A LARGE HAWK OF THE OPEN WOODS & PRAIRIES, MOST OFTEN SEEN PERCHED IN AN UPRIGHT POSE ATOP A DEAD SNAG, LIVENS TREE OR TELEPHONE POLE OR SOARING IN WIDE CIRCLES HIGH IN THE SKY. MAIN FOOD MICE AND RATS. ALSO EATS OTHER VERTEBRATES, REPTILES, FROGS, CRAYFISH, INSECTS, CARROTS AND FISH. BIRDS ARE BENEFICIAL.

BIRDS OF FLORIDA

BROAD-WINGED HAWK

A TAME, CROW-SIZED HAWK LIVES IN THE WOODS. SLOW IN MOVEMENT—OFTEN SITTING MOTIONLESS FOR LONG PERIODS OF TIME. ITS FOOD CONSISTS OF SMALL SQUIRRELS, INSECTS, MICE, RATS AND RARELY BIRDS. FOUND THROUGHOUT FLORIDA MOST COMMON IN THE NORTHERN AND WESTERN SECTIONS. LENGTH 14-18 INCHES. WINGSpread 91/2 FT. PROTECTED BY LAW.

BIRDS OF FLORIDA

FLORIDA GAME AND FRESH WATER FISH COMMISSION

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CONSERVATION SCENE

Conservation, Pollution and Natural Resources

Become Political, Social and Government Issues

A statement of water pollution requires understanding of the levels or concentrations of wastes which are harmful and/or toxic, as well as vigilance and the continuing investment of time, talent and money." Dr. Ira N. Gabrielson, president of the Wildlife Management Institute, recently told the Industrial Wastes Forum of the Water Pollution Control Federation. "If water quality criteria for the various uses are not established and advance waste treatment methods developed so these criteria can be met, then water pollution will become more acute because it intensifies with population expansion," Gabrielson said.

"Effective pollution control depends largely on the acquisition of new knowledge and new techniques that lead to the development of an improved level of water resources management in order to restore, maintain, and improve water quality. The objective is to make it possible for each water user to return his process or waste water to the sources in a condition suitable for municipal, industrial, agricultural, recreational, and all other uses that may be made of water from that common source."

To reach such a stage of compatible water use, Gabrielson said, "the minimum quality at any point in a water source must be based on the most critical requirements of all the uses to which that water may be put, including fish, wildlife and recreation."

Land Management Issue

Conservation and natural resources are going to be the most important political and social issue over the next generation, Assistant Secretary of the Interior John A. Carver, Jr. told a recent meeting of the American Forest Products Industries in Washington, D.C., the Wildlife Management Institute reports. Carver's observation was made during a panel discussion of the viewpoints of private, State, federal, and industrial interests towards the acquisition of lands by the Federal Government. Secretary Carver pointed to a number of new laws which will strengthen programs of the Department of the Interior to dispose of public lands, especially around communities in the West, and to sell and exchange other public lands to consolidate the scattered holdings of the Bureau of Land Management. A slumbering giant only recently aroused, the BLM administrator more than 400 million acres of public domain lands, half of which are in the western States outside of Alaska. The agency and the lands it is charged with administering have been long ignored, forested, and natural resources management programs have only hobbled along. The outlook has gradually brightened during the past 4 to 5 years due mainly to the determination of the agency's administrators. New laws enacted by the 88th Congress suddenly have thrust the agency into the bright light of public scrutiny.

One directs BLM to manage the public lands for varied uses and authorizes classifications of the lands for retention and management for disposal for general community expansion. A second authorizes sale of public lands required and chiefly valuable for residential, commercial, industrial, or public-use development. A third law creates a Public Land Law Review Commission to analyze current practices and policies, the nearly 5,000 land laws, to recommend lands that should be sold or retained.

National Wildlife

THE REMAINS of the world's most ancient and spectacular forest stand along a 450-mile belt of the northern California coast. Four-tenths of this redwood forest, containing trees over 300 feet tall (Continued on page 27)

THE COVER

The Floride Bobcat, found throughout the state, is so named because of its short, six-inch tail. It is also called Wild Cat, Bobtail and Bad Lynx. See "Florida's Wild Cats" on page 16.

From A Painting By Wallace Hughes

FLORIDA WILDLIFE

FEBRUARY, 1965

CONSERVATION ACTION FOR Outdoor Recreation

32-page illustrated guide to "County Action for Outdoor Recreation" is now available. Publishers are the National Association of Counties and the Citizens Committee for the Outdoor Recreation Resources Review Commission (CORC).

Copies are available from CORC, 1001 Pennsylvania Ave., D.C. 20004. Single copies are free; in quantities of 10 or more the cost is 15 cents a copy.

In a preface, Laurance S. Rockefeller, honorary chairman of CORC, and Edwin G. Michaelian, president of NACO, urge counties and the lands they own to cooperate to identify and protect lands and waterways of highest values for outdoor recreation while costs are within reach and natural qualities remain unspoiled.

The booklet describes how both urban and rural counties can take advantage of Federal matching grants available to help plan outdoor recreation programs, and acquire and develop open space and recreation lands.

Under the new Land and Water Conservation Act, the nearly $500 million in Federal grants of up to 50 percent of cost may be available for county acquisition and development projects. The booklet emphasizes that this aid is available only for county projects that are incorporated into wide outdoor recreation plans, and urges counties to accelerate planning programs. The booklet includes case histories of successful county outdoor recreation and open space programs and describes new federal outdoor recreation programs.

A checklist to help in initiating and evaluating county programs is included.

County Action For Outdoor Recreation

It Begins With The Young

A Conservation Conscience

By ERNEST SWIFT

National Wildlife Federation

CONSERVATION education is like gold: "It's where you find it." It defines solid and stilled definition. Its completeness is not bottled up in test tubes, nor found as an entity in seminars or the blind application of techniques. They are simply a means toward an end.

Conservation is a search for truths, and it takes a lifetime to discover them. Regardless of preparation and scholastic brilliance, they can only be found on the land.

Only at the end of the trail and after years of seeking can one begin to see a few faint glimmers of what is true and what is false. It is a tortuous road. By the time a degree of philosophy has enriched the years, the torch must be passed on.

Who, when and how does conservation education begin? Where SHOULD it begin? Does it start with emotions that swell the childish breast at the first conscious sight of a butterfly, a robin, a dandelion, a field of daisies, a lonely pasqueflower, or mud oozing up between bare toes? Is it first awakened when a father takes his son hunting, or fishing? Does it begin with cows being driven to pasture, or with day-dreaming along the banks of some small water course? Does it begin in the school room, or in the more matter-of-fact problem of finding a job?

The conservation conscience means growth, with the young, and there should be opportunity for its blooming. In the end it will keep the old young at heart. It should start in adolescence with emotions and avid curiosity and should progress with study, research and contemplation. But emotions and curiosity should never be discarded.

