Proclamation

State of Florida
Executive Department
Tallahassee

WHEREAS, the wise use of Florida's natural resources—soils and waters, forests, minerals, and wildlife—is essential to the welfare and security of every citizen in every community of the State of Florida; and

WHEREAS, the sound management of natural resources cannot be achieved without the guidance and support of an informed and interested public; and

WHEREAS, the future of certain Florida birds and animals—such as the Key Deer, the Everglades Kite, and the Ivory-Billed Woodpecker—is endangered by the threat of extinction; and

WHEREAS, the week of March 18 through 24 is being observed across the nation as National Wildlife Week designed to make the general public aware of past mistakes in the management of wildlife resources, and those steps which can still be taken to preserve those animals that are on the verge of extinction and increase those whose abundance is so important to the recreational and aesthetic opportunities of the citizens and visitors of Florida;

NOW, THEREFORE, I, LeRoy Collins, by virtue of the authority vested in me as Governor of the State of Florida, do hereby proclaim the week of March 18-24, 1956, as National Wildlife Week in Florida, and urge all citizens to acquaint themselves with the facts pertaining to conservation of natural resources, and, in keeping with the national theme, to give particular thought and attention to those species of wildlife which are now facing possible extinction.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the Great Seal of the State of Florida to be affixed at Tallahassee, the Capital, this 9th day of February, A. D. 1956.

ATTEST:

Secretary of State
Dear Sir:

I don’t know whether you like fun letters or not. If this one irks you or proves too dull, you have my sincerest apologies. My secretary takes your magazine and I have access to it. I read in a couple of it’s, believe one for each month last summer and the other last December, a very good served “Window Wonderland”. I do not know too much about birds, but these two articles were most interestingly written and I enjoyed them to no end. More than that, they gave me a lot of information on birds. Also, my secretary’s husband, Charles Johnson, had a good snake story published in your magazine a couple of years ago.

I think you have a fine magazine in Florida Wildlife and here’s hoping the “Window Wonderland” stories appear again at not too distant a date.

PORTER SIMS
Frankfort, Kentucky

Christmas

Dear Sir:

I enjoyed you magazine, especially the articles about snakes. We would also like to see more reports published on alligators. I think that this issue is one of the best you have ever put out. Every story was interesting and I enjoyed them all.

S. PORTER
P. Landerdale, Fl.

March issue

Dear Sir:

I have just finished reading “Great Jumping Catfish Show” in the March issue of Florida Wildlife. It is hard to imagine catfish jumping like the author says but I am familiar with Mr. Lyon’s writing and knew that his stories on fishing are authentic. I think that this issue is one of the best you have ever put out. Every story was interesting and I enjoyed them all.

C. KRALE
Chicago, Illinois

Satisfied

Dear Sir:

I have just received notice that my first year’s subscription has expired. Enclosed is a check to cover three more years of wonderful reading. It is amazing how much more reading there is in magazines that don’t have advertising and yours about Florida’s hunting and fishing is tops. I have only been in your state twice but it won’t be long until I will too make the move. Until then, I look forward to receiving Florida Wildlife each month.

G. HASTINGS
Hempstead, N. Y.

Book review

Dear Sir:

I have long been a subscriber to Florida Wildlife magazine and think it is one of the outstanding state wildlife publications. There is one matter which has my curiosity stirred up; how is that your “Sportsmen’s Bookshelf” department always describes the books in such glowing terms? I know from personal experience that there are many poor and mediocre books written on outdoor subjects.

WILFRED L. CHRISTIE
Amiston, Alabama

FLORIDA WILDLIFE
APRIL, 1956

WHO OWNS OUR WATERS?

By FORACE HOLLAND, Chairman

FLORIDA GAME AND FRESH WATER FISH COMMISSION

During the next few years, Flori­
da will be faced with an in­
creasing problem of furnishing public access to public waters.

Until now, few people have been concerned about the status of wa­
ters which are, or should be, desig­
nated as public waters. Until then, there seemed to be plenty of lakes, rivers, streams and canals open to all who would use them.

There were few barriers. Few fences. And comparatively few peo­
ple and business interests.

In recent years, however, Florida has been undergoing rapid develop­
ment. More and more people wish to visit, work and live in the state. More and more lands are being pur­
chased or developed by private in­
terests. More and more fences are being erected. And more and more water is being used for various pur­
poses.

The day of the open land, the open range and the open water is rapidly disappearing in Florida.

This has resulted in a growing problem of who owns what water, and who has the right to use it. Does the grower have more rights than the canoist or the picnic­ker? Does a large body of water belong to the persons who own the land surrounding it? What rights do fish and wildlife have to adequate water? Who shall say what water belongs to what interests?

Unless adequate action is taken immediately, the problem will be­
come more and more serious. It is conceivable that the problem of wa­
ter—or, rather, the disappearance of water—may soon constitute a threat to the welfare of the entire State of Florida and all of its people.

This is not to infer that certain private property owners wish to with­
draw public access to their lands, but it is true that many of them have already taken action. Our U. S. Con­
gress, for instance, has found wildlife and its attendant recreational bene}

fits of such value to the welfare of the nation that it has written certain Public Laws, stipulates that public works, such as performed by the U. S. Army Engineers and similar agencies, that affect the waters of the states must be approved by the respective state wildlife agencies. This helps ensure that wildlife is not adversely affected.

But we must take other adequate steps, on national, state and local levels, to conserve our sources and supplies of fresh water. And as important is the need to determine what water belongs to the public and what water belongs to private persons or interests.

Almost all big business firms have recognized the increasing value of recreation in our way of life. Such firms recognize that proper employee recreation is important to the well­
fare of the employer as well as the employee.

In fact, adequate recreation is now considered to be essential in the lives of everyone. There are many forms of recrea­
tion, of course. But water plays a part in the recreation of our citizens. The fishermen, the hunters, the canoeists, the boating enthusiasts, the picnickers and the picnickers. Does a large body of water belong to the persons who own the land surrounding it? What rights do fish and wildlife have to adequate water? Who shall say what water belongs to what interests?

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gress, for instance, has found wildlife and its attendant recreational bene}
Florida Wildlife

A Pike Time again for a brief visit to all of you throughout the state who support and give your share towards conservation of our natural resources. We're sure you'll find in the many news items from around the state, the writer would like to thank the following companies for their generous donations during the month of February, 1956, toward the operation, construction and maintenance of the Youth Conservation Camp located at Lake Eaton in the Ocala National Forest.

Florida Crushed Stone Co., Ocala, $100; Art Cement Manufacturing Co., Miami, $20; Marion Construction Co., Ocala, $25; Ocala Rock Corp., $25, and the St. Petersburg Rod and Gun Club, $121.21. It's a wonderful feeling when a check drops out of an envelope after opening it, to all of our friends who are sincerely interested in the development of the program and the camp, our sincere thanks, and to the above organizations and companies, on behalf of the League, a great big THANK YOU.

MAY WE HEAR FROM YOU OTHER INTERESTED PEOPLE.

And now our top ten clubs of the year:

Ratings of these clubs listed in the "big ten" are based on contributions made toward conservation of our natural resources, local club progress, leadership, and points earned by the club on conservation projects.

For the second consecutive year, the Allapattah Optimist Club has earned first place in the League standings. They won first place in 1954 and now repeat again for the year of 1956. They are our signal and alert club and are proud of their efforts relative to the conservation of our natural resources. They have also received a coveted honor in having one of their members, not mention¬ing as president, awarded the honor of selection by the Governor's Commission, the distinguished honor of being a member of the Young Outdoor Americans Congress held in Chicago last March. His name is Phillip Alexander. Besides being president of his local club, Mr. Alexander also serves as the President of the State Junior Conservation Club League. Our heartiest congratulations to the club.

Final standings for 1955 for the first ten clubs in the league:

1. Miami Allapattah Optimist Junior Conservation Club, Miami. 95 points.
2. Dean Mather Junior Wildlife Club, Ocala. 75 points.
4. Bay County All-Girls Junior Conservation Club, Panama City. 91 points.
5. Lakeland Junior Conservation Club, Lakeland. 48 points.
7. Highlands Junior Conservation Club, Leesburg. 32 points.
8. St. Petersburg Junior Rod and Gun Club, St. Petersburg, 28 points.

Top ten clubs Junior Conservation Club League

1. Miami Allapattah Optimist Junior Conservation Club, Miami, Fla., 95 points.
2. Dean Mather Junior Wildlife Club, Ocala, Fla., 75 points.
4. Bay County All-Girls Junior Conservation Club, Panama City, Fla., 91 points.
5. Lakeland Junior Conservation Club, Lakeland, Fla., 48 points.

Junior Conservation Club League:

This group rated all the clubs with the older clubs meeting twice a month. The next report will be on the new club for Lake City.

The new club from Lake City is to be sponsored by the Columbia Press, local government members from the club comprise the advisory committee. They are: Mr. Edward Emu, Mr. J. W. Davis, Jr., and Mr. James Moore, all of Lake City.

Report from the Executive Secretary:

Our camping grounds at Lake Eaton are improving each day, now with the betterment of the camp being a reality. The Junior Conservation Club, 17,700 points.

Bartow Junior Conservation Club, 15,500 points.

Go to it fellows, and see if you can get first place. First place can be yours. Why not start now?

Around the state:

Mr. Harold Vincent, advisor to the Dean Mather Wildlife Club in Ocala, reports that they now have two division clubs, the Lake Water and the Lake White. The leaders have been promulgated. The titles of their presiding officers. The two divisions have been split into age groupings: The first group ages 8-12, and the second group ages 13-18. The leaders have been changed from directors to wardens. There remains but one director who is available to the leaders.

Present officers now holding office:

Director, Jerry Hill.
Chief Warden, Don Witz.
Assistant Warden, Charles Teaton.
Secretary-Treasurer, Dave Laird.
Assistant Secretary, Ray Norton.

