FLORIDA WILDLIFE'S
Fishing Citation

"For that BIG ONE that DIDN'T get away"

ELIGIBILITY REQUIREMENTS

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

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

Application for a Florida Wildlife Fishing Citation must be made within 10 days of the date fish was caught. Application must be made on the prescribed form as shown on this page. Requests for additional forms should be addressed to: Florida Wildlife, Game & Fresh Water Fish Commission, Tallahassee, Florida.

Citation, showing recorded date of the catch, will be mailed to the applicant upon receipt of application form that has been properly filled out and signed.

The receipt of any and all photographs pertaining to the registered catch, including the applicant and the fish, will be appreciated by the editor for use in Florida Wildlife Magazine.

CUT OUT AND SAVE THIS APPLICATION BLANK

APPLICATION FOR FLORIDA WILDLIFE FISHING CITATION

The Editor, FLORIDA WILDLIFE

Date, Game & Fresh Water Fish Commission, Tallahassee, Fla.

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

Name

Address

Species of Fish

Weight

Length

Type of Tackle, Bait Used

Where Caught

Date

Catch Witnessed by

Registered, Weighed by

(Signature of Applicant)

Florida Wildlife Fishing Citations are available without charge, to any and all subscribers to Florida Wildlife Magazine, and their immediate families, who catch any of the following fresh-water game fish of the prescribed size requirements:

SPECIES

LARGEMOUTH BASS

8 pounds or larger

CHAIN PICKEREL

4 pounds or larger

BLUEGILL (BEAK)

1 pound or larger

SHELLCRACKER

2 pounds or larger

BLACK CRAPPIE

2 pounds or larger

RED BREAST

1½ pounds or larger

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CHAIN PICKEREL

Dear Editor:
The reason Florida nature almost invariably throw chain pickerel away—dead or injured—do not think they are to eat. The very same situation existed ages ago all over the north. This was known as the Northern "maker" and until recent years we were almost awestruck by them. Today they are one of the most desired game fish all over the northern states and Canada.

When Field and Stream listed them in their annual fishing contest and they and others ran articles on the game fish, the chain pickerel became the "maker" we thought. They are a link in the chain of game fish all over the north.

Stan R. (Doc) Wade
New Port Richey, Florida

TURKEY RECORD

Gentlemen:
I know you won't believe this but it actually happened to Mr. Neil Bevis (47 y.) Vero Beach and I enclose pictures as proof and I suggest you contact the Indian River News of Sebastian, Florida for verification.

Neil, X. O. Liddle Jr., and myself went turkey hunting last Thanksgiving in the northern outlying area of Indian River County, the Northern and at 10 A.M. Thanksgiving day Mr. Bevis saw a turkey hen stick its head up over a clump of palmettos on the edge of the swamp, so he shot once with his 12 gauge and when he went to retrieve his turkey he found more hiding along side behind the one he had shot. He actually killed four turkeys, dead, with one shot and never seen fit to go after. I and Mr. Leslie know that this is true because we were all right together when the first shot fired all morning in that part of the county.

To keep from breaking the law, I gave one of the turkeys to Neil so that his kill would be legal, but that ended his season's hunting quite quickly.

It seems to me that this must be some kind of record as you must remember that these turkeys were not on a roost but were killed with one shot in broad daylight.

Joe H. Kunam
Vero Beach, Florida

AIR-BOAT MENCACE

Dear Sir:
I am an avid reader of your valuable magazine, and read all the articles every month.

It's a down to earth magazine and printed to suit everyone's interest, and the photoenclosures. As I am now retired and find time to do the things I was not able to do in the past, I find fishing and hunting in this area much suited to me.

A native of New York, born and worked for 50 years in the big city of N.Y., and am now enjoying life in the central part of Florida.

I wish to enter a complaint which has bothered a lot of sportmen in this locality. Nearly all the AIRBOATS, that have raised our duck shooting so often in the lakes around our vicinity.

They just have to make one trip around any lake and the fun is over for days at a time. It seems to scare the wildfowl for a long spell, and as for the duck, five little water, where rowboats and motor boats cannot reach, it does not seem fair to the rest of the hunters, to have all the ducks chased away, when, if just the common - boats or canoes finish them just go to the other side of said lake, maybe just a few hundred yards, and settle down and wait.

I have had birds decay in my blind while I was shooting a 12 ga. shotgun just for a look see.

I have a request to the management, and their reactions were, nothing can be done about it, as it's a water conveyance, as an

OLD FRIEND

Dear Editor:
I recently subscribed to Florida Wildlife, a good as good as it can be, was the same thing one shot fired all morning in that part of the county.

I have fished a great part of Northern Florida and the New York State areas. I am looking forward to our first trip to Florida in the very near future.

H. Edsberg
Floral City, Florida

CONSERVATION IS BIG BUSINESS!

by FORACE HOLLAND, Chairman

FLORIDA GAME AND FRESH WATER FISH COMMISSION

WHETHER WE LIKE IT or not, the world of human affairs is changing and we must come to a mistake on the part of any one of us.

Things were not always this way. In the old "cracker-barrel" days, a businessperson could afford to lean back and let the world move slowly about him. Mistakes weren't too important, for their time to correct them before serious damage was done. Every businessman knew that there was not a great deal of competition, and that he could profitably do business in the same old way—day after day.

In the same manner, the old conservation agencies were too concerned with precise, accurate and progressive programs. It was usually sufficient to put any program into effect that would keep everybody happy. It didn't matter whether such a program was correct or profitable under a long-range plan.

The important thing, in those years, was to select a "conservation" project that would keep everyone happy in the same old way, day after day.

Today things are different. The public knows that competition is tough and keen. To stay alive, the businessman must operate to the finest standards, yes, to the extreme standards, and must spend a great deal of effort to keep abreast of new trends, new theories, new facts that are so crucial to successful business management.

The same principle holds true for the conservation agency.

The modern conservation administration cannot afford to stand still and mark time just because a program seems to satisfy a great many people. It must be always on the watch for something that it is a good program. Not any more.

Today, our people are demanding programs that are beneficial on a long-range, far-seeing basis. They are demanding programs that are specifically designed to achieve a concrete result—programs that are good, true and practical and in the future. And they are deploring that their heritage of fishing and hunting and preserving was for their children and future generations.

In Florida, not so many years ago, it was enough to dump thousands of fish into a lake or river. But hundreds of gamebirds in any old pasture. It made everybody happy. No one was concerned with what might happen to the fish or birds tomorrow or next month. No one cared whether the birds starved to death, or the fish were crowded into extinction. No one thought what had happened, was new happening, or what would happen in the future.

It was enough that surplus fish or animals were released into an area where the general public, or a few important persons, fished and hunted. "Oh boy," was the thought, "now I got more fish and birds." Such a procedure is no longer feasible. Today, people want to know whether there is plenty of food and cover for those added species, or whether there are not more. They know that something must be basically wrong with the natural habitat.

So modern sportsmen demand a survey to determine the true situation. They demand that an accurate quail habitat improvement program be put into effect. They know that if this is done, Nature will provide the more quantity.

For today, our people know that they cannot improve on Nature. They know that you can only exist with Nature. The difference is that today the modern conservation must be accurate and highly adequate and correct thing. To stay in existence, the conservation agency must be able to keep abreast of the latest developments in the field. It must be able to collect information from all sources — local, state, out-of-state, and even foreign sources.

In a previous editorial, I mentioned my idea concerning some of the duties of the Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission—especially in this area of fish and fresh water. It stated that the Commission was concerned with the conservation of fish and wildlife, the recreational and sporting pleasures of fishing and hunting, and the intangible aesthetic values of nature itself.

It should be pointed out that the Commission deals not only with the scientific method, the biological analysis, it is in fact, the precise objects, the exact products of fish agencies.

The Commission, like any conservation agency, must also be concerned with intangible things which cannot be touched. The Commission is concerned with the deep-rooted, inborn instinct of a man to be a hunter for his own sake. The love longer vital to the modern diet, the average man still has a natural desire to be the hunter and be unhapless unless that instinct is satisfied.

The Commission must be concerned with the aesthetic values of fishing—whereby many of our fishers care more for the opportunity of going fishing, rather than the actual taking of a fish.

