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January 1962
Vol. 15 No. 8
APPLICATION FOR FLORIDA WILDLIFE FISHING CITATION

The Editor, FLORIDA WILDLIFE

Game & Fresh Water Fish Commission, Tallahassee, Fla.

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

Name (please print) ____________________________
Address ____________________________
City State ____________________________
Species ____________________________
Type of Tackle ____________________________
Bait or Lure Used ____________________________
Where Caught in County ____________________________
Date Caught ____________________________
Catch Witnessed By ____________________________
Registered, Weighed By ____________________________
At ____________________________
(Signature of Applicant) ____________________________

CUT OUT AND SAVE THIS APPLICATION BLANK

ELIGIBILITY REQUIREMENTS SPECIES

LARGEMOUTH BASS 8 pounds or larger
CHAIN PICKEREL 4 pounds or larger
BLUEGILL (BREAM) 1 1/2 pounds or larger
SHELLCRACKER 2 pounds or larger
BLACK CRAPPIE 2 pounds or larger
RED BREAST 1 pound or larger

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

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

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Tallahassee, Florida

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

BILL HANSEN, Editor
WALLACE HUGHES, Art Director
C. L. SATTERFIELD, Circulation

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FLORIDA GAME AND FRESH WATER FISH COMMISSION

ROSE TALLAHASSEE

JANUARY, 1962

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ROSE TALLAHASSEE

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We have good cooperation with boys of all ages, and a wonderful way to meet the right friends.
I think it gives us a chance to do many things worthwhile, that many of us wouldn’t have a chance to do.
The outstanding thing to me, so far, has been the different experiences of camping out.
I think that last, but not least, we owe Mr. McBride and Mr. Leckner for their precious time and energy, plus cooperation they give to us in helping us to be better citizens.”
Robert Bunting awarded the gift for the winning essay.
The Honorable Henry Milander, mayor of Hialeah was there and presented the award for Outstanding Club Conservationist for 1961 to Bill Dunaway, vice-president. He also presented a certificate of honor for his accomplishments by the Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission.
Both Robert Bunting and Howard Lecknet are counselors for the Hialeah Junior Conservation Club and ably assist Howard McBride in his duties.
Tom Wayman, Information Extension Officer for the Fourth Region presented a review of this year’s hunting. He also asked for questions from the floor relating to hunting and fishing rules and regulations.
Officers for the coming year were installed by the writer. They are President, Matt Pultz; Vice-president, Bill Dunaway; Secretary, Gary Hormy; Treasurer, Butch Aka. After the presentation and talks the meeting was adjourned and a display of collections and an outdoor movie were shown at Mr. Howard McBride’s residence.

Special Bulletin
Effective January 1, 1962 the Junior Conservation Education program including the League will use certificates of award for all ranks in addition to the insignia now worn.
If you have compiled the necessary points for your achievement of rank, you are entitled to a certificate as well as the insignia. All ranks are approved by the adviser or counselor.
This month too, we plan on sending you certificate forms as well as the new system of qualifying for the ranks.
You will hear more about this in the very near future.

The Florida Magazine For All Sportsmen

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The Florida Magazine For ALL Sportsmen

FLORIDA WILDLIFE

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FLORIDA WILDLIFE

January, 1962
With anyone who loves guns, there exists poignant nostalgia and strong sentiment for certain gun models once owned or longed for. Every shooter has his gun preferences, past and present.

However, when I acquired my first 22 rifle, I had no choice of model as it was the only one being offered as a bonus prize for selling subscriptions to The American Boy, a leading publication of my youth. I do not know how the once-enjoyed magazine had fared these many years, but I do know the single-shot Hamilton 22 rifle I earned selling subscriptions is now a collector's item.

By modern rifle design standards, the little Hamilton was pretty crude. As I recall, it was made of stamped sheet steel along very many lines, even having good walnut in its short, plain stock, and I kept the wood polished to a glowing satin finish, in youthful pride of ownership. The little rifle was chambered to handle only .22-caliber rounds of ammunition through the barrel, at a variety of targets, then swapped it to a friend for an HKR break-top 22-barrel, and spun a pair of French binoculars. He shot it hard, then sold or swapped it to another friend, from whom I re-acquired ownership. I used the rifle for two years more, then swapped it back to its previous owner. He shot at least 10,000 additional rounds of ammunition through the original barrel before disposing of it without my knowledge. The new owner refused all offers for the gun, I still wish I had it back. (I may send the now elderly gentleman a copy of this text when it appears; maybe he will take pity on me and sell me back my Model 12C slide-action.)

Those who know their Remington rifles will recognize the Model 12C as the predecessor of the now discontinued Model 121 and the currently manufactured Model 37A slide-actions. I poured some 40,000 rounds of assorted .22 caliber ammunition through the barrel, at a variety of targets, then swapped the rifle to a friend for an HKR break-top 22-barrel and a pair of French binoculars. He shot it hard, then sold or swapped it to another friend, from whom I re-acquired ownership. I used the rifle for two years more, then swapped it back to its previous owner. He shot at least 10,000 additional rounds of ammunition through the original barrel before disposing of it without my knowledge. The new owner refused all offers for the gun, I still wish I had it back. (I may send the now elderly gentleman a copy of this text when it appears; maybe he will take pity on me and sell me back my Model 12C slide-action.)

Then there was a Springfield Model 1903, caliber .30-06, bolt-action rifle, the serial number of which is etched on my memory. It was one of those bronze-liner, new, sawgated barrel National Match rifles, with type C semi-pistol grip stock, issued to successful candidates competing for places on state civilian rifle teams going to Camp Perry. At the conclusion of the matches, team members had the privilege of either purchasing the rifles outright at greatly reduced price, or surrendering them for formally signed slips. I always chased the rifles issued to me, and brought them home as tangible mementos of happy shooting hours spent in state and national competition.

What made this particular Springfield model rifle so unique was its pheno­menal accuracy. Such a rifle, in those days, was thousands of dollars. I owned one of the smallest 10-shot groups ever made in national and international competition. Eventually I wore out its bolt and stock, and just never got around to having them replaced and the rifle tuned up generally. Finally, I disposed of the weapon after being its retired-life servant for 28 years. Now I wish I had it back.

Three other guns I once owned and now would like to have back were an early Ithaca Model 37, 16-gauge shotgun, a Winchester Model 1897, 12-gauge, and a Winchester Model 12, all pump-actions. The fact that I shot them all until barrels were badly worn before I disposed of them matters not now; as I said, I would now like to have them all back. Also remembered, but not necessarily mourned, were two big-bore weapons, popular many decades before my time.

One was a Model 1873 Springfield, caliber .45-70, single-shot breech­loading percussion rifle utilizing a 405 grain bullet ahead of 70 grains of black powder. During my youth, these obsolete military rifles were available for purchase by National Rifle Association members through the Office of the Director of Civilian Marksmanship, War Dept., Wash­ington. New rifles cost $7.50, used ones—some of them in excellent condition—were $1.25.

Due to its high-rise trajectory, the .45-70 wasn't much of a long-range hitting rifle, but it was great for shooting wild hogs and alligators (then unprotected) at close range.

Excellent for the same purposes was one of the Christian Sharps' big-bore breechloaders made famous by Western plains' buffalo hunters. The one I had was .52 caliber; when it let go, shooter and country-side knew it!

In those days I regularly tramped through the woods and fished the same waters as today's columnist Robert Ruark. For both of us, Brunswick County, North Carolina, was—for a long time—an unspoiled paradise. As a matter of fact, the same woods打猎ing the same wildlife, and the rifle tuned up generally. Finally, I disposed of the weapon after being its retired-life servant for 28 years....

I owned one of the first Model 52 Stevens match rifles. In my opinion, one cannot buy better caliber match rifles than the Winchester Model 52 and the Remington 40X. Their inherent accuracy is unquestioned.

I owned one of the first Model 52 speed-load actions to come onto Win­chester's assembly line, and also one of the first Remington 22 caliber match rifles. Both replaced an earlier manufactured Winchester Model 52 slow-load.