The older club meets every Thursday at their house and office, 7:30 p.m. Club house is located on Maricam Road. Senior Counselors for the older group are Mr. Bill Gore and Mr. Earl DeBarry. Counselor for the smaller group is Mr. Harald Atherton.

We understand, too, that the Ocala Junior Conservation Club reports have the following officers: President, Udelson Wilson. Vice-President, Ted Howel. Secretary, Gerald Greene. Treasurer, Clyde Anson. Secretary, Cecil Blanton. Treasurer, Bill Hinson.

The club has a number of awards that they have won this season, and other group members are active in the senior club and are preparing for their final exam. So far, the group is second in the country in the junior division, and has received a coveted honor for their efforts relative to the conservation of our natural resources.

Mr. Gene Gal lent, advisor to the Junior Conservation Club, reports that the club is in good shape. It won't be long before we will be using it for our target shooting and our contests. So you see, gang, the place is being kept in excellent condition, so when you return this summer everything will be in place and ready to go.

The road has been graded once more and will probably be graded before camp opens this coming summer.

It's a camp you can all be very proud of, and one you won't mind showing off to your friends who are not conservationists like you are.

The writer visited the Ft. Lauderdale club on a recent trip in that area. There is a club that will be doing their annual trip during this current year. They had their meeting in the Broward and National Bank and had approximately 30 boys there, all busy as bees. The club has decided to take eight teams at a previous meeting, and each team is responsible for reporting on certain species of fish. Points were given to the team on the basis of completeness of the report, presentation and preparation.

Reports were given on tarpon, sailfish, channel bass, marlin, etc. All of these youngsters are ardently fishermen. The club has a new look in that they now have a new counselor. Mr. Howard Hoogenhout, a teacher. Best of luck to you, Ed, and that goes for all of the boys within the club. Ray Norton and his wife were on hand to give an assist. Both are very active in the senior club and help out in every way possible to promote the youngsters in the Junior Angler Division. The senior club is past-getting club, too, for they were the first club in the state to come through with $550.00 for a club cabin at Lake Eaton. A club with real action, and the adults want their young people the same way.

And the RIFLE RANGE IS COMING ALONG IN good shape. It won't be long before we will be using it for our target shooting and our contests. So you see, gang, the place is being kept in excellent condition, so when you return this summer everything will be in place and ready to go.

Our camp is being used by many more like him. The club's members are very active in the senior club and are preparing for their final exam. So far, the group is second in the country in the junior division, and has received a coveted honor for their efforts relative to the conservation of our natural resources.

Mr. Brownson Gibson, reports that his club is now building a fire island and course. Their new secretary, Frank H. Breevanell, is doing a nice job of getting all the reports into this office. We only wish that there were many more like him. The club's treasury is astounded with $106.12. Can you beat that?

Okecie

The Deane Mather Club is doing a grand job with their survival kits. The kits have caught on so well that both the boys and girls are anxiously awaiting them and the last word heard was that they will start making them for the project for all members. Why not try it for your club. A survival kit.

Panama City

The Bay County All-Girls Club has now started these many long months of sponsorship for those who sponsor their projects and club. The Carter Craft Corporation, in conjunction with the Woman's Club, are to sponsor the young ladies. Congratulations to both organizations, especially to Mr. Tom Bingham and Mrs. Floyd Fogle.

The young ladies are now planning the club's business for the year. They are always interested in the neighboring farmers and ranchers.

Stuart

Randall Ray Gray, secretary of the Junior Conservation Club, reports that they are now studying the Brightonton Club, starting to put out bird feeders and bird houses. A worthwhile project.

Ft. Lauderdale

The Junior Anglers Club of Ft. Lauderdale has a 20-month contract with the Florida Fish and Wildlife Conservation Commission to undertake a manatee study project in Everglades.

Brown

The Bartow Club is just eating off of their noose. They have just that they have completed rebuilding a club-house of their own. Johnny Hutson, an anxious member, reports that they are now planning to set up trot lines and some trolling trips.

That about takes care of this issue. Don't forget to report your activities and let's all get ourselves headed in the right direction of conservation. Back again in 1956 and the many years ahead. Lots of luck to all of you.

END.
S

Now, let's learn how to

Understood, mastered individually

and smoothly combined if one is to

that the gun finds a natural and snug

weight and balance seemingly on

wrist, and with most of the gun's

you maximum steadiness and com-

fort.

To get it, take a normal shooting

position, arm fully extended and take

cumbersome aim. When the sights are

seemingly perfectly aligned on your

target, close your eyes for a few

seconds while continuing to hold

and aim your handgun, just as if

you had both eyes open. After about

six to ten seconds, open your eyes

and note the point of aim at which

the handgun's sights are pointing.

Are you still "dead on" your target,
or have the sights drifted off to one

side? If you are not "dead on" your

mark when you open your eyes after

making this natural alignment test,

shift your body to the right or left
to the degree you think necessary to
give you a central, natural align-

ment. Put down your handgun for a

few moments, to rest your arm muscles,

and repeat the procedure, but keeping your feet and

body positioned while you rest, so

that you won't have to start from

the beginning to determine an ap-

proximately correct "natural" gun

pointing position. Repeat the aiming

steps and the momentary blackout

test, if the changed stance has cor-

corrected previous pointing er-

rors and given you a natural, easy

alignment of handgun sights and tar-

gets. If you are "dead on" your target
each time you make the eye and

alignment test, you will have

achieved the most natural gun point-

ing position and automatically elim-

inated much of your tendency to sway

sideways and introduce horizontal

bullet impact error.

"But," you say, "my aim looked

right the first time even if the shot-

and-open eye test did indicate a tend-

ency of the aimed handgun to swing

to the side when I closed my eyes

briefly. Why couldn't I just go ahead

and shoot from my first assumed

position?"

The answer is uncontrollable re-

flex. Even if you thought that you

had made a perfect aim the first time (although

the eye test subsequently showed

that you were far from the mark), you were realizing

that perfect aim only after three seconds

through muscular effort. Should you

(Continued on Page 40)

S

gun hand. Now, let's learn how to

assumed the most scientific and com-

tion, Aiming, Controlled Breathing

position is Number Two among the

proper gun grip), Stance, Relaxa-

ly again against the gun-frame's backstrap.

Your next step is to assume a

trousers pocket or permitted

side? If you normally step thirty-

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THE KEY DEER

The Key deer, confined to the lower Florida Keys, is one of the smallest of the white-tailed deer races. Adult does usually range from 22 to 30 inches in height at front shoulders and from 26 to 29 inches in length, while weighing 40 to 80 pounds. Bucks are slightly larger and may weigh up to 180 pounds. They resemble the Virginia white-tailed deer in appearance except that they are lighter in color and there is no seasonal change. The small size of the Key deer is not due to lack of food or essential minerals. They are sturdy and biologically virile animals well fitted with their environment if given reasonable protection from man.

The small islands, or Keys, making up the past and present range of the Key deer, are of special interest. There are no known records to indicate that the deer have ever crossed the Keys from Matecumbe north to the mainland. In recent years they have been observed only on the Keys from Big Pine west to Stock Island. Key deer vegetation on the islands is largely tropical and is green throughout the year. Many of the species return with the first spring fresh. There is an ample supply of palatable natural foods and the severe shortages of winter forage, so frequently faced by its northern cousins, are unknown to the Key deer.

Interesting companions of the Key deer on their home range are wild orchids, beautiful tree snails, American crocodiles, alligators, raccoons, seven different species of cacti and tropical marine life. (Continued on next page)
other forms of wildlife as well as the tropical vegetation and the Key deer. At present there are approximately 20,000 acres within the range used by the deer. Their need for permanent survival is continued protection and a reasonable amount of suitable habitat.

To date this highly successful preservation project due to widespread public interest and the cooperation of many organizations, a sympathetic press, and direct assistance by individuals throughout the nation. It is hoped that the Key deer population can be increased to at least 300 animals. The present habitat can easily support that number, particularly if a year-round fresh water supply is made available throughout the range. Continued cooperation of landowners, coupled with strict enforcement of national conservation and individual conservationists, will be required.

Four pertinent facts must be recognized:

1. It has the most highly specialized food habits of any bird in this country.
2. It occupies one of the most, if not the most, restricted range of any American bird north of Mexico. In America it is found only in Florida and it has not, to the writer's knowledge, ever been seen in any other part of the country. It also occurs in Cuba, eastern Mexico, Central America and a close relative is found in South America.
3. It is the third rarest bird of the United States.
4. It is probably the most susceptible to quick extermination.

Before touching on any of the above, what does this kite look like? Superficially, it bears a rather strong resemblance to the well-known marsh hawk, but any study observation will reveal definite differences. The adult male is from 16 to 18 inches in length with a wing-span of about 44 inches. The head, forehead and wing coverts are deep mouse-gray, the remainder of the body, wings and tail are blackish, the latter being crossed by a wide white band near the base, conspicuous in flight and visible from both above and below. The bill is long, slender and very strongly hooked, the iris bright red. The female is dark brownish above, with much white marking on the head. The underparts are pinkish-buff, broadly streaked with brownish-black. The wings are very broad and bright black. Again, that of the marsh hawk's tail and veering, is perfectly level. The bill is long, slender and very strongly hooked, the iris bright red. The female is dark brownish above, with much white marking on the head. The underparts are pinkish-buff, broadly streaked with brownish-black. The wings are very broad and bright black. Again, that of the marsh hawk's tail and veering, is perfectly level.

