1956
Vol.9 Issue 9
February
Florida Wildlife Fishing Citation

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

Florida Wildlife Magazine

Citation

IN TRIBUTE TO

JOE DOAKES

Who unaided, his catch on Red & Noir, on the 18th day of June, 1934, weighed 20 lbs. 7 oz. and was a black bass.

Florida Wildlife 1935

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 bait, 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 attendant of the respective establishment.

Application for a Florida Wildlife Fishing Citation must be made within 10 days of the date the fish was caught. Applications must be made in 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.

Florida Wildlife Fishing Citations are available without charge, to any and all subscribers to Florida Wildlife Magazine, and their immediate families, who catch any of the following freshwater game fish of the prescribed size requirements:

SPECIES

LARGEMOUTH BASS

BLUEGILL (BREAM)

SHELLCRACKER

BLACK CRAPPIE

RED BREAST

8 pounds or larger

1 pound or larger

2 pounds or larger

2 pounds or larger

1 1/2 pounds or larger

APPLICATION FOR FLORIDA WILDLIFE FISHING CITATION

The Editor, Florida Wildlife Date:

_game & Fresh Water Fish Commission, Tallahassee, Fla.

Florida Wildlife Fishing Citation with the inspected data listed below:

Name Address

Species of Fish: _____________________ Weight: ________ Length: ________ Date of Catch: ________

Type of Tackle, Used: ____________________ Location: ____________________

Where Caught: ____________________ Date: ________

Register, Weighed by: ____________________

(Signature of Applicant)
Dear Sir,

The January issue of Florida Wildlife has just arrived and I feel that your page devoted to hunting accident reports should be continued.

These few reported cases, plus the many others occurring in the state of Florida and throughout the nation, point unequivocally the need for those of us who love the sport to get behind a program designed to enlighten us as many as these needless deaths and wounds are as possible. It is immediately apparent that almost 100% of these accidents are due to carelessness which often arises from ignorance of proper gun handling.

Unfortunately, many of the reports are sent in by well-meaning people who are not quite sure of the correct form to fill out or the proper place to send them. These efforts in the same direction will undoubtedly be made unless sportsmen themselves work out a satisfactory solution.

Certainly there is a need for a program of safety education and for legislation to make such possible. The National Rifle Association of America has an excellent Hunter Safety Course and program and is ready and anxious to help in this. Many states have passed laws making the teaching of such courses compulsory in the various schools and this, plus possibly a requirement that all new applicants for hunting licenses pass an examination or present a certificate showing satisfactory completion of a course of instruction, would go far toward making our state more a safe one in which to hunt. How about it?

J. J. Hallomen, Jr., M. D.
Panama City, Fla.

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Dear Mr. Editor,

To begin with I am a subscriber of your magazine, the Jan. 55 issue I read an article "Florida's Fishing Fishing Bridge". I enjoyed it so much that my husband and I decided to spend the weekend at the Myer's Fish and bridge. I never had been fishing before my life. I caught some wonderful red mugs, dear to me. While fishing there I struck up a conversation with a man fishing next to me. I was telling him about FLORIDA WILDLIFE and how I came to be fishing there.

S. W. Benton, USN
Norfolk, Virginia

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Dear Sir,

Enclosed is a photo of my two boys (ages 5 and 6) reviewing last minute notes before going fishing. The only fish caught was a blowfish caught by the youngest. He was about as excited as if he would have been if I'd caught a 15-pound Florida largemouth bass.

Sincerely,

M. Sargent E. Lucas, U.S.S.
Seattle, Washington

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Dear Sir,

You say "The Florida Magazine for All Sportsmen." Have you ever asked your subscribers whether they take your magazine? Mr. Salyer, Chief of U. S. Wildlife Refuge, says people who enjoy the wildlife and come to visit them outnumber people who buy hunting licenses, duck stamps, etc., eight to one. Your magazine is of interest to me — NOT a sportsman. How many more like me do you interest?

Sincerely,

Mrs. Arch C. Willingham
Chattanooga, Tennessee

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Dear Sir,

Enclosed is an application for a FLORIDA WILDFOWL Fishing Citation. The photo graph shows M. Sgt. McHarg (right) and myself with the 15-pound large-mouth bass I caught on nearby Lake Jackson.

It might be of interest to you that McHarg and I have only lived here three months and have already caught more than 50 bass, all weighing between 5 and 13 pounds. We have also seen more that I caught 15 pounds in Lake Jackson that weighed 22 pounds.

Most of the bass that I have caught have been on spinning tackle.

Sincerely,

S/Sgt. C. P. Pitt
Nebbing, Florida

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In Memoriam

LEONARD A. WESSON

The crafty wild turkey may have seen his first, but chances are it will be a lot more to come. Because Leonard Wesson had been hunting wild turkeys since he was "kneehigh to a dog." Like an Indian he was keen in the woods. He knew how to use a silencer, and more important, he knew how not to use one. The gobblers had answered, at first warily, and then as he moved closer let him occasionally with a machine gun-like burst of "pears." Then suddenly, there they were, looking each other in the eye. Both motionless, both strangely suspicious, each wondering if he had been seen by the other.

By all hunting rules it was the instant for Wesson to fire for an easy kill. But he didn't raise his gun. The desire to kill had gone for some reason. Instead he whispered, "Hello, old boy. My, what a long beard."

The gobbler was the first to break the spell. In a flash his pin feathers came down and he had vanished. The gray down, casual of the woods to stir with the life of a new day, and bringing at the same time the first shadow, swallowed him up.

Wesson took a few steps as if to pursue, and then stopped. From deep, deep, in the woods, he heard another sound. Like his friend with the long beard, he felt a strange presence. And then the morning shadows fell gently, but quickly and completely, about him. All the familiar and friendly sounds of the woods, the world he loved, told him the new day had come. He smiled confidently.

No one really knows just how Leonard Wesson died except that it was in the woods turkey hunting. He had not been left very far by heart gave way, and then stopped there was a job to be done — a job that required intelligent leadership, earnest and hard work for no pay, the job of making a Turkey was almost inevitably "get Leonard Wesson." He was the kind of man one could always depend upon to help in worthwhile causes. Here are just a few of the community assignments he ably discharged over the years: Director, Tallahassee Chamber of Commerce; City Commissioner, Mayor of Tallahassee, President, Tallahassee Exchange Club; President, Tallahassee Civic Music Association; Director, Leon County Welfare Association, County School Board member and Administrator; Police; Coroner; President, St. Francis River Bridge Boys' Savings.

And when at the start of any term I Governor I wanted a man to take on the numerous responsibilities of Chairmen of the State Game and Fish Water Fish Commission, another job without pay, I substantially called on Mr. Wesson. He was a natural for the place because with all his other qualifications he was also one of our State's outstanding sportsmen. With some substance, became he was already loaded with civic work, he accepted this new call to public service.

He served the State with great credit. But one afternoon last April he came in to his office and handed me a letter. It was written by his doctor who had detected a heart weakness and advised him to retire from further public work. "I'm sorry, Roy," he said, "I love this work. I hate to quit. But there is no choice." There was no choice.

"He who gets but never gives must last for years but not for long," I believe that. A man lives not by what he gets from life but by what he gives of himself to others. Leonard Wesson truly lived. And the community of Tallahassee and the State of Florida are much better places in which to live. Further others may live because while here he recognized the responsibilities of citizenship and of sportsmanship to a very uncommon degree.

L. T. Collins
Governor

December 29, 1955.
Muzzle Flashes

By EDMUND MCLAURIN

Y ou can have one of the most accurate handguns barrels ever made, but you will never fully know and enjoy its true accuracy unless you know the gun to which it is fitted also has good sights. Easily seen and adjustable sights help you hit where you aim—not just once, but shot after shot—if you know how to use them.

For serious handgun shooting, the majority of today's ranking shooters favor the rectangular "Patridge" style of adjustable rear sight, with its square open notch and flat top. They combine it with a flat top sight, generally 10 of an inch to 125 of an inch wide. Charles Askins, Jr., an all around pistol shot in his heyday, preferred an underhade front sight at least 1 8 of an inch wide, claiming that he could more easily see it and could lock into the rear sight like a much narrower one with an outline that might seem fairly well under poor light conditions and surely be slow to be picked up by the aiming eye when shooting fast and hard. The experience of the editor of this department knows this to be true.

Therefore, it is for the reasons of marked clarity and ease of alignment that Patridge style sights are now preferred. They are the one-time popular combination favored by Charles "Pappy" Patridge. The Patridge sight with a round-bottomed U-shaped notch matched to a round head, pinched design front sight. With the advent of the Patridge device, shooters soon realized that a small bead front sight nestled down into the crate of a small, round-bottomed U rear sight was more difficult to see and align consistently. Hence, the Patridge combination. As the better sights, new shooting records were made, broken and still higher scores recorded.

Today's competitive shooters, as a clan, swear by the basic Patridge style. Whether it is sawed combination and generally shy away from taping thin blade front sights, fine heads, round-bottomed "U" notches and other hard to see combinations.

Although outline and physical features make for better visibility, the rectangular, square U-shaped Patridge rear sight must match the individual shooter's eyesight. If the rear sight's notch is too narrow for the eyesight, the front sight will be difficult to locate and align quickly. On the other hand, if it is too wide, tight grouping of shots will be a problem. Friend Walter Roper, a recognized handgun authority and one-time peer of pistolers, once described the largest practical size rear sight notch as being barely large enough to introduce lateral spreading of slow-mo front sights on a standard NRA target at 50 yards. In a letter on the subject, he wrote:

"Mac, I suggest that the sighting method of testing by being used to determine what width of front sight and width of rear sight notch is best for the individual shooter."