I also owned a very accurate Stevens Model 416-2 heavy barrel .22 caliber bolt-action target rifle. The late Harry Pope, probably America's most famous rifle barrel maker, had a say about the rifling process used by the J. Stevens Arms Company, which may explain the superb accuracy of the Stevens Model 416-2. Unfortunately, the quality of the barrel and the trigger assembly didn't equal that of the barrel. Owners had a great deal of trouble with rough, sappy trigger pulls caused by fly-speck metal breakage at the point of contact of trigger and sear surfaces. It seemed I was constantly ordering a new trigger component and fitting it to my Model 416-2. But when it was tuned up, the rifle shot unbelievably small ten-shot groups at 100 measured yards, and held its own against the best of the Model 52 Winchester (The Best American target model 22)

(Continued on page 37)
Paternity sports fishermen who want their progeny to follow in their muddy footsteps usually manage by one means or another to achieve exactly the opposite. Father-and-son fishing isn't nearly as common as we'd like to believe. These aren't all my ideas. I've asked a lot of people about it. Generally, the failure is due to too much sooner or the opposite—too little later.

A young old who yells lustily to be taken along on an all-day fishing trip will have too much, fishing too soon—long before lunchtime in fact. When he starts throwing sinkers at turtles and doing juvenile calisthenics on a boat seat the old man will blow his stack and secretly swear never to let this piscatorial tragedy happen again.

Probably Pop will then go to the other extreme and Junior may have his own before he gets another fishing invitation. On the other hand, the fishing father who prefers the company of other adult anglers and also his children from the beginning where fishing is concerned. If his youngsters ever take up fishing, it will be strictly on their own.

The right way seems to be the hard way.

Teach them to fish when they show interest and let them quit when they're tired. This means a lot of trips and it may take a real martyr to put up with sudden ups and downs in enthusiasm.

There are two approaches to interesting a youngster in fishing: The first and most reliable is to get him where he will catch some fish from the beginning. This will probably mean bait fishing and the quarry will probably be panfish. Once he or she starts catching little fish, bigger game is a logical next step and sporier tackle will follow.

The other approach is to sell Junior on proficiency in the use of tackle. For most of us this is tough but the procedure is simple—teach the kids to cast in the yard, bathroom club—or at a school where there is a casting course. Competitive casting appeals to many youngsters if there's some being done in the community. Generally there isn't.

Of course it's an exceptional case but take Bob Bodd, the former national casting champ. When I talk about competitive casting always bring up Bob because I don't know many competitive casters.

Bob started teaching his daughter, Molly, to cast at an early age and she became a tournament champion. Then, Bob went to work on his grandson, Terry, when Terry needed a way bring up Bob because I don't think Molly has done a lot of fishing but she continued casting after she was big enough to hold his own. Terry likes to fish as well and does so his granddad.

This is an exceptional case, however. Bob Bodd is a famous caster and had a roomful of trophies when Molly started casting. Being something of a hero to fishermen of his home town, Bodd got a lot of adulation other dads might miss. Added incentives.

My point is that the average fisherman probably would be less successful teaching a toddler to cast.

It is a bitter truth that most teenagers if given formal casting instruction can outcast most of the old-hand fishermen within a few weeks. It's a matter of youthful coordination, aptitude and no bad habits to unlearn. Most of us greybeards learned everything wrong to start with and never quite got over it.

Probably the closed-face pushbutton spinning reel is the best starter for small boys and girls. They needn't be led to believe it's the end all in fishing and they can branch out as they grow up. Main thing for them to either catch fish or become interesting in casting technique—or both.

Exposure to big fish at an early age can have unpredictable effect on youngsters.

Take the case of Ted Smallwood's family down at Everglades City. Ted has been a fishing guide most of his life and he took Ted, Jr., fishing when the boy was quite small—but he never has cared much about fishing since. Fishing is an excellent chance of racking up a really big bass or two.

Most of the year, the live-bait fisherman has the upper hand where lunkers are concerned but in late winter and through spring there is a movement of big fish into grass flats and spawning areas. The weather is a big factor but it's wise to start being ready along late in January.

The larger of these big fish are generally caught along through the middle of the state at this time of year. Florida game officials expect the really good fishing to come along a little later. It's good fishing in the south end but there's less fluctuation of temperature there and not such a plainly defined big bass season.

Probably the boom in big fish is a result of spawning preparation and of course, a lot of them are caught in the immediate vicinity of the beds. The real whoppers are fed up with the majority of fish caught from the beds after the spawning operation are the smaller males then engaged in guarding the spot.

Half-size flat fishing isn't necessarily aimed at spawning beds and some of the best grass flat fishing I've had was in areas where the bottom for spawning. Nevertheless, I associate the good grass flat fishing with the spawning process and most of the big females are nearing the spawning stage.

We ought to put in a few words right now about catching spawners. When we were growing up, most states had a closed season during spawning season and I recall articles written about the treacherous violators who killed spawning bass. Now, fishing for spawning bass is quite respectable. Biologists have decided it is not harmful to the overall populations to catch spawners with hook and line.

The explanation is that a few female bass can produce enough eggs to populate our bass waters. The rest are going to be lost anyway so egg numbers are not a problem. Thus we are told that a few thousand eggs more or less are not important and there is no stigma attached to keeping a big bass prior to spawning. At the same time, the fish experts tell us that we should not destroy good spawning areas. While hook and line decimation of bass is considered unimportant in waters such as we have in Florida, a wholesale destruction of spawning bottoms can be tragic.

The fish are going to lay their eggs somewhere. If there is no appropriate bottom available, the eggs (Continued on page 38)
A young Seminole brave wrestles an alligator on an_contact. These Indians will soon take their place in the civilized world. It is hoped that Florida will always preserve some of its wildlife heritage for everyone.

By WILFRED T. NEILL

HUNTERS OF THE GLADES

Once in a while we all have the urge to get away from the drudgery of city life. Florida sportmen are fortunate in being able to visit remote woodlands, and, if they wish, to subsist for a time off Nature's bounty. However, it may be surprising to learn that within our state, and in fact within a few miles of thriving metropolitan areas, there are people who rely heavily on the woods and waters not only for their food but also for shelter, household utensils, medicines, recreation, transportation, and a source of marketable products. These people are the Seminole Indians who dwell in the Everglades and other swamps of peninsular Florida.

The story of the Florida Seminole is a dramatic one. When white pioneers reached what is now the Southeastern United States, they found the country occupied by many Indian tribes. A number of these tribes, in parts of Alabama, Georgia, and South Carolina, were organized into a confederacy, dominated by the powerful, warlike Creek Indians. Some of the tribes, especially the Hitchiti of Southwest Georgia, were restless under Creek domination and disturbed by the constant enmity of white settlers and, so, toward the early 1700's, they began moving into Florida. The way to the south was open, for the original Florida tribes had nearly vanished in consequence of wars and pestilences. The Creeks had a term for the Indians who left the confederacy to live in Florida; it was "Semin-o-lee," meaning "wild." But as time went by, great numbers of Creek Indians also found it necessary to retreat southward, to become "Seminole." Eventually the Hitchiti and Creeks were joined by refugees from several other tribes. Thus the Seminoles were from the start a composite people, not a single nation.

History tells us that in Florida these Indians did not find the peace they sought. Between 1812 and 1858 inspired by such valiant leaders as Osceola and other Seminoles, about a thousand in number, are the descendant of these Indians who so bravely resisted removal a century ago.

Nearby a third of the Florida Seminoles speak the Creek language, while the remainder speak a variant of Hitchiti, called Mikasuki. Most of the Creek speakers and something less than half of the Mikasuki now live on tracts set aside for them in South Florida; but the rest of the Mikasuki scorn reservation life and dwell in scattered family groups, largely in the Everglades.

Wherever they reside, most of the Florida Seminoles prefer to live in an open hut, called a "chickee." The chickees are often used by one member of the family to ladle a portion of osokkee or of stew into each person's plate. The Seminoles also found it necessary to disturb by the constant encroachments and battles. The Seminole Wars, hostilities almost began again because white hunters could not resist using the best of the mountain men. About many villages stands orange scrubs, a snow-white opossum. Puzzles and entertainments are gathered in quantity. Among Other Seminole crops are tobacco, corn, beans, sugar-cane, pumpkins. Big, dangling pumpkins for targets! But the spoon is more than an innocent object; it is a symbol of family affection; the Seminoles call it a "sauce spoon."
The Seminole man is a skillful hunter and trapper. When game be­comes scarce in one area, he may push far out into the trackless Ever­glades, on foot or by cypress dug­out, taking with him only his rifle or shotgun, ammunition, a pouch or hatchet, and a few other dispensa­ble items.

