion was stationed on the St. Johns to keep marauding Seminoles from marauding. This battalion was constantly supplied with fresh bass through the efforts of one man. His method was trolling with a strip of pork on a large hook across the month of creek flowing into the river. Sound familiar? His commanding officer went with him once to see how he did it and wrote, "This sport continued for less than two hours, when finding my boat nearly loaded down, and my little fingers well cut and sore by handling them in, I concluded to stop at the round number of fifty, and returned to the post. When I weighed my fish, the smallest weighed 4 1/2 pounds, and the largest 14 1/2 pounds, giving a fair average of 10 pounds, or 500 pounds in all." They're still calling this area the "Bass Capital of the World," but, thanks goodness, the bass angler today does not have to keep his eyes open for marauding Seminoles.

Along the St. Johns about a hundred years ago, a small, heavily laden shad sank the livelihood. He was a steamboat captain, plying between the two states of Jacksonville and the St. Augustine settlements. Brock's language, as colorful as a Florida sunset and as spicy as a sandalwood, is reputed to have at one time singed the hair from a brass monkey. This report is considered by most authorities to contain a small degree of exaggeration as the usual run of brass monkeys have no hair. Nevertheless, Brock's proficiency did not prevent his seeing the possibilities of building a quality hotel for steamboat passengers on the shore of Lake Monroe at Enterprise.

This was in the early 1850s, about as near the end of the earth as the sportsman accustomed to the niceties cared to venture. The Brock House flourished and from the hotel's register, where well-behaved nymords inscribed their feats, the following is taken.

"March 19, 1872—killed a large alligator, the largest ever seen here this year; the stomach contained a boat, a piece of pine wood, a fisherman's float, and some small fish."

"March 24, 1872—killed a much bigger alligator than the one mentioned above. The stomach contained a gold watch, $10,000 in government bonds, and a cord of wood."

(On the following page)—"Shot the biggest alligator ever known in Florida; the stomach contained the remains of a steam launch, a lot of old railway iron, and a quantity of lead, proving that it existed during the glacial epoch."

Hunting has changed more than the hunters! Before you can hunt or fish, you've got to get to where you can, so northern sportsmen read this and weep: "Steamship fare, New York to Jacksonville, including all meals, and return, $3; excursion rate, $50.00." As this was in the days when you usually camped out because hunting and fishing camps were as scarce as unattached blondes, while you're figuring how far your money would have gone, you bet your pick up 50 pounds of salt pork for five dollars, 60 pounds of flour for three dollars, and some potatoes at a dollar a bushel. If you preferred to stay in a small inn or boarding house in a small town, your room and board would have run 10 to 14 dollars a week depending on how much flour you liked with your "vitamins." By the same token, your expenses in Florida would have been "from $100 to $150 per month, according to the habits of the traveler."

At the present time, many Florida east coast residents are deeply concerned over a proposed canal from the St. Johns River marina to Indian River. For their benefit we quote the following which was written 80 years ago:

"At Elbow Creek and across the river on the eastern shore, is the finest picturesque portion of the river (Indian). It was here that the Seminole Indians used to congregate. The St. Johns with Indian River was to terminate. It was to be about seven miles in length."

A company was formed, a dredge boat set to work at Lake Washington, landed purchased, a town laid out on paper, and now the machinery of the boat is being transported to Sand Point for use in a sawmill, and "Eau Gallie" has just as many inhabitants as it had before the bubble was blown. No doubt can exist as to the suitability of the locality for a town, could one be started; the high pine land slopes grade.

The home of the "agapanthus" has been invaded by the concrete and steel of the fabulous Sunshine Skyway, but old river sides is still around.

A 19th recommendation was a boat as standard equipment for every Florida traveler as most of Florida was under-water. Akeha is the old method of traveling the Everglades and below the modern way.

Near Eau Gallie on the St. Lucie River 80 years ago the folks were talking about a proposed canal from the head marshes of the St. Johns. Today they're still talking about the same thing.

Right after the Seminole War one soldier kept his whole army battery supplied with fresh bass caught at the mouth of a creek flowing into the St. Johns. The major shore was putting his legal limit at the same place a couple of months ago.