The handgun to a post or bench so that the sights can be aimed comfortably. The gun's barrel is approximately 1.5 feet in length, 15 inches in length, and 14 inches in width. The gun is a single-screw drill gauge, and the overall length of the gun is 5.5 inches. The gun is a single shot, single-action firearm. The gun is designed for competition shooting and has a heavy barrel for accurate shot placement.

The "Wondersight," a new handgun development of Firearms, Inc. of San Antonio, Texas, to Smith & Wesson and other solid-frame revolvers. It is available for both handguns and rifles and can be used with any firearm on which a front sight is mounted. The "Wondersight" is a front sight for use with any firearm with a solid-frame or a single-shot action. The sight is designed to hold the gun in place and is adjustable for windage and elevation. It is available for all firearms with a solid-frame action and is designed to hold the gun in place. It is available in several different sizes and colors and is adjustable for windage and elevation. The "Wondersight" is also available for use with any firearm that has a solid-frame action. It is made of high-quality materials and is designed to be durable and long-lasting. For further information, contact Firearms, Inc., 2222 Ridge Road, San Antonio, Texas 78216.
JANUARY 7 marked another milestone in the Game & Fresh Water Fish Commission’s Conservation Program. The date indicated our Fifth Anniversary celebration of the program. Just a week ago a meeting of all Information and Education personnel at Tallahassee, Florida. At that meeting the program was outlined and plans made for the new phase of Youth Conservation Education. This program will be designed to stress the conservation of our natural resources and to give the youth of Florida the tools necessary to carry on the conservation job. The program was carried forward. Each succeeding year is more and more people become interested in Conservation Education. Civic Clubs, Fraternal Organizations, Sportsmen’s Clubs and just interested citizens have added this worthy program. Personnel from the Game Commission and other agencies both state and federal have assisted in the development of this program. The program is a direct result of the advancement of the Junior Conservation Program. There is no better time than now to thank all of you for the abundance of good things accomplished during these past years and to ask that you continue to help us achieve the many things that have been planned for the future years. A resolution for the coming year would be most fitting in resolving that during 1964 a greater effort be made in making the Junior Conservation Program in Florida the best. Let’s improve Conservation in Florida.

New Headquarters
Office of the Supervisor of Youth Conservation Education, will be moved to the City of Ocala from Williston. The office has now moved together with the Fifth Region Headquarters. Address mail all now to:

DENVER STE. CLAIRE
Office of the Supervisor of Youth Conservation Education
206 West Adams Street
Ocala, Florida

The headquarters office includes the Regional Manager and Regional Information Education Officer and the Secretary.

Lake Eaton

Our new custodian at the Jr. Conservation Camp, Lake Eaton, has been mighty busy these days. Gallons of forest-green paint have been used to beautify the buildings that were built last summer. The trim around the mess hall and the cabins has been painted plus the doors and sills.

The clay road entering into camp has been graded from the turn to the paved highway and soon the remainder will be repaired for easier travel.

State Advisory Committee

Since last October plans have been in the making to create a state-wide State Advisory Committee to the Youth Conservation Education Program and the Jr. Conservation Club League. The committee when completed will contain eleven members from throughout the state. These committee members will be selected for their sincerity and profound interest in the program. Two members will be appointed from each Region. Mr. Dave Thornton of the Allapattah Optimist Club in Miami has accepted the pro-temp chairmanship until all appointments have been completed and meetings are called for business, programming, and planning. It is the hope that this Committee will strengthen the League and assist in creating new clubs. With their knowledge they will be in a position to counsel other clubs and help prepare more qualified leaders.

At the recent meeting of this committee are Mr. S. W. Mahan, from Gulfbreeze and Mr. G. Gallant of Ocala.

Surveys

By this time all of the Jr. Conservation Club members who attended camp this past summer have received a questionnaire regarding summer camp. We are most anxious to have you members fill in this questionnaire and mail it to a Lake Eaton in Ocala. You will find a self-addressed envelope. Just check your prefer-

(Continued on Page 51)

WE BELIEVE that the sportmen of Florida and the United States have the right to fish and hunt, and we believe that in exchange for such rights, the sportmen of Florida and Nation must be ready to assume certain unavoidable duties and responsibilities.

WE BELIEVE that all sportmen have the right to additional public hunting lands. With the rapid progress of civilization, and subsequent developments such as agriculture, real estate, industry and private land-use and exploitation, public conservation areas, private ownership or are being made otherwise unavailable or unable to be used by the public. The sportmen, therefore, have the right to expect conservation authorities to take action to assure, as may be possible, additional public hunting lands under a progressive game management program.

THE RIGHT OF ACCESS TO PUBLIC WATERS. In many cases, bodies of water which are, or should be, held in the public domain are not accessible to the general public. In some cases, a person has no right to access such waters. The sportman has such as wilderness areas. The sportsman and citizen have a right to expect the proper authorities to allow public access to such waters. Roads, access, navigating, launching and landing sites should be provided wherever possible—always, of course, to conformance with good wildlife management practices.

THE RIGHT TO BETTER FISHING WATERS. The sportman has the right to expect an aggressive program designed to improve all fishing waters in the state. Water management programs, fish management practices, water regulation and balanced fertilization and re-stocking, biological analysis surveys, and other approved fish and water management practices should all be included in such a program.

THE RIGHT TO EQUAL SHARING. All sportmen have the right to a fair and equal share of all fish and game that may exist over and above the basic population needed for food and game stock. Sportmen have the right to take their limits of fish and game during open seasons, provided that such taking does not constitute a threat or danger to the basic wildlife population.

The RIGHT OF CRITICISM. In a land where freedom of speech is basic, all sportmen have the right to speak freely and to criticize those conservation programs or laws that appear to be wrong. Sportmen have the right to talk against any wrong doing by any and all laws, including game laws. But they do not have the right to destroy, ignore or break the present laws of the city, county, state or nation. If a law appears to be wrong, the sportmen have the right to seek an improvement of the law, but not the right to disobey the law.

THE RIGHT OF PUBLIC MEETINGS. All sportmen have the right to attend public meetings and to have their opinions heard by any law, including laws which are already in force.

The RIGHT TO TRUTH. The sportmen have a right to expect the truthful facts concerning wildlife and the management practices.

The RIGHT TO ENJOY MORE—KNOWLEDGE. Because of the advance of civilization, the increase of human population, game and fish populations are becoming proportionately less. If only one man lived in this condition all species would be lost. Game and fish populations for his own use. If 100 lived in this condition all species would be lost. These facts should be known by all sportmen.

WE BELIEVE that in exchange for such inalienable rights as mentioned above, the sportmen must be ready and willing to assume certain unavoidable duties and responsibilities such as:

THE DUTY TO ABIDE BY LAW. Every citizen, and most especially every sportman, has the duty to abide by the game laws and regulations of his city, county, state, and nation. The laws are made to protect the sportmen. Laws are supposed to be designed to protect a person, a thing or a right, or any groups of people. Persons who abide by the laws are almost always guilty of endangering a person or a right, or any rights, which is entitled to protection under the law. Therefore, a game-law violator is taking a product not lawfully entitled and which should be shared with others.

THE DUTY TO ENJOY MORE—KNOWLEDGE. Because of the advance of civilization, the increase of human population, game and fish populations are becoming proportionately less. These facts should be known by all sportmen.
Today the Suwannee has almost reverted to its place in song and legend—a sleepy, nostalgic stream unruddled by the grinding wheels of progress.

The composer sat back in his chair. His latest manuscript was finished with one exception. Somehow the river in his song didn't fit the melody. “Way down upon de Pedee ribbon,” he mused to himself. It didn't sound right. He tried his first choice again. “Way down upon de Yanoo ribbon.” Something still was lacking. It didn't make a great deal of difference one way or the other. Stephen Foster's only interest was to use the name of some southern river for the song that he had written for the great minstrel singer of the day, E. P. Christy. As he was going over the words and melody again, his brother Morris entered the parlor studio with a new world atlas under his arm.

In a matter of moments the two brothers were poring over the maps of the southern United States searching for rivers with two-syllable names.

Morrison saw the name first. It was attached to a river that had a beginning in Georgia and ran down through Florida to the Gulf of Mexico.

“Swanee...Swanee,” the musician mouthed the words several times and then happily crossed Pedee and Yatso in the original manuscript and by that act immortalized a river he may never have seen and made it as famous and well-known as any of the great rivers throughout the civilized world.

Today, the Suwannee has almost reverted to its place in song and legend—a sleepy, nostalgic stream unruddled by the grinding wheels of progress. Commerce, a one-time booming industry on the river, has died to the point that there isn’t so much as a excursion boat left. A large bold-faced sign on one of the bridges on the lower river still states that any boat wishing to have the bridge opened must give five days written notice to a Jacksonville address. A fact not encouraging to river traffic whether commercial or pleasure.

The Suwannee river has a wildly beautiful beginning in one of the last truly primitive areas of the country, the world famous Okfeno-keee Swamp of south Georgia and north Florida.

Among the fresh water swamps of the South, only the Florida Everglades is larger than the Okfenokee. It is 45 miles long and 30 wide and covers parts of two counties, in Georgia and two in Florida. The Seminoles, who lived in the swamp until pushed into the Everglades during the Seminole War, called the swamp “umnuu fenuenu” meaning a place of trembling earth. A just name as many parts of the swamp are covered with a spongy, earthy matter, solid enough to support the weight of several men but with each step the ground trembles and shakes over an area of fifty to seventy-five feet. In some instances the trees growing in the swamp have been overgrown by every step a person taken in their vicinity.

Interesting to note on old maps of the swamp is the variation of the spelling of the swamp in the past 160 years. Note that each spelling is a variation or corruption of the original Indian words. 1790—E-xe-keekana; 1796—Akenfinook; 1810—Ekeninooka; 1813—Ekenfinooke; 1815—Okfinokee; 1817—Okfinokee; 1819—E-ke-ke-e; and the present day Okfenokee. The people of the swamp pronounce the name leaving the “ee” silent—Ok-fen-o-kee.