The Commission, because it represents the people who buy licenses, must also respect business ideas, prejudices and sentiments on the part of any one of us. The private businessman, on the other hand, normally deals with the conservation things, primarily concerned with manufacturing, merchandising and profit and loss statements,

The Commission must not only deal with the "manufacturing of (Continued on Page 17)
JUNIOR CONSERVATIONISTS

By DENVER ST. CLAIR

Ocala

After many months, the State Advisory Board for the Junior Conservation Club League has completed the First man-board includes the following members:

Chairman: Palm Beach, Miami
Gen. Galeet, Ocala
Allen Powell, Shady Grove
Brig. Gen. G. Heis, Largo
Gen. L. A. S. F. G. G. (G. H. C.)
State Advisory Board for the Junior Conservation Club League sponsored by the Clearwater Optimists. All of these men are counselors for their individual clubs. Our most sincere thanks to the new Board for their interest and desire to help the youth in the State of Florida.

Ocala

Attention Bay County Girls! A new and improved Conservation Camp is being held in Ocala. It is a separate division of the very active Dean Mather Junior Wildlife Club. There are fourteen young ladies who have already joined another fifty are looking forward to challenging the Bay County girls to join us in many of our future conservation activities. The membership in the club, including all three divisions, is now 132.

Clearwater

The Optimist Club of this city now plans to reorganize their club and start anew. I recently appeared before the entire club, along with their advisor, who will visit our Conservation Camp in the Panhandle National Forest for the first time. Members from the club will enjoy a three-day camping trip March 29, 30, and 31, on the shores of Lake Eaton.

Leesburg

Helpful Rifle, the leader of the Junior Conservation Club League, recently brought home five young boys, all members of the club, to participate in a two-day camping trip at the Junior Conservation Club Leesburg-Club Area.

Leesburg-Ocala

These two clubs will hold a joint meeting in Leesburg. Plans are being made for Mr. George Gillen, Mr. William Gore and Mr. James Lee to attend, and take part in this meeting. A list of twenty-five members is released.

Leesburg-Club

Lately members from the Leesburg Club will pay a return visit to Ocala.

Lake City

Word from Mr. Ralph Voss, Information and Education Officer, states a new Conservation Club is going through its formative sessions and is getting ready to take the Junior Conservation Club League.

Panama City

Officers, recently elected for the coming year, of the Bay County Junior Conservation Club, will be installed at a very formal banquet. This is the second year that the young ladies will have their own separate club, and we certainly wish them all the very best of luck for the coming year.

Pensacola

Tom Check over in Pensacola writes and tells us that the older boys of the Pensacola area have organized and are now securing a sponsor for a smaller younger division, which is interested in the outdoors, and its associated activities.

Here is the much awaited list of conservation projects. We promised a new series for this time of the year and are very happy to announce the fourth series of 16 projects which will help all of you to attain and accumulate the points necessary for League advancement. With the addition of these twenty-eight projects, we have a total of 104 projects with which all of you can work for the rank of Junior Wildlife Officer. Remember, all the points earned are cumulative.

1. Make a talk before a class or class on either one of the ten conservation projects.
2. Write an article on the subject of conservation for your school paper.
THERE'S ONE THING about this land called Florida, one cannot be sure what's really going to happen when he starts out on what should be an innocuous little trip. Like the one I started on a couple of weeks ago when I went over from Stuart to the Fishhatch- 
tures of the Wild Turkey.
Lou, as you probably know, is the Game & Fresh Water Fish Commission's biologist in charge of turkey management over there. When I arrived at Palmdale, Lou and Jim Powell, another state biologist, were sitting with a truck load of 19 turkeys which had been trapped that morning.

One of the important parts of the turkey management program is having the wild birds propagate themselves out in that part of the management area which is closed as a refuge, then trapping part of the birds and liberating them in sections open to hunting. In that way the hunter has excellent, really wild birds, to hunt instead of partly domesticated ones which are pen-reared. And such birds, when stocked in new areas, have a higher percentage of survival because they know how to take care of themselves in the wild.

It sounds like all sweetness and light to say the birds are trapped in the morning and stocked in the afternoon. But, Brother, you don't know the half of it. The fellows who do that work don't begin to get the credit they deserve. It's a lot of fun for a fellow like me to join them for a day or two. But try getting up out of bed after a day in the woods and then getting the roads through deep sand and often deeper water down through the swamps; sitting hours at the traps in all kinds of weather; fighting mosquitoes and chasing away marauding pigs; waiting for the turkeys to come to the traps, if they come at all; and finally brave one, two or maybe ten finally go in and are trapped.

Then back to Palmdale and the long drive to where the birds are to be stocked in good weather or foul. The trip I took with Lou and Jim was a good example of what these fellows go through, so here it is in enough detail to give you the feeling.

It was a beautiful, mild, sunny day when I reached Palmdale at 10:30 A.M. We were to release the turkeys down in the Collier Game Management Area near Royal Palm Hammock, about 100 miles away.

AIRBORNE TURKEYS

By FRED EVERETT

The trip down to the releasing area was not unusual. We went through La Belle and stopped at the Commission Radio Station to meet Wildlife Officer Floyd Webb, who made the trip with us in his 4-wheel drive jeep. These conservation men would be as helpless without these jeeps as a cowboy without a pony. In the rough swamp going they pitch and back worse than the broncos but they get there in the end.

After lunch at Immokalee, we hit south on Rt. 29, smack into increasing thick fog and rain. We never saw the sun again that day. When we reached Rt. 41, the Tamiami Trail, we turned right, passed Royal Palm Hammock and a short distance beyond turned right again into the management area.

Then, Brother, the fun began. Of man trouble joined us and clung to us until we got back out of there some hours later. We'd been there just yet it were it not for the jeeps and short wave radios which every conservation car is equipped with. These radios are the nerve center of the work. They are always tuned in and make possible a complete network over the state that helps coordinate the work, saves invaluable time and, sometimes, lives. It certainly came in handy.

Have you ever tried to drive a regular car or truck off the good roads across swampy, loose-sand roads called access roads? We did that day. The craters were in a light truck with only conventional drive. I rode on the truck. Lou was with Floyd in the jeep. They led us off the main road, going along at a stroll, sure pace until frantic brakes on our horn stopped them.

We had gone less than a half mile when we sank so deep into the sand that the body of the truck rested on the high ridge between the craters. Such a situation, of course, was nothing unusual to the fellows. Since most of their work is in rough going, they usually take it in their stride as a necessary part of the job. So they opened their tool compartment and got out the jacks and chains with which the jeep could pull the truck out of the bad hole. After an hour or so someone, somehow, had removed the jacks and chains from both cars, only one little jack remained. It could do about as much in this situation as an ant on an elephant's job. So, after much head scratching, we all set about trying to find enough pieces of wood or small logs or branches to use as a base for the jack and to force under the tires each time the jack could be braced so it would raise a wheel for a few inches. Her's teeth (or turkey's teeth, I should say) were plentiful compared to the wood in that section.

By good luck, Floyd found a shovel. Even though it had no handle, the woman's in digging the holes under the tires deep enough, as the jack held on and the wood could be forced underneath them. You might say the wheels were inching upward until some half hour later, the body of the truck was on the same ridge. Then, with the jeep pushing and Jim giving the hand signals to the truck, we backed out of the hole and sped off, leaving the jeep far behind.

Jim had the theory that the only way we could get anywhere on the road was to go as fast as he could control the truck. Let me tell you, we went! And how! A bucking bronco would have seemed like a rocking chair in comparison. We lurched from side to side, avoided the worst spots by leaving the roads and cutting new ones; dodged trees, big stumps and palm; flew over palmettos and getting small stumps on the roadside and over some high ridges in the middle of the trail on the truck bottom until, some five or six miles later, we came to a stop at an open campsite to await the jeep.

All this time Jim had kept in touch with the jeep via the radio, getting instructions on just where to go. "Something new was being added to the conditions of the road; we were getting into more and more water and we went deeper into the swamp. We wondered how much farther we had to go. Floyd very cheerfully said some two or three more miles. The rain continued to lash us with its presence.

After taking a couple of pictures of the outfit and fellows with the camp as a background, we hit the high spots again. I was getting accustomed to the bucking truck and spent more time looking around. It certainly was a vast wilderness. I wished if the day could ever come when it, too, would have modern roads and be cluttered up with civilization. We could have our own little one someday.

As the sections of the road covered with water occurred more frequently, became longer and deeper, Jim began to argue with Floyd and Lou that we should stop and release the birds. However, this was not the best place, so we went on. We plowed into one extra big water, went back and forth over the same spot, and got through.

"Well!" Jim exclaimed. "We'll have some job getting back through that!" How right he was! I have a hole in my forehead to prove it. More of that later.