A company was formed, a dredge boat set to work at Lake Washington, landed purchased, a town laid out on paper, and now the machinery of the boat is being transported to Sand Point for use in a sawmill, and "Eau Gallie" has just as many inhabitants as it had before the bubble was blown. No doubt can exist as to the suitability of the locality for a town, could one be started; the high pine land slopes grade.

The home of the "agapanthus" has been invaded by the concrete and steel of the fabulous Sunshine Skyway, but old river sides is still around.

36 FLORIDA WILDLIFE

MARCH, 1956

37
In order to shoot a sporting fire-arm accurately, it must first be brought up to a position that is comfortable to the shooter in every manner. The way it is held during the brief moments of each shot is as important as the accuracy that will result. Particularly is this true of a shotgun or nit of a pistol or so-called hand gun.

Good scores with a hand gun represent, as with a rifle, nothing more than accurately placed single hits—repeated! This last consideration is absolutely imperative. To shoot accurately and uniformly from shot to shot, one's grip on the aimed weapon must be consistent and comfortable, among other things. In short, the gun, like clothing, must fit the shooter.

Given two hands of equal accuracy, the marksman will do his best shooting with the one that is as comfortable to his hand most naturally and comfortably.

Most factory supplied hand gun stocks are made to fit "average" hands (according to explanations by the manufacturers), but persons have "average" hands and enjoy perfect stock fit from the start of their hand gun shooting. Like faces, hands are notoriously individualistic. One can see look-alikes in facial features or in hand shapes but generally there will be marked differences. Consequently, standard factory stocks truly fit few hands, and fortunately there is the hand gun accessories dealer who finds a factory stock a perfect fit.

We cannot change the shape and size of hands with which Nature endowed us, but we can acquire the style of pistol grips that will fit the gun-handle in any way desired.

But having just paid out a substantial sun for a quality, so-called "conventional" hand gun, the new owner usually is not too happy when faced with the extra cost of a pair of custom-made grips, carved to fit, nor will he want to change the hand gun frame. "Are they worth their represented cost?" he will usually want to know.

First reflect on the fact that designers of pistols place a particular object by point-

FLO RIDA WILDLIFE

MARCH, 1956

This custom-made walnut grip, fitted to a Colt Match Target Double, was made for John G. Waddell, of New Orleans, by a friend who worked on the gun for two months. The grip is now being used by Mr. Waddell, who feels the grip on his new gun accurately fits his hand.
SELECTIVE POISONING
(Continued from Page 17)

Since the basin population of Lake Tarfwood was of minor importance percentage-wise, it was decided to use an amount larger than 10 ppm (parts per million) a concentration which had previously been determined as not harmful to bass, in an effort to affect a substantial kill of large shad. The results did not show that such was actually the case however for the principal kill was among the smaller shad shad which were numerous but did not constitute the bulk of the weight of the population.

During this operation, a conserva-tive estimate placed the total shad kill at 420,000 pounds. Although this experimental project did not reduce the population to limits which might be considered optimum for study of the effects of shad reduction upon remaining fish populations, it did, in one day destroy nearly three times the kill accomplished by nine months of haul seining.

The selective poisoning technique might be considered as yet in its infancy but it offers a great deal of promise of developing into a fisheries management tool of more importance.

END.

JUMPING CATFISH
(Continued from Page 16)

Shucks, you can even use a cane pole on them, if you want to. How much fun I’ve had having the rod off the day, easeing out yellow bullheads, black bullheads, blue cats, bullcats and such, swimming in deep pools from under fallen trees at the head of the North Fork, or, with a spinning rod, catching that particularly appropriate loving size channel cat—half a pound to a pound and a half—from the center of St. Lucie Canal. Can’t last long and nary a bite. Cast 10 feet over and check it on the nails. But, locate that exact location where the channel cats are feeding, put the worms in inch-cube chunks.

You are now ready to Build the Stew.

Sprinkle about half the browned pork cubes at random over the bottom of the Dutch oven. One of those self-contained electric oven appliances with a “slow-coat” control will work equally well. Lay on a layer of the above-mentioned catfish chunks. Add two or three handfuls of potatoes. Thin this layer with a couple of glasses of water, spoon it over the fish and potatoes. Sprinkle on the rest of the pork cubes. Add another layer of catfish, potatoes and the rest of the pork cubes until it reaches the edges, but do not cover the last layer of catfish. Salt and black pepper to taste. Tenderly place a couple of dozen bay leaves upon the top, and slow-cook for about two hours. Not “pot and gutir-ter’” boiling. Just a slow, flavorful simmering.