During the great commercial expansion of the middle of the 19th century the Okfenokee and its two main rivers, the Suwannee and the St. Marys, came into the national spotlight for the first time, as in two later ventures of the same type, the light went out and the venture failed.

In a report dated Washington, D. C., February 19, 1858, to the Board of Internal Improvements, a Lt John Pickett of the Army Engineer recommended that a canal from the Atlantic to the Gulf of Mexico would save some 700 miles for ships plying the trade between New Orleans to New York and Liverpool. The route of his proposed canal was from the mouth of the St. Marys river on the Atlantic into Billy's Lake, then down the mouth of the swamp, then down the Suwannee to the present site of Ella-ville. Then by a canal to be built to the Ocilla (Acilla) river and into the Gulf. Pickett's proposed waterway died without fanfare and it wasn't until 1877 that the idea was again brought to light. In that year a report was made by Lt. Col. Q. A. Gilmore of the Army Engineer on a Trans-Florida Ship Can- nal. The report resulted in an appropriation for a survey and cost estimate of the project. This also died without action. The final ver- tion, of course, was the canal of the 1930's that was actually started but died for lack of support and funds.

Some fifteen years before Foster was to immortalize the Suwannee for all time, others were seeing the river for much more than a min- stral's song. Farms in the rich river valley were being cleared and towns were springing up in the wake of the new settlers.

The News of St. Augustine, Octo- ber 25, 1845 noted: “Our readers may remember that it has been in contemplation for some time past to establish a mail route, by steamers, upon the Suwannee, from Cedar Keys to Fort White, to be connected thence with the St. Johns by stage... The Steamboat 'Orpheus,' built in New Orleans, expressly for the purpose, has arrived, and taken her station on the route. We learn that the beautiful vessel, 136 feet in length, and is fitted up in fine style, with 16 elegant state- rooms. She will carry the U. S. Mail from Cedar Keys to the new... (Continued on Next Page)
White-tailed deer are taken in numbers in the Suwannee River country at Madison, Taylor, Dixie, and Suwannee counties.

(Continued from Preceding Page)

for the flourishing towns of Columbus. The "flourishing town of Columbus," along with the steamboats and river traffic, passed into the limbo of the forgotten. Standing near the site of the "two large stores well stocked" is a neon tooted "juke" with its loud and blaring music box. There are no remains of the town that was to be a place of considerable note.

The Upper Mineral Springs referred to may have been what is now known as Suwannee Springs at the site of the now-abandoned Suwannee River State Park.

From its picturesque beginning to the mouth, the mouth river runs a lazy winding course most of the year. But with the coming of the spring rains the river changes its peaceful ways. The swamp at the river's headwaters is 120 feet above sea-level and drains a watershed of 5,346 square miles in southern Georgia, and 3,602 square miles in Florida. At no place on the first 150 miles is the river broad, and with spring rains, the river sometimes changes from the slow stream of lyric and picture to a boiling, turbulent mass of water, often overwhelming the banks of the lower river to the extent of doing a great deal of damage to wildlife adjacent to the river. In some cases of extreme high water, the overflow has even reached out so far as to destroy early crops of the fertile farming country for many miles on each side.

With the ending of the spring rains the river settles back down to normal and becomes a peaceful mixture of brown swamp and crystal clear spring water. The brown water of the swamp is from its long contact with the tannic acid qualities of the cypress, palmetto and pine that covers the greater part of the Okefenokee. Beginning with the

White Sulphur Springs at White Springs, Florida, are treated with the water of hundreds of springs for the health of the sick. The majority of the spa clientele of the river are the sick and unhappy. Others, such as White Sulphur, Suwannee and Fanning, have a flow of several thousand gallons per minute at the boil. Some of these last springs have been turned into recreational areas by the state or private enterprise. Others, such as White Sulphur Springs, are used for their medicinal and recuperative powers.

In the late part of the 19th century, White Sulphur Springs was one of the popular "bathing places" of the great and employed near the east of the century. The town of White Springs, now a flag stop on the bus lines, boasted 17 fine hotels. However, the spring flows on and the owner still does a fine business with transients who stop to drink sweet bole in the revitalizing sulphur water.

An interesting sidelight on the waters that flow both east and west across the Okefenokee provides the salt water, or fishing spots in the state; the bass, however, will be found wanting when it comes to the fly fishermen. Although some few large bass are taken in the Suwannee the average large bass will be found to be in the seven or eight pound class.

At the Suwannee River catfish. Most catfishing is done via the trot-line method. Few being taken with red-ear or cane pole. Anyone trying away the lovely catcat is certainly not in on the know, because the Suwannee cat is one of the sweetest-eating fish in the state.

Accommodations along the river are few and far between. Unless camping or living in a trailer, the best bet is to head to the upper end of the town. There are "no fishing limits" along the entire course but the majority offer only boats, and small tackle. A few have a limited number of cabins.

One other tip: if you plan your fishing trip, don't forget that bottle of mosquito repellent—rU'U'll need it if you're out late in the afternoon. END
When Florida began to be opened up for agriculture, that suited the quail. He’s an adaptable bird and went right along with early farming practices. Cultivation brought annual weeds whose seeds formed an important part of his diet and he was certainly not adverse to picking up a few grains of corn or peanuts. As long as farming was carried on in semi-primitive fashion, quail populations reached the numbers of farming, especially in the southern part of the state, stillborn paletto standing in the fields, which served as ideal cover for the birds. For a time the quail population mounted as they had plenty to eat and plenty of cover. Then came the era of big time agricultural operations. Improvements in machinery resulted in “clean” farming. Gone were the natural cover areas, and quail diminished. Maybe man got more crops per acre, but he was paying by losing out on wildlife species—namely quail.

The same state of affairs applied to cattle. Virtually everyone knows about the years long rise throughout the state in the cattle industry. During the past few years Florida has risen to the forefront as a beef state and even Texas is worried over the production in Florida. Trenidous areas, once the undisputed domain of wildlife, have been turned into pasture. Square miles have been cleared, seeded and fenced. Cattle by the thousands now graze areas which until only a few years ago would find a deer or two for shelte, which was more than could be said for many of the table-clean farms and pastures that were at the time about the only source of food for the quail.

All the artificial rearing and releasing of quail—what about the years long drying up of habitat?—was doing no good because the land upon which such birds were released simply could not support them. The reason: quail had disappeared from these areas in the first place was that the birds could no longer find food and shelter. It is surprising how long it took to realize. The proponents of artificial stock were left to replenish their idea. If you’ve ever visited a game farm, you’ll realize why. It’s mighty thrilling and stimulating to see thousands of quail running loose in pens, and it doesn’t take much to fire your imagination to the point where you can visualize a covey of bobwhites in every field. But it doesn’t work that way. Which hasn’t an artificially reared, game-fed bird got on land that won’t even support a wild birds? The answer of course, is none, but many thousands of dollars went down the drain before the fact was accepted.

The crux of the entire quail situation in Florida is the habitat: the shrubbery, the shelter and food and they’ll take care of themselves. One need a lot of room, and fortunately we have it in Florida. However the state’s 35 million acres is potentially good quail land. The trouble is that few of us make any effort to support the birds. But, paradoxically, much of this land can be made to support far more birds that ever did, while at the same time making practically no dent in farming and cattle operations.

Theoretically, every farm and every pasture is a potential quail producer. As it stands now, only a fraction of that land is producing anywhere near its potential of wildlife. From the sportmen’s viewpoint, such a situation is well nigh criminal. From the viewpoint of many landowners, it’s a matter of indifference. Unless he’s a sportsman himself, he doesn’t much care if he has quail on his land or not.

But, if the farmer and stock raiser could be shown that wildlife on his land could be an economic asset—something that he could both have at little or no expense, then perhaps some attention would be paid by private land- owners to re-establishing their birds on land.

 Hunters today are crying for good shooting, and they are willing to pay a reasonable sum to get it. The State Game Commission operates, among other public hunting areas, a section of Charlotte County which abounds with quail. Returns for miles around.

The money thus obtained is used by the Commission to further improve public hunting areas. What’s wrong with applying the same principle to private land? Just a few coven over on the land and there will be quail as well as beans on the farms and cattle on the pastures. Such a procedure would cost the South Florida farmer and cattle owner less than the money. In that case, the local boards of removing palmetto clumps, plus making some effort to get that stubborn vegetation out of the way. Not only would the landowner save himself the cost of buying a dynamite, but the cost of removing palmetto clumps, plus money to pay the bank he had to borrow money—of using the plows to turn the soil. Such farmers would get the chamels for shelter.

Some ranchers and farmers have well founded objections to letting cattle on their land. That is the (Continued on page 21)
AJAX, FLORIDA

By PLATO WINDER

Dear Mister Editor:

We had an explosion in Ajax recently and it came within an inch of destroying the town and some of our oldest families. For a time it was touch and go whether some respectable married people would be able to continue on in the paths of consummated felicity they had trod for so long. The incident had all of us worrying pretty for a spell. And now I believe we're all about a mess of grits.

Grits, as everyone knows, is the morning meal at most Ajax tables. Grits with some kind of gravy on 'em has been the mainstay for breakfast in this section for longer than anyone can remember. Some use red eye ham gravy on grits, some use bacon gravy, but most of us (this being a fishing town) use fish-head gravy. We boil the fish-heads down low, remove the bones and save the gravy for grits. There is some dispute whether red snapper or king mackerel heads make the best gravy but the argument hasn't reached any immense proportions, most of us agreeing that both red snapper and king mackerel heads make good gravy. Anyway, we in Ajax have been using grits with one gravy or another for a long time.