An open mind with an inatissible curiosity are the two main avenues to conservation education because in the last analysis conservation education must have balance and produce an understanding of harmony between men and land—as Leopold has so well stated. Genuine curiosity can only be satisfied by working directly with land, water, and the products of both. There is no substitute. These are the elements which make up the whole of conservation.

Laboratories are a testing ground for what happens on the land; seminars and speeches should be considered media of evaluating the results of laboratory testing and "on-the-land" EFFORTS.

But the entire spectrum of effort is best advanced by those who have an affinity for things in their natural state. Actual work on the land is proof of their sincerity, it must be deep and impelling. Foresters, game and fish managers, wardens, by reason of their daily contacts, should be aware of both the aesthetics and the laws of survival than the many who only use the out-of-doors as a week-end playground. Sad to say, there is no hard and fast rule for this.

Everyone will become a complete conservationist. Those who search through the years with an honest effort are less sure of any self-contained understanding. They more than likely will (continued on page 30)
FISHING

By CHARLES WATERMAN

Almost everyone thinks he has located a new sub-species of fish, a killjoy biologist shows up, counts scales or fin rays and says it isn't so. This is all to the good because if it weren't true you'd soon have a 5-foot bookshelf of fish names. Local fish handles are all fouled up anyway.

Since it's the most important—and prevalent—of our game fish, the black bass is most frequently discovered in a new shape or color and promptly christened a new sub-species. I've done it myself but I know now that ordinary bass appear in almost as many shapes as the fishermen who seek them.

They also behave in different ways in different waters and most learned dissertations on sure-fire bass methods and bass habits are turned out by authors with so little experience they don't even know how skimpy their information is.

That, of course, is one of the reasons why there have been thousands upon thousands of bass—killers in some areas and often complete duds in fighter, although running smaller. It's in the big, of our game fish, the black bass is most frequently true you'd soon have a 5-foot bookshelf of fish makes for fish quite deep for their length. A bass mouths which vary greatly (even among real body. The big ones get more of their weight that chr is tened a new sub-species. I've done it myself as many shapes as the fishermen who seek them.

In a food-filled impoundment I used to fish. Many of the less learned anglers insisted the fish were in the Midwest) they go for the same lures. In Ozark streams, I feel the smallmouth is a somewhat harder ch rafted a certain lake, only to have the fish change their feeding habits. This is most common on artificial lakes where, for the first few years, an abundance of shoreline food causes the fish to strike happily in the shallows. Then the shoreline supply of food gives out and fish move deeper, looking to the bottom for their groceries.

Our sport must change his methods or find a new fishing hole. The very fact that bass can adapt to a wide variety of conditions makes fishing for them so damned complicated that I'm pretty skeptical of bass experts once they get a few miles from home.

FISHERMAN are frequently in search of the "small est boat that will be safe" for fresh water fishing. Some of those who ask me about it are older folks who wouldn't feel up to swimming long distances in the water. Longer boats are more eas ily steered with paddle or oar and length is a big consideration when you're drifting in a current. Short boats tend to go down a stream like a bar of soap.

I'm a little jump about boat trailer hitches. Partly through bad luck and mainly through care lessness, I've had several near-accidents because of trailer hitch failure. Most chizzling of all occurred in the wee hours of a morning ten years ago when my wife and I were headed for Everglades on U.S. Highway No. 27 south of Sebring.

I was driving and just how often I was checking I'm a little jump about boat trailer hitches. Partly through bad luck and mainly through care lessness, I've had several near-accidents because of trailer hitch failure. Most chizzling of all occurred in the wee hours of a morning ten years ago when my wife and I were headed for Everglades on U.S. Highway No. 27 south of Sebring.

I was driving and just how often I was checking...
MUZZLE FLASHES

Answers to questions mailed in by readers of this column

Mail Call

By EDMUND McLAURIN

How does the new Remington Model 1100 autoloaders compare with the long popular square-end receiver Browning autoloaders in operation?

The two autoloaders models are both dependable of operation, but entirely different in operating principle.

The Browning operates on the recoiling barrel principle; the Remington Model 1100 functions by powder gasipped off into a special gas chamber. The barrel of the Remington 1100 remains stationary; only the breech block recoils, to autoload.

The Remington Model 1100 has far less noticeable recoil, and the shooter is usually less conscious of its moving parts than when firing the same shell loads in a Browning shotgun having a recoiling barrel.

Where should the point of balance lie in a shotgun for most efficient handling?

In a double barrel shotgun, point of balance should center at the hinge, or about an inch forward. In a pump or autoloaders, balance point should be just forward of edge of receiver.

A well balanced gun shoulders faster, points more naturally; therefore, generally shoots better.

For last hunting season, I purchased a bolt-action .30-06 sporter on a Springfield action. It has the usual type of Springfield lift up and push down thumb safety.

Out hunting, I saw a deer and eased my safety halfway towards “Fire!” position, then decided not to immediately shoot, even though I had already placed considerable pressure on the trigger. But when I did lower the rifle’s safety to full “Fire!” position, the rifle went off unexpectedly as I started to aim, though my finger had not again touched the trigger. What happened?

In normal “Safe” position the safety on the Springfield gives definite blocking to the rifle’s striker block; it is one of the best safety mechanisms made, properly used.

But it should be used only at a full “On” (safe) position. At the lesser area, the safety does not cam the cocking piece back entirely clear of the trigger’s rear.

There is no blocking of firing mechanism and the rifle will go off if strong pressure is put on the trigger, then removed, and the thumb safety pushed all the way down to “Fire!” position.

Besides the Springfield, this condition can occur in the Mauers, Enfields and certain early Remington and Winchester bolt actions using similar type safety.

What shotgun loads do I need to reliably kill heavily feathered game at ranges well beyond forty yards? I use a 12 gauge. I want best shot patterns possible.

To start with, you must have a close patterned barrel; that usually means one of Full Choke boring.

Next, you must have fairly heavy shot if you expect to maintain killing energy way out. For shots around 60 yards, you should not use smaller shot size than No. 4, because of energy loss characteristic of smaller size shot.

In heavy shotshell loads, particularly the Magnum, nickel and copper-plated chilled shot will invariably give better killing patterns and penetration than regular chilled shot.

To get the facts, you’ll have to pattern your own guns with various loads over the average extended range you shoot, not at the standard 40 yards shotgun pattern range.

I have just acquired a shotgun chambered for 3” Magnum length shells. Can I use standard 2 3/4” length shells without sacrificing shot pattern quality?

Firing tests indicate that modern 2 3/4” length shells can be satisfactorily used in 3” length chambers without loss of pattern quality.

In some individual Full Choke bored guns tested, patterns actually were improved.

There was once foundation for the belief that 2 3/4”, length shells fired in 3” chambers resulted in poor shot patterns, but that was back in the days when the rolled style shotshell crimp was used; new methods of shotshell crimping have largely eliminated this marked difference in delivered patterns.

Can you give me a few basic facts about the new .284 Winchester caliber?