As we came to the next big water section, I yelled, "We'll never make it.

"You're right," Jim grunted as he slammed on the brakes, threw into reverse and spun the wheels. Too late! We had dropped into a knee-deep hole, the body of the truck deep in the sand under the water. And the rain cheerfully beat a tattoo on the roof of the cab. Nothing we could do would even begin to lodge us out of that hole. At last Floyd drove his jeep around in front and tried to help push us back out. There was a grunt and groan, the front of the jeep rose up and its bumper came down with a thud and locked over the truck. Almost that was that.

(Continued on Page 39)
Well, I don't know, remarked the still unconfident younger.

That still looks like a "crore," ordered the Professor.

While the younger headed for the younger bass, keeping well beneath the surface, the Professor headed for a tiny fish that swam within a few feet of a long boat with a silent outboard motor gliding its motors, stationed low on the seats, contemplating the stillness of the lake. When the "crore" told you, snarled the older fish.

Just then a lean, tanned hand lifted the fly rod for another try near the gnarled cypress knee. Up flicked the fly, and the snacking water just left the water.

Satisfied now?, asked the satisfied teacher.

Guess I am, answered thecowed and embarrassed pupil.

The line straightened out behind the Professor and he shot it forward again, this time the fishing on the water but not before a stretch of leader hit first, announcing the coming fake bug.

So how'd he do, It was, hissed the Professor. He doesn't even know how to handle a fly properly. It's almost an insult to this business. If that fly had hit first on this calm water, maybe his chances could have been better. That leader coming down first tipped the whole thing off.

Could you have caught it, asked the child who now thought he had a treasure of knowledge.

Could you, teacher?

Suddenly the Professor lurched forward with a great sheath of white, swirling water toward the bug's tantalizing motion.

There goes my chance to stick in there for a while, thought the little fisherman, already in love with the Professor, before falling for any more. Talk, circled that he'd changed his hideout, or that he'd just plain disappeared.

Fisherman, who sought him, couldn't understand what had happened.

Soon he became so lazy that hunting for food, or going after it was too much of a burden. His senses slowed to a crawl.

When the sun was dropping one afternoon, he was under the cypress stump the Professor saw a small frog pop out of the water. The lunker tried for it. But his rushing looked the speed and the weight of old. The frog, sensing danger, was atop the Professor's head in an instant. He was one leap too quick for Mr. Bass.

Chagrined that he'd been outsmarted and with thoughts of old age really being upon him, the Professor simmered with rage.

He began to circle that stump, staying close to bottom but never taking glimpsed eyes off the surface. Sooner or later that dumb frog would be caught. But as he was bounding off of there, he reasoned to his young friend. I'll be right here waiting for him, and this time he's going to be caught. The Professor smoldered.

For about an hour, with frequent stops to rest, the Professor faithfully circled the stump, blind to all else. And when the sun eventually set, the crafty frog atop it was the Professor's world now and he meant to catch it.

Around and around he went. Darkness was growing when a gust disturbed the glassy surface near the stump and rocketed him into action.

Up swirled the Professor. His thoughts on that frog alone. In his dash to get the frog, he missed that wait-

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JIM MULLINS

BASS

A HEAT HOT sun was promised for the day.

You could tell that it would be a scorcher 'cause the water was shimmering like the lake with a dusty effect played a warm tone on the water's calm, clear surface.

The woods lining the lake's shore were slowly coming to life. From the thick water oak, jack oak and wild bay fringe came a shrill staccato of theJay bird, sweet minicity of the mocking bird and the haunting chattering whistle of a butch bird.

While the birds, squirrels and rabbits stirred to meet a new day, once in a while could be heard a light splash from the water's edge. A red-belly bream perhaps going after a succulent willow fly dropping from an overhanging scrub oak limb. Or it could be a lazy large-mouth bass sucking in a tasty minnow that passed too close to a cystic cypress stump.

This lake in all its early morning splendor covered miles of mysterious bottom. It housed countless numbers of brook, large-mouth bass, speckled perch, jack and catfish.

But one end, that far down to the right of the boat landing, always held promise of the battle of them all. Here a lunker of a large-mouth ruled. He was called The Professor by fishermen who had accidentally honed him once or twice but were never fortunate enough to hang on long enough for netting.

One fisherman after another sought him. But he was always smart enough to be brought too close to that threatening net. He was smart. Oh, they could come within inches. But the Professor was always a step ahead.

"Cause for years he'd lay near his favorite cypress stump and baited them, the lured antics of those men of the world above him.

He'd felt the bite of too many times while he was a mere youngster. Then he'd been growing and reckless and would have dropped the scales a modest five pounds. Now many years of dining on careless minnows, an occasional small make, many frogs and some tasty flies, he'd grown immensely proportions.

Under the stump he'd lain, and when fishermen came to match wits with him, if he felt playful enough, he'd clear the wicked-looking musk with a margin to spare.

That action would send anglers back to the boat landing with tales of the monster large-mouth that just got away.

Sure, George, the boat landing operator, would sympathize, that was the Professor you saw. A crofter, nightier, smarter bass never was spawned. Why season after season fishermen come down here from as far north as Michigan in the hopes of getting a look at him, even if they don't hang 'em.

Rhe Professor was smart. And on this particular morning he's under his stump at the end of the lake, but not alone. Right beside him, tail waving with abandon, is a fast growing large-mouth filled with all the curiosity of youth.

Tell me, asked the smaller bass, how did you ever manage to stick around long enough to grow large as you are?
The Professor looked at the callow youngster with bristled patience. It's all in knowing when to stay safe to us.

Why there's nothing faster than a few fast-moving minnows or a sweet, young frog. Then, for a tidbit, anything small that flies will hit the spot.

But with all the fishermen coming here using things that look so good, how can you tell when it's safe and when it's not, asked small, curious one.

Oh, it isn't so hard, heeded the well experienced Professor. That is, if you know what you are doing About that time a make doctor fluttered to the water over them.

The youth made an impatient move toward it only to be blocked by a shouting warning from the Professor.

Look out there! cautioned the experienced lunker. You want to learn how to grow old and you are going to fail for such a sloppy trick as that and end up in hot grease, he continued.

But I'd sure like to have that bug for breakfast, sighed the cypress-dweller. Here, look you dumb bass, lectured the Professor, that make-doctor is a fake. A poor one at that to boot. It looks good to me, was my choice absolutely had to restrain him with extended fin.

That's what's wrong with you kids, too scatter-brained the oldtimer shot back as though his blood pressure was rising fast.

About that time the tasty morsel, which had caught the young one's eye, twitched a little. Impetuous raged in him again and the oldtimer had to restrain him with extended fin.

No, no sir! don't you see that shadow along the water rising up? Experience asked.

That's a leader, and a dark thick one too. Those two terriers up there poor hands at this business. No self-respecting fisherman, crazy as they all were, would use such a poor rise.

FLORIDA WILDLIFE

MAY, 1955
DEER FOOD HABITS STUDIES

By DON STRODE

Photos by Jim Reed

ANY area, to be of value in the production of wildlife, must meet certain basic requirements. Three factors which are of major importance in this region are food, cover, and water. Where the management of Florida’s deer population is concerned, there is adequate cover as well as an abundance of surface water throughout most of the state. Whether or not there is an adequate supply of deer food plants, both from the quantitative as well as from the qualitative standpoint, to safely carry an increasing deer population is a matter which is currently being investigated by the Commission’s Game Management Division.

That the quantity of food available to deer is important in attaining, and maintaining, a good population level, is obvious. The comparative nutritional value of the various forage species however has gone for the most part unrecognized except by the specialist. Nutritional evaluation of wildlife food plants is a comparatively recent development in the field of scientific game management. This aspect is being cooperatively studied by the Game Management Division and Florida State University.

The basic deer food habits studies which are being conducted by the Game Management Division seek to provide information on what plants are eaten, the relative quantities of each that are used, and what seasonal variations occur in the diet of Florida whitetails.

These findings are used as a basis for formulating management plans directed toward improving the deer herd by habitat manipulations favoring certain food plants ranking high in acceptability and nutritional value, by evaluation of the carrying capacity of various types of deer range, and by evaluation of livestock and deer utilization of important browse plants. End.

Below: The stomach contents are separated by plant species.

Items not readily identified are carefully checked against preserved plant specimens. This tedious, exacting work requires an excellent knowledge of plants and plant taxonomy. Considerable work is required to build up a reference collection.