The catfish, in my humble opinion, is the most overlooked and under-rated from water resources in Florida today. But who is a farmer, who is a former Peoria, Ill., newspaper fishing writer and radio outdoor columnist, tells me: “There are fellows back where I come from who would give their right eyeballs to hook channel kit-ties like you and I have been catching out of C-23.”

“Because they jump?”

“Not necessarily. That’s an added attraction.” He broke into a slow grin. “To tell you the truth,” he said, “I’m like you. I’ve caught all sorts of stuff and—kinds—but I’ve never seen one jump, except on C-23.”

That made me feel a little bet-ter.

Catfish. Sure, like I told Bill, I’ve caught all my life. They tagged, they pulled, then released. Catfish don’t jump, you know. Oh, occasionally, one will strike a plug. But, for am three—no! Forget it. I’d go in for that, occasionally—a fellow uses a trotline, or a bunch of branch hooks, or jug-fishings.

The Commission’s spray plane was to be used for distributing the poison but after the rain ran, the weather sacked in, making flying impossible.

CHAIN PICKEREL
(Continued from Page 17)

areel. Small weedless spoons fished on fly rod, spinning tackle, or light bait casting gear will often take pickerel from weedy waters which are diffi-cult or impossible to work with other types of artificial.

Trolling along the edge of weed beds with spoons and plugs is often effective. Whatever type of gear you choose, you will find the pickerel eager to do battle.

In the February issue of Florida Wildlife appeared an announcement of the formation of the “Florida Big Pike Club.” To be eligible for a Big Pike Certificate, the angler must take from Florida waters a chain pickerel of 4 pounds or more in weight. The purpose of the “club” is to aid the Commission in compiling information regarding the size and distribution of the chain pickerel within the state. The heaviest fish for which a certificate has been issued thus far is a 3½ pounder which was 27 inches in total length.

This pickerel was taken in Lake Talquin on January 19, 1956 by T. L. Pea-cock, Jr., of Quincy, Fla.

There have been reports of Flori-da pickerel weighing eight pounds with a total weight of 9-pounder. Chances are excellent that lurking somewhere in the waters of the Sunshine State is a world’s record chain pickerel. Someone will catch him, won’t you?

END.

UNDERWATER SAFETY

JUMP AT THE CHANCE!
THE NEXT 5 ISSUES OF SALT WATER SPORTSMAN

MAGAZINE — WHICH WOULD COST YOU $1.25 IF PURCHASED ON THE NEWSSTANDS — ONLY $1.00!

Salt Water Sportsman is the only magazine in the world equipped 100% in salt water fishing along the Atlantic and Gulf coasts. Published every month, it gives you the latest on how to fish from the flats, inlets, ocean, bay, and how to fish from the flats, inlets, ocean, bay, and how to fish from the flats, inlets, ocean, bay, and how to fish from the flats, inlets, ocean, bay. It covers every state and every major seacoast. Start receiving your copies now by sending $1.00 to:

SALT WATER SPORTSMAN

229 WEST 16TH STREET
HIALEAH, FLORIDA
MEET YOUR COMMISSION

Kirby has been employed by the Commission since October 1950. Before accepting his present position as Wildlife Officer, Mr. Kirby served in the United States Army where he was stationed in Louisiana and Florida. The Kirby's have two children, a son, Bobby, and a daughter, Pammi.

RICHARD N. COOK
South Florida Region

For more than 10 years, Robert Nuell Cook has been with the Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission as a Wildlife Officer. Prior to his employment with the Commission, Bob was employed as a boat builder.

Bob and Mrs. Cook, the former JoAnn Mae Murrill, live on Route No. 2, Monito. The couple have two sons, Edward, 40, and Robert, 19, and seven daughters, Nola, 36, Mrs. R. W. Maddox, 36; Mrs. R. S. Pringle, 32; Mrs. N. S. Wilks, 30; Mrs. K. D. Dobson, 29; Mrs. E. S. Fagarty, 25; and Mrs. J. R. Buchler, 23.