One must consider the class of the short cartridge case 7mm’s.

It has a short, fat case and a short neck; consequently, the .284 cartridge will function in short lever-throw rifle models like Winchester Model 88 and Savage 99, which are being commercially chambered for the new cartridge.

The Winchester Model 100 autoloader is also being chambered for the new .284 cartridge.

Performance is about that of the 279 Winchester and .286 Remington calibers, even though the fat shell case is half an inch shorter. Recoil is about the same.

Bullet ballistics show the new .284 has 3,200 feet per second muzzle velocity in 125 grain bullet weight, and 2,900 fps muzzle velocity when 150 grain bullets are used. Both bullet weights will deliver powerful punches on distant targets.

What are the standard shotgun bore diameters, and what are the standard choke constriction diameters?

Though they may vary slightly with different manufacturers, most of the gun factories now recognize .729” diameter as standard for 12 gauge, .672” for 16 gauge, and .613” for 20 gauge bores.

As a gun lover, and as a firm believer of the freedoms guaranteed by the Bill of Rights, I am opposed to impractical firearms legislation. I feel there should be unrestricted trade in sporting firearms to sportsmen for target shooting and hunting.

But I do feel that mail order sales of war souvenir anti-tank guns and multiple firing weapons made on the working principle of combat machine guns should be abolished. These type of weapons have no place in our sporting use of firearms, and possession of workable weapons should be firmly restricted to authorized law enforcement and national defense agencies.

As matters now stand, anyone with the purchase price can buy anti-tank guns and easily reactivated war surplus machine guns and ammunition for same.

A friend and I have identical calibers. Deer rifles and shoot the same cartridge loading. But my friend’s rifle is an old one, while mine has been fired only six times. He claims his rifle gives slightly higher velocity than mine, although of same barrel length and firing the same cartridge loading as mine. Is he right?

Generally speaking, yes. Most rifles give slightly lower velocities when they are brand new than when they have fired a bit. After from 20 to 300 rounds, depending on caliber, they then generally give highest achievable velocities for a given powder load. Also, most of them shoot better after reasonable “breaking in.”

When was gunpowder first used? Who invented smokeless powder?

History supports use of “Greek fire”—an inflammable, but not explosive compound, about 673 A.D.; “Chinese Snow,” about 600 A.D.

A manuscript by Liber Ignium dated 846 A.D. describes a compound of practically the same formula as black powder. Black powder is also mentioned in the writings of Abd Allah about 1240 A.D.

The general formula of black (Continued on page 27)
A Modern-day cruise — into the historic past

Florida Boating Adventure

By ELGIN WHITE

Retracing the paths of conquistadores of old has been an accepted custom of American vacationers for many years. Until recently, however, those visitations were limited in the main to tours by auto, bus, air, special train, or even on foot via the ever popular camper's route.

In many areas of our country this still holds true, for famous landmarks and forts and historic places can only be reached over land.

Florida's historic attractions, especially along the coastal areas where this country's history began more than 400 years ago, are in a separate class. For the most part, and with few exceptions, they can be visited by boat, and such a visitation makes the journey twice as adventurous and exciting as by standard automobile travel.

Perhaps the most famous and historic strip of terra firma in the entire United States could be that 60-mile stretch of land between Fernandina Beach, in the far northeast corner of the state, and world renowned St. Augustine, the oldest city in America, often referred to as the cradle of American history.

For many years tourists from all over the world have been visiting these two historic regions, as well as the areas in between, but as mentioned earlier, by car, train and bus for the most part.

It had occurred to me on more than one occasion to make this jaunt via boat, although I could truthfully admit I did not know if such a journey would be feasible.

In order to find out the why's and wherefore's, I called David Gatchel, likeable city manager of Fernandina Beach and asked if such a tour could be made.

"Don't know," Dave advised, "but tell you what I'll do... I'll check it out and let you know."

Check it out he did. Dave called me in a couple of days with the report: "You know, this will make a tremendous boat cruise. What do you want us to do from here?"

That was the beginning. Knowing that such a venture was not only feasible but practical, I contacted Bill Prentiss at Johnson Motors and Les Walker at Sportcraft Boats and made arrangements for transport. This was readily taken care of, and my good cronies Dr. Charles Miller, a Miami dentist, and his wife Sarita, who are the boatingest nuts you ever saw, heard about the venture and offered to come along.

Johnny Johnson, one of Florida's leading photographers, and Florida Boating Council agent Earl Register formed the reporting team and we were ready to take a gander at history.

Dave obtained a copy of the Standard Oil Southern Cruising Guide chart at the Welcome Station, which is a good thing to keep in mind if you plan to duplicate this journey. These charts are invaluable, though the waters we were traversing were all Intracoastal Waterway routes and readily marked. There also are other charts available from various oil companies as well as the usual Coast & Geodetic Survey charts.

Once in the water, we swung north from the Welcome Station for a short run past Fernandina's big shrimp fleet. This place is a sea food gourmet's paradise, too, for in addition to the big shrimp fleet that bases here, regular party and charter boats sail into the Atlantic Ocean from this point.

One mile from our starting point we pulled onto shore on the right bank of the Amelia River at the camp site of Fort Clinch State Park. This is a fine, sandy white beach and we simply nudged ashore in full view of the campers in the park.

Having been advised by Dave Gatchel of our arrival, we were met by Gil Becker, superintendent of the Fort Clinch State Park, who had in mind showing us the camping facilities there before meeting us later on at the fort.

Gil piloted the male entourage of our party into the stern of a pick-up truck and we went bouncing over the sand dunes into the myriads of by-ways and small passages of the camp-grounds, and it was really something to see.

There were plenty of campers there when we moved through, most of them from Ohio, Massachusetts, New York, and Illinois. But Becker told us that a lot of local people frequent the campsites on week-ends. Facilities are excellent there, and those outdoor lovers looked as if they were having a ball.

We got back to the shore where the girls were waiting with the boats, and I noticed that there was a new concrete launching ramp there. It was for use by campers at no charge, and for non-campers just coming in to use the ramp for a small fee. Some 200 yards to the south of this fine ramp were the remnants of another ramp that was destroyed by a pretty vicious nor'easter about seven years ago.

Just across the Amelia River from this point is the confluence of the Amelia and St. Mary's River, the easternmost boundary line between Georgia and Florida.

We got back aboard and pulled just around the point to the massive brick wall that signalled our arrival at old Fort Clinch.

Again, we hauled right into the beach at the fort, and were met by Becker and two or three of his staff, who had come around from the campsite via highway.

Since our visit to Fort Clinch was by boat and not by the standard auto route, we had an unusual entry into the fort ... through an old gun port hole in the northeast corner of the structure.

Moving into the interior of the fort, Becker told us some of its history. It was begun in 1850 (down-
right recent as far as Florida history is concerned) and the Confederates took it over at the start of the War Between The States. They abandoned the fort, however, when its defense became unfeasible, and the Feds took over in 1862. It was fort fortified again during the Spanish-American war, and found limited use during World War II.