Above: Identifiable plant remains are separated to determine the species and quantity of each represented in the individual samples.

Below: After the items are separated and correctly identified, each group is measured to determine the relative quantity present. By this means, comparison of the relative importance of each type of food can be made.

A sound knowledge of food habits is important in game management. In the picture above is illustrated use of the practical results. Bucks from areas having an abundant supply of good, high quality food browse up to 1500 per cent larger, 30 per cent, and produce larger fawns than those from poor pastures, according to Don Strode (left), and Dick Slater (right), examining the contents.

Does from areas of plentiful, good quality food commonly produce more twin fawns than do those from poor or overstocked ranges. Whenever possible, they are examined for food such as those to gain additional information on the status of the food supplies.
CALL EM SPECKS

It was one of those gray, windsept afternoons typical of the tag-end of winter. The stark, bare forms of the oaks, hickories, and cypresses lining the lake shore gave the appearance of somber, impressionistic skeletons heaved with dirty chalk against the gloomy depths of the swamp.

The throttled-down five horse pushed the skiff slowly through the choppy waters. The lone fisherman huddled in the stern, occasionally making minor adjustments in the boat's heading so that the flash-bladed lure trailed the waters close to the shoreline weed beds.

Suddenly there was a tentative tug telegraphed up the thin nylon strand trailing from the light spinning rod the trolling held in his right hand. With a movement of his wrist, the angler cut off the motor, at the same time tugging at the lifting rod with his right hand. There was another hint of a strike, of sorts, and the line began cutting a wake through the water, angling toward the bottom of the lake. The fisherman took up momentum as the fish changed direction and headed toward open water. A few moments later, the fisherman reached over the side, grasped the line and hoisted a gleaming two pound crappie aboard. The fish had not put up a spectacular fight as would, for example, a lure-hooked shad or small tarpon but nevertheless, on the light tackle used, it had provided a bit of activity on an otherwise actionless afternoon.

The angler tilted the motor up out of the water and paddled the boat back toward the fallen tree top near which had come the initial strike. Within casting distance of the obstruction, he carefully eased the anchor over the side and began methodically casting and retrieving the spinner-fly combination near the tree top. He would make a cast, pause to let the lure sink deeply, then begin a slow halting retrieve. Six times out of eight casts there came the sharp rattle on the lure that spelled a strike and, after a short but spirited go around, there was another crappie added to those thrashing about in the live well.

Suddenly the action ceased. A few more casts yielded no results. The school had moved on. The fisherman lifted the anchor, cranked up his kicker, and again began the slow trolling along the weed beds in hopes of again making contact with a school of feeding specks.

In Florida, a state long on fishing potentials (and realizations) the black crappie or speckled perch as the species is better known, is classed well up in the ranks of fresh water worthies. Not especially noted as a piscatorial bombshell, none the less a spec on the end of a limber cane pole or light spinning or fly rod will give a fair to middlin' account of itself. Although subject to some degree of controversy, the eating qualities of the crappie are sufficiently good to induce thousands of Florida anglers to look to the species as the center of interest around which to build a fish fry.

The speckled perch actually is not a perch at all, but rather a member of the sunfish family, the widely distributed, prolific, and highly important sunfish family. Other members of the tribe include the largemouth bass, blue gill, warmouth, and a variety of other "spotted" species. The speck of Florida waters is the Black Crappie, Pomoxis nigromaculatus, a fish which is closely related to the biological scheme of things as to a fish of similar appearance, the White Crappie, Pomoxis annularis.

The original range of the Black Crappie extended from southern Canada to the Gulf coast, west as far as New Mexico and northward into North Carolina. The natural distribution of the White Crappie includes southern Canada, the Great Lakes area southward to New Jersey and Texas. Both species have been widely introduced throughout the United States with the Black Crappie being found in practically every section of the country where temperatures and water conditions are suitable.

Because the color pattern of crappies may vary in different waters and with individual fish, coloration and markings often are not sufficiently well-defined to separate the two species. One of the number of dorsal spines or of separating them, the Black Crappie, the dorsal spines usually number 7 or 8; in the white there are usually, but not always 6 dorsal spines. The most reliable means of distinguishing between the two species is in the length of the dorsal fin. In the Black Crappie, the species of concern, and interest to Florida anglers, the length of the dorsal fin is about equal to the distance from the origin of the dorsal fin to the eye. In the white crappie, the length of the dorsal fin is much less than the distance from the origin of the dorsal fin to the eye. The black crappie usually result that the angler is likely to encounter the crappie in practically every section of the country where temperatures and water conditions are suitable.

The black crappie is a spring spawner. The earliest records of activity involving any notable numbers of these fish normally occurs during February, reaches a peak in March, with a gradual drop off during April and May. The black crappie's spawning season begins about the middle of March and continues through May. The eggs of the species are pink and usually hatch in about 10 to 12 days. The young crappie are about 2 inches long. The black crappie is a voracious feeder, and is a common food species that are a popular table delicacy. The black crappie is a favorite fish of inshore and nearshore waters. It is a good sport fish and makes an excellent table delicacy. The black crappie is a voracious feeder, and is a common food species that are a popular table delicacy. The black crappie is a favorite fish of inshore and nearshore waters. It is a good sport fish and makes an excellent table delicacy.
GOOSE NESTING, U. S. A.

By CLEVELAND VAN DRESSER

Aصدر vigorously defends the nest against an intruder. The buffeting wings are formidable weapons.

LATE LAST SUMMER I spent four weeks in one spot in the United States almost completely surrounded by Canada geese. These were not tame birds, nor were they pinioned or crippled. They were the real article—all 30,000 of them—as wild as any Canadas you could find in Hudson's Bay. More than that, most of them were born and had spent several summers right where I was staying.

Ten years ago it would have been practically impossible to enact that scene. There were hardly 30,000 Canada geese nesting in the entire United States, let alone in one particular area.

Not that Canada geese are rare in the United States. Go to South Carolina, or the Gulf coast of Louisiana and Texas, or to Southern California. But be sure you go to those places during the winter. You'll see plenty of wild geese in all of these sections. Come spring, however, and the geese are long gone—headed mostly for Canada for the serious business of raising families. Until a comparatively few years ago, practically no geese, Canada or otherwise in their right minds gave any consideration to spending the summer in the United States. There simply wasn't any place for them to nest.

Serious thought has been given and considerable work done recently by State game commissions and the U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service toward accomplishing the pleasing goal of raising the wild goose population. On the whole, results are pretty good. Many of these big birds that traveled the Atlantic Flyway took a good look at Pea Island and Mattamuskeet, North Carolina, and held up for the winter. A few ventured as far south as the Kissimmee River and Lake Okeechobee.

The birds that used the Mississippi Flyway spent their winters in southern Louisiana and Texas. Some came eastward to the Gulf Coast of Florida, but until ten years ago, their numbers scarcely reached the status of a migratory flock.

During the last ten years a sizeable flock has been built up on the St. Marks Refuge near Tallahassee. It was quite a biological feat to establish these birds as regular winter visitors, but the job has been done. The flock of Canadas at the U. S. Fish and Wildlife Refuge at St. Marks is the largest concentration of these noble birds ever seen in Florida in modern times.

Goose establishment in Florida has not stopped with the St. Marks flock by any means. Already a nucleus of another flock has been started on the lower East Coast at the newly created Lochmather National Wildlife Refuge. At present, the number of birds there is small, but there is every indication that in time it will grow to important proportions.

In all, migrating geese have been given considerable encouragement and their lot has improved over a wide section of the United States. This is particularly true along the flyway routes. The Fish and Wildlife Service has literally "built a flyway" down the chain of lakes that was once the Tennessee River, and geese use it by the thousands. The lower reaches of the Mississippi River, after being decimated by the Army Engineer Corps, have since been greatly improved, and waterfowl of all kinds, as well as Canada geese, are finding things much to their liking in that area.

In the Far West, the State of Washington and the Fish and Wildlife Service are busy creating waterfowl areas and farming project now under way by the Bureau of Reclamation. All this is very acceptable and pleasing to the sportsman. It is evident that geese and other waterfowl will have some chance of survival during their long migration flights to and from their breeding grounds in the north.

During the past several years I have personally in 16 Florida wildlife

A flock of about 50 tame Canadas was purchased from the Kellogg Bird Farm in Michigan and placed in a small enclosure near the Nature Center. They were fed and watered until they could fly. For the first couple of years the

FLORIDA MAY, 1956

The Fish and Wildlife Service controlled the water level at Seney Marsh so that there were plenty of marshes in the area. The setup was perfect, except for one thing. There weren't any Canada geese.

