This Florida Wildlife Magazine Digital Preservation Project is developed with financial assistance provided by the: William H. Flowers, Jr. Foundation and the Fish & Wildlife Foundation of Florida, Inc. through the Conserve Wildlife Tag grant program.
Complete summary of Hunting and Trapping Rules and Regulations, applying to Game, Fur Bearing Animals, and Reptiles 1959-60, can be obtained at the office of the County Judge, or from any of the regional offices, Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission, listed on Page 3.
POOR ILLUSTRATION

The Editor:

I am not in the habit of writing letters to magazines, but great goo-
whim fellow, a magazine that preaches and concentrates on safety
in the woods like you fellows do, to print a picture as you did in the
October issue, page 23 of brother Jack Fulbright carrying a buck out
of the woods in that fashion is awful.

Holy smokes, are you trying to show
me how to do what I have a friend shot by taking a buck
in just a few seconds, to

HE'S A DEAD

Sir:

Congratulations on a terrific mag-
azine. I am enclosing my renewal which
starts my third year of reading
FLORIDA WILDLIFE, and I would
like to add that although I have
lived in Florida for more than twenty-
year years, I have learned more about
Florida during the past two years of
reading your magazine than all the
time before. After reading about all the
hunting accidents in the papers and
the article "They're All Jerks," by Mr.
Musser should be selected for spe-
cial recognition. I was not a reader
of your magazine back in 1954, so
would like to read that other article
by Bob Dalene that Mr. Musser men-
tioned.

B. C. Kaplan
St. Petersburg, Fla.

Without a doubt, the author was a 'jerk,'
and I started to get mad. As I
thoughts

JERKS.

Dear Sir:

In the August issue, page 4, the first paragraph, the Bream Question,
I note that you state the name 'bream' is a family name but you will note
from the attached that there is a fish
that has the name bream, 'Q. Are we
Southerners wrong in calling certain
fish we catch bream, pronounced
brim'—A. Utterly wrong. The bream
is a European fish not found in North
America.

I do not know too much about fish-
ing, but I am trying to learn, and
like FLORIDA WILDLIFE very much.

A. C. Townsend
Auburndale, Fla.

Further, it was plain that Mr.
Musser indeed knew the subject that
he had penned to the editor.

Sure con! You failed to supply an
address. The only reason we know
that you must live in Miami is that
all mailings bore that postmark.

We might add here that you are not
alone Mr. Hall. Quite a file of such
requests have gone unanswered be-
cause the senders failed to give com-
plete or correct mailing address.

THE COVER — Probably the most abundant of the world's ducks, the
mallard is a familiar sight throughout Florida during the winter season.
The adult male of drake is a strikingly beautiful bird with head and
neck of rich iridescent green. The adult female is buffy with much streak-
ing of dark brown.

From A Painting By Wallace Hughes

A hand-signed gift card will tell each
friend that YOU have given them a whole
year of arm-chair hunting and fishing in the
Sunshine State.

Here is a 12-in-1 gift that is perfect for
your relatives, friends and business asso-
ciates who like to hunt and fish in
FLORIDA.

This is the third time I am writing for a sample
copy of FLORIDA WILDLIFE, which I
have heard so much about, and
would like to see once before sub-
scribing.

If you take one fish, and claim it to be a bream, you are
wrong.

GETTING MAD

Dear Editor:

I am getting quite mad. This is the
third time I have written for a sample
copy of FLORIDA WILDLIFE, which I
have heard so much about, and
would like to see once before sub-
scribing. I offered to pay whatever
amount it might cost, and also re-
quested information on any other
literature you might have available.

Can you give me the reason why you have ignored these requests?

J. H. Hall
Miami, Fla.

FLORIDA WILDLIFE
The Florida Magazine For ALL Sportsmen

Here is a 12-in-1 gift that is perfect for
your relatives, friends and business asso-
ciates who like to hunt and fish in
FLORIDA.

You shop from home, Mail $2.00 for
EACH ONE-YEAR subscription to:
FLORIDA WILDLIFE
tallahassee, Florida

THE THERE IS STILL TIME

for that last minute extra
special gift to your sportsmen friends.

GIVE A CHRISTMAS PRESENT THAT EXTENDS YOUR
GOOD WISHES THROUGH THE ENTIRE YEAR, A GIFT SUBSCRIPTION TO . . .

Florida WildlIfe
4

Tallahassee, Florida

JANUARY, 1960

4
Meeting late in October, members of the Florida Wildlife Federation executive group discussed problems ranging from conservation scholarships to the disposal of atomic wastes. It was announced that the DuPont Plaza hotel in Miami will be the site of 1960's federation meeting. The dates will be Sept. 16, 17 and 18.

Tentative dates for regional meetings were listed as: Southwest Florida, July; Northwest Florida, March; Southeast Florida, May; Central Florida, June. No date had been proposed for Northeast Florida.

President Hubert Robertson appointed the following committee for water study of the South Florida area: H. O. Sweat, chairman, and Herb Alley, Earl Diemer, Charles Labene and Bob Baier.

It was announced that Tommy Anderson will again be Wildlife Week chairman for the state with Jack Wilber as his co-chairman to handle Junior Chamber of Commerce aid and Ernie Lyons as chairman of newspaper, television and radio publicity. The theme will be "Water Resource Use," covering land fill programs, marginal fish, bulkhead problems and similar controversies.

The successful suit placed against the Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission by the Florida Archery Association for the purpose of opening the Everglades area to controlled hunting was discussed. The area had been illegally closed by local law passed by the legislature according to the court's finding that the area was not "suitable" for such hunting.

It was voted that the Federation recommend to John Wakefield, department of water resources, that regional short courses in water problems should be conducted rather than a single statewide course.

Concerning a study commission: concerning the Gulf and Fresh Water Fish Commission, a bill passed by the legislature during Dec. 16, it was voted that A. Ray Richards from the Northwest Florida Sportsmen's Association should be appointed to the Federation to express the desires of the Federation as opposing all drainage projects connected with the proposed water project to the extent that they be approved only after study by all divisions of the Co-ordination Act of the United States and that he be instructed to supply all impoundment areas involved that are beneficial to wildlife. He is instructed to study all studies and recommendations made by the Gulf and Fresh Water Fish Commission.

President Robertson announced a salt water committee for the state with Gary Bennett as chairman, to be assisted by J. W. Giles of Panama City, Paul Main of Jacksonville, Vic Dunaway of Miami and Sol Fleishman of St. Petersburg as members.

Criticism was also voiced against the three percent sales tax on boat- ing rules, and personal tax on boats in some counties.

Trevor Morris, of West Palm Beach, was elected president of the Florida Boating Federation. Full information can be obtained by writing to Mr. Donald Way, 874 West Stiltsville, Hialeah, Florida.

By CHARLES WATERMAN

BOATING FEDERATION

Some 75 boating enthusiasts, representing 20 boat clubs from throughout Florida, met in Leesburg on Nov. 13 and 14, to formulate plans against what are termed "iniquities and assaults" on boat owners and boating.

Prime goals established by the organization include: Legislation to promote the use of marine fuel tax and boating registration collections for boating purposes; to promote a provision which would eliminate personal property tax on boating equipment; to secure adoption of a state tattle law on boating equipment; and to take concerted action to reduce water pollution plus protection against installations involving conflict of bridges and dams that could interfere with navigation and prevent use of public access rights.

Criticism was also voiced against the three percent sales tax on boating rig, and personal tax on boats in some counties.

Mr. Robertson reported on a visit to the proposed youth conservation camp in the W. W. Waters area near the Pratt-Whitney plant. He pointed to the fact that camps exist at Ocala and at West Palm Beach and that (continued on page 37)

By DENVER STE. CLAIRE

EVE RYONE SEEMS TO CLAIMING this new year as the "60" year; automobiles, appliances, and electronics are using "60" as the key word. Conservation should roll along with the "catch phrase" -- the "60" year too. With a united front and a unified effort of all of us can make "60" the best in the chronicles of conservation history.

Where do we initiate this effort? Why, on the home front or at the "grass roots level."

There are so many programs, projects, and assignments to be accomplished. To think on a nationwide scale the push must come from the "folks back home." Your neighbors and YOU can help guide the destiny of this country.

Be a Minute-Man in "60."

Be alert to your city and county commission's planning now and in the future. Your voice can be heard — the sympathy of many voices can inspire your elected officials to fight for wise conservation policies. Contribute your local efforts and take your appeals to your legislators. Tell your neighbors and you can help guide the destiny of this country.

Be Alert to your city and county commission's planning now and in the future. Your voice can be heard — the sympathy of many voices can inspire your elected officials to fight for wise conservation policies. Contribute your local efforts and take your appeals to your legislators. Tell your neighbors and you can help guide the destiny of this country.

"60" is best for conservation. Let's do it. Happy New Year to you all.

This is the "60" parade of Youth Conservation Clubs:


(continued on page 37)
Many of the questions received from readers of the Firearms Section during a calendar year are highly interesting but are often unsuited to full column treatment.

However, questions pertaining to subjects of general reader interest can periodically be grouped. In such form, they make informative reading.


Answer: Let's say—if a shooter can consistently make certain kills while walking and hill climbing easier. It can also be used as a steady influence for slow-fire, offhand, long range rifle shooting.

A well-sanded hoe or rake handle about 3½ ft. long will make a good American version of the European alpenstock.

To use it for shooting, set it upright and support it and the rifle's fore-end with the left hand.

Question: Do you know of any Florida-resident agents for hunting trips in foreign countries? W. C. M.—Orlando.

Answer: The A. W. Peterson Gun Shop, Route 1, M. D., Dorado, operated by Leighton L. Baker, is a Florida agency for hunting trips all over the world, especially jungle hunts in Columbia, on the headwaters of the Orinoco.

The Colombia trip consists of 12 days, with eight days actually in the jungle. The trip is a package deal, including all transportation (airline), hotels, food, all equipment while in the jungle, boats and motors, native safari crew, etc. Baker guides the parties personally.

If hunting in South America does not hold any attraction for you, Baker has other foreign offerings. He can also arrange hunting trips to various points in the United States.