Recently, Jack was called to insist on Jack's getting her a gas stove for her kitchen. Said she was tired of cutting wood, heating up her kitchen in summer time when it was already hot enough, and especially tired of carrying out ashes and wiping the ash dust off the furniture. Jack didn't take to the idea of a permanent woman so it wasn't long before the new gas stove was installed in her kitchen and the woodstove began to burn. First off, the gas stove didn't take as long to cook a meal as the wood stove did and that gave Bess more time to wonder what Jack was doing in the corner of the room like he spent a powerful long time out fishing and getting home from the fishing grounds. Especially when he'd be there from dawn till dark, when Jack got home the dinner wasn't as hot as it used to be, and the stove was always cold. A gas stove is built that way, Mister Editor; it gets hot right away, but then when you've got the meal fixed, it warms it off. Jack is a man who likes to savor his victuals. He doesn't hurry his food, just takes his time, enjoys it and especially appreciates the fact that hot enough, and especially those who know how to fix it and is willing to. Now he began to wonder. What was happening? Had Bess grown cold on him like the food had grown cold on this new-fangled stove? Jack began to brood.

Well air, this is a kind of shape when the explosion occurred. Jack and Bess were living sort of stalemate by now, Jack wondering what was wrong with Bess, Bess wondering what was wrong with Jack. One morning Jack woke up early and heard a peculiar noise coming from the kitchen. He could hear the ticking of a clock, the ticking, about and touching a pan now and then and putting a dish on the table but there was another sound that was a stranger to him. It was a "plap"—"plap" sort of noise, Mister Editor, and it puzzled Jack Wood. It worried him so much he set up in bed listening. There it was, regular as clockwork, and Bess was doing cooking the grits on the low heat unit.

Another thing, Mister Editor; when grits get to cooking good they begin to swell and become thicker. The closer they get to being done the thicker they get. The thicker a pot of grits gets the harder it is for the heat to break through the mass and puff out the top. When you put the pan on this small flame, say an inch around, the heat mounts up in pretty much the same pattern covering an area of about an inch. The steam accumulate in a pocket under there until it is strong enough to push through and then "plap" it is the sound that Jack was hearing. But that isn't all, Mister Editor.

There comes a time along toward the end of the cooking period when the grits gets so thick the steam can hardly force its way through to the top. Yet, as (Continued on Page 30)
Hunting Wild Turkeys

T. C. Morgan, Jr.

The hunting sportman the pleasure derived comes not merely from the kill, but the way in which the bag is made. There is no kick in shooting down a dead bird, but a special effort is required or has been made, where the kill has the appearance of slaughter or assassination. The real zest of sports comes from the knowledge that the game has had a fair show, that in the matching of wits the hunter has come off victorious a damn sight more than half the time.

I do not refer so much to big game where the life of the hunter is constantly in peril, though this aspect applies to a certain extent even then, but I have in mind mainly the smaller game which must depend not so much on its ability to offer physical resistance, as on its shrewdness and instinct to escape. To one who loves to match his wits in this way against the wild folks, no game will offer greater opportunity for real pleasure than the wild turkey, not even deer, bear, or wild goose.

There is no more temperamental thing living than the wild turkey, more none capable of taking care of itself after reaching full maturity, more none deserving of the respect and admiration of the real sportsman, and none more capable at times of strange impulses and inconsistencies. He has played a prominent and romantic part in our national history since the days of the pilgrim fathers.

The fact that today, aside from the game reserves, he has taken his last stand in the great river swamps and other inaccessible places, is due not to his incapacity to take care of himself after reaching maturity, or to the small brain and weak birds that eat the eggs or kill the young, but to the cowardly and mindless manner in which hunters digit him during the season before they are grown.

There is nothing more deplorable or foolish than a covey of turkeys shooting down when flushed or separated. No game undergoes a more complete metamorphosis at a certain period of life. It is a contrariety that is interesting and almost unexplainable. A covey of half-grown turkeys when suddenly separated become utterly confused and helpless and can be slaughtered if desired. This characteristic begins to disappear about the 20th day of age, and every turkey knows the vast difference in alertness, cautiousness, shrewdness, resourcefulness, and an uncanny knowledge of the hunter’s movements and intentions. After passing this first year, the development of these traits is remarkable. Under ordinary circumstances, the turkey can and does take care of himself, so much so that any hunter can feel a pardonable pride when he has brought and brought down one.

I remember a hunt that I took one winter morning in early December. A friend phoned me late one night that he had just returned from a trip in the river swamps. He had located the signs of a drive of turkeys, followed the scratching, and by perseverance and good hunting killed two gobblers. After scattering the drive, he noted where they alighted in a thicket of tall pine trees. As it was late in the afternoon, and wild turkeys usually do not fly down again after taking to the trees, he suggested we try them out again the next morning. I gladly assented, set my alarm for two o’clock A.M., got my hunting paraphernalia ready, and retired with delightful anticipations. The Big Ben was strictly on the job and we left next morning at two-thirty for the river, a drive of about one hour. Parking the car on the edge of the swamp, we made our way as rapidly as possible toward the place where we intended to hunt. It was still dark, but we took our stand about four hundred yards apart and about one hundred and fifty yards from the tall pine trees silhouetted against the night sky where my friend thought the turkeys had roosted. It was cold, clear, frosty and still; an ideal morning. Overheard the winter constellations were glittering like magnificent diamonds. The nocturnal stillness and weight of the air was so thick it seemed almost to quiver over swamps. It is the habitat of large numbers of wild turkeys and, while it is not always ineffective and unimpressive all the times, it is habit to kill a few of the gobblers, the number being dis-proportionate to the number of hours and causing fatigue and confusion during the laying-up period.

I was invited to this place for a day’s hunt and at the same time told that the wild turkeys were not in their best condition during the early spring, the weather being clear, bright, and calm. I was also told that, indicating the next morning would be ideal weather, I should be able to find both wild turkeys were very temperamental. As a rule, he said, they roosted fairly high in the morning and remained motionless, not engaging in feeding or other activities. A few minutes after 7 o’clock the dawn of the day was breaking. The sky was a mass of gray, and the effect made the sun as it rose on the horizon, look like a fine sheet of fine champagne. The wind blew steadily from the northwestern quarter, and all was calm and clear.

At about 7:30 A.M. I began to gobbble in response to the hoot of an owl just as day begins to break. In a few minutes the hoot-hoot of an owl sounded, followed by others and almost immediately in front of me the clattering notes of a large metallic gobbling. This creature was used to locate myself and this is sometimes a problem. Contrary to the usual understanding, a thick hiding place is better than a large one. I have had a 4 or 5 year old turkey to me in such a hide-out, but not an advanced gobbler. He is wary of it and usually shies off.

I think a semi-open place is much better and some experience that I have shot turkeys this way of sitting perfectly still and immobile after the turkey has answered and started toward me. This is the general hunting craft and even if I were not to advise it for the novice hunter. I selected for a fairly open place that morning with a slight west wind, when egging him up a young gumputhe lord around me. Soon I saw him coming, a big, black, long, keen, bird with a neck and a head and a tail just as he looked as he barked. Peering, stopping, listening, he was the veriest incarnation of wariness and suspicion. About 300 yards away he had his location spotted exactly. Stopping at intervals to gobble, he came slowly on westward, eye laid, but was dooming to disappointment that morning. In front of me about seventy-five yards, the best shot of the turkey. He shot a large gobbler over his shoulder, this weighing almost eighteen pounds.

With this no further hunt, being fully satisfied with a turkey and due to the time the sun was a half an hour high we had cranked up and were on our way back.

The above method of hunting the wild turkey, however, while exciting and full of thrills, does not give the ability to read into place and weather conditions and personality of this magnificent bird as hunting them during the gobboling season when only gobblers are shooting are determined by certain conditions and circumstances. I have a friend and acquaintance who owns a large plantation which contains thousands of acres over swamps. It is the habitat of large numbers of wild turkeys and, while he does not allow indiscriminate shooting at all times, it is habit to kill a few of the gobblers, the

(Continued on Page 19)
AROUND

Wildlife Officer Luthia Chester examines a partially albino buck killed by Joe Summer of Bristol during a hunt on the Apalachicola Wildlife Management Area. (Photo by Ed Timmons.)

Jim Stigers (left) of Tampa with an eight-pound turkey he which he killed during the Okefenokee Archery Hunt. This is Stigers' first big game kill with a bow and arrow. He shot the turkey at twenty steps. Bob "Red" Taaffe, also of Tampa, killed his bird, a fifteen-pound gobbler the same day. Taaffe has killed two deer in the past three years with a bow and arrow. He dropped this gobbler at seventy-one steps. (Photo by Jim Reel.)

William J. Faulk, 8-year-old Tallahassee hunter brought down this 8½-pound Canada goose at Lake Jackson near Tallahassee. He used a .410 with No. 4 shot. (Photo by Harvey Sleser.)

The beautiful Atlantic beach of Hugh Taylor Birch State Park is a popular place. About Florida Highway A1A from the beach is a refreshment stand, museum, restaurant, and other fine accommodations to make a day in the Florida sun enjoyable. The hammock area on the west side of the busy road has typical coastal vegetation and even has a coconut grove. The park is located at Fort Lauderdale.

Dr. William E. Mitchell (left) Pastor of the Thomasville Road Baptis Church and Mr. Chief Justice E. Harris Duvall of the Supreme Court of Florida display turkeys bagged by them at down on opening day within three miles of the city limits of Tallahassee.

The three deer killed with one shot. A doe illegally killed on the Hendry Wildlife Management Area during the recently concluded season was found to have been carrying two well-developed embryos, both of which were bucks. (Photo by Nick Fallier.)

VISIT FLORIDA'S STATE PARKS

Youthful outdoorsman George MacKay of Shingle displays limits of fish and ducks taken on a recent trip with his father in Lake Okeechobee. (Photo—Cleatus Lodge, Moore Haven.)