None of the big flocks that passed overhead had ever nested at Seney before, and they weren't about to try anything new. In short, that Seney marsh is as stillborn as a spawning salmon. He'll go where he's been before or where his forebears have taken him, and it practically takes a revolution to change his mind.

At first the Fish and Wildlife Service was pretty miffed when Canada geese spawned as cordial an invitation. A flock of about 50 tame Canadas was purchased from the Kellogg Bird Farm in Michigan and placed in a small enclosure near the Nature Center. They were fed and watered until they could fly. For the first couple of years the
A DIVER'S EYE LOOK AT BASS

BY JULIUS STURM

You learn something new about fishing every time you wet a line, or whenever you get together with other bass anglers to chew the fat. That, in itself, isn't newsworthy. But what I learned one day recently was enough to make me realize I had been laboring under a lot of misconceived notions about fish.

It took an old friend of mine—a commercial deepsea diver of considerable experience, who is more than half fish, I suspect—to convince me I actually knew very little about the habits and reactions of the largemouth bass.

I had known Hans Looff on the west coast when he was diving for salvage and abalone, and ran into him at Silver Springs where he was spending a combination vacation/human's holiday. Having spent many years in those heavy diving suits, he was experimenting with an aquaplane with the idea of using it under conditions which make a conventional suit more than ordinarily awkward.

"Dutch," he said to me, has a good-natured disdain for "so-called fishing experts," and seldom bothers to disguise it.

"But you've got the same trouble as all the other 'experts.' You don't know anything about fish. I've heard a lot at this dispassionately of what I had always considered an extensive fund of information on the subject. But after only a brief moment of chagrín, I relaxed and laughed. "Maybe not, but I catch fish. Others don't catch them as often, so editors pay me for writing about how and where I do it." It was his turn to laugh. "Maybe you catch lots of bass, but some of the advice you pass out shows you don't know what's going on under the water.

"How could I?" I asked quickly. "I'm no fish!"

"You have an annoying habit of smiling in such a way as to make words superfluous. "Obviously not," that smile now said.

"Let's take just one point," he went on, and launched into an explanation of certain water characteristics which are important to a diver, but a lot of mumbo-jumbo to those of us who confine our diving to the bath tub.

There are two layers in any deep body of water," he told me. "The part near the surface is called the euphotic, it's maybe 20 to 40 feet deep in fresh water, and below it is the hypolimnion. The point where they meet is called the thermocline. This division is also found in shallow salt water bays and coves, but the thermocline runs much deeper in the open sea.

I had previously read discriptions of this division, but had never assigned it much importance, because I couldn't see in the information anything of practical value to a fisherman.

I headed a little at this disparagement of what I had always considered an extensive fund of information, and Hans continued. "But there's an oxygen shortage in the lower layer which makes it impossible for fish to survive except of course, principally salt water types which have become adapted to the absence of oxygen by heredity.

"That's all well and good," I interjected, "but I can't see what it has to do with practical fishing."

That sort of thing, which comes indulgence, has a practical side. I've seen so-called experts suggest you rig umbrella rigs in shallow water or that you fish the bottom for some fish. For others, the thermocline seems to be all important and they catch fish better when they're fishing just above it. And I would really like to try catching fish at this thermocline layer, but I'm still trying to keep my mouth closed.

"That made sense. But the thought occurred to me that there must be a gradual changing of the two layers so fish might acclimate themselves to a decreasing oxygen supply in much the same way that humans adapt themselves to the identical problem in high mountains, and thereby find their way into the lower depths.

"That's not true," Hans insisted. "The line between the two layers is sharp. The upper layer varies in depth depending on the wind and surface temperature, but when you reach the thermocline there's just another sudden drop of temperature which layers a wood veneer. The temperature suddenly drops to about 58 degrees.

He took time to dramatize the last statement. "You know that feeling you get, without an illustration of how sudden it is," he continued. "I've been in the upper layer, diving, and all of a sudden I'm under the hypolimnion. It's the same experience as sticking a toe into very cold water while standing in the warm sun.

After rellifying his glass, he said, "All fish are highly intelligent and a fisherman might just as well try to catch fish on the garage floor as let his hook and bait reach down into that cold lower layer of water."

I'm not sure he had the weight of logic in his favor."

The smile on the big diver's face had become that of an indignant college instructor. "Another thing," he continued. "Any diver will tell you that all fish are highly intelligent and learn fast. Noise doesn't bother them much, and I'm not even afraid of brown trout which I can't hear with my diving suit on."

He must have noticed the smile back to his original charge that fishing experts don't know about the reactions of fish. "That may be," I said, "but I'll ask you the same question I did a while ago. Why do you go to work with practical fishing?"

He was prepared for the question. "Several things," he answered. "For one thing, you fellows are always talking about how good they—what's-your-name, 'Surface-dive,' or whatever they're for catching fish. Well, just a few days ago I was under the water right here and caught about two dozen of several bass to just such a plug. When it lay still, I had a hard time getting interested and catching them in the once over. But when it started running up the surface, the vibrations it caused scared them away. And I could see them break maybe a hundred feet away taking up the slack and getting out of the area.

"Another thing, maybe as another shock, because I belonged to the school which considers the Florida largemouth basically pugnacious, attracted to such a lure like a lion to a sundial spring."

"After while", Hank went on, "whosoever was doing the catching changed to another plug which rode more or less steadily through the water. I watched for a long time. The faster he retrieved it, the stronger the vibration it set up and the faster the fish cleared out. When it moved slowly, they showed an inclination to come up and play around."

"In other words, the vibration didn't scare them, but they've got a lot of years of experience under their belts."

"And one fish is alarmed, his own reaction will set in motion vibrations which can be picked up by all other fish close by, and starts a chain reaction of sorts."

"In other words, I knew these vibrations can be detected for a long distance."

Hans started his glass for a long moment. "I had an experience of the Mexia type some years ago. A great many of them, and I knew these vibrations could be detected for a long distance."

I nodded. "But what it means is that if we know the current, and the direction, and the time it was through the water, when water disturbance plugs would get a lot less active."

When the water is murky, the vibration theory would not work, he said. "As a consequence of having fish find their food. It would seem, then, that a wobbling plug that can attract bass, to attract fish, not enough to attract fish."

This could be an explanation of many experiences which I've had observing and remembering what occurs when we are fishing. It also seems to indicate that the 'flash' of metal lures, like (Continued on page 28)
AROUND

Wildlife Officers lift gate for one of four young deer recently released in Lee County Game Management Area. Buck came from Bill Piper's Everyday Wonder Gardens in Bonita Springs. Left to right are GFWC Area Supervisor Walter Whithard, Wildlife Officers W. C. Marhs and Ernest Douglas.

Wildlife Officers Joe Pickles (left) and Rhodes Hill look over a trio of bobcats batted recently in Gadsden County. — WH —

THE

Miss Linda Staxton stands by a Florida scenic mural she painted while a student at Evans High School. The display, including the panther sculptured by Charlie Harter of Tampa, is located in the main office of the high school. Linda is now a student at F. S. U. in Tallahassee.

Wildlife Officer Joe Pickles of the GFWC's Northwest Florida Region displays a live bobcat he rescued from a road side ditch in Gadsden County. The animal had been injured, evidently by a car, on the highway between Quincy and Tallahassee. — WH —

STATE

Jim Mulchey, U. S. Naval Photo Research Group, filming an underwater movie at Florida's Silver Springs. Training films for almost every branch of the armed services have been taken here. Photo by Mason, Silver Springs.

Members of the Columbia County Sportsman's Club cooperate with Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission employees in quail capping project. Left to right in the photo above are Bill McMillen, Alphonse, Alphonse McCullough, W/D Wallace King, W/O Doc Akes, James Rainford, and Luis Riand. Photo by Ralph Voss.

FLORIDA WILDLIFE

VISIT FLORIDA'S STATE PARKS

Mystakka River State Park is noted for its abundance of wildlife. Aquatic birds, turkey, deer, raccoon, and other wildlife forms are relatively unfraid of man. Fishing is good and camping at the rates (cabins, tent, and trailer) is popular. Boats are available for hire. The park is located 17 miles east of Sarasota on Florida Highway 17.

MAY, 1956

FLORIDA WILDLIFE
Duck Tips for Next Season

By Paul MacKenzie

Spring has arrived and the days are warming up. The ducks are starting to move, and the time is right to get ready for the upcoming season.