Question: What is meant by "caliber"? Is it the size of bullet used, or is it the measurement of bore diameter to the bottom of the grooves of the rifling? L. K. W.—Savannah, Ga.

Answer: Caliber is hundreds of an inch measurement of the diameter of a rifle or pistol bore, measured from opposite points where a bullet just touches the highest points of the rifling's lands—not to the depths of the grooves.

A .30 caliber rifle is actually .308 in barrel groove diameter, but the bullet itself is a true .30 caliber, as factory-loaded.

In Europe, caliber is expressed in millimeter measurement instead of hundreds of an inch. For example, a 7.62mm Mauser cartridge has a bullet diameter equivalent to our .30 caliber.

Some American and European cartridge loadings are interchangeably, but many are, not even though of approximately identical bullet diameter size.

It is most important to firearm users attempt to fire only proper fitting ammunition.

Question: My war-surplus British service rifle has a barrel with a left-hand rifling twist instead of the right-hand rifling twist given most American guns. Why is this? C. D. D.—DeLand.

Answer: Everything considered, Modified Choke is probably the most practical shotgun choke.

But why limit yourself to one choke when there are so many good selective choke devices for installation on pumps and autoloaders? With a selective choke device like the Poly-Choke, Weaver, Lyman, Patthayre or Heter, you can make one gun do many different jobs—and all of them well.

Question: Are there many possible combinations? F. K. S.—Sarasota.

Answer: There are many possible combinations that will give you something in the way of a "matched set" of guns.

You might combine the Remington Model 527 .22 caliber slide-action with the Remington Model 709 big-game rifle and Model 870 Wingmaster shotgun—or a Winchester Model 60 .22 caliber slide-action with the Remington Model 709 (in any of several big-game calibers) and your choice of the Winchester Model 12, Bhares 27 and Remington 879 shotguns.

In autoloaders, you can consider teaming the Remington Model 522 (.22 caliber) and the Remington 870 (in various centerfire calibers) with a Remington, Browning, Winchester or J. C. Higgins autoloading shotgun.

If your preference is for lever-action guns, you can match the Marlin 39A .22 caliber with the Marlin Model 1894 big-game rifle, or with a Savage Model 99 or Winchester Model 94. But you'd have to use another style of action for your shotgun. Lever-action shotguns are not among current American manufactures.

Question: In one of your columns, you mentioned Forester Bros., Inc., of Illinois, as source of supply for 30-06 and .270 caliber headspace gauges. The firm advises it does not make a .22 caliber rimfire headspace-measuring gauge. Who does? E. V. R.—Homestead.

Answer: Keith Francis, Talent, Oregon, is the man to write. He makes a long list of popular and special caliber headspace gauges, including .22 caliber.

Francis will honor small orders even though he manufactures remanufactures, grinds and other gunsmithing tools primarily for the gunsmithing trade—including Weatherby's of California, and Bigby, of London, among many. 

By EDMUND MCLAURIN

Muzzle Flashes

FLORIDA WILDLIFE

JANUARY, 1960

The slow-fire, long range varmint hunter will use a left-hand version of the European alpenstock, or walking stick, a steady influence for offhand shooting at long ranges.

an all-around pump or autoloading shotgun for Florida hunting, what would be its choke boring? V. B. J.—Immacolake.

Answer: Everything considered, Modified Choke is probably the most practical shotgun choke.

But why limit yourself to one choke when there are so many good selective choke devices for installation on pumps and autoloaders? With a selective choke device like the Poly-Choke, Weaver, Lyman, Patthayre or Heter, you can make one gun do many different jobs—and all of them well.

Question: Question: I like to hunt varmints while in the jungle, boats and similar events. I. K. W.—Savannah, Ga.

Answer: Everything considered, Modified Choke is probably the most practical shotgun choke.

But why limit yourself to one choke when there are so many good selective choke devices for installation on pumps and autoloaders? With a selective choke device like the Poly-Choke, Weaver, Lyman, Patthayre or Heter, you can make one gun do many different jobs—and all of them well.

Question: Question: My war-surplus British service rifle has a barrel with a left-hand rifling twist instead of the right-hand rifling twist given most American guns. Why is this? C. D. D.—DeLand.

Answer: Everything considered, Modified Choke is probably the most practical shotgun choke.

But why limit yourself to one choke when there are so many good selective choke devices for installation on pumps and autoloaders? With a selective choke device like the Poly-Choke, Weaver, Lyman, Patthayre or Heter, you can make one gun do many different jobs—and all of them well.

Question: Question: I like to hunt varmints while in the jungle, boats and similar events. I. K. W.—Savannah, Ga.

Answer: Everything considered, Modified Choke is probably the most practical shotgun choke.

But why limit yourself to one choke when there are so many good selective choke devices for installation on pumps and autoloaders? With a selective choke device like the Poly-Choke, Weaver, Lyman, Patthayre or Heter, you can make one gun do many different jobs—and all of them well.

Question: Question: I like to hunt varmints while in the jungle, boats and similar events. I. K. W.—Savannah, Ga.

Answer: Everything considered, Modified Choke is probably the most practical shotgun choke.

But why limit yourself to one choke when there are so many good selective choke devices for installation on pumps and autoloaders? With a selective choke device like the Poly-Choke, Weaver, Lyman, Patthayre or Heter, you can make one gun do many different jobs—and all of them well.
O all sport fishing methods, wading is probably the most generally productive. Unfortunately, wading can be done only in very shallow water. This eliminates most of the waters of the world and many species of game fish. Where wading is practicable, it attracts devotees like a honey pot attracts bees.

In the United States, salmon, trout, and steelhead streams make up most of the wading waters of our northern parts, but in the south (and particularly in Florida), our shallow rivers, lakes, estuaries, and saltwater flats make the Sunshine State a wading angler’s paradise.

There is little doubt a wading fisherman has a terrific advantage over an angler in a boat. If the water throws a much lower silhouette and, so, can’t be seen as readily by the fish. The wader is usually either alone or at a goodly distance from any companions. This keeps his attention riveted on a human, or at least a human figure, long enough for the fish to think he is not important enough to pay any attention to. The fisherman, with his eyes fixed on the wader, is often very relaxed, and it is this which allows him to be surprised by the fish in front of him.

Wading is particularly productive if the angler is the only one on the water or a very few. This is the case in many streams and rivers, and particularly in Florida, where wading is one of the secrets that make up most of the wading waters of our southern states.

Perhaps the biggest advantage of wading is that it allows the angler to be where he wants to be. Wading is so popular because of its flexibility. The wader can stop fishing and start again in any location he desires. He can change his location as often as he desires. He can change his location as often as he desires. He can change his location as often as he desires.

The big boon in wet wading, however, is that it allows the angler to keep informed about water temperatures. Shallow water lying under the Florida sun warms up quickly. Most game fish, forced by the sun, are forced to move to cooler water. If you have any idea where the fish are going to be, you can fish them. The big boon in wet wading is that it allows the angler to keep informed about water temperatures. Shallow water lying under the Florida sun warms up quickly. Most game fish, forced by the sun, are forced to move to cooler water. If you have any idea where the fish are going to be, you can fish them.

In my own Jensen Savannah, where I’ve spent many happy days wading wet, I mark these spots as the fish concentrate. I use a long pole to sight the areas where they congregate. The boat is seldom aware of these spots, but the wader is always aware of them. Fishing the cool spots of a lake, river, or ocean is one of the secrets that make up most of the wading waters of our southern states.

Wading wet is also much less fatiguing than wading dry. A rubber band over them. My cool water is usually many feet above the surface. This type of wader, the system I’ve found best in rough water, walking on rocks and sunken trees, and I’ve yet to find any waders that can stand up to the test. The foot of the wader is one of the secrets that make up most of the wading waters of our southern states.

Most gum rubber waders made for northern waters are made of gum rubber, vinyl plastic, and rubber impregnated cloth. Let’s take them one at a time.

Gum rubber waders are called “Totes” and have hip length. They come, though, in waist length or chest-high sizes. I have a pair of “Totes” I’ve carried in my car for years in case of emergency. They have never given me any trouble. One time I remember was down in the Keys when I had a Yankee friend in tow, who was anxious to go bone fishing even though a strong northeaster was blowing cold as ice. We were stuck, but at least I had my “Totes” to keep me warm and dry. I could have sold them on that Big Pine beach that day for a big profit. Naturally we caught no bonefish.

Gum rubber seems to be strong and durable. It is a little heavy and warm for Florida use, but it is the most comfortable to wear. They slip on and off easily as an extra pair of pants. My feet really stay comfortable in these waders day after day, fishing in rough water, walking on rocks and sunken trees, and I’ve yet to find any blisters or foot trouble.

For my money, vinyl waders are for the birds. They tear easily, seem to have built-in weaknesses at the seams, and the first pair of them I bought were never dry inside again. I’d swear by them. There are three major kinds of wading gear. These are made of gum rubber, vinyl plastic, and rubber impregnated cloth. Let’s take them up one at a time.
Close-To-Home

QUAIL
By EDMUND McLARIN

We opened the season with ten days of deer hunting in the Ocala National Forest, so it was not until after the second week that we got to try quail shooting close to home. As we parked the car by the fenced-in area and released Rebel, Bud’s rangy pointer, from his car-cage, we wondered if the birds were still there.

"Sure hope they haven’t been shot," Bud said.

"I don’t think they have," I answered. "When we were in the filling station down the road, I asked the operator if he’d heard of any good bird shooting close to home. He said he hadn’t. . . But we’ll soon find out!"

We uncased our guns and stuffed shells into our pockets. Bud was using a 12 ga. Browning autoloader, and I had a 16 ga. Ithaca Model 37 pump. Both guns were bored Improved Cylinder.

Our choice of shot was No. 8, probably the most popular of all quail loads. However, we could just as well have had sizes 7½ and 9 shot. In the right gun, any of the three shot sizes will do a creditable job.

It seemed we had scarcely entered the fenced-in area when Rebel came to point. The big dog had certainly settled down to business quickly!

Ahead, he was frozen into statue-like immobility, all muscles taut and eyes fixed on the quarry he was holding at bay.

We checked our guns and slowly moved in, separating slightly to obtain different shooting angles and a better safety factor for the fast-seeing firing we expected would be needed amid the pines. . .