Its continued survival and any increase will depend on broadened public interest, posting of remaining habitat, a careful watch on any project dealing with the raising or lowering of water levels which would affect the small supply, and warden patrol where possible during the open hunting season. Uniformed or thoughtless duck hunters are a great menace as the kite lives in duck marshes. As many as five dead kites have been found in front of a single duck blind. Some remedial action is now underway. The Florida Audubon Society, the Florida Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission and the U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service have posted marshes and are giving publicity to the necessity for protecting this bird. The National Audubon Society's warden, stationed at Okeechobee, patrols the kite marshes through much of the year. An excellent film story on the Everglade kite, "Phantom of the Marshes," made by Bayard W. Read, is available through these organizations.

The original range of this kite embraced peninsular Florida in almost every extensive fresh-water marsh. It seems never to have penetrated further west than a north-south line from Tallahassee to St. Marks. Occurring southward as far as the Tamiami Trail, occurs particularly a few birds ever inhabited the lower Everglades. Most of them were to be found in the St. Johns River marshes (east), the Kissimmee River (central) and the Lake Okeechobee and Everglades regions (south).

It is not possible to give an estimate of the population in former days, but the species is known to be necessarily restricted. It is now known that it is not distributed in such areas as it was thought to find.

The present United States range is reduced to a small segment of marsh in the southwestern corner of Lake Okeechobee, measuring roughly about two and a half miles long by a mile and a half wide. Wandering individuals appear beyond such limits occasionally. Aside from this area, a part of the Loxahatchee National Wildlife Refuge, and the lower east coast of Florida, is inhabited by a few birds. This is the extent of the present range.

Though no exact study has been made, those most familiar with the kite agree that there are less than 50 living birds left, and that no attempt to find them has been made. Further study should be made to determine the factors responsible for this.

The Everglade kite desperately needs all the effort we can put forth in its behalf.

THE IVORY-BILLED WOODPECKER

The ivory-billed woodpecker was never a common bird, but it has long been famous. Its large size and imposing appearance captured the imagination of both native and early naturalists. It is the largest woodpecker in North America, larger than a crow. Its shining black and white plumage, scarlet crest in the male, and large white bill combine with its vigorous and graceful actions and far-carrying voice to impress any observer. It differs from its relative, the pileated woodpecker, in being larger, showing more white in its plumage especially on the back when pecking, and having a much longer, more slender tail. It is probably the most susceptible to quick extermination.

Ivory-billed woodpeckers originally lived in the swamps of the southeastern states. From southeastern North Carolina to eastern Texas they inhabited the larger size swamps, estuaries and gulf Coasts, living in forests of oak, gum, and other hard-woods and cypress. In the Mississippi bottomlands they extended their range northward at least to the mouth of the Ohio River. Preferring the first bottom forest of sweet gum, oaks and ash, they are often seen white-breasted woodpeckers, frequently moving into the surrounding pine woods for feeding.

Ivory-billed woodpeckers' habitats are also the favored homes of other kinds of woodpeckers, which are more abundant and less restricted than swamps than in upland forests and which have been more abundant than ivory-hills. To illustrate this a tract of 6 square miles can be cited which supported one pair of ivory-bills in addition to an estimated 36 pairs of pileated and 138 pairs of white-breasted woodpeckers. Ivory-bills feed upon wood-boring insects, particularly those kinds that live in the inner bark and between the bark and sapwood of trees or limbs not too long dead. The bark in this stage is still hard and tight, but the big woodpeckers hack and scale it loose by power of their side blows with their bills. This manner of feeding leaves characteristic signs—harp and bark-line (the line of the sap zone) and the tree too sound to be attacked in the same way by lesser woodpeckers. The preferred insect foods are often very abundant, but they are present for a relatively short time, disappearing when the southern logs are cut. It is probable that the ivory-bills were practically all of the life history studies were performed, was cut over during World War II. Apparently the last bird to be seen there was a lone female observed by the author in January 1941. Thus, with the valuable reports of this bird have come from northern Florida, but there have been no reports of ivory-billed woodpeckers since 1932.

range as soon as loggers invaded the southern swamps. In several instances the disappearance of woodpeckers coincided with the destruction of their forest home. The real cause, however, was probably the indirect destruction of their food supply, for woodpeckers are typically forest birds, and a decrease of less food for woodpeckers than do the mature trees of a virgin or old forest. After such a forest has been cut over, kinds of woodpeckers may maintain their status for about two years, then they decrease markedly in numbers. The ivory-bills, with their specific food requirements, were the first to go, and the ones which were lost permanently from the cut-over swamps.

By 1885 the birds had disappeared from the northern part of their original range. The greatest decrease occurred between 1885 and 1900 when the southern logging industry grew most rapidly. By 1913 the species was confined to about a dozen scattered localities in South Carolina, Louisiana, and especially Florida. By 1926 many naturalists believed that the ivory-billed woodpecker was extinct. But a few years later some were found living in the Singer Tract in northern Louisiana, and the same were seen in the Santer River swamp of South Carolina. An intensive study of the species was carried on in the years 1917 through 1939, at the end of which ivory-bills were believed to be living in those two localities plus a few areas in Florida. Since then, however, there have been no reports from the Santer River. The Singer Tract in Louisiana, where ivory-bills were best known and where practically all of the last history of trees or pairs of woodpeckers existed, was cut over during World War II. Apparently the last bird to be seen there was a lone female observed by the author in January 1941. Thus, with the valuable reports of this bird have come from northern Florida, but there have been no reports of ivory-billed woodpeckers since 1932.
HEAD HUNTERS OF THE SAVANNAS

By ERNEST LYONS

Dipping on the Savannas in a blood red sunset, watching the saw grass darken, it was easy to imagine that this dark and fickle water was a marsh in Africa—especially when I remembered all the head-hunters I had guided there.

They weren't content, as I was now, to listen to the pops of striking stream, enjoy the grace of a pair of homing mallards coming in. I'd had a wonderful couple of hours of flycasting, although my catch was no great shakes: a two-pound bass and a three-pounder, half a dozen big blue seen so sweet in the pan. They were dedicated trophy hunters as determined to land a big one as though each fishing trip was a safari after a record-breaking greater kudu. Big Bass Men—and nothing else—and by big bass they meant 10 pounds or better. I wondered if things had changed since I used to be on the business end of the oars and pushpole, so that night I called up Joe McNamara, one of Stuart's top professionals.

"Big Bass Men? I'm hooked with one tomorrow," said Joe glumly. "Promised me a bonus for a really big bass."

And so no huge record-breaking greater kudu every day... Like a glimpse of a trophy head after a week's grueling hunt, sometimes the closest a Big Bass Man ever gets to his heart's desire is a missed strike from a monster. A strike which convinces him that they are there and keep him pursuing his goal. They're there—but it is sometimes heart-breaking to try to get one.

This muddy water, with its air of mystery, is a series of saw grass marshes, pad-bordered pot holes and small open lakes from two feet to 10 feet deep extending for some 15 miles just west of the coastal sand ridge between Fort Pierce and Jensen Beach. It is famous for the numbers of big bass taken from it and infamous for the unpredictability of taking them.

Every year there are score of 10-pounders and a dozen knocking on the fence. For the most part Parrott waters taken from these waters. Yet any day you can meet a tourist fisherman who has cast it to a froth and will say to anyone who is watching him that it is in that instant of decision when a surge grows and

strike—the little bass are so fairly-scared that they're hiding back in the deep grass for protection.

How would Joe McNamara know what he would back years ago—set about getting a really big bass for our head-hunting friend.

We would stalk him as white hunters stalk the great kudu, with patience and forbearance—you might add tolerance for the swellings of our client—after a near miss or two with a hunger's zeal of our own and, in the end, with pride. I remember W. W. Parrott, a newspaper publisher of Peoria, III., who weighed 230 pounds, looked like Irvin S. Cobb, and was light in the hand. I had a car-top boat like Joe's back then and we fished the entire bass water of South Florida: the St. Johns Marsh, Blue Cypress Lake, Kissimmee Marshes and Lake Okeechobee grass beds, winding up—of course—in the Savannas. Mr. Parrott caught bass, good bass, six to eight-pounders, but they did not move him. He wanted a BIG BASS. But he got greater kuda fever if one of 10 pounds or more came within catching distance.

He invariably muffled those few times when he had the big chance. Parrott wanted "a really big one" as some men want the Mona Lisa or to make a million. But when the moment came—despite his weight and size—he would become a steel-sprung, stretched cat, hunting like an elkhound. No bass could strike as fast as he could anticipate its strike. He wanted a big one so keenly that he seemed able to sense the shadow of a behemoth under the lily pads and—in that instant of decision when a surge grew and

swelled behind his spoon and pork rind or the water uppered under his surface plug—he would strike before the strike!

The water turned and look at me like a St. Bernard which had smiled—so genuinely, absolutely sorry and contrite. There is no sudden withdrawal.

One day when this had happened twice (he was a good sport and I had grown quite fond of him) I said: "We'll try it one last time tomorrow."

"You think we might get a real big one?"

"No, I don't think there's a chance in the world. But do me a favor. One last day."

On that next, that red letter day for Mr. Parrott—and by that time for me—I put him in a blue funk right off the bat. "Looks like a feed day for bass," I said.

"Too bright. The big ones never hit on a bright day. Those strikes you got yesterday were nothing but mudfish, anyhow." His jaw fell, he stared at me slackly, a man betrayed. He cast half-heartedly, reeled dejectedly. When we pushed through to a pot-hole where the short hair stood up on the back of my neck and goose pimples told me that Old Grandpa lived there, I said: "No use casting this hole."

"I'll try, anyhow."

"You're wasting your time."

He cast. There was a slow movement out from the pads. "Mudfish," I said. "Let the plug lie still and maybe he won't take it. I hate unhooking mudfish." The water uppered under the plug, twice—and a mouth you could have thrown a grapefruit into came up and engulfed it. "Too bright." He cast it automatically. The bass weighed 12 pounds, four ounces, and made W. W. Parrott the happiest man on earth.