In this article, we'll cover the basics of duck hunting, including the tools you'll need, the best water to hunt in, and some tips for finding and harvesting ducks.

Tools

You'll need a good pair of waders, a floating vest, and a quality shotgun. A good quality shotgun is essential, as it will make hunting much easier and safer.

Water

The best water to hunt in is shallow, slow-moving water such as ponds, lakes, and rivers. Water with a good depth and current will attract more ducks.

Finding Ducks

Once you've found the right water, the next step is to find the ducks. You can do this by scouting the area, listening for ducks, or using a decoy.

Harvesting Ducks

When you've found a group of ducks, it's time to harvest them. Use your shotgun to take the birds, being careful not to wound any.

Conclusion

Duck hunting is a great way to enjoy the outdoors and spend time with friends and family. With the right tools and techniques, you can have a successful and enjoyable hunting season.
Camp cots are simple devices constructed of canvas and wood. When strung together in one piece they offer stretching-out surface for a full-length snooze.

Camp cots are practically foolproof outside of a pinched finger while piecing them together. They offer relaxation several inches off the ground to tired hunters, frustrated fishermen and camper-outers of all shapes and sizes.

Coming in one length — long and narrow — anyone can put them together without outside help. They offer any wild-woodsmen an opportunity to live a primitive life with a simple camp cot as his only companion.

Camping out under the stars can’t be beat — unless it rains, at which time the camper-out must seek whatever shelter comes to hand — but without any stars.

Such a situation brings the instinct of self-preservation rising to the surface like oil on water. No self-sustaining atomic-age pioneer will let a hunk of canvas on a stick put one over on him for long.

1. Time to retire under the stars finds the atomic-age pioneer ready to rest his weary bones after a long day stomping over hill and dale.

2. Statuesque pose, plus outspread fingers to prevent a squeeze play, immediately brings a camp cot into flippable condition.

3. Study canvas as a base of operations keeps sleeping bag out of the dirt while camp-cotter shoves his way inside fluffy down.

4. Top-heavy feeling caused by slanting cot will find slant-crested camper a first-class fly trap unless he remedies the situation immediately.

5. Reversing his stand, the camp-cotter will flux his greatest northward — which is always up — to a know-how navigator in a dark wilderness night.

6. AAAAAAAAAA—snort! —

7. Eh — what’s this? — Ants in his sleeping bag? A poisonous snake maybe?

8. Forget to remove boots —


10. Every good camper keeps his powder dry and his trolley up. So —

11. Improvisation will be the mark of extinction to end the problem.

12. X marks the spot where an atomic-age pioneer has frustrated the elements. After all, his cave-men ancestors slept on the ground —
OUR NATIONAL EMBLEM—THE BALD EAGLE
reprinted from WILDLIFE IN NORTH CAROLINA

There is not a chance for the history lesson to become dull or uninteresting with spiced facts to add, such as the story of the bald eagle state. Many stories and myths are associated with the bald eagle. They have learned that the colonies won their independence and became states with the favorite general becoming the first president, and each has heard that Betsy Ross made the first flag. How many know about the national bird? Below are some facts about the bald eagle:

The bald eagle is our national bird and has been since 1782. It was chosen by Congress at that time as the emblem of the United States. The eagle appears on the Great Seal of the United States, the President’s Flag and Colors, coins, currency, some stamps, military insignia, some state flags, and some of the Cabinet flags.

The bird was not chosen unanimously—Benjamin Franklin insisted that the wild turkey be selected because it was native only to America. Since the Revolutionary War had just been won, he thought it most appropriate that the wild turkey should be the emblem. A vote was taken; the eagle won by a single vote.

The bald eagles do not like to wander far from rivers, lakes, or seaports. They are flesh eaters and like fish very much, but are not very good fishermen. They much prefer to chase the osprey, or fish hawks, and rob them of their catch. Down through the years reports have been circulated that eagles pick up babies, young lambs, calves, other domestic animals, but these are false because the bird is incapable of lifting in flight an object that heavy. Eagles return to the same nest and the same mate. Each year new sticks and lining are added so that the nest increases in size from year to year, as much as eight feet in width and depth. One eagle nest reported to have been continuously used for 35 years. The male and female share the responsibility of rearing the young. When hatched, the eagles are covered with white down. After a few weeks they put on dark brown plumage. The adult bird’s feathers are dark brown, except for white tail feathers and white feathers on the head and neck. The white feathers do not appear until after the bird is three years old.

An Act of Congress in 1946 gave the bald eagle protection within the continental limits of the United States, and persons taking, possessing, or dealing in bald eagles are liable to fines up to $300, or imprisonment up to six months, or both.

(Editor's note: The bald eagle is probably more abundant in Florida than any of the other states. It prefers the coastline around the entire state, and the interior lake region. The Lake Okeechobee-Kissimmee Prairie area is a good place to spot one. The Audubon Society reports that visitors on the Wildlife Tours out of Miami to the Keys and Okeechobee area never fail to see an eagle.)

Certificates of honorary membership in the "Big Pike Club" are now being awarded by the Florida Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission. The distinctive certificates, measuring 11 x 8½ inches, are presented to any fisherman who successfully lands a large chum pickerel, commonly known as "jock-fish," of more than four pounds in weight.

Purpose of the awards is to popularize the "jock-fish" as one of Florida's top freshwater game fish, thereby offering anglers additional sport-fishing opportunities. Secondly, the awards help publicize knowledge about the little-known Esocidae, or picker family, of Florida fish.

The campaign to popularize the Florida pickerel has been widely approved by many fishermen and fishing camps.

First entries range from 18½ to 27½ inches in length, with weights up to five pounds, eight ounces.

LETHAL LADY
by MARGO HOSFORD

I have the dubious distinction of having spent most of my childhood standing through the United States mails. I had no more ideas as to what any letter was about than I, at that time, had of what was inside a package. The only thing I knew was that Betsy Ross made the first flag and I didn’t know the gun was loaded." Which only goes to show that you never know how serious a matter you are doing before you start handling Nature’s booby traps.

It came about in this way: While on the porch of my home one morning, I saw a mud dauber climbing the outside of the screen, with what appeared to be its nest under its body. These mud daubers are not the most popular insects, because of their practice of building their nests on the walls of your house or garage. However, this fellow was different, together with what I subsequently learned of their habits, raised the whole tribu a notch or so in my estimation.

When I was near enough to examine it, I saw that the insect was not an egg, but a body of a black widow spider and the mud dauber was carrying it. I had only seen one of this species of insects, one our poisonous spiders, there was no doubt to me from the start, the nice red hour-glass trademark on the underside of the shining patent-leather, one-inch long body was ample proof.

This, I decided, must be a relative of the one I had found, since it was in the same general location. That other time I had been uneasilyafsraid in the woods with a spider and spray and had called on a friend, a chief chemist with a citrus company, for advice. He came to my home and simply dug the creature out of its cob-webby nest, and killed it with a stick.

He told me that there are many more of these little things around than you would suspect, for due to its retiring nature, it keeps itself well hidden in the shrubs and in piles of trash, or old wood; in the dark corners of old buildings, in attics and basements, even between flagstones. In fact, it likes any spot that is dark and quiet enough.

And, he told me, one reason for their numbers is the difficulty in exterminating them, because unfortunately they are not susceptible to the commonly used insecticides. While their bite is seldom fatal, it can inflict severe pain, and it causes a form of paralysis, accompanied by stomach cramps and nausea. Some people of course, are more sensitive than others to any insect bite, and under certain circumstances the poison from the black widow can, and does cause illness that may last as long as two weeks, or might even result in death. It becomes effective almost immediate -ly and the symptoms may be fully developed within ten minutes.

It was only about twenty-five years ago that the medical profession first made a serious study of the effects of this spider’s bite. It often causes death in the past it has been correctly diagnosed as appendicitis, food poisoning, and many other ill effects. And with all this in mind, when I saw the mud dauber with its insect captive, my only thought was to kill a dangerous spider.

Taking a broom along as a weapon, but I kept the stick handy, and I went out to the stick. The mud dauber was as I approached it, it moved out of the way. Then I took off and made a slow circle before landing in my quiet hour. Finally, I got to the point where I started away, when the mud dauber, and I said something to him, the mud dauber, there was a definite "whoosh" and the mud dauber dived down to the floor and landed on the head of a shrub, directly in front of me.