Now, a fellow can shoot quail for years and years, but somehow he never seems to overcome that excited feeling he experiences as he slowly comes up behind a dog on point. And although he knows one or more birds will soon break for better cover, and is physically ready, the almost underfoot rear of rising birds nevertheless comes as something of a surprise and shock. Only when the birds are actually in flight, and fast action called for, does the experienced gunner demonstrate complete emotional control and his inherent skill. Until then, he usually shares the same excitement that besiegies a beginner on his first quail shoot.

Such were my emotions as we flushed our birds . . . Seven brown bombshells exploded from the earth and took separate, twisting flight paths through the small pines. I selected one particular target and cut loose at him. I missed!

(continued on next page)

The bobwhites flushed from among those old-fashioned rail fence, invariably headed into the borderline tree growth. For us, it was close-to-home quail hunting.
Richmond. His was the only 22 visi-
ted by birds of that species. The
result was a large covey. Bud had
worked hard to make sure that
would continue. He started out
with some shots, but then decided
he needed more time to work with
that bird.

The bird flushed and Bud
missed. He tried again and made a
better shot, but the bird avoided
him. This continued for a while,
but finally Bud was able to
knock down a single bird. Bud
was pleased with his shot, and
repeated it several times. He ended
up with a good score.

The birds were working on the
ground, and Bud continued to
seek cover as a single shot. He
managed to make several more
shots, with varying degrees of
success. Eventually, Bud was able
to knock down a large number
of birds.

Bud then turned his attention
to the rest of the group. He
retrieved the birds and
continued to work with them,
striving to get them to
follow his lead. He
ultimately succeeded, and
the group was
able to continue
without further issue.

In the end, Bud was able
to achieve his goal of
knocking down a large number
of birds. The group worked
cooperatively to make the most
of the situation, and Bud was able
to demonstrate his
expertise in the process.

(continued from preceding page)

He grabbed me and told me
that he had to
make sure that I
understood the
rules. I
agreed, and we
continued on.

Bud had
worked hard to
prepare for
this hunt,
and he
wanted to make
sure that I
understood
what was
required.

The birds
were
agitated,
and Bud
continued
to work with
them. He
ultimately
succeeded in
knocking down
a large number
of birds.

In the end, Bud was able
to achieve his goal of
knocking down a large number
of birds. The group worked
cooperatively to make the most
of the situation, and Bud was able
to demonstrate his
expertise in the process.
FANCY FISHING

In 1950, Tex L'Argent and a Crescent City builder were discussing Tex's plans for the first sportsmen's fishing resort on Crescent Lake. The builder kept shaking his head in disbelief. Finally, he could hold it no longer. "I think you are throwing your money down a rat hole," he said. "This place you are planning to build is much too fancy for fishermen." With a tight-lipped smile that's typical of the man, Tex replied, "There's nothing too fancy for fishermen." In the years that have passed, Tex made this radical philosophy stick. His Bass Capital Resort is tangible evidence that fishermen are not slow, content with substandard accommodations. In fact, Tex has gone a long way beyond this point. Not only are his fishermen accommodations the last word in modern comfort and convenience, but he has turned his lakeside resort grounds into a beautiful, parklike garden as well.

No sandspurs, weeds, or mudholes offend the guests at Bass Capital Resort. Sculptured and terraced lawns fall away from main buildings to lake in close-clipped beauty that speaks of loving care. Over 100 varieties of fancy hibiscus and hundreds of tropical trees, shrubs, and vines grace these grounds, adding a riot of color to a vista as pleasing as these appreciative eyes have enjoyed for a long time.

There's more, lots more, to this Fancy Fishing Resort. There's a swimming pool, with year-round water temperature of 75° for coolness in summer and warmth in winter. There's a "Small Fry" splash basin that's the delight of the younger set. There are orange trees loaded with fruit, free for the picking, and a completely landscaped, covered boat basin with cypress plank walks and stalls that make boat care a thing of small concern.

Last, but far from least of the fancy attractions that make this place unique, are two "Fun Pools" that are completely fascinating. More of these a little later.

When Tex L'Argent declared, "Nothing is too fancy for fishermen," he was speaking about fishing camps and the accommodations they offer. He was thinking of the many sorry places he had been forced to use — the poorly-designed leaky boats, balky motors, and general attitude that a fishing camp was just naturally a rough place. It was these experiences that made him determine to build a fishing camp of his own molded after his heart's desire.

I have reported all this in detail, because I strongly believe this side of sports fishing is all too often glossed over by outdoor writers. Sports fishing has grown out of its swaddling clothes, and the angler of today is hardly a person satisfied with anything less than the best. He has learned that most waters offer a wide choice of fishing resorts for his selection, and he has learned to shop around. He has found the very best is offtimes no more expensive than the very worst, and he has found there is seldom much difference in the price in any case.

Tex L'Argent's determination to provide Fancy Fishing to discriminating anglers was aided and abetted by his location on one of the most unusual fishing lakes in Florida. Crescent Lake is roughly 23 miles long and lies approximately in a north-south direction. The lake is long and narrow, and its wooded shores give protection from prevailing winds that are usually either easterly or westerly all year round. This makes for sheltered fishing water that seldom gets too rough for comfort.

Crescent Lake is probably one of Florida's deepest bodies of water. It is banded by sand bars that extend out from shores sometimes as much as half a mile. The bars drop off into water 18 to 25 feet deep. Fishing here is principally for bass and speckled perch. Both species are present in abundance, with the natural advantages of lake conformation making bass fishing, in particular, a thing of joy.

It's a peculiar fact that, while all Florida lakes may look alike to an untrained eye, not all produce alike so far as big fish are concerned. In many of Florida's lakes, famous for bass fishing, a 10-pound bass is a rarity, and 12 pounds is the top limit. Not so in Crescent Lake—over 100 fish of 10 pounds or over came in to the Bass Capital Resort docks last year. The largest of these weighed 15 1/2 pounds, and bass of 17 pounds have been landed. This is a lot of bass, and when you consider there are three fishing resorts on the lake in addition to the Bass Capital Resort, you can begin to understand why world-famous fishing expert Jason Lucas considers Crescent Lake one of the top bass lakes in the country.

Tex and I fished for bass three different ways, with Tex doing the guiding from one of his excellent catamaran fishing boats. We connected beautifully on all three counts, with my strongly favoring one method in particular. There's no denying fishing for school bass is a very popular pastime. I'll be frank to say it leaves me cold, but if I were to warm up to this kind of fishing, it would undoubtedly be on Crescent Lake, where a new twist has been added.

In case anyone doesn't know about "school bass" or "jump fishing," here's a brief explanation. The St. (continued on next page)
Johns River basin, open to the ocean at Jacksonville, attracts schools of game fish who feed on them. Sports fishermen have long known of this and marked the most likely places for the shad minnows to tack them. 

Practice patience. When the action starts, it's fast and can consistently guess where bass will do start any time of day or night on Crescent Lake, but here dawn and dusk are sure-fire. At dusk, the tideless Crescent Lake, shad develop habit patterns that make the schooling process regular as clockwork. 

Both trips take them across shallow sand bars where both hungry bass and bass fishermen await. What a life—fish early and late with assured results and spend the rest of the day loafing around the Bass Capital Resort swimming pool, dock, and "Fun Pools." That's the life.

While school bass at Crescent Lake are big for this kind of fishing (2 to 3 pound average) larger bass seem to prefer breaking with the pack and going it alone. This is sand bar fishing, combing the weed pockets and shore line, casting to "places" rather than striking fish. 

Tex uses two kinds of bait for this fishing, both on spinning tackle with 6 or 8 pound test line. When possible, he uses South Bend Spin-I-Diddies in Silver Flash finish, but when this fails, he turns to live bait. I have a well-known aversion to live bait, but I must admit that the method developed by the Bass Capital Resort is as sporting as I've ever seen. Tex is highly opinionated about what constitutes the best size for live shiners. He argues that the big, oversized shiner is not half so effective as one 2/3 or 3 inches long. He thinks the big half-pound-and-over shiner has been sold to a gullible public as a money-making rather than a fish-catching scheme.

In Tex's shiner fishing, the small bait is hooked through the lips on a weedless hook. The hook is tied directly to the mono line—no cork, no sinker. This bait is cast and worked just like a plug. It is retrieved very slowly. As the bait passes likely spots, the minnow is allowed to do a little wiggling around on its own power on a slack line. It's a killing combination, and it attracts a lot of big bass. Minnows so hooked are, of course, weedless and can be worked through thick grass and weeds with ease.

Every time Tex tried to get me jump fishing or "fun pool fishing," I voted strongly for Haw Creek. This is the third method and, for my money, the best bass fishing Crescent Lake has to offer. It ranks with the best bone fishing I've found anywhere.

Crescent Lake is part of a water system that stretches about 50 miles from the St. Johns River to Lake Dixon. Just above Palatka (above is south on the St. Johns) Dunmy Creek runs for 10 miles to Crescent Lake. Haw Creek at the south end of the lake leads to Lake Dixon about 20 miles away. Twelve miles or so up Haw Creek, a highway bridge marks the starting point of a stretch of beautiful drift fishing. This is Fancy Fishing with capital F's. 

The flow of water is from Lake Dixon to Crescent and then to the St. Johns. A floating fisherman, drifting down Haw Creek from the bridge, travels up at the right speed. He seldom needs to touch the oars except for an occasional adjustment around a curve. The creek is a perfect width for easy casting to both banks from a middle-of-the-stream position. What banks they are!

This is swamp country, the like of which is fast disappearing in today's Florida of the overactive bulldozer and dragoon. The swamp fades back from the stream, cool, dark, and mysterious, standing as alone and aloof as when the first white man set eyes on it. Tired of the hustle and bustle of modern living?—sick of life's complexities, roaring traffic, and crowded cities?—try a few days floating down Haw Creek. This is medicine for the soul, for the soul.

As we drifted down this enchanted waterway, Tex and I voted for the usual pattern: fish, then anchored while the action lasted, to drift again when it slowed down. A more soothing, leisurely way of angling would be hard to imagine. The rewards of this fishing are wonderful, particularly the heaped platters of golden-fried, crisp and delicious pan fish at day's end.