Bob's "best" is located in Monito County in the South Florida Region.

JAMES OLIVER HUDSON
Central Florida Region

James Oliver Hudson has been employed as a Wildlife Officer with the Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission since March 18, 1946. "Butch" and Mrs. Hudson, the former Willie Dell Hamilton, make their home in Yankeetown. Mr. Hudson has lived most of his life in Levy County which is his present area of service with the Commission.

During World War II Mr. Hudson served in the Army Engineer Corps, spending some 42 months of overseas duty in the E.T.O. and in the Aleutian Islands.

SPRING GOBLER SEASON

Florida hunters who did not kill their season's bag limit of three turkeys will have another chance at the wild gobblers during a special 9-day spring gobbler season. The Third Conservation District of Northwest Florida will be open for gobblers only from March 31 through April 8. Hunters who have already taken their bag limit will not be allowed to hunt. All turkeys taken must be tagged just as in the regular season.

LEE DUGGER
Northwest Florida Region

Wildlife Officer Lee Dugger has been with the Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission since September 1, 1945. He is 51 years of age.

Lee and Mrs. Dugger, the former Bernice Strickland, live near Bristol in Liberty County. They have one daughter, Mrs. Iris Eubanks.

AIRPORTS TO FILTER DEATH-TRAPS

SPECIAL MIGRATING south next fall are going to have a safer passage overseas vertical light beaming from more than 300 airports which have installed thousands of birds to crash to earth are going to be filtered in the future. Interior Secretary McKay announced the Air Force, the Weather Bureau and numerous other groups are co-operating in the project.

The high-powered vertical light beams are used to determine the ceiling, or range of viability and are known as "ceiling stations." McKay said it is not known just what effect the light beam has on birds in flight, but added:

"It is presumed that the birds are temporarily blinded by the light or that their direction is nullified in some way. The effect is that the birds crash into the ground, lose control of speed and are killed. For some unknown reason birds lose control in the fall on southward flights."

Filters have been developed which retain the visible light of the ceilometer and permit only the ultraviolet or "black light" to go upwards for ceiling measurement. This black light has no effect on the migrating birds.

In some places unfiltered beams will be turned off when birds are in flight provided this can be done without endangering air travel.

McKay said it is not known just what effect the light beam has on birds in flight, but added:

"It is presumed that the birds are temporarily blinded by the light or that their direction is nullified in some way. The effect is that the birds crash into the ground, lose control of speed and are killed. For some unknown reason birds lose control in the fall on southward flights."

Filters have been developed which retain the visible light of the ceilometer and permit only the ultraviolet or "black light" to go upwards for ceiling measurement. This black light has no effect on the migrating birds.

In some places unfiltered beams will be turned off when birds are in flight provided this can be done without endangering air travel.

"For the three-day meeting to be held in Panama City have not at this writing been decided. It will in all probability be held during the National Wildlife Week, and in conjunction with the annual installation of the new officers of the Bay County Audubon Society. The meeting will be held at Lake Eaton this summer."

Summer Camp Reservation Appications

A new form of reservation-applications to next summer's camp season has been drawn up and printed. These applications will be sent out the latter part of this month (Jan-
uary) to those who participated in 1954 and 1955 at Camp Eaton. The important thing to remember about these applications is to talk it over with Mom and Dad and find out if you can go. Then send the application right off to your. That way, you can be sure you are saved and reserve for you. There are so many want to come, now that the camp is completely sold out, we must make certain that there will be suf-

eastern room for all. So get your reservation in as soon as you get the okay from Mother or Daddy. If those of you who answered the questionnaire and sent them in have more reservation-applications in just as fast, this office will have all the necessary information in no time flat. How about it, gang?

Our New Rank System

You members of clubs in the League, don't forget—just as soon as you have reached 10,000 points send that information in to this office and officially become a Ranger. If you have 30,000 points, let us know; you are entitled to be called a Forester. Remember, your points are accumu-

lative. Keep on doing your duty to-

wards conservation, and in no time you will have rewarded with some timely promotions.

Board of Directors Meeting

The Junior Conservation Club League will meet this month in Panama City where many important issues governing the League and camp will be transacted.