I have learned since, that a mud dauber has the most perfect method knowen of preserving fresh meat. She hunters, but it was the nerve of her victim such a surgically correct way, that it is completely and perfectly paralyzed, though still alive. In each cell of her mud nest, she lays one egg, and supplies one large, or several small spiders to each cell. Other insects may be used but spiders seem to be best. When the young are hatched, sufficient fresh meat is there at hand to feed them until they emerge, fully developed, from their nest.

I cannot imagine why this one insect so generously turned its prime over to me, but it was most obvious gesture.

In the time this happened, a friend, Lillian Rose, Associate in the department of Zoology, at the Chicago Natural Museum, was making a study of spiders, and my immediate thought was to send her the fine specimen along to her.

To be on the safe side, I took it first to the post office in case I might ship it. The personnel there looked at it with a great deal of interest, and agreed that it was perfectly all right to send it through the mail.

Half a dozen other people around town examined it, curiously, and with their souls did poke it around with its feet. The druggist helped me pack it in a pill box, between layers of cotton, special delivery, to give it all for science.

Some time later, when it was examined under the

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 27)
spoons and spinners, is not as important as we have previously thought. In clear water, game fish can easily see a spoon even when it is a flash, and in murky or modestly muddy water (of which there are plenty in our state), the flash is supreme, since bass are attracted by the flash.

And the difference between vibrations which attract and those which seem to disturb, is scurrying for safety because of the alarm vibrations of the one on the line. If a fish can recall days when bass are striking anything with a reckless indifference which indicates that the amount of alarm communicated through its sixth sense varies from time to time.

"Not only that," the diver told me, "but it varies among different species, and among the warts of the same species, and from time to time, especially in fresh water, an apparently insignificant cause will send the shaver into a frenzy.

One thing is certain: Florida's largemouth is probably the most voracious of fish, but— as any experienced bass angler can vouch for— when the fish runs and is in a mood to be spoiling for a fight, they throw caution aside and their natural instincts predominate.

And the result is what makes Florida the undisputed bass capital of the world!

END

AIRBORNE TURKEYS (Continued From Page 3)

Up until now, and all the rest of the trip, I had been content or calming by these guys. They took it well, and I've been in lot less bad situations with other types of wildlife. It's not so noticeable with wild turkeys at this stage of the game. There is something about their silent grace and deliberate pace that is extra fine. The sportmen have no idea what this thing is all about, although they are aware of it. If a man has not had any hope of ever getting real pay, just to help preserve the fish and game litter, he is in a groove.

Although far from being a picnic, the trip was a success. It was a call to one of his fellow wildlife officers, Louy Kirkland, on the radio, explaining that we needed and asked him to hurry up and help us out. Louy called to the closest turkey hunter waiting for a turkey. It was a good section although not quite where he had hoped to reach.

The rain decided to help with the hunting and forced us back to the truck. So there went the fellows, soaked to the skin, pulled the birds, and we decided to do something with them.

When we got to the New Hampshire legislature, the fish and game litter was waiting for us. It was a success.

Lou and Jim treated me with antiseptic from their first aid kit. The day turned into a real turkey hunt. We tied a small tail and wings together to prevent him from getting hurt on the ground. We tied him to the fence and left him to the turkey. He was waiting in the bag for the trip. One at a time, it is his job to get the turkey, and we have him tied down to hold tight to the body and the turkey facing in the direction of the flight is flying, the bird is to be thrown out and down so that it loses the weight of the bag.

One tom was so big, Lou couldn't raise it out of the bag because it was too heavy. We didn't have his leg to hold the bag on the floor, and with both hands, all we could do in that time was to fly it. It didn't matter. We didn't have the turkey left to control it. That big of gobbler is about 150 pounds and is a hard fighter.
A 16-year-old Coral Gables high school student, Sam Adams, has set 


down here his research, observations, and experiences on a duck hunting trip into the Everglades. Sam’s story may bring back recollections of your first solo hunt. We enjoyed reading his story; we believe you will, too.

I T W A S A B O U T EIGHT o’clock in the morning on a Thursday, I jumped into my canoe and started going. It was a cold day, but I didn’t mind. I was going to go duck hunting but no one wanted to go. I asked my father if he could go hunting by himself. He thought it would be a good opportunity to let me out and practice on the river. I was excited, and I packed my bags and headed out. The next morning, I was on the water by six o’clock. I was going to stay there all day and catch as many ducks as I could.

I was glad to be rolling along up toward the hunting spot that I had marked with a good time. As I was driving out of Miami at about a distance of ten miles, the fan belt broke and I had to stop and find a garage. I had to go ten miles. The first place didn’t have a fan belt for my boat, so I had to go another one and get the belt but it took them a long time to find it. While they were putting on the belt, I called Dad to say I was just getting started. It was ten o’clock.

It took about two hours to get back to where I had started and as I continued west I noticed a lot of ducks. Butch, my dog, was more interested in sleeping. He went to sleep just a few miles from the lake.

I got to the place where I was supposed to meet my dad and I was only a few miles from the lake. I noticed the saw grass going by and the sun was just starting to set and my feet and is just like a saw when you pull it the wrong way. Also the cats that I had on the boat were good protection for a duck blind.

I finally got to the marked place where I was supposed to cross the canal bank. Butch jumped out and headed for the boat. I couldn’t do it. I wanted to get a little bit higher than the water. I had a tough time getting the boat up the bank to the level part with out any help. I kept on pulling until I got to the other side of the bank and then I was able to pull on the shore to hold it steady.

It was foggy, dark, and with no sign of daylight. I decided to lie down on the level part of the bank and try to rest from the long trip on the highway. I must have been there about half an hour when I became very restless and eager to move.

Meantime Mr. Butch was romping around, barking and waiting for every little hole and crack. He was very excited about the whole trip. He kept on running around and having much shooting so I decided to jump shoot (that’s when you get the idea of shooting range of the ducks). You shoot at them as they go by and I can’t do that. Therefore, if you are padding a canoe you should try to get the ducks back to the bank and take off towards you.

When I get back to the boat they were gone. Very difícilt to get the boat to look for the birds. Luckily I found a duck back on the same lake near the boat. I didn’t want to go back on the same lake near the boat.

The way back was ten times as long as I thought it was. The wind was in the lake made as bad as I could. We put the misship so the boat wouldn’t turn sides. I pulled the canoe down on the bank and toward home.

There are four big palms by the farmhouse’s house that I always look for because they are the best. There will be no more paddling. These farmers are very nice and they always give me their little duck from other neighbors.

(Continued on Next Page)
Laughing, whistling, shouting, talking to myself, moving around in my seat, opening the window, making so many and many, many other gestures were made to keep awake.

The sun was beautiful. It was so bright and red as it was sinking out of sight in the midst of the evening. After driving through the dark, dense, July, the light of Miami were a welcome sight, and one knows how welcome they were but myself.

As we rounded the turn to go down my last couple of blocks to my house I thought what a wonderful time it was. Many men think it’s a fine experience in the process of growing up. As I climbed up into the front yard the car came to a quiet stop. With a big sigh I relaxed for a brief moment. There we sat driving a hundred and fifteen miles without any sleep.

Mom and Dad were ready to go out with some guests. As I walked into the house I said to myself, “Isn’t it nice to be back home again and in a place where danger is seldom a factor?”

Through the main door, we were off. I thanked them and we went on our way. I knew we couldn’t stop due to the crinkliness of the car; it was just going to be stubborn, that’s all. On our way to the station, I jumped out of the car, and left it with the motor running with the keys in it.

I went inside to buy someWishing.

Mr. Butch and I arrived at the last town before we drove through the Egglettes and stopped near a gasoline station but not for gas. Just to take a little more food. I set the alarm to go off in half an hour, and when I opened my eyes I said to myself, “Are we going to ‘make it home?’ “The car started without too much trouble, but I didn’t get to ‘make it home’ as much from there on; I had to stay awake.

It was late afternoon and the sun was beginning to have a tired look, but I was sure it thought the sun at all was that tired.

My sunbaked face, chapped lips, aching eyes, cracked feet, sore arms, numbed neck, burning shoulders, and the rest of my body were all saying to me: “Who is looking after you?” Why won’t you let us take just a quick rest?” That was the roughest part of the whole trip, the feeling in the world to need sleep and not be able to take it. I therefore did everything I could to keep from falling into a fatal sleep. It’s quite a feat, I can tell you at this time but not less than 500 words: 250.

Lethal Lady

University’s powerful microscope, one of the black widow’s legs.