He makes a long spear to imitate the aquatic terrapins and soft-shelled turtles; its single steel point stabbed itself deeply in the hardest turtle shell, and the Indian lifted the strug­gle, creating the story. Scattered through the Glades are small, deep water-holes, excavated by alligators. The Seminole knows that in the dry season the holes may provide only a few water plants for miles around; and so he hunts around the pools, or fishes from their banks, uncorking the river bottom about. In past times, before the "gator received protection in Florida, the Indians did some hide-hunting. They know how to imitate the "distress call" of a baby alligator, a curious grunting noise made by the little reptile whenever it is attacked or hurt. A big "gator, hearing the call, will rush to investigate; only to be met with a rifle bullet or a shotgun blast at close range.

From his dugout the Seminole sings fish, especially the predatory garfish which often cruise near the surface. He jobs bullfrogs, too, but does not eat them; instead, he sells them to restaurants along the high­way.

He will not eat rabbits, either, for in his folklore the rabbit plays the role of a beloved trinkster, a hero who always triumphs over adversity. Nor will the Seminole hunter mo­nish corn gruel and meat stew, made of blackberry leaves for stomach troubles. A paw­paw for nosebleed, of paw­paw blooms for kidney disorders. A decoction from the roots of the yellow milkwort. The mucilaginous saliva of the bear, and so will not raise his rifle against Nokosee, the shaggy bruin, a hunter of the Panther Clan. Thus does the Seminole identify himself closely with Nature.

About half of the Florida Semi­noles have resisted missionary ac­tivity, and still adhere to the old tribal beliefs. At their annual Green Corn Dance, the Seminoles' reliance upon natural products becomes most evident. Spokesmen for the old religious ceremony is always staged at some remote spot. Intruders are not wel­come, and only a few white people, close friends of the Seminoles will be invited to attend. The ritual varies a little from year to year and from one Seminole group to another, but in general proceeds as follows: Days from the ceremony, the In­dians begin to gather at the dance ground, clearing it, building clan camps, and hunting game for the feast that is to follow. On the first day of the dance, the medicine man bathes in a stream, facing the east and invoking the spirits that pre­side over the occasion. Then he sends the boys and young men out to gath­er wood for the dance fire. In the afternoon the girls play a ball game against the boys. The fast-moving game is much like lacrosse. Each player carries two caskets, and with these he tries to throw a ball against a goal post. The rackets are of bay­wood with rawhide lacing; the ball is buckskin stuffed with deer hair; the goal post is a living pine sapling stripped of branches except for a plume on top.

In the evening the fire is lit, and several dances are staged. Often these are nature dances, based upon animals with which the Indians are familiar. In the Catfish Dance, the arms make circles from the elbow, in imitation of a catfish's fins; in the Alligator Dance, a line of Indians weave about like a crawling alliga­tor. For many of the dances the woman stamp out rhythms by tramping on planks of lashed to their legs. These rattles are often made from the shells of box turtles, bound to a buffalo skin square in groups of twelve. Each turtle shell con­tains "Indian bushknot..." the hard, round seeds of the wild canna. The dance leader carries a special rattle, a turtle shell or a hollow coco­nut, mounted on a handle, and the dancing men carry fans made of palmetto leaf.

On this day, the second day, "black drinks" are prepared, and the men partake of them. These are purgatives, of an emetic brew, one made from the button snake-root and the other from the inner bark of the southern red willow. Eyeg bone, being bound from poles, are carried in the Feather­Dance, which is staged twice in the morning and twice in the afternoon. The drum and song, court is held by the elders sit in judgment on those who have broken tribal laws. Then there

(Continued on page 30)
The help of all outdoorsmen is urgently needed.

A newly discovered American Bald Eagle nest in Florida has captured the attention of conservationists, and the need for action is urgent.

A. We left the scrub palmettos and entered the stand of scattered pines, an American Bald Eagle came sweeping in to meet us on broad wings, voicing her cry of alarm in ressentiment at our intrusion. Her white head and tail gleamed brightly against her dark coat and the blue sky as she circled overhead and turned back into the woods. We followed along the edge of the bay-head through scattered pines left standing when the land was logged off several years ago.

Four more times she appeared and flew over us, each time pointing the way to her eyrie by returning to it in direct flight. In this way, the eagle will often unwittingly lead you to her nest. She makes these flights of reconnaissance to check upon your actions, invariably turning back to her nest.

This particular nest was well concealed, and we were unable to locate it until the worried mother had led us more than a quarter-mile, then alighted in the nest tree. It was the best concealed nest we have found in the current Audubon Society census of Bald Eagles. Some nests can be spotted from as far as a mile away.

Florida has been blessed with an abundance of wildlife, including our National Emblem, the American Bald Eagle, our symbol of freedom for about 180 years, now threatened with extinction, and its only known remaining breeding concentrations of any size are found in Alaska, far to the north, and here in Florida. Even here, the Bald Eagle has diminished to a dangerous point due largely to the tremendous influx of human population into Florida in the last few years.

This has transpired during a period of complete protection under law. In 1940 the federal government finally imposed a fine of five hundred dollars and six months imprisonment on any person harming the American Eagle. Yet today eagles are still being killed—sometimes deliberately, sometimes through ignorance. Last year a wildlife officer was called to a farm in Pinellas County in an attempt to save an eagle wounded by a .22-caliber rifle bullet. All efforts failed. Wildlife Officer Rudolph Dunn found an eagle on a Polk County ranch, one wing broken. The life of this bird was saved.

Many have been mistaken for large hawks and buzzards. The Florida Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission has issued "identification" posters in cooperation with the Florida Audubon Society. These illustrations appeared in Florida Wildlife, and show how the immature eagle can easily be mistaken for these other large birds. The immature eagle is dark all over, with some motting of lighter shading, and does not attain the distinctive white head and tail until he reaches maturity at around four years of age.

Periodically, someone, usually a person with an ax to grind, or an author using lurid writing to sell his story, will attack the Bald Eagle viciously with twisted half-truths and sometimes outright lies. A recent such article, perhaps through ignorance, made no distinction between the Bald Eagle and his western cousin, the Golden Eagle, attacking both with the same accusations. Most Florida farmers and ranchers, living in Bald Eagle country, laugh outright at tall tales of Bald Eagles killing calves or other young domesticated animals.

Actually, the Golden is far more rapacious. The Bald Eagle has been proven not harmful to man, if not actually beneficial in an economic sense. They are members of the sea eagle group, and prey primarily on fish, which compose from 60% to 90% of their diet. Many of these are rough fish, of the type considered useless by humans. The balance of their diet is derived from snakes, turtles, birds, small mammals, and carrion.

Charles Broley, the famous eagle man who banded young eagles in more than 1200 Florida nests, found remains of poultry only three times. In three seasons of intensive field studies and interviews with farmers and ranchers in eagle country, I have never observed an eagle with domestic prey. I've heard of one case only, where a farmer reported that an eagle had once picked up a half-dead newborn pig.

Wild birds that are taken as prey are usually the weak or injured. This predation is nature's way of improving the species; the weak are killed, and the strong survive to strengthen the race.

Against these rare depredations, which in themselves do as much good as harm, eagles eliminate for us many unwanted rough fish, snakes, and some small mammals considered pests. In this way they help maintain nature's balance and keep certain species from getting out of control.

Even more important than shoot.

(Continued on next page)
desirable locations because a vast majority of such trees have been cut in lumbering operations and cleared of brush with a large percentage of the eagle's diet, so he must find an acceptable tree near flood fishing water. The majority of locations - trees and water - are preferred by man, so that in many cases we have literally pre-empted the Eagle from his chosen ground: the bays and inlets along the coasts, and bordering our inland lakes.

This alteration of environment has perhaps been a more important factor in the eagle's decline than anything else. Long years of persecution have taught eagles that they cannot co-exist with us, so their activities near their nests drive them out of the region, or prevent them from successfully raising young in cases where they are doggedly determined to retain their old home.

What can be done to salvage the remnants of our grand National Emblem, in the face of inexorable civilization? Will the pattern in Florida follow that of the rest of the nation? Is the eagle doomed to an early last stand in Florida?

The National Audubon Society and the Florida Audubon Society are conducting a Bald Eagle Survey to gain accurate figures on remaining numbers, and determine conservation measures to save the King of Birds. Dr. William J. Robertson, field biologist at Everglades National Park is conducting an intensive long-term study for the National Park Service in one of the eagle's last remaining bastions.

Three years of intensive search have uncovered around two hundred active nests in Florida. Add to this low figure the fact that not all "active" nests successfully raise young, and that even among the successful pairs, the reproduction rate is a low 1.5 young fledged per nest, and we can readily see that protection of every nest is vital to survival of the species.