One of the most attractive things about this fort, though, and similar structures such as the old fort on Dry Tortugas in the Florida Keys, is the amazing architecture conceived and constructed from brick. We went into one of the "points" of the fort, which served as a battery, and the vaulted roofs were magnificently built. As a matter of fact, as Dr. Miller pointed out, those battery rooms would make magnificent living rooms for a "way out" sort of house today.

We remained at old Fort Clinch for some time, and then cruised on down river in order to make a luncheon date at one of Fernandina Beach's outstanding seafood houses.

Some six miles south of Fernandina, we hailed to port and pulled into the dock on the Sandbar, an eatery that is without peer when it comes to offering tasty morsels from the sea. Forrest Osborne, the genial host, was waiting for us on the dock, and escorted us into a room where we enjoyed a repast that will never be forgotten. Should you come into Fernandina and want to savor the delicacies at the Sandbar, don't eat for a week...you'll make up for it here!

We headed south on the Intracoastal through the well marked channel, moving to our next rendezvous with history...the old Kingsley Plantation on Fort George Island.

In moving through the Intracoastal, we watched the charts pretty closely, because when you reach Flashing Beacon 46 in Nassau sound, you have to keep a close watch for Beacon 47, which bears to starboard. A move to port will take you out under the bridge and into the Atlantic Ocean.

A run of some 10 miles brought us to Flashing Beacon 72, where a quick left took us up a marked waterway for about 3/4 of a mile, and we came upon the Kingsley Plantation house on the starboard side approaching the northern boundary of Fort George Island.

Getting aboard plantation land was not easy. We had to pull into some rather discouraging looking high grass and give a pretty hefty vault from boat to shore to clear some mucklands. But we did manage to get ashore and right in the front yard of the old Kingsley house.

We met another state park attendant here and he gave a short briefing on the past glory and history of the old Kingsley plantation.

Seems Captain John McQueen, during the Revolutionary War, served as a courier for George Washington. He carried confidential messages to LaFayette and Thomas Jefferson. He later became a Spanish subject, became Don Juan McQueen, if you please, and the proud owner, through Spanish grant, of Fort George Island.

He built a small house on the island in 1792 (standing), but in the course of time and attrition his lands were confiscated by the British, and in 1817 Zephaniah Kingsley, slaver and large landowner, came into possession of the island. Kingsley built the now standing main house (connected with McQueen's smaller house by a covered cross walk) and developed the entire island into an extensive plantation.

Kingsley was a large slave owner, and about a mile past the entrance gates leading into the house grounds proper we came upon 42 old slave houses, or ruins of slave houses, that were built in the early 19th century. These houses were constructed of "tabby," a mixture of oyster shells and sand and that formed a hard structure that has been able to withstand the ravages of time and weather. In fact, the old carriage house on the plantation is built of tabby and is in an excellent state of repair.

Old Zephaniah was somewhat of a sport, too. Some 10 miles south of his plantation house, he constructed another tabby house for Anna Jai, an African princess whom he married in tribal rites, and their daughter, Fatima. It is said "Mammy Anna" used to run the place with an iron hand and was in charge of the slaves.

The country surrounding Kingsley Plantation is magnificent. Lush tropical greenery prevails throughout, and it is somewhat difficult to imagine that such a jungle could have at one time been a thriving plantation.

We finally had to leave Kingsley and old Fort George Island, for it was getting dark and we had to run about 15 miles to our over-night stopping point, the Beach Marine Service on the Intracoastal where US Highway 90 crosses the canal.

This is undoubtedly one of the finest and most progressive marinas in the nation today. With huge, floating docks constructed of styrofoam and wood, some covered and others open, the Beach Marine Service marina is the ultimate in water ports. In addition, co-owner Mrs. Fred Woolverton, a rose enthusiast, has surrounded the entire area with huge, magnificently colored roses that will take your breath away. This marina is so popular that every storage slip is rented and there is a waiting list a mile long.

Next morning was gas-up and replenishing time at the marina, and while this was going on the girls were cooing and aahing about the roses.

We did not head south as previously planned, but turned back north into the Intracoastal for a seven mile run to the St. Johns River. We had to cross this famous stream, coming in the night before in order to beat darkness to the marina. As a result, we had to by-pass Fort Caroline, the Ribault monument, and Mayport, home of the Atlantic Fleet's big carriers.

Passing flashing red beacon 9 on the Intracoastal at the St. Johns, we turned to port and made a two mile jaunt to the south shore of the river where the exact replica of old Fort Caroline has been built.

This was really reaching back into history. Fort Caroline was constructed by the French Huguenots in 1564 on a knoll on the river shore about five miles from the mouth. This exact spot is no longer in existence, having been destroyed when the river was widened in 1880.

But this replica has been reconstructed in minute detail from the drawings of the French artist Le-Moyne, who was among the original garrison of 300 soldiers and sailors and a few women. LeMoyne made graphic illustrations of the building of Fort Caroline, and this present structure matches those details, right down to the curved archway over the gate.

We beached our boats about 50 yards down river from the fort itself to avoid quite a bit of flotsam in the water right in front of the structure.

Upon returning to the boats about two hours later, we found this was a bit of a mistake, as the tide completely left us high and dry. We had to wait a spell for a little water to return and then with Dave and Earl wading into the deep, we managed to swing the boats back into the river for the rest of the trip.

Our tour of Fort Caroline was guided by National Park Ranger John Deweese, who pointed out all the historic aspects of the structure. He then took us via car to the high bluff some distance away where the famous monument to Jean Ribault stands, overlooking the St. Johns River from one of the highest points in the region.

Fort Caroline was actually a small garrison, and its reconstruction is not quite complete. The commandant's quarters in the center are yet to be built.

(Continued on next page)
From Fort Caroline we moved eastward to make a run past the big Naval base at Mayport. The carriers “Enterprise” and “Saratoga” were in port and we moved in pretty close to get a gander of ’em from the St. Johns.

This particular part of the St. Johns River can get pretty narty. We were having beautiful weather, but there was a slight wind coming in from the northeast, and with the tide running fast in one direction and the wind from the other, we had some good “busters” hitting at us as we made our way back west to the Intracoastal.

The run from the Beach Marine Service down the Intracoastal to St. Augustine is a calm and pretty thing. Just south of U. S. 90 is the stretch of waterway leading into Palm Valley, and both sides of the canal are lined with houses, cabins, big homes, little homes, camps, and the ever-present docks. Those docks were sticking out into the water like the legs of a centipede, and they presented a rather strange look in that when we passed them they were all high and dry. The Intracoastal here has a tide fluctuation of almost eight feet, and it really gave us a very odd look in that when we passed them we got their heavy bottomed galleons into Matanzas River without scraping barnacles galore, because the river is loaded with sand bars. Undoubtedly they unloaded in mid-stream and came shore via long-boat.