Try that technique sometime, Joe. Savanna bass are unpredictable. Four years ago a world record of 14 pounds in the Savannas was caught on the March, came in with an above 12-pounder which still holds the record in Eastern Air Lines Flying Fisherman Club. In my personal opinion, nearly everyone retrieves too fast to get big bass—although he might hit it the moment it lands.

(Continued on Next Page)
My Dad taught me how to find the likely workings in the stems of the pads where the gallinules walked, how to use them on your hooks to catch golden roaches (some folks call them golden sinners) and they're tremendous big, prettiest fish that you ever saw. How to ease that golden skinner, the minnow of the mouth, and pot pad hole by the 'gator wall'... How to let the bass take his run, stop and turn the bass—the then lay back and heave with the 12-foot cane and stout line we used back then."

There's a Cracker resort owner at Jensen Beach-just call him Bill for handy—who is a big, beefy bird with black eyebrows, a hale voice, a warm smile. He's an expert fly fisherman and consistently makes amazing catches of giant black bass from the Savannas. "On bass bugs," he tells his guests when they complain that the fish are not taking the bugs right and he has to get the State to restock the place. It takes a Cracker to catch a Cracker. I noticed that word of his big catches always got spread around in the morning among the community like ours everyone knows about a 10-pound bass within an hour after it's caught."

"Bill," I cornered him, "you've been fishing too much! You're burping plugs would be all right of a sort, but now..."

He looked furtively to right and left. Satisfied that no tourists were looking, he led me down to the barn and pointed high in the loft to a big case pole from the end of which dangled two big basses and a porc rind and feathers "splatter-jig." "That's Strick — a rare fish," he whispered. "Darker the night the better. One guy pads, the other you put on a leafy near to them and they start to bawl."

He looked around and whispered, "You'll catch him!"

One of the oldest sayings I can recall is the one that says: "Comparisons are odious." The adjective "odious" means "very displeasing," and its synonyms are "detestable," "abhorrent." The man who produced that sentence about comparisons being odious knew something, Mister Editor, and I'll tell you why. And it all has to do with our little community of Ajax.

In Ajax we used to be contented to go fishing and bring home our catches, clean them, give some to a neighbor if he wanted any and go on about our business more or less contentedly. There were enough fish to go around and nobody cared very much what the other fellow was doing or catching. Maybe once in a while a one fisherman would tell another, "I hung a big bass today," or "the blues are running now," but these statements were more in the line of conversations than in the nature of information. One day a tourist drove into town and got someone to take him fishing. Enormous enough, you wouldn't say. Nothing half as big could compare with that one and any more. It would seem. But long before two tourists came in and got different guides to take them fishing in two different boats and in two different places. Well sir, business picked up right then! The first thing each one of those tourists wanted to know was what was the other fellow had caught and they got so excited about it that the guides called in the tourist said, "Well, I had a good guide. That's why I beat you."

That made the two guides begin to eye each other. Up until then they had been friends but now there was a certain coolness developing between them. Each one assumed that the other fellow had caught the biggest fish of the season and talked at the same time. And they began to brood and to make plans.

More tourists began to come to Ajax and more guides and it was beginning to snow many days. Soon the fishermen and the guides were laying small bets on the outcome. Then someone brought a radio to the dock and things really began to boil up.

And they began to brood and to make plans.

Instead of being content to compare the catches they made, they began to lay bets about what was being caught in other places. Next thing you know a group of hangers-on laid around the dock and drifters and others began to lay in on what fish and how many were being caught in Palm Beach, Palm Island and other fishing places. When the guides and tourists came in about the midnight the bargers would bait them with tales of the places they were from and the sights they had seen and so forth. What made all the fishermen unhappy.

The odious idea of comparing things began to spread. Pictorial magazines began to flow into our town and a likeness of Marilyn Monroe showed up on a calendar. Husbands took one look at this young lady and began to complain to their wives about how they cooked the fish. Husbands even suggested to them to do this before that calendar appeared. Good substantial wives, browsing through a pictorial caught a glimpse of a fellow named Clark Gable and began to show up late for supper and took to opening cans instead of bringing the eatables in from the store. At times those pictures did more to muddle up the home life of more Ajax families than the War Between the States back in 1861. "Comparisons are odious," the fellow said and he said a mouthful.

There's no telling how far this disease would have taken us, Mister Editor, if our city fathers hadn't taken a hand in it. They decided things had gone far enough.

First off they got a public radio. Then pictorials. Last, and just as important, they put a detour sign on the road that leads to Ajax, detouring the tourists around our fair city.

They decided that there was only one bit of news or information we had to have and that was officers of this town and got two different guides to take them fishing in two different boats and in two different places. Well sir, business picked up right then! The first thing each one of those tourists wanted to know was what was the other fellow had caught and they got so excited about it that the guides called in the tourist said, "Well, I had a good guide. That's why I beat you."

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WE'RE UNDERHARVESTING OUR DOVE CROP

By MORRIS H. SHAW

I N SINGLES, pairs and small flocks the streamlined, feathered projectiles hurtle over the rocky, sagebrushed ridge, headed for the alpine-chocked seep that generations has been a favored waterhole of the clan in this high desert country. So briefly are they there, that more often than not they are gone before the hunter can snap the smoothbore to his shoulder and touch off a shot.

A flock of gray plumaged shadows cleaves the sky over a deep South peanut field, running a gauntlet of scythes. Not six seconds, not six shots would come close to topping the average.

Possessing as he does the attributes which go to birds, no alibi is needed for shooting the other at something like 60 miles per hour. Also, he has the disincentive of side-slippling and dodging at the most inopportune moment, to the joy of the manufacturers of sporting ammunition, a vast amount of whose product is expended each season in pursuit of the jet-fueled wild-of-the-wind.

Punishing as he does all the attributes which go to such a bird, few of the super-brackers as a game bird. No alibi being, the streamlined speedster, when he decides to open the throttle, is capable of scooting the other at something like 60 miles per hour. Also, he has the disincentive of side-slippling and dodging at the most inopportune moment, to the joy of the manufacturers of sporting ammunition, a vast amount of whose product is expended each season in pursuit of the jet-fueled wild-of-the-wind.

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To hunters who have been hammered from all sides with the admonition that tomorrow's sport depends a great deal upon moderation in today's conduct afield, this statement may sound like downright heresy. Rightfully, conservation is the by-word of all good sportsmen. In the minds of many, however, there still clings something of the old convention; saving for the sake of saving — "If there are two today, there will be a thousand years from now." A majority of serious minded hunters have discarded this outdated idea and have accepted conservation as the wise use of a renewable resource. "Reap the harvest each season but leave sufficient seed to assure an adequate crop the following year." This wise use concept is the underlying philosophy of modern game management practices. There is no provision for waste, yet, where the dove crop is concerned, we are consuming, even demanding a tremendous waste through misguided efforts directed toward shorter seasons and lower bag limits. As a result, we may be losing as much as one of our potential harvest of doves each season.

Consider the implications; a present annual harvest of some 15 million birds, yet that figure might safely be doubled or trebled without making inroads into the breeding stock. From three on the roster of upland game bird production, the dove could move far into the lead, and with no increase in the total annual mortality now experienced.

The idea is no scatter-brained statement on the part of some irresponsible individual; it is the result of several years of intensive study by trained and highly competent wildlife investigators. Let's take a look at the background of the investigation, the project and one of its findings which have yielded such an about-face concept in the field of dove management.

The need for detailed information upon which could be based regulations and management practices encompassing not just individual states but whole regions of the country had long been recognized by professional wildlife workers. Consequently, in 1948, a joint research program was adopted by the Southeastern Association of Game and Fish Commissioners recommending a cooperative dove management project. The machinery for a joint southeastern project was thus established and set in motion. While most of the actual field work was to be done within the individual cooperating states by staff technicians, the U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service and the Southeastern Cooperative Wildlife Study represented valuable assistance, both administrative and technical.

The over-all regional study had as its major objective the establishment of a basis for sound dove management. As discovered early in the planning stage, a well-balanced management program could be developed through knowledge of several factors including annual population trends, annual production index, migratory tendencies, effect of hunting on doves, and the causes of mortality. It was upon these factors that a majority of effort was expended.

That land use has a direct effect on game populations is one of the fundamental premises of wildlife management. It is also true that there are no vacancies in nature. When a given habitat becomes unsuitable for one species, it is usually replaced by another which finds the altered habitat compatible. We have in the dove an excellent example of this principle in the animal world, one of which has had a major effect in bringing the mourning dove to the important status which the species occupies in the commercial hunting scene.

Judging from the accounts which have been handed down of 19th century sporting parties, the mourning dove was a major role in the affairs of the early settlers. The dove was present; not especially abundant nor was he unusually scarce. But the"morning dove" earned his sobriquet largely for his "sweet" call which at first was little attention was given the dove other than an occasional mention in passing sufficient to tell us that the species was found throughout the whole country.

By nature, the dove is a bird of the forest edges rather than the open fields or dense woodlands. Under primal conditions, with much of the country either heavily forested or open prairie land, the ideal woodland habitat was excluded by nature. The settling of the nation with the resultant clearing of forested land created an ever expanding dove habitat.

The activities of early market hunters and settlers in decimating the vast flocks of passenger pigeons possibly had an effect on the dove as the companionship of the passenger pigeon may have competed for food with the mourner, with whom it now shares its niche in the eastern states.

In the late 19th century, having learned not a recent innovation, this phase of the life history of the bird does allow it to take advantage of rapidly expanding habitat, making possible further extension of its range as new territory becomes available.

