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APRIL 1960
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Florida Fish and Wildlife Conservation Commission
FOR THAT BIG ONE THAT DIDN'T GET AWAY

FLORIDA WILDLIFE'S FISHING CITATION

is available without charge, to any and all subscribers to Florida Wildlife Magazine, and their immediate families, who catch any of the fresh-water game fish of the prescribed species and size requirements. Citation, showing recorded date of the catch, will be mailed to the applicant upon receipt of the following application form that has been properly filled out and signed.

ELIGIBILITY REQUIREMENTS

SPECIES

LARGEMOUTH BASS

8 pounds or larger

CHAIN PICKEREL

4 pounds or larger

BLUGILL (BREAM)

1 1/2 pounds or larger

SHELTERCRACKER

2 pounds or larger

BLACK CRAPPIE

2 pounds or larger

RED BREAST

1 pound or larger

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 at least one witness.

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

COPIES 1960, FL

Florida Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission

RODEO TALLAHASSEE

APRIL, 1960
Water—Vital Natural Resource

The fact that water is a vital and limiting natural resource is dramatized by the latest in a series of conservation conferences. A 4-cent water conservation stamp—the 4-cent water conservation stamp to be issued in Washington and California—has no other purpose except to raise money for conservation purposes.

Our national and personal need for water for domestic use, for sanitation, for manufacture, and for agriculture is multiplied each year by our expanding population. Without water, soil cannot produce the food and fiber needed to nourish and clothe our rapidly increasing population.

More and more people every year are turning to water and water sports for leisure-time enjoyment.

But there is just so much water. The earth’s water supply remains constant. Some years we have too much, and rising demands for water only by better use of what we have—by reducing needless waste and pollution—by protecting the watershed upon which our water falls as rain and snow—by finding more efficient ways for its use.

Most problems of water shortage, poor water, or floods trace back directly to the land.

Whether or not the land in each watershed is eroded or is mantled by protective cover of grass and trees—whether there are small dams and other flood-preventing structures along the channels—whether steps have been taken to reduce pollution—these things in large measure whether water supplies are ample and reliable.

It is because of the dependence of water supply on water-beds (that the commemorative stamp was especially issued at the 7th National Watershed Congress in the Nation’s capital—April 11th)

The new water resources commemorative stamp will be available to local post offices on April 10th, the day following its official issuance.

The unique two-panel stamp portrays a close-up view of a drop of water falling into a leaf, which water falling influences upon water supply. This design lends the eye a right-hand panel depicting an actual watershed panorama. A town and farm in the foreground are dependent on the upstream watershed with its well-managed farm and forest lands and small dams for flood prevention and water storage.

Game Breeders Meet Scheduled

A short course for game breeders and shooting preserve operators is being offered for the first time in Florida’s history. It will be held at the University of Florida at Gainesville starting with a 10 a.m. registration on April 22 and continuing until 12:30 p.m. on April 23, according to Dr. Robert L. Fairing, coordinator for the short course.

Because of the increase in shooting preserves and the continued interest in game bird raising, the course is being offered to provide instruction in game breeding and shooting preserves on Saturday, April 23. Robert W. Murray, biologist with the Commission, will take part in a panel discussion of “Cover for Shooting Preserves” on Friday, April 22.

A business meeting of the Florida Game Breeders and Shooting Preserve Association will be held the evening of April 22. Anyone interested in joining the association is invited to attend, according to Presid­ent Jack Westbrook.

A detailed program may be obtained by writing: Dr. Robert L. Fairing, General Extension Division of Florida, Gainesville, Florida.

The Florida Game Breeders and Shooting Preserve Association will be regulated for the good of the animals. Also, it is expected that many readers will protest the listing of the above six reasons.

In dealing with and discussing wild animals, we can only expect to escape unscathed. It is expected that many readers will protest the listing of the above six reasons.

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CAGED ANIMALS

This is the first in a series of articles concerning the proper care of wild animals in captivity. Since there appears to be an increasing desire to keep animals caged, it is important to recognize the stresses and strains that such captivity places upon the animals involved.

There are six major reasons for the keeping of wild animals in captivity. Three of these are more or less direct. An animal is put in a cage because of a sense of liking for and interest in that particular animal, or for other reasons.

A hunting and shooting preserve operator may have no interest whatever in the animals beyond the enjoyment of the sport. Such a person is merely a full-wallet proposi­tionist who takes pleasure in the control and power that he possesses over the captive beast. Furthermore, a man will keep a bear in a cruelly-designed cage, or under inhuman conditions of life, only because the man enjoys the fact that he has the bear captive in his possession.

Sadam. Some people keep wild animals in cages so that the animal may be mis-treateed, mal-handled, starved, tormented and tortured.

Naturally, in writing the above from the personal experiences and observations, the author of this does not expect to escape unscathed. It is expected that many readers will protest the listing of the above six reasons.

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This is the third in a series of reports on the operations of sportmen's clubs.

Socially sportmen's clubs have a poor reputation for conservation achievement but most good clubs plan one or two big parties a year.

The Big Party gives the club publicity, it provides a ready-made membership drive and the work of preparing for it may knit the club members closely together.

Two Big Parties a year seem to be about the right number. In Florida, one of them should be during the season of most winter residents if possible.

It is best if the party can be a novelty, preferably associated with the outdoors, whether actually held outdoors or not. It helps if the theme sought in any way be associated with the immediate area.

The purpose of the Big Party should be established. Is it for membership publicity, education, money - or all of these? Is it a big community promotion?

Completion of one sort or another can provide the Big Party for archery, trap, skeet, rifle or pistol clubs and some groups go for casino games but there are other clubs, organized primarily for conservation purposes, where the competitive theme play not so good.

The idea of a dinner and speeches isn't noted for putting them in any—unless it's a very special occasion.

Some of the more successful affairs conducted by Florida clubs are as follows:

**“Spend-Day,”** in which the public is invited to try a variety of events operated by club members. Such a program can include competitive events ranging from boat races to turkey shoots or archery tournaments. Boat, airboat, or swamp buggy rides can be provided by club members. Such an event works well on a national holiday and can easily be turned into a community promotion. Some sort of “feed” usually goes with the program.

Junior fishing tournament, operated for only one day or part of a day and often combined with a barbecue, fish fry or “bring your own” picnic and usually presented with some form of adult entertainment.

“Festival” type of program, usually associated with some outdoor activity of the immediate area, often reasonable. Examples would be the “shad festival,” once successful on the St. Johns river, or the rattlesnake roundup of northern Florida.

Successful evening parties include the “blind auction,” where visitors are provided by club members. This sort of event works well on a national holiday and can easily be turned into a community promotion. Some sort of “feed” usually goes with the program.

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Take the matter of ammunition storage, for example... Despite its dry appearance, gunpowder has a moisture content. Reduction of the moisture content tends to build up firing pressures radically. Especially is this true of ammunition loaded with smokeless powders and later subjected to high temperatures, particularly artificial heat. Excessive humidity can also cause slow deterioration, usually in the form of misfires or hang-fires.

Ammunition should not be carried constantly in a car that is customarily parked in the sun, or left out nights.

In the home, the most favorable spot for storage of ammunition is a centrally heated part of the house.

One way to waterproof loose metallic cartridges is to put a single drop of clear, quick-drying lacquer on each primer with the end of a toothpick. After the lacquer has dried all around the edge of the primer, excess lacquer should be removed by rubbing the head of the cartridge across a piece of cloth stretched flat on table or workbench. Should I plan to use some of it soon, I break down the contents into lots of five cartridges or shotgun shells, and seal each lot in tightly wrapped, disposable plastic bags.

For sure identification of bullet weights and shot sizes, I usually type that information on slips of paper and seal a slip in each package. This is an identification convenience as well as a safety precaution, where a number of different rifle calibers and shotgun gauges are owned.

Ammunition should not be bought with a low price and quality, uniformly performing product. They didn't... wouldn't stay in business long if they didn't.

While faulty lots do sometimes occur, such occurrences are rare in relation to the number of unfired rounds produced. Also, the ammunition makers are quick to investigate complaints and recall any substandard ammunition remaining in dealer stock. However, the ammunition makers may be driven to the point of purchase and stored in a plastic-bag wrap. Should I plan to use some of it soon, I break down the contents into lots of five cartridges or shotgun shells, and seal each lot in tightly wrapped, disposable plastic bags.

The nature of a warning to the shooter that bullet velocity is below or above normal, and that he should proceed with caution. Differences in the sound of shots will be more noticeable if bullet velocity is between 1100 and 1200 feet per second than when below or above this range.

Some brands of ammunition will perform brilliantly in a particular rifle, poor in another. Expert target shooters and hunters...
problem of safe drinking water. This unit is called Sure Pure Filter. The whole kit weighs 15 ounces and will fit into a coat pocket. It is easy and simple to use and produces drinking water free from ALL bacteria, coli-form, dirt, odors, and chemicals (from any source except pure sea water). I think this is such a tremendous development, I am going to devote this column to an explanation of the filter, how it works, how it can be used, where it can be obtained, and how much it costs.

The Miseries

Camping is becoming one of America's fastest-growing sports for, as an old camper, I know from experience the problem drinking water becomes the moment you leave the beaten trail. I can remember many canoe trips when the need to stop and boil water was always an irksome necessity. Even the boiling routine leaves much to be desired. I've tried every purifying pill available in those times and always suspected water many times, always with a nagging worry about the health hazard, and a few times with the excruciating pains of cramps and nausea. I've tried every purifying pill available in those times and considered them worse than the germs.

Even today, our national parks and national forests, scene of much wilderness camping, warn that the water in mountain streams and lakes is unfit to drink. Hikers, in particular, find drinking water in the wilderness a bore and problem, which is not surprising when you consider the physical discomfort of cramps and nausea. I've tried every purifying pill available in those times and always suspected water many times, always with a nagging worry about the health hazard, and a few times with the excruciating pains of cramps and nausea. I've tried every purifying pill available in those times and considered them worse than the germs.

With this miraculous water pump, the nearest stream, pond, or rain puddle becomes the source of fresh water in mountain streams and lakes. No Gadget

I have been using a Sure Pure Filter Unit for about six months and results were 100% effectiveness even on water suspected water many times, always with a nagging worry about the health hazard, and a few times with the excruciating pains of cramps and nausea. I've tried every purifying pill available in those times and always suspected water many times, always with a nagging worry about the health hazard, and a few times with the excruciating pains of cramps and nausea. I've tried every purifying pill available in those times and considered them worse than the germs.