Tex and I fished mornings only, a pleasant habit I have acquired. I spent my afternoons at the "Fun Pools In." If a better way to keep the guests occupied at a fishing resort can be devised, I hope someone will please let me in on it. These pools are manmade. They are each approximately 30 feet long, 20 feet wide, and 5 feet deep. A strip of lawn about 25 feet wide divides them, and the pools' edges are tastefully decorated with flowers and shrubs. They are fed a constant supply of running water by the overflow from the swimming pool. 

When Tex first dug these pools, he stocked each with around 100 small bass, 100 small pan fish, and perhaps 20 of many catfish minnows. These all came from the lake. He has never felt the need to add anything to this original stocking. The fish in these pools, fed by Mother Nature and an admiring public, have grown fat and saavy at an unbelievable rate. Only
YOU SHIVER A LITTLE. The airboat is clipping along through the flooded sawgrass at 40 mph. There is not much protection from the chill November wind. It bites through your light khakis as you stand erect and braced behind the seated driver, Florida Game Commission biologist Frank J. Ligas. You are only a few minutes out of Andytown, at the intersection of U.S. 27 and Fla. Highway 84 in the southeastern corner of the state, some 15 miles west of Fort Lauderdale. You are racing into the very heart of the 720,000 acre Everglades Wildlife Management Area.

On either side your roaring craft is being paced by two other airboats. One is operated by Everglades area supervisor J. 0. Brown of Hollywood, the other by Wildlife Officer James B. Jordan, of Miami. These three men are taking you on a deer hunt—but you've never before been on a hunt like this.

For one thing, it's still several weeks before opening day of the season. For another, instead of guns you are carrying bags of cattle feed in the airboats. Reason: abnormal flood waters since summer have reduced the once-magnificent Everglades deer herd to a remnant of straggling, half-drowned and hungry animals. For this reason the Florida Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission had issued an emergency order postponing opening of the deer season for nine days—until November 30.

Wildlife officers and biologists have been checking water levels daily in the Everglades area, and should the harmful waters not subside in time the season could be postponed further, possibly even closed entirely this year.

"Hunting of deer under such conditions—when the animals must stay crowded on small areas of high ground, or swim through deep waters—would not provide sport," Game Commission director A. D. Aldrich has stated.

We had a wonderful crop of fawns this year, now practically all that couldn't escape to higher farm lands have drowned," supervisor Brown told you sadly as you helped launch the airboats from the Commission-built trailer ramp at the Andytown checking station. Frank Ligas throttles down the 4-cylinder airplane engine at the stern, lets the prop idle as the craft comes to a halt in the thick sawgrass. He unfolds a carpenter's rule and leans overboard at the airboat's bow to measure the water depth there. To do so he has to plunge his arm deep into the brown water.

"Almost 40 inches," Ligas announces as he straightens up. "She's dropping steadily, but it's slow. Anything over 20 inches can be called 'critical' for most deer. In fact, it becomes difficult for them to move freely when it's more than 10 to 14 inches in depth."

Under flood conditions like these it's a matter of common knowledge the deer will automatically seek the higher ground afforded by the small tree-islands or hammocks that dot the surface of the sweeping Everglades sea of grass. There they become "sitting ducks" for unscrupulous men in airboats. Such greedy hunters have been known to club helpless fawns to death as the little animals leaped into the surrounding deep water in an effort to escape.

"(continued on next page)"

SUPERVISOR BROWN GRINS good-naturedly as he empties filled boot. "It was worth it to see her take off," he said.

"(continued on next page)"

The tagged doe is released near high ground where she can emerge later for a dinner of cattle feed.

Looking almost dog-like, a completely exhausted doe saggs wearily in solicitous grasp of friendly Wildlife Officers who proceeded to make use of opportunity to apply neck tag.

"Almost 40 inches," Ligas announces as he straightens up. "She's dropping steadily, but it's slow. Anything over 20 inches can be called 'critical' for most deer. In fact, it becomes difficult for them to move freely when it's more than 10 to 14 inches in depth."

Under flood conditions like these it's a matter of common knowledge the deer will automatically seek the higher ground afforded by the small tree-islands or hammocks that dot the surface of the sweeping Everglades sea of grass. There they become "sitting ducks" for unscrupulous men in airboats. Such greedy hunters have been known to club helpless fawns to death as the little animals leaped into the surrounding deep water in an effort to escape.

"(continued on next page)"

SUPERVISOR BROWN GRINS good-naturedly as he empties filled boot. "It was worth it to see her take off," he said.

"(continued on next page)"
FLO R IDA WILDLIFE

FLORIDA WILDLIFE
Wließhile this is being done the frightened animal gives a plaintive cry. She doesn’t realize, of course, that she is among friends.

“She had a yearling fawn with her—one of the few that have escaped,” says Jimmy Jordan. The wildlife officer’s upper left arm is bruised and bleeding from painful contact with the struggling doe’s lashing hoofs.

Underway once more, the great tropic swamp seems to stretch away to the very end of the world in all directions. Here, truly, is wild grandeur at its most. You are glad that you could come out here with those kindred spirits who realize sadly that much of natural Florida beauty has already been destroyed by those hungry for a dollar—and, worse, that this evil practice is being allowed to continue.

Overhead white cranes and other exotic birds fly sedately across the rich blue backdrop of sky. There are carrion birds, too. Supervisor Brown sends his racing airboat toward a nearby hammock over which a dozen buzzards wheel and circle ominously on motionless black wings. You have an idea what he will find there.

When the three airboats come to a halt before a tiny head you note that it affords a patch of dry ground barely 50 feet across. But that ground is well-scared with deer tracks—particularly, about a rough wooden trough near the center. The wildlife officers have been filling this trough with sweet feed. You note that it has long since been licked clean.

As Jordan and Ligas fill the food box Brown picks up a piece of broken pottery nearby. He hands it to you and it is black with age. “It’s from the Creek Indians,” he tells you. “They roamed these Glades hundreds of years before the arrival of the Seminoles. We’ve found a lot of such stuff out here on these little islands. The Creek pottery is not glazed, like the Seminole stuff.

The wildlife man goes on to tell how he’s found an ancient Spanish pistol action, an English penny dating back to the 1700s, other objects of historic interest far out here in this region that was practically impassable before the airboat. Exactly how such things got here no one will ever explain . . .

As the morning wears away you and your companions visit one such hammock feeding station after another. The Commission men tell you that in recent weeks they’ve transported over 2,500 pounds of this “sweet feed” (a mixture of oats, corn, molasses and minerals, such as is used to feed livestock) to the starving Everglades deer herd.

At one stop, nearly 30 miles due west from your starting point, your sharp-eyed companions point out droppings made by a wildcat that had digested a raccoon. They show you raccoon and wild hog marks on the butt of a papaya tree. Here once-domestic trees like key limes, rough oranges and lemons grow, also. This was probably once the site of an Indian village.

You go on. In places the sawgrass is 10 feet tall, but you’d never guess this—so deep is the water. You pass an abandoned swamp buggy, a victim of the flood. The tops of its big doughnut tires barely protrude above the surface. Until just recently even these had been covered.

“The water is dropping encouragingly, however,” says Supervisor Brown. “If we don’t get more heavy rains we may be able to open the season next month. The same thing happened back in 1953, you know. Floods caused closing of November seasons in portions of Dade and Broward counties, but by December 5th we were able to open them again.”

It is time to go. All the sweet feed has been put out. On the way back to Andytown you pass scattered hunters’ camps, squatters’ shacks in this big wildlife management area. Some of these have been inundated by the high water.

You see wild hogs, more deer. And you see the inevitable carrion birds, too.

It has turned cold. You are shivering from the sharpening wind by the time you make the landing. You realize Brown and Jordan must be even more uncomfortable, since they have on wet clothing.

No one complains, however. In fact, all three of the wildlife officers grin and you find yourself smiling back. You suspect their unspoken thoughts are much the same as your own: in another hour when you sit down to your own supper you will catch yourself thinking of those other diners in the wild . . . the thin and wet gray-brown bodies that will emerge soundlessly from the thick hammock growths to ghost curiously into the clearings where they will enjoy their evening meal, too . . .
Fishing for shad is a rather recent Florida sport although fly fishermen have pursued the fish for years.

SHAD RUN

By CHARLES WATERMAN

A man in a passing boat yelled something over the gentle sputter of his trolling outboard and Joe Cather held up three fingers.

We trolled on for 50 yards and Joe looked worried.

"Say, wait a minute!" he said. "Have we caught three or only two?"

"Only two," I said politely.

"Guess I lied then. Well, one shad isn't a very bad lie but I sure didn't tell it on purpose."

The boats ranged from sharp outboard cruisers with gleaming brightwork and glowing mahogany to a 9-foot something of indeterminate color with a motor that had long since lost identity but grimly did its work without a miss.

Cather looked at his watch and said the shad would start again before long. At that moment violent activity broke out in a nearby skiff. There were numerous arms, rods and at least one landing net flailing about and I thought for a moment that I was witnessing a mutiny, but calmer observation revealed that a white-haired gentleman of considerable dignity had hooked a shad. He wanted that shad and he cranked away with purpose. The shad broke water twice in its involuntary trip to the boat where a white-haired lady of considerable dignity brandished a landing net.

"That one's not ready to net," stated Cather with conviction.

The lady swatted with the landing net in a series of gestures usually associated with rug-beating. Some of the boats looked like mobile slumber parties, their passengers lolling at all angles and only the helmsmen tending to business.

Joe held up three fingers again. This time I looked at him reproachfully.

"Shad put up a pretty good fight on light tackle," Cather told me. "If you horse one in on heavy gear and put him in the boat before he gets his wits collected you'd think he was a sissy but once he gets going he'll keep you busy."

Shad have easily torn mouths and the best shad fishermen handle them gently. They don't tire quickly. Not all of them jump and their leaps don't resemble the violent, head-shaking explosions of black bass but on appropriate gear you have to watch what you're doing.