In the deep Dixie, the earliest stirrings of the approach of the vernal season are enough to kindle the flames of romance among dove-kind. During the first warm days of January, the mournful, blowing-in-a-jug cooing signifies that the birds are beginning to take more than (Continued on Next Page)
Although two eggs usually comprise a clutch, the fact that doves may bring off three or more broods during a single season is a reflection of the reproductive potential of the species. In addition to those broods successfully raised, a pair may make several other unsuccessful attempts to nest during the same season. Another significant fact is that young of the early spring hatch may themselves pair off and raise a brood in August or September of the same year.

(Continued from Preceding Page)

just passive interest in one another. Somewhat cau­tiously at first, then with increasing frequency, the so­flewed cooing rolls out the countryside. This voluble calling is a reliable indicator of the breeding length of the mating period. The courting activity brings the birds in for a pair of nesting displays. By April, nesting activity are in full swing, and continue throughout the year. Nesting takes place during those broods successfully raised, a pair may make several other unsuccessful attempts to nest during the same summer. Another significant fact is that young of the early spring hatch may themselves pair off and raise a brood in August or September of the same year.

The nesting habits of the mourning dove present something of a weak link in the reproductive chain. The aged birds very rarely engage in courtship displays. By April, nesting activity are in full swing, and continue throughout the year. Nesting takes place during those broods successfully raised, a pair may make several other unsuccessful attempts to nest during the same year. Another significant fact is that young of the early spring hatch may themselves pair off and raise a brood in August or September of the same year.

The part of the technical men that even though the causes could possibly be tied down, the search would be long and expensive, with little practical value accruing. In other words, even though the causes were known, there is most likely little, if anything, that could be done to correct the situation.

A more realistic approach to the problem of dove management is represented by efforts to determine the period of peak population and carrying it down to as near as possible to that time.

The time factor is of major importance in setting proper open seasons. To put it mildly, this question is a red-hot issue, especially in the dove shooting country of the south. Some sportsmen contend that an analysis of the banding data indicates losses from hunting, weather, disease, and dodging at the most inopportune moment makes the mourner a difficult target.

Illegal harvest of mourning doves is considered negligible. Field checks during both open and closed seasons showed that the species is subject to a but a minor amount of illegal hunt­ ing activity. In contradiction to one of the arguments presented by those opposed to open seasons on doves early in the fall when the season on other species is still closed, it was found that dove hunters take but a negligible amount of game upon which the hunting ban has not been lifted.

A parasite, Trichomonas gallinae, has caused some severe losses of doves in portions of the country. In other areas the disease has had little effect. This includes birds which are not recovered, those which, though they escape, are injured so badly that the date is to those which actually find their way into the game bag. The second may be termed natural mortality and includes losses from predation, weather, and disease.

Reports on banded birds killed by hunters, insofar as parts of such kills reach the proper authorities, present a means of establishing a measuring stick for calculating the total kill. Careful checking in the field of hunters’ kills over a period of several years has shown that it is but a small percentage of banded birds which go unreported. Extensive public information programs have had an important bearing in this re­spect. Through the cooperation of the press, television, and contacts in the field, the result has found in band returns much higher than experienced with other species. In Florida, for example, doves banding during migratory concentra­tions yielded band returns of 5 per cent in one season. The statewide band return rate was compared with a national average rate of 0.25 per cent in one year. It provides a statistical valid sample upon which to base population calculations.

Crippling loss has been pointed out as constituting a waste which none have estimated as to much as 20 per cent of the total kill. On this subject, the Florida dove workers emphasize that the rate of banding is higher than any other species, and the rate of band returns is the highest of all. The banding rate is approximately one bird in every 44 that are killed during the hunting season.

on the basis of the sizeable amount of banding data collected during 6 years of intensive study, it is diffi­cult to justify placing the hunting take above 4 per cent. Even though this percentage was given a 30 per cent margin for error, the kill is still far from being of major importance in the overall picture. In view of this we substanti­ated finding, why do the Federal authorities continue to drag their feet in liberalizing dove season and bag limits? The facts show that 96 per cent of the total mortality (80 per cent allowing the 300 per cent margin for error in calculations) is attributable only to causes other than the illegal hunting.

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The banding rate is approximately one bird in every 44 that are killed during the hunting season.
YESTERDAY was the fourth time this season I've seen John L. Why, I know he must be fishing pal Frank Shilling enthused. Of inches between Frank's spaced the fish's size. his exuberant enthusiasm. haven't seen one that large since the day we caught that big one from Lake Helen Blazes back in early named gigantic black bass resided in Lake Helen Sprays. Angling is not permitted in the area. The fish was not referred to the corpulent, bushy-haired Old John L., a contributing factor to successful use of spinning. The fish is almost as big as ‘John L.’ himself!”

No, I don’t think so,” Frank answered. “Old John L.’ is too smart to leave Rainbow Springs and venture into unprotected waters. But this fish is almost as big as John L. —no kidding! ... Maybe he was one of John L.’s boys and the Old Man kicked him out for non-payment of union dues,” he joked. “Do you believe the fish you fish don’t move in to stay?”, I asked.

“I am sure of it,” Frank said. “I’ve examined the spot with the waterscope every trip, and each time I’ve located him pretty close to the same spot —night under the main limb arch of that sunken tree.” For underwater examination of fish life and stream or bay bottom conditions, Frank and I have rigged up a waterscope that, given invented handling, works on the principle of the old trench telescopes of World War I. In fact, the eyepiece, the prisms and the scaled objective lens were all taken from one of the glasses that American Doughboys stuck above parapets for safe, spy scouting of enemy lines and fortifications. Transferred to an L-shaped metal tube, the old trench telescope’s optical system now provides us with a waterscope that can be quietly and easily slipped below the water’s surface for a look-see below. It has proved itself find the best fish in helping to locate the best populated fishing spots. In recent months, the Aluminum Marine Hardware Company, Port Byron, New York, has marketed a somewhat comparable product in its “Phantom Waterscope.” Both our home-made marine models and the commercial version work best in waters clear enough to transmit and absorb surface light. In the window-pane waters of Rainbow River, the devices find perfect working conditions.

“Want to take the boat up this Saturday?” I inquired. We use a 15 ft. shallow draft “Fibercraft,” powered by a 17 h.p. Evinrude for our inland lake and stream fishing. Traveled on the frame of one of the new彼得堡 bicycle shop, genial he is not busy repairing bicycles. He takes his trophies fairly and through applied skill, never losing sight of the fact that more fun can be had from the pursuit and stalk than from filling game bag or creel. Anyone who accompanies him on hunting or fishing trips is privileged.

Early Saturday morning we motored north on U.S. No. 19 to Crystal River, then took highways 495 and 488 to Rainbow Springs, and there passed through Williston and take highway 488 to Rainbow Springs. We then traveled on the Rainbow River, where the slightest water disturbance can be detected at long range by cruising or bedded fish. Frank said, “It is not the water rig to flash it to life again. We also believe in a cautious approach to selected fishing waters and the elimination of all possible noise and vibrations that can undermine the elimination of all possible noise and vibrations that can undermine the fish’s position.”

Frank approved. I'll tell you about it later. Frank, although admitting to pushing fifty, is one of those seemingly ageless souls with a perpetual love and zest for hunting and fishing, wise in the ways of the wild and Florida game and fish in particular. 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We took turns dropping teeing, tantalizing bass lures close to the retreat of the big fellow. While Frank cast, I cautiously studied results through the waterscope. At intervals we switched operations. Again and again we baited bass, some of them weighty warriors in their own right, but not a strike did either of us get. But always we expected to get. When we tried every lure in our tackle boxes, he extraordinarily stepped beneath the waterscope and scoured the area of every one of them but wisely playing the role of spec- tator to the actions of smaller and less sagacious brethren. We changed to spinning tackle and fine line and began to make great gains. The only noticeable result was that we both began to catch more bass — but not the big ones.

We had one more trick. Frank supplemented a small diving plug with a trailing fly attached to a leader that would be almost invisible once it was in the water. Individ­ually, both the plug and the fly had been good fish-takers; together, Frank hoped they would somehow succeed as a team although having previously failed to interest the Big Bass. And so it was. It's his idea, I tossed Frank the lure of his choice. "Boy, I've bought you that top-water plug you've chased that."

I saw the seizure of the fly, Frank's strikeback and a brief por­tion of the first lunge. "Hey!" I exclaimed, "Right under my eye!"

The little Dilly plug had added two more to our collection. Although live bait is preferred by most bass anglers, we use wiggling bass lures — including such favorites as the Chub Darter and Pikie — with the greatest variety of underwater objects. And so we continued.

I tossed Frank the lure of his choice and selected one my­self, and we started fishing from each end of the boat.

Frank got the first strike. His underwater lure had not completed its second trip out and back before he was fast to a fish. His rod tip bent alarmingly as the bass took the artificial, he realized his mistake and lunged for freedom. A moment later, I grossly underestimated the size of the fish. He proved to be smaller than Frank's fish, but he hit hard and was really a picture of a fish that had been wise and vainly attempted a full reper­toire of tricks. Safely netted, I esti­mated he would weigh five pounds. The little Dilly plug had added an­other good fish to its bass-catching resume.

There was another boat, with three fishermen, about 150 yards from us. We could see that they were catching fish, too. Later, back at the dock, we would combine our catches for one of those typical "caught from Rainbow River" bass fishing stories.

Frank had the waterscope over­side again, turning it first in one direction and then the other. Suddenly he froze like a bird dog on point. "See what I said," he exclaimed, but not too loudly, as if the object of his excitement might also hear and immediately depart. "Right under the waterscope," he said, "the big tree trunk. He wasn't there when we started fishing, but he's there now!" Take a look he handed me the waterscope.

At first I failed to pick up the fish in the waterscope's field of view, then I spotted the big bass! He had moved from under the sunken tree trunk to the first fork of its branches, and was now motionless except for occasional, slow-fanning of its pectoral and pelvic fins.

