This Florida Wildlife Magazine Digital Preservation Project is developed with financial assistance provided by the William H. Flowers, Jr. Foundation and the Fish & Wildlife Foundation of Florida, Inc. through the Conserve Wildlife Tag grant program.

1956
Vol. 10 Issue 6
November
Ducks At Dawn
Edmund McLaurin 8

25 Million Strong
Brett Barton 12

Unsuspecting Bucks
Jay Arnold 14

More Trucks
Wallace Hughes 18

Hawks Aloft
Scott Overton 21

Cocking Ghosts of the Everglades
George X. Sand 24

Florida’s Wildlife Management Areas
Morris H. Show 26

Squirrel Fever
Florida Waterfowl Guide

Florida’s Wildlife Management Areas

Around The State
Morris H. Show 30

Florida’s Wildlife Management Areas

1956-57 Hunting Calendar

Departments

STRIKES & BACKSLASHES
SPORTSMAN’S BOOKSHELF

MUZZLE FLASHES
FISHING

FLORIDA BIRDLIFE
MEET YOUR COMMISSION

TEST & TELLS

Florida Wildlife is published monthly by the Florida Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission, Tallahassee, Fla. Single copy, $ subscription rate, 50c an issue. Changes of address should be handled with care and Florida Wildlife cannot assume responsibility for loss or damage of same. Permission to the editor prior to the print date is required. All material in this publication is the property of Florida Wildlife. Florida Wildlife is published for the benefit of the general public and has no connection to the Florida Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission. Florida Wildlife is published monthly by the Florida Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission, Tallahassee, Fla. Single copy, $ subscription rate, 50c an issue. Changes of address should be handled with care and Florida Wildlife cannot assume responsibility for loss or damage of same. Permission to the editor prior to the print date is required. All material in this publication is the property of Florida Wildlife. Florida Wildlife is published for the benefit of the general public and has no connection to the Florida Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission.
FLORIDA BIG BUCK CLUB

AGAIN this year the Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission is planning a plan to give recognition to those hunters who bag trophy bucks in the state. The tagging of a buck weighing 130 pounds dressed weight, or more, qualifies the hunter for membership in the club. Certificates of membership and a colorful shoulder patch for coat or shirt will be given to the Commission to those who qualify. Application forms for club membership must be forwarded to the Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission, Tallahassee, within ten days after the buck is killed.

The weight must be certified by a wildlife officer, checking station operator, game technician, county judge, or notary public. The deer must have been taken in accordance with state game regulations. No buck of less than 130 pounds dressed weight (approximately 135 live weight or dressed weight plus 20%) will be eligible for registration. Any buck of the minimum weight or over, taken anywhere in the state by either resident or non-resident hunter will qualify.

The following hunters registered trophy bucks with the Game Management Division last year:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>NAME</th>
<th>ADDRESS</th>
<th>NUMBER</th>
<th>WEIGHT</th>
<th>LOCATION</th>
<th>DATE</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>A. W. Arrington</td>
<td>Chiefland</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>168</td>
<td>Gulf Hammock Mgt. Area</td>
<td>Nov. 23, 1955</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>James O. Boyd</td>
<td>New Smyrna Beach</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>135</td>
<td>Parratt Mgt. Area</td>
<td>Dec. 24, 1955</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lemonoye C. Ewell</td>
<td>Stuart</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>127</td>
<td>Okeechobee Mgt. Area</td>
<td>Dec. 25, 1955</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Larry H. Knopp</td>
<td>Ormond Beach</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>140</td>
<td>Tomoka Mgt. Area</td>
<td>Nov. 77, 1955</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Charles Lundy</td>
<td>Winter Haven</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>140</td>
<td>Osceola Mgt. Area</td>
<td>Feb. 25, 1955</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Robert A. Padgen, Jr.</td>
<td>Miami</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>130</td>
<td>Valencia County</td>
<td>Nov. 19, 1955</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gerald W. Pay</td>
<td>Deland</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>354</td>
<td>St. Johns County</td>
<td>Dec. 8, 1955</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>L. R. Ross</td>
<td>Panama City</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>198</td>
<td>Gadsden County</td>
<td>Nov. 23, 1955</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jack Bennett</td>
<td>Daytona Beach</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>130</td>
<td>Tomoka Mgt. Area</td>
<td>Nov. 24, 1955</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>DeWitt Uphugrove</td>
<td>West Palm Beach</td>
<td>-</td>
<td>175</td>
<td>J. W. Corbett Mgt. Area</td>
<td>Nov. 24, 1955</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

TO: Game Management Division,
GAME AND FRESHWATER FISH COMMISSION
Tallahassee, Florida

Application is hereby made for membership in the Florida Big Buck Club, based upon the following considerations: (Fill in form as completely as possible.)

Date Deer Collected: County: Address:
Habitat Type Where Killed: (Oak ridge, cypress bay, etc.)
Dressed Weight: Live Weight:
Basal antler circumference: Right: Left:
Number of antler points: Right: Left:
Age of deer: Condition: Address: (Street or P. O. Box No.)
Signature of Hunter: (city)
Certified by: (See instructions above): Title:

Leonard Lee Rue III

FLORIDA FOR QUANTITY

Dear Editor:
Thank you very much for the copies of Florida Wildlife recently mailed to me with the very fine fishing articles, especially those by Edmund McLaurin.
I am so pleased with the articles, "Used but Useful," in August’s issue and the article—really a thrilling story of "Panfish Fishing Paradise." (March issue) that I am giving them to one of our county’s best fishermen— I told him not to return them because I know I never could get them away from him again anyway.
He sent me, with his compliments, some excellent summer samples of his next catch. This area has, I guess, all of your "panfish" in various species in the quantity like Mr. McLaurin describes.
Deep sea fishing means a trip to the shore—what is wrong with fishing near Jersey because it is nearer and Florida seems so far away. But there are always the dream of a long vacation there and what fishing trips THEN there would be.

LAUDS ARTWORK

Dear Editor:
I have been envious Wallace Hughes’ excellent wildlife illustrations in Florida Wildlife. They have enhanced and enriched

FLORIDA WILDLIFE
The Ruger .44 Magnum revolver is powerful enough to drop Florida deer over 200 yards.\footnotetext{K-8 Photo}

The most accurate handgun sights are a sharp, square post front sight and a matching square-notch rear, such as the Patridge combination favored by target shooters. The front post must be adjusted to give you good sight alignment on game. For the handgun-hunter, satisfaction comes when a square-shapred red bead front sight will help to more quickly locate and align this sight for a quick shot.

Big game hunting with a handgun can be practical if you carefully stalk your game or avoid shooting from a blind altogether.

By EDMUND McLAURIN

Three Novembers ago a record number of hunters, using just about every type of weapon within legal designations, congregated in Oklahoma National Forest on Opening Day. Seemingly, there was a hunter every fifty feet, and a dog of either obvious or questionable pedigree roaming every woods-trail.

One man, occupying a roadway vantage point for spotting deer on the move, carried a small, purse-size .22 caliber Colt auto-loading pistol instead of the customary rifle or shotgun.

Aside from the fact that his firearm was primarily a close-range defense weapon with crude sights, and his ammunition made him a regular deer hunter, the idea of using a handgun to hunt deer was illegal. As Charles Askins so aptly phrased it in one of his talks on handgun shooting, "Hunting live critters with a handgun is one of the most helpless games of the pistol realm." Colonel Townsend, dean of firearms editors, also thinks highly of hunting with handguns.

The editor of MUZZLE FLASHES has killed considerable game with a handgun, and has several friends who hunt with one regularly. A big-bored weapon, like the modern .44 caliber Ruger Magnum, the Colt and the Smith & Wesson 357 Magnums, the .38/44 Smith & Wesson Outdoorsman, the 45 caliber 1911 Army revolver, or any of several earlier models, can be successfully used on both small and large game. In the hands of a hunter who has mastered his weapon and who attempts kills only at practical ranges, the handgun can be as deadly as a rifle. Using a two-hand hold from the standing position, or a braced elbow rest from a sitting position or against some sturdy object, shots to seventy yards can be made with killing effect.

Surprisingly, some of the named big-bored and their hollowpoint hunting-bullet loads do not tear up small game much more than .22 caliber hollowpoints, yet are powerful enough to drop deer, bear and panther in their tracks.

Hollowpoint bullet styles in the big-bore handgun cartridge listings are not stocked by the trade as heavily as the solid, round-nosed types. Fortunately for the handgunner, solid bullets of the .38 Special, .357 Magnum, .44 Special and .45 Colt cartridge loading can be quickly and safely converted to most handgun calibers through the use of a hand-operated reamer marketed by Gucourt Enterprises, 9630 So. Laurel, Fort Angeles, Washington. The device, self-adjusting and interchangeable, sells for $4.95, postpaid. With it, solid-point cartridge loadings can be conveniently converted into jacketed hollowpoints of several calibers.

In the .22 caliber class, revolvers like the Smith & Wesson K-22 or Colt Officer's Model, H&R Sportsman and the Hi-Standard Sentinel are very practical for varmint hunting and close-range varmint shooting. Even more popular are the .41 caliber barreled sport model Colt Woodsman and Hi-Standard autoloader. But remember, these revolvers are safer to carry loaded and to use afield.

Specialized, target-type handguns, like the Colt Match Target Woodsman and the Hi-Standard Super, of the .22 caliber class, can be alternately used for hunting of the varmint type, or they can be used in the proper hollow point bullet styles.

Fixed, non-adjustable handgun sights are quite practical on a defense weapon used at short range, but not for precision shooting and the precise accuracy required to knock down game—especially small game.

For hunting with a handgun, you should preferably have sights that can be adjusted for both windage and elevation, to give you a known bullet impact point coinciding with the exact shot from which the top of the front sight is aligned as correct aim is taken.

Black front sight or contrasting color, sight-in your hunting-handgun for a point-blank range of 25 yards, adjusting your sights to put bullets where the top of the front sight rests as you complete your trigger squeeze on small game at that distance. Thereafter, keep your hunting ranges that closely approximate the sight-in range of 25 yards, you should enjoy bullet impact that will enable you to kill a fairly small target with killing effect. This holds true only when you continue to use the same cartridge loading. Changing bullet weights and velocities will introduce different points of bullet impact and necessitate re-sighting of your weapon. Sometimes merely changing brands of ammunition will make a difference, so once you find a good load stick to it.

Ever considered using a hip holstered shotgun? Not an illegal sawed-off double-barrel or pump, but a converted .44 Special, .44-40, .45 caliber 1917 double-action, or a 455 Eley. At very few dollars, these revolvers can be converted to smoothbores by reaming out existing barrel rifling and re-polishing the barrel to smoothness. With shell loadings consisting of full- or partial-rifled, the conversions will knock down a variety of small game at ranges of 25 yards and at 75 yards after being altered 44, firing anything from No. 4 to 2 or it will pattern beautifully and challenge the performance of a .410 gauge shotgun and 2½ inch shells.

Rifled barrels must be converted to smoothbores because the rifling tends to scatter small shot for unreliable patterns while also building up a hard-to-remove lead deposit with each fired shot, much as a watergprer collects interior scale. Consequently, using a new and prizced big-bore handgun, or target 22, with shot cartridges is not recommended.

Even barrels in badly pitted condition can be reamed and polished to smoothbore efficiency. It is not necessary that they be surface-perfect on their interiors; merely that good, smooth reamers do the necking and cutting and that polishing thereafter be thorough enough to remove all tool marks.

It is also quite practical to thread the ends of barrels, just ahead of the front sights, and attach small choke control tubes similar to some of the shotgun types.

(Incidentally, the alteration of 28 caliber, .45 caliber and other revolver barrels by the removal of the rifling from the barrel and the use of stand and revoler cartridge casings loaded with shot, instead of customary solid bullets, does not remove such weapons from the classification of legal revolvers, nor make them in conflict with Federal Regulation, Likewise, as with regular type handguns, they may be carried in the glove compartment of an automobile without violating Florida Laws 790.01 and 790.05. The National Rifle Association's Manual of Firea"d's Attorney General's Office the latter.)

For those readers who find factory-packaged cartridge loadings difficult to obtain, or who have fired cases that they want to reload, Morris H. Kahne, 324 Ninth Street, North, St. Petersburg, can probably help out.

As a member of the Florida Gun Collectors' Association, he has a constant turnover of unusual guns and hard-to-get ammunition. At the moment, Kahne has among a very large stock of American and foreign calibers and gauges—a representative stock of 45 caliber shot cartridges, ideal for use in the 1917 Model 45 caliber revolver, utilizing the half-moon loading clips. He can also supply 44-40 shot cartridges on order.