The nesting season in Florida begins in the fall and runs through the winter months. The first month after the adults return from their summer wanderings is spent in refurbishing the old eyrie. The eggs then require about twelve weeks of incubation during which the parents refrain from successful raising young in cases where they are doggedly determined to retain their old home.

The Audubon Societies hope to accurately complete this Eagle Census this year. A number of unrecorded nests are believed to exist - the help of all outdoorsmen is needed.

There are several ways that you as an individual can help preserve our National Emblem.

First, by reporting any known or suspected eagle nest location. A form is printed with this article for that purpose. In addition to the Florida Audubon Society at Maitland, nests could be reported to the Florida Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission, Tallahassee, which is cooperating in conserving the Bald Eagle.

Second, we know that some individual eagles, where given protection, and that even among the successful pairs, the reproduction rate is a low 1.5 young fledged per nest, and we can readily see that protection of every nest is vital to survival of the species.

The Audubon Societies hope to accurately complete this Eagle Census this year. A number of unrecorded nests are believed to exist - the help of all outdoorsmen is needed.

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SHARPSHOOTING For BUM Shots

A tirade about position, careful one-shot kills and rifle slings will not change the world, but it might remind some shooters they are missing good bets.

By CHARLES WATERMAN

As a consequence, some careful observations have revealed to me that most of these hunters cannot be sure of a killing shot on a standing, medium-sized deer at 100 yards in an open field—providing the deer stays put for no more than ten seconds or so—the time required for a fast sprinter to cover the distance between gun and game.

A lot of this rifle incompetence comes from the fact that brush hunters are so used to hunting on their hind legs they have never even considered the advantages of leaning, kneeling, sitting, squatting or lying down. So, even when there is an opportunity for such operations, they tend to adopt the spray and pray method, leading to a lot of empty shells, crippled deer and innumerable aphis back at camp—unless the day is saved by a faithful hound who relocates the object of all this bad shooting.

A lot of deer stands are chosen for open ground and visibility so don’t hand me that bit about squatting down on a diamondback, cottonmouth, poison ivy or puddle of water. I never said you could always take your time and squeeze off a good shot. I do say that a lot of hunters simply don’t take advantage of their own ability, the accuracy of their rifles and the amount of time they have for deadly shooting.

Of course there is the attitude of the friend of mine who missed 29 shots before he hit a deer.

“What difference does it make if you finally get one?” he asked, and if that was the way he felt, there was no use in my going into it any further.

In Florida, a land of skilled hunters, you hear a lot more talk of hunting than you do of shooting. The Florida terrain makes hunting skill and area knowledge mandatory for successful deer trips and it is natural, I suppose, to make the actual shooting an afterthought.

A good rifleman pay a lot of heed to positions. Like the bush pilot who is always looking for an emergency landing spot, an expert rifleman is constantly figuring just where he would shoot from and what position he would use.

So the guy balanced precariously on a high stump with his feet tightly together may be able to get a good view of a deer busting across that open place but his chances of a killing shot are not worth making book on. Like you, I’ve seen guys climb into the wobbling branches of a tree, hang on with one hand and peer hopefully toward where a pack of deer hounds is discussing venison on the hoof. If the deer does show, the human fly type of gunner might get one hastily pointed shot before landing on the ground below.

Even carefully built tree stands are often arranged so it would take a vaudeville trick shot to hit anything in any logical direction.

As you install the refinements in your favorite stands, it might be wise to arrange a place to shoot through and, yes, even a nice, logical rest for your rifle. Being a terrible rifle shot myself, I’m not above taking advantage of anything that can calm that waltzing muzzle.

Telling the average hunter to practice seriously is a waste of time. If he is willing to practice, he’ll know enough that none of my advice will help much anyway.

(Continued on next page)
But if he fires only a dozen shots to get sighted in and then takes for an opening day he, like me, will need some help with his shooting and that’s what he’s going to get right here.

Generally speaking, if there’s nothing handy to rest your rifle on, the closer you get to the stand the steadier you can hold. Prone is best but most of the time it simply won’t work in Florida hunting areas. The hunter’s prone position is just like that of the target marksman—but most of the time all he’ll be able to see over his sights will be a few sticks of grass or maybe a worn eye view of a palmetto.

When he does have a chance to take it, however, he should remember one thing: Get the left elbow (we’re talking about right-handed shooters) in our position descriptions under the rifle. He can make all sorts of errors with the rest of his physique and still get off a pretty good shot if he rests his rifle on the bones of his arm instead of holding it with his quivering muscles.

From prone, you can’t follow a moving target worth a cent.

Nearest to the perfect position is sitting, which puts you up out of low cover and puts three solid parts of your anatomy on the ground. This one has to be practiced if you’re going to do it well. The left upper arm contacts the left shin below the knee, the right elbow should contact the right leg somewhere but the location isn’t so important.

Being a hit on the squatting side and not as subtle around the belt as I used to be, I do better with my waistband loosened so my —er—waistline can relax. After years of campaigning with pistols, I took up high-powered rifles late in life and it took me a long time to figure a satisfactory sitting position for myself. No two people take it exactly alike and it takes practice—even if you simply slim your gun and never shoot until hunting season opens. By a lot of squirming and groundig (if you’re in my age bracket) you eventually find an amazingly steady position. Best of all, you can follow running game from a sitting position and it can be taken in a hurry. Actually, the shot from a good sit is better than a barrage from standing—providing there’s no high vegetation between you and your target.

If you will only use it, a sling (aptly called a “strap” by those who employ it only for rifle transportation) will tighten your groups by as much as 50%. True, it takes some several seconds to get into a sling but I’ve slipped my arm through the dangled thing and walked that way when I was sure game was near. Used it too.

Don’t rest the rifle, itself, on a hard object. It’s better to rest your arm or hand as the rifle won’t recoil away from the hard object.

The guy who squats at a slant would change his mind quickly if his target were a long way off and started shooting back. I know some ex-G.I.’s who aren’t a pop for muskets yet they can do it. I’ve seen and heard these skirmishes—a new fusillade breaking out as fast as each stand. I must write confess that it is one way of getting a deer and the guy who connects with three or four shots out of one of those long magazines probably figures he is quite a marksman but I am to judge? I guess the deer is just as dead—as if he were smacked with a well-placed .30-06.

Don’t sing to me about how deadly those little cartridges are. I have, too, seen little plinkers do big damage. I am fully prepared to match anyone’s stories about big stuff and little cartridges. I have seen many a Hereford steer stiffened by a single .22 short carefully placed and I have seen a 300-pound black bear done in by 22 long rifles not so carefully placed (of them). However, if I am ever charged with collecting a truckload of dead black bears I shall not rely on my trusty twenty-two.

The school of barrage shooters is still with us. A popular weapon for such saturation fire is the U.S. 30-30 rifle slung on the hip, scroched as a wanton crippler in areas where dogs are not used. This cartridge, even when handled with expanding bullets, is something below the minimum of a good deer rifle but it has some merits that appeal to the fast shooters. It shoots fast and it recoils so little that it’s possible to fire shot after shot at high speed in the general direction of a fleeing whitetail.

This can be described as a “Whittle ‘em down” method because the deer that finally falls generally has from four to twenty holes in him somewhere and if it were not for the dogs he’d probably be buzzard bait. I have seen and heard these skirmishes—a new fusillade breaking out as fast as each stand. I must write confess that it is one way of getting a deer and the guy who connects with three or four shots out of one of those long magazines probably figures he is quite a marksman but I am to judge? I guess the deer is just as dead—as if he were smacked with a well-placed .30-06.

In my own elementary version of a scientific experiment, I found that a rifleman can turn to face a new direction, sit down and fire off quick shots with excellent results. However, if I am ever charged with collecting a truckload of dead black bears I shall not rely on my trusty twenty-two.

Like a halfback with a good change of pace, the riflemen who recognize the opportunity to take a little more time and do a lot more hitting is one to be reckoned with. A mild attack of buck fever will urge him to start burning powder when the game is first sighted but most game is in sight for a lot longer time than usually believed.

In my own elementary version of a scientific experiment, I found that a rifleman can turn to face a new direction, sit down in a solid position, snap the safety off and get off an aimed shot in about four seconds. With a little more practice he can do it in less than three but you can count on four.