He looked huge! Even allowing for the water's disproportionate magnification of sub-surface objects, his weight would tip scales close to or beyond the twenty pound read­ ing. At a moment's notice, I realized that he might even be larger than the record, Georgia-caught twenty-pounder! This, four ounce bass taken from Montgomery Lake.

"Maybe old John L. has a son," I thought, "and I believe he is bigger than old John L.?" I mar­veled to Frank as I also informed him of the bass's slight change of position under the sunken tree.

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By Chuck Schilling

Now that the shooting is over, the sportmen who survived the hunting season must put away their guns. After the last shot is fired, the wildlife of the woods and fields throw caution to the winds and resume their normal way of life. No longer do they flush at a shadow or tremble at a footstep. With the silencing of the guns, nature seems to relent, as spring sends balmy breezes and a breath of green through the woods to replace the austerity of the hunting season. How sad that the hunter must forego his sport just as the weather and the wildlife would be most cooperative. But must he?

There is a new kind of hunter in the land today who hunts all year long. He has no closed season, and for him all wildlife is fair game. This hunter needs no license, and he can shoot as much as he likes and take his trophies live to meet another hunting season. This writer gave up hunting with a gun many years ago and, although I soon after turned to photography, I was not aware of its great appeal to the hunter until I became interested in Bino-Fotography just a few months ago. Nature photography, through telescopic lenses, is a fascinating sport. Unfortunately, until just recently, it was, also, a very expensive one. With the advent of Bino-Fotography, however, or the taking of pictures through binoculars, the hunter or nature student who wants to hunt with the camera after the shooting season is over has a ready and inexpensive tool.

The biggest hurdle for the sportsman to pass on the road to nature photography is the widespread but mistaken belief there is some kind of mystic knowledge about photography that only a few can possess. This is pure bunk. Any sportsman with fingers and minds nimble enough to use regular sporting gear will find basic photography a simple thing. As a matter of fact, the hunter’s understanding of his guns and their performance in the field is very similar to the operation of a camera, and especially one fitted with a telephoto lens. Aiming is just the same in both cases. Placing your shot with a rifle for a clean kill is almost exactly the same as bringing the game into proper focus with the camera for a sharp print. Understanding the ballistics of your weapon and adjusting your shutter speed to suit. The parallel couldn’t be more similar. In the opinion of many, the rewards are, also, similar. The satisfaction of shooting a good, sharp nature picture at the end of a careful, fully planned and executed stalk must be experienced to be truly appreciated. It’s not enough to get a picture of a deer. The trick comes in getting the picture close up and the deer in a pose or situation that is especially appealing.

I might warn you that the moment you progress this far in nature photography, you are a gone gosling. At any rate, take my word for it, basic photography is not difficult. It requires only a normal amount of study and application, not at all out of line with other outdoor sporting pursuits.

Photographers have for many years been fascinated with the idea of taking pictures of far away objects as though they were close up. The demand for telephoto lenses has been constant. The camera manufacturers have responded with some magnificent telephoto lenses of a highly complicated nature at understandably high prices. I know one nature photographer who specializes in bird pictures. He uses a 55mm camera that usually fits in his pocket, but he carries two large cases full of telephoto equipment that a $1,000 bill could not replace. It’s obvious that the average sportman who is interested in nature photography is not going to load himself down with such a mass of bulky and expensive gadgets, and this brings us to Bino-Fotography.

It has been known for many years that good pictures could be taken focusing the camera through binoculars. The poor photographer tackled this mating on his own was in for a rough time. It’s not beyond the powers of some photographers to effect such a union and figure out the formula necessary for successful shooting, but the average shutterbug would be lost on the first curve. It remained for the Bushnell Optical Co. to tackle this problem from a commercial point of view. They have recently come up with a simple and very practical method of using binoculars with either a 35mm camera, a twin lens reflex, or 8-16mm movie cameras.

The adapter that makes these unions of camera and binocular possible is lightweight and fits the regular tripod socket of the camera. There is no actual coupling of the camera lens to the binocular eyepiece. These are merely held in positive alignment with a light-tight joint assured by the use of a soft, rubber fitting on the binocular eyepiece. The adapter is so simple, it can be attached to the camera and ready for use in less than a minute.

Naturally, the binoculars used in this Bino-Fotography are the most important consideration, and Bushnell has solved this problem by producing a special 7x50 binocular engineered for this particular purpose. These Foto-Binoculars are lightweight and have hard coated lenses, especially suited to the requirements of picture taking. Their use as a telephoto camera attachment does not prevent these Bino-Foto Binoculars from being used as regular field glasses and, when so used, their extra clarity and brilliance is truly remarkable.

There is a Bino-Foto Adapter to fit most twin lens reflex cameras, such as, the Rolleiflex, Rolleicord, Graflex, etc. Most 35mm cameras can be fitted for Bino-Fotography, as can most 8-16mm movie cameras. The Bino-Foto Binoculars are fully corrected for color photography and give excellent results in this field. The cost of a Bino-Foto Binocular and Adapter to fit your camera is about $100, exclusive of a combination sunshade and iris diaphragm that sells separately for $12.50.

If this seems like a lot of loot, remember that the 7 power Bino-Foto Binoculars convert your normal...
Al or us who are interested in wildlife have seen some odd performances, and have, naturally, formed our own opinions on the nature of the beast. I would not presume to take issue with the experts on bird lore. My status remains strictly amateur, and my "bird-watching" is usually confined to my own backyard. However, after reading a recent article in which a wildlife biologist told of how birds help each other in times of distress, I could not help wondering, for instance, how the fallacy started that birds’ dispositions are all sweetness and light. There is an old nursery rhyme that starts: "Birds in their little nests agree." Oh, do they? And we say "gentle as a dove." Well, maybe.

Take the birds in their nests. I have a neighbor who raises hundreds of parakeets, and I have seen a mother literally peck the brains out of a beautiful young bird that was a nesting bud. Maybe that is necessary, but even the experts disagree. However, this is a case of at least five feet. The all-red summer tanager and the all-dark browniose shrike are the villains all agree. Oh, do they? And we say "gentle as a dove." Well, maybe.

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DON'T GIVE TAG TO BABY

By ARCHIE CARR AND DAVID CALDWELL

URING the months to come an unpredictable number of sea turtles will meet with tagged sea turtles. Some of these turtles will have been marked right here in Florida, others at various places along the Caribbean. They will include loggerheads, green turtles and ridleys and will be of various sizes, ages and sexes. In some the tag will be wired to the base of the shell and in others clamped to the trailing edge of the front flipper. In any case, if you take it off and mail it to the address engraved on it—the Department of Biology, University of Florida—it will stir up a lot of excitement and you'll be sent a reward by return mail.

Of course the average man goes along year in year out without ever coming upon a sea turtle of any kind—much less a tagged one. But you never can tell what the future will bring. A few years ago you probably never expected to see a flying saucer, and now that's our headache.

Down along the Dixie Highway strip where the towns are running together now was pure turtle range in those days. Where the great tourist migrations stream between solid stands of motels and jooks and sucker traps there used to be more deer than people. In the bayheads and cabbage h hammocks and out on the longshore islands there were bears enough to glut Crockett himself, and places where nowadays you couldn't catch a mess of fish with a stopnet you could fill up a boat with a handline.

This was sixty years and more ago we're talking about, when things were like that; when old Peale sent off a thousand green turtles a year, fair years, and Diamond Jim Brady sucked up the soup they made. There were little parrots in the trees then, and the swans came down every year and it was pretty much of a paradise down there, if that was the kind of thing you liked.

For all we know Peale may have kinfolks in and around Sebastian to this day. We're not acquainted with them, but if they're down there you can be sure of one thing—you can be sure they're not fishing turtles for a living. Oh, they may prow the beaches when June comes, in fat-tired hot-rod s, and turn an illegal loggerhead on her back now and then, just for old times' sake. But there's nothing in that. There's no living in turtling in the Indian River any more than there wasn't forty years ago, the big greens disappeared.

The big, 200 and 300 pound turtles that the first Peale caught have gone from all up and down the river just as they've gone from the famous old turtle ground along the Gulf Coast, where a 100-mile strip of prime turtle pasture lies almost fallow between Deadman's Bay and Anclote Light. Peale saw them go. One year they were there always before and he caught 200 and his family lived well. Five years later he was catching 60 a year and living on credit. Pretty soon after that he changed his line of work.

You can still pick up an eating turtle now and then, in the River and down among the Kegs; and there is a feeble industry that still works over a few hundred "chicken" greens a year at Cedar Key and Yankee-town and Crystal River. But these are somebody else's turtles, all little immature ones that casually wander in from somewhere else. They're not born here and they will never breed here, and nobody even knows where they come from.

The reason we've been tagging turtles is to try to get answers to questions like that—like where these baby turtles come from and where they go, like where the motes of greens come from when they gang up to nest on the few remaining rookery beaches down in the Caribbean. One of the first things you need to know about a wild thing you want to protect is where it spends its time—whether it stays put or goes barging aimlessly about, or maybe commutes between Canada and Venezuela like pintails do. Managing the affairs of the Florida mullard, which breeds where it spends the winter months, ought to be a lot simpler project than managing the green headed mullard which each year faces predation, competition and No. 5 shot in ten states and three countries. But first of all you have to know what the problem is; and that's not always easy.

In the case of the sea turtles, we are hoping that the 600-old head now cruising the seas under the University of Florida label, and the others that will be tagged next season, will furnish information on this point and will answer a lot of other questions too. But the program will work only if the tags come in. We don't expect every abled-bodied person who reads this to drop what he's doing and go chasing after sea turtles, but if you do come across a tag don't just give it to the baby to play with. He might swallow it. Send it in. It will help strengthen the grip of a vanishing animal on the future. Besides that, you'll make three bucks out of it.