We were lucky, however, as our small boats could nudge right up to the coquina wall that marked the beginning of the fort. We anchored back and forth in front of the massive old structure while Johnny was clicking his shutter, and then moved on to the St. Augustine City Pier, just past the Bridge of Lions that leads from St. Augustine to the beach.

We docked at City Pier and immediately set out on a tour of America’s birth place. I suppose millions of words have been written about St. Augustine and its history but none of them can hold a candle light to an actual visit.

Our first stop, of course, was the Castillo de San Marcos, which was begun in 1672 as one of the New World’s strongest bastions. It was not finished until 1756, showing construction in those days was somewhat slower than modern times, mainly, I suppose, because of intermittent skirmishes with Seminole Indians, the British, the French, pirates, yellow fever outbreaks, and numerous other little incidents that could cause some delay.

But the fort was a tremendous stronghold, and even today, almost 380 years later, its coquina walls are as strong as ever. Were we still battling one another with arrows, spears, and small arms, this fort probably would still be an operational one. Following a tour of the Castillo, our gang made a swing over to the oldest schoolhouse in America, which was constructed in 1778 and is one of the top tourist attractions in the nation today.

If you plan this journey, keep in mind that someone must meet you with a car and trailer at St. Augustine, unless you want to make the run back up to Fernandina. This would be no task, though, for the whole journey was but 78 miles in a straight run.

But visiting these fabulous historic parts of early America’s past history by boat is a thrill many people have overlooked. In some respects, it is easier than by car, because you can move in closer to the forts, monuments, and plantations.

It is an unusual journey, and a most unforgettable one. If you’re a real boating enthusiast, this is a trip you simply gotta make ... you’ll probably make it again and again!
Florida Bobcat: Named because of its short, six-inch long tail, the Bobcat is also called Wildcat and Bay Lynx. The “bobtail” is found throughout Florida, in settled areas as well as wilderness swamps and forests. Average weight is 20 pounds, and the height ranges from 20 to 23 inches, at the shoulder. Although the Bobcat has a reputation as a tough and wily fighter, it prefers peace and quiet, and will often live its entire life close to human habitation without being discovered.

The Bobcat, a nocturnal creature, sleeping during the daylight hours, is a popular year around target for hunters and hounds to find and chase on after-dark “cat hunts.”

Main food for the Bobcat is mice and rats, but also enjoys a menu of rabbits, squirrels, foxes, young pigs and birds.

Florida Panther: Because of its rarity the Panther has been removed from the hunting list and is now fully protected by law in Florida. Florida is the last remaining stronghold of this sleek animal in the eastern United States, the Everglades being the only area left where it is found in any numbers.

The finding of a panther elsewhere in the state is considered quite unusual, but for those fortunate to see and hear a Panther in the wild, or even locate this cat’s tracks, will remember the event as a highlight of field experiences.

Large and powerful, the Panther has been known to kill animals as large as a horse. In Florida the main food is wild hogs, but it will also prey on raccoons, other small animals, birds, insects, and deer, especially those that may be sick and diseased.

Height of the Panther, at the shoulder, is from 26 to 30 inches. Female weights average 100 pounds; the males 140 pounds.

A beautiful animal with yellow eyes, rusty-color upper parts and buffy white underparts, it has a long brown tail tipped with black. The young are gray with dark spots.
We had chosen to camp out, with each man bringing groceries instead of the usual practice of one man doing the meal planning and food purchasing for all. The result was food for a variety of appetites, commodities in questionable quantity and serious omissions. When we unpacked and pooled our groceries, we found that coffee had been completely forgotten. Someone else overlooked packing salt and pepper for the entire party.

Our brand new can-opener broke half way around its first can. Subsequently opened cans were very crudely punched, hacked and worried open.

We had hardly made camp and gotten a fire going before landowner and host Frank Schilling was over to drive home the importance of woods' fire prevention. (A couple of years prior, while camped on the same spot, we had rushed off in the darkness of 5:00 A.M. to get on our deer stands before daylight, carelessly leaving a campfire burning. Frank hadn't liked it a bit. The irritation still rankled strong within him. He said so in no uncertain terms.)

His words would have had much stronger effect on all of us, we are sure, had we not looked back in the direction of Frank's camp and detected an unnatural brightness. During his temproary absence—

...admimnistrated to us against possible repeat of our careless action—his own campfire had gotten out of bounds.

"My camp's on fire!" he yelled, and started in a bee line for the glow. Fortunately, his campsite was close by and there were many hands to bring the ambitious fire under quick control. Frank, however, has a new nickname—"Fire Chief."

Whimsical eating added to our food problem. Charley—normally a light eater—had a seemingly insatiable appetite this particular trip. Dave liked milk, and a half gallon size carton had been included for him. The only trouble was that, after his first drink, the carton somehow got turned over in the ice chest. The next morning, contents of the bottom section of the chest were swishing around in milk-colored ice water.

Water was a precious commodity around camp; our nearest source of pure water was several miles away. To adequately take care of cooking needs and personal consumption, we filled every possible container with water and thereafter used it judiciously.

However, camp sanitation included the luxury of a shower. This was made from a one gallon plastic Clorox bottle cut off at small of neck and with possibly fifty small holes punched in its bottom to create a shower head.

To use it, one had to invert another gallon container, filled with water, over the improvised shower head. Thereafter, you washed and rinsed—FAST! Your wash-water supply was exactly one gallon. Washing and rinsing without having water supply cut off while still half covered with soap required coordinated timing! One or two in the party never mastered the trick.

Our tent was a large one, capable of accommodating a number of persons for comfortable sleeping... Readers should consider the latter reference merely a figure of speech. We had an assortment of snorers and at least one understudy of Ringo. The tent had all the serenity and silence of a theatrical rooming house!

The sleepers had an embracive range of sound effects. The grunting and snorting of a Florida wild hog was duplicated with astonishing and naturalness. There was a good imitation of a jet diving sharply from 60,000 feet, with sudden pull-up. (I was credited with this performance!) A restless sleeper gave a dramatic performance of refighting the War Between the States. ... One member of the party had a small radio. He was so interested in getting the latest news of Khrushchev's troubles and the weather reports that he kept the thing on all night, even when he was cat-napping. After midnight the distant stations, in earlier time zones, came in especially loud and clear. 

... We didn't have an alarm clock. At intervals—11:30, 1:43, 3:01 and 4:12 A.M., Dave asked if it was time to get up. (On his first bowhunt, he was especially anxious that we not fail to leave camp and be in the woods before daylight. His concern didn't do much good. When we did manage to leave early and get to our chosen hunting area before day, the morning fog was so thick we couldn't see thirty feet around our stand.)

One of the party proved to be a true Nature Boy. He could be seen heading for thick clumps of brush at all hours.