In four seconds, a deer running 20 miles an hour can cover a little more than 90 feet. That isn’t fast but the real joker is that the same marksman took almost three seconds to get off an aimed, offhand shot. So the difference between the snap shot and the sitting shot was less than 50 feet of deer travel.

I know those things look different on paper from the way they look in a cypress swamp but the fact is that few deer are doing 20 miles an hour when they appear.
DAFFY DUCK HUNTERS

A s avid hunters and as individuals, my friend Lou and I are altogether different—in temperament, certain theories, hunting techniques and common, everyday actions. This, in itself, is good; it is doubtful that an already troubled world could long endure two such identical personalities.

A major difference is out consanguinity. Lou is what is characteristically known as a "dannyankee," while I am a true son of the South. However, he is only a Maine-type Yankee, which makes things a little better than they might be. Consider that on one hunting trip we only yelled insults and comparisons of Northerners and Southern traits in each other's faces for a week, and still ended up good friends. Our companions later confessed they feared the hunt would wind up as a homicidal case.

Sub-surfacewise, we are both recollected to each other's personalities. I acknowledge and admire Lou's ability to think and act fast and oversee his ancestral imperfections on the country that we all cannot be directly descended from any Jefferson Davis. Lou, I believe, secretly satiates my logical, firm analysis of problems and the fact that I am obviously among that unique group of stubborn Southerners who have never "surrendered," though the War Between the States be a hundred years in history.

Lou has a brother John, greatly admired by both of us. To our regret, John is continually tied up in civic work, for which he is seemingly ideally suited, and cannot often pal with brother and friend. This is especially grievous to me, because I find I can profitably argue with John without having to first take an axe away from him, or sit on his chest and pound his head with a rock to emphasize a point of my own, as is sometimes necessary with Lou.

As brothers, Lou and John are different in many other ways. Likewise, they are not immune to family arguments. When I chance to overhear occasional, impromptu expressions of brotherly differences of opinion, I am moved to regard them as personified, real-life Heckle and Jeckle, with perhaps abject apologies to the more reserved movie screen characters.

But on hunting—especially duck and deer—we three have common agreement. We don't seem to be able to get enough to satisfy our inner hunger—in conversation and, on far too many luckless trips, actually.

There have been some memorable hunting experiences. Lou, especially, seems to have a pronounced ability to get in unusual—sometimes amusing—situations.

There was the day I couldn't go along when Lou and John hurried off to an unnamed spot someone had told Lou offered unusually good duck hunting. It did, at that!

Newcomers to Florida at the time, they had been invited only directly to a duck breeding preserve without knowing the true situation. At destination, they launched their trailed boat and were soon in duck shooting waters, waiting with ready guns, overlooking their decoy sets. Not until the occupants of passing sightseeing boats grinned and shook fingers admonishingly did it dawn on my friends that something was wrong. Fortunately, they were rescued from their predicament by an understanding Wildlife Officer before any shooting was done.

Soon after Lou and John came to Florida, I introduced them to the science of jump-shooting ducks from the fringes of some of the countless small lakes and ponds that dot the Florida terrain. This is considered the hardest form of duck hunting as you have to sneak your way through brush and mud—often in snake-infested country—until you can see whether or not there are any ducks on the water. Then you have to quietly get within killing range and make quick shots as you suddenly jump out of hiding and send the birds into startled, get-away flight.

Lou promptly fell into a gopher hole on our first attempt. With a gopher hole, he just stood in the hole and said he didn't know we had 'gophers' in Florida. I explained that our gopher is not a woodchuck but a burrowing land tortoise, adding the information that rattlesnakes share many such holes. He came out of the hole as if he'd been a cannon-fired Zachinni.

Then there was the day when Lou bagged a fat black duck with one of those unexplainable long shots, and retrieved it. Unknowingly, the duck wasn't dead, but merely stunned or in a cataleptic state. While he was holding it up for us to admire, it came to life, jerked free of his grasp, and flew away! He's still being kidded about that one.

How many shots does it take to kill an average duck? You can figure on about five No. 4 size shot pellets being needed for clean-kill body shots. A mallard, for example, passing broadside to the gun looks pretty big. Actually, because of thick body feathers and long wing pinions, the bird is much smaller and vulnerable areas even smaller. The shot pattern has to be well centered to kill cleanly, unless, of course, one or more pellets score lucky hits. Prior to the advent of the truly waterproof plastic shotgun shell, as developed and marketed by Remington, expert current generation wa-

terfowlers used to divide cartons of shells into little piles of unfired loads, then repack the small lots in individual plastic bags, to keep unused shells from getting wet and swelling. With the new shells, no maintenance care is required.

The related instance of a supposedly dead duck that came to life brings to mind a humane way to finish off cripples and make sure all retrieved ducks are definitely dead. Hold the retrieved duck firmly by the shoulders with both hands, its belly up and pointing away from you, then bring the bird's head down smartly against some hard object. The method doesn't require much force, nor seldom more than a couple of head-raps.

Later de-feathering of bagged ducks or geese is made easier if you first dip each bird in hot water to which a grease-cutting detergent has been added. The detergent serves the purpose of breaking the surface tension of the water and penetrates the natural oils on the feathers so the dipped birds can be plucked as easily as scalded chickens.

Picking shot out of the flesh of dressed birds prior to cooking is made easier, faster job if you use the point of a small nail hammered flat to form a tiny spade with rough edges. Insert the formed spade-point in each shot hole, twist and withdraw both shot and embedded feathers. Beating digging shot and feathers out with a knife point. The idea works equally well on quail and dove, too.

One reason, the three of us were in Florida sporting goods store buying shells for a duck hunt planned for the following morning. While there, we ran into another hunter who advanced the information that he planned to hunt the same area and that it was his first duck hunt. "I expect I'll see you, fellow," he said as he left the store.

"Here they come!" — It is a moronic moment when a distant flock responds to skilled calling and an arranged decoy set.

By EDMUND MCLAURIN

FLORIDA WILDLIFE

JANUARY, 1962
told a group of contemporaries
chasing the fat at one of the nation-
al outdoor writer conventions, too
many duck hunters evidently worry
needlessly about whether or not
t really life-like homade decoys are
as effective as commercial creations.
He cited an instance where a hunter
set-up.·· he later explained.
a bird to come into my decoy
paused to blow his duck call and
then scan the sky. "I cou1dn 't get
I rowed a!ong and the decoys
tur md1,·idual blinds to see a
f m t ur md1,·idual blinds to see a
tc n h du k c1lhng. We looked out
But a, c utdoor writer Dan Klepper
and like hook.-: on a trot line. As
e hunter :;lowly rowing an un­
rord deco' S using natural color book
er can·ed and painted a set of mal­
er can·ed and painted a set of mal­

Two species, the Wood Duck and
John and I hunted an area heavily
ence of the head and a normally re­
duction of the head and a normally re­

America's first duck book.

and handicapped children. We

But a, c utdoor writer Dan Klepper
and like hook.-: on a trot line. As
13 outdoor writer Dan Klepper
and like hook.-: on a trot line. As

A shooting shell manufacturer
and the ducks very happy," Lou comented. The in­
result was lost on the happy hunter; he
was too excited about all the shots he

Few waterfowl hunters realize
Florida is on the main artery of the
north-south Atlantic flyway and also
receives fringe benefits from the
Mississippi flyway. Greatest concen-
trations entering Florida tend to fol-

No other duck hunter need have
decoy for each. It has been proven
that mallard decoys will attract the
surface-feeding dippers and canvas-
back decoys will bring in the divers.
Even though you cannot kill can-
vasbacks this season, still, decoys of
this species can be used for attract-
ing legal species among the divers.
Six to a dozen decoys are enough for
small and large ponds, but on
big, open waters you can't have too
many.

One of the most important requi-
sites of a good decoy, besides natural
non-glare coloration, is the posture.
A sleeping or semi-sleeping posi-
tion of the head and a normally re-

Near the turn of the last cen-
tury, most decoys used by both
market hunters and sportmen were
homemade. Some were works of art;
others quite crude. The important
thing is that they worked.
Because generally most duck spe-
cies are not anti-social to other spe-
cies, a duck hunter need not have
}

He said, "It's that Confederate Army cap
I hunting. He added, "It's that
Confederate Army cap I hunting. He added, "It's that

There they stayed.
"My billfold in contents is a con-
denmion of Dr. Elliott's Five

More shooting calls for quick, accurate
estimation of read ing level. Some hun-
ters are inaccurate in trying to read a
hunter's judge

In Florida writing, duck/waterfowl are
not necessarily anti-social. Decoys of
one species may attract others.