Wildlife Officers Doug Bartlow (left) and Walter Whitehead recently released these turkeys on the Lee Wildlife Management Area. (Photo by Bob Revels.)

FLORIDA WILDLIFE

FEBRUARY, 1956
ANIMALS: fact and fancy

By ROSS PARES

as your breath. A number of years ago the United States Bureau of Entomology investigated the question and reported the belief without fact. This writer, as a young-ster, did some brief, but equally17\21 careful work on the subject-constituted by grasping a big bumblebee in a thick glove and holding it there. The usual information that bee stings can be more severe than is generally thought. And the other stingings in the stings will pay not the slightest attention to your respiratory activities.

Some "remedies" for animal casualties may have unexpected effects. In 1863 a noted naturalist recommended music as an antidote for tarantula bites. Many people testified to its benefits, though scientists labeled this a superstition. There are reports of many victims dying from the bite; however, recently it has become a fact for students to play with this vicious-looking spider with their bare hands, confident that it is not poisonous. The modern claim is made that many victims of the tarantula died of fright rather than poison. In this light, it may be reasonable to believe that music may have served as specific therapy in calming fears and anxieties of the patients, and perhaps saving lives. All of which indicates that any account about animals that might affect us should be checked for authority, or otherwise investigated before accepting it one way or the other.

Though we falsely ascribe malicious qualities to animals, it is done gratefully by us. We strangely flatter others. On the frontier, panther meat was supposed to grow human hearts. In some cases, people thought the meat was good because it was used for cooking it was circulated. This was a highly recommended one,

both for taste and vigor-giving qualities. "Eat a forked limb and thrust the forked points in a slice of meat, hold it over a hot glass of fire, so that in five or ten minutes, at most, you have cooked both sides, and left it filled with rich juice which will ooze out of your bread while par- taking it." If a man had the makings, this was guaranteed to make hair grow on his chest. Considering some of the vilest specimens that grew up in the pastoral country, one has reason to wonder if maybe there was something to these reports.

The cunning fox has been flattered with devising a highly effective system of pest control. According to this eulogistic story, it takes a bunch of leavens, or better still, a tuft of hair in its mouth and backs slowly into a lake or stream. As the fox submerges the flax, and other pests climb higher and higher on its body to escape the water, until all but the fox's muzzle is submerged. Then the insects quit the fox and climb onto the object the fox is holding. Then Foxy Fox returns and submerges the object into the water and leaves it there.

Anyone who has ever washed a scalded poodle knows that with other blood-sucking insects feeding on it just don't leave their warm dining room because of a simple ducking in water.

Because some animals are capable of extraordinary feats, we often exaggerate their abilities. Many of us have suffered a turtle's head from its body to retrieve a fish hook, and then watched it swim or walk nonchalantly away as if it had not missed its head. Because it seemingly carries on satisfactorily with out this most important member, many people have believed the story that it is capable of getting along without other members—its shell, for instance. It is told, that in an emergency, say to get away from the heat of fire, the turtle can shock off its encompassing armor and take off to cooler parts with gallep- ping speed. Can't be done. Whether for better or worse. Mr. Turtle is stuck fast with his shell to the very last.

Believing superstitions may cause us to let down our guard. Don't believe that the wildcat will catch a goat or sheep because it is black. It is possible that wolves do not catch as many black animals as white, because there are not as many; and it may be more difficult for a wolf to make a black sheep at night, and to catch it.

It will pay us rich dividends in pleasure, profits, and safety to know animals. Superstitions often arouse fear and contempt. To know animals is to enjoy them.

END.
Is Your Pet Gun House-Broken?

PREPARED BY THE NATIONAL RIFLE ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA

IN THE FALL of the year a young man’s fancy turns to thoughts of hunting in the great outdoors. Out come the rifles and shotguns to be cleaned, inspected, and fondled in anticipation of the coming season. A few weeks of the year the gun is foremost in your mind. But what about the rest of the year when it is left at home?

A great deal has been done in the field of hunter safety. Many states have adopted legislation concerned with the education of new hunters and this is effectively reducing the firearms accident rate. As a part of the NRA Hunter Safety Course the proper care and storage of firearms in the home is discussed.

The 1984 edition of “Accident Facts,” published by the National Safety Council, says that 1,600 persons died in homes of firearms accidents in 1983. This is actually a small percentage of the population death rate of 14.8. However, any accident involving a firearm naturally draws publicity. It is by nature tragic because it is so easily prevented. Ninety of these deaths occurred to persons four years old or under. Ignorance is no excuse.

Just as we have rules for safe hunting, so are there rules for guns at home.

TREAT EVERY GUN AS IF IT WERE LOADED. Since “unloaded” guns have caused injury, consider these rules and treat them with the respect due a loaded firearm.

When taking a gun home you want to protect it as well as carry it safely, so CARRY IT IN A CASE.

A good gun is something we save for nowadays so it is well worth the few extra dollars to buy a good gun case. It will keep inquiring hands away and prevent the fine stock from being scratched, burned, or unlooked. If possible, take the bolt out and carry it separately.

We take pride in the ownership of a fine hunting rifle or shotgun. It should be displayed to advantage. An attractive gun rack will lend to the rifle’s appearance and, when equipped with a lock and key, it will keep it safe.

Before storing your gun, clean it thoroughly. Use a good solvent in the bore until the patch comes out clean, then dry thoroughly and put in a light film of oil. Too much oil can be as dangerous as an obstruction in the bore. Excessive oil or grease in the chamber or bore can create pressures greater than the safe maximum. Clean all metal parts and wipe on a light film of oil. Stock waxes and preservatives are commercially available to keep the wood in good condition.

When cleaning your gun, be by yourself. The only time you need ammunition is in the hunting field or on the range so leave it locked away separately from the firearms. Check for mechanical defects and always make sure the bore is clear before using the gun. Now that the gun is clean, lock it in the rack.

Friends will probably want to see your guns when they come to call. Naturally you want to show your pride and joy — OPEN THE ACTION. The first thing to do is open the action and make sure there are no cartridges in the chamber or magazine. An open action is the most dependable safety because the firing pin cannot reach the cartridge. Safeties are mechanical and thus subject to malfunction. Use them supplementary to good gun handling.

Even with an open action — or if it must be closed to get the right “feel” — POINT THE MUZZLE IN A SAFE DIRECTION. An expert is easily recognized by the way he handles a firearm. He never allows it to point at anything he cannot intend to shoot. You can also recognize the person ignorant of the safety rules by the carelessness and disregard of which he handles a gun. Always insist that everyone near you observe these common sense rules of safe gun handling.

END

FLORIDA WILDLIFE

February, 1956
FISH CONSERVATION FUNDAMENTALS

By R. W. EISCHMeyer

PART 12: THE MODERN PROGRAM

12. THE MODERN PROGRAM

There is no uniformity among our various state fish set-up programs. Nor could there be. The problems being dealth with are very different from problem to problem. Insofar as organizational set-ups are concerned, there is no close relationship between the kind of organization and the quality of the program. In some states, the fish program is under a conservation department. In some instances, a fisheries commission has placed control of the fish, game, and forestry, et cetera, under one department. Actually, the effectiveness of the fishery program depends on the caliber and ability of the personnel rather than on the nature of the organizational set-up.

Listed here are some of the observations which, in our opinion, will help determine whether your state has a modern fish conservation set-up. Because of the differences in organizational make-up, and differences in local problems, some statements do not apply to some states. Too, we may be wrong in some of our observations. The statements which should be considered "food for thought," not "gospel."

THE COMMISSION

The character of the commission itself will determine whether a modern program is possible. In a progressive organization, the commission members work together. When both have a knowledge of the situation at commission level, there is certain to be a common goal and the morale among the personnel. Feuding, common in some states, can be expected to result in an ineffective program.

The commission members should have a broad view. A provincial attitude, with each member concerned mainly with his own area, can only be expected to hamper the program.

The commission members should not think of their membership as a means of realizing personal ambitions, political or otherwise. If their membership is aimed mainly at promoting themselves, they can be expected to have an interest in nothing toward improvement of fishing or hunting.

The chief functions of a commission are to select highly competent personnel, to establish policy based on the recommendations of that personnel, and to act as a "buffer" between the personnel and pressure groups. Actual administration of the program should be left to the personnel selected.

THE PERSONNEL

Where the commission does its job well, progressiveness in fish conservation seems to depend largely on the caliber of the men in the top fishery administrative positions. Often, we may be able to get along with the men in the fishery because the situation is different. In states with limited fishery, major emphasis may be placed on better fishing lakes. Or, emphasis may be placed on securing access to existing water instead of preventing violation rather than on detection.

Fishing management programs should be using a fair amount of its budget on fish management (other than stocking and regulation). The program will differ widely from state to state because the situations differ. In states with limited fishing water, major emphasis may be placed on building better fishing lakes. Or, emphasis may be placed on securing access to existing water instead of prevention of violation rather than on detection.

MANAGEMENT

This is lacking. Of course, there are instances, too. In states where jobs are too secure, there is complete neglect of fish management, regardless of the commission's performance. There is little incentive to do outstanding work. It is "a job and nothing else." Both too little security and too much security may lead to mediocre performance.

THE PROGRAM

A modern fish conservation set-up has a well-balanced program. It places proper emphasis on such aspects as fish management, research, and education. A survey made by the Sport Fishing Institute late in 1953 showed the average budget breakdown for states was: ($ in thousands) (1) education, a (2) of a number of states were unable to present a breakdown of expenditures:

<table>
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<tr>
<th>Administration</th>
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<tr>
<td>Information-Education</td>
<td>8%</td>
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<tr>
<td>Law Enforcement</td>
<td>21%</td>
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<td>Research</td>
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An analysis of individual percentages for the various budget items differed considerably from state to state. Our own feeling is that the three percent for information-education is highly inadequate.