I have a full report from the United States Testing Corporation of Hohokus, New Jersey. This report is number 34887 and dated March 16, 1959. This independent testing laboratory did a full evaluation on the Sure Pure Filter, and results were proof the filter works with 100% effectiveness even on water containing many, many times the bacteria concentration one would expect to encounter normally.

Foreign Travel

I've had some sad personal experiences with drinking water in the West Indies and Bahamas. I remember one fishing trip to a very famous Bahama resort, where every one of the guests was sick with cramps, nausea, and diarrhea. One party of six from Atlanta, Georgia, cut short their vacation and left the islands for hospital care back home. This was a perfect example of our tender stomachs. The water on this particular island was from cisterns. All employees at the hotel, boat captains and guides, and the native workers were all drinking the same water and felt no ill effects. I borrowed an electric coffeepot from the hotel cook and boiled all my own water in my bedroom. A Sure Pure Filter would have saved a lot of misery for visiting anglers on this trip. This experience is not unusual, as anyone who fishes the out islands of the Bahamas well knows.

It is not only primitive islands that will lay you low. I recently had a friend who came back from Port-au-Prince, Haiti, doubled up with cramps after taking a chance on a glass of iced tea in one of the town's luxury hotels. I know many people who saw most of Europe from a bent-over position on their "dream" vacation. Tom Gordon at Vista Linda in Spain last summer. It took two months to recover. The Sure Pure Filter will certainly go with me on any out-of-the-country travels I make in the future.

How To

This filter unit is made of tough, shockproof plastic. It goes together with a simple screw thread. The filter is composed of a filter pad between two fiber screens. To assemble the unit, the filter is put in place as directed, and the unit is closed. That's all there is to it.

Sure Pure Filter Unit is manufactured by the Sure Pure Company, Inc., Ringoes, New Jersey. Unit, with filter pad installed and in a carrying case, sells for $12.95. Extra filters cost $1.75 each. I am not sure these units are available anywhere but thru the manufacturer. That's where I got mine.

So there you have it. This filter unit, the wandering fisherman, camper, or traveler can be sure of a never-failing supply of pure, safe water. He can even take all the chlorine out of water that's had this vile stuff added.

Once I lived in a Kentucky town from springs in the hills. It had so much chlorine in it, no one could drink it. It would have gagged a slug. Drink it? you couldn't even take a bath in it. It killed flowers if you used it to sprinkle the yard. Even the natives never got accustomed to this mixture. They all carried bottled water. Just thinking of it gives me the shivers. I'm going to order six extra filter pads right away.
There is considerable variation in the coloration of the shellcracker neg., habitat, season, and sex of the fish all have a bearing on the situation. 

Many light tackle anglers claim the mighty little shellcracker as champ of the panfishes

By MORRIS H. SHAW

A sk any northern angler to name the champ of the fresh water panfishes and it is an odds on bet he will put the finger on the widely distributed, real big, willing, and tasty bluegill. Down Dixie way it is a different matter. However, and the farther south you go, the more emphatic becomes the consensus that the crown rightly belongs to another member of the tribe, the hard hitting shellcracker, *Lepomis microlophus.*

The red-ear, as the shellcracker is sometimes known outside of the south and palmetto country, belongs to the family Centracichlidae, a highly important game fish group of the North American fresh water panfishes.

Numbered among the members of this spiny-rayed clan are such fresh water favorites as the largemouth bass, the smallmouth bass, the crappies, the warmouth, the rock bass, and an assortment of "sunfishes" including the perennially favorite bluegill.

The competition from such a lineup of illustrious relatives seems not to bother the shellcrackers in the least; they go right on battling with their slashing, tugging tactics, heading for top billing with the panfishes. As far as the Florida cane pole and light tackle angler is concerned, the 'cracker has arrived, in fact, has been there for a good many years.

In the matter of the two common names, shellcracker and red-ear, there is a good argument to support either faction. The blackish opercular spot with contrasting red margin is an outstanding feature that cannot fail to attract immediate attention. It does indeed resemble a red ear. The other name — shellcracker — aptly describes both a mode of feeding and the specialized structure adapted to the purpose. A substantial proportion of the shellcracker diet is composed of various mollusks, the hard shells of which are thoroughly crushed and ground by a pair of flattened, rough surfaced bones or "shellcrackers" located in the back of the mouth. Take your choice, but if it is the waters of Florida where you decide to seek out this highly-prized finster, you will likely make the object of your piscatorial attentions more clearly understood if you call him by his Deep South moniker, shellcracker.

In general body conformation and appearance, the shellcracker resembles the other sunfishes; the body is compressed and is ovate in profile. The pectoral fins are relatively long and pointed. There are ten spines and from ten to twelve soft rays in the dorsal fin; three spines and from nine to eleven soft rays in the anal fin. The red-margined opercular spot, as previously mentioned will usually be present as a sure fire identification mark.

As with many other fishes, there is a considerable variation in body coloration, depending upon the locality where the fish is taken and also upon the sex of the fish, its age, and the season of the year. The color of the back ranges from hue to muted greenish or light silvery blue shading into lighter tones, often orangish-yellow on the sides. The breast is variable, ranging from whitish through silvery gray to brilliant canary yellow in some specimens. During the spawning season, the males often take on a much darker color than at other times, with numerous large blackish splatches covering much of the body. The dark opercular spot rimmed with scarlet, however, remains unchanged as the 'crackers' trademark. In this regard, it should be noted that most of the larger specimens do lose the red coloration from the opercular flap as they attain the proportions of "braggin'" fish.

The original distribution of the shellcracker appears to have included the Mississippi River drainage at least as far northward as Iowa and Illinois, and from southern Indiana down through Florida. As the 'crackers' reputation as an amazingly hard scraper got around, so did the fish, through the agency of man and his natural impulse to take a hand in extending the distribution of many of nature's creatures. At present the species is known in widespread localities throughout the country. Essentially a fish of the warm water areas, it is in Florida where the shellcracker finds the ultimate in conditions for reproduction and growth. On a year around basis, considering the state as a whole, the average hook and line caught shellcracker will hit the scale for an average of between one-half and three-quarters of a pound. State fisheries men working on Lake Harris, a popular central Florida shellcracker hotspot, weighed several thousand fish of this species and found the average to be just a few ounces short of the two-pound mark. It is during the "bedding" or spawning season that the largest fish are taken. The average weight of "bed" fish would come close to one and one-half pounds. A three pounder is occasionally landed and a four pounder is not unheard of.

The shellcracker possesses an array of attributes which qualify it as a top notch game fish. Its most outstanding characteristic in this respect is the amazingly hard initial strike and the heavy, surging, bulldog run. In addition, the shellcracker is a ready and willing stud more than once in its lifetime.

A shellcracker is a ready and willing stud more than once in its lifetime.
A substantial proportion of the shellcracker’s diet is composed of various mollusks, the shells of which are thoroughly crushed and ground by a pair of flattened, rough-weathered bones or “shellcrackers” located in back of the mouth.

(continued from preceding page)

Willing hitter on his own terms, which means in the right place at the right time with the proper bait. Also, the fish has plenty of heft compared with other sunfishes. As an eating fish, the ‘cracker takes a back seat to none in the opinion of a good many connoisseurs of funny fare.

During most of the year, shellcrackers are well scattered throughout a particular lake or stream system with minor gatherings in areas of especially favorable food conditions. With the rise of water temperatures after the chill months of winter, the 'crackers feel the stirrings of what passes for romance among the fishes. By the time the water temperature has climbed to between 68 and 70 degrees Fahrenheit and held at that level for some time, spawning activities are initiated.

As with the other Centrarchids, the shellcracker is a nest swimmer. Season after season, favored locations may be used as “bedding” areas by maternity bent shellcrackers. The males arrive in the vicinity first, and unusually—the majority of them appear about the bedding grounds within a relatively short period of time. A 24-hour period will encompass the arrival of a majority of the males. After a bit of scouting in the vicinity the male chooses a spot and begins a session of rooting around until he has formed a clean, cup-like depression on the bottom. The water depth over the spawning ground may vary from just a few inches to several feet.

The completion of the nest seems to be timed fairly closely to the arrival of the females in the vicinity. When the “bed” is completed, the male rounds up a female and herds her to the nest. Spawning may last from three to five days, or even longer, depending upon the degree of “fertility” of the female. Once she has deposited her eggs in the nest, the female’s duties to the next generation are over for, in common with other members of the family, the male falls heir to the task of guarding the eggs and riding herd on the newly hatched young.

The incubation period, dependent as it is upon water temperature, is relatively short in the warm waters of Florida; from six to seven days may be considered about average. After guarding the young for a few days, the male swims off to attend to other matters, leaving his offspring to fend for themselves.

Shellcracker bed fishing has been followed for so many years that it has become an established institution — the high point in the southern panfish anglers’ year. Although the taking of spawning fish may seem to be poor conservation, actually it is only during this period of concentration that any appreciable harvest is realized. As a rule, only the larger spawning grounds are located with many smaller spot beds never knowing a hook and line. There are indications that under heavy fishing pressure, some fish from the larger beds break away and start spawning activities in isolated pockets. All shellcrackers in a particular body of water do not become sexually mature at the same time, therefore, although April, May, and June are the peak bedding months, there is some reproductive activity during at least half of the year in the warm waters of the deep south.

With the exception of the spawning period, shellcrackers are generally scattered throughout a particular body of water therefore, except for those times, it is seldom that a panfisherman’s reel will contain any great percentage of red-ears. Now and again someone will luck upon a little pocket of shellcrackers but generally speaking you do not venture forth with the avowed purpose of boating a limit string of ‘crackers—except during bedding time.

With the traditional bedding grounds well known in the vicinity of their location, a visiting angler should locate beds. As has been mentioned, many of the shellcracker beds are well known and provide a variety of artificials on bedding and will thus be easily located by a visiting angler.

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A red-margined opercular spot or “ear” gives the name Red-eared to this lively sunfish.

Leawston Rivers, left, and Holrid Maywall, Tallahassee shellcrackers fishermen, look over mounted “trophies” from the Wanassa River, that weighed two and one-half pounds.

A red-margined opercular spot or “ear” gives the name Red-eared to this lively sunfish.

Shellcracker gear but more and more people are beginning to discover the increased pleasure to be derived from playing a hard hitting, scrappy “bull”-cracker on a fly rod or spinning rig. Although I have tried a variety of artificials on bedding fish, results have been all but nil. The tried and true earthworm hooked amidships so both ends are free to wiggle is the indicated shellcracker medicine. Use a number 6 to 10 hook. For deeper beds you may want to pinch a split shot or two a foot or so above the end of the line and when fishing especially grassy areas you may find a light bobber is sometimes useful to keep the bait in position. A light wire hook is preferred, when a fish swallows the bait, a steady pull will straighten the hook so it will slip out. It is a simple matter to bend it back into shape and you are in business again with little time lost.