Cather cast for shad with spinning or fly tackle is undoubtedly the most entertaining method but it's hard to believe (continued on next page).
(continued from preceding page)

to practice when there are a lot of boats working a bottom. If you can find your own private spot,
in a certain time. We CAN come pretty close to the right

A popular rig includes two lures, one a small
spinning rod with a fly reel and lead-core line

With due credit to those who display great skill
their trolling speed considerably. Sometimes they want it fast and it takes

I see many shad fishermen using heavy salt water
are.a few places where

They'd rather just relax and troll.

You spend a lot of time investigating, trolling

The female is usually larger than the male—but not

A 4-pounder is a good, average female.

The good fishing comes in cycles during the best of the season. There'll be a "hot" day or two and then

When you're trolling you'll sometimes find that the

"Hot" shad days come in cycles. The best ones are in March and April. Turn around and go back through and nothing hap­pens. Then, when you turn again you're in business. My theory is that the fish are facing a certain way and take only in that direction—but nobody asked me.

If you want lots of shad, use a good, big landing net. They're not easy to net and they have to be handled gently. If you're used to lowering a tired bass into a net without trouble you may be surprised when a shad suddenly comes to life after you think he's through. A butterfly-chasing technique is not the idea. You'd better lead him in.

Smoked shad is good but it's the roe that fishermen

That day I went with Joe Cather we weren't gone

For best results but they'll work fine

As hads suddenly come to life after you think he's

A 7-pounder should have its picture taken

None Mark

A three-pounder is a good, average female.

the roe. The female is usually larger than the male—but not always.

A 4-pounder is a big one and a 5-pounder is a whopper. A 7-pounder should have its picture taken and 8-pounders are talked about but seldom seen. A 3-pounder is a good, average female.

The good fishing comes in cycles during the best of the season. There'll be a "hot" day or two and then it will cool off for a couple of days.

That day I went with Joe Cather we weren't gone but a little while. He was going to tell me something about shad and so we'd simply trolled while we talked.

"This isn't a very good day," he observed. "Another

(continued on page 38)
Deer Hunting--With Beagles, Yet!!

Getting up before the crack of dawn—a pastime to which I am generally allergic—seems to be something one must do if one wishes to go hunting. In the course of a number of years I have found myself quitting my downy couch many times long before the sun even thought of rising, and bravely chilly winds to have a go at the mallards and pintails which were supposed to be flying nicely in the sub-freezing weather.

On this particular morning, however, I was more than loath to depart the snug (and warm) comforts of bed. We were pursuing a fool's errand, or so I thought at the time. The locale was northwest Florida, and we were going deer hunting in the scrub oak, pine and wire grass so prevalent in that section of the country. We were not going to take pre-arranged shots, however, but had actually been invited to hunt with the beagles of Walter Finley and Lessum Rivers. Finley owns a large property in the vicinity, and the dogs are his and Rivers', who is from Tallahassee.

It was a memorable winter morning taught me a lot—and completely changed my mind about beagles. As far as I am concerned, the beagle can take his place among the top hunting dogs of all time, and I think you will agree with me. Right now is a good place to backtrack and describe the events that took place before my revealing adventure. Also it is a place to point out that deer hunting with dogs is legal in most of the South.

Last August I dropped in to see my good friend Bill Hansen, who is editor of this magazine. Hansen holds forth in Tallahassee, and during the course of our conversation, he carelessly let drop the remark that he was now raising registered (AKC) beagles and that some sold were trained to track deer. Being somewhat involved in the sport of trailing deer with beagles, I was immediately interested. Hansen, however, did not register, nor did the statement he later made that several beaglers (that's the name beagle owners use) in the area were actually trailing deer.

So when you hear a beagle giving tongue, it is a pretty sure bet he is close on his quarry and things are getting interesting, as far as the beagle is concerned (and for you, if you have any sense).

Beagles love to trail game. All of Rivers' and Finley's beagles have "raw" noses—noses that have been worn down by literally digging them into the ground while trailing. Both men explained why they had started deer training with the off-beat (for deer) hounds. Due to the fact that a beagle will trail almost anything, including wildcat, "coons and (believe it or not, wild turkey), both Finley and Rivers decided to let them have a crack at deer.

By CLEVELAND VAN DRESSER

It hardly seemed possible, but the odd mixture I watched proved to be a fine deer trailer here and I'll introduce you to some guys and their dogs. These beagles are really something."

So a few days later I drove to Tallahassee and met three men who gave me a complete course in the new sport of trailing deer with beagles.

First off there was Lessum Rivers, a Florida Cracker in his mid-thirties who has hunted and fished in northwestern Florida since he was old enough to tote a cane pole and a gun. I met his hunting companion, Walter Finley, whose experience with beagles as deer dogs precedes Rivers’ by one year. (Finley started in 1957—and Rivers tagged along in the season of 1958-59.)

Finley's two beagles are named Loud and Skipper. Rivers' pooh-poos are called Reno and Sooner. None of the dogs is more than three years old.

Before we started out in the field, I was given my first basic lesson about beagles. The animals are painstaking and slow trackers. They literally bury their noses in a track and go plodding along oblivious to anything, including wildcat, 'coon s and (believe it or not, wild turkey), both Finley and Rivers decided to let them have a crack at deer.

(continued on page 38)
DON'T BE A

By ROB DAHNE

DEAD HUNTER

Old Plinker never thought of learning at what distance his gun-load is dangerous. He never heard that many modern rifle shells are dangerous over a mile away. He never thinks, when he cute loose at a target, that there might be a house full of kids a half mile behind it.

Old Potbelly Plinker never absorbed the fact that low-speed bullets tend to ricochet, while high-speed bullets tend to disintegrate upon slight impact. Low-speed bullets will ricochet off water, rocks, iron posts, hard-wood trees, and many other similar objects.

One thing only to do with Potbelly Plinker—stay five miles away from him.

Next on the do-with list is Young Tom Edison. Young Tom has the experimental streak in him. He always wants to try someone else’s ammunition in his rifle. Young Edison will soon discover at least one thing: Strange ammunition may fit a gun, but it may also blow out the breech and kill you.

There are a few other disagreeable characters that you might encounter in the woods this hunting season. Characters like Corkin’ Bottles.

There’s always a Corkin’ present. You’ll find at least one in every hunting party. Characters like Corkin’ Bottles.

There’s always a Corkin’ present. You’ll find at least one in every hunting party. He’s the guy who uses his rifle or shotgun to poke in the weeds or bushes for a target. If he doesn’t see a target, he will often, he finds the muzzle of his gun jammed with twigs and dirt. Everyday in a while, he finds his head blown off as the result.

Banger is the one that looks down the muzzle to see where the bullets come from. An amateur with a gun is like a child with a firecracker. Something is bound to happen.

Don’t be afraid to take young hunters with you. But do insist that they know something about guns, ammunition, hunting and safety rules before the first hunting trip.

Last on the list is Harry Hardy. Hardy is proud of his manly physique. He likes to sleep on the hard ground, eat half-raw food, sit in the rain, and live in dirt and disorder. Furthermore, he eats other hunters into doing the same.

You can always tell a Hardy when he gets home. He immediately moans for a doctor.

There are a few other good rules that you should remember during the hunting season.

A snake-bite kit might come in handy. Be careful of knives, axes and guns. Wear non-slip boots or shoes.

Don’t get lost. Be careful of your health and comfort. Don’t eat spoiled or half-cooked game. Buy a hunting license before you go hunting. Observe all game laws.

And, most important of all, don’t assume that all other hunters are observing the common-sense rules of hunting safety, because they probably aren’t.

In other words, treat all other hunters as if they were crazy, because they probably are.

You can’t have a good time hunting if you come back dead.

Avoid Amateur like a plague, unless he’s taken the trouble to learn how to hunt, has had firearm safety instructions, and has done at least a little gun-handling and target-shooting.

An amateur is one that looks down the muzzle to see where the bullets come from. An amateur with a gun is like a child with a firecracker. Something is bound to happen.

Don’t be afraid to take young hunters with you. But do insist that they know something about guns, ammunition, hunting and safety rules before the first hunting trip.

Last on the list is Harry Hardy. Hardy is proud of his manly physique. He likes to sleep on the hard ground, eat half-raw food, sit in the rain, and live in dirt and disorder. Furthermore, he eats other hunters into doing the same.

You can always tell a Hardy when he gets home. He immediately moans for a doctor.

There are a few other good rules that you should remember during the hunting season.

A snake-bite kit might come in handy. Be careful of knives, axes and guns. Wear non-slip boots or shoes.

Don’t get lost. Be careful of your health and comfort. Don’t eat spoiled or half-cooked game. Buy a hunting license before you go hunting. Observe all game laws.

And, most important of all, don’t assume that all other hunters are observing the common-sense rules of hunting safety, because they probably aren’t.

In other words, treat all other hunters as if they were crazy, because they probably are.

You can’t have a good time hunting if you come back dead.

Avoid Amateur like a plague, unless he’s taken the trouble to learn how to hunt, has had firearm safety instructions, and has done at least a little gun-handling and target-shooting.

An amateur is one that looks down the muzzle to see where the bullets come from. An amateur with a gun is like a child with a firecracker. Something is bound to happen.

Don’t be afraid to take young hunters with you. But do insist that they know something about guns, ammunition, hunting and safety rules before the first hunting trip.

Last on the list is Harry Hardy. Hardy is proud of his manly physique. He likes to sleep on the hard ground, eat half-raw food, sit in the rain, and live in dirt and disorder. Furthermore, he eats other hunters into doing the same.

You can always tell a Hardy when he gets home. He immediately moans for a doctor.

There are a few other good rules that you should remember during the hunting season.

A snake-bite kit might come in handy. Be careful of knives, axes and guns. Wear non-slip boots or shoes.

Don’t get lost. Be careful of your health and comfort. Don’t eat spoiled or half-cooked game. Buy a hunting license before you go hunting. Observe all game laws.

And, most important of all, don’t assume that all other hunters are observing the common-sense rules of hunting safety, because they probably aren’t.

In other words, treat all other hunters as if they were crazy, because they probably are.

You can’t have a good time hunting if you come back dead.

Avoid Amateur like a plague, unless he’s taken the trouble to learn how to hunt, has had firearm safety instructions, and has done at least a little gun-handling and target-shooting.