Components for home re-loading of shot shell loadings in such calibers as the .38, .44 Special, .44-40-40 and the .45 Colt can be had from Lakeville Arms Company, Lakeville, Connecticut.

Where needed, instructions for converting revolvers to shot cartridges can be obtained from the National Rifle Association, 1660 Rhode Island Avenue, N.W., Washington, D.C.

If hunting Florida games with custom weapons is beginning to pall for you, why not try hunting with a handgun this season? Whether you use rifled barrel and bullets, or smoothbore and shot, you'll have sport to be remembered.
Ducks at Dawn

By EDMUND MCLAURIN

ALL OVER FLORIDA ALERT, SORCING eyes are scanning the skies. Perhaps you have recently observed a neighbor so engaged, especially if the two of you live close to a lake, river or bayou.

You needn’t be alarmed; the majority of the strangely-acting sky-gazers are neither Civilian Defense aircraft spotters nor astronomers fearing a spaceship invasion from Mars. They are invertebrate duck hunters.

Even when not carrying guns, they scan skies for flying waterfowl. It’s Fall and duck season, and the ducks are flying!

Study of waterfowl flyway maps will show that Florida is located directly on one of the major flight lanes—the Atlantic Flyway. This heavily traveled winter route splits at the state’s northern boundary line and feathered traffic sweeps down both the east and west Florida coasts, the maps show. To the north, other west and northwest regions also play substantial roles in waterfowl migration from the Mississippi Flyway.

Especially plentiful hunting fields are pine-tails, baldpates, ringnecks, scap, teal and the native Florida and wood duck species, and there are satisfying representations of mallards, blackbells and snowgooses, plus a sprinkling of redheads, canvasbacks, gadwalls, goldeneyes and migrating ducks everywhere, adding to the equal variety in choice of waterfowl hunting methods in Florida.

Shooting from a blind over decoys undoubtedly requires more effort and promises the most. Pass-shooting, or powder burning at waterfowl flying regular to and from feeding areas, is also fairly satisfactory as is field shooting, but stalkling birds for so-called jump and pot-hole shooting can be properly done at all times. A duck dinner the hard way.

You can take your choice.

Experienced, successful Florida waterfowl hunters have their tried and tested methods of their own. They seldom need advice, nor like any. Suggestions given here, therefore, are offered with the idea of helping beginners and those hunters who have failed to take their birds of previous seasons. If some old-timer, who gets his limit of ducks almost every trip, picks up a new idea or is prompted to offer one, then fine. The editorial hopper is open, I am told.

Among duck guns, the double-barrel is by far the simplest and most dependable. It can be reloaded faster than a pump-action or autoloader, seems to settle down faster for second shots than repeaters and does not have so many mechanical parts to disassemble if anything goes wrong. The single-barrel repeaters, on the other hand, give more precise, single-plate scoring and the advantage of a quick third shot for finishing off cripples.

In gauge choice, the 12 gauge is always a safe bet for the duck hunter. But the 16 gauge, teamed with proper shell loadings and shot sizes, is not so slow. Some readers may be surprised to learn that a Full-choked 16 gauge used with maximum high velocity shell loads containing 1 1/2 ounces of shot is a slightly more powerful duck gun than a Full-choked 12 gauge firing No. 1 shot. Lowering barrel lengths will give the average hunter good performance.

20 and 16 ga. doubles—28 to 30 inches. 12 ga. doubles—30 inches. 20 and 16 ga. pumps and autoloaders—26 to 28 inches. 12 ga. pumps and autoloaders—28 inches. 12 ga. Magnum—30 to 32 inches. 10 ga. Magnum—34 to 36 inches.

For guns of the Magnum class, longer barrels are necessary to properly burn the larger loads of powder, and are an aid to more accurate gun pointing.

For shooting far passing ducks and geese from a blind, these big Magnum guns are all right, but the slender forms of waterfowling they are apt to feel by being autoloadered.

Even when he has a long-range Magnum shotgun in his hands, the waterfowling hunter takes shots high overhead and those well beyond fifty yards, is shooting against considerable odds. His allowed lead, gun handling, swing and timing of his shots must be close to perfect. It takes a lot of long-range shooting to develop such accurate and instinctive shooting.

In a shotgun it is choke, not barrel length, that determines the spread of shot or pattern. Some of the closest shooting, densest-pattern shooting, shotguns are getting those expert waterfowlers are Full-choked pump-action with 26 inch barrels.

In duck hunting, a double-barrel gun with Modified or Improved Modified choke in the right barrel and Full choke for the left, to take care of both close and long shot.

Equip pumps and autoloaders with a quickly adjusted choke device, like the Poly-Choke or new Lyman-Cuts, and set same on Modified or Improved Modified for deadly waterfowl hunting at ranges of fifty yards and under. Most duck hunters have a selective choke device on Full and are reluctant to try the slightly more open bores for use on longer ranges.

Everything considered, the average markman will enjoy more clean kills from using Nos. 6 and 5 shot on ducks than with the normal ranges. For close shooting over decoys, and for those shotguns whose gun powder has been pressure tested, they can pin-point their birds in the center of shots, a shot will do a surprisingly good job. But for late season whistlers (way out and away from the main body of ducks) or those who use telescopic or reflex sight, any of the 4 or 5 ounce shot will be a deadly kick. The birds are so fast and out of range they will not stand up to the waterfowl, nor permit their lesions to catch and reflect bright light reflections like a hologram. If you wear vision glasses, take the same precautions.

A good retriever will add much to the pleasure of your waterfowl hunting, besides saving you a lot of energy in recovering downed birds. If you can afford one, consider a Golden Retriever, a Chesapeake Bay Retriever, a Black Labrador or a Weimaraner. If one of these fine gun dogs is beyond your means, then try to hunt with a friend more.

NOVEMBER, 1956

Florida Wildlife

Before you choose off for the duck blind, make sure that guns are unloaded; better still, leave their actions open. Check too, to see if you have the correct size shell loadings.

Get a good duck call and learn the low, lark, the honk and the back, the attention-getting honk, duck, cluck. The three calls pictured (1. to r.) are a Rock Island, Polka Dot and the Ott. The first named is nearly easy to blow and master.
fortunate. Don't miss out on the pleasure and experience of watching an eagle retriever work.

When shooting from blinds of early morning, I believe in getting on the scene early—at least an hour and a half before sunrise on clear days, and a minimum of an hour on cloudy ones. This gives ample time to set out decoys and get camouflage and settled in the blind, ready to shoot as the legal hour approaches, and early flyers are not so apt to be aware of your arrival and shooting preparations.

Some hunters take the utmost pains to build and occupy outwardly camouflaged blinds, but advertise their presence to game on wing by smoking, moving about inside blinds and letting light reflect from gun barrels, thermos jugs and their own upturned, expectant faces. Moving even slightly, and talking, when ducks are circling can be equally disastrous, especially when the flyers are black ducks. This cautious species usually circles and inspects spread decoys several times before coming in for a landing.

Strive for perfection in your camouflaging. Kill glare on gun barrels by smearing them with target shooters' sight-black, and don't forget to smear a little on your own highly reflective facial features, too.

Also, take pains to kill shine on new decoys by rubbing their surfaces lightly with fine steel wool, or by swabbing them with a mixture of ordinary beeswax dissolved in a pint of hot turpentine. New, shiny decoys can be warning signals to cautious flyers.

In brief, make both your blind and your person blend inconspicuously into the natural scenery.

Whenever possible, try to take a shooting position that puts the wind at your back, for ducks land and take off into the prevailing wind. They use their webbed feet for landings much as a plane does its landing gear, and also uses them as rudders for flight maneuvering. When birds are obviously going to settle to your decoys, withhold your fire until they slow down and brake for landings.

Make it a rule to retrieve wounded ducks immediately and to get dead ducks before water currents whisk them from sight.

The fact that a duck falls at the hunter's shot does not necessarily mean that his sagacity has ended—unless the bird is dead. A wounded duck can dive and disappear mysteriously. Jimmy Robinson, a leading national authority on duck habits and duck hunting, believes that a wounded duck will grab a piece of grass or rush of some kind, to stay hidden, and that at other times he swims quite a distance underwater before sticking his bill above water just far enough to get air. Robinson claims that redheads, canvassbacks and scaup, especially, may use such tricks when wounded.

There is no denying that a wounded duck can disappear most mysteriously at times.

A retrieved cripple can be quickly and humanely killed by holding it firmly by the shoulders with both hands, its belly up and head pointing away from you, and then bringing 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.

(Continued on Page 45.)

Wear dull colored clothing and take pains to remain still while ducks are circling. These precautions are especially important to the waterfowler who hunts outside a blind.

FLORIDA WILDLIFE

The Florida Magazine For ALL Sportsmen

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

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

You shop from home. Mail $2.00 for EACH ONE-YEAR subscription to:

FLORIDA WILDLIFE
Tallahassee, Florida

Gift Card From
Address

Gift For
Address

NOVEMBER, 1956
When interpreting the results of this survey, several factors should be kept in mind:

1. The data apply only to the calendar year 1955 and to persons 12 years of age and older (118,366,000 individuals, 1955 estimate).

2. The information obtained by personal interview is subject to the limitations of what respondents reported about their activities. Carefully selected memory aids helped ensure accuracy in this respect.

3. The results are subject to the limitations inherent in projecting results from cross-section sampling. In this connection, the results of this survey for the nation as a whole are accurate within 5%. For regional figures and other breakdowns of the report, the potential statistical variation may be greater.

4. Purchasers of licenses in 1955 who did not use them in that year were excluded. Many licenses apply to fiscal rather than to calendar years, and persons who used a 1954 license in the first half of 1955 and did not buy another license in 1955 were excluded. Many individuals had combination licenses for both hunting and fishing, but did only one or the other, thus causing some duplication in previously published data.

5. The expenditures are presented in group rather than in itemized form because of the limitations on the size and extent of sampling. Equipment expense for each sport has been broken down into specific and general items of expense. Specific equipment refers to clothing, equipment, and gear purchased for a single activity. General equipment refers to special clothing, tents, sleeping bags, etc. Trip expenditures are divided into four categories: food, lodging, automobile transportation, and other trip expenses. Automobile transportation refers to gas, oil, and maintenance. Other trip expenses refer to refreshments, guide fees, pack-trip fees, charters, rentals, etc.

**FISHING**

**Number of fishermen:** The report shows that 20,815,000 persons fished during 1955. Of this number, 13,737,000 required licenses, and 7,070,000 did not require licenses. There were 18,429,000 fresh-water fishermen and 4,575,000 salt-water fishermen. Among the fishermen were 12,930,000 men (18 and older), 4,331,000 women (18 and older), and 3,188,000 minors.

**Fishing expenditures:** Total expenditures for fresh-water and salt-water fishing combined amounted to $1,914,292,000, or an average of $91.98 per person. Total expenditures for fresh-water fishing amounted to $1,425,335,000, or $77.38 per person; total expenditures for salt-water fishing amounted to $489,950,000, or $157.29 per person. A breakdown of expenditures for fresh-water and salt-water fishing combined is as follows:

**Equipment:**
- Specific: $243,620,000
- General: $550,700,000
- Total: $795,300,000

**Trip:**
- Food: $100,101,000
- Lodging: $73,000,000
- Transportation (automobile): $271,827,000
- Other expenses: $306,700,000
- Total: $1,047,600,000

**License fees:** $37,240,000

**Leases and privileges:** $836,000

**Club dues, magazines:** $34,845,000

**HUNTING**

**Number of hunters:** The survey shows that 11,784,000 individuals hunted during 1955. Of this number, 9,951,000 required licenses, and 1,833,000 did not require licenses. Many hunters license to hunt both wildfowl and big-game, and 4,310,000 bought duck stamps. (Note—Fiscal-year sales of duck stamps, sales to stamp exchangers, and sales to dealers who did no waterfowl hunting account for the difference between this figure and the reported sales of about 2,000,000 stamps.) A further breakdown shows that there were 4,414,000 big-game hunters, 9,822,000 small-game hunters, and 1,968,000 waterfowl hunters. There were 9,670,000 men (18 years and older), 418,000 women (18 and older), and 1,091,000 minors who hunted during 1955.