The meeting for the board will be the last outside meeting until the Annual Meeting to be held at Lake Eaton this summer.

We want to know for this three-day meeting to be held in Panama City have not at this writing been decided. It will in all probability be held during the National Wildlife Week, and in conjunction with the annual installation of the new officers of the Bay County Audubon Society. The meeting will be held at Lake Eaton this summer."

The meeting for the board will be the last outside meeting until the Annual Meeting to be held at Lake Eaton this summer.

A New Year—1956

We are now in our fifth year in the Junior Conservation Education Program. Let's all try to make this the best year yet. Let's do everything possible to make our club strong, and to function for the real purpose of preserving our natural resources. Let's all do our share in making this year officially a real banner year.

"But I tell you I don't want any harmonica!"
Resolutions of a Conservationist

From the Michigan State University Conservation Bulletin

1. I resolve to make every effort to spread the true meaning of conservation—the wise use now and forever of all our natural resources, the land and the water and the products and services rendered by the water and the produced goods and services rendered by them.

2. I will urge upon all who would listen the vital importance of the natural resources to the well-being of mankind. Without a bounteous supply of these resources forever, mankind cannot prosper.

3. I resolve to do everything in my power to encourage the protection and development of my community’s forests and water and land use will be so placed that it will enhance the tangible and intangible values in the community with the least curtailing of future land and water uses in the community.

4. I resolve to point out the necessity of conserving all of the soils so that their productivity will not be impaired to the disadvantage of future generations.

5. I resolve that water, air, plants, and animals, resources, should be so conserved that it will be avail-

able repeatedly in unpolluted form for the many uses to which it is put—domestic, industrial, recreational, fish and farm, etc.

6. I resolve to encourage the proper management and protection of the land and the water so that it may supply a bounteous crop of trees for wood so necessary to en-

vironmen.

7. I resolve to give every support to the movement to reserve sufficient land and water so that our grow-

ing population may be able to enjoy for all time our God-given out-of-doors. Place.

8. I resolve that I will encourage such land use which will, where possible, provide a plentiful supply of fish and wildlife for the vacationist, fishermen, and the hunter.

9. I finally resolve to urge upon all the utmost care in the use of our mineral resources so that the limited supply will not soon be exhausted, but be available for many, many generations to come.

END

PANFISHING PARADISE

(Continued from Page 11)

stream or a lake means a bedding top spot.

But if you or your companions lack this desirable skill, the sure-fire recipe divulged by expert Carlos Vinson—"dangle a worm until you catch a small blue gil-

then. Instead of slipping him back in the water as you normally would, hook him lightly through a lip and cut off about four feet of your line or leader. On the free end fasten a cork or small plastic plug and plunk the entire rig in the water. Watch the bobber! It’s dimmer doubtless, but the little fellow will lead you to a good bream bed in his and you can get back among his kind. Follow the bobber and retrieve it when it stops. Release the undercurrent and go after his big brothers on the spot.

For speckled perch, a fish with a so-called "paper" mouth and some 56 correct or colloquial names, use small minnows, worm, freshwater shrimp, insect larvae and other nat-

ural baits. For still fishing, rig live minnows on either a No. 4, or No. 6 hook, by piercing the skin just be-

hind the dorsal fin. For casting, dead minnows, properly rigged, like action, can be used. In the artificial lures, try size 0 spinners and flies tied on No. 6 hooks, fished with a slow but acti-

vated retrieve. Also try 3/4 ounce

FLORIDA WILDLIFE

1 pint oysters in natural liquor
2 cups rolled crackers
3 or 6 tablespoonful butter
1 can condensed chicken gumbo

END

MARCH, 1956

Fish to the Provocateur

This is baked fish with a flourish, the flourish being borrowed from our local fish mongers who influence a lot of Florida cooks these days.

3 medium-sized fish
2 carrots sliced
2 medium-sized onions
2 cups small potatoes
1 cup olive oil
Juice of 1 lemon
Chopped parsley and bay leaves
Salt and pepper

Dress fish clean and leave whole. Scrape-out-of-doors. Place in dish large enough to accommo-
date the fish without a mixture made of sliced carrots, onions, chopped parsley, bay leaves, mashed garlic, lemon juice, olive oil and salt and pepper.