An amateur is one that looks down the muzzle to see where the bullets come from. An amateur with a gun is like a child with a firecracker. Something is bound to happen.

Don’t be afraid to take young hunters with you. But do insist that they know something about guns, ammunition, hunting and safety rules before the first hunting trip.

Last on the list is Harry Hardy. Hardy is proud of his manly physique. He likes to sleep on the hard ground, eat half-raw food, sit in the rain, and live in dirt and disorder. Furthermore, he eats other hunters into doing the same.

You can always tell a Hardy when he gets home. He immediately moans for a doctor.

There are a few other good rules that you should remember during the hunting season.

A snake-bite kit might come in handy. Be careful of knives, axes and guns. Wear non-slip boots or shoes.

Don’t get lost. Be careful of your health and comfort. Don’t eat spoiled or half-cooked game. Buy a hunting license before you go hunting. Observe all game laws.

And, most important of all, don’t assume that all other hunters are observing the common-sense rules of hunting safety, because they probably aren’t.

In other words, treat all other hunters as if they were crazy, because they probably are.

You can’t have a good time hunting if you come back dead.

Avoid Amateur like a plague, unless he’s taken the trouble to learn how to hunt, has had firearm safety instructions, and has done at least a little gun-handling and target-shooting.

An amateur is one that looks down the muzzle to see where the bullets come from. An amateur with a gun is like a child with a firecracker. Something is bound to happen.

Don’t be afraid to take young hunters with you. But do insist that they know something about guns, ammunition, hunting and safety rules before the first hunting trip.

Last on the list is Harry Hardy. Hardy is proud of his manly physique. He likes to sleep on the hard ground, eat half-raw food, sit in the rain, and live in dirt and disorder. Furthermore, he eats other hunters into doing the same.

You can always tell a Hardy when he gets home. He immediately moans for a doctor.

There are a few other good rules that you should remember during the hunting season.

A snake-bite kit might come in handy. Be careful of knives, axes and guns. Wear non-slip boots or shoes.

Don’t get lost. Be careful of your health and comfort. Don’t eat spoiled or half-cooked game. Buy a hunting license before you go hunting. Observe all game laws.

And, most important of all, don’t assume that all other hunters are observing the common-sense rules of hunting safety, because they probably aren’t.

In other words, treat all other hunters as if they were crazy, because they probably are.

You can’t have a good time hunting if you come back dead.
CLEARWATER CONVENTIONS—Outstanding experts in all phases of natural resource conservation gathered at Clearwater during September for an annual convention with international flavor. More than 800 persons attended the combined meetings of the International Association of Game, Fish and Conservation Commissioners, and the American Fisheries Society. Newly elected officers for the latter group were, from left, Howard Tanner, Colorado, librarian; Ken Curlander, Iowa, vice president; James Moffett, Michigan, president; Woody Seaman, Virginia, secretary-treasurer.

NEW PRESIDENT—At the Clearwater meeting of the American Fisheries Society, President Lawrence (right), New York, turns the gavel over to incoming President Moffett of Michigan.

FLORIDA WILDLIFE

SPECIAL TRAINING—Wildlife Officers of the Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission received training in various specialized techniques during 1959. These officers attended the Police Academy at Leesburg where courses included psychology, first aid, fingerprinting, court procedures, fire causes, and the preservation and presentation of evidence. From left, top row, Robert Brantley, Orlando; Joe Forsythe, Apopka; Earl Sullivan, Loughman. Bottom row: Eddie Joe Wood, Sumterville; Joe Pierce, Clermont; Franklin Johnson, Eustis.

SERVICE AWARD—D. C. Land, left, Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission Regional Manager for the Fifth District, completed 20 years service in 1959. Land, who was first employed as an enforcement officer, received a special service award from District Commissioner Don Southwell.

TOP PHOTO WINNER—Mrs. Charles (Debie) Waterman, DeLand, received the Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission award of merit for the most outstanding Florida fishing photograph. Debie is noted for her photographic work and outdoor writing, and is rated as one of the best of Florida’s fishermen and outdoorsmen.

ENFORCEMENT ASSIST—Many local sportsmen clubs adopted special conservation programs during 1959, to help stamp out illegal hunting and fishing procedures. Tiny Weedman, left, and Merlin Pescetti, right, members of the St. Johns County Fish and Game Association, show President Dan Miller evidence of illegal night deer hunting, issued while patrolling association hunting territory in the Bakersville section.
pole-to-home quail (continued from page 15)

for more likely straight-away flight when flushed.

I also believe in making a slow approach when a dog is holding a bird at point, simultaneously noting the surrounding cover and anticipating probable paths of flight the bird may take to reach it.

When flushing a covey, pick out one target and concentrate on it un­til you see it drop, before trying for a double.

On singles in the open, I generally wait 'em out in their flight and let them level off after their first zig and zag before touching off the shot. In pine thickets, you will find it advantageous to use the snap shooting technique.

Side-by-side doubles, over-and-under doubles, pumps and autoload­ders are all used with varying suc­cess on Southern quail. Most important than brand name or firepower is a slow, steady, smoothbore shotgun with a full choke and the clay-shooter's weapon and the clay-shooter's smoothbore.

In a double barrel—side-by-side or over-and-under—ideal barrel bor­nings would be Improved Cylinder for the first barrel and Quarter Choke for the second barrel. Barrel length should not exceed 26 inches.

Actually, any shotgun with which you can consistently hit fast-flying targets at close range, without blast­ing birds to pieces, can be used on quail. Since almost all quail shot are targets somewhere between thirty-five feet and thirty-five yards of the gun, the average Skeet shooter's smoothbore, throwing a wide shot pattern, light in weight and fast-handling, usually will also give good performance on quail. On the other hand, the trap shooter's full chocked, 30-inch length barrel would be too destructive on bobwhites caught within the reduced diameter, more concentrated shot pattern of the full choke.

If a choice can be made, always select a gun bored with more open constricted choke designation. You'll not only kill more birds, but those you do kill will be more fit for table use.

The older the hunter and the slower his gun movement and field of view, the lighter and faster-handling his quail gun should be. For him, the heavy 12 gauge that was once so deadly, but which in later years has unaccountably given the illusion of flying faster than they really are. Usually there is ample time for at least two well-aimed shots. In their anxiety to connect, many shooters shoot too soon—and miss.

A quail gun must come to shoulder quickly and naturally, without marked conscious effort. On this point, the oldtimer is 100% right when he says, "The gun that fits you best is the one of which you are least aware as you shoulder and fire it."

Theoretically, the ideal quail gun is a repeating (two-shot chamber) 12, 16 or 20 gauge that physically re­flects Improved Cylinder choke bor­ring in a 26-inch length barrel, and more bend or drop at heel of stock than the duck hunter's long range

weapon and the clay-shooter's smoothbore.

feathered targets in the shot pattern, even though the smaller size gauges do not have as many shot in their shell loadings as the bull­voiced twelve.

As a matter of fact, there is a cer­tain Choke for total gun weight for each size and age of shooter, whether one hunts upland game or waterfowl. . .

So much for equipment and tech­niques. Now, a bit more about the game hunted.

Today's bobwhites, faced with the problem of survival in a greater de­gree than coveys of previous genera­tions, are notably smarter and more trickly. Where bobwhites once made fairly easy, sharply silhouetted tar­gets above knee-high grass or palmet­to-studded clearings, the Southern quail hunter frequently now has to snap-shoot at flushed birds zig­zagging through pine woods, present day birds having had to move into whatever type cover gives them best protection and chance of survival amid an expanding civilization—as Bud and I learned.

Brown Bob has little chance to feed, nest and survive in the "drowned land," expansive - scale farming or in cattle pastures. Re­planting farmlands, interspersed with seedings of brook lispergus and multilora rose, will give "Bob" a helping hand and do much to bring about restocking seriously depleted populations. This is a project that local clubs can profit­ably sponsor, with the cooperation of farmers or cattlemen. Re­planting land, will give the bobwhite its chance. We cannot continue to deplete its habitat and cheat him of season, which in Florida, "hunting" depends on whether or not the bird is up to the sportsmen who love to hunt him of season, working jointly with foresighted farmers and cattlemen, to give "Bob" that chance. We cannot continue to reduce basic stock and still have wide scale quail hunting.

Memories of quail hunts tend to stay with the hunter for a lifetime. And I hope there'll be many more to enliven retrospect—for us all.

FLORIDA BIRDLIFE

Black and White Warbler, Mniotilta varia.

The bold black and white plum­age pattern which has given this warbler its name also makes the bird readily identified in the field. The female is somewhat less dis­tinctly marked than the male with the sides of the body showing a brownish wash. The young show the head stripes as on the mature birds but the body markings are brownish instead of black.

The species is common in Florida during both northward and south­ward migrations. The bird is known as a regular winter visitor in vari­ous parts of the state but except during migration is not especially common here.

The presence of this bird during both northward and south­ward migrations. The bird is known as a regular winter visitor in vari­ous parts of the state but except during migration is not especially common here.

The wintering grounds extend from Florida and northern Mexico southward into Veracruz and Ecuador. During the nesting season they scatter from northern Georgia and central Alabama northward into Newfound­land, northern Ontario and MacKenzie territory.

In Florida, timbered swamp lands seem to be the favorite haunts of the black and white warbler al­though drier deciduous woodlands are also commonly visited by them. One habitat that sets this bird apart from the other warblers is the man­ner of food hunting. The bird may often be seen working about on the trunks of trees in the manner of a creepier or nuthatch or clinging up­ward into a branch while search­ing the undersurface for insect eggs, larvace, and other such animal foods which comprise the entire diet of the species.

Prothonotary Warbler, Protonotaria citrea.

Because the bright orange yellow plumage is reminiscent of the dis­tinctive hood once worn by the chief clerk or prothonotary of cer­tain courts this warbler was given its name. As are others of its kind, the Prothonotary warbler is a small bird measuring on the average about 5½ inches in total length. The plumage of both sexes is sim­ilar except that of the female is somewhat duller and paler than the male's.

The bird is a common resident during the summer throughout the northern half of Florida. It is known as a regular nester at least as far south­ward as southern Polk and Osceola counties. Outside of the state it occurs as a breeder north­ward into southerly Ontario and eastward into Nebraska and Texas.

