

Here and there in the prairies is an island of trees, better known in Okefenokee terminology as a "house" or "hammock." Flowing water courses between prairies and through dense stands of bearded cypress, twisting and turning back upon themselves, all but disappearing in many places, are called "boat runs." These boat runs may be traveled in outboard-motored craft, but in the prairies only light, narrow poleboats may be used. In both cases the services of local guides are an absolute "must." No matter how experienced he may be, a stranger to the swamp is almost sure to be completely confused a few minutes after leaving the boat landing.

ENTRANCE TO OKEFENOKEE is by way of Waycross on the north, Folkston on the east, and

Fargo on the west, in each case marked by the sign of the flying goose—the Fish and Wildlife Service refuge shield. Facilities are not of a deluxe order, but simple. Most of the visitors are fishermen, for whom Okefenokee's fruitful waters are its best recreational feature.

Largemouth bass, sunfish, pickerel, catfish, and bowfin are the principal species taken for local fish fries. While cane poles in the hands of nearby residents account for the largest catches, the bait-rod fisherman with his array of plugs and spoons takes some exceptionally large bass, and in recent years the fly rod has become popular, especially with out-of-State anglers. A unique type of lure originated by swamp men is the "dabber," made by cutting a piece of leather shoe top into the shape of a lizard.

There are upward of 5,000 alligators in the swamp. In the heat of the day they float like rough-barked logs on the brown water. At night their protruding eyes shine like huge rubies when caught in the rays of a flashlight.