There is a bit of shellcracker lore that sounds like something so much as a bit of angling whimsy. This little gem holds that shellcrackers go on fishing season after season. There never tapped by the traditional bed fishing because it has been followed for so many years. Shellcracker beds are well known and provide a variety of artificials on bedding and will thus be easily located by a visiting angler.
The most active inventors today are probably fishermen—constantly thinking of new ways to . . .

**CATCH 'EM WITH GADGETS**

By EDMUND MCLAURIN

In our present—say machine age, it is possible to feed a heterogeneous mass of unclassified information into a mechanical brain—one of the amazingウン

な synaptns, for example—and come up with just about any statistical fact desired.

One finding, long suspected by consistently luckless fishermen, is that 10 per cent of the fishermen catch 30 per cent of the fish taken by sportsmen annually. This is said to be true even of Florida, where—according to ichthyologist Dr. V. O. Springer—more than 1200 species of fish, from amberjack to zebras~hark, can be caught.

On two other points anglers are in accord: There is more competition for uncaught fish than ever before, and some species of fish are just plain smart when it comes to keeping out of the frying pan. (Ever tried to outsmart a sheephead?) . . . Being among the fortunate 10 per cent now takes considerable knowing along with the doing!

According to New Jersey Outdoors, a contemporary conservation publication, you can reasonably expect to catch fish . . .

IF you know that when the barometer is low (below 29.90), the fish will be at or near the bottom;

IF you know that when the barometer is changing—raising or falling—rapidly, the fish will not likely be feeding;

IF you know that fish are often choosy, and that there is no perfect lure;

IF you know that varying the pace of retrieving a lure often gets results when a steady retrieve won't;

IF you know that after the two initial daylight hours fishing will be best on the windward shores;

IF you know that the contour of the lake bottom, the bars, the drop-offs, the deep holes, etc.;

IF you know or endeavor to learn more of each species of fish, its habits, characteristics, and food preferences . . .

Rather than continue to fish "blind" or on a "pot-luck" basis, many anglers are going to special fishing schools, such as the weekly clinics at St. Petersburg, Florida, and the short-term course in angling sponsored by North Carolina State College. These serious students want to be able to say, "Phooey to fisherman's luck!"—and be rated among the envied 10 per cent.

Actually, the average fisherman has many favorable factors working for his success from the moment he rig's his rod. Modern tackle is not only the best ever manufactured, but fishing secrets and practical gadgets invented by enterprising individuals among the clan are both numerous and universally shared . . .

To have the world beat a path to your door and stuff your pockets with money, it is no longer necessary to invent the proverbial better mousetrap, but simply market a sure-fire gadget that will catch fish. What are some of the ideas that have paid off—in fish, if not always in dollars?

When some thinking fisherman stopped smoking his filter cigarette long enough to suggest to the Boone Bait Company, at Winter Park, Florida, that it manufactured a life-size needlefish artificial lure, he pioneered one of the most productive trout fishing lures made. Jim Pfeffer did much the same for bass fishermen when he hand-whittled his first "banana" plug.

Also, looking at the South Bend Super-Duper, you'd never believe it would take fish—but it does! Time has proved it one of the best all-around lures marketed.

A deadly fresh water bass lure is one combining the appeal of a good action plug with the seductiveness of a bucktail streamer fly. C. W. Fenderson, a photo engraver—and bass fisherman—of Springfield, Ohio, kept such piscatorial wisdom in mind when he perfected and marketed his now famous Plug-O-Fly lure.

Similarly, some fisherman's imagination worked overtime in creating the Florida-made Min-O-Eel, a bass lure that combines a soft plastic "flesh" body with built-in balancing weights, hidden hooks and incorporated taste flavor.

Ingenuity is also obvious in the Mercury Worm lure, a hollow capsule of bait housing a globule of less, flashing mercury suggestive of an imprisoned worm. When cast and retrieved the mercury swells up and around the inside of the bait's clear section like some...

(continued on next page)
thing alive inside a bubble, and the constantly shifting weight of the mercury causes the lure to alternately wiggle, dive and dart on the retrieve.

One of the Pflueger Tip-Top spinners, used with a strong cane pole about twelve feet long, rigged with a heavy line only about a foot in length, is an outfit that old-time Southern country folks know to be a proved catcher of fresh water bass.

The actual fishing consists of running the spinners along the surface of the water on an overcast day (so there won't be a shadow of the pole on the water)—using the long pole for leverage and at such speed that the lure emits a rapid burping sound as it passes close to submerged cypress stumps and other spots where bass prefer to be in wait for these are typical of many thousands of available baits resulting from ideas that have come to fishermen.

But the thinking has not been confined to creating new lures...

Angler improvements of basic designs of terminal tackle snaps and swivels now make tackle rigging and lure changing simple and fast. Worthy of special mention is the Herro Hitch, a strong snub and loop fastener of corrosion-proof stainless steel that permits change of lures and leaders within seconds.

The design and dependability of a rod's tip-top line guide contributes greatly to one's fishing success. The unit must be strong, hard, smooth and firmly attached to the rod.

The angler-invented roller style tip-top line guide reduces line friction at the point of greatest strain when hooking and fighting a fish. The type is often seen on heavy-duty trolling rods.

But an angler can happen to even the best made tip. When damage occurs, quick replacement is often a problem.

Now available are collet style, locking rod tips that can be installed on a rod in seconds, without tools, soldering or gluing. A knurled lock-cone is first slipped on the rod to receive the threaded, collet-base tip-top. Screwing the lock-cone tightens the new tip-top on the rod.

Fishermen, being generally addicted to round-the-clock fishing, find artificial light a necessity. Besides the multitude of large-size gasoline, oil and electric lanterns given general utilization for night fishing, there are certain small models that serve an angler admirably.

One is the Vis-O-Lite, a dry cell-powered flashlight that clips to a fisherman's hat or on his belt, to provide a broad, close-focused beam of light when rigging tackle and baiting hooks. Another available item is a hand flashlight that will float if accidentally dropped overboard.

An extension cord type of spotlight operates off the battery of your car (direct or through the cigarette lighter socket), or from a portable 6-volt battery. The versatile sealed beam unit comes with a wood float accessory for utilizing the light at surface level where it can best attract fish...

Latching needed light for night fishing, many resourceful anglers have simply mixed sawdust and crankcase oil and ignited the mixture for a long burning flare that is wind resistant, but which can be quickly extinguished by putting a top on the container...

New in fishermen's knaves is a stainless steel sheath style blade that has a cork handle. Its manufacturer claims it will float if it falls overboard. Another new model uses the same cork handle idea, but is of folding style featuring several blades in one unit.

For those fishermen who long ago learned a pair of sharp scissors will often section bait much better and more neatly than a knife, there is the Case stainless steel model that can be carried in a leather sheath on the user's belt.

It is no longer necessary to dig worms for bait. Worm "farms" now operate close to most popular spots where worm fishing is done, and some suppliers even furnish the live, packaged product in customerspecified colors!

For the angler who harvests his own there are "worm reaping" chemical solutions that can be poured on the ground to bring worms to the surface within minutes. There is also an electric rod that accomplishes the same thing, and special red-headed flashlights for use in gathering surface nightcrawlers right after a summer evening shower. (An ordinary flashlight would send the worms underground in a hurry.)

The law says you cannot legally use live goldfish for bait. But it is perfectly legal for you to dye ordinary live minnows a gold color with a fast-drying, water-setting dye! A Min-O-Dye Kit will enable you to harmlessly color baits gold, or any of five other colors.

It's also legal to embalm grashoppers and other fish-taking baits with fast-drying fingernail polish, for either immediate or future use.

Keeping one's bait supply alive between source and place of use has long been a common problem, but in recent years anglers have come up with many practical ideas.

Besides breather-type bait buckets and oxygen tanks, there are bait-savers operating off dry cell batteries, the windshield wiper hose of your car and from compressed air storage tanks. There are also water-soluble tranquilizer pills to keep minnows at an inactive, low oxygen consumption level, as well as pep pills to liven them up when you are ready to start fishing!

If fishing's known to be good 100 yards out in a quiet-water lake, and you do not have a boat to put you there, you can WALK TO the spot on a pair of new molded, closed-floss, polyurethane water shoes, capable of supporting up to 350 pounds!

However, an even more modern way to get to the spot would be one of the new Curtiss-Wright "Air-Car" units that utilizes a cushion of low pressure, low velocity compressed air to take you over land, water, swamps or any unobstructed terrain with six to twelve inches surface clearance.

To return to a fishing spot where you have had good luck, there is a pocket-sized locator, using the working principle of simple triangulation, that will put you on the exact spot without trail and error, if you have taken time to previously note a couple of prominent geographical points.

If you want to know whether or not there are any fish still around to be caught, an electronic Fish Lo-K-Tor will detect a single perch or an entire school. Also available is a simple caller to entice fish to your bait. You lower it on the end of a cord near your baited hook. The caller does the rest as a battery operated buzzer alternately emits a high-pitched sound, much like an insect's hum. (continued on page 42)
A bass fisherman lists as musts: top-water popping plugs, silver flash-scale and frog colored; underwater wriggling lures and weedless spoons for casting and spinning gear. To this he adds all sorts of flies and baits for the long roll. A school bass devotee must have, in addition to the above, plug and fly or bucktail, plug and spoon combinations, and most important of all, the fantastic black plastic worm.

Ty finally arrived. We loaded my equipment and headed for the St. Johns, anticipating an exciting afternoon. After we cleared the traffic, Ty momentarily shifted his eyes from the road and said, “Joe said they’re taking that small double-hooked scale finish plug. Hope you’ve got one.” I assured him that my assortment included not one but two of these “hot” lures.

We arrived at the launching ramp and Ty pulled up, then backed the boat trailer hub-deep into the splashing water, sometimes scornfully ignoring every plug in the box. The ringing phone jolted me out of my reverie. It was Ty. “Did you hear about it?” he asked in an excited voice. I had. I answered, knowing that a school bass enthusiast like Ty wouldn’t be thinking of anything else.

He continued, “They’re hitting big menhaden and you know what that means.” I replied in the affirmative, and he added, “Be ready at five. I’ll be by your house.” By this time I had absorbed some of Ty’s contagious enthusiasm. I hurried to the garage, unlocked my equipment, took out my tackle box and checked over the lures. I wondered which one would work. “I knew he was pointing to the beautiful white bass fisher in Central Florida city and had his casting and spinning rods ready before the boat drifted to a stop. Two fishermen in different boats were bent almost double. The tense, excited expressions on their faces indicated that the fish were big.