Let fish stand for several hours in mixture, marinade many times. Keep refrigerated, of course. Then remove fish from mixture, place in baking dish or pan, and bake 45 minutes in a moderate oven, basting frequently from both sides and a lot of butter.

Add wine, wine, wine, and a little more wine. Garnish with your favorite garnishes, caviar, lemon leaves and parsley. Good with wild rice.

BAKED SHRIMP

2 pounds cooked shrimp
1 can condensed tomato soup
1 can condensed vegetable soup
1 small onion chopped
2 tablespoons vinegar
3 tablespoons dry mustard

Pour into another pan that is another quickie that gives the cook a full day for her activities — and still gives husband and guests a splendid appetite. Sprinkle the shrimp day be-

fore by plunging in a bottle of salad dressing to which fire or six lemons have been sliced. Boil 2 cups cream, remove heads, black veins, and shells. Refrigerate. This brings us up to today’s reci-

pe:

Escallop Oyster Coober

1 pint oysters in natural liquor
2 cups rolled crackers
3 or 6 tablespoonful butter
1 can condensed chicken gumbo

This is a simple dish which may be made up several hours ahead of time, and slipped into the oven at the last minute after a baking dish. Sprinkle about a half-cup of the crumbs in the bottom of the dish (or casserole) and arrange a
MOON STOCKING

Lifted From The NEW YORK CONSERVATIONIST

WE see that The Moon is for sale. Choice par-  ticulars are given, including a banquet for twenty, at a cost of $1,710.00. We see that The New York Times says there’s a concern on Long Island which will give you a quotidian thrill. The address is: Con-
er of Gollum and Sméagol (a technical disclosure) and all they cost you is $1 per acre. If you choose to do this, you will get your order in early. What a dandy Christmas present for Mother-in-law.

Compared to sporting friends, because it says in the fine print that your deed entitles you to sport- ing privileges unilaterally in your favor. So far as we know there is no life on The Moon at present on account of it’s really chilly up there. The only way you have to help bring your cattle or sheep back is to have on account of it’s really chilly up there.

But those are minor problems that any good real estate agent ought to be able to solve by moving in a suitable building. Moving The Moon is, or some other simple device. The real problem is going to come when we have to de- cide what kind of life to get started up there.

The controversy over the Lunar Stocking Project is going to be a dilly.

Shall we have the farm? No, we might eat a pheasant. The coyote? No, he might eat a deer or a hare and so might the buzzard—or no buzzards either. No others or lions, (they eat trout) and no beavers because they foul up a lot of trout streams. The mink and the coon would probably have to be shootied because when streams are low they catch a lot more fish than fishermen do. And suppose you plan to have a gar- den on your farm? You won’t want any deer or rabbits or woodchucks around. If you’re going to raise chickens, no weasels. And how about the squirrels that raid birds’ nests, the mice that eat whales in blankets, the bears that raid camps, the porcupines that kill trees, the hawks and owls that hunt night and day. And anything one can catch—how many of them will make the grade?

Since the Moon is a State Park when we come to it, but here’s a problem that brings The Moon right down to Earth: Assuming the dominance of the state, what is going to happen to the people who are going to be given the chance to go up and live in the moon, or even to send a courier thereto for a time?

As I brushed away a tear, I promised to lend George J. Mackeral, (Scomberomorus Carla-

It is saddening to realize, in angling, as in the other arts, the lofti- est pinacles of achievement are attained only at an appalling sacri- fice of good fellowship. The journey- man angler, no less than the ap-

tures that vie with the critical, and supposedly derivative, are ideal associations. This similarity re-

fects the popular misconception that the sea angler consistently outshines the fresh-water angler. In both, we still enjoy the true care- ness of the matter, but our angler Capacities to partake and to dia-

gram and the complex diversions and adventures, is that we are all the more often to taste, the underlying failure of game fish to rise. On more occasion I have watched a footless beginner violate every canon of the

art, only to amass a No. 3 tubul of pomponno, (Trachinopus Carolin-

or), or lookdown, (Selene vomer), while I myself, employing every stratagem known to science, could gain no better than an economy of horse-racing. At such a time, I have

withheld the harsh words of reproach and have even consented gracefully to accepting the entire catch, thus relieving the unlettered tyro of the menial and onerous task of prepar-

ing the catch for the pan. Surely, this was not the act of an aloof and

Let the aspiring novice, dreaming of the heights, ponder well the moral

The paths of glory abide for none but the lonely heart.