**Hunting expenditures:** Total expenditures by hunters amounted to $306,687,000, or $73.45 for every hunter. The total for big-game hunting was $323,909,000, or $73.39 per person; for small-game hunting it was $449,023,000, or $50.50 per person. A breakdown of expenditures for all hunting is as follows:

**Equipment:**
- Specific: $350,558,000
- General: $137,671,000
- Total: $488,229,000

**Trip:**
- Food: $38,466,000
- Lodging: $15,871,000
- Automobile transportation: $95,972,000
- Other: $102,727,000
- Total: $231,086,000

**Licenses and stamps:** $39,935,000

**Leased and privileges:** $2,463,000

**Duck stamps:** $4,114,000

**Dogs (purchase, food, etc.):** $124,388,000

**All other expenditures:** $26,072,000

**FISHING AND HUNTING**

**Number of fishermen and hunters:** Of the 118,366,000 individuals who fished or hunted in the United States in 1955, the survey found, 24,917,000 fished or hunted, or did both. There were 13,133,000 who fished only, 4,104,000 who hunted only, and 7,680,000 who did both. By residence:

- Largest cities (total who fished and/or hunted): 3,899,000
- Fished and hunted: 938,000
- Fished only: 2,961,000
- Hunted only: 970,000

- Suburbs (total who fished and/or hunted): 6,001,000
- Fished and hunted: 1,427,000
- Fished only: 3,096,000
- Hunted only: 2,482,000

- Small towns (total who fished and/or hunted): 5,337,000
- Fished and hunted: 1,901,000
- Fished only: 2,640,000
- Hunted only: 796,000

- Rural areas (total who fished and/or hunted): 11,410,000
- Fished and hunted: 4,072,000
- Fished only: 4,821,000
- Hunted only: 2,562,000

With respect to men and women over 18:

- Men (18 and over): a. Fished and hunted: 6,329,000
  b. Fished only: 6,018,000
  c. Total who fished (a+b): 12,347,000
  d. Hunted only: 3,355,000
  e. Total who hunted (a+b): 9,697,000
  f. Fished and/or hunted: 10,293,000
  g. Hunted only: 1,470,000
  h. Total who hunted (a+b): 11,763,000

- Women (18 and over): a. Fished and hunted: 721,000
  b. Fished only: 4,118,000
  c. Total who fished (a+b): 4,839,000
  d. Hunted only: 147,000
  e. Total who hunted (a+b): 5,036,000
  f. Fished and/or hunted: 4,858,000
  g. Hunted only: 1,691,000
  h. Total who hunted (a+b): 6,549,000

**November, 1955**
UNSUSPECTING BUCKS

By BRETT BARTON

on a limb like a crow, you know. It would have been something a lot better than that.

"Thanks anyway," I said roughly.

As it developed, however, I would be sorry. Ed had already arrived at Ocala that morning and gone on ahead into the brush, leaving explicit instructions how I was to find him. Unfortunately, I couldn’t make the instructions work. There were hundreds of red- clad hunters already on the scene. Nevertheless, I continued to scurry about like an anxious terrier until sightfall. Then I kept up the fruitless search by hopefully poking my nose into motels, restaurants and similar likely spots in Silver Springs. No dice. I hadn’t forgotten the invitation by Bill and Ricou, and now I decided to make a phone call. "You know, fellows, it might be a good idea for us to go on that deer hunt this morning after all," I told them amiably.

"When do we leave?"

There ensued a long and painful silence, followed at last by a grunt. "Five o’clock—we’ll meet you at the main entrance gate before the Springs." Next morning I decided it had turned cold. I checked out furiously from the Shalimar Motel, like a thief in the night, so as not to awaken the more sensible residents there who had come to inspect such things as tame deer and fish-filleted spring calves.

I got to the appointed site fifteen minutes ahead of time. No one was there to greet me. I waited. Nothing stirred. I continued to wait, observed only by a frosty remnant of moon that sailed monotonously just scudding clouds overhead.

I don’t know if you’ve ever had the misfortune of waiting for late hunting companions, but I can assure you it’s an eerie experience. I can’t help the picture of the temperature is bone-chilling and you haven’t had any breakfast—and with no lights showing to hold out promise of any civilization to come.

And, too, I couldn’t keep back the growing suspicion that perhaps my grinning would be the last thing heard before he got jolted up and decided to teach me a lesson.

I had made a decided effort to return to south Florida, where I could be assured of catching a mess of fish, anyway, when I spotted the bright lights of a jeep barreling down Highway 40 toward me. I knew it must be a jeep because the headlights were closer together than usual. And, being a jeep, it no doubt was inhabited by some hunter in search of deer hunting inside and out.

"You’ll be sorry," Meusa Ray and Brown prophesied darkly. "We didn’t have in mind to perch you from the glare as I stormed around one side of the vehicle to get in.

"W-w-well, I won’t exactly say I was crazy," a swollled Cracker face answered significantly.

"Where does yuh hunt, friend?"

"The springhouse," he said, and started at the same time, mercifully, muttering an apology. "Maybe you could help me find a phone so I could learn if my friends are up yet," I concluded sheepishly.

I opened up a site and scratched his head over his life, finally he said. "Reckon I’ll have to have a look at you to hunt the springhouse."

He turned out to be Col. W. M. "(Shorty)" Davidson, co-owner of Florida’s Silver Springs and one of a number of other similarly impressive chunks of Florida, including a large home with several Cadillacs and station wagons which I saw drawn up in the back yard as we parked.

The jeep driver leaned back and scratched his head over his life, then he said. "Reckon I’ll have to have a look at you to hunt the springhouse."

He turned out to be Col. W. M. "(Shorty)" Davidson, co-owner of Florida’s Silver Springs and one of a number of other similarly impressive chunks of Florida, including a large home with several Cadillacs and station wagons which I saw drawn up in the back yard as we parked.

The jeep driver leaned back and scratched his head over his life, then he said. "Reckon I’ll have to have a look at you to hunt the springhouse."

The jeep driver leaned back and scratched his head over his life, then he said. "Reckon I’ll have to have a look at you to hunt the springhouse."

The jeep driver leaned back and scratched his head over his life, then he said. "Reckon I’ll have to have a look at you to hunt the springhouse."

The jeep driver leaned back and scratched his head over his life, then he said. "Reckon I’ll have to have a look at you to hunt the springhouse."

It was a typical scene, especially in the sprawling house’s huge dining room and serving me personally—me, a complete stranger from the street, whom he’d never seen before and would likely never see again.

"Now I know, sir, what they mean by Southern hospitality," I told him humbly from behind a plate heaped high with grits, fried eggs and home-cured sausage.

Col. Davidson’s reply was classic. It typified the type of human nature I knew in the days that followed. "Call me Shorty," he said simply.

My host was so engrossed in going deer hunting himself. Hence, it was necessary for him to twist my arm when he invited me to come along. I welcomed the addition.

The jeep driver, Frank Wilson, was soon piloting us through the night along a bumpy road that led steadily down into the swamp. Judging from the type of timber that was being revealed by the bounding headlight beams, I suspected we might be getting to one of those silver that the Silver and Ocklawaha rivers flowed somewhere in this general vicinity of south Florida.

Col. Davidson and his driver, meanwhile, had been discussing the large wildcats which they apparently encountered. They agreed this thick swamp was an ideal place, so dark that dark hour of that weird setting of swirling ground mist and mysterious, crowding forest, I would much have preferred it had they asked me to share that experience for discussion.

We had been following a faint woods road and now Wilson unexpectedly swung the jeep away from the wheel and to a standstill, so that the bright beams illuminated the great trunk of a massive oak tree and the moonlight was a sliver somewhere in the darkness above there hung down long streamers of gray moss.

"Here we are," he announced matter-of-factly as he climbed out of the little vehicle and motioned for me to do likewise.

On the back of the shotgun, I dutifully moved to the base of the big tree, preparing to take a stand there.

Shorty Davidson, however, leaned out from the front seat and pointed. "Not here," he said. "Up there."

Only then did I notice the wooden cross-pieces that had been nailed carefully fast to the trunk, forming a ladder that disappeared into the night in the general direction of the faint stars. A stout cord hung down nearby and Frank Wilson was already tying my 12 gauge doubleto fast to the tree end, so I could pull it up after me.

"About 8 o’clock you’ll probably see some turkey," Shorty announced cheerfully. "Be ready for them, too.

And with that the jeep rumbled away through the undergrowth, leaving the darkness and heavy woods silence to both come rushing toward me.

Resolutely, I started up the big tree. For all I knew, one of the big wildcats awaited me overhead.

Instead, about forty feet above the ground I encountered a sturdy wooden platform. It was roughly a half-dozen feet on a side, with the ladder entering it via an opening at the bottom. The sturdy platform was equipped with a comfortable seat and back rest and the whole assembly was neatly camouflaged with fresh piled leaves.

Even in the faint light my bare feet could find踏实 unflagged with their more of the pre-dawn hour it was evident that this was not of the pre-dawn hour it was evident that this was not
exception. Through the crisp swamp air came the faint hisses and rustlings of cat squirrels as they began another day by taking up anew the relentless search for food that is the lot of all creatures in the wild. A jack roused shilly and flew away between the trees which by now had began to slowly separate themselves from the swimming shadows of the retreating night. Other birds stirred, preening their feathers and occasionally adding their piping and chucklings to the steadily swelling orchestra of forest voices. Gradually, as somewhere on the far side of the world the climbing sun drew imperceptibly nearer the horizon that still hid it from view, the formless and mysterious specters of darkness fell back reluctantly before the brilliant color legions of morning which continued to advance triumphantly from the east. And, as if it had been sent to cleanse the way for their coming, a gentle rain of vivid red and blue and gold droplets seemed to shower slowly earthward, painting first the very tops, then the lower branches and leaves, finally the massive trunks of the great oaks and sweet gum and other forest giants that stood quietly at attention, watching this transformation miracle with the same reverence they'd shown during uncounted decades in the past.

Directly beneath where I sat was a well-worn trail. It obviously was a well-traveled deer trail, and I understood now why the tree blind had been placed here.

From my vantage position I could see clearly through the forest for a long gun shot in all directions. As I crouched there behind the palmetto fronds, shoulders hunched a bit against the chill of the misty December morning, I became aware of movement among the thick shadowy forest floor. Careful to move only my glance in the direction. I smiled inwardly at what I saw.

The familiar bundle of dirty gray fur remained completely unaware of my presence as it waddled awk-
wardly closer. Because of the height at which I sat, my warm human body scent apparently was rising upward and urging the sharp-eyed animal to the bait,
just as it could be expected to elude any deer that might have been following. Only when the marmot, with a whistling noise from its mouth, suddenly deflected the possum's white face tilt quickly upward, to regard me with a Ruthless grin. Then it changed course, dropping out of sight among the brambles and the leafy underbrush.

The forest was really awake now. Crows called in the distance and repeatedly-despite the fact that I'd already learned what was causing it—I would expectantly each time a sudden and unexpected crash would sound at my back. This was caused by falling acorns and twigs striking palmetto fronds or the dry leaves of the forest carpet below as the busy squirrels moved about in increased numbers. Everything was left impossible that the fluffy little creatures could be setting up a disturbance so near.

Then I heard the first turkey call. I sat like a stone, staring expectantly in the direction.

In the distance a gunshot sounded. The sharp report echoed briefly through the cold woodland stillness. It was not followed by a second. And it appeared to have come from a point well beyond the bird whose call I'd heard.

The turkey didn't yelp again. And shortly, to my disappointment, I saw the figure of the gunner emerge from the underbrush near the very spot from which I'd first heard the call.

It was Buck Ray of Silver Springs, Bill Ray's brother. And as he drew near he grinned at me up.

"Any luck?"

"Not yet. Did you just call a turkey?"

For answer he fished from a pocket of his hunting jacket a cold smoking pipe which he put into his mouth. The faintly, high-pitched note he produced from it was the same I'd heard.

I couldn't hold back a grin. "I've heard of guys using a great many things for calling gobblers, but never a smoking pipe," I said. "It had mefooled, though."

"We got five turkeys with it in here first the day," Buck said, his breath frosting in smoke-like puffs as he turned slowly to glance off through the surrounding trees. "Bill and Ricou are hunting out in some way somewhere. They learned you'd gone with Col. Davidson and asked me to speak for them if I met you. They overheard this morning."

Buck moved off, as soundlessly as he'd come, and I leaned back in resumption exactly as I'd been before.

Before long a squirrel barked several times in quick succession, then lapsed into silence. I eased the stocker carefully over to the ready position. Shorty had cautioned me that frequently such barking by the cat squirrels could signify the approach of a deer or a turkey. Of course, it might be a wildcat or a pig, too.

Nothing unusual, however. More minutes ticked by and I began to feel chilled and cramped. My hands were cold inside the wool gloves that I wore, and my fingers began to shiver a bit.

So still had I been sitting that a nimble squirrel, running head-first down the far side of the oak tree which had suddenly come into view on my side and nearly spilt into my face with startled surprise as saw me face to face.