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I glanced at Ty. He was eyeing the encircled target area, and had his casting and spinning rods ready before the boat drifted to a stop. Two fishermen in different boats apparently had fish on their plugs. Both rods were bent almost double. The tense, excited expressions on their faces indicated that the fish were big. They were—one about 170 pounds, the other 150 pounds! They had tangled lines and the harder one cracked, the more excited the other became. They soon realized the situation, good-naturedly unraveled the lines and waited for another run of bait.

The above episode is a common occurrence on the striking grounds. It can’t be avoided. Picture ten, twenty, or even more boats of every size and description cluttered around a few square yards of water, with only a few feet of interval and distance between boats. When the rally starts, everyone tries to get his lure into the churned-up water as quickly as possible. It isn’t difficult to imagine that lines do get snarled. However, I have never seen a display of temper when this does happen.

We located a spot on the water edge of the semicircle, anchored and finished rigging up. Ty asked the fishermen in the next boat if there had been much action. One of them reached over the side of the boat and held a stringer with four bass on it, three in the 1 1/4 to 2 pound range and one that weighed about 3 pounds. Ty said, “Looks good; hope they’ll cut loose again.”

A few minutes later someone yelled, "There they go!" About 45 feet out from the center of the boats, several large menhaden skipped across the surface of the river in their frenzied efforts to escape the large-mouths that were close behind. Suddenly, the river really erupted! Bass were leaping and splashing, frothing an area about 75 feet by 50 feet wide. Rods bent back and lures sped to the churned-up water. Ty yelled, “I’ve got one!” I worked my plug back through that maze of wild fish without a single bump.

I watched Ty as he fought his fish. His 6 ft 6 in spinning rod was bent almost to the snapping point. His drag was moaning and groaning. I blurred out.

Schooling bass will put on a thrilling display.

Friday, April 1960

FLORIDA WILDLIFE

By CARL LEDBETTER

CRAZY CROSS CREEK BASS

An attractive lure, when bass are feeding on large bait, is a scale-finish underwater type.

Schooling bass will put on a thrilling display.

Action on the striking grounds usually starts early in the spring.
(Continued From Preceding Page)

"It's a good one!" he didn't answer. The bass suddenly skyrocketed, seemed to hang suspended in mid-air for a long split second, rattled its gills in a futile effort to throw the hook.

Ty finally worked it close enough and I slipped the net under and hoisted it. It was a beauty, about 4 pounds, and its bulging belly indicated it was in prime condition. Ty worked the hooks loose and put the fish on the stringer. It showered us with water in a final desperate attempt to break free. Ty's breathing gradually returned to normal as we waited for the bass to put on another show.

Schooling bass put on a thrilling display as they viciously tear into menhaden, shadines, herring and other baits moving downstream. Trampolinstas have nothing on them when it comes to turning somersaults, jackknifing, exploding from the surface. It's thrilling to leap, tail-walking in an effort to satisfy their hunger. There are several sizes of "worms." Be sure to get the small ones, (about the size of rawhide boot laces in diameter and about 5 inches long.)

Take a number 2/0 hook and insert the worm on the hook until only the eye of the hook is visible. Turn the worm around so that it can slip up and down the line. This is important as you'll see later on.

You are now ready to lure bass (Continued on Page 48)
Carter was born a mile away. He had watched
born a mile away he had watched
born a mile away he had watched the ponds and wax and wane all his life. In the years after a rainy season the ponds would remain full. Once the ground remained firm the underground waters would remain as a safeguard against Dry Pond suddenly draining into the earth. When the ponds were very full, Lily pads clogged the surface. Referring to his project as a "pond-crazy" for putting his life savings and most of his income into the project. However, he had no children to dote on and he and Mrs. Carter were thrifty in their habits as most country people are.

Vernon school teacher decided to turn the creek back to its original course to nourish Dry Pond and the 10 Green Ponds. The first step was to acquire land. Carter bought his first 200 acres of near worthless land in 1941 at an Internal Improvement Fund auction. His top bid was $5 per 40 acres. Inheriting 400 acres from his father, Carter had accumulated 2,300 acres by 1954.

There was a flood in 1948 but by November 1954, it looked like north Florida was well into a dry season, Carter recalled. Though Dry Pond and the Green Ponds were still full, there was no telling how much longer the underground waters would remain as a safeguard against Dry Pond suddenly draining into the earth. Irresistibly and silently one Thursday in November mother nature pulled the plug out of a huge sink hole, Carter and Banks ran for cover. The whole swamp shook, they related, as 45 dead fish popped to the surface. Thirteen and one-half hours later the Rocky Mountain bulldozer man had scraped thousands of tons of earth and a kind of limestone goo found around the area into the bath, or seepage hole. He filled it in and for good measure triumphantly rode his machine back and forth on top of the hole to make sure the plug was tight. Rental of the bulldozer was $135, the best investment he ever made, Carter says. With the hole plugged up Carter went ahead with diverting Pinelog Creek back to its original course to supply Dry Pond and the Green Ponds. To do this he put a dam with spillway and a dike between Dykes Old Mill Pond and Dry Pond. To let his bulldozer man know how high to push up the dirt for the dam and dike, the backwoods engineer cut off cypress saplings at the water's edge at the height he wanted. Then he stuck empty oil cans on the stobs and all the 'dozer man had to do was show the earth to the height of the cans. Carter said that people called him 'pond-crazy' for putting his life savings and most of his income into the project. However, he had no children to dote on and he and Mrs. Carter were thrifty in their habits as most country people are.

Some of the canals cut 15 to 20 feet deep through the sand hills gave the impression that much expensive dragnage work was done. Visitors shake their heads over how it was accomplished by one school teacher in his spare time. Carter said that it wasn't as difficult or as expensive as you might think. "The water level in one of the lakes would usually be higher than it was in the other. So we'd scratch the surface just enough to make the water flow and then the water itself would cut through the sand and do a lot of the work." Most of this kind of work would be done when the ponds were very full. He made the water work in another way. Lily pads clogged the 75-acre Dykes Old Mill Pond so thickly that fishing was impossible. With the aid of his dams, dikes and spillways, Carter raised the water level in the pond a couple of feet. Dykes honked, killing them and making the surface clear once more.

Referring to his project as a...
CLEANING FISH

By EARL F. KENNAMER

1. Good morning! TV Fisherman! This is your old fishing expert! Good day, dear! Last week, remember? I told you that today the old expert—bah! bah!—would demonstrate the simple and skillful method of filleting fish. Yes, sir! I've trimmed up thousands! Why fillet? Well, it's the only way to dress large fish, you see, without losing—pum! Jud! And think of the cooking oil you save.

2. Now, did you catch that two-pounder last weekend? Lost it, eh? Where have I heard that tale before? You won't lose these big ones if you will follow my technique. Er... I forgot to bring that four pound hunker I caught Saturday afternoon, so I stopped by the fish market and got this... this... mackerel... per... Oh, yes... snapper for today's demonstration. It'll serve best as well.

3. See how flat and easy to fillet these bully boys over and over? Ah, yes! Time's up. See you next week.

4. Then, now... or... slice from the tail, keeping the bone edge tight please... Hey, one of you camera boys have a band aid handy?? Oh, boy—bah! Good this isn't color TV.

5. See how at—bah! Oh well, no dammit done. We'll simply turn the bully boy over and fillet the other side. Be careful this time, don't cut too deeply... Ezell along the back... then back to the tail... wrap the skin with knife and thumb and jerk... ummmmumm!

6. Start, now... or... slice from the tail, keeping the bone edge tight please... Hey, one of you camera boys have a band aid handy?? Oh, boy—bah! Good this isn't color TV.

7. Now, on with it. What the old master actually demonstrated this morning is the difficulty in filleting fish. It's so much quicker to scale and cut the stinking thing in CHUNKS... LIKE THIS... AND THIS... AND THIS!

8. Then, now on with it. What the old master actually demonstrated this morning is the difficulty in filleting fish. It's so much quicker to scale and cut the stinking thing in CHUNKS... LIKE THIS... AND THIS... AND THIS!

FLORIDA WILDLIFE APRIL, 1960
I get a kick out of catching these prehistoric-looking fish—but when I land one . . .

ONE DAY NOT LONG AGO Hank Andreis and I took a boat over to Fisheating Creek to investigate reports of some fabulous fishing for hungry, schooling bass. It turned out that the reports were true, too, if you weren’t particular about the size of the bass you caught. Right off the bat we found a big school . . . of small bass.

Twelve inches smacked our lures on nearly every cast. If there were any big — or even medium-sized — bass around, the yearlings beat them to the lure every time. Bass in the twelve inch class are the best eating, but they would look like a joke in the pictures I wanted.

Hank cranked up the motor and we eased along upstream, watching for signs of bigger fish. Almost everywhere the little ones were chasing bait, but nothing over a pound or so showed up. Then, as our boat approached a small branch stream that was flowing into the creek, we saw a nine or six or pounder clear the water as he sent a school of minnows flowing in all directions.

“There he is, Hank!” I shouted. “Toss your bucktail over there.”

“No,” I agreed. “It’s a mudfish. Nice one, though.”

Hank grinned. “Heck, with these little bass,” he said. “Let’s find more mudfish.”

Most fishermen — especially bass fishermen — detest mudfish, but Hank Andreis took the philosophical viewpoint. After all, a big mudfish is more fun to catch than a little bass. And fishing for mudfish instead of bass is a sensible way for a bass fisherman to express his dislike for these uninviting critters. Every mudfish removed from a body of water makes the going a little easier for bass and other game species that find rugged competition for their very existence from these ugly brutes.

The mudfish or bowfin, alias grindle, alias dogfish, alias gunnel, is classified as a roughfish, and it must be admitted that this classification is indeed warranted. The mudfish is just about the roughest fish imaginable. Not that he’s a great or even a good fighter on hook and line. Bass fight harder and show much greater endurance for their size, but the mudfish somehow contrives to make his fight seem harder than it actually is. He looks so rough, feels so rough, and acts so rough that he even seems to fight roughly.

I’ll never forget the first mudfish I ever caught. He hit a spoon that I was fishing for bass in a Lake Okeechobee hayfield, and from the size of the swirl I thought I had a ten pounder. Churning the water to foam, splashing noisily and literally ploughing up the needle grass, the fish put on a fantastic show. Funny thing, though, I don’t remember that he pulled particularly hard, and it took only a few short moments to land him. Making enough commotion for a ten pound pass, that mudfish pulled out as hard as a two pounder and lasted about as long as a one pounder. The mudfish went a little over four pounds.