END

VISIT FLORIDA'S STATE PARKS

Fort Clinch is located on the tip of Amelia Island, the most sand-

ty pointly of Florida, is a park. It was built prior to the War Between the States, when the Spanish-American War saw limited service during World War I and World War II. Guided tours of the fort, swimming, fishing, and camping are popular attractions at Fort Clinch State Park located just north of Fernandina.

AUTUMN COLORS

Reprinted From The MICHIGAN CONSERVATIONIST

Few reasons fully understand the color change that takes place in the leaves of plants. And, why should people be concerned with processes that are we say to be the laws of nature? And we shall try to explain as simply as possible, what takes place when leaves of certain trees turn red and gold.

Early frost and dryness are essential for brilli-

ent colors in the fall. These two factors cause chlor-

ophyll, the green substance in the leaves, to disinte-
grate and reveal the yellow, orange and red pigments. These pigments are produced in the leaves may then be seen. In some cases, if sugar of the leaf is present, leaves turn brown instead of yellow if weather favors a marked color change. If, however, little sugar is present in the leaves, the frost occurs, as sometimes happens, the orange or yellow may predominate.

In those trees such as maples, tannin—oaks and beeches—the red and yellow pigments may be masked by brown. The copper color, peculiar to the autumn leaves of beech, is the result of a mixture of brown and yellow pigments. The presence of tannin in oak leaves is usually less apparent because red pigments generally predominate, but when red pigments fail to develop, oak leaves directly change from green to brown.

TVA FISHERMAN

(Continued From Page 27)

tion. Seconds later I eased off the bow in the rod. Nothing happened. Missed the fish and hung a snag. I repeated this process until I had whipped the rod tip in the manner of a frustrated five-year-old. All at once, out of the end of the line was cutting water in a bee line for the boat. Ten thumps and a minute later I retrieved the line so foolishly paid out. I fished the wrong side of the stream with a line generally whipped under the bow four feet. He was a determined large- margined. I untangled his line and tried the gunwales and Mr. Big Mouth, in a belligerent nose down power dive. I choked him out for hitting me off balance. What a sneaky way for a bass to hit a bug. I guessed that I had my first experience with a fresh water bass grow fast in Florida waters.

END

MARCH, 1956

Florida Wildlife

The production of most of the red and some of the yellow pigments, as well as the amount of sugar in a leaf, clear days and early frost favor brilliant colors (a technical disclosure). New and New England have ideal climates for vivid autumn foliage.

END

For those of you who are curious about the chemistry of leaves, we tell you that there is a chemical reaction involved. However, for the benefit of those who are curious about the northeast states, (a technical disclosure) we shall try to explain as simply as possible, what takes place when leaves of certain trees turn red and gold.

The higher refractive index of the pigments which are produced in the leaves may then be seen. In some cases, if sugar of the leaf is present, leaves turn brown instead of yellow if weather favors a marked color change. If, however, little sugar is present in the leaves, the frost occurs, as sometimes happens, the orange or yellow may predominate. In those trees such as maples, tannin—oaks and beeches—the red and yellow pigments may be masked by brown. The copper color, peculiar to the autumn leaves of beech, is the result of a mixture of brown and yellow pigments. The presence of tannin in oak leaves is usually less apparent because red pigments generally predominate, but when red pigments fail to develop, oak leaves directly change from green to brown.
Florida wildlife field tests and tells

THERE is a certain immeasurable degree of value in a truly quality product, especially a major item such as a high-quality raincoat. The imported "Ambassador #6000" raincoat made by a Swedish firm, is such a product. Having tested it on more than sixteen different species of Florida fish, from bass to tarpon, FWDT was able to give it a "field test" with confidence.

The "Ambassador" is built in sections with features designed for specific conditions. The chest area features a number of self-centering snap buttons, easily adjustable to the individual. Both chest and yoke areas of the raincoat are of nylon, with provision for additional outside waterproof jacket.