Then the big turkey stepped into view—directly below!

It proved to be a hen. How she ever got so close without being noticed, I'll never know. Possum had she not been talking softly to herself at a steady rate my attention may never have been drawn to her at all.

Cheerspuns—cheers—cheers—cheers—cheers, she seemed to be saying over and over as she moved across the forest floor with stately strides, her combs and crimson-gray head twitching nervously upward and from side to side with each measured step, so that I felt certain she must see me among the branches overhead.

She didn't see me. And since it was legal to shoot her I could have brought her hopping to earth at half dozen times over. She was much too pretty to destroy, however. And soon her plump, rich-brown body disappeared once more into the underbrush.

By nine o'clock the rising sun had burnt off the last of the forest mist and the woodland glades now lay crisp and clean in mottled patterns of sunlight and shadow. The winter air, sharp and heady from a blend of several of Nature's matchless perfumes, left an exhilarating tingle in the chest after each breath.

A patch of scarlet color appeared suddenly in the top of a towering bay tree. For a tense moment I felt certain it must be the beard of an old gobbler I was staring at. It proved to be a redheaded woodpecker, however.

I had heard packs of hounds baying at intervals since daybreak as they chased distant deer. Now a black and white deer dog came into view. Head down, with muffling nose working brazen over the carpet of pine needles and leaves, the animal passed beneath my tree without once looking up.

A quarter-hour dragged by. Then, a sudden crash!

The cat squirrel had leaped from a low limb to a clump of green palmettos, landing loudly. Now it teetered there, its curved and bushy tail twitching, and carried high over its shoulder as it regarded me suspiciously from snapping, beady eyes.

Beyond the palmetto clump a wild grape vine, thick as a man's wrist, swayed upward like a moon python about the mossy trunk of a thick magnolia tree. I was struck with this oddity of nature when—just beyond—I became conscious of the deer herd standing there, facing me!

One . . . two . . . three . . . four, five and six . . .

I counted them as they began to move deliberately toward me in single file, pausing frequently to throw up graceful brown and white heads to test the forest breeze for any rustle.

In spite of myself, my heart began to pound with anticipation. It seemed that every one of the six pairs of big eyes was looking directly at me. It made me want to grab the gun barrel about toward them with deliberate slowness. At any instant I fully expected the lithe animals to bound away.

They didn't. Instead, they continued to draw steadily closer. It was an unnerving sensation, that close contact, as though of the deer did look slim enough to be young bucks."

(Continued on Page 34)
MORE TRACKS

Artwork by WALLACE HUGHES

In the July 1956 issue of FLORIDA WILDLIFE there appeared a series of drawings depicting some of the animal tracks likely to be encountered by outdoorsmen afield in the Sunshine State. In answer to the demand from many of our readers for more of the same, FW is here presenting a series of bird and small animal tracks "there for the looking" in Florida.

(CROW)

(GREAT BLUE HERON)

(DOMESTIC PIGEON)

(QUAIL)

(MOURNING DOVE)

(WILSON'S SNIPE)

(COTTONTAIL RABBIT)

(WHITE-FOOTED MOUSE)

(GRAY SQUIRREL)

(COTTON RAT)

(Continued on Next Page)
WATERFOWL HUNTERS

Make certain you have a 1956-57 Federal migratory waterfowl hunting stamp before hunting waterfowl. Available from your local post office at a cost of $2.00, the stamp is required of all waterfowl hunters 16 years of age or older.

Your name must be signed in ink across the face of the stamp before you hunt.

The American Mergansers shown at right are featured on the 1956-57 stamp and are from a drawing by Edward J. Bierly.

HAWKS ALOFT

By JAY ARNOLD

A flock of spotted sandpipers carvened above the mudflats twisting and turning through a series of intricate maneuvers alternately flashing white and dark as they wheeled in the perfect unison of a well-trained drill team. From high overhead the piercing eyes of an actively interested spectator followed every twist and turn of the compact knot of birds. Suddenly the peregrine pitched forward and with gathering speed hurled toward the flock.

The plummeting befeathered spectre was almost upon them before the sandpipers became aware of their danger. The shorebirds broke ranks, scattering in every direction, frantically seeking escape, but the hurtling falcon had marked well her intended victim. With half closed "fist," the stooping peregrine struck the hapless bird. There was a dull thud, a shower of feathers, and the inert form dropped earthward.

In nature there is no more dramatic spectacle than the successful stoop of a falcon. Down through the ages men have admired the qualities which characterize the birds of prey, more especially those members of two groups, the short-winged, long-tailed Accipiters and the long, narrow-winged Falcons. To many, these birds are the embodiment of freedom for they possess nobility of carriage, a fierce, menacing beauty, an inner fire which pushes them in vigorous pursuit of their prey, and the qualities of fiber and spirit constituting the difficult to define characteristic of "style" or "class."

Lamar Fickett, expert falconer of Ocala, with hooded passage peregrine falcon on gloved. —sm-

It would seem logical that restraint of any kind would soon break the wild, untrammeled spirit of one of those hot-blooded hunters, yet for centuries, for further back than reaches written history, man and hawk have hunted together as a team.

The art of falconry had its beginning in central Asia from whence it gradually spread to other parts of the world. The early Egyptians and Persians were practitioners of the sport; frescos, sculptures, and other works of art surviving from those ancient times show falconers and their birds engaged in the chase.

During the 11th, 12th, and 13th Centuries, the returning crusaders brought with them an active interest in falconry as then practiced in the Orient. Some returned to their homes with both falcons and experienced handlers, thus giving great impetus to the spread of falconry throughout the western world.

At one period during the history of the art, trained birds of prey were an important means of obtaining meat for the table of the owner and his family. The development of firearms gradually overshadowed this aspect of hawking in most places although it long persisted as a highly refined sport of the nobility and other true devotees. Social and economic upheavals in England during the rebellion as well as on the continent in the wake of the French Revolution dealt further blows to hunting with hawks.

In Scotland, falconry remained an active sport even after it had languished over most of Europe. To the Scotch hawkers and to a handful of clubs in Holland, Scotch hawks and to a handful of clubs in Holland go most of the credit for the survival of one of the most romantic pastimes of history. The involved details of training, handling, and flying the birds as well (Continued on Next Page.)
The goshawk is a northern bird, unknown in the southern half of the country except during the occasional extreme winter which sometimes forces them below the middle tier of states in search of food. Primarily a feeder upon other birds, the goshawk at times takes goodly numbers of small animals such as rabbits, squirrels, rats, mice, chipmunks, and lemmings. Unlike the true falcons, the Accipiters pounce upon and kill their prey with the long, curved talons.

The Saker falcon is another of the true falcons highly favored by devotees of the ancient art of falconry. A dweller of the far north, this regal bird kills its prey, mainly birds of various sorts, in typical falcon manner, stooping from above and killing with a terrific blow in mid-flight. It occurs rarely in the winter in the most northerly states.

Falcons use two basic methods to obtain their birds; taking the young from the nest just before they are able to fly or by trapping either adult or immature hawks from the wild after they have spent some time

fending for themselves. Hawks taken from the nest are born as eyes. An eye is usually much gentler and more easily trained than a wild caught hawk but commonly lack the style and dash of the wild trapped seasoned "haggard." For this reason, most American falconers prefer to work with the haggard.

A great variety of methods and devices are used to capture hawks alive and unharmed. Traps, nets, and snares in infinite variety are the usual methods, but in at least one place in the country the falconer catches a hawk in a well camouflaged pit with a bait, usually a live pigeon, in plain view and within easy reach. When the falcon hits the lure, the trapper reaches up quickly and grabs the hawk by the legs.

A more common method is through the use of a hood net operated from a blind located some distance away. Although a productive technique, this ancient method of capturing various breeds of birds requires patience, knowledge, and a considerable degree of dexterity and skill on the part of the trapper.

Once a wild hawk has been captured, the bird is fitted with a hood, a close-fitting soft leather cap-like device which covers the eyes. Once the bird finds itself in darkness, it will soon settle down. The hood, soft leather straps, are attached to the legs and the hawk placed on a block. Next there begins the period of "manning," the bird adjusted to the presence of mankind, up until this time feared and shunned above all other enemies. In a surprisingly short time, an experienced handler will have the bird riding about on his gauntlet-clad fist, feeding it on the hand and responding to the specially prepared lure, usually a leather padded block with bird wings attached. Soon after the bird learns to trust the handler in the lure, normally within a week, the bird is ready to be flown free from the lure, or "broken," or more correctly freed from a bitter than the careful training and handling received since capture.

Taming a hawk that has already tasted the wild free life as a haggard will provide an excellent exercise in patience, knowledge, and self-control. As the falcon rises high in the air and circles overhead to "wait on" the lure, then comes sliding downward in a peculiar "stoop," the falconer experiences a rare thrill. He has come in close to and one of nature's most adept and wary hunters.
CALLING
ALL
HUNTERS

By SCOTT OVERTON

How much or how little hunting you did, we need this information from you.
"Thank you in advance for your cooperation."
The form that Gus and Jake carefully studied was actually one of 5,000 questionnaires sent out by the Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission at the close of each hunting season. Gus was right. He should have filled in the requested information and returned the questionnaire as soon after receiving it as possible. He would have been helping the Game Commission help him for better future hunting.
Proper game management programs have become an absolute necessity in order to provide and maintain sufficient game populations for the continually growing family of Florida hunters. The age-old outdoor sport of hunting ranks second only to fishing here in the United States and the preservation of game for future hunters has long been a task of prime importance through the land.

It is difficult to imagine a modern, progressive and efficient game department that does not take a periodic inventory of game harvest and keep a close check on all game stocks. Under the Pittman-Robertson Federal Aid Program, Florida now employs an annual mail survey as a part of its Harvest, Inventory and Economic Study. Although all game management projects contribute considerable information concerning game populations and harvest, the mail survey is the actual hub of this periodic stock taking. This survey provides representatives statewide and district estimates of hunting pressure, game kill, sportsman expenditure and sportsman opinion that are available from no other source.

Whether set up as research projects, this periodic fact gathering is no more research than auditing is high finance. To use the same parallel, these surveys perform the same functions in evaluating wildlife management policies of the Game Department that an audit performs in the evaluation of other business practices. The mail survey is the best tool of the administrator in keeping a running check of hunting surges, hunting pressures and random representative sportsman opinion.

It is believed that the Florida Commission is the first to use an I.R.M. addressing procedure, although several states have been using similar systems for mail-type surveys. By using the I.R.M. method, key punching and processing can be completed by the time license returns are all in and the subsequent handling is greatly facilitated and speeded up through the elimination of the tedious typing step. An additional advantage is that I.R.M. processed data cards are ready for tabulation as soon as the survey is completed. This systematic procedure enables the survey to have on hand for immediate use, a source of names and addresses of hunters reporting on all species in any area of the state.

The additional use of such a list is illustrated by the special waterfowl survey conducted last summer to 900 waterfowl hunters in the 24 counties within the zone of influence of the St. Johns, Kissimmee and Ocklawaha flood control projects. Such special localized surveys can be handled with comparative ease through the established questionnaire program.

Many other states have surveys of similar function, although the approach varies a great deal depending on length of season, method and handling of licenses, kind of licenses sold, and information desired. Some states, for example, are unable to make full use of mail surveys because names and addresses of their licensees are not available for many months. Some of these states rely upon a bag check for kill data, and some use a list of names from the preceding hunting season. Although there is some delay, Florida is able to use mail surveys for all surveys.

Some states have several kinds of hunting licenses, such as big game, small game, and waterfowl and type of licenses. Others use a tagging, check system for some or all of the hunting seasons. There are advantages and disadvantages of any approach, and the choice is largely determined by local conditions and information desired. Florida can get the greatest accuracy and flexibility for the least cost by the use of mail surveys similar to the ones now in operation.
Gobbling Ghosts
of the Everglades

By GEORGE X. SAND

W e were hunkered before the brightening campfire, some of us still half asleep as we sipped warming coffee, when a sharp cluck of the big swamp, when, unexpectedly, a gunshot sounded harshly through the pre-dawn blackness.

In the Bickering light my five companions shifted positions slightly, seeming to wince with one accord as two more heavy gun blasts followed the first.

"That's a muley," Dave Leake grunted.

Squatting beside him husky Joe Lee Goodbread moved his thick coffee mug slowly to his other hand so he could scowl at his wristwatch. "And it's still 45 minutes till legal shootin' time."