Hot spots are to be found in the lower
Apalachicola; the waters of the St.
John's, Homosassa and Chass-
awhawtika rivers, in the Caloosa-
hatchee river area below Fort
Myers; lakes Okeechobee, Apopka
and Trawford—and the Indian River
district south of New Smyrna and
north of Melbourne, especially
around Titusville.

Conditions change from season to
season. In some areas, ducks will
be plentiful one season and noticeably
scarce the next. However, there are
always ducks to be had; determined
waterfowlers who seek their game
in wilderness areas accessible only
by water or four-wheel drive vehi-
cles can catch birds in "off" years.
Searing birds before they are in
range reminds me of the time Lou,
John and I hunted an area heavily
populated with migrating ducks on
December 15. We had tractor-train
out. If properly made,
color-toned and painted, homemade
decoys are very deadly, Klepper is

Sometimes the best planning ends
in failure. Take the year that ducks
were reported to be at low popula-
tion figure. Lou, John and I hunted
in this area. A month later, we
had no luck,

Lou reciprocated with some very
uncomplimentary remarks about
the Confederate flag and its followers.
"Wait a minute, there! You can
say what you want about me, but
you cannot say anything disrespect-
ful about the Confederate flag. It's
against the law!"

"Against the law? .. Aw, go soak
your head!" Lou countered.

"That's right!
I answered
"There's a state law calling for an
imposed fine up to $500 or impris-
ment for 30 days for defiling, by
word or act, the Confederate flag.
It was passed by a recent session of
the Florida State Legislature and is
on the books as an active, enforceable
law. I like you, my good friend,
but if you cannot show more respect
for the Confederate flag, I'll put
your head on the block of a friend and
bury you in"

"I don't believe there's any such
law," Lou argued. "You're kidding
daylight showed that the resident
flocks had forsaken customary feed-

In the darkness made.

Lou took off." John remarked to
Lou. "I believe Mac
repaid to Lou for reading.

for the magic moment for legalized


the Florida Student Union. It was
abashed when one of his decoy
fled.

Jackson came to find and remove
the duck, all

an emergency, enforceable
law. I like you, my good friend,
but if you cannot show more respect
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FLORIDA'S INLAND

By STANLEY J. OLSEN
Florida Geological Survey

The various patterns define zones of equal average yearly rainfall, which ranges from 46 to 64 inches.

LORIDA'S INLAND

Perhaps man's interest in the springs and rivers of Florida began with Ponce de Leon's search for the waters of eternal youth. At any rate, Florida's inland waters are today considered among the main attractions that bring year-around visitors to the Sunshine State to seek relaxation in the various aquatic sports that are to be found there.

It is generally well known among skin divers that many of the poorer diving areas that are present in the Peninsula State are better than some of the best underwater areas to be found in other states. Why is this so and what is different about the conditions in Florida that contribute to this abundance of clear water in which man may indulge in his newest—skin diving? The plentiful rainfall and the make-up of Florida's sub-surface geology are the two major factors that give rise to conditions which produce these finest of fresh water spring-fed recreation facilities.

The principal ground water reservoir is the thick porous and permeable limestone that underlies much of Florida. This reservoir supply has been estimated to contain 1,600 cubic miles of fresh water. The water that replenishes this reservoir comes entirely from the precipitation that falls on southern Georgia and Alabama and, of course, Florida. The land surface of Florida ranges from sea level to slightly less than 400 feet above sea level. The flat, sandy topography of the state is broken by numerous sinkholes, lakes and swamps and much of the water falling on the land is retained at the surface or enters the aquifer, of carbonate rock, with only a moderate percentage of runoff.

The lakes and sinkholes of Florida are storage basins and recharge areas. The underlying limestone is slightly soluble in water which contains free carbon dioxide, oxygen and hydrogen sulphide and gradually dissolves as the surface water passes through it. Over many years this process of solution creates underground fissures and caverns, which continue to enlarge until ultimately they collapse under the weight of the overlying strata. Collapse of a cavern causes a surface depression which allows the water from the land surface and from the thin sandy mantle to drain through this natural funnel into the subsurface aquifer. When the sinkhole becomes partially plugged at its base by debris, a sinkhole pond is formed.

Some of these ponds are periodically dry as the "plug" becomes unsettled, and the waters drain out and refill to form ponds again as the silt and washed-in debris once again seals the drain.

Much of Florida's clear surface waters are due to the numerous large springs that are present in the State. At least 100 named springs are known, 66 of these each discharge in excess of 6 million gallons of water per day. The springs are fed by water rising from the porous limestone aquifer under pressure.

Any water confined or partly confined in an aquifer under hydrostatic pressure is a spring.

(Continued on next page)
face. The piezometric or hydraulic gradient is an imaginary surface coinciding with the height to which water will rise in wells owing to its pressure head. The natural aqueducts, or subterranean rivers, through which the ground water moves, are usually large and sizeable caverns and extend for considerable distances from the spring vent well back into the supply aquifer. This allows for a large and nearly uniform discharge of clear water at the spring eye. In the Wakulla Spring the supply channel at a depth of 250 feet and a horizontal distance of 1100 feet, back from the discharge area, is larger than the New York City subway tunnel. Submarine lights have indicated that the circumference of the passageway was enlarging in size as it progressed away from the limit to which man has been able to penetrate this fascinating cavern with the underwater breathing apparatus that is now available.

The rivers and streams that flow away to the sea from these large springs are also swift and clear. Many of these waters flow over limestone and sand bottoms so that obscuring silt, common to other streams, is unknown to swimmers in Florida's waters and even the minute clouding brought on by disturbing the sand is quickly home away by the swift-flowing currents. The nearly uniform 70 °F temperature allows for year-around enjoyment by skin divers. The majority of Florida's streams and many of its springs are commercial undeveloped and will probably stay that way for many years to come. This is due in part to the circumstance that many springs issue from submerged limestones that are located in heavily vegetated swamps. Many rivers and streams are merely swift, clear, bankless channels that wind through insubtrable swamps or thickly grown marshes. Some areas can only be reached by water travel and in many instances are unknown to all but local inhabitants of the areas in which they occur.

These inland streams and channels were Florida's first highways. Indian towns, missions and later the villages of immigrant settlers were situated on the few spots of high ground which were on or near these streams. It follows that much archaeological material has been and will be recovered from the exceptionally clear waters of these streams. Watercourses, particularly where they have been dredged by man, are the hydraulic force which uncovers vertebrate fossil remains as well as the cultural materials of early man. Florida is perhaps the only state in which major paleontological collecting can be undertaken, with satisfactory results, from the bottoms of springs and rivers. Why is this so? Most of the State's waterways cut through Pleistocene and Recent sands and clays that contain numerous skeletal remains of the many animals that populated Florida during the Ice Age. Some of these animals were trapped in the quick sands surrounding the spring pools or on the muddy margins of the streams, to die and be covered over sufficiently for preservation. After countless years the stream section uncovers the bones and more often than not redeposits them in the natural eroded catch basins in the limestone bottoms of the streams. It is then a simple matter for scuba-equipped prospectors to search out these traps and collect the material that nature has stored. Many scientifically valuable specimens have been recovered from depths of 20 feet or less. Some of these objects are unknown in a complete state and are present only in a fragmentary state when found on dry land. For example; the only complete cypress dugout canoe, made by the earlier Florida Indians, have been found on lake or river bottoms. It is safe to state that many important paleontological and archaeological discoveries are with the underwater prospector who will only take advantage of Florida's hidden wonders.
been a plume hunter, he said; he had raised the egret rookeries for which he traded to the white men. In those days the Everglades stretched unbroken for 100 miles, from Lake Okeechobee to the southwestern tip of Florida. The Glades were then a vast expanse of saw-grass, rooted in mud, nearly stagnant water. The saw-grass leaf blades were higher than a man’s head and clustered thick as a wheat field—a watery wild-ness into which only the Seminoles would venture. This great marsh was dotted here and there with clumps of cattage-palms and alligators. Snakes, cranes, and egrets—small, game-rooms with vines grew in tropical profusion. Charlie recalled the time when he had caught a big red she-wolf in Devil’sGarden and tried to raise her two pups.