For all his ugly looks, sour reputation, and roughfish classification, the mudfish, Ambia calva, is a highly interesting fish. He has an ancestry that few other fish can match, being the sole survivor of a tribe that died out ages ago in the lower Miocene period. Like him or not, you have to admit that the mudfish must have something on the ball to have survived such a test of time.

One of the principal reasons for the mudfish’s ability to survive in abundance is his enthusiasm and sense of duty as a family man. Like the bass, the male mudfish builds a nest when spawning time arrives, late winter or early spring in Florida. The mudfish nest is usually built in a weedy area, the male biting the weeds until he has a clear spot about thirty inches in diameter. Then he scoops out a hollow about a foot deep, leaving a bed of soft roots from the vegetation he has cleared away.

A polygamous rascal, the mudfish collects as many wives as he can get. Spawning is said to occur at night, each of the “wives” depositing her eggs, then running off to leave Mr. Mudfish to guard them. When the eggs hatch, the young attach themselves to the small roots in the bottom of the nest and remain there until they are about one-half inch long. At this time the young are a little over a week old and ready to begin feeding. Detaching themselves from the roots, the baby mudfish moves off to sea, though, I don’t remember that he pulled particularly hard, and it took only a few short moments to land him. Making enough commotion for a ten pound pass, that mudfish pulled out as hard as a two pounder and lasted about as long as a one pounder. The mudfish went a little over four pounds.

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A mudfish can be flashy fighters. Sometimes making clean jumps that would do credit to bass and other gamefish.

A “leash” of average size will give you a good workout on a fly rod. These fish are plentiful in most all Florida fresh waters.

Photo by Philip Francis

A “leash” of average size will give you a good workout on a fly rod. These fish are plentiful in most all Florida fresh waters.

Photo by Wallace Hughes

By PHIL FRANCIS

Hank didn’t need any prodding. Even as I spoke his cast was on its way to the center of the splash the bass had made. Hank whipped the lure a couple of times, then grunted. “Man,” he cried, “I’ve got him!”

Hank’s fish darted one way and then the other, shaking his head and making huge, boiling swirls every time he turned. Hank worked him almost to the boat, only to have him explode into a sudden run with a splash that sent the spray flying. Hank again pumped the line furiously, as though he were fighting a bulldog.

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One of the principal reasons for the mudfish’s ability to survive in abundance is his enthusiasm and sense of duty as a family man. Like the bass, the male mudfish builds a nest when spawning time arrives, late winter or early spring in Florida. The mudfish nest is usually built in a weedy area, the male biting the weeds until he has a clear spot about thirty inches in diameter. Then he scoops out a hollow about a foot deep, leaving a bed of soft roots from the vegetation he has cleared away.

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(Continued on Next Page)
F.JW, simply cannot cope with mudfish in direct competition with fishermen, therefore, are justifiably matter of competition for the survival of the fittest. He usually proves when the rainy season arrives. Except when the dry season is unusually long, these ponds remain populated by mudfish. This state has an abundance of mudfish population holds up while the mudfish's ability to survive is especially important. Bass and other gamefish simply cannot cope with mudfish in direct competition. Bass fishermen, therefore, are justifiably opposed to mudfish. Nevertheless, it's a shame that so many bass fishermen steadfastly refuse to fish for them. Fishing for mudfish and other roughfish is one way to help balance things in favor of game species and it can be a lot of fun to do.

Mudfish are not particularly easy to catch... except when you don't want them... unless you use special techniques. They'll hit the same lures bass hit, but not as often. Since they feed on the same natural foods as bass, this would seem to make them smarter than bass. Actually, though, I do not think it is a matter of smartness, but rather one of feeding style. While a bass will actively chase a smaller fish, run him down, and catch him, a mudfish is more apt to lie in wait until the small fish ventures very close to him. He'll then make a quick grab with his powerful jaws and either catch or miss the intended prey. If he passes close by, they'll hit it; otherwise they let it go.

To catch mudfish on artificial lures, then, try to spot the fish first and then cast to him. I have caught hundreds of mudfish in the canals of southern Florida in this manner and have found that these fish will rarely refuse to strike a bucktail, spoon, or slow moving plug that passes right in front of them. When the water is clear it is easy to spot mudfish if you look closely along the shores and at the edges of weed beds.

Another good way to catch mudfish on an artificial lure is to use a weedless spoon in the most weedy canal you can find. Fish the spoon slowly over the weeds until it comes to any open spot, then let it drop into the water and sink. Mudfish seem to like to lie under thick weeds with their noses at the small openings. When a spoon drops into an opening being guarded by a mudfish, a strike is practically a certainty.

The most foolproof way to catch mudfish is with natural bait. Live minnows, especially shiners, are good of course, but it is asking too much to expect a man to use such expensive bait for mudfish. Actually, cut bait of any kind fished right on bottom will take mudfish as well as any live bait. The cut bait needn't be fancy; the heads from a mess of bream you've cleaned will do fine. Put a bream head on a hook, toss it out in mudfish water, and wait. When the line starts running out, you've got one... or a catfish.

It is possible to catch dozens of mudfish in an afternoon with bream heads or other cut bait in many of the canals in South Florida. Unfortunately, some of the canals that were once famed fishing waters now have nothing to offer but mudfish. When you catch a mudfish, you'll find that he fights harder after landing than he did in the water. He's hard-scaled, slick, and strong, and it is difficult to get a grip on him to remove the hook. Don't mess with him; use a pair of pliers to grab his lower jaw. Never, but never, grip him by the jaw with your hand as you would a bass.

Mudfish are poor foodfish, but it is possible to prepare them so that you can't tell how poor they are. They're said to be delicious when marinated in vinegar and spices, then baked with seasoned dressing. They are also said to be excellent smoked, the smoking process firming up the rather watery flesh. Mudfish is an essential ingredient of that famous Louisiana dish, jambalaya, a dish that contains everything else... so why not mudfish?

I have my own favorite mudfish recipe. Dig a foot-deep hole in a sandy area of your back yard, and cover therein a three pound mudfish. Now plant a watermelon seed of your favorite variety directly over the mudfish and go about your everyday routine for several weeks. When the watermelon is ripe, pick it, chill it overnight, and serve it on a warm spring evening. Serves from two to six persons, depending on the variety of melon. The wonderful thing about the recipe is that you do not have to clean the mudfish. If mudfish aren't the best eating or hardest fighting fish in the world, no one can deny that they are fun to catch. All fish can't be pompano or tarpon. At least mudfish are plentiful, and fishing for them amounts to giving gamefish a break. Personally, I get a big kick out of fishing for these prehistoric-looking living fossils. I like the big swirls they make and the way they make you think you've got a ten pound hunk of mudfish.
The sharp bows seen on many hulls will cleave the water softly and cleanly at slow speeds. When planing, however, that beautiful bow is riding above the water. This does not mean that all planing hulls are equally guilty of pounding. Some are much worse than others. Again, there is no simple explanation, but the following factors have great influence. The shape of the boat’s bottom will determine how much it pounds. If your boat is flat bottomed (and most are), it should be perfectly flat with a bow or rocker in the keel. This keel should be flat and straight from stem to stern. If a rocker exists, it will present an inclined plane to the waves, forcing the bow even higher and offering a more solid target. A sharp forefoot on a really flat bottom will ride almost level and “part” a modest chop to smooth out the ride. Best way to determine a boat’s characteristics in this respect is to take a demonstration ride. Be sure you measure it with a reasonable and practical yardstick.

By Chuck Schilling

Most boat designers consider speeds of over 25 miles an hour dangerous in flat bottomed hulls of short length and wide beam. I would have to agree—25 miles an hour is very fast in a small boat. If you will adjust your power and hull requirements to this standard, you won’t go far wrong and may even live a little longer. A sturdy, fudging, aluminum chair, I have found, makes life much more pleasant aboard an outboard fishing boat. The combination of a seat made of plastic webbing and a boat cushion takes up all the bump out of any chop. Using a chair also permits the front-riding passenger to shift his weight from directly over the front seat to just forward of it. This ability for weight adjustment is a very handy thing in a small boat. One word of warning—use a chair that has four individual legs. Cap the legs with rubber crutch tips. Those stack chairs with bent tubing for legs will throw you overboard.

Most boat cushions you buy are approved life preservers, and that the straps are ample enough to permit proper wearing.
villain here was the guy who got hurt most—the motor’s owner—who carelessly or willfully replaced the proper shearpin with a 20 penny nail or something equally dumb. With the shearpin no longer in a condition to shear, hitting a log or beach would quite often tear out the motor’s driveshaft, crankshaft, and lower unit. This is a costly bump.

To protect owners from their own foolishness, new propellers were developed. These use a shearpin as usual, but they all have a neoprene seal that binds the hub of the propeller to the blades with a force just under that required to tear up the motor. Now, if foolishly replace the proper shearpin with a steel rod, hitting a rock with the propeller will pop the seal instead of ripping the motor’s guts out.

This is all very well except that occasionally (as happened to us) the seal will let go of its own accord, leaving you adrift unless you have a spare wheel. This rarely happens, but as I know, it is a possibility.

There is no way to make any sort of repair if this happens. Your only salvation is a spare wheel. If you spend much of the backcountry or out at sea, a spare wheel is a very necessary part of your equipment. Perhaps an old-style wheelless wheel would be a good spare to carry. I am in the process of using the proper shear pin with a steel rod, hitting a rock with the propeller will pop the shearpin instead of tearing the motor.

I like this system, because it’s simple, inexpensive, and foolproof. It makes it possible for one person to handle a fairly large boat without undue strain. I usually remove the pulley from the winch line after loading has been accomplished. Naturally, the use of a pulley in this fashion requires a winch line of almost twice the normal length.

Another aspect of outboard operation I came upon this past fall is something I think needs further explanation. I was vaguely aware my propeller had a neoprene seal that in some way “protected” the motor. I let it go at that. I had an opportunity to become better acquainted with this seal down in the Keys last December.

My wife and I were fishing with Gerry Brooks and his wife, who had flown down from New York. My friends were in a rented boat that ran slick as a whistle. One day out around the Tarpon Belly Keys, Gerry’s Evinrude Motor raced wildly. The propeller running at high speed. The

(continued from preceding page)

before you can yell, “Hold on!”

Perhaps the most persistent question that keeps popping up is about loading boats on trailers. Many fishermen using the larger rigs find the actual physical strength required to turn the winch handle a little beyond their limit. Of course, you can always bring along an athletic friend or buy an electric winch, neither of which seems to fit the bill.