Charley is a strong advocate of camouflage when hunting wary game. In the woods, he wears camouflage attire from head to foot, his slip-over-head hood and face mask giving him the appearance of some Halloween character. ... The one thing he overlooked on this particular trip was his brand new big, Western style belt buckle he proudly wore every minute of his waking hours. Every time the sun's rays hit the shiny metal buckle at an angle, it flashed light in the woods like a hologram. The flashes could be seen across distances; we pitied any poor Navy signalman on duty at Pensacola...
Incidentally, Charley didn't see any deer the entire trip. Charley has a cardiac condition. We repeatedly have to plead with him to climb hills more slowly and seek a helping hand when loading or unloading heavy objects. He just won't listen. His wife is aware of this obstinacy, too, and tries to see that he carries medication with him. On this trip Charley finally admitted, "Possibly I'm going a little too hard." He fished out his vial of pills and took several. The only trouble was that by mistake he had packed the tiny vial with tranquilizers. Charley spent the afternoon trying to stay awake.

But Charley had other hunting trip troubles. The first morning he left his folding stool and his camouflage head-net back at the camp. The second day, while we were eating lunch and exchanging roadside gossip, his bow broke. One minute it was resting idly on top of one of the cars; the next, it was leaping in the air like a thing alive. Examination showed that the mid-day heat had caused the upper limb of a brand new—and expensive—bow to break. Luckily, Charley had a spare.

It is tiring to stand in one spot for several hours. It is also hard to be continually still when standing. To help solve both problems, most of us carry folding camp stools into the woods.

George forgot to bring his from home. Dave left his in the woods on one occasion and had to go back two miles to get it.

Mine suddenly developed a groaning voice. The slightest change of sitting position would cause the coarsen canvas seat to emit highly audible and undesirable sounds. George complained that he could hear the stool protesting. He accused me of being overweight. "Not so!" I said. "Doctor says I weigh two pounds less than I did two years ago!"

But he was right about the seat. Somehow it has continued to make a noise. As a result, I had to bring a spare.

Anise oil, used in candy making, baking, and by fur trappers making sets along a trap line, is the smelliest stuff imaginable. It is also hard to be continually silent. Companions were careful not to get downwind of us when we were all assembled.

George happened to be small of stature and willowy as a weasel. He also has a hunting clothes' problem. Even when he buys small size camouflage hunting pants, his wife has to generously take in the waist. The result is that the two normally spaced hip pockets become kissing cousins. At times, George will cross his hands behind his back, and perserverance, did some of us get shots.

My one chance came around noon of the fourth day. I spotted movement in the brush fifty yards from my stand. I was a deer, but the thick patch of brush made auditory determination impossible.

When the animal finally crossed a small opening, I could see a buck. But his crossing was too fast for a shot. Swinging drawn bow ahead to another opening, I released the arrow as soon as the buck's head came into view. The missile had beautiful, straight-on course flight until about four feet from the deer. Then, it hit a tree trunk and a couple of attached leaves and was deflected slightly. Even so, I am sure that the animal was hit; although there was no developing blood trail in substantiation.

Never have I seen a deer take off so fast! Later I concluded that the arrow point just nicked its flank, much like human contact with a Spanish bayonet. The arrow had traveled a narrow, well-defined lane and the ground was fairly clear of tall grass and bushes. When the arrow could not be found despite a determined search by two of us, a hit was logically assumed and the fleeing deer's trail followed up. However, nothing tangible resulted.

Meanwhile, companions were raising strong objections to my attempts to find both arrow (one of Garland's Creason's finest creations) and deer. They wanted me to assume I had missed, and again settle down to motionless vigil. Personal popularity was momentarily at low ebb.

George and Dave also missed bucks when their only chances came after long, long hours of waiting for a shot. Their targets were moving even faster than my lone stranger! The other members of the party didn't see anything worth shooting at all—bucks or does! Leaving the Area the last day, one of the cars got stuck in the sugar-like sand. We thought we'd never get it out; meanwhile, the cars behind it couldn't pass the critical spot.

En route home, after breaking camp, George had a flat tire. When he started to make the change, he found he had forgotten to put back the tire-jack when he last cleaned out the truck compartment. Also, his long unused spare tire lacked air. He was at least five miles from road service, and behind all of us.

Miss Fortune had another—special—smile for Dave and me. We were high-balling it home, first one car ahead and then the other, when we encountered a State Highway Patrol roadblock on U. S. #19. We were waved to roadside stop. "Just a traffic control check," the approaching officer politely stated. "May I see your licenses?" We gladly and quickly complied.

Our smiles faded, however, when he added, "The reason we stopped you two was because our observation plane radioed that you were traveling 80 miles an hour a few miles back. The legal limit is 65, you know." He wrote us separate tickets. . . .

Through his biography makes no mention of it, Robert Burns undoubtedly was a hunter. Though his life was dedicated to his art, he also has a hunting clothes' problem. His bow broke on the second day. Luckily, he had a spare.

George usually emphasizes major elements of the conservation by gesturing in different directions, like a Boy Scout learning the semaphore code. On other occasions, he may sneak a few relaxing puffs on a prized pipe that has the aroma and range of smoke discharged from a pulp paper mill.

Roadside assembly at the noon hour is customary among our group. Talk runs the gamut of subjects, and touches various levels. This trip it ranged from such subjects as the Book of Genesis versus science, differences in world religions, the true causes of the War Between The States, the decline of good deer hunting in the Citrus Game Management Area, personal experiences of World Wars I and II, women, effective remedies for red bugs, to assorted gripes.

Deer of any kind were few and far between, and legal bucks were exceptionally hard to find. Only through continuous hunting from dawn to dusk, and perseverance, did some of us get shots.

One day I spotted movement in the brush fifty yards from my stand. It was a deer, but the thick patch of brush made auditory determination impossible. When the animal finally crossed a small opening, I could see a buck. But his crossing was too fast for a shot. Swinging drawn bow ahead to another opening, I released the arrow as soon as the buck's head came into view. The missile had beautiful, straight-on course flight until about four feet from the deer. Then, it hit a tree trunk and a couple of attached leaves and was deflected slightly. Even so, I am sure that the animal was hit; although there was no developing blood trail in substantiation.

"The conservation by gesturing in different directions, like a Boy Scout learning the semaphore code. On other occasions, he may sneak a few relaxing puffs on a prized pipe that has the aroma and range of smoke discharged from a pulp paper mill. "

George was played with all kinds of trouble. His bow broke on the second day. Luckily, he had a spare.
THE COTTONTAIL and Marsh Rabbits offer sport and meat on the table for everybody, from farm boys with box traps and light caliber guns, to the more elite hunter with Beagle hound packs. The Cottontail prefers dry ground and brushy tangles. Marsh Rabbits like the water edge, and are excellent swimmers.

The Raccoon, abundant throughout Florida, is found in a variety of habitats from the seashore to interior swamps, and wooded areas in towns. The running and treeing of 'coons with trained hounds is a popular pastime. Only small numbers of Raccoons are trapped commercially.