When the elder Robert Osceola was carried by a yellow tail and clustered clumps of cabbage-palms and alligators, the wild turkeys, the red deer, and the bison, the Seminoles could push out into the Glades, and I am grateful to have known them as such. And it was possible to keep abreast of the Glades, and I am grateful to have known them as such. And it was possible to keep abreast of the Indian way of life, for they were higher than the Seminoles were ever to be. The coontie and wild grape and coco-plum continue to yield a rich profit. Thus they manage to retain the freedom they have known for so many years. The aged Charlie Cypress knew the history of the Glades, and I am grateful to have known them as such. And it was possible to keep abreast of the Indian way of life, for they were higher than the Seminoles were ever to be. The coontie and wild grape and coco-plum continue to yield a rich profit. Thus they manage to retain the freedom they have known for so many years. The aged Charlie Cypress knew the history of the Glades, and I am grateful to have known them as such. And it was possible to keep abreast of the Indian way of life, for they were higher than the Seminoles were ever to be. The coontie and wild grape and coco-plum continue to yield a rich profit. Thus they manage to retain the freedom they have known for so many years. The aged Charlie Cypress knew the history of the Glades, and I am grateful to have known them as such. And it was possible to keep abreast of the Indian way of life, for they were higher than the Seminoles were ever to be. The coontie and wild grape and coco-plum continue to yield a rich profit. Thus they manage to retain the freedom they have known for so many years. The aged Charlie Cypress knew the history of the Glades, and I am grateful to have known them as such. And it was possible to keep abreast of the Indian way of life, for they were higher than the Seminoles were ever to be. The coontie and wild grape and coco-plum continue to yield a rich profit. Thus they manage to retain the freedom they have known for so many years. The aged Charlie Cypress knew the history of the Glades, and I am grateful to have known them as such. And it was possible to keep abreast of the Indian way of life, for they were higher than the Seminoles were ever to be.
First Conference: They evidently weren't watching where they were going.
Chairman: Yes, A low-freeboard fishing skiff. It began to ship water.
Seven of them, including four children, drowned. In another case, in Florida, on a small stream about 200 feet in width, two men launched a fishing boat without noticing that the drain plug was open. For some reason, they didn't immediately notice that it was taking water—one panicked, jumped overboard and drowned.
Second Conference: How in heck could a man sit in a fishing boat without noticing that water was pouring in the bottom and not realize what was happening?
Chairman: (incredulously) Ten people were in a 12-foot fishing boat.
First Conference: (still incredulous) Ten people in a 12-foot boat?
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REGULATIONS

Hunting Season

FLORIDA'S 1961-62 general hunting season for resident game birds and animals will open Saturday, November 18, in all districts of the State.

Hunting will be allowed every day in the First, Third and Fourth Conservation Districts.

The Second and Fifth Districts, Northeast and North Central Florida, will have "staggered-day" hunting, with the first nine days (Nov. 18-26) and the period December 25 through January 2 open every day, except that the Ocala National Forest will be closed December 26 and December 28 Mondays, Tuesdays and Fridays will be closed at all other times in the two districts.

Shooting hours for resident game species will be from one-half hour before sunrise to one-half hour after sunset on each open day.

Statewide hunting dates, special seasons and bag limits for the various species of resident game animals and birds are:

Black bear legal game during open deer season and special managed hunts only. Daily and season bag limited to one. Cub bears protected at all times.

RABBIT—Hunting license needed to take either cottontail or swamp rabbit during hunting season. WILD HOGS—Game animals in certain wildlife management areas during open season designated for each area. PANTHER—Protected at all times in all areas.

GENERAL REGULATIONS

All game shown are included. Opening day, closed day, Thanksgiving Day, Christmas Day, and New Year's Day are open to hunting. Should any of the above holidays fall on a Sunday, the Monday afterwards each such holiday will be open to hunting.

No hour of the day open to hunting. Shotgun shells limited to 3-shell, capacity limit of each chamber.

Shooting time on doe deer. Late deer, fawns, doe, spotted or Axis deer, black deer with antlers of less than 5 inches in length, cub hawks, stone crabs, scorpions, and non-game birds. Animals protected at all times.

Unprotected are English sparrow, crow, blackbird, housefly, flocking quail, spotted ant and gray fox. Bobcats, raccoons.

1961-62 TURKEY

Turkey of either sex legal game during regular season, two per day, three per season.

First District: Opens November 18, closes January 7. Seven special season in DeSoto and Hardee counties to open November 18 through December 3, and December 23 through January 1. Pinellas County closed.

Second District: Opens November 18, closes January 7, Alachua and Bradford counties closed.

Third District: Opens November 18, closes January 14. Spring turkey gobbler (hens protected) hunting season March 21 through April 15, one-half hour before sunrise to 12 noon. Wakulla, Gulf, Calhoun, Liberty, Jackson and Washington counties closed to Spring gobbler season except in those parts of those counties that lie in the Roy S. Gaskin, Leon-Wakulla, and Apalachicola Wildlife Management Areas.

Fourth District: Opens November 18, closes January 7, Collier County closed.

Fifth District: Opens November 18, closes January 7.

HUNTING SQUIRREL

Daily limit, 10 Gray, 2 Fox; possession limit 20 and 4; no season bag limit.

First District: November 18 through February 11, hunting permitted every day.

Second District: November 18 through November 26, Monday, Tuesday, and Friday closed except during first 9 days and between Dec. 25 and Jan. 2.

Third District: November 18 through February 4, hunting permitted every day.

Fourth District: November 18 through November 26, Monday, Tuesday, and Friday closed except during first 9 days, and between Dec. 25 and Jan. 2.

Fifth District: November 18 through February 11, hunting permitted every day.

WATERFOWL HUNTING REGULATIONS

The current hunting season for ducks, duks, and coot begins at sunset December 1, and ends at sunset February 11, hunting permitted everyday. Monday, Tuesday and Friday closed except during first 9 days, and between Dec. 25 and Jan 2.

There will be no hunting permitted in the Ocala National Forest, Mondays, Tuesdays and Fridays during the period from December 25 through January 2.

Complete summaries on Hunting Season, Regulations, and Wildlife Area hunting schedules are available when purchasing hunting licenses, or by writing to the Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission, Tallahassee, Florida. Complete hunting season information can also be obtained at any of the Regional offices listed on Page 3.

WATERFOWL HUNTING REGULATIONS

FLORIDA WILDLIFE

1961-62 SEASON—MIGRATORY GAME

REGULATIONS FOR 1961-62 HUNTING SEASON—MIGRATORY GAME

FLORIDA WILDLIFE
TRAVEL'S A MILLION for your letters regarding this column. We'll continue to follow your suggestions in regards to useful sources of stories on dogs in the news, club activities, and items of interest to all dog owners. If you have any doggy news, or dog club activity news you'd like to pass along, please write to: Dog Chatter, Florida Wildlife, Tallahassee, Florida.

Doggy Short Snorts
Jacksonville: Greta, a nine-year old dachshund is sort of a half dog and half wagon. With her hind quarters paralyzed by a slipped disc, Greta gets around with the aid of a contraption that looks like a sulky used in harness racing. Greta is owned by Mr. and Mrs. George C. Doherty.

Miami: A dog got his master summoned to traffic court recently. Motorcycle officer Dick Rege crumpled up alongside farmer Raymond Glenn's truck and yelled "There's a dog on top of your truck."

"I know it," Glenn shouted back. "He likes to ride that way."

"Pull over," barked the law. While Glenn's 40-pound shepherd dog, King, looked on from the driver's cab, Rege wrote Glenn a ticket for permitting a rider outside his vehicle.

New York Fashions
Can you picture yourself plooch in pink nylon pajamas—a tuxedo—tails—an evening gown—a beret? Well, believe it or not, 21 dogs made monkeys out of them in their respective coats, but, it was all done for charity.

It all happened at a canine fashion show, proceeds going toward providing a new shelter for fortunate dogs.

The pedigree pets paraded across a Manhattan hotel runway as 300 persons paid $8.50 apiece to watch the show and have luncheon. To mention other costumes: space suit, an orchid sweater, a red trench with reversible collar, and a lounge jacket. These hand-tailored affairs cost from $25 to $350.

The dogs displayed impeccable manners during luncheon as their owners munched on lobster tails and chicken patties. And, not one howl of protest.

And a little dog shall lead them, and it did. A little black terrier led a search party to a lonely sand dune where his mistress may have lain helpless for three days, apparently the victim of a stroke.