STOCKING

The modern set-up has a set stocking policy, copies of which are made available to the public. If your state has not released such a policy, you should insist that it do so, and that it abide fully by that policy. We should develop a set policy with regard to stocking fish in certain waters regardless of the biological condition of the water or the available food supplies. The modern set-up does not make such plantings.

Stocks should be based on demonstrated need. Where the fish are to go and what species are to be planted (and in what numbers) should be determined on the basis of fish and economic possibilities and the stocks already available. Such studies should be made by trained fish biologists.

In some states a big part of the license money is wasted on unnecessary, unnecessary, or even harmful stocking policies.

REGULATIONS

In a progressive fish and game organization, the fishing regulations tend to be few in number. Here, regulations should always be based on necessity. An excessive amount of regulations is not effective to competent personnel because the pay is too low.

In a progressive organization, the workers must have a certain amount of job security. In a few states, licence fees are set at a level that will pay the cost of fishing only. In states, a maximum of bias and a minimum of red tape.

By the basic fact-finding programs, some fishery administrators have already been able to greatly improve angling, and to use the license dollar wisely and effectively. All states now have some research in progress. However, in a few of them, "research is hardly tolerated and the findings of the investigators are still largely ignored.

In those states where fact-finding is secondary or is barred by law, we feel sure that the fishery program is a backward one.

EDUCATION

The modern fish and game commission has an active and effective educational program. Concepts in fish conservation have been changing rapidly. Fish conservation programs are reviewed and criticized as far as they are concerned with the time between "bites."

In those states where fact-finding is secondary or is barred by law, we feel sure that the fishery program is a backward one.

In general

The points discussed above are only a few of those which might be listed. The major sections of the "Fish Conservation Fundamentals" will suggest additional ones. A reading of these sections and the "Fish Conservation Fundamentals" will suggest additional ones. A reading of these sections will presumably be found interesting.

END

26 FEBRUARY, 1956

27 FLORIDA WILDLIFE
SWANNEE RIVER FIELD TRIALS

Amateur All Age: Crawford Jr., Lady, handled by Clyde Crawford of Atlanta, Ga., owner, won first place.

Brownstone Tommy owned by Frank Osterhoudt of Lake City and handled by E. A. Weddle of Lake City, second place.

Willy Ford Judy, handled by Jerry Achenback of Vidalia, Ga., Amateur Derby: Storm Sabre, owned by Earl Haskins of Winter Haven, Fla., and handled by DeWitt Osterhoudt Superintend of Raiford State Prison, won first place.

Amateur Membership Shooting Dog Stakes: Jubilation, owned by Sanford Davidson of Augusta, Ga., won first place.

McGlorey's Bob, owned by Allgood McGlokey and handled by him, won second place.

Queen, owned by Frank Osterhoudt and handled by Sam Osterhoudt, third place.

The first place winner in the professional stakes received 50 percent of the purse, second place 30 percent, and third place 20 percent.

The trials were operated in accordance with the rules of the National Amateur Field Trial Assn. of America.

County Judge G. A. Buie, Jr., President of the Columbia County Sportsmen's Club, said that many of the dog handlers said they would return next year for the first time.

SOUTHERN STATE WILDLIFE WEEKEND

Amateur All Age: Crawford Jr. Lady, handled by Clyde Crawford of Atlanta, Ga., owner, won first place.

Brownstone Tommy owned by Frank Osterhoudt of Lake City and handled by E. A. Weddle of Lake City, second place.

Willy Ford Judy, handled by Jerry Achenback of Vidalia, Ga., Amateur Derby: Storm Sabre, owned by Earl Haskins of Winter Haven, Fla., and handled by DeWitt Osterhoudt, superintendent of Raiford State Prison, won first place.

Amateur Membership Shooting Dog Stakes: Jubilation, owned by Sanford Davidson of Augusta, Ga., won first place.

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The trials were operated in accordance with the rules of the National Amateur Field Trial Assn. of America.

County Judge G. A. Buie, Jr., President of the Columbia County Sportsmen's Club, said that many of the dog handlers said they would return next year for the second annual Suwannee River Field Trials.

All modern facilities were provided for the care and housing of the dogs used at the Suwannee River trials.

Osterhoudt's ranch with its gently rolling hills, plenty of cover and good terrain provided an excellent location for the tests.

No expense was spared to make sure that all the dogs were in condition for the best possible run.

Barbecue supper was served Wednesday night at the Columbia County Sportsmen's club house for the handlers and owners and the judges. Lunches were served every day at the club house for all those taking part in the event.

The Phil Hotel in Lake City was official field trial headquarters during the four day event.

Lake City is ideally situated for field trials as it is in the center of the hunting season and centrally located point for dog hunters and owners from Florida, Georgia, Alabama and other southern states.

Lake City has facilities at Winfield for training dogs. He and Frank Osterhoudt, another leading Columbia County sportsman, was always one of the most popular for the Suwannee River Field Trials last May, when the Columbia County Sportsmen's Club was reorganized after it had lapsed place.

Weddle and Osterhoudt got the active support of the Columbia County Sportsmen's Club and invitations were sent out to all the members to attend the lake through Florida, asking them to send representatives to the Suwannee River Field Trials.

In addition to the excellent location for the field trials, the Northeast Regional Office of the County and north Florida. As a result, the organization has formed a well united front to promote game conservation, good hunting practices and sportsmanship and above all it has given Lake City and Columbia County some much deserved recognition throughout the state of Florida. Sportsmen of Columbia County say to all sportsmen in Florida, "See you next year at the Second Annual Suwannee River Field Trials in Lake City."
I last winter, two visitors, a man and his wife, were looking for a quiet river in southern Florida. Suddenly the woman, who was seated at the stern of the rowboat, stiffed a shriek. The complete change in her bright green hyacinth plant almost made me run over and slowly disappeared, as though the water was not beneath the surface.

Just your imagination," her husband grunted.

Then, with an awesome explosion of exhaled breath, and the startled couple found themselves staring into the nightmarish eyes of a manatee—thick cow lips, flaring bovine nostrils, and solemn, heavy-lidded eyes set in a dripping hairless face. Instead of horns and Lonely ears, the animals neckless head merged immediately into a wrinkled, edgy gray walrus-like body, hoary with crusty scales, and instead of feet, a single pair of turtle-like swim flippers paddled the water.

Fortunately, this aquatic Holstein, one of the world's rarest marine animals, is harmless. Never has it been known to attack man, being thoroughly frightened of him. Joseph Reese, a Fort Lauderdale taxi- dancen, once roved blithely over the back of an unwary船上, and a split second later found himself, sailor, and boat. The worst result of the experience, however, was a thorough draping of cape. Captain Jim Fivedland, charter-boat skipper, of Fort Lauderdale, unknowingly cast a net over a submerged manatee, and was dragged fifty feet underwater at high speed. He was as terrified as the manatee, but came up unharmed.

A manatee, then, is a Florida commercial fisherman found a manatee tangled in one of his nets. He promptly killed the struggling critter, since the flesh, particularly, is a very good eating. The state in turn fined him $500, the standard penalty for this offense. Florida law, however, went for the tasks made against its herds of submarine cattle. Reminiscient of the one-time butchery is Cowper's Key, so named because the area was kept corrall,ed in a cove there as a source of food.

Like the Florida winter visitor, the manatee has little affection for cold water. When the temperature drops the manatee seeks deeper waters or one of the large lakes that run parallel to the warm Florida rivers. Failing this, it is apt to become dormant, refusing to feed itself. Thus exposed for too long, it dies. On sunny mornings, as many as twenty manatees have been observed in the vicinity of the Miami Avenue Bridge, where a factory outlet vents warm water into the Miami River.

At mealtimes these aquatic bovines eat large quantities of marine grasses and plants. A fifteen-foot Texas manatee consumes sixty to one hundred pounds of grass and lettuce daily. The Florida species seems to relish the bright green leaves of the water hyacinth—fortunately, since this is the purple-flowered, "beautiful curse" which has been choking Florida's picturesque rivers and streams for years.

We are a mammal, the manatee finds it necessary to rise to the surface to breathe, doing so once every four to twelve minutes. When at rest in the water the beast assumes a strange posture, with its back bumpybump, its neck dangling lifelessly, and its tail curled under, usually in contact with the river bottom, like a anchor. It is reported that fully grown manatees have ex- ceed fifteen feet in length and 1,300 pounds in weight, but eight feet and 500 pounds are average.

These critics are seldom found farther north than the cool waters of Florida's east coast, or north of the Suwannee on the west. If you're interested in seeing one, your best bet is the southern tip of the Everglades National Park. Or on a chilly morning you might take a look from the Miami Avenue Bridge.

AJAX, FLORIDA (Continued From Page 16) everybody knows, it's got to do it. Steam is like that; it just has to rise and get on out of there. Of course, if you're using a heavy pot with a heavy lid, the steam can be held if it isn't too much. But nobody cooks great in big pots; they use ordinary tin kettles that are easily cleaned. Bess was using a plain tin kettle. The grits got contrary. It tried to "play" in the boiling water. We could make it. We tried again. Harder this time. Still nothing happened. "Well," the Bess, "if I can't even raise up a plain little "play."" With this they r-r back and give the grits everything they've got and "ploopy" something gives it. It's the grits and they fly in all directions, mostly on Bess but splatter- up the kitchen good and plenty. Bess gives a yell and Jack was there before you could count two. A lot of sweet talk ensues, Mister Editor, and pretty soon all is lovey-dovey again. And to make matters right Jack tells Bess that "all the derned gas water was sent back to the dealer in noth- ing flat.