Licensed hunters can hunt these critters the year 'round.

No Closed

THE Opossum can be 'specially prepared for the table along with sweet potatoes by those who have developed such tastes. A small number of 'possum hides find their way into the fur trade despite low prices.

The Gray Fox furnishes great sport for the hound-dog fraternity, and many a moonlit night in Florida is spent in pursuit of this agile, tree-climbing member of the dog family.

The Spotted Skunk, along with its kin the Striped Skunk, is generally avoided by men and other creatures because of its touchy-triggered stench gun. Some hardy trappers with lots of experience trap a few skunks for the small value of their handsome hides. Spotted Skunks are better known as Civet Cats.

FLORIDA WILDLIFE

FEBRUARY, 1965

Wallace Hughes
Hunting-Trials-Training

New radio "Seeker" contact with hunting
dogs helps locate pointer, and game

By JIM FLOYD

A WICK TALE TALK that struck my fancy was the
one about the quail hunter that lost his pointer
while out hunting. A year later, the same hunter
chanced to be hunting in the same vicinity and
appeared a feature on the latest in game manage­
d”2
ments to enter the bird hunting field.

The rugged standards required in missile com­
ponents and their miniature size are incorporated
in the "Seeker." It is powered by transistor radio
batteries and comes in two models, the "Setter­
"Seeker" with a range up to one-quarter mile and
the "Pointer-Seeker," range to one-half mile.

In the November issue of FLORIDA WILDLIFE there
appeared a feature on the latest in game manage­
ment described as "telemetry research" or sound
tracking white tail deer. In essence the operation
was placing a radio transmitter on a deer and then fol­
lowing it with a directional receiver. This telemetry
research has now entered the quail hunting picture
or rather the quail hunting picture.

The truth of the matter is, almost all of the com­
merical dog foods on the market today are good dog
foods and good for your dog. Some have a little
higher protein or fat than others, but the majority
will provide your dog with a complete and balanced
diet.

The addition of excess supplemental calcium to
an adequate diet can produce hypercalcemia caus­
ing abnormal bone and teeth development. An
example of this, especially in young growing dogs, is
rickets. For normal development in dogs, a calcium­
phosphorous ration of 1.2 to 1 is optimum. Addi­
tional calcium may throw this delicate ratio off and
also prevent efficient assimilation and utilization of
other minerals.

Codd liver oil as a source of vitamins A and D may,
when fed in excess, produce vitamin D toxicity.
For normal bone and teeth formation, vitamin D must
be supplied in proper proportion along with calcium and phosphorous. Abnormal bone de­
velopment in growing dogs and soft tissue calcifica­
tion can take place with excess vitamin D.

The high levels of supplemental vitamin A can cause
toxicity and death. To much vitamin A can make
the bones vulnerable to erosion and injury. Curri­
ously, the symptoms of too much vitamin A are
similar to those found in deficiency.

Most commercial dog foods contain sufficient
quantities of vitamins and minerals, plus other nat­
ural ingredients necessary for normal good health.
Occasionally, an individual dog may have a need
for a specific nutrient that is higher than average,
but these cases are exceptional. More and more dog
owners discover that supplementation offers no
particular advantage to their dogs and may actually
prove harmful.

I had to chuckle at one dog food salesman who
referred to feeding table scraps as feeding garbage,
and at the butcher who advised that he did not
have any dog bones, plenty of beef bones but no dog
bones.

Food and Learning

"If you're good, you can have some ice cream" is
a bribe that has been used for ages to control
children. Similar r ed rewards have been used to
influence dogs as rewards for performing tricks, work or in
the show ring.

Dogs respond to many different stimuli. Psycholo­
gists have listed four "drives" or dog needs that
may affect their human master. The first three
are:

1. Maternal drive.
2. Thirst.
3. Hunger.
4. Sex.

The third most powerful, hunger, has been used
as a standard inducement in dog training work for
centuries. Modern man still uses this drive plus the
dog's desire to please his master to urge him to
respond.

Dr. Leon Whitney, famed for his long time work
with the psychology, genetics, and physiology of
dogs, used this drive to teach dogs difficult tricks in
a matter of minutes. His book, "The Natural Method
of Dog Training," describes these techniques. Dog
trainers frequently encounter dogs that have been
made gun shy. About the only way they advocate
overcoming this problem is with the use of short
periods of hunger, then when the dogs are fed, a cap
pistol is fired some distance away coming closer
each time. Most dogs apparently develop a tolerance
for loud noises under these conditions. This method of
training appears harsh, but it demonstrates the
power to the hunger drive.

I like to have attention lavished on them and
prefer the participation type in which they can run,
retrieve, wrestle or in some manner enter into the
activities. Most dogs trained for the show ring
develop this to a high degree and look forward to the
small tidbits received from the handler. The small
particles mean a lot more to the dog than just the
nutrients in the tidbit. It represents a combination of
food, contact with the handler, and a demonstra­
tion of attention to the dog. All of this tends to
make mature dogs more cooperative.

In the home the best way is by the acceptance or
rejection of food, they can influence the owner
or housewife to react differently. It isn't unusual to
observe someone trying to coax a dog to eat his food
after it has been served. Sometimes when they are
overfed, will "tease" the owner by not eating and then when the owner is out of sight they
will eat.

Food rewards when given for correct retrieval or
activity can create a positive attitude in dogs. This
method has been used in visual discrimination
learning by psychologists, and by dog trainers in all
phases of dog work to promote maximum dog re­
sponse in training.

When the hunter loses sight of his running dog in
dense brush country, the tone of the signal from
his "Seeker" notifies him immediately when the dog
goes out of sight. The hunter can then button
the missing dog quickly, and retrieve for the kill.

The owner of a winning dog may endorse a certain prod­

dure thus promoting the dogs or the breeder or the
trainer. The "Seeker" is powered by transistor radio
batteries and comes in two models, the "Tracker­
Seeker" with a range up to one-quarter mile and
the "Pointer-Seeker," range to one-half mile.

It requires an individual dog to be located before
the "Seeker" can be used. The "Seeker" may be
used when the dog is not present or is out of sight.

The "Seeker" should not be used as a training device,
but simply as an aid in the recovery of lost dogs.

The "Seeker" is used to locate the dog, and then
the hunter can use normal hunting technique to
retrieve the dog.

The "Seeker" is available through most sporting
goods dealers, and is facilitated by Trak Microwave
Corporation, P. O. Box 15556, Tampa, Florida, 33614.
MIRACULOUSLY, it developed the safety chain with it. My wife Debbie sighted a faint red gleam was caused by a flashlight, I have my reasons.

The hand throttle (which costs less than a second-hand reel) enables you to get up before getting in the clutch and avoids stalling. The alternative is a good, trust-worthy hand brake, something uncommon on modern cars. Unless your emergency is checked and tightened regularly, chances are it’s about as reliable as a campaign promise.