H. E. "Red" Alderman got to his feet and kicked impatiently at the fire with the toe of his hunting boot. "I had a wildlife officer tell me once how guys like that operate," he announced dryly. "They make camp in here two or three days before opening day, sometimes even bringing their families along to make it look good. They make like they're fishing, but all the while they're carefully marking down root trees. That way they get the edge on everyone else on opening morning."

I saw the two remaining members of our group, Claude Seaton and Joe Reese, exchange significant glances at that. I wondered if their unspoken opinions of the unknown poucher could match my own long-standing distaste for him and his ilk.

Silence had flowed back once more into the dark swamp with its crowding trees, and now it was broken gently by the distant whoo-whoohoo-whoohoo-who-o-o of a great horned owl.

We had crossed here to Florida's 100,000-acre Fish-eating Creek Wildlife Management Area the afternoon before, so the six of us, to make camp in an oak grove and look ahead to several days of the excellent turkey shooting for which this majestic swamp wilderness has become noted. Now, however, the incident of the illegal shooting had taken some of the edge from our enthusiasm.

Whoohoo-whoohoo, to-who-o-o-o. As we ate breakfast Joe Reese, the well-known marine taxidermist from Fort Lauderdale, amused us by cleverly imitating the call of the distant owl. Before we'd finished he'd succeeded in drawing it so close that the big bird settled with a quiet rush of wings onto a moss-hung oak limb overhead.

It was time to go. In a few minutes we'd turn the gold light of another typical Florida dawn would be beginning to fade as the green-and-coppered tints of cypress that stood to the east of our camp. Since we'd spent most of our daylight hours in the afternoon before in preparing the camp, we hadn't been able to mark down any turkey hunting was easy, so we agreed to separate, each man going his own way, with only himself to blame if he didn't make camp with a gobbler.

Claude, like Dave, was a commercial air line pilot, and, because he had come directly from injuries suffered during a South American crack-up not of his own making, he elected to hunt in the general vicinity of the camp. The rest of us headed for the tall timber.

This solo hunting was the type I liked best. And as I came to the edge of a sprawling island of swamp, swimming with shadows and faintly lighted by a billion fading stars, I caught myself moving expectantly across it; responding all over again to the haunting, mysterious beauty of this inspiring semi-tropical wood-land wonderland.

I'd glimpsed it for the first time the previous afternoon, in the orange light of the sinking sun. For one breathtaking instant it had seemed unreal, impossible in fact, in this age of littered landscapes and squan-dered resources. It lay before me, a dawning golden savannah perhaps a mile across and stretching five times that far on either side, with a winding river running in the center from which mailards called unhurriedly. It was as if I had entered a world of legend, an order of beauty new to the mind, a world where time was measured not in therove cycles of cypress and oak, but in the measures of the marsh. And once, with unexpected sight of sound, a cloud of egrets had suddenly materialized from nowhere to tip and turn, then settle with one accord to earth, like a gleaming white patch of freshly fallen snow here in this exciting wild life abundant forest that had never known any more.

This was the beautiful Rainy Slough Country at the headwaters of Fish-eating Creek, in Florida's Glades Country, downstream of Loxahatchee and U. S. Highway No. 27, and north of the town of LaBelle. And now as I walked eagerly across it once again, this time in the pre-dawn darkness of the opening day of the fall hunting season, I came upon the same reed-bordered slough on which the mailards had been heard calling. The ducks were still there. I could see the darker blots of their floating bodies framed in ample number by the winding and starlit water surfaces. But I paid them no further attention. I was after the great bronze feathered Florida gobblers with their scarlet-blue fleshy caruncles. Perhaps the greatest of all our American game birds, a man's pulse to race to the sight at the sound of their heavy bodies flying up noisily into a roof, I was at sundown, his nerves taut as a bowstring to the sudden challenging cry of an old strutting Tom as it shattered the peace of the endless stillness of the marsh.

And this was turkey country. It offered some of the very best sport to be had in Florida, and therefore

American crack-up not of his own making, he elected to hunt in the general vicinity of the camp. The rest of us headed for the tall timber. This solo hunting was the type I liked best. And as I came to the edge of a sprawling island of swamp, swimming with shadows and faintly lighted by a billion fading stars, I caught myself moving expectantly across it; responding all over again to the haunting, mysterious beauty of this inspiring semi-tropical woodland wonderland.

I'd glimpsed it for the first time the previous afternoon, in the orange light of the sinking sun. For one breathtaking instant it had seemed unreal, impossible in fact, in this age of littered landscapes and squandered resources. It lay before me, a dawning golden savannah perhaps a mile across and stretching five times that far on either side, with a winding river running in the center from which mailards called unhurriedly. It was as if I had entered a world of legend, an order of beauty new to the mind, a world where time was measured not in therove cycles of cypress and oak, but in the measures of the marsh. And once, with unexpected sight of sound, a cloud of egrets had suddenly materialized from nowhere to tip and turn, then settle with one accord to earth, like a gleaming white patch of freshly fallen snow here in this exciting wilderness abundant forest that had never known any more.

This was the beautiful Rainy Slough Country at the headwaters of Fish-eating Creek, in Florida's Glades Country, downstream of Loxahatchee and U. S. Highway No. 27, and north of the town of LaBelle. And now as I walked eagerly across it once again, this time in the pre-dawn darkness of the opening day of the fall hunting season, I came upon the same reed-bordered slough on which the mailards had been heard calling. The ducks were still there. I could see the darker blots of their floating bodies framed in ample number by the winding and starlit water surfaces. But I paid them no further attention. I was after the great bronze feathered Florida gobblers with their scarlet-blue fleshy caruncles. Perhaps the greatest of all our American game birds, a man's pulse to race to the sight at the sound of their heavy bodies flying up noisily into a roof, I was at sundown, his nerves taut as a bowstring to the sudden challenging cry of an old strutting Tom as it shattered the peace of the endless stillness of the marsh.

And this was turkey country. It offered some of the very best sport to be had in Florida, and therefore
I feel that any man who can thus work himself within shooting range of wild turkeys has the right to claim he is an outdoorsman. The Indians used to accomplish it regularly. They had to. One wrong move or sound, however, and the shrewd prey will emit a startled "Purr-rrrrr!" and be gone like the golden woodland ghost he is.

Much authentic advice for hunting wild turkeys has been spoken and written, but invariably most of it proves useless to hunters. The main reason for this, I feel, is the bird's complete unpredictability. It is quite true that turkeys roost in trees at night and settle to earth as a flock at dawn to search for food. It is also generally true that the roosting birds will follow an approximately circular course, perhaps pausing for a meadow dust bath and farts for an hour or so, thereby returning to the starting point shortly before dark to roost once more. But once the hunting season gets underway this timetable seems to be promptly discarded. A gobbler who may heretofore have made his lunch every day in a certain gallberry thicket is now quite apt to be in hiding in the shadowy depths of a palmetto hammock a dozen miles away.

Putting it bluntly, this bird has been guttered with high octane know-how, and remains ready and able to outwit the average sportsman at all times. He can run fast as a horse, yet still not make a sound. I doubt there is another bird or animal in the entire out-of-doors with better eyesight, hearing, or warning system as a wild turkey. Even when he's roosting he will sit purposely close against the trunk or limb, so that you have to look twice to make sure that the bird spotted back there really is the one you thought you saw down, he can even swim to safety with the ease of a duck. Whether this last is generally known, that's why I like to hunt the wild turkey. And I like to believe, too, that's why I am only infrequently successful in bagging him.

I had put about a mile between me and the plogging guns when my ears caught the sound I'd been hoping for: the cassowary yelp ending abruptly back and forth across its surface. From the screening underbrush it would have been easy to knock down the limit of four. I was still determined to trigger on a gobbler or nothing, however.

I was not destined to do it that day, however. Later, I set the turkey hunter's blood afire. This time when I resumed my stalking I moved slower than ever, taking but a few steps, then pausing—each time along-side a tree trunk—to carefully sweep the forest with my sharp glance. That last yelp had sounded awfully close, and I half expected to see the big bird come into view at any moment, moving across the carpet of leaf mold with its characteristic majestic stride and nervous, head-jerking insquintiosity.

I had come upon a dropped breast feather at a dusting site. And now I was rewarded with the imprint of fresh three-tined tracks in a low spot. There was no way of telling, however, whether these had been made by the bird I was after.

A sudden rustle of sound off to my left made me freeze. It was followed too soon by another such sound, however. This time, too, there came the ominously loud snap of a breaking twig. Even as I turned only my eyes in the direction I knew what to expect. Two hunters were moving through the woods at right angles to where I stood. Their course would take them in the very direction of the turkey I'd been stalking. One of the men was smoking a cigarette in front steady as they lumbered forward, side by side.

I remounted the hilltop perfectly still, so that they passed without noticing my presence. But it took an effort to choke back the outraged yell that threatened to escape from my tight throat. This was the one thing I hadn't wanted to happen.

As I stalked a second I continued on in the vain hope my bird might not have been scared off too far. Turkeys, being the unpredictable creatures they are, have been guilty of such unconventional acts on occasion.

This one, however, obviously had no such intention. Although I ghosted through the remaining portion of the cypress head in my best Seminole manner, the effort was in vain.

I finally came to a quiet and beautiful lagoon and stood there, watching the teal and mallards and other ducks casting unsuspectingly back and forth across its surface. From the screening underbrush it would have been easy to knock down the limit of four. I was still determined to trigger on a gobbler or nothing, however.

When we are in camp, palmetto breads insatiable body cavity of dressing. Beware the smoke here, will aid materially in preventing spoilage.

NOVEMBER, 1956

FLORIDA WILDLIFE

Silhouette at sundown. Joe Rose with July topped hen turkey he is hoping to bag later in the season.
REGULATIONS

1. A special $5.00 Public Hunting Area Permit, in addition to regular license, is necessary to hunt on any of the Wildlife Management Areas except Eglin Field, all Wildlife Management Areas except Eglin Field, St. Marks, Cecil M. Webb (Charleston County), Everglades, Camp Blanding, and special Bear and Archery Hunts. Public Hunting Area Permits may be secured from any County Judge in the State.

2. Hunters must check in and out at designated camp stations on entering or leaving Wildlife Management Areas.

3. Guns and dogs are prohibited except during open seasons.

4. Hunt participants must report their tag check status upon leaving Management Area.

5. Except as stated in Special Regulations, legal game, on the bag, and possession limits will be the same as on the various Wildlife Management Areas as far as the Region within which the Management Area lies.

6. Hunting will be permitted only on that portion of the Management Area open to hunting. Numbers indicate location of area on map.

Ocala Deer Hunt (32)

Open season: November 20 to December 31, 5 days open. Mondays, Tuesdays, and Fridays closed at all other times. No Sunday hunting. Check stations will open at 6:00 A.M. November 19 and close at 6:00 P.M. December 16.

Legal Game: All legal game except turkey, except that no hunter can take more than 2 of any combination of deer, bear, and panther.

Special Hunt Rules: Hunters bagging the legal limit of deer, bear, or panther must cease hunting for the duration of the hunt. As soon as the hunter bags a legal deer or a bear, he must stop all hunting and have his game checked. Deer, bear, or panther shall not be disemboweled or divided in the hunt area checked by a hunt official. No legal hunting will be permitted at designated camp sites on the hunt area. Use of dogs prohibited. Dogs found on the area will be impounded. If returned to the owner upon payment of $10.00 and maintaining license, a public hunt area permit is required for those desiring to hunt deer, bear, or panther.

EGLIN FIELD DEER HUNT (1)

Open Season: November 20 to December 2 and December 15 to January 1 for deer and wild hogs.

Legal Game: All legal game except turkey, bear, beaver, and alligators. Turkey gobblers may be taken during the special Gobbler Season March 30 to April 8, 1/2 hour before sunrise to 12:00 Noon.

Legal Game: All legal game except turkey, bear, beaver, and alligators. Turkey gobblers may be taken during the special Gobbler Season. Wild hogs may be taken during the deer season.

Permit: A $1.00 Air Force Deer Hunt Permit or a $3.00 Composite Permit is required in addition to regular license requirements. Permits may be secured in Bay County from the Regional Manager, P. O. Box 576, Panama City, and from the County Judges of Walton, Okaloosa, Santa Rosa, and Escambia Counties, as well as at all forest towers on main highways and at guard stations. After January 1, a small special game permit is required. This permit can be acquired at no cost above the regular Air Force Permit and State License. Small game permits can be obtained at designated forest towers and guard stations.

Special Hunt Rules: Only shotguns will be permitted for hunting. No shot shorter than No. 2 buck shall be used for deer. No overnight camping in the hunt area. Deer must be tagged as provided in State regulations and with Air Force tag (APH 3272) before being brought in for kill reporting.