It is my personal belief that most of the strain of launching or loading a boat would be eliminated if the trailer were truly adjusted to the boat and then kept in good working condition. There is, however, a simple gadget that can be used that will reduce the strain of loading your boat by hand.

One of the earliest methods of multiplying power was through the use of ropes and pulleys. This still applies to boats. I suppose any single pulley would work, but the one I have was made just for this purpose. It is heavily-plated steel, has a 2-inch wheel, and will take 34-inch line. It has a 750-pound rated capacity. I bought this Fulton Trailer Pulley out of Harter’s catalog (Waseca, Minn.) for $5.50. It is used by passing the winch line through the pulley and then fastening it to the winch stand. This doubles the leverage and, of course, halves the speed of loading.

I like this system, because it’s simple, inexpensive, and foolproof. It makes it possible for one person to handle a fairly large boat without undue strain. I usually remove the pulley from the winch line after loading has been accomplished. Naturally, the use of a pulley in this fashion requires a winch line of almost twice the normal length.

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BRICK OWENS: The best bass fisherman in America?

The speaker, a stranger, was eye-opening as a debonair in her coming-out party.

I winced. "That covers a great many topnotch bass men," I observed cautiously. "Who is this friend of yours?"

"Brick Owens, of St. Cloud. He's able to think like a bass.

I'd never heard of him.

"Well, you should have," persisted my informant. "In 1956 he nailed the biggest largemouth taken in the U.S. that year with bait casting tackle. He was also top spinning rod on bass in 1956 . . . first time in history that one man has grabbed off both highest awards in the same year."

My interest perked up at that. "How big were those fish?"

"Sixteen pounds, 7½ and 13-pounds, 9-ounces, respectively. On top of that, he caught the heaviest bigmouth bass in America that year on the fly rod, too, a 12-pound, 10-ounce fish. For some reason, though, they don't recognize fly rod records made on our Florida bass.

I was definitely interested now.

"I'll tell you something else about Brick: he proved to be the best bass fisherman in this country in 1955 and 1956, too. His '55 bigmouth was a 15¾-pounder. And his '58 fish, caught last Christmas, weighed 7½ pounds, 7½ ounces. That fish was 34½ inches long and measured 32 inches in girth."

I contacted Len G. Owens, 45, of St. Cloud — better known as "Brick." His deep Alabama drawl revealed an agreeable surprise at my interest. Yes, he would gladly talk to me. No, he didn't feel he was the best bass fisherman in America.

"How many largemouths had he caught in his life?"

"This man has grabbed off both highest awards in the same year."

"Well . . . probably somewhere between, 5,000 and 10,000 over the last 30 years. In 1955, during the 3-month-long Orlando summer fishing contest, he'd entered 59 bass that weighed from 7½ to 15¾ pounds. He set a date at my convenience to visit him."

Soon after this we found ourselves sitting on the oak-shaded porch of his comfortable home. He's a big man, a husky one-time football player with the deep burn of the outdoors stamped all over him. To break the conversational ice I prodded him gently for a brief account of his background.

"Brick Owens, of St. Cloud. He was the best bass fisherman in this country in 1955 and 1956 . . . first time in history that one man has grabbed off both highest awards in the same year."

"They taught me everything they knew — and I reckon it was plenty," he said with a reminiscent grin. "They're still livin', and we still fish together even though now I've got a fishin' family of my own."

"My Dad, at 82, is the greatest man on bass I've ever met. Mom's biggest one to date is a 14-pounder."

"Tell me how you caught that fish last Christmas," I invited as I switched on a portable tape recorder.

"It was the day after Christmas. Daddy and I had driven to Lake Cypress, about 14 miles from here. I keep a boat there and we'd used it an a small kicker to go through the creek from Cypress to Lake Hatchineha."

"I prefer to wade for my bass. But my father has gotten too old to wade in winter. So we took turns rowing the boat, standing in the bow to cast to the shoreline after we'd gotten to the fishing ground."

(Continued on next page)
The fishing sure wasn’t good. We picked up a few small ones during the mornin’ and released them each time. We’d about decided to call it quits when I told Dad, ‘Circle back in over yonder an’ lemme get one more chunk at them honest.’

I was using a big topwater lure — I like to use big lures to catch big fish — and I just tossed it out and let her lay there, like I had no mind to bring it back in ever. Often, I’ve found, big fish will hit a completely forgotten lure like that. In fact, I’d once gotten this very same plug hopelessly hung up on a wire cattle fence that ran out into a lake. I had to wade out to free it, I was in up to my chin, and still moving toward it, when suddenly the water under the plug bursted open like maybe a couple colored boys had jumped in on top of it.

“The bass shot away with my big plug, snapping the line from the fence like a breaking rubber band. I was tying on another plug, to continue fishing, when I see this crazy bass begin to jump around maybe 300 feet out in the lake. I know what he’s up to. He’s tearin’ to split my plug out. And sure ‘nuf, after three or four jumps he manages to do it. So I swim out and get it back.”

“I was recalling that experience now when suddenly the big hit comes in nearly the same way at my motionless plug. One second my big basses is layin’ out there on the surface before a little nooket of brownies, not moving at all. The next, the whole place explodes.

“Man, he was strong. For the first 20 minutes I fought him from the boat. I’d just gotten a brand-new Garcia combination spinning and bait casting rod with level-wind Ambassador reel and I’d put only about 100 feet of line on the reel. I knew the big bass couldn’t break the line — unless he managed to foult it under the boat — because I had the star drag set to prevent this. But when he started to head out into the big lake that was something else again. I could see he had no intention of coming back. It was a case of either go with him or let him have the line.

“I hollered at my Dad to get us going with him, but you just can’t move a boat real fast with oars at a time like that. So I stepped up onto the gunwale and sailed over my arm, then disable him by grabbing him in the throat. But as I’ve already said, I was pretty excited about the surface of the lake, I could see my big plug. Then I saw him for the first time. He came to the surface and did a sort of half roll, then flipped his tail and disappeared again. I nearly flipped, too, at the size of him. If he wasn’t a new world record, I told myself, he was so close to it I felt shaky just thinkin’ about it.

“Seven times he pulled me out like that. Each time I got a little more excited. For all this while that he was running around out there, jumping and tearing up the surface of the lake, I could see my big plug real plain. It seemed to be hooked firmly into his lower jaw, in the muscle there, so that it hung down on the outside. It could come loose at any time.

“I finally managed to pull him into knee-deep water. He was tired but I knew I still had to watch him close. Every now and then he’d rear up that big head and try to sling the bait. When did he that he looked like a big black ‘gator.

“My Dad had pulled our boat ashore. He’d picked out a place where there were no sunken logs or tree limbs hanging down for him to break the line against. I waited my chance until I had him heading right . . . then I started walkin’ fast toward the spot where my father stood ready to help me land him, if necessary.

“I usually reach under a record fish, let him swim over my arm, then disable him by grabbing him in the throat. But as I’ve already said, I was pretty excited about the surface of the lake, I have a rule never to lay a rod and reel down, but this time I made a dive for him with both hands and got him in the gills. Then I dragged him out like a struggling hawg.”

“It was dark before the two men got back to the boat landing and put the huge bass into their car to drive back to St. Cloud. Enroute they stopped at the small general store of Bob Nichols, a man whom Owens has had weigh in several of his record fish.

“The citation subsequently issued for this fish reads: ‘This is to certify that Len G. Owens, St. Cloud, Florida on the date inscribed below did hook and successfully land a Florida bass which has been weighed and measured and a true record thereof duly entered by FIELD & STREAM in the official register of the (48th) Annual Fishing Contest. (First Prize award, dated December 24, 1958. Weight: 17 pounds. 7½ ounces. Length: 2 feet, 10½ inches.)’

“This is the fourth top U.S. bass honor Brick has won in the past five years. He hopes to earn his fifth fishing license time you read this. He has entered a 13½-pound largemouth in the spinning division of the current national FIELD & STREAM magazine contest, he says.

“Brick Owens in action with fly rod. He prefers wading to casting. Claims overlander can catch three times more fish by wading.”

(Continued From Preceding Page)

APRIL, 1960

19
He was so close I could have scared stiff. Just as there was a hand that jabbed him in the eye — if I hadn't been quiet — surfaced only about a yard from the stringer trailing behind me. The self, now 1:50 and the bass were breathing heavily before I'd paid it out. With the stringer line, since I was wearing shorts. Then I continued to fish. It was now 1:50 and the bass were beginning to hit. I started to enjoy myself, adding a fish now and then to the stringer trailing behind me. Suddenly my eyes popped at what I saw. A tremendous alligator had appeared, he sank from sight! I mean I was in a spot, and I knew I did. I did the first thing that came to mind. I turned my heavy bassers and now I heaved the big plug as far out into the lake as I could.

"When it hit about 150 feet offshore I began to work it like I'd never worked it before. Whoom — whoom — whoom, I made it set up a real racket, hoping to attract that big 'gator's attention away from me and the fish for a few seconds, anything. I can tell you I was about to shut my eyes and his protruding snout. That meant he was at least 12 feet long. Then, as quick and silent as he'd been, he sank from sight! I mean I was in a spot, and I knew I did. I did the first thing that came to mind. I turned my heavy bassers and now I heaved the big plug as far out into the lake as I could.

When I was afraid you'd come to think it was against the law to sell a bass. He looked so heartbroken I felt sorry for him.

"I beat it ashore then. When I got on the bank, my heart was there! So bad I could light a smoke. Nothin' before had ever scared me away from my fishin', but I'm tellin' you I didn't go after bass for seven weeks after that!"

"He said that sure was fine. He'd scaled in at 15% pounds. I told him it was against the law to sell a bass. He told me it was against the law to sell a bass. He looked so heartbroken I felt sorry for him."

"Later that afternoon, after I'd completed my business, I phoned Smitty. 'How about it?' I asked. 'Naw,' I told her, 'got too much to do.'"

"I was afraid you'd come to think it was against the law to sell a bass. He looked so heartbroken I felt sorry for him."

"I was sunk. That would disqualify me. Sure, if a few days later I get a letter from the contest officials. They congratulated me for having entered the biggest bass in the contest. They pointed out, however, that Rule 2 of the contest called for fish to be weighed before gutting. . . . They pointed out, however, that Rule 2 of the contest called for fish to be weighed before gutting. . . ."

"By trying to satisfy a gus's appetite for black bass I'd cut myself out of about $789 in additional cash and equipment prizes. That's why I say I fared better with the gator. . . ."

"He was laying there, glaring at me from those horned eyes like he was figuring out how to get at me next. Suddenly my eyes popped at what I saw. A tremendous alligator had appeared, he sank from sight! I mean I was in a spot, and I knew I did. I did the first thing that came to mind. I turned my heavy bassers and now I heaved the big plug as far out into the lake as I could.