The rear's skirt is quickly adjustable to any size, regardless of the position of the rear half. When seeing in the rain, the skirt will be adjusted to be as tight as possible, preventing any water entering your coat. The FWDT was unable to determine, however, whether or not the skirt would rise or slip when engaging the zippers.

The handle section is equipped with a detachable handle, which can be adjusted for different bending tensions. The handle also allows for easy adjustment for any, or all positions.

The rear snaps in the tail-pockets have line guides to prevent entry of water between penetrating between your back and the tail and back lift, and cut off any entry of water. One of the major features about the "Ambassador" is the selected features and craftsmanship, with a graduated scale, enables the angler to adjust the good for any variety of the shore for various weights of lures.

The "Ambassador #6000" has the same features as the No. 5000 except for the zinc-plated, wider and closer grip, and knob for two hands.

The model #5000 for retail at $47.00, the No. 5000 is the standard raincoat model, is $50.00; larger models on special The model A. Winchester price, $115.00. In New York, are self importer and currently having priced at retail, average prices at the United States. Trade orders are honored at standard discounts.

The handles with two different line-size spools, which allow the rod to carry a given outfit ideal for Florida black trout fishing, but also for striped bass, lock salmon, brook and brown trout, steelhead and salmon of the Pacific Coast, bass, and pickerel of the Central States.

With the field tests, the product is probably the reason why the "Ambassador" is the most versatile raincoat on the market. The entire outfit expresses superb workmanship and care in the manufacture of the various items. The only thing about the "Ambassador" is that it does not have the use of a gaiter or instead of chrome-plated bullets on the bottom of the exterior components, and the lining been tightly bonded with protective ingestion.

Old Good Days

(Good for those days when)

(Continued From Next Page)
BULL-HEADED BASS
(Continued from Page 34)

my first scheme didn’t work, they durn sure couldn’t catch her in there. My insurance, sort of an ace in the hole you might say. The rest was as easy as pie. I took the bag and slipped in and out of Ben’s shed with no trouble at all.

Next morning I wouldn’t get out of bed when Dad came in to wake me. I was beginning to get scared at what I’d done, but he thought it was because of the way he’d act yesterday at Ben’s. He felt my head and stood there a long time before he left and his face made me want to cry. Maybe I did a little because of the way he thought I felt, mostly thinking about the licking I’d begun to expect. I heard the car door slam and the motor start, then the next thing I knew the sun was bright with the backdoor slamming and his footsteps heavy on the stairs.

I scrunched down under the covers, but I had to look when he came through the door. He had a funny look with his eyes sort of shiny-like.

“Four assem-bles-it-yourself boat kit arrived,”

END

IF YOU ARE
INTERESTED IN
OUTDOOR
RECREATION

Every month SUNRISE MAGAZINE OF SOUTHERN LIVING carries articles on outdoor recreational activities such as hunting and fishing... along with specific information that helps the Southerners family get more enjoyment out of these sports.

SUNRISE MAGAZINE OF SOUTHERN LIVING
1511 Fourth Street South
St. Petersburg, Florida.

I want to take advantage of your SPORTSMAN’S SAMPLER subscription offer at the money-saving price of only...

6 BIG ISSUES $1

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY State...

NOTE: Regular rate is $2.95 for 1 year. (City)

FLORIDA WILDLIFE’S
SCRAPBOOK
FOOD & GAME
FISHES

END
SUBSCRIBE NOW

Florida Wildlife
The Florida Magazine for ALL Sportsmen

CONTAINING

FEATURES, STORIES, AND DEPARTMENTS
about

• HUNTING AND FISHING
• FISH AND GAME LAWS
• CONSERVATION
• NATURAL RESOURCES
• GAME COMMISSION NEWS
• CLUBS AND ASSOCIATIONS

FLORIDA WILDLIFE
Tallahassee, Florida

Enter or extend my subscription for ___ year(s) for FLORIDA WILDLIFE.
☐ Check; ☐ Cash; ☐ Money Order herewith.
Mailing Address:

Name
Street No.
City, State
Signed

12 Big Issues
of Florida Wildlife
for only $2.00

TWO YEARS, 24 ISSUES, $8.75
THREE YEARS, 36 ISSUES, $5.25