Gulf Hammock (11) and Steinhatchee (7) HUNTS

Open Season: November 20 to December 31. 5 days open. December 25 to December 30 open. Mondays, Tuesdays, and Fridays closed at all other times. Check stations will open at 8:00 A.M. November 19 and close at 6:00 P.M. December 16.

Legal Game: All legal game except that no hunter can take more than 2 of any combination of deer, bear, and panther.

Special Hunt Rules: Hunters bagging the legal limit of deer, bear, or panther must cease hunting for the duration of the hunt, but may remain in the area and handle their game prior to leaving. If a hunter bags a legal deer, a bear, or a two turkey he must stop all hunting and have his game checked. Deer, bear, or panther shall not be disemboweled or divided in the hunt area, until checked by a hunt official. Campers will be permitted at designated camp sites on the hunt area.

TOMOKA (14) and SUMTER-CITRUS (14) and FARMTON (14) HUNTS

Open Season: November 20 to December 31. 5 days open. December 25 to December 30 open. Mondays, Tuesdays and Fridays closed at all other times. Check stations will open at 8:00 A.M. November 19 and close at 6:00 P.M. December 16.

Legal Game: All legal game except that no hunter can take more than 2 of any combination of deer, bear, and panther.

Special Hunt Rules: Deer shall not be disemboweled or divided in the hunt area until they have been checked and tagged by Wildlife Officer. Camping permitted only at designated camp sites.

This season the Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission will have open to hunting a total of 2,321,000 acres of land within the 17 management areas. In addition to the regular license, a public hunt area permit is required for those desiring to hunt deer, bear, or panther.

Available from the offices of the County Judges throughout Florida, the $5.00 permit opens most of the 17 management areas where hunting is permitted this season. Exceptions are as follows: Eglin Field, $3.00 Air Force Permit; good for the season, instead of the regular $5.00 public hunt permit; Camp Blanding, $5.00 special season permit issued by the Game & Fresh Water Fish Commission through the County Judges in the vicinity and good on this management area; St. Marks, $5.00 special season permit for each of the two days per season allowed each hunter; and the Everglades and Woodford Management Areas where no public hunt permit is required.
For months the big river swamp has lain in humid somnolence, a vast green sea of near tropical jungle laced together with a network of sloughs, creeks, and channels. The swamp-born tributaries meander with scarcely perceptible current eventually to blend their dark stained waters with those of the Apalachicola, "The Big River."

Occasionally, during the off season, a fisherman may invoke the isolated fastness of the swamp, but his passing creates only a momentary ripple in the daily ebb and flow in the comings and goings of the wild creatures of this watery wilderness.

As summer passes into fall with its noticeably lowered temperatures and ever shorter days, there is a quickening in the tempo of the lives of the big swamp's wildlife inhabitants. This is the season of harvest. The oak ridges with their supply of rich mast are banquet tables for a variety of wildlife—the deer, bear, turkey, wood duck, raccoon, and the rest. Along the stream courses the tupelo "berries" hang soft and ripe, the palmetto berries stand ready on their slender stalks.

During early November the solitude is shattered by a sudden upsurge in small boat traffic as hopeful squirrel hunters begin to invade the swamp on pre-season week-end game prospecting trips. A few may be on the lookout for turkeys, scene for deer, but mostly they are interested in squirrels, for here in the Apalachicola River Swamp, the bushytail is king.

By opening day, the swamp will (Continued on Next Page)

The big river swamp has lain in humid somnolence, a vast green sea of near tropical jungle laced together with a network of sloughs, creeks, and channels. The swamp-born tributaries meander with scarcely perceptible current eventually to blend their dark stained waters with those of the Apalachicola, "The Big River."
In the Apalachicola River Swamp, the bushytail is king. It is estimated that a minimum of 15,000 gray or "cot" squirrels are taken from this section along the lower river each season.

Oak edges in the swamp are a good bet for squirrels. Most hunters are skittish, perhaps not as sporting as small bore often but much safer in the heavily regressed swamp country. W. F. Hanson, Tallahassee hunter, watches a suspicious movement in the top of a nearby oak.

FLORIDA BIRDLife—Water Fowl—Part One

Mallard—Anas platyrhynchos
Probably the most abundant of the world's ducks, the mallard is a familiar sight throughout most of the Northern Hemisphere. Highly prized by the waterfowl hunter, the mallard is considered THE wild duck throughout most of the country.

Mallards are as much at home on city park ponds and in the barnyard as they are on the marshes, lakes, and rivers in more remote areas. Crossing freely with other species of ducks and readily adaptable to domestication, the mallard has given rise to most of the familiar breeds of domestic ducks we know today.

The adult male or drake is a strikingly beautiful bird with a head and neck of rich iridescent green. At the base of the neck there is a narrow white collar. The bill is yellow or greenish yellow, the feet reddish orange. The chest is a rich purple chestnut in color; the back brown, sides, breast, and belly, white with fine dusky vermiculations. The speculum or colored wing patch is an iridescent purplish blue, bordered in front and behind with black and white bars and on the inward side with black.

The adult female is buffy with much streaking of dark brown. The bill is orange to greenish olive with darker blotches. The speculum is the same as the drake’s.

The main breeding range extends from the northern United States northward into Alaska and northern Canada in the western half of the continent and in the Great Lakes region farther east. The species winters over much of the United States where open water prevails and southward into Mexico.

Black Duck—Anas rubripes
The black duck, or black mallard as it is rather commonly known, is a bird of the eastern half of North America. Much sought by waterfowlers, this wary and suspicious duck has managed to hold its own despite increasing hunting pressure. Unlike the mallard, the black duck does not readily adapt itself to domestication, caged or penned for retaining much of the inherent distrust of man.

The head and neck of the adult male is creamy white with dusky streaking. The body is dusky brown with crescent white or buffy markings. The bill varies from yellow with an olive tinge to an orange yel low in the older birds. The feet low in the older birds. The feet are orange red to coral red. The feathers of the chest have central buffy U-shaped markings. The female is very similar in appearance except that the buff chest feather markings are V-shaped. The female’s bill tends more toward a greenish or olive yelow hue than that of the male.

The breeding range of the black duck extends from the southern Great Lakes region northeastward to north coastal Canada. There is also some black duck nesting along the middle Atlantic coastal strip at least as far southward as New York. Black winter in the area from the Great Lakes southward through Florida and westward to the Gulf coast of Texas.

Florida Duck — Anas falcipennis fulvigula
A year around resident of the state, the Florida duck is closely related to the mottled duck of Louisiana and Texas. Resembling both the black duck and the female mallard, there are nevertheless several distinguishing characteristics which demarcate these species.

The head of the Florida duck is a light buffy hue with rather faint streakings of a darker color as contrasted with the mallard hen having a more prominent pattern of head.

(Continued on Page 35)
FLORIDA WILDLIFE

NOVEMBER, 1956

FLORIDA WATERFOWL GUIDE

PUDDLE OR DABBING DUCK CHARACTERISTICS

(Ammia)

FLORIDA DUCK
(Som saltator)

MALE

FEMALE

(Continued on Next Page)

IDENTIFICATION OF DUCKS AND GEESE in the field, and particularly on the wing, as waterfowl are usually seen over decoys, is easier than appears at first try. The trick is to note, in addition to shape and approximate size, the general arrangement of light and dark areas in the plumage, for nearly every species has its own distinctive pattern. The illustrations which follow make use of this principle of “pattern recognition” in the two or more flying birds at the top of each section.

This is the first of a two part series on the identification of Florida waterfowl and is reprinted through the courtesy of the Vermont Fish & Game Commission and The Atlantic Flyway Council. The illustrations are from scratchboards by Alen R. Manro.

A limited number of the 56-page Florida Waterfowl Identification Guide booklets are available free of charge upon request to the Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission, Tallahassee, Florida.
Fire in the Woods Sets the Stage

FOR DROUGHTS AND FLOODS

Tree roots and fallen leaves anchor the top soil for a more abundant agriculture.

Tree crowns intercept rainfall and pass it to the earth gently, to be conserved for the use of man and his animals.

Forest are homes for wildlife.

The Most Effective Means of Taking Care of the Forests in Florida is Organized Protection.

The Art of Falconry is the first translation of De Arte Vessandi et Aërius, a comprehensive medieval treatise on falconry and zoology written by Frederick II of Hohenstaufen.

Frederick II was one of the most brilliant and versatile exponents of the ancient and noble art of hunting game with trained falcons. For centuries the art of falconry was practiced in the Orient. Later introduced to the Western World it was enthusiastically pursued by kings on the throne and peasants in the field and forest.

Frederick's experiments and advice, based on his own experience and observation, read much as one finds them in modern books. The illustrations depict every important phase of ancient, medieval, and modern practice. This, with the new material added, including furniture and accessories, diseases of and accidents to hawks and their treatment, and a discussion of the methods, past and present, for the capture of prey, makes this account of practical value to the modern falconer.

But while this book is essential to the falconer, it is much more than a manual of practical instruction. It is a scientific monograph of value to the zoologist and to everyone interested in the history of science, and in medieval art and letters.


Prepared especially for high school and college students thinking about a career in conservation, Nature's Guardians is of interest to all sportmen and outdoormen in general.

There are 14 fact-filled chapters telling exactly what can be expected in each branch of the U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service, U. S. Forest Service and the Soil Conservation Service.

The author, Harry Edward Neal, is a career man in the Federal Government and pulls no punches in describing the public service as a future occupation for young men.

Neal points out that the safeguarding of forests, fish, and wildlife from extinction and the fighting of land erosion are man-sized tasks vital to the future welfare of the entire United States. There are unlimited opportunities for biologists, technicians, writers, photographers, artists, pilots, engineers, seamen, scientists, map makers and many others who are casting an eye toward conservation as a possible livelihood.

In addition to chapters outlining the work involved with fish and game, there is considerable illustrated information concerning the many programs carried on by the Forest Service and the Department of Agriculture. Quality black and white photography portrays various activities from the tagging of sea lions and the photographing at the use of smoke screens in fire fighting and the importance of under fire volume page of opaline lore.

Ducks at Dawn
(Continued from Page 18)

If you make it a practice to carry a few lengths of cost hanger wire with pointed ends, you can utilize your first kills as decoys. Get natural looking set-ups by slipping the sharpened wire end under a bird's neck skin and then shaping the wire to hold head and body at lifelike pose. Rig one or two birds so that their heads are underwater, as during moments of feeding.

THE INTERESTED student will find a large listing of other sources of information plus a complete bibliography of the various conservation fields.

Nature's Guardians not only provides extensive vocational information but contains substantial material for the general reader interested in conservation and its ramifications.

TREASURY OF SNAKE LORA, illustrated by Beatrice Ayers. Published by Greenberg, New York. 448 pages. Price $5.00.

Around the State

GAME & FRESH WATER FISH COMMISSION DIRECTOR A. D. Aldrich right explains the Commission's Regional and Management Area organization to touring wildlife specialists (from l. to r.): Feuere Ebenhoes of Henderson, Des Moines, Iowa; R. H. Hinefield and J. R. Padilla of Guatemala.

Part of the kill of gill resulting from experimental selective dynamiting of rough fish concentrations in the Waccamass River, Levy County, during September. Wildlife Officer Jim Carey of Gulf Hammock holds one of the hefty predators while Bill Holley, Fisheries Management Technician of Lakeland holds the net used to recover the fish turned up by the blast. Photo by Ed Timmons.

FLOIDA WILDLIFE

A black seine with a trailing black net proved to be a deadly combination for Black Bass, 15 miles west of Venice Beach, Fla., at the headquarters of the St. Johns River. Capt. Jim Longford, Jensen Beach charter boatman (center), one of the guides for the six-man without-wading party, displays his 10-pound bass, largest caught in two days of fishing. His companions display four of thirty largemouths which weighed in excess of 5 pounds each taken during the trip. Photo by Max Keister.

Ducks at Dawn
(Continued from Page 18)

If you make it a practice to carry a few lengths of cost hanger wire with pointed ends, you can utilize your first kills as decoys. Get natural looking set-ups by slipping the sharpened wire end under a bird's neck skin and then shaping the wire to hold head and body at lifelike pose. Rig one or two birds so that their heads are underwater, as during moments of feeding.

The interested student will find a large listing of other sources of information plus a complete bibliography of the various conservation fields.

Nature's Guardians not only provides extensive vocational information but contains substantial material for the general reader interested in conservation and its ramifications.