END.
Turkey Hunting

T

by Eddie Finlay
South Carolina Wildlife

The wild turkey is the only bird that changes its sex with the seasons—the turkey of the spring and summer becoming a "young gobbler" in the fall. At least I've never heard of a beardless turkey that wasn't so described by the ma
ner who killed it.

Silence is the trademark of the turkey hunter, except for the various calls he makes to lure the birds in range. When two old turkey hunters get together, even far from the swamp, they converse in whispers, possibly from habit and possibly to keep in practice. There's an unconfirmed report about a turkey hunting preacher in the Low Country who would start whispering his sermons as turkey season approached, only a strong suggestion from the heater of deacon's letting his voice so it could be heard beyond the first pew.

There is a deep one-sided affection between turkey hunters and turkeys. The real turkey hunter actually seems pleased when an old gobbler outruns him and will brag about the sagacity of the old bird as proudly as he would of the phenomenal charm, strength and intelligence of his first grandchild. It might be, however, that if he can make the bird seem smart it makes him seem less dumb.

Some turkeys are killed on deer drives, others by quiet-sighted hunters and still others when spotted on the roost but this is not real turkey hunting, which involves planning, ritual, patience, love of luck and considerable disregard of comfort.

Some turkey hunters use a dog to flush the birds and then try to call up the waddled flocks. Others get a pre-dawn start and try to call up the birds when they fly down from the roost, while still others take a stand in good turkey territory and hope for the best. A variety of calling devices are used, ranging from affairs looking like a small shoe box to an expertly used swamp leaf. Two of the standbys are a cedar box with a piece of slate and a mouth-caller made from the wingbone of a turkey hen—must be a wild turkey but no one has ever told me how this wing bone was obtained legally.

The turkey yelps "thucks," "puts," and "gobbles," the last confined to the male in the mating season and the "put" meaning, "let's get the heck out of here, some.,

The fellows in the picture had a wonderful time, even though there probably wasn't a turkey in 20 miles.

Man, what a fish! The son of old John L., sure enough!

Frank was already putting away his tackle, and I followed suit. We knew that we couldn't possibly get a second strike from the Big Boy, but even so. Frank was still as excited as the last day, and anything smaller just didn't appeal to us.

We've been back several times before, and found the Big Boy back in his old haunts, but getting him to rise to a lure has been wasted effort on our part. We've tried every trick in the book, but the Big Boy just could not be fooled by his wits and solve them all without honoring us with any recognition other than cold, silent contempt. He's there yet. May be you can catch him.

SON OF JOHN L. (Continued from Page 14)

Broken, bulky body, and then a split-second sight of a broad tail.

"Hold him, Frank!" I urged. Frank was too busy to reply.

Time and again he turned his fish just short of an underwater rock or dead tree, but on each run the Big Boy gained a little.

As if to show us his contempt and strength, he surfaced again and lunged away in a new direction, seemingly as strong as ever and more determined. Frank did his best to stop that run, but it was obvious that he would not—could not! Whatever underwater aid the big bass was trying to take advantage of, he gained his point. For a few seconds the monofilament thread held its tension, then some sharp rock or rough tree branch severed it cleanly. The Big Boy was free! "I've lost him," Frank moaned. "I just couldn't stop him." His tone suggested that the loss of the bass was somehow his fault, but his second sentence was expressive of fact plus self-vindication. "The son of old John L."

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BOB AND GWYNDOLYN (Continued from Page 25)

Shot down, just like Old Bob, only he was kept at Wakulla Beach. Unlike Old Bob she did not give a hoot about her flock moth. Hes the salt of the earth. Drunken Gwyndolyn liked her and she loved his drakes.

Fishermen might have been her downfall, for as soon as they found out she liked to sip at the droppings from beer bottles they made it easier for her to get them. They kept a pan under the back porch of the Levy cottage. It was always full, but it was never full any more than the little teat. She loved her cups. It has been written that wild geese never mate but according to Old Bob she seems to have pretty well convinced down that theory, for there was never any sex in his concentration camp. But if that theory has ever been carried to the duck family, it was done without having known Drunken Gwyndolyn.

The drunken gobbler got the axer she got. When the stuper overtook her, she was de­pressed. Then it was that she would always stagger up under the porch to sleep off her jags.

One summer afternoon, she did not greet Ed Levy, a son of Mr. and Mrs. Levy, and the beer-drinking cronies. Usually she was at the back door begging for a little nip. This particular time there was no squawking, no Gwyndolyn. Every man dropped everything he was doing and a short search was started. It did not last long, for under the back porch, with her bill deep in a pan of stale beer was Drunken Gwyndolyn—dead. Perhaps an alcoholic heart. Maybe a reeling trip for a last "short" and a lapse into slumber without benefit of breathing.

Anyway, the little teal was tenderly laid to rest in a tightly sealed square can that had once held a quart bottle of House of Lords. Gwyndolyn had been squeezed into the can, then it had been filled to the top with a bottle of home brew.

WINDOw WINDOW

before them, and they start their fall, or post-nuptial molt. When they come forth in all their glory, with gorgeous new plumage replacing the shabby, work-worn feathers that have re­sulted from their summer labors.

And if you were watching, you were aware that this seemed to be the holiday season for them. Along with their new finery and freedom from the serious business of nesting and raising their young, the adults take on a care-free, "school's out" manner.

The redwing blackbirds disappear during August, at least they do not come to feed. I am told that at this time they join in large groups and take to the fields. But by the end of October they are descending again, by the dozens, to feed and chatter and display their handsome new red shoulder patches.

All through November the regulars will be very much in evidence. To their numbers will be added flocks of warblers and other migratory birds, new ones every day. The chirping sparrows and the white-throats will have arrived by then, to spend the winter. The foot you put out lints this winter, means that there are no babies to feed.

But there is no song. The long days of work, and the short days of vacation are over, and this is the period of quiet, which will last till the beg­inning of the new year. Then the cycle will start all over again.

BOB AND GWYNDOLYN (Continued from Page 29)

The names of the pallbearers scribbled on a sheet of paper and placed in the grave three feet under the sand. A newspaper man who had written speeches for United States senators spoke a few tear-stained words. The man who invented the present square milk cartons shoveled in the sand, and Ed Levy, the son of a grand old man who started the idea of reclaiming winged waterfront, drove down the white marker upon which was inscribed:

Here lies Drunken Gwyndolyn,
What she drank wasn't indolence.

END.

Florida Wildlife

April, 1956

"Don't stop, Leroy. You never know about hitch-hikers.

END.
T he spring season is said to advance across continental United States, but from the calendar, spring officially begins on March 21 when the sun reaches the celestial equator—the vernal equinox of the old and begins its northward journey. From this point on, our days grow longer and nights shorter only to halt again on June 21 when the sun reaches the northernmost point of its northward journey. And among the wild things that exemplary Canada geese, and among its northward journey. From this point on, our days grow longer and nights shorter only to halt again on June 21 when the sun reaches the northernmost point of its northward journey. And among the wild things that exemplary Canada geese, and among its northward journey. From this point on, our days grow longer and nights shorter only to halt again on June 21 when the sun reaches the northernmost point of its northward journey. And among the wild things that exemplary Canada geese, and among its northward journey. 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By CHUCK SCHILLING

FISHING

The whole idea of sports fishing is to have fun. Angling is a form of recreation which can test the senses and soothe the soul of the angler. The fact that some of the record books, the best in sport which that day are governed by the moon. From earliest times, men have believed the moon has some effect on the actions and emotions of mankind. Our "lunacy," from the word, "luna," and, in old times, meant that the moonlight is a danger to sanity. In fact, Dr. Axel Munthe, author of the widely read, modern book, "The Story of San Michele," was so affected by the moonlight, he refused to sleep in a room where even a stray moonbeam was visible. There seems little doubt the moon does have a great influence on the activity and habits of all forms of life, including man. This can be checked very simply if you have a bird bath and feeding station in your yard. If you will keep a record of the times when the birds are actively feeding and bathing and compare it with the Solunar Tables, you will have room for some very interesting speculations. Charles Dunn is the President of the Southern Tackle Company of Miami. His interest in sports fishing and his leadership in both professional and amateur sport fishing is well known. He is a lifelong sports fisherman and is an outstanding President of the Miami Beach Rod & Reel Club. At one time, he managed this club. Dunn has had his side and comparative experience in angling in Florida and the Caribbean waters. He is thoroughly convinced that the Solunar Tables are a valuable tool to anglers. In fact, Dunn wears one of the new Solunar wrist watches that are geared to give both standard time and Solunar periods. On one of Charlie Dunn's fishing trips to the Florida Keys on the Pacific side of the Isthmus of Panama, he explained and introduced the Solunar Chart to Bill Brooks, President of the Panama Canal Zone Tarpon Club. Brooks soon became a dyed-in-the-wool convert, preaching the Solunar theory to his fellow club members. One of the Panama Tarpon Club members, Lee Carrigher, was, also, chief custodian of the Gatun Locks. Dunn credits his work up the observatory house of the locks, Carrigher with a convincing demonstration of the influence of the water's masts upon the wildlife. This can be done in different ways, depending on whether the cause of extinction. There are generally forecast daily or weekly. The Solunar Tables in book form, covering the entire year, can be purchased for $7.50 at tackle shops or directly from John Alden Knight, Florham Hills, Williamsport, Pa. END.

I IVORY-BILLED WOODPECKER

(Continued from Page 13)

The Ivory-billed Woodpecker is a large species of woodpecker found in the area between the Suwannee and Apalachicola Rivers of northern Florida, where the flat pine woods are intersected and dotted with many swamps. These great woodpeckers may now be making its last stand in the region that even years ago was the center of its abundance.

A program for the conservation of the ivory-billed woodpecker must include the following:

1. Determination of the location and range of surviving individuals. Persons seeing ivory-bills can help by reporting their observations to the National Audubon Society, providing they are certain they have seen a real ivory-bill and not the somewhat similar and common pelican woodpecker.