When I was afraid you'd come to think it was against the law to sell a bass. He looked so heartbroken I felt sorry for him."

"Don't you believe it. Before I'd said in at 15% pounds. I had to write in on your entry blank that he'd been gutted, of course."

"And I've got to be some place in 15 minutes. So if you catch all these woppers, I catch them just for fun."

"Well, I was lucky. I tied into one that I knew was going to be a real keeper. To whip him down I had to wade and swim with him for nearly three-quarters of a mile. It was late in the day when I carried the fish back to where I'd parked the car. I was barefoot because my shoes had burst open and I'd thrown 'em away. I can tell you I was about as sore as could be."

"On top of that, I knew I had just about enough time left to scoot home, change clothes, and keep an important appointment."

"On the way home I stopped at a number of questions I'd wanted to ask. As I stood up. "What?"

"I was sunk. That would disqualify me. Sure, if a few days later I get a letter from the contest officials. They congratulated me for having entered the biggest bass in the contest. They pointed out, however, that Rule 2 of the contest called for fish to be weighed before gutting. . . ."

"By trying to satisfy a gus's appetite for black bass I'd cut myself out of about $789 in additional cash and equipment prizes. That's why I say I fared better with the gator. . . ."

"He said that sure was fine. He'd scaled in at 15% pounds. I told him it was against the law to sell a bass. He looked so heartbroken I felt sorry for him."

"Look — a here, I don't care particu- larly about eating fish,' I said. "And I've got to be some place in 15 minutes. So if you catch all these woppers, I catch them just for fun."

"Over 12½ pounds?"

"About 200."

"Twenty-five."

"Over 15 — ?"

"Five."

"You have to hear of a large-mouth bass taken that would outweigh your 17½-pound, 1¼-ounce fish of last Christmas?"

"Only one. It weighed 4 pounds, 12% ounces more and was taken up in Georgia 27 years ago. It's the world record."

"I wouldn't try to break that record!" he grinned. "I'll let you answer that one," he said.
A NGLERS AFLOAT
(continued from page 31)
stand with about 12 inches cut off at the top. The long, 32-inch stand neces-
sary for your car is not needed for your boat trailer. About 30 inches is sufficient.
Of course, you could always buy

CATCH 'EM WITH GADGETS
(continued from page 19)

a small scow's jack that will de-


off the bottom as an indicator regis-
ters the depth in feet.

antages speed and correct depth to
successfully tease fish into striking—and each species seemingly has
its preferences.

A trolling speed guide is the Fish-
Facer, a 16 ft. length of 180-pound test braided nylon line, two inter-
changeable end weights and five dif-
ferent colored floats permanently lo-
ned at different positions along the
line's length.

The affair is trolling behind the
boat. The faster the boat's speed, the
greater the resistance of water against the trolled line and attach-
ments, and the higher will it ride and
expose surface interest to surface floats.

When the blue fish puts in sur-
face appearance behind your boat, you
know you are trolling at the correct speed. Say, for instance, in fresh
water, trolling at a speed be-
tween blue and yellow float appear-
ances would be about right for blue
fishing. For guidance, you consult a chart printed on the device's win-
der face appearance behind your boat,

Many trolled baits will twist a line in short order.
A generation ago, a heart-shaped lead sinker was hung over a trolled
line to prevent line twist. Today, trolling keels can be had in plastic,
as well as the old style lead version. My advice is to change them every
few times to prevent them wearing through the swivels now come with attached keels.

For some unknown reason, it
seems that fishhooks are always harder to remove from catches when the
fish are biting best than during slack periods! To save time and

one-half ounce jigs while still damp.

ch is surrounded by the Fish-

Aldstarttime is not necessarily related to the number of
fish caught; it depends on the factors that influence their behavior.

A valuable resource for anyone inter-
ested in fishing is the Florida Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission,

FLORIDA WILDLIFE APRIL, 1960

FLORIDA WILDLIFE APRIL, 1960

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FLORIDA WILDLIFE APRIL, 1960

FLORIDA WILDLIFE APRIL, 1960
"Don't force me in...", was the conference plea of the Thomas family when they found their access to Hillsborough County's Lake Calm closed off by barriers their neighbors had erected.

The question of who owns the water, when it is legally navigable, and when accessible by the public without violating trespass laws has fired up many a hot temper, created feuds and involved the courts in protracted litigation.

The recently affirmed ruling by the Supreme Court of Florida, in the Hillsborough County case, clarifies one part of this complex question on whether or not those with offshore property, you can use the entire lake—your neighbors can't fence you off.

In the Hillsborough County case, three families—Duval, Thomas and Hruby—owned property on landlocked Lake Calm. The Duvals and Hrubys had broad lake frontage; the Thomases a wee cove sandwiched in between them. The Duvals extended their property line fence out into the water. The Hrubys, at right angles to the Duvals, did the same. The two fences met in Thomas's cove. All he had left was a trifling bit of wading water.

In ruling that the fences must come down, the Supreme Court said: "An owner of property with portions of its boundaries under water of a landlocked, non-navigable lake may use all of the lake for boating, bathing and fishing..."

This, of course, refers to a private lake, and does not grant public access except as a guest of one of the landowners. In clarifying that point, the court added this significant statement: "We take judicial knowledge of the importance of 'tourism' to our state. Florida is advertised as a playground, a retreat, a place of recreation, and swimming are prominent if not principal items of the entertainment the stranger expects to find here. If the enjoyment of non-navigable lakes were to be curtailed or restricted by a holding that the owner has asked for co-operation from the hurryscurry of the jam..."
WILDLIFE
BALANCE
WHEEL
BY DENVER STE. CLAIRE

EVERY ONCE IN A WHILE looking over the many items placed on my desk I get a "stopper." Something that really stops you in whatever you are doing and causes some serious thinking.

The following prayer appeared in the Carling Conservation Monthly Bulletin and was composed by Homer Curley of the Missouri Company.

A Thinking Man's Prayer

"Help me, Oh Lord, to remember that three feet make one yard, sixteen ounces one pound, and sixty minutes one hour. Help me to do business on the square.

"Make me sympathetic with the fellow who has broken in the struggle; keep me from taking unfair advantage of the weak, or from selling my self-respect for a profit.

"Don my eyes to the petty faults of others, but reveal to me my own. Numb my brain to the pollution of unholy thoughts. Grant me sufficient wisdom to discern right from wrong and courage to pursue the right.

"Inspire me to live, day by day, in such a way that when comes sound of low music, scent of sweet flowers, and crunch of footsteps on gravel—the ceremony will be short and the poem simple.

"Here lies a man. One who gave more of himself than he asked in return. It stirs and compels you to think. I ask, and have it near me to review. It's an excellent way to start the day.

Tax Exemption Status

For some time the Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission had been in conflict with the Internal Revenue Bureau regarding the acceptance of donations from citizens and having the tax exempt status.

Ward, just received from our headquarters relates that all donations made to the Youth Conservation League or Youth Camps of Florida are tax exempt.

Camps

The future South Florida Youth Camp is getting closer to becoming a reality every day. Earl Diemer and his various committees are working hard at getting all of the preliminaries out of the way. Legal and technical problems have been successfully solved to enable an all clear go ahead on the lake and camp projects. We are very proud of all of these conservation minded people.

By the way, Earl Diemer has been elected president of the Palm Beach Wildlife League. Congratulations!

The Cottontail Rabbit

Sportsmen and wildlife alike will commend a manufacturer of sporting arms and ammunition—in this instance Winchester—for launching a series of booklets designed to have profound impact upon getting across to laymen the true story of wildlife conservation. Its introductory number, the Cottontail Rabbit by John Madison, Information Chief for the Conservation Division of Olm Mathieson Chemical Corporation, East Alton, Illinois, will be supplied free from this source upon individual request while the supply lasts.

Targeted directly at answering sportsmen's questions about a favored quarry, The Cottontail Rabbit is readable, well-documented, straightforward-from-the-shoulder accounts of this critter's life history, pastimes and diseases, practical management, and how best to hunt him. Its objective treatment of such controversial matters as rabbit fever (tularemia) and the waste which results from stockpicking rabbits, pulls no punches and is most refreshing. Cover design and sketches by famed Wildlife artist, Maynard Reece, and action photos by Charles Schwartz, embellish the pamphlet, while its distinguished acknowledged list and selected bibliography testify to the thoroughness with which it has been prepared.

For teachers it will fill an invaluable niche in the classroom conservation library, since its direct appeal to wildlife lovers and sportsmen will capture the youngsters' interest and rivet their attention as they learn how basic considerations of wildlife management, such as carrying capacity, cover, reproduction, and predation must be dealt with to insure continued harvests. Wildlife biologist Hilbert R. Siegler, who heads the New Hampshire Fish and Game Department's Management and Research Division, cites the booklet as "an unusually effective method of putting across good game management principles."

So far as we can determine, this is the first time that the sporting arms and ammunition industry, already credited with distinguished service in behalf of firearms safety education, has attempted a contribu­tion of such a practical and definitive nature to the field of wildlife conservation education. We wish them continuing success with this project.

Missouri Conservation Commission

City sportsmen in the St. Louis area will sponsor a new project of awarding plaques to FFA chapters in 1960, for "Outstanding Conservation Education," announced Kenneth H. Hicks, Conservation Commission field services coordinator.

Hicks explained that the new plan partly replaces one used in summer camps where individual efforts were rewarded with prizes of fishing tackle, or for giving awards for team-effort, he said, "and it should help bring out the talents of farm youth who work better together than alone."

Seven plaques will be awarded in 1960—one in each of the Conservation Commission's seven districts to the FFA chapters displaying the greatest initiative developing a good program of game or fish management on a farm.

Cooperating to present these awards are the United Sportsmen's League of St. Louis, the State Vocational Agriculture Department, and the Missouri Conservation Commission.

The program gets launched in the January issue of the "Future Farmer." Details of such FFA chapters in this state can be found in the newsletter, "Future Farmer.

The Florida Conservation and Fresh Water Fish Commission, through its Youth Conservation Education Section, is creating a similar program for FFA chapters. It is the hope of the Commission to have the program completed by this June.

1960 Youth Camp

This month sometime you will receive an application for reservations for this summer's camp at Lake Eaton in the Ocala National Forest. You are on our mailing list if you have had a boy or girl enrolled in 1959.

If you are interested in sending your boy or girl to camp this summer and you are not on our mailing list please send us an application promptly.