TREASURY OF SNAKE LORA, illustrated by Beatrice Ayers. Published by Greenberg, New York. 448 pages. Price $5.00.

around the State

GAME & FRESH WATER FISH COMMISSION DIRECTOR A. D. Aldrich right explains the Commission's Regional and Management Area organization to touring wildlife specialists (from l. to r.): Feuere Ebenhoes of Henderson, Des Moines, Iowa; R. H. Hinefield and J. R. Padilla of Guatemala.

Part of the kill of gill resulting from experimental selective dynamiting of rough fish concentrations in the Waccamass River, Levy County, during September. Wildlife Officer Jim Carey of Gulf Hammock holds one of the hefty predators while Bill Holley, Fisheries Management Technician of Lakeland holds the net used to recover the fish turned up by the blast. Photo by Ed Timmons.

FLOIDA WILDLIFE

A black seine with a trailing black net proved to be a deadly combination for Black Bass, 15 miles west of Venice Beach, Fla., at the headquarters of the St. Johns River. Capt. Jim Longford, Jensen Beach charter boatman (center), one of the guides for the six-man without-wading party, displays his 10-pound bass, largest caught in two days of fishing. His companions display four of thirty largemouths which weighed in excess of 5 pounds each taken during the trip. Photo by Max Keister.

Ducks at Dawn
(Continued from Page 18)

If you make it a practice to carry a few lengths of cost hanger wire with pointed ends, you can utilize your first kills as decoys. Get natural looking set-ups by slipping the sharpened wire end under a bird's neck skin and then shaping the wire to hold head and body at lifelike pose. Rig one or two birds so that their heads are underwater, as during moments of feeding.

The interested student will find a large listing of other sources of information plus a complete bibliography of the various conservation fields.

Nature's Guardians not only provides extensive vocational information but contains substantial material for the general reader interested in conservation and its ramifications.

TREASURY OF SNAKE LORA, illustrated by Beatrice Ayers. Published by Greenberg, New York. 448 pages. Price $5.00.

around the State

GAME & FRESH WATER FISH COMMISSION DIRECTOR A. D. Aldrich right explains the Commission's Regional and Management Area organization to touring wildlife specialists (from l. to r.): Feuere Ebenhoes of Henderson, Des Moines, Iowa; R. H. Hinefield and J. R. Padilla of Guatemala.

Part of the kill of gill resulting from experimental selective dynamiting of rough fish concentrations in the Waccamass River, Levy County, during September. Wildlife Officer Jim Carey of Gulf Hammock holds one of the hefty predators while Bill Holley, Fisheries Management Technician of Lakeland holds the net used to recover the fish turned up by the blast. Photo by Ed Timmons.

FLOIDA WILDLIFE

A black seine with a trailing black net proved to be a deadly combination for Black Bass, 15 miles west of Venice Beach, Fla., at the headquarters of the St. Johns River. Capt. Jim Longford, Jensen Beach charter boatman (center), one of the guides for the six-man without-wading party, displays his 10-pound bass, largest caught in two days of fishing. His companions display four of thirty largemouths which weighed in excess of 5 pounds each taken during the trip. Photo by Max Keister.

Ducks at Dawn
(Continued from Page 18)

If you make it a practice to carry a few lengths of cost hanger wire with pointed ends, you can utilize your first kills as decoys. Get natural looking set-ups by slipping the sharpened wire end under a bird's neck skin and then shaping the wire to hold head and body at lifelike pose. Rig one or two birds so that their heads are underwater, as during moments of feeding.

The interested student will find a large listing of other sources of information plus a complete bibliography of the various conservation fields.

Nature's Guardians not only provides extensive vocational information but contains substantial material for the general reader interested in conservation and its ramifications.

TREASURY OF SNAKE LORA, illustrated by Beatrice Ayers. Published by Greenberg, New York. 448 pages. Price $5.00.

around the State

GAME & FRESH WATER FISH COMMISSION DIRECTOR A. D. Aldrich right explains the Commission's Regional and Management Area organization to touring wildlife specialists (from l. to r.): Feuere Ebenhoes of Henderson, Des Moines, Iowa; R. H. Hinefield and J. R. Padilla of Guatemala.

Part of the kill of gill resulting from experimental selective dynamiting of rough fish concentrations in the Waccamass River, Levy County, during September. Wildlife Officer Jim Carey of Gulf Hammock holds one of the hefty predators while Bill Holley, Fisheries Management Technician of Lakeland holds the net used to recover the fish turned up by the blast. Photo by Ed Timmons.
FISHING

By CHUCK SCHILLING

There are two more widely used words in sport fishing today, game fishing and spin-casting. Spinning is the use of open or closed face spinning reels. Spinning is being used with spinning rods generally 4½ ft long or longer. The reels are used in the "below the hand" or "under the rod" position. Spinning, on the other hand, describes the use of closed face spinning reels so designed to permit their use on regular bass fishing rods. These two methods are used with the most popular size of rod in the world, bass rods. Many sportmen feel spinning and spin-casting have just about pushed regular casting rods and reels out of the back door. This, however, is far from the truth. The largest segment of the tackle industry is still bail casting. In any park, on any road, where there is a big sports fishing picture has suffered because of the new light line tackle, it is being discovered. There are some misconceptions about casting, especially about fly casting, that I feel should be corrected. Because spinning and spin-casting have mechanical advantages not found in fly fishing, they feel some method of casting is more productive than the other. Because spin fishing is gaining momentum, while fly fishing slows down, there is a notion around that spin fishing will eventually replace fly fishing. This, I very definitely feel, is not so. In fact, I will now predict a strong revival of fly fishing in the near future.

The well-equipped angler, whose purpose is to catch as many fish as legally possible, can be satisfied with any one method of fishing. In Florida, as elsewhere, all 3 methods of fishing have advantages that make them first choice under certain conditions. For the time being, let's compare spin fishing with fly fishing.

No comparison of the 2 methods of fishing should be started without mentioning the 2 most deadly lures ever devised by a cunning angler. I am speaking, of course, of the popping bug and the streamer fly—both deadly lures. Florida's fly fishing aficionados are well aware a spin fisherman can take both of these lures by employing casting gadgets and devices at the terminal end of his tackle, but there is no way he can use them naturally or to their best advantage. For fishing purposes, he is ruled out. The fly's weakness is the goal, no angler can afford to forfeit bugs and streamers. If he were forced to choose between water and one unfamiliar bait as best of all (Heaven forbid!), I would unhesitatingly pick a Marabou streamer fly and a Florida Legg Bug.

I expect to see an artificial lure that works with top effectiveness at all times and under all conditions. Even natural baits fail in and out of favor with feeding game

A bridge at Cocoa, Florida, and a spinning rig produce a 5-pound bass, a bagging fish in any company.

FLORIDANS' FAVORITE-142 MILLION DOLLAR BUSINESS

Florida hunters will spend over $13 million during the current 1956-57 hunting season, 35 percent more than their average counterparts 5 years ago. The forecast is based on the 1955 National Fishing-Hunting Survey conducted by the U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service, the research arm of the Fish and Wildlife Conservation Commission.

A 1955-54 survey conducted by the Florida Game Commission showed that fishermen spent $817 per year. This includes an annual expenditure of $32.50 for licenses and hunting privileges, $39.00 for guns, shells and ammunition, $32.50 for dogs and dog expenses, and $36.20 for transportation.

The 1956 survey shows that Florida's hunting licenses will be $12.00 higher than the 1955 figure of 130,000 licensed Florida hunters spending $197 each, the total hunting bill will be $12,390,000. Based on the 1955 survey data does not include those hunters exempt from purchasing licenses — persons 65 years of age and over, and children under 13.

The state's fresh water sport fishing has an expenditure of approximately $129 million, according to the Florida Conservation Commission. According to the state's fresh water sport fishing, approximately $123,000,000 will be spent by Florida's resident and nonresident residents and nonresidents during the 1956 hunting season. This shows that Florida's total tourist population is 5,460,000. This is an actual number of 5,260,000 people either residing or touring in Florida during the 1956 hunting and fishing season. This is based on the Sport Fishing Survey report that 18 percent of all persons over the age of 12, about 9,400,000, had a total of 16,660,000 resident and tourist fresh water fishermen. Each of the fishermen will spend the average estimated amount of $128 million, or a total of $2,095,000,240. The Sport Fishing Survey report is based on a ratio of 2 people for each boat. The report is based on a ratio of 2 people for each boat.
MEET YOUR COMMISSION

Vernon Ray Perrymans
Central Florida

James Thomas Philbin
South Florida

Veron Perrymans was employed by the Florida Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission on October 1, 1947, and serves as a Wildlife Officer in Citrus County. A resident of LeCanto for over 25 years, Veron is married to the former Gladys Longley and has two sons, Jerry, age 18, and Winston, who is 13. They are members of the Church of Christ in LeCanto.

Mr. Perrymans was both a forestman and farmer before becoming a wildlife protector and his family served the Commission as a Wildlife Officer for ten years before Veron’s recent appointment.

James Thomas Philbin is a resident of Homestead, Florida, and serves as a Wildlife Officer in South Florida.

Jesse H. Harrison
Northwest Florida

Uncle Jesse Harrison was born in Santa Rosa County, Georgia, 63 years ago and has always served the Tallahassee area as a Wildlife Officer since October 1931. Prior to his present appointment, Jesse was employed as a game supervisor for the Pierco Hunt Club and was later a private game warden on the Orchard Pond Plantation.

Mr. Harrison served with the ASF in France during World War II from May, 1918, to June, 1919. During World War II, he was a War Department accountant at the Dale Mabry Airfield.

Jesse and his wife, the former Vera Coward, live in Tallahassee. They have a daughter, Anna Ruth Pence, age 32, and a son, Tracy Harrison, 22.

Florida Wildlife
THE FLORIDA MAGAZINE FOR ALL SPORTSMEN

12 THRILLING STORIES $2.00

See Page 11

NOVEMBER, 1956
FLORIDA WILDLIFE FIELD TESTS AND TELLS

FOR THE hunting enthusiast, there are many areas in Florida which are ... and carry and carry for meals without fear of spoilage. For the average sportsman, there is no need to carry a canister of liquid smoke in his pack.

An ideal gas for the time operator, or a permanent food preserver is one that measures only 1½ x 1½ x 2½ in. Transportable, non-explosive desorbed alcohol as fuel.

FSTF (3) has a name that means Tubular stock for smokeless powders and is con-...dined of its proximate, it is an important step. The cooking frame is clean and helps keep your cooking flames in place.

Flow of fuel is adjustable and the cooking frame is easy to adjust for any desired height.

Despite its compact size and small parts in steady, safe storage, the fuel tank is made of brass and has a its own self-contained fuel cell—thus for these hours. Cooking with it is clean and easy and the only maintenance needed is to keep the fuel cell clean.

WILDLIFE MANAGEMENT AREAS

(Continued from Page 24)

FLORIDA WILDLIFE FIELD TESTS AND TELLS

Cecil M. Webb Hunt (22)

Open Season: November 20 until allowable number of deer has been taken. Closing date will be designated by Director.

Legal Limit: Any deer except swamp and woodcock during open season established by Federal and State Regulations.

Permit: $10 per day. Permits will be on sale at all check stations.

Special Hunt Rules: Only 4 permits can be issued to any one individual. Hunters may check in at 6:00 A.M. and must check out by 7:00 A.M. each harvest day.

J. W. Corbett Hunt (23)

Open Season: November 20 to December 20. Check stations will open at 8:00 A.M. November 19 and close at 6:00 P.M. December 31. Legal: All game, wild hog and all other legal game. with military activities or property is prohibited. Permission to hunt is required.

RICHLOAM HUNT (24)

Open Season: November 19 to December 30. 1st day open, Mondays and Tuesdays. Check stations open at 8:00 A.M. November 19 and close at 6:00 P.M. December 31.

Legal: All legal game. Turkey hunting permitted in the Wildlife Management Area except in designated refuges. Special Hunt Rules: All check in and camps permitted within 100 yards of the Road.

BROOK HUNT (16)

Open Season: November 19 to December 16, 1st day open, Mondays and Sundays. Check stations open at 8:00 A.M. November 19 and close at 6:00 P.M. December 17.

Legal: All legal game. Turkey hunting permitted in the Wildlife Management Area except in designated refuges. Special Hunt Rules: Turkey hunting permitted in designated campsite.

ROY S. GASKIN HUNT (31)

Open Season: November 20 to December 31. Hunting permitted every day. Check stations open at 8:00 A.M. November 19 and close at 6:00 P.M. December 31.

Legal: All legal game. Special Hunt Rules: No camping permitted. Hunters must check in and out of designated check stations.

BROOK HUNT (20)

Open Season: November 20 to December 30. 1st day open, December 23 to December 28. Check stations open at 8:00 A.M. November 19 and close at 6:00 P.M. December 31.