Although suitable sites elsewhere may be used, it is in heavily tim­bered swamps and along stream courses where nesting prothonotary warblers are most likely to be en­countered. These are unique in

(continued on next page)
(continued from preceding page) nesting habits among its kind being the only eastern warbler habitual­ly nesting in tree cavities. Natural tree cavities, abandoned woodpecker holes and the like are used as are man-made holes and the like are used as are with brown and purplish markings. White eggs are heavily splotched of the Prothonotary warbler. Bachman's Warbler, Vermivora bachmanii. The bright yellow of the head, eye ring, and underparts contrasts with the black chest patch to mark well the male of this species. The small size of the bird—it averages about 4½ inches in total length—coupled with the male's distinctive plumage serve to identify Bachman's warbler. Although at intervals it may appear to be quite common in a restricted area, its appearance is more or less sporadic. It may appear in a given locality two or three years in succession then not be seen again there for years. At any rate, Bach­man's is listed as the rarest of the warblers of North America.

In Florida, if the early records are accurate, the species was once quite common during spring and fall migrations. During the present century there have been few records of Bachman's occurrence in Florida. For 42 years after 1909 it was not recorded from the state. Sprunt lists a male seen in the Chipola River swamp by Stoddard and Neel in the spring of 1919.

From central Alabama, eastern Arkansas and South Carolina northward into eastern Missouri, southern Indiana, and the eastern portion of North Carolina marks the extent of the breeding range of the bird. Cuba and the Isle of Pines appears to be the center of the winter range. Orange-crowned Warbler, Vermivora celata. The adult's craggy crown patch from which the common name is derived is seldom apparent in the field because of the value in camouflaging. A dull olive-green color, somewhat lighter and a bit more yellowish below, is character­istic of the male. The indistinct dusky streaking of the underparts is sometimes noticeable under espe­cially favorable conditions. There are two sets of markings such as those which sometimes serve as identifying features in other birds of nondescript plumage. The total length of the adult averages about five inches and this size coupled with its lack of any outstanding field mark may serve to identify it.

The orange-crowned warbler is a bird of the thickets, frequently encountered in the heavy underbrush of cutover timber lands or wooded country with a heavy under­story of shrubby brush. It is a species that ranges far into the Arctic regions, nesting in the tundra country in the thickets of dwarf willow there along stream courses. In the west its breeding range is a vast one, extending southward through Canada and the U.S. into the northern portion of Baja California. The winter­ing range reaches across the United States from South Carolina to southern California and southward into Guatemala.

In Florida the orange-crowned warbler is found in moderate num­bers throughout the state during the winter months. It arrives in numbers during September or Oc­tober and stays at least until Feb­ruary. Stragglers have been noted even into late April. As is the case with the other warblers, insects are the mainstay of the diet.

Parula Warbler
Comastoplos americana. The adult male of this species with its distinctive plumage pattern of blue, green, yellow, black, white, and reddish brown presents an unmistakable appearance. The female and juvenile birds are sim­ilar in general appearance but have much less of a band across the yellow breast and are more green­ish in the coloration of the upper­parts.

In Florida it is a common migrant during the spring and fall seasons. In addition it is a common summer resident at least as far south as Lake Kissimmee. Some of the birds wintering in the southwest are spent that are recorded in the state although the Bahamas and the region from southern Mexico into Nicaragua support most of the winter population. Timbered swamps, ponds, and lake margins as well as h hammocks and woodland edges are common haunts of this bird. Here they find the abundant insects which com­prise the mainstay of their diet. Usually they are seen feeding in the higher branches of the trees although they may sometimes feed lower down if the food supply so dictates.

A basketlike structure woven of living mossy roots is usually the nest of Parulas. It is usually 4 or 5 white eggs that comprise the usual clutch are spotted with small brown markings.

Yellow Warbler
Dendroica petechia. In a group of birds such as the warblers where field identification is commonly fraught with difficulties, the yellow warbler is a blessing. It is the only one of our bird species that appears all yellow as seen in the field. The plumage of the female is similar to that of the male except for the underparts which are much duller in hue and the under­parts are faintly streaked or com­pletely unmarked. The sweet highpitched musical voice carries a canary-like quality.

This plus the overall yellowish ap­pearance of the plumage has given rise to the common name "wild canary" by which the species is known in various localities. The summer range of the species is far flung one, extending from the northern limit of tree growth and from one side of the continent across to the other. It runs southward through the United States and Mexico into northern Colum­bia. On the east coast it ranges southward into Georgia and Alabama. The wintering grounds run from southern Mexico down into Peru and Brazil. In Florida the yellow warbler is a migrant, quite common during the southward movement in the fall and much less common during the northward flight during the spring. Actually the southbound movement begins during midsummer with mi­grants reported from the vicinity of St. Marks area as early as mid­July.

Willow thickets along streams, ponds, and lakes are a common type of habitat although they may also be encountered in brushy areas of scrub and wood­lands far from water. Insects, as with the other warblers, comprise the bulk of the diet.

Know your Florida Fishes

Club News

Yellow Warbler

36

Florida Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission

37

Florida Wildlife

(continued from page 6)
fellow and I caught them striking just right once and we thought we'd put them good at recognizing the sound of his dog's voice. The sportsmen get pretty punctuated with such remarks as chimin' in. He's sure hot on the trail of the gentry of the Carolina hills. I've heard them say.

The story of Livingston's dogs is told to an appreciative audience. It goes without saying that a 13-inch beagle is no guileless victim of the sport of deer tracking. It's tough enough for the 15-inchers. However, possibly with the advent of a 17-inch dog, the purebred beagle will give his thoroughbred cousin something to think about. Still, events, the sport is so new, that anything could develop.

It's a pity there aren't antelope and elk in Florida today. If there were, I'll wager Finley, Rattler, and Livingston would be on hand with their small dogs. Also it would be a good bet that the pooches would wear antelope, elk, etc., down to size.

**FISHING**

(continued from page 11)

have drawbacks—they are expensive and, while they are very tough and strong, it's relatively hard to patch them if you do get a tear. This means it's difficult to dry out if you get them wet inside. Without the stocking foot types, they can't be turned inside out. The few times I've had this problem I've mended through the waders full of wadded up newspapers to absorb most of the dampness and then hung them out to dry upside down. New felt bottoms should be dried in forced heat.

With all chest high waders, it's a good idea to wear a belt outside at waistline. I wear one even though my waders have a drawstring at the top. You can't get your head waders, you are in serious trouble if they fill up with water. A belt around the waist will help keep the waders above your shoulders, at least until you can struggle to the shallows. Swimming with waders full of water of is impossible, and it's almost so under any circumstance.

**FLORIDA WILDLIFE**

January, 1960

Livingston started in the beagle business for fun back in 1952. At that time he purchased two of the diminutive hunters for the sole purpose of running rabbits. In 1953 he put his dogs on the trail of a deer, for no reason he can think of yet. He had promised success with the beagles as deer hounds, but he noted one glaring failure. Northwest Florida, as has been stated before, is fairly rough country. The average beagle, weighing but 15 to 18 pounds, isn't up to the rugged job of trailing a large game animal over miles of territory. Why not, reasoned Livingston, strap a more hefty strain of hunting dog?

Livingston tried basset hounds, and the cross worked. Generations of cross breeding, Livingston came up with a dog that is one-quarter basset and three-quarters beagle. The basset strain gives the dog the stamina to push through the heavy wire grass and scrub oak.

Oddly enough, the resultant cross breed does not have the crooked front legs of the purebred basset, nor does the animal have to be lifted over a city curbstone. (Most dog fanciers know a basset hound has about a 3-inch road clearance.)

Perhaps most important of all, the basset strain gave a strong hunting voice to a dog which at best has somewhat of a yelp. Altogether, Livingston developed an ideal dog for deer trailing, if such an improbable combination of basset hound and beagle can be called a deer hound. Even so, Livingston calls Rattler, an 8-year-old registered beagle, the best deer dog he has in his six-dog pack.

The fame of Livingston's dogs has spread a considerable distance. He has sold puppies to enthusiasts in Texas, Ohio, Louisiana, Mississippi, Georgia, and of course, Florida. There is still some difference of opinion among hound owners in northwest Florida. Some hold that the pure beagle is better suited for the arduous job of deer trailing. Others aver that the basset hound is so new, that anything could develop.

**SHAD RUN**

(continued from page 27)

recognize the sound of his dog's voice. The sportsmen get pretty good at it, and the night will be punctuated with such remarks as chimin' in. He's sure hot on the trail of the gentry of the Carolina hills. I've heard them say.

About down the sportsmen call it a night, but not before the famous tale of Old Blue falling into the well is told to an appreciative audience. The story of Old Blue's misadven-

The dogs are trained to recognize the smell of a full grown buck as contrasted from that of a doe or a yearling. Man enters the picture when it comes to finding deer trails. The track of a buck is wider at the heel and pointed, whereas the doe track has a narrow heel and is more like a strip than a V-shaped. The tracks of all deer are found on old lumber roads that abound in northwest Florida. Trails of yearling deer, of course, are much smaller than those of the adults.

Once the track of a buck is found, the dog's nose is given a good whiff of it, and it's off to the races. Both Rivers and Finley chain a good beagle will follow a deer track that is 24 hours old, whereas a red-bone, black and tan, or blue tick will pass it up as too stale. The reason for this, the hounders state, is that a beagle tracks with his snozzle literally sticking in the track; the larger hounds go leaping about looking for scent higher up, missing what is before their noses, so to speak.

Another factor that makes beagling for deer a fascinating sport is that the average man can keep up with his dogs. A big red-bone, if he is hot on the scent, is liable to chase a deer across the state line and the sportsman never gets a look at him. On the other hand, a beagle is slow—the deer does not become unduly alarmed, and the man in the picture has the advantage of being able to get a good look at what his dog is pursuing.

In all this deer chasing business, the buck is no guiltless victim of circumstances. He has plenty on the ball, and is not averse to showing his cunning in any way that the situation allows. In many instances, the buck is not the perfect gentleman he is so often called. He is now 68 years old, has a pack of six dogs and elk in Florida today.