The following is a schedule for the 1960 encampment weeks:

AUGUST 10-16

APRIL 16, 1960

OUTSTANDING Wildlife Officer Award for 1959 was recently presented to Earl D. Siegler, of Clermont, by Central Florida Regional Manager, M. C. Lake of Ocala. The award was selected from Game Commission officers and interviewees from 25 states in the livestock fed activities. He has attended 40 hours of special training, and continually works at improving his knowledge of conservation and law enforcement techniques. Pearce has made and received in more than 100 zones and fish violations.

Girls Boys July 3-9 Ages 10-16

Boys Girls July 17-23 Ages 8-12

Boys Girls July 24-30 Ages 8-12

Girls Boys July 31-August 6 Ages 8-12

Boys Girls August 7-13 Ages 13-16

Boys Girls August 14-20 Ages 8-12

Youth Conservation Corps

You will recall that a few months ago we discussed the merit of a National Youth Conservation Corps. Establishing such a corps for young men between the ages of 16 and 21 who would devote themselves during their assigned time completing conservation projects. It's a take-off on the old CCC program.

The S. B. Bill 812 was introduced by Senator Humphries and its companion bill, the S. B. Bill 772, was sponsored by U. S. Representative Blatnick.

The Senate in the 86 Congress' 1st session passed it by two votes. The House had no chance for action. It was too close to adjournment.

In the 2nd session the bill has been reintroduced by Mr. Clyde Doyle (Calif.) H. R. 9767.

CONSERVATION BULLETIN

A comprehensive booklet published by the U. S. Forest Service is titled, "Conservation Activities for Young People.

According to Ladd Gordon, Information and Education Chief of the Department of Game and Fish, this booklet is virtually a blueprint for teaching conservation in the schools of the state.

Some objects covered are field excursions, conservation projects or experiments, exhibits or collections, subjects to write or talk about, posters to make, themes for slogan contests, pledges and codes to formulate, picture collections, and panel discussions.

Club Activities

Bill Crossman, advisor to the Hall­fax Jr. Rod and Gun Club writes us that the following boys have accumu­lated the merit points:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Members</th>
<th>Merit Points</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Jeff Clitter</td>
<td>21,600</td>
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<tr>
<td>Steve Clitter</td>
<td>21,600</td>
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<tr>
<td>David Jackson</td>
<td>13,150</td>
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<tr>
<td>Jimmy Wilson</td>
<td>12,190</td>
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<td>John Harkrader</td>
<td>11,160</td>
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<tr>
<td>Robert Jeff</td>
<td>26,093</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Joe Lawman</td>
<td>1,250</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Glen Schmiesravet</td>
<td>16,730</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bruce Bixley (new member)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Club Activities:

President Jeff Clitter
Vice President John Clitter
Treasurer Robert Earhart

Pahokee Club

I received a very surprising and interesting letter the other day from W. A. (Pop) Reynolds. He tells me that the Pahokee Club is being re-activated and he hopes to attain the membership of 42 he had two years ago.

We are very happy to see you again and hope that you will remain healthy now that you have recovered from your illness. Good luck and good shooting.

* * * *

Don't forget to send in your quali­fied merit points for your membership. The following is a list of badges you can earn:

Ranger, Chief Ranger, Forester, etc.
Lure selection, from among the "Dartury," "Wiggly," "Peeper" and "Pike" models, has taken many time Florida fish. Few anglers are aware that the Indiana firm makes a wide variety of lure styles, in just about whatever color combination one can imagine. It is also quite possible to obtain the same color and lure shape in several different sizes, to balance with your angle's intermountant. Select a lure to the different combination of rod, reel and line.

FWFTG has never seen a properly made "Spairmount" name. "Spairmount" is a registered trademark of Spairmount Co., and probably legally will. The manufacturer takes pride in producing quality merchandise.

Through the years, FWFTG has compiled a list of Creek Chub lure models that have been outstanding performers in Florida waters. These include No. 2001, 2003, 718, 700, 3401, 7000, 2307, 1703, 3418, 3402, 2302, 2018, 1818 SF, 3201 and 5504—in the represented numbered color finishes. There are others, but the models listed have been notably productive among their kind. Spairmount, trout, and fresh water bass have succumbed to the listings. Among new Creek Chub catalog listings, the "Nickel," or "Nickel-Eat" models are proving their worth in Florida waters.

Unfortunately, Creek Chub lures are un­
mistakable by the angler. Fishing boxes, can often be hard to identify by true model number. Why can't all fishing lures carry model numbers stenciled on their metal lips or on undersides?...

Therefore, to better understand the en­
compassing world of fresh and saltwater Creek Chub lures, as well as their specialized application, take time to drop a note or card to Creek Chub Co., Grand Haven, Mich., for a folder illustrating Creek Chub baits in available styles and colors. Then you can be sure of getting the right size when you examine unpackaged Creek Chub lures at your local sporting goods store.

Among Florida's fresh and salt water fishermen, Creek Chub baits are favorites.

CROSS CREEK BASS

(continued from page 22)

off the bottom. Cast the worm into the water in which bass have been hanging. Let it sink until you feel it hit the bottom, then slowly work up the slack. Now retrieve it very slowly, flicking the rod tip very slowly.

When you think you are snarled on the bottom, set the hook with a hard pull. You'll probably come up with a fighting fish—but not always.

A strike and the hook snagging the bass are almost impossible to differentiate. However, if you are at the number of times you'll come up with a bass. The reason for the almost weightless is that when a bass takes the fly, it is almost weightless and does not cause the fish to release its bite. As Tom Clark, an expert with this latest

school fishing etiquette".

When school fishing, it is wise to watch the gulls and fish hawks. If you are homing over and swamp- ing down into the box, you have a sure sign that haw is moving downstream.

This warning gives you time to get ready for the bass when they start "taking up" into the river as menhaden and other bait swim overhead. An­
other tip to remember is to watch the signs indicating wind direction. Bait follow the current and are influenced by the wind. Thus it can
easily be determined which side of the mouth to watch closely for school­
ing bass.

The best school fishing is usually early in the morning and late in the afternoon. Bass will begin feeding at daylight if the bait is running. The action generally slows down during the middle of the day and starts again late in the afternoon. How­
ever, this is not always true. Re­
cently, bass schooled every day for a week at marker 24, and the best fishing was from noon until 5 o'clock.

DIXIE PANFISH

(continued from page 15)

a definite and distinctive odor. Sim­
ply cruise along slowly with the trol­
down kicker, or padding. You may see
en across a "scent" line. When you have worked up wind to a place where the peculiar fishy aroma is especially strong, start working a baited hook attached to a and probably lure. The manufacturer takes pride in producing quality merchandise.

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FLORIDA CLUB NEWS

(continued from page 7)

of navigable waters and construction and maintenance of roads.

Izaak Walton League

A state council of the Izaak Wal­
ton League seems assured, accord­
ing to Gary Bennett, agent for the Brevard County Chapter.

To qualify for a state council chap­
ter, 25 persons must apply. At least five of them must come from our community and five communities must be represented.

Bennett stated that Izaak Walton chapters now in existence can fulfill the requirements and he has invited all members of the League to meet in Cocoa Beach on May 6, 7 and 8 to form the council.

"The State Council will be an im­
mediate organization that will pull together the broad-thinking conser­
vationists of the State of Florida," Bennett said. "This will give the benefit of a conservation structure that will have quick access to the services of the national organiza­
tion and can speak with greater ef­
cfectiveness in regard to the State of Florida's natural resources issues.

The formation of this Council can provide a better voice in both state and national conservation affairs for Florida."

The KoKo Motel and the Conse­
rvation Motel will be the headquar­ters for the session.

"The Izaak Walton League is not­
only the finest conservation organ­
ization in Florida," said Bennett. "It is not to sup­
plant or compete with any other conservation group."
By CHUCK SCHILLING

Questions

Question: I plan to go to Florida for a vacation that includes both freshwater fishing and golf. Am I not looking for bright lights or planned entertainment. Where should I go? P. M. Brown, Jr., Charlotte, N.C.

Answer: Florida is not noted for good surf casting beaches. With but few exceptions, some of those facing the beach are from Fort Lauderdale to Fort Pierce on the southeast coast. In this stretch, Juno Beach and Jensen Beach are the best known.

Casting surf fishing to freshwater fish making recommendations. Jensen Beach is about the only place in the state where both these commodities are but a few minutes from the center of town. This is true of most beach surf fishing, but plenty of excellent accommodations for fishermen at reasonable prices. Write to Jensen Beach Chamber of Commerce for a free fishing book.

Question: I recently retired to Florida and am looking for a location to my recommendation. Jensen Beach is the only place in the state where both beach surf fishing, but plenty of excellent accommodations for fishermen at reasonable prices. Write to Jensen Beach Chamber of Commerce for a free fishing book.

Question: I have seen sea cows swimming in the Miami River. Are they dangerous to swimmers? Or boats? Mrs. Geo. Windruff, Miami Beach, Fla.

Answer: Any large animal is potentially dangerous to man. The manatee would come under that rule. I once saw one cause commotion in the air when a manatee hit it with its tail. I was taking pictures of the animal in shallow water, and the sea cow became frightened. Under any but the most unusual circumstances, this animal is completely harmless. They are, also, rigorously protected by state law.

Question: I often read about "terminal tackle." What kind of tackle is this? Billy Lowery, Ithaca, Ga.

Answer: I think you turned to the wrong sport if you object to releasing fish. What are you going to do with the plus you knock down, eat them? Besides, no one is forcing you to release any fish. I say try bottom fishing exclusively for a year or so. After a steady diet of clatter and bang in a snare-fished beams, perhaps the purest game and peace of a lake or stream will be more attractive.

Question: I have been catching small fish that never seem to get bigger than 12 inches long. They are unmistakably caught but a black and white spotted color. I've fished for catfish all my life but have never seen this kind before. Can you tell me more? J. Klahr, Lake City, Fla.

Answer: I've caught these spadetail rays in the South Fork of the St. Johns River, and use catfish expert. From Lynne, Ed. of the Stuart News, identifies them as "wobbler rays." They are wonderful in the skillet.

Question: I was a subscriber to the now defunct Fisherman's Magazine and always enjoyed your feature articles. I particularly remember "The Silver Coast." I visited the Panama City-Destin-Fort Walton area as a result of this yarn and am now a regular visitor. Are there any magazines today doing a job for saltwater fishing? F. Mattfeld, Atlanta, Ga.

Answer: Thanks for remembering the fisherman. Two magazines that are doing an excellent job for the Gulf Coast area and saltwater angling everywhere are: THE CREST COLORADO SPORTSMAN, P. O. Box 292, Tallahassee, Florida, and SALT WATER SPORTSMAN, 157 Federal Street, Boston, Mass.

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