STEVEN HUNT (29)

Open Season: November 19 to December 31. 1st day open, December 23 to December 28. Check stations open at 8:00 A.M. November 19 and close at 6:00 P.M. December 31.

Legal: All legal game. Special Hunt Rules: Turkey hunting permitted in designated campsite.

OKEECHOBEE HUNT (30)

Open Season: November 20 to December 31. 1st day open, December 23 to December 28. Check stations open at 8:00 A.M. November 19 and close at 6:00 P.M. December 31.


LAWRENCE WAKULLA HUNT (29)

(Apalachee National Forest)

Open Season: November 19 to December 31. Hunting permitted every day. Check stations will open at 8:00 A.M. November 19 and close at 6:00 P.M. December 31.

Legal: All legal game. except that no hunter can take more than 2 of any combination of deer.

Special Hunt Rules: Hunters bagging the legal limit of 10 deer are free to hunt for the duration of the hunt but may remain in the area and handle ducks. Any hunter or two turkeys, he must stop all hunting and have his game checked. Deer or bear shall be the dogs used and divided in the following manner:

Continued on Next Page
1956-57 HUNTING CALENDAR

The hunting calendar for the 1956-57 season, as set by the Florida Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission, is as follows:

September—October 1 Series of 12 special bear and panther hunts open in Oseola and Apalachicola National Forests.

October 12—Special archery hunt opens in Ocala National Forest.

October 13—First half day hunting season opens for 19 consecutive half-days—12:00 noon to sunset—through October 31, except in Collier, Lee, Charlotte, DeSoto, Hendry, Hardee, Manatee, Sarasota, Highlands, Polk, Osceola, Putnam, St. Johns, Brevard, Saint Lucie, Palm Beach, Indian River, and Marion counties.

November 1—Second half of hunting season opens. Special archery season opens in Ocala, Highlands, Polk, Osceola, Putnam, St. Johns, Brevard, Saint Lucie, Palm Beach, Indian River, and Marion counties.

November 2—Special Turkey hunt opens in Hardee, Manatee, Sarasota, and DeSoto Counties.

November 8—Sales of public waterfowl hunting permits begin.

November 15—Waterfowl hunting season opens in Everglades Wildlife Management Area and other areas.

November 18—Second half of hunting season opens. Special archery season opens in Ocala, Highlands, Polk, Osceola, Putnam, St. Johns, Brevard, Saint Lucie, Palm Beach, Indian River, and Marion counties.

December 1—Second half of hunting season opens for 36 consecutive half-days—12:00 noon to sunset—through January 31.

December 15—First half of hunting season opens in Everglades Wildlife Management Area.

December 16—Special Turkey hunt opens in the Clay County area.

December 25—Holiday hunting season opens. Special Turkey hunt in Hardee, Manatee, Sarasota, and DeSoto Counties.

Hunting seasons and days open stated in following sections.

oteca Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission.

$5.00 public hunting permit required. Checking in and out at designated stations is mandatory. Hunting seasons and days open thereafter, January 1 open.

Legal bear: 1 male and 2 female.

Special Hunt Rules: $5.00 public hunting permit required. Checking in and out at designated stations is mandatory. Hunting seasons and days open thereafter, January 1 open.

Legal bear: 1 male and 2 female.

Special Hunt Rules: $5.00 public hunting permit required. Checking in and out at designated stations is mandatory.

CAMP BLANDING HUNTING (29)

Hunting permitted. No special Hunt Rules.

LITTLE TALBOT ISLAND AREA (18)

No hunting permitted. An enumeration study is being conducted in the area.

BLACKWATER AREA (2)

No hunting permitted. Habitat of Endangered Species.

LAKE BUTLER AREA (9)

No hunting permitted.

CALLING ALL HUNTERS

A big advantage of a sample survey of 120,000 hunters would cost (exclusive of administration) approximately $7,500. If the sample survey is conducted according to the methods outlined, it will be included only periodically. Sample size will be determined by the requirements for accuracy and the entire survey will remain sufficiently flexible in order to fill the needs of both research and administration.

Future use of the mail-survey will depend considerably on analysis programs still unfinished. It is expected that annual surveys of a yet unde-

verglades Region

Pistol Team

Mem bers of the new organized Everglades Region pistol team recently "shot it out" with Wildlife Officers from the South Florida Region and emerged the victors by 211 points. The law enforcement group from the 'Gators shot a team score of 1,082 out of a possible 1,500.

Tom Shirley was high man with 250. Ben Williams scored 225, Leroy Lanier 218, Bill Myhr 198, and Lewis Freeman 188.

Team members are chosen by elimination matches held during regular Regional meetings. The five men chalk up the highest scores comprise the team for the area at the next match. Practicing is only permitted during the officials' spare time with each member paying for his own ammunition and targets.

An entry blank must be filed with the Regional office from the Regional personnel fund made due to donations from all district employees.

Looking over Tom Shirley’s high score of 250 out of a possible 300, Ben Williams, Lee Lanier, Bill Myhr, and Lewis Freeman. Photo by Ralph Yoss.

Evelyns' wildlife areas. Hunting of deer and hogs strictly prohibited in Everglades Wildlife Management Area. Hunting of deer in Okaloosa, Santa Rosa, Walton and Escambia counties.

January 5—Second half of hunting season opens. First half of hunting season opens in Everglades Wildlife Management Area.

January 15—Deer, bear and panther hunting season statewide. Jackknife hunting season statewide.

January 21—Managed public hunting in Avon Park Wildlife Management Area.

February 1—Hunting of turkey, quail, squirrel, and coons statewide.

March 1—Special Spring turkey gobbling season opens in Second and Third Districts of North Florida.

April 1—Special Spring turkey gobbling season opens in Second and Third Districts of North Florida.

End of 1956-57 hunting season in Florida.

The harvest, inventory and Economic Survey program is about to enter its sixth hunting season. Its value has been proven. Its progress depends on the hunters who will keep the program going and help return the season after the close of the current season. If you receive one, please forward it to us immediately. It is of the utmost importance that we receive your completed form immediately.
UNSUSPECTING BUCKS
(Continued from Page 31)

Then they vanished, dissolved into the brown woodland color pattern as unobtrusively as they'd first materialized.

A few minutes later one of the does returned—I presumed it to be one of the six—and she was running. Her small hoofs made only a light drumming sound against the earth. Chasing her came the black and white hound I'd seen earlier. He too, passed along the trail underneatht with scarcely a sound.

About thirty minutes later I heard a human whistle. It proved to be Shorty Davidson, making certain I saw him before he moved into gun range. He told me that from his own tree stand farther on he'd seen a fine buck pass by, just beyond shooting distance.

While we waited for Frank Wilson to come with the jeep we built a fire from dried palmetto fronds. As we sat before it, letting it melt some of the chill from our cramped bodies, Shorty told me with a chuckle how Frank thought nothing of making pet's of wildcats, yet he was afraid to use a turkey call in the woods. I guess he's had a few close shaves with careless hunters.

He pointed out the abundant turkey scratches in the vicinity and described a stump he and Wilson had discovered farther back in the swamp which had feathers and other remains still atop it where a wildcat had apparently made a meal of wild turkey.

As we rested there, talking quietly and aware of the delicate air plants overhead, the squirrels and birds shifting and hushing busily among the great trees of this woodland retreat, we found ourselves discussing what before too long most inevitably become the fate of such unspoiled Florida sites as this.

"They'll spoil it," I predicted.

"Men who are already rich will become even richer as they ditch and dike and drain and gouge the state from one end to the other to make of it one big gaudy hotel room for tourists. Even now, one can hardly find a street or a strip of unspoiled beach from which to fish along the entire lower east coast. And hunting conditions have worsened at an equally rapid rate; last year's quail site has this year bloomed into a full-fledged subdivision.

"They'll never divide this piece of woods," Shorty said quietly. And there was something in his manner that confirmed what he predicted.

That evening, in a camp on the shores of the Ocklawaha River, I met other sportsmen from the Ocala area—Charles Thomas and Lesley Wade and Jerry Nolan and others; beauty, fun-loving men like Shorty Davidson who cherished the outdoors and who could fully appreciate the God-endowed natural resources of their still relatively undeveloped section of Florida. Only a few deer had been bagged—the animals were feeding on the full moon and moving very little during the daylight hours—but it didn't really matter; everyone was enjoying himself. I ate for the first time "cat heads and syrup," that back-country epicure's delight better known as fresh biscuits liberally coated with golden syrup made from river bottom sugar cane.

And before I left for home I'd gotten my buck.

The incident took place inside a large tract of timber adjacent to the Ocala Forest. The overseer of this land was a saddle-born gentleman cowboy named Rainey who'd come from out of the West originally and who could recall exciting days of pioneer trout fishing trips into the high country of the Rockies. Rainey's equally saddle-acquainted son and a half-dozen others of us had taken dogs and gone into the tall pines, dropping standards at intervals along a woods road. I became one of these standards.

And when eventually I heard our hound pack give tongue a great distance off, so that I could barely be sure it was dogs I was hearing, it never occurred to me the animals could possibly drive their quarry straight to me. The odds—had I bothered to consider the possibility at all—would have seemed about comparable to those of finding the proverbial needle in the haystack.

But drive the deer to me they did. At first they roamed far to left, then back to the right, yet as the chase grew closer and louder that deer became reason made straight for the tree behind which I'd stepped as though it were an arrow, shot at me from a bow.

In fact, to avoid shooting the on-rushing buck at point-blank range I felt obliged to step into full view at the very last minute, thereby giving the deer an opportunity to see me and run.

Run he did, too. The buck dug his hoofs into the earth and shot off in a new direction at incredible speed.

He was already 50 yards away when my single shot dropped him on his tracks. I ran over to where he lay kicking feebly. I was puzzled. The deer had been struck powerfully. Yet there was but a small wound at the fore part of the throat. There appeared to be no other injury.

Later, when we skinned out the buck, I learned what had happened. The shotgun slug I'd used had crossed just back of the ribs on the right side, passing through the body cavity and emerging at the throat. It hadn't even proven necessary to stick the fat young spike buck.

As I drove homeward I found myself musing over the strange way this hunt had begun, the even stranger way it had progressed and finally ended. Yet I realized now I couldn't have enjoyed it more had I been able to plan it from the outset.

FLORIDA BIRD LIFE
(Continued from Page 31)

MARKINGS, and the much darker, heavily streaked head pattern of the black duck.

The colored wing patch or speculum of the Florida duck varies from green with a strong purplish gleam to almost solid purple and is bordered in front and behind with black bars, often with a narrow white line between.

The Florida duck occurs in peninsular Florida from the latitude of Gainesville southward and reaches its greatest abundance in the vicinity of Lake Okeechobee. Specimens have been reported occasionally from the more northerly and western portions of the state. It is a moderately large bird, averaging slightly over two pounds in weight.

There is no noticeable variation in size between the male and the female.

Unlike a majority of North American waterfowl, both sexes of the Florida duck show the same general color pattern. The male Florida duck's bill is a solid color, tending to be a brilliant yellow. The bill of the female tends toward a darker color, being a dull orange or a dark dull yellow, flecked with dark olive markings.
Florida Wildlife's
JUNIOR WILDLIFE
PHOTO CONTEST

RULES

2. Contestants must be between the ages of 8 and 18 inclusive.
3. The contest is open to all children regardless of where they live. However, all photos must be taken within the State of Florida.
4. All photos must be mailed first class mail to Florida Wildlife, Tallahassee, Florida, by midnight of December 31, 1956.
5. Contestants may submit as many photos as they desire.
6. Photos must be at least 4 inches by 5 inches in size and no larger than 7 inches by 7 inches.
7. The following information must be printed or typed on a piece of paper and pasted on the back of each photograph: (Do not write on photos.) (a) Name of camera used (b) Type of film used (c) Exposure used (d) Location where picture was taken (e) Your name, address, and age. This information must appear on the back of every photograph submitted.
8. All prize-winning photographs become the property of Florida Wildlife.
9. No photographs will be returned unless self-addressed, stamped envelope is enclosed with entry.

SEVEN DIVISIONS

First and second place prizes will be awarded the best photographs submitted for each of the following divisions:

BIRDS • ANIMALS • FISH • PLANTS
HUNTING • SCENICS • FISHING

Hundreds of Prizes

A complete listing of contest prizes appeared in the October issue of FLORIDA WILDLIFE. A complete illustrated list will again appear in the December issue.

EVERY CONTESTANT A WINNER

Every contestant will receive a useful item of fishing tackle whether or not their photo is selected for a division prize.