When you take your waders, you can stand on the slippery footings are on the market. Nothing works as well as felt. With felt soles, you can stand on the slippery rocks of confidence. You can buy felt-soled boots and shoes or you can buy kits to glue your own felt soles to boots or waders you already have. These glued soles work very well.

In Florida, a good pair of waders can be the key to practically all our fresh-water fishing and much of our surf, inside salt-water, and Keys fishing. You want to travel light?—Don't want to go for a boat, motor, and trailer?—Want to enjoy angling without fumbling shoulders with a lot of others?—Like to catch a lot of fish?—Then perhaps wading is your dish of tea.

38

39
The outdoorsman, a good flashlight is an essential item. On many occasions a flashlight has rendered its owner valuable service for surpassing its dollar and cents value.

Generally, flashlights used by sportsmen take a beating; they have to be sturdily constructed to withstand the rough treatment that is often their lot. Fortunately, most of the better quality modern flashlights are made of tough materials; that fact, and the use of modern leak-proof materials, tends to keep them from breaking up too fast.

But the best of flashlights can be a problem to the hunter, fisherman and camper who has to use his light when hands are already filled with other items. After dark, packing-in of supplies to a remote deer hunting camp reached by an indistinguishable trail, and night bridge fishing, are two typical examples.

To overcome the problem of having only two hands, the editor of FWFT&T recommends has been suspending his two-cell flashlight in a leather loop from his belt, tilting it with elbow pressure when it has been necessary to direct the light beam with both hands already full.

For better, however, is the new Britel Vis-O-Lite flashlight that clips to the visor of the hunter, fisherman and camper who has to use his light when hands are already filled with other items. After dark, packing-in of supplies to a remote deer hunting camp reached by an indistinguishable trail, and night bridge fishing, are two typical examples.

To overcome the problem of having only two hands, the editor of FWFT&T recommends has been suspending his two-cell flashlight in a leather loop from his belt, tilting it with elbow pressure when it has been necessary to direct the light beam with both hands already full.

For better, however, is the new Britel Vis-O-Lite flashlight that clips to the visor of the hunter, fisherman and camper who has to use his light when hands are already filled with other items. After dark, packing-in of supplies to a remote deer hunting camp reached by an indistinguishable trail, and night bridge fishing, are two typical examples.

To overcome the problem of having only two hands, the editor of FWFT&T recommends has been suspending his two-cell flashlight in a leather loop from his belt, tilting it with elbow pressure when it has been necessary to direct the light beam with both hands already full.

For better, however, is the new Britel Vis-O-Lite flashlight that clips to the visor of the hunter, fisherman and camper who has to use his light when hands are already filled with other items. After dark, packing-in of supplies to a remote deer hunting camp reached by an indistinguishable trail, and night bridge fishing, are two typical examples.

To overcome the problem of having only two hands, the editor of FWFT&T recommends has been suspending his two-cell flashlight in a leather loop from his belt, tilting it with elbow pressure when it has been necessary to direct the light beam with both hands already full.

For better, however, is the new Britel Vis-O-Lite flashlight that clips to the visor of the hunter, fisherman and camper who has to use his light when hands are already filled with other items. After dark, packing-in of supplies to a remote deer hunting camp reached by an indistinguishable trail, and night bridge fishing, are two typical examples.

To overcome the problem of having only two hands, the editor of FWFT&T recommends has been suspending his two-cell flashlight in a leather loop from his belt, tilting it with elbow pressure when it has been necessary to direct the light beam with both hands already full.

For better, however, is the new Britel Vis-O-Lite flashlight that clips to the visor of the hunter, fisherman and camper who has to use his light when hands are already filled with other items. After dark, packing-in of supplies to a remote deer hunting camp reached by an indistinguishable trail, and night bridge fishing, are two typical examples.

To overcome the problem of having only two hands, the editor of FWFT&T recommends has been suspending his two-cell flashlight in a leather loop from his belt, tilting it with elbow pressure when it has been necessary to direct the light beam with both hands already full.

For better, however, is the new Britel Vis-O-Lite flashlight that clips to the visor of the hunter, fisherman and camper who has to use his light when hands are already filled with other items. After dark, packing-in of supplies to a remote deer hunting camp reached by an indistinguishable trail, and night bridge fishing, are two typical examples.

To overcome the problem of having only two hands, the editor of FWFT&T recommends has been suspending his two-cell flashlight in a leather loop from his belt, tilting it with elbow pressure when it has been necessary to direct the light beam with both hands already full.

For better, however, is the new Britel Vis-O-Lite flashlight that clips to the visor of the hunter, fisherman and camper who has to use his light when hands are already filled with other items. After dark, packing-in of supplies to a remote deer hunting camp reached by an indistinguishable trail, and night bridge fishing, are two typical examples.

To overcome the problem of having only two hands, the editor of FWFT&T recommends has been suspending his two-cell flashlight in a leather loop from his belt, tilting it with elbow pressure when it has been necessary to direct the light beam with both hands already full.

For better, however, is the new Britel Vis-O-Lite flashlight that clips to the visor of the hunter, fisherman and camper who has to use his light when hands are already filled with other items. After dark, packing-in of supplies to a remote deer hunting camp reached by an indistinguishable trail, and night bridge fishing, are two typical examples.

To overcome the problem of having only two hands, the editor of FWFT&T recommends has been suspending his two-cell flashlight in a leather loop from his belt, tilting it with elbow pressure when it has been necessary to direct the light beam with both hands already full.

For better, however, is the new Britel Vis-O-Lite flashlight that clips to the visor of the hunter, fisherman and camper who has to use his light when hands are already filled with other items. After dark, packing-in of supplies to a remote deer hunting camp reached by an indistinguishable trail, and night bridge fishing, are two typical examples.

To overcome the problem of having only two hands, the editor of FWFT&T recommends has been suspending his two-cell flashlight in a leather loop from his belt, tilting it with elbow pressure when it has been necessary to direct the light beam with both hands already full.

For better, however, is the new Britel Vis-O-Lite flashlight that clips to the visor of the hunter, fisherman and camper who has to use his light when hands are already filled with other items. After dark, packing-in of supplies to a remote deer hunting camp reached by an indistinguishable trail, and night bridge fishing, are two typical examples.

To overcome the problem of having only two hands, the editor of FWFT&T recommends has been suspending his two-cell flashlight in a leather loop from his belt, tilting it with elbow pressure when it has been necessary to direct the light beam with both hands already full.

For better, however, is the new Britel Vis-O-Lite flashlight that clips to the visor of the hunter, fisherman and camper who has to use his light when hands are already filled with other items. After dark, packing-in of supplies to a remote deer hunting camp reached by an indistinguishable trail, and night bridge fishing, are two typical examples.

To overcome the problem of having only two hands, the editor of FWFT&T recommends has been suspending his two-cell flashlight in a leather loop from his belt, tilting it with elbow pressure when it has been necessary to direct the light beam with both hands already full.

For better, however, is the new Britel Vis-O-Lite flashlight that clips to the visor of the hunter, fisherman and camper who has to use his light when hands are already filled with other items. After dark, packing-in of supplies to a remote deer hunting camp reached by an indistinguishable trail, and night bridge fishing, are two typical examples.
4½ years after they were stocked, Tex took a blue catfish from one of them that weighed 28 pounds. There are many bass of 10 pounds, and more in these pools right now.

The first thing a newcomer usually says when he first visits these pools is, “Boy! How I’d like to fish in there!” to which Tex always replies, “Go right ahead.” To convince a sometimes doubting patron of his willingness, Tex has now put up a sign to this effect. He’s safe and he knows it, because these fish have become smart. They are educated to the ways of fishermen—and how.

Tex initiated me into this fun pool bit by throwing Turk’s cap blossoms and bits of sticks into the water. The bass grabbed everything we threw, sometimes before it had a chance to get wet. Actually, they have a preference for Fig Newtons. Most of the time, they’ll take your offering directly from your fingers.

I, also, confirmed a long-held belief that food dropping to the water unaccompanied by the arm toss was very apt to be double-edged. I had simply learned to take advantage of their conditioned reflexes.

I am writing about this successful method of taking these fish, because I’m hoping a lot of people will get some fun out of doing it. I’ll be very interested to learn how long it will take these fish to get wise to the new approach and change their habits accordingly. What new habits will they adopt? I wonder how many “wild” bass have also been conditioned against the bait that appears after a fisherman makes a swarm of a fishing rod. Perhaps throwing the lure into the pockets by hand would sometimes ring the bell.

One way or the other, Tex’s fun pools are just that. I spent at least an hour every day catching grasshoppers just to toss them into the pool and watch the fish fight for these delicious tidbits. Few grasshoppers made more than one kick. Some didn’t even reach the water.

I, also, confirmed a long-held belief about those big yellow grasshoppers. I had to go up in the orange grove and do a bit of hunting before I finally found one. I threw this huge insect into the fun pool and watched it swim 8 or 10 feet to shore, churning up the water, and throwing a bow wave. Not even a bream made a pass at it.

So there you have Fancy Fishing, educational as well as pleasurable. Perhaps you’re looking for a junker bass or fast action “jump fishing.” Maybe specks are your meat. Perhaps you just want to fish a little and loaf a lot amid pleasant, comfortable surroundings. Maybe you’re looking for a place to take the family where the nonfishing members will be satisfied to stay while you’re out on the water. If so, Crescent Lake and the Bass Capital Resort, Crescent City, Florida, should be just what the doctor ordered. If you’d like a free pamphlet, drop a line to Bass Capital Resort, Crescent City, Florida.
SUBSCRIBE NOW TO
Florida Wildlife
The Florida Magazine for ALL Sportsmen

12 Big Issues of Hunting and Fishing for only $2.00
TWO YEARS, 24 ISSUES, $3.75
THREE YEARS, 36 ISSUES, $5.25

FLORIDA WILDLIFE
Tallahassee, Florida
Enter or extend my subscription for ______ year(s) for FLORIDA WILDLIFE.
☐ Check; ☐ Cash; ☐ Money Order herewith.
Mailing Address:
Name
Street No.
City _______ State _______
Signed _______