Neighbors notified police they saw the woman's dog, Diamond, wandering between home and the beach. A search for Eleanor Reichert, a retired government employee, began the next day but although the mailman said she hadn't picked up her mail for several days. A search party followed the dog and he led them off a path which Miss Reichert often walked, near a low row of dunes just off the ocean beaches. The woman was found among the dunes, alive but unable to move.

Doggie Book Reviews

A directory-type booklet that promotes the services of kennels that are members of the Gaines Professional Feeder Plan. We note that it carries listing of over 100 breeders, as well as kennels offering boarding, grooming and training services. List

MUSCLE FLASHES

(Continued from page 7)

match rifle was not then in production.

Besides certain formerly owned rifles I'd like to have back, there are a couple of old model guns I'd like to acquire and rack above my typewriter.

A model that has always fascinated me, but which I have never owned, is the Winchester Model 1873 in its "valuable" or "rare" value "One Thousand" version, a highly prized gun in its day, and a model lifted out of historical obscurity by the movie "Winchester 73". Readers will recall that actor James Stewart had strong sentimental feeling for the one he carried during the movie's action-packed scenes.

To own one of the remaining "One of One Thousand" Winchester Model 1873 rifles at this late date would cost me more than I can afford.

Anyone who'd like to have the Winchester Model 1885, another fine rifle Theodore Roosevelt liked so well and used on African hunting trips when he was President of this country.

If I could get it, I would like it in .30-46 designation, one of the many cartridges the popular model was chambered for during its period of manufacture between 1895 and 1906.

At one time there was a furor over the fact that a chambered rifle in this model were "blowing up." However, investigation of reported instances showed the cause of the trouble was the lack of ability to handle the .30-46 cartridge of the time, but by attempted substitution of British Mauser ammunition left over from World War I.

DAFFY DUCK HUNTERS

(Continued from page 25)

previousy escaped from some unfortunate angler and had fouled a broken, trailing leader in the debris of shredding pines while swimming upstream. There have been many wry humorous texts written on the vicissitudes of duck hunting, as a short dissertation written by "E.S." an unidentified editor of the "NEW LIVING" is worthy of quoting here.

"Fundamentally, duck hunting is very simple. You merely sit by some water and wait for a duck to light— or start to light if someone is watching your sportsmanship. One drawback is that the water on which most of the ducks wish to light up belongs to somebody else, or can be reached only by plopping a few miles through mud or marsh. The best way to avoid duck hunting is 'yesterday', for that's practically all ducks are killed. "Ducks are usually shot from blinds or rafts. You put out your decoys and when you see some ducks flying you start talking duck language, yelling out, 'Come, come, come in', fellows. There's plenty of food here and there's not a hunter anywhere around!' "If your lie has been convincing enough, they'll happen to come in, and about that time some other old-fashioned shots jump up and they head for the next county."

"Anyone can have wonderful experiences on duck hunting trips. The first step is to make a few million dollars and buy a big place near the coast, spending a good part of it in finding money developing it for ducks.

The next best way is to have a strong back and a weak mind and keep bogging around until you learn what ducks are using. The main trouble is that after you stumble through the darkness to get to your position some fellow with a stronger back and a weaker mind is already there."
FISHING

Continued from page 9

will be placed in an undesirable area and lost. All of this is plain horse
sense.

Just how many spawning beds are ruined accidentally by man cannot be
estimated. It is certain that welded
fishermen do ruin some. The ones
they damage are small in the overall
total but some old fishermen feel sure
that small spawning fields can't accommodate too much wad­
ing or too many boats. These factors,
they say, can effect the spawning in
a local area.

I have sometimes wondered about
the concentration of boats and wad­
ers around some creek mouths in
central Florida lakes. A spawning
basin has there about as much private
as a steadily employed bur­
leaue queen. Thirty boats over four
acres of spawning bass are likely to
cause some hitch in plans and 25 or
30 waders are certain to add to the
problem. However, people who
know a lot more about such things
than I do say the overall damage is
minor and I believe them.

Certainly such damage is not im­
portant when compared to bottom
destruction by dredging or filling.

Now here's a little dope about
using artificial for grass flat bass.
Some of the methods are so old
they've been forgotten by many
fishermen.

This is no place for ultra-light
tackle. Even if you never caught a
fish, you'd ruin your day trying to
yank your baits out of the eel grass.

You need a regular baitcasting
rig or a husky spinning or spin-cast
outfit and the rod should be fairly
stiff. I use 12-pound casting line
and a direct-drive reel with a 6-foot
casting rod.

Oldest and trickiest to use of all
the grass flat plugs is the underwater
torpedo type. It's simply a sinking,
cigar-shaped plug with a spinner
in front and one at the rear. Most of
the big bass manufacturers have one
of these in their line.

At first, using one looks simple.

You just cast it out and reel it in—
no rod twitching—no nothin'.

But to be most effective in the
grass, your torpedo should move at
a speed which keeps it off the bottom,
doesn't churn up the surface and
causes a bare trace of disturbance
on top. Balancing one is complex and
the manufacturers are welcome to
one guy in the boat sometimes

It's popularly believed that the
first real "plugs" were of the torpedo
type. Anyway, they haven't changed
much since then.

The way a torpedo fouls in the
grass would drive a Christian martyr
to distraction. If the grass is close
to the surface (and it should be for
the best fishing), about one out of
three casts will be ruined by hang­
ups but you just crank her in, grass
and all. That's one reason why you
need fairly heavy tackle.

Sometimes a weedless, spoon takes
the play away from the torpedo. I
like them when there's a little ripp­
ple on top and you can make one
skip a little on the surface and
then sink into a pocket in the grass.
A poikled added to such a spoon is
a decided improvement.

The wigglers with rubber skirts
and big spinners are sometimes fine.
They too can sometimes be skipped
on top a little and they can be reeled
at a speed to cause the tiny distur­
rance provided by the torpedo. Being
pretyrless, they can be fished a
little deeper than a plug if the fish
like it that way.

If the fish want surface lures, you
fish them in the same as the grass
anywhere else.

Playing a fish in the grass is a
combination of manhandling and the
gentle touch. If he goes away, you
have to lean on him to keep him out
of the grass. If he comes toward you,
Don't rush him because he can pick his own way through the grass
better than you can drag him through.

One more thing about flat fishing
of any kind.

Usually, you are drifting. A sash
weight dragged on an adjustable
length of rope can keep you going at
the right speed.

Intend on making your lure look
good and drifting over water that
looks pretty much the same all over,
it's easy to get into a rut with your
casting, throw each one in the same
direction, and fail to cover the wa­
ter available to you. If you are care­
less, you may be fishing nine-tenths
of the time over water that either
you or your partner raked on previ­
ous casts.

I've said this before. If you'll lay
a toy boat on the floor or cut out a
boat-shaped sliver of paper and slide
it across a table as if it were drift­
ing you may suddenly discover why
one guy in the boat sometimes
catches all of the fish.

By throwing casts just a little
longer than his friends and by care­
fully choosing the direction of each
throw, it is possible for a cagey oper­
ator to fish all of the water before
other occupants of the ship get to
pick fishing nothing but second­
hand area and they wonder why
they too aren't catching fish.

The same thing can happen by ac­
cident. Unfortunately the trail left
by a bait in the water isn't inde­
ibly marked.

DAYS OF LAWLESS STREET FISHING

FLORIDA WILDLIFE

MARSH RABBIT

ALSO CALLED "PONTOO"

COLOR DARK BROWN SMALL EARS

TRACKS IN THE MUD

SMLAL, DARK FEET

FOUND IN SWAMPS AND MARSHES THRUCH MOST OF FLORIDA OFTEN WALKS "CAT-LIKE" WITH ALTERNATE STEPS INSTEAD OF HOPPING LIKE RABBITS USUALLY DO

WEIGHT 2 TO 5 LBS.

FLORIDA GAME AND FRESH WATER FISH COMMISSION

COTTONTAIL

FOUND THROUGHOUT FLORIDA INHABITS BRUSHY PLACES IN FIELDS AND EDGES OF FORESTS LIGHT BROWN COLOR WITH WHITISH FEET AND COTTONTY WHITE TAIL

WEIGHT 2 TO 4 LBS.

RABBIT HUNTING IS PERMITTED 12 MONTHS OF THE YEAR IN FLORIDA A HUNTING LICENSE IS REQUIRED TO HUNT RABBITS DURING REGULAR OPEN SEASONS FOR RESIDENT AND MIGRATORY GAME ANIMALS AND BIRDS NO DAILY BAG OR SEASON LIMITS

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