POCKET KNIVES for fishermen are hard to keep from rusting. Although most stainless steel blades are pretty hard to sharpen, I suspect stainless is the best bet. I’ve rusted up quite a few knives to the point that it took a screwdriver to remove the rust. Although it will rust, I have an L.L. Bean pocket knife that’s pretty long-lasting, and it’s big enough for efficient fish cleaning.

Some of the fishermen’s knives on the market have attachments ranging from can openers to scissors. The usual Boy Scout type is a little hard to use. Too bad, the British firm, Hardy, the British firm, makes a lighter weight knife that costs about $5. It has all most of the tools you’d want; not stainless.

I feel the recoil of my 12 gauge, pump-action shotgun very much. Is there any way I can reduce its jarring effect?

Fitting a Lyman-Cutis compensator to the muzzle will reduce the felt recoil about 30%. Addition of a Pachmayr thick rubber recoil pad to the butt of the stock will also help. The two make a great recoil reducing team!

I have just acquired an old Remington Model 10 pump-action shotgun. It appears to be in good condition and a desirable arm. Which is discriminate.

You own a skeleton out of the Remington family closet of guns! The Model 10 pump-action had the commendable feature of ejecting its fired shells from bottom of receiver, but also had inclusion of a complicated and highly temperamental carrier mechanism. It was a critical adjustment or else it simply wouldn’t work at all. Another fault of the Remington Model 10 was its ejector breakage.

The model should not be confused with the improved and now also discontinued Remington Model 17, which also ejected its fired cases from bottom of receiver.

In vastly improved form, the latter is now the Ilhosa Model 37 shotgun. Ilhosa is a manufacturer’s association, is opposed to licensing of small boat operators. Their arguments against boating accidents are decreasing on a proportional basis and I don’t know of a better one.

Ready to haul the boat out, you need one foot for the clutch, one for the brake and one for the gas—more than the usual quota per fisherman.

what you have, what you need to do, and what you should throw away.

The really priceless and infallible method to spend a couple of hours making written lists of what you need for various kinds of fishing. Post them in a good place and refer to them just before leaving.

I have made up such lists painstakingly and have them stuck on the wall in the “tackle room.” Except for the fact that I seldom ever use them, they solve the problem beautifully.

FROM THE STATISTICS I’ve read and from the conversations I’ve had I sincerely believe that licencing the operators of outboard boats—or other small fishing craft—would serve no useful purpose.

There has been agitation in that direction but, in a recent meeting in Florida, small boat administrators from several Southern states resolved that they were opposed to such legislation.

The Outboard Boating Club of America, a manufacturer’s association, is opposed to licensing of small boat operators. Their arguments against boating accidents are decreasing on a proportional basis and I don’t know of a better one.

The “shoulder” is an effective demonstration of the maneuverability of the long, slender craft.

FLORIDA WILDLIFE

FEBRUARY, 1965
CONSERVATION SCENE
(Continued from page 4)
and 2,000 years old, is in private ownership and can be cut for lumber.

Writing in the December-January issue of NATIONAL WILDLIFE, bi-monthly magazine published by the National Wildlife Federation for its more than 150,000 associate members, California outdoor writer Don Carlos Miller supports the proposal to establish a Redwoods National Park. His ownership and can be cut for January issue of 0 00 try's most colorful outdoor maga­

The current issue of the country's most colorful outdoor magazine also includes an outstanding photo essay on close-up portraits of wildlife photographed by Les Blacklock; and an unusual story of the many ways in which domesticated game have benefited mankind over the past 2,400 years.

From the bright red cardinal on the front cover to the soft colors of frosted windw...
Annual Recreation Permit

The design of the first Recreation/Conservation sticker that will be issued under the new Land and Water Conservation Fund Act was made public December 27, by Secretary of the Interior Stewart L. Udall.

Printed in green ink on white paper, the sticker measures 3" x 3" and is designed so it may be affixed to the front bumper of an automobile wherever it can be easily seen at inspection at points where Federal outdoor recreation fees are charged.

Key words of the insignia are "Outdoor Recreation for America" and "Land and Water Conservation Fund."

Price of Recreation/Conservation sticker is now under consideration. Legislation under which the annual fee is authorized specifies the cost of an annual admission fee cannot exceed seven ($7) dollars.

The 1965 Recreation/Conservation sticker will go on sale this year and will be valid for a period of 12 months.

The Recreation/Conservation sticker is an annual recreation permit. It entitles the holder and all other occupants of a private non-commercial automobile to enter certain designated National Park Service areas, National Forest areas, National Wildlife Refuges, and other Federal recreation areas where an entrance fee is required.

The sticker may be used for as many visits as the holder makes to any or all of such areas. Purchase of the sticker is optional. A single-entry or weekly fee may be paid instead. The annual permit saves money for persons who visit such areas more than a few times a year. The sticker is expected to be popular with family groups.

CONSERVATION CONSCIENCE
(Continued from page 5)

end up with a desire to explore new fields and much humility. Technicians and scientists can be as narrow and unimaginative as week-end picnickers are superficial; with all its ramifications, true conservation is more of an art than a science.

Job opportunities and fancy salaries in no way develop the conservation conscience. The PULL of nature to its wonder world must precede them. The entire and overpowering mysteriousness of nature must have an impact on the emotions of those who would participate. This does not imply that emotions should be transcendent and uncontrolled, or narrow and bigoted.

In nature there is recognized the original basic law: The survival of the fittest. Man recognizes that certain natural conflicts should run their course. He even encourages some; but he attempts to control others. These controls are not always intelligently applied. Many times they are detrimental to some resources and to long-term husbandry. This shows a lack of harmony between man and his environment.

For himself, man establishes a different set of rules—no survival of the fittest, no controls of human populations. It is here that conservation education can prove its worth. How can lessons in flying or boat handling be called conservation when such basic truths are being neglected?

Man presses forward to create a civilization which would set him apart from nature. He defies the natural laws too often, and in so doing may bring about his own destruction. Yet to a greater or lesser degree, and in spite of all his stumbling efforts, he still recognizes certain values in survival fitness in the husbandry of resources. This is also recognized in domestic husbandry.

Some of these earthly lessons are better told in the country school than in the halls of universities; many are better defined in the growing trend of summer work camps than by public and private agencies. Nor does the size of a convention or its oratory necessarily indicate a profundity of these simple truths.

Conservation education is like gold: "It's where you find it."

It is spread across the face of the land for all those with perception and humility to see.

FOR THAT BIG ONE—THAT DIDN'T GET AWAY

FLORIDA WILDLIFE'S FISHING CITATION

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

Only fishing citation applications received within 90 days from date of catch will be honored.

APPLICATION FOR FLORIDA WILDFIJE FISHING CITATION

The Editor, FLORIDA WILDLIFE

Date...........

Game & Fresh Water Fish Commission, Tallahassee, Fla.

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

Name (please print)__________________

Address____________________________

City.........State...........

Species________________________Weight____Length____

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)...........1½ 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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