Protection of the survivors of the species from hunting by curious gunners who might be the final cause of extinction.

3. Management of the forests so as to maintain an abundant food supply for woodpeckers. This can be done in different ways, depending on whether the cause of extinction.

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Green Turtle Pie

Of course, the main course is Green Turtle Pie—a delicacy said to have been created by British Royalists who thought up 'a little dot of land northeast of Nassau known as Green Turtle Cay.' This recipe is said to be nearly 300 years old.

Green turtle pie is long in the making—which probably gives a little insight into the life of the early British settlers who lived an unhurried, uncomplicated life wherein there was time for everything—good cooking.

Our recipe calls for a 10- or 20-pound green turtle. After killing the turtle—and please be humane—remove all the meat from the back or carcass. Save shell to bake the pie in.

Remove all fat and cut into 1/2-inch cubes. Make a broth or stock by boiling about a pound of carrots, 4 medium-sized potatoes, a stalk or two of celery, a few large onions and a little parsley cooked in a lot of water. Remove the vegetables when done and add turtle fat (or capipee). Simmer until fat is tender.

Make a sauce by: grinding 1 1/4 pounds of turtle on a grater, mixing in butter with about three cups of sliced onions. Add 5 large fully ripened tomatoes (or 1/4 lb. of fresh tomatoes), add thyme, bay leaf, whole black peppers, rosemary, basil, allspice, and Worcestershire sauce to taste. Add about a quart of the fat in which was cooked. Cook together slowly for about ten minutes.

Grind meat from the flippers; mix well with three or four onions, which have been finely chopped; crumb from a loaf of dry bread; spices, sage, allspice, salt, and pepper, and any other seasoning should be added. Roll into small balls and fry in deep fat until brown. Drain and add to sauce. Cook over low fire, adding the cooked potatoes and carrots.

Fill turtle shell with remaining turtle meat cut in bite-sized chunks and add two cups of cooked peas (canned ones will do). Save a bunch of the sauce without the meat balls, but pour remaining sauce and meat balls over the turtle meat in the shell.

Cover all with a rich pastry, rolled down on edges, and bake for 15 minutes in a moderate oven of 425 degrees. Brush with beaten egg yolks and bake slowly in a moderate oven until a golden brown.

Serves about 15 people. END.

Green Turtle Soup

2 lbs. green turtle meat
2 quarts water
3 large ripe tomatoes
5 or 6 Irish potatoes
3 medium-sized onions

Seasonings:
Cut turtle meat into small cubes and add to boiling water. Simmer until tender. Add vegetables and bay leaf, parsley, thyme, salt and pepper, and brown on both sides in hot cooking fat. Place in a casserole has been well seasoned with salt and pepper, and brown on both sides in hot cooking fat. Place in a casserole, add turtle fat (or capipee). Simmer until fat is tender.

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and near Vero and Melbourne on the east coast. But just as the dire wolf passed from the scene, so did the recent Florida wolf. In 1903 some wolves were reported "on the prairie next to the Everglades" and from there on the trail grows dim. The question is, what animal will be next down the long, long trail where the sign at the end reads EXTINGUISHED?

END

MUZZLE FLASHES
(Continued from Page 4)

Lincoln. "I'll make it worth your while if you'll put me on a big ONE. Oh, yes!" he said. "My man," he said, "you started the chauffeur, "would only be in our way in the boat." We solved that problem by renting another skiff from a boat livery, putting the chauffeur in it with one of my battered rods and reels, and anchoring him in the middle of the lake. I hunted through my tackle box, found a battered Shannon spinner with the spinners knocked off and a reach-east red this fly congestion around the hook.

"How do I fish?" asked the chauffeur. "I've never fished before. His boss and I told him to let it down to the bottom and sit perfectly still. So the expert who had fished everywhere and knew where the fish were had a shot. It was the best I've ever seen, and the direction of natural sway—not always where you want it to be."

Charles A Skins, Jr., the pistol expert, who at one time held several world records, advances a fencing line procedure that accomplishes pretty much the same thing. A skier recom- mends completely facing the target at the start and for first aim. Thereafter, the jupil is told to swing his left foot in a several-stage arc so that it will bring him into a shooting stance and aim at each point red aim. Gaining a steady, the correct body stance, maintains, will be found closer to a full face position than at a body angle of forty-five or more degrees. He emphasizes the need of facing the target—aiming in the 11/12 extent permitted by individual physical situations, the nearest nature is to be found and enjoyed.

If you will take a few minutes to make the described natural align-
test with an empty handgun, with a subject, without reference between natural gun alignment and forced, muscular, alignment, and realize that this is not physical law, not theories, apply.

Whether you use this gun editor's method of finding the most natural shooting position by shifting body weight slightly to the rear arm and help gun naturally point at your target and seem to come to rest of their own accord recommended gradual changing of the left foot's position and the right foot's height to shift horizontally to the target, is immor-
tal. The important thing is to find the position, which the accurately aimed gun seems to point naturally of its own accord.

Captain Paul B. Weston, a war-time instructor for the Marine Corps, demonstrates shooting with a gun as "a relatively relaxed, comfortable one adapted to the general and physi-
capabilities of the individual individual shooter." He urges a beginner to learn to shoot without changing the position of the hand or body, shot; without bending his wrist farther and farther for each shot, and transferring body weight to the heels for each shot. Keep the weight blest and on the toes, that is, the foot as the leg would be, as close to the body as possible.

The recent Florida wolf. In 1903 he captured the little ones near the Big Cypress in the spring of 1894. He captured the little ones and took them to his camp; but the Almadin Robert Osceola observed, the wolves Battersby named perfectly black except the females, which have a white spot on the breast! Most of the early reports of wolves in Florida emphasize this black or very dark color. Doubtlessly, this influ-
enced Bartram to label the sub-
pecies "negre." The Florida wolf was slightly larger than the Mississippi Valley and Texas wolves. It was a little heavier, had a longer tail, and larger feet and skull. All of these wolves look more like a coyote than the gray wolf. The Texas Red Wolf. The scientific name for the dire wolf, that is, the dire wolf is actually, it is one of three sub-

FLORIDA WILDLIFE
APRIL, 1956

Karl Jarvis displays an 11-pound largemouth from the Savannas.

40

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EFFECT OF OIL  
Lifted from The Louisiana Conservationist

Do you remember the last time you filled your outboard motor with gasoline and some of it slopped over the side into the water? You immediately saw a rapidly spreading iridescent film over the water's surface, and perhaps you thought, "Well, it will just keep on spreading out and finally disappear." You were right. There are four important reasons why the oil and gas you spilled disappeared from the surface of the water. Reason one: Some of the particles get washed on sticks or logs or on the shore. Reason two: That part of the oil which is water soluble is actually absorbed by the water. Reason three: Volatile components escape into the atmosphere. Reason four: Some of the oil is absorbed by silt particles and carried to the bottom. Don't be upset over that pint you spilled, though. The part that was absorbed by the water and the part that was carried to bottom was too small an amount to cause any damage to aquatic organisms. Do be upset over the barrels of oil that escape from oil fields, tankers, and barges. This wasted oil affects aquatic life by smothering—oil particles absorbed by silt fall to the bottom and soon cover and kill the smaller fauna used by fish for food; by killing—that part of the oil that is water soluble contains toxic material that kills fish and fish food; by trapping—there have been accounts of ducks, geese and other waterfowl becoming so mired in oil slicks that they cannot fly. Many investigators blame the water soluble fractions of oil as giving some fish that "kerosene taste." This disagreeable oily taste can be intensified if the fish has eaten aquatic organisms that were partially covered by oil-laden silt particles. It has been found that oil carried to the bottom also imparts such a foul taste to oysters that sometimes the oysters from whole reefs are not marketable. END.

WHO OWNS OUR WATER

Continued from Page 5:

it seems to me that public agencies should rightfully be concerned with such problems. Especially so here in Florida where fishing and hunting, and other recreational uses of our beautiful and picturesque streams and lakes constitute one of our top tourist attractions and economic resources. A fairly complete "Public Water Program" would have to include the following:

1. A clear and adequate legal definition of what waters are rightfully public waters.
2. Clarification of the public's right of access to all public waters.
3. Designation of certain waters as public property belonging to the people as a whole.
4. Establishment of access roads and points to such waters.
5. Construction of parking areas bordering such waters.
6. Construction of boat launching and landing sites on such waters.
7. Erection and construction of recreational facilities as may be deemed necessary to each location—public parks, picnic grounds and recreational areas.

Florida is not alone in its problem concerning public waters. Other states also have faced such problems, and are succeeding in overcoming or solving the obstacles involved.

We have no doubt that this state can equal and surpass the efforts being made elsewhere in the country. The importance of water to the State of Florida cannot be overemphasized. And the importance of public water to the general public cannot be over-dramatized. The problem exists now, and it must be recognized, and it must be solved.

We are confident that adequate steps will be taken in the near future. Without adequate water, there is no happiness, no future, no life. END.

The following pamphlets and booklets are available without charge from the Information-Education Division, Game & Fresh Water Fish Commission, Tallahassee, Florida:
Florida Wild Turkey
The Ocala Deer Herd
Florida's Game Animals
Fishing Florida's Fresh Waters
Snakes Can Kill
Biennial Report
Summary—Fishing Regulations
Summary—Hunting, Fishing, and Trapping Regulations
Identifying Florida Bass
Story of American Waterfowl
Reprints—Florida Wildlife Scrapbook
Florida's Wildlife Management Areas
Lake and Stream Survey (Leon and Gadsden Counties)
Status, Movement, and Management of the Mourning Dove
Ten Commandments of Safety
World Inside the Managed Forest
Way Down Upon the Suwannee River
Conservation Manual for Civic Groups

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