This episode is told here very briefly but I want you to know, Mister Editor, there were some tense times between families while the drama of the situation was growing. There was snizarding with Bess and the men with Jack. At times it looked bad for a lot of us. Now all is peace again and all is happy and fine and the grits have gone back to eating grits the proper way again; with red snapper and mash, and I do believe that if you were in the chips for a while, with red-eye ham gravy.

Respectfully,
Plato Winder, Storekeeper.

"I will scan on electric washing machine!"

FLORIDA WILDLIFE

JUNIOR CONSERVATIONIST

JUNIOR CONSERVATIONIST

The Allapattah Optimist Junior Conservation Club winds up one of their meeting with a song fest. Dave Thornton (center) is club advisor.

JUMP AT THE CHANCE! THE NEXT 5 ISSUES OF Salt Water Sportsman MAGAZINE—WHICH INCLUDES A SPECIAL HANDBOOK ISSUE THAT SELLS FOR $3.00 ON THE STANDS... ONLY $1.00!... Salt Water Sportsman is the only magazine in the world devoted 100% to salt water sport fishing. Published monthly, it gives the latest and best advice for those who want to do more than just go fishing. The special December Florida Watersports issue covers marine engines, electronics, boating and fishing accessories. You can subscribe for the next five issues of Salt Water Sportsman by sending $1 to Salt Water Sportsman, 329 West 14th Street, Hialeah, Florida 33010.
THE RETURN OF THE SEA TURTLE

By MASON WOOLFORD

One morning last summer residents of my town were astonished to see a huge sea turtle crouling along a beach near our home. Someone told us that she was perfectly safe, for she waddled around the road without difficulty for several days, paying no heed to the groups of curious spectators who crowded about her to witness the unusual event.

Of course we knew why nobody claimed that all that good turtle meat for the pot. The county game warden and his assistants, who had told me the story, also knew it. And I think it is another instance of common sense coming to the rescue of a rapidly dwindling natural treasure.

I had seen the big turtles brought in and put into the pans, down at Key West, and learned something about the catching of them, but it never occurred to me to inquire into the apparently inexhaustible supply of this great delicacy.

The eating-type turtle is known as the green sea turtle. This fellow is strictly a vegetarian and is a giant, indolent fellow, content to be kept in tanks with the fishermen by letting himself be caught without too much bother. There is no particular problem in getting him, the curious snapper and the rare hawksbill (valuable for tortoise shell) and a couple of others not amenable to culinary manipulations.

Until recent years, these big green turtles were very common in the waters off the Florida keys. Their habit of coming ashore to lay their eggs, however, exposed them to the ravages of folks who took a dim view of conservation. The alert beachcomber was usually there waiting with a “turtle fork” or “turtle stick.” All he had to do was flip her over on her back and take her. The project of removing the sea turtles was finally stopped by law, only after the local supply of turtles was practically exhausted. One day a laying turtle taken represents the loss of a hundred pounds of meat. Anything over thirty years ago, the Key West turtle packers were known to fisherman on the Grand Cayman Islands, down south of Havana, to fly in and scoop up the turtles, taking with them the South and coastal areas of Central America, where the green turtles are most abundant. Since the turtle is an air breather, the fishermen frequently spot them along the sandy beaches and dive in with a harpoon, driven lightly into the shell, fastens a line without injury to the living animal.

Most of them, however, are caught in nets near the fishermen’s boat off in the open ocean, and the seamen lower the catch into the nets and the turtle, using a line with a buoy behind it. So everybody is out to catch the turtles that were trapped in the meshes.

And when they land on their backs, with their flippers tied together, the turtles readily survive the swift sail back to the market. Comparatively few of the ladies of a humane society tried to put through a law prohibiting the placing of the turtles upon their backs, not realizing that if placed upon the soft undershell they would be frying for the rest of their lives. As long as they are occasionally slapped with water they seem quite right. By the time they are thought of, however, they are long gone. No amount of waving a stick or curling your fingers over their face is likely to make them move.

I was leaning against the deck rail watching for the first indication that the turtle I was with was going to come on shore. We had tried to send her back at least fifteen minutes and another hundred miles. She was a wise old bird all right. As I watched, I began to think of the good times I had been having with her, a good many times.

Finally it occurred to me that he had drawn the left rear leg of her out-a swimming and flapping sound. I realized that he had landed on the opposite side of the gullberry bunch. I was over twenty feet from me. I immediately reached out for my feet. I did so, the turtle arrose and flew toward the camera. I made a turn on a rear leaf. I had learned another lesson and gained additional respect for this one of the greatest game birds in America.

A turkey hunter needs infinite patience and perseverance as he will frequently return empty handed from a long and arduous day’s hunt. One season I was hunting. His will be interspersed with interesting and exciting experiences. Just last fall, for instance, I heard a gobbler and an edge of a swamp where I knew there were a number of turkey gobblers. But the water was dark and sound, and finally concluding they had moved to some other part of the swamp, I furthered the swamp and investigate.

The swamp was surrounded by brush and trees, sloping down sharply from the pine land to the edge of the swamp, with a high ridge the crest of the incline there were at intervals a number of tall pines, some old, and a couple of lovely beaches. But remember—"it's unlawful to touch one while it is on the land.

HUNTING WILD TURKEYS

(Continued From Page 18)

where he stood and gibbled the first time, went through the same performance for nearly as long as I waited, hoping he would return, but to no avail. Gibbling at times, and he slowly went the other way and disappeared.

I was sorry to lose him, and yet in a way I was glad. He had my profound respect, and I could only hope he would continue in the proper direction by himself as well.

By the third night it was getting late, but I had heard another gobbler up the swamp about four hundred yards and turned my horse in that direction, sounding my turkey call at intervals. He answered and I prepared for the second trial of wits. I was sure this time if I could figure it out, the turkey, was coming along the bottom of the ridge, and after wading in high water, I knew further use of the call was unnecessary, so locating myself, I waited. Soon I saw him coming leisurely along, but watching his step as he moved through two years old, weighing about seventeen pounds, I was unprepared when he came within shooting distance and missed him with my rifle. He had been too late to hunt any longer that morning, so shot. As I turned and returned to the car, a friend had already arrived with another gobbler. By the time I reached the answer. I had tried to get it out that morning for an afternoon’s work. I do not know how many of the gobbler who had been hunted to death. I am afraid I have been hunting turkeys a few too many times.

I carried on my left side the familiar put put! but I saw the turkey winging his way away and I realized that he had landed his position, quit gibbling, and moved toward the top of a gullberry bush. I heard another lesson and gained additional respect for this bird. I learned another lesson and gained additional respect for this bird. I learned another lesson and gained additional respect for this bird. I learned another lesson and gained additional respect for this bird.

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QUAIL

(Continued From Page 19)

understandable attitude in view of the history of quail shooters who have written. However, that type of so-called "sportsman" is in a minority, his setting. No quail hunter in his right mind is going to author his own quail, and the white putting field. I carried on my left side the familiar put put! but I saw the turkey winging his way away and I realized that he had landed his position, quit gibbling, and moved toward the top of a gullberry bush. I heard another lesson and gained additional respect for this bird. I learned another lesson and gained additional respect for this bird.

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but disregarded of whether a farm-
A NEW DAWN OF IDEAS FOR LIVING

SOUTHERN STYLE, that is...

SUNRISE is a new kind of magazine, dedicated to good, practical living—specializing in Florida and the Deep South. It is a magazine for those who live, or want to live, in this part of the country. It is the magazine for everyone who likes to make the most of their surroundings—outside and in.

Not long ago James Stockton, who owns a 3,000-acre plantation in Duval County (Jacksonville) got discouraged. He loved to hunt, but the quail on his land were so scarce that he wasn't getting much satisfaction out of it. He decided to do something about it. He planted 50,000 quail, and next season he hunted 10,000 birds. The result was a tremendous crop of quail, and the hunting this season has been even better.

In South Florida — Hardee County near Wauchula — pasture improvement by planting native grasses and legumes has started several years ago in a good sized ranch. When these operations began, no heavy equipment was used. The men were purely hand labor. The thick palmetto clumps were left. Since then, modern equipment has been used to make the pasture more suitable for grazing. The result has been a tremendous increase in the number of quail and other game birds.

Another factor that has a profound effect on the population of quail is the number of predators. A certain amount of control is necessary, and the best way to do it is to hunt the quail. When the hunting season is open, the quail population starts to decrease. When the season is closed, the population starts to increase again.

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FEBRUARY, 1956
next month

SPECIAL 50-PAGE
FRESH WATER
FISHING
ISSUE

COCKTAIL BAR

"Outsidar!"

Florida Big Pike Club

FREN TO ALL who fish in Florida, especially the proud chain of chain pickerel anywhere in the state will qualify the fisherman for membership in the "Florida Big Pike Club." Certificates of membership will be awarded by the Commission.

To be eligible, pickerel must be over four pounds in weight or 16 inches in length.

Applications for membership in the Big Pike Club must be first made to the Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission within 10 days after the fish is caught. Information on the application must include name and address of fisherman, date fish was caught, where taken, and length and weight of fish. Entries must be certified by reports of pickerel weighing six pounds—within a pound of the world's record.

Unfortunately many Florida fishermen have long ignored the chain pickerel. The Commission and the Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission hope that the chain pickerel will soon be recognized as one of Florida's top fresh-water game fish.

The following pamphlets and booklets may be obtained without charge from the Information-Education Division, Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission, Tallahassee, Florida:

- Florida Wild Turkey
- The Ocala Deer Herd
- Florida's Game Animals
- Fish Florida's Fresh Waters
- Snakes Can Kill
- Biennial Report 1949
- Summary—Fisheries Regulations
- Summary—Hunting, Fishing, and Trapping
- Identifying Florida Bass
- Story of American Waterfowl
- Reprints—Florida Wildlife Scrapbooks

Florida's Wildlife Management Areas
- Lake and Stream Survey (Leon and Madison Counties)
- Status, Movement, and Management of the Mouning Deer
- Ten Commandments of Safety
- World Inside the Managed Forest
- Way Down Upon the Suwannee

Conservation Manual for Civic Groups

Florida Wildlife

North American Birds of Prey

The thoroughness of his treatment of the various aspects of the big tail game coupled with Koller's interesting and authoritative manner of writing make this one of the most complete books on the subject yet examined.

Here is the one volume in which could otherwise be gained only by years of observation and effort. Here is the story of the home life of the white tailed, so far as it interests the hunter. The book also goes into woodcraft and the organization of the hunt, whether still hunting, or club and group hunting. It devotes a chapter to the crucial moment—hitting your buck—and it gives specific help on getting him out.

It is likewise specific about practical arrangements and appointments for the deer-hunter's camp, sportmanship and safety in the woods, and the preparation of venison for the table. It neglects neither the buck fever problem nor the place of archery in deer hunting.

The chapters on weapsons and ammunition, a useful book for all small game hunters, finding the game all the way to the table. They are our best teachers of woodcraft, rifles, and shotgun field techniques.


game hunting is presented in five parts: Field Shooting and Small Game Hunting; Small Game Hunting with Rifles; Sights and Sightings; Sights; and Handling. (The Game (including chapters on rabbitting, basset hunting, squirrel, groundhogs, etc.)

This book is loaded with many hunting hunder hunting lore presented in a most interesting and entertaining manner. A good choice for the Sportsman Bookshelf.


Alaskan Adventure recounts experiences which form a part of the pioneer story of Alaska as it is a tale (Continued on Page 39)
If you are a newcomer — and haven’t had an opportunity to attend one of these feasts, you can duplicate on a smaller scale at a park or camp site near your fishing grounds.

A cast aluminum French fryer with wire basket can be used on a good camp stove—or an electric deep fryer can be employed if you’re eating at a wayside park where a plug-in is to be found. But we maintain that if you’re going to have all the comforts of home, you’d just as well stay home.

Main advantage of deep fat frying is that you do not have to turn your fillets. Simply submerge in the smoking-hot fat, and cook a few minutes until done and nicely browned. Drain and eat.

For small scale outdoor cooking, you can’t beat the old-fashioned iron skillet—large, flat, and roomy—over an open fire. Fill the skillet about three-fifths full of bacon fat (other fat may be used, but bacon fat gives the best flavor). And watch to see that enough fat is present at all times to keep fish from burning. Turn once with a spatula or pancake turner.

Egg batters, enriched flour, pan cakes, and other things the cook prefers — may be used for frying the fish before cooking. But Floridians claim it is great with corn meal and coffee. And don’t forget the salt and pepper.

Of course, no fish-fry is complete without fresh corn on the cob, vegetables, potatoes, and of course, the ever-seemingly inexhaustible supply of hush puppies. If you are one of the many folks who have to do everything in a hurry, you can buy them. But the home-made variety tastes a lot better. None we’ve ever had was as good as the ones from our old Carrie Bell. Here’s her recipe to feed four hungry people:

**Hush Puppies**

3 cups corn meal  
2 cups white flour  
1 tsp. baking powder  
1 tbsp. shortening (bacon fat okay)  
1 tsp. salt  
1 small egg grated (optional)  
2 tsp. milk  

And enough cold water to mix to consistency of a thick batter—just soft enough to drop from a cooking spoon into the smoking hot fat, a spoonful at a time.

No fish fry is complete without slow and baked beans. At a REAL fish fry, you’ll find field peas and lima beans. Sometimes they are cooked by folks who know how. But slow is a nice addition, anyway. One method is to boil cream and vegetables, dressing over chopped cabbage, seasoned with salt to taste with granulated sugar and spices.

There was a day when beans were baked on a camp site sitting pastel plates of canned beans—and the nuisance of boiling and then having to exchange, even with old-timers. But no respectable canned bean expect such treatment these days without a little fixing from the cook.

**Baked Beans**

To a cup of large can of pork and beans (or beans in tomato sauce), add two scant tablespoomfuls of salt, pepper to taste, and a little grated horseradish. Chop a couple of green peppers, which are peeled and cored, and chopped, along with some raw onions.

Place in baking dish or bean pot, pour sorghum molasses over the top, cover with bacon, and bake slowly in moderate oven for at least an hour, uncovering the last 30 minutes.

**For Dessert** A second helping of everything!

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**WHOOPING CRANE**

(Continued from Page 24)

The prairie provinces of Canada. Some Whooping Cranes have spent the winter in spite of the law, finding food and shelter, and this is a great relief to the Whooping Crane—a living symbol of the conservation effort that has become an exemplar of the Dodo and the Passenger Pigeon.

It may surprise you to know that you may be able to see one of these endangered birds. If you know any one who goes hunting, show them pictures of the Whooping Crane, so that they will be careful not to shoot one. You may save the life of one of these rare and beautiful birds.

The Whooping Crane is the tallest of all North American birds, standing at least five feet in height. It should not be confused with the sandhill crane, which looks rather like the American Egret, which is a much smaller, snappier bird. Sometimes the herons are called “cranes,” but this is an incorrect use of the name. Cranes are larger, heaver birds than the herons and have different habits. The Whooper, which weighs as much as 25 pounds, is also a very bulky bird, large adult weighing as much as 25 pounds.

The body plan of the adult Whooping Crane is white, with jet black wing-tips. The crown is bare and bright red. Another distinctive mark is the black “mustache” across each cheek. There are other large wildfowl, however, the Stilts, which have wings and these should not be mistaken for the rare Whooper, which was the first to be seen in the United States in almost 400 years.

One of these is the White Pelican. Actually the pelican is altogether different, with a very long and thick bill and short legs. The Whooper’s legs are long and thin. Another is the Ross’s, but this is much more black on this bird’s wings than on the Whooper, and it has a green plumage compared to the Whooper’s brown.

The voice of the Whooper is also different. Few people have heard it in recent years, but the clear, bugle-like notes must have been one of the most splendid sounds of the prairie region years ago. The voice has little of the rolling, guttural quality we hear in the note of the common Sandhill Crane. Instead, it has an open, high-pitched, challenging ring to it. In some parts of the United States the Whooper was known as the “bugle crane.”

In winter the surviving Whoopers winter on west coastal flats along the Gulf Coast of Texas. Most of this area has been made a wildlife refuge and is guarded by the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service. The great birds frequent the Texas coast from late October until April, or about half the year. When they arrive in the fall, each pair selects a certain portion of the marsh for their winter territory. These “winter territories” average over 400 acres for each pair and no other Whooping Cranes are allowed to stray within the invisible boundaries that are laid out and defended by the pair that owns the claim. Unless there is a drought or other habitat failure, the cranes of each pair or family group are able to live out the entire winter season within their particular territory.

usually a pair of Whooping Cranes rears only one youngster each year and it hatches about half the present flock.

**Florida Wildlife**

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**BOOK SHELF**

**Florida Wildlife**

FLORIDA WILDLIFE

(Continued from Page 27)

of wild, unspoiled Alaska, of primitive man struggling for survival, of giant mammals unprodded, of life struggles on swift rivers and high, howling winds, that man’s trails, of hunger and cold. And of glorious days spent afloat, of watching the magnificent streams and mountains, of glaciers, of days and nights in camp by the fire.

Best of all, here is a tale of a man who made himself. Another in search of this found his way alone through unknown country. A pioneer—and not a rich pioneer—by the string of a guide.

Those who study Alaska holds aloof from this well written book detailing the highlights in the life of Jay Williams. The author went to Alaska soon after the turn of the century, first as a prospector, trapping, and horse wrangler, spent three years on the Alaska Boundary Survey, thirty years on the U.S. Forest Service, and upon retirement worked for several years as a sportsman.

Alaskan Adventure is entertaining, informative, and exciting reading.

END.
FLORIDA WILDLIFE FIELD TESTS AND TELLS

Like a human being who manifests only a halfhearted or obviously unenthusiastic interest in his hunting, for the same reason a good hunting dog cannot efficiently point a retrieve with a few steps, or a dead bear, a wetland a mile or more into Florida unless his scent is not in good condition. Bruised feet, pad cuts or irritation from thorns and burrs can frequently keep a dog off the trail. For whom more efficient field tests and other performances have to be left home because of injuries, during periods when hunting is at its best and their presence offers little additional chances of a successful hunting trip. Hunters are wisely reluctant to work valuable dogs in areas where chances of sustaining disabling foot injuries are high. Like this, good hunting cannot be done by the same sort of mindless, haphazard, uninterested approach that is so often practiced.

This year, a set of a few Press Publications to your dog supply. Made of pure latex, and waterproof from toe to tip, the press Publications are simply rubber gloves for dogs. They slip on each foot and hold in place with a simple button and fastener that keeps the gait tight. Whether sold in high or low seasons, each Press Publication goes perfectly as a press Publications, with no greater danger of affecting foot and leg blood circulation.

The leather, made in attractive colors of the following: (Continued on Next Page)
IN THE MARCH ISSUE
50 PAGES OF FISHING
FLORIDA’S FRESH WATERS

WE BELIEVE
(Continued from Page 9)

The last three or four weeks have shown us that the water is beginning to clear up and the fish are beginning to feed. This is a good time to start working on the larger species of fish such as largemouth bass, spotted bass, and smallmouth bass. The water temperatures are still in the mid-70s, which is perfect for these species.

We recommend using live bait such as minnows, bluegills, or nightcrawlers to attract these fish. The use of a sinker and a small hook will help keep the bait down and attract the fish. Be patient and persistent, as these fish can be finicky at times.

Good luck and happy fishing!

END
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THREE YEARS, 36 ISSUES, $5.25

The Florida Magazine for ALL Sportsmen

FLORIDA WILDLIFE
Tallahassee, Florida

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