The body twitched and the jaws worked rhythmically.

The mud dauber had performed her paralyzing operation, perfectly, for her own purpose, but the scientist, who had just taken only a quick surreptitious look, was not easily satisfied. He had to read a pair of tongs to understand the whole thing but not less than 500 words: 250.

End.

JUNIOR CONSERVATIONIST

Coommon Loon. Geisa immers. Immers. Found throughout the state, usually as winter resident but a few may remain the year around. Migrants arrive October-November; leave for northerly summering grounds by May-June.

Especially inhabit open salt water areas of state; sometimes seen on inland lakes. A heavy bodied bird about the size of a small goose. Legs set well back on body, tail small. Exceedingly adept in water; all but helpless on land.

Sits low in the water and holds steady heavy beak in a plane parallel with the surface. Summer plumage: head, neck, and throat bluish white with a band of brown white stripes on neck and throat. Back, black with numerous square white spots. Winter plumage: various shades of gray, with throat, neck, and underparts white.

Unusually solitary in habits but may gather in flocks especially just prior to spring migration. Voice is a peculiar quavery cry which may be likened to eerie laughter. Food comprised largely of fish.

Red-Throated Loon, Geisa stellata. Rather uncommon winter visitor to Florida largely from the northern part of state. Essentially a bird of the offshore waters, seldom seen inland. Fall migrants arrive during first half of November and remain until the latter part of April.

Summer plumage: head and throat, reddish brown, back of head and neck with distinctive lined pattern; Winter: gray above, white below.

On the water, carries beak tilted upward at an infinite angle. Bill slender with slight upward bend.


Starts its long underwater dive with a pronounced upward and forward leap. Food consists of fish, insects, crayfish, tadpoles, shrimp, and vegetable matter.

Pied-billed Grebe, Podilymbus podiceps. Podiceps podiceps. Found as a breeding bird throughout most of the Western Hemisphere. In Florida, present throughout the year but more in winter as a result of influx of migrants from further north. Nesting birds of this species usually found in the northern two-thirds of the state, but have been noted as breeding as far south as Tampa and Caliier Countr.

Commonly called bell diver or diver. The thick, blunt bill is distinctive. Summer plumage: grayish brown, darker on top of head and black, spot across bill and black throat-patch. Winter plumage more brownish, both throat patch and bill more brownish.

Usually a solitary bird, may gather in small numbers at times. Range and wintering season from mid-April to early September. -MHN-
Quail Hunting

By EDDIE FINLAY
South Carolina Wildlife

There is only one "bird" in South Carolina—the bobwhite quail, or Colinus virginianus if you wish to be technical. He weighs about six ounces and when you figure the cost of gas, hotel travel, etc., he costs about six dollars a mouthful.

The quail helps the farmer by eating harmful insects and weed seeds and the farmer can help the quail by leaving a few patches of cover and by planting biolar lespedeza, which furnishes food during the hard times of late winter and early spring. The quail also helps support the people who make shotgun shells.

The male quail is a fine family man, who stays around the nest and also helps with rearing the chicks—an example that might well be followed by some of the men who spend so much of their time hunting them.

Although there is only one kind of quail in South Carolina there are all kinds of bird dogs, ranging in quality from "fine" to "best ever saw," that is if you're listening to your own owner. But no matter how perfect a dog he is he cannot touch "Old Sport," above whose grave the woodbine twineth and the lies flourish.

You hunt quail either on your own land, a friend's land or someone else's land. The last is called poaching, unless you're the hunter involved and then it's a misunderstanding about the property line.

FLORIDA FISH AND FISHING

By Phil Frazier

If you are one of the thousands who fish Florida's waters—or have dreamed of trying your luck on some of the Southern states' unusual game fish species—you will find Florida Fish and Fishing a gold mine of richly detailed, overabundant information. From tarpon to blue gill the book tells you the facts about habits, methods, and techniques that produce fish under all sorts of conditions encountered in fishing Florida's waters.

The author, Phil Frazier, is well known to fishermen in all parts of the country through his articles which appear regularly in outdoor magazines such as Field & Stream and The Fisherman.

In his introduction, Frazier points out that his book is "aimed at the average-guy-type of fisherman—the local workingman who does his fishing on week ends, and the tourist who saves up all year for his fishing trip to Florida. Contrary to popular opinion, Florida fishing is as inexpensive as you'll find anywhere. The average guy can have just as much—or more—fun as the fellow who spends all day on a tackle dock of the hundred-dollar-per-day hotel. As a matter of fact, the million-dollar charter boats can always set himself a shiff and try some of the light tackle fishing described therein. Chance favors him, he'll sell the yacht."

Small marlin and sailfish are not covered in the book for, as Francis explains it, "sailfish and marlin are NOT for the average guy, they take too much time and skill and the average guy isn't willing to go to the trouble."

Whatever you choose to call this freshwater favorite, be it bream, bass, trout, panfish, shad, pickerel, strawberry bass, black crappie, crappie, grass bass, papmouth, or just plain speck, it all adds up to a quail fishing fun.

The cynic—or the non-quail hunter—might say that quail hunting is nothing but a matter of the dog finding or not finding the birds and the hunters hitting or not hitting them. However, you should not express this opinion in the presence of a dedicated quail hunter or he may wrap his gun barrel around your head.

Getting around to quail hunters there are two ways of judging them—one by the number of quail they kill and the other by the number of dogs they have. Generally speaking, the more dogs a hunter owns the fewer quail he kills.

None of the above is to be considered a reflection on the quality of the dogs of the bird hunters I hope will invite me out one Thanksgiving.

END

SPORTSMANS BOOK SHELF

FLORIDA FISH AND FISHING

By Phil Frazier

SPORTSMANS BOOK SHELF

FLORIDA FISH AND FISHING

By Phil Frazier

THE WEW OF LIFE by John H. Storer. Published by The Devin


The Web of Life presents in highly readable form the fundamentals of ecology, the science dealing with the interrelationships of all living things. It explains in a simple, elementary manner some of the fundamentals upon which the natural world's functions without man's and man's mechanisms. An understanding of this most basic of the life sciences is essential to a comprehension of the fundamentals underlying conservation and natural history, to the wise use of our soil and water, our forests, and our wildlife.

As the book points out, "There are truths, even fundamental ones, that are pertinent to us. The most basic truth regarding our Earth home is that all living things, in some manner, are related to each other. This fact, while mainly important as a principle, can bring new insights into the spiritual nature of life."

The author has undertaken to separate certain significant threads from a mass of facts and figures that describe the day-to-day physical environment, and to crystallize them into a clear and comprehensive pattern which shows how nature functions as a community in action; how it grows and builds its own environment, and how changes it until the plants and animals of the environment can live there and must be better adapted to live in the new environment. The reader is shown the orderly process that maintains a world at least in a condition of balance or "equilibrium.

This book serves admirably as an introduction to this most basic of the natural sciences.

FRESH AND SALT WATER FISHING


One of this section of paper bound fishing guide is devoted to an outline of some selected fishing spots distributed throughout the United States. There is a brief discussion of each of the 151 spots giving travel information, best times for fishing, gear required, accommodation, and services offered in the area, and what sorts of fish are taken and by what methods.

Over two thirds of the publication in this volume is devoted to a general style treatment of a variety of both angling and fishing of the many fresh and salt water species such as trout, bass, pike and pickerel, salmon, puffer, bluefish, channel bass, striped bass, and the more common salt water species. The book is well illustrated with a series of excellent photographs.

Available from most magazine stands the book is well worth the modest investment of 5c.

END

The following pamphlets are available without charge from Information Branch, Fresh Water Fish Commission, Tallahassee, Florida, Division of Fisheries, Lakes and Ponds Commission, Okeechobee, Ocala and Lake City:

Reprints of Florida Fish and Wildlife Management the book called, "Florida's Wildlife Management, Lake and Stream Survey (Leon and Gadsden Counties)"

Way Down Upon the Suwannee River—Minesheets World Inside the Managed Forest—Fresh Water Fish Commission, Conservation Committee Manual for Civic Groups, Manual for Organizing Senior Sportsman's Club, Florida Fresh Water Fish and Fishing—Florida's Water Resources—The Fisherman—Florida: Minisheets—Fisheries of the Florida Cradle—Minesheets—Can We Save the Key Deer—Minesheets
THE TRUTH ABOUT BONEFISH

By CHUCK SCHILLING

"THE TRUTH ABOUT BONEFISH" was the title of an article I wrote years ago. It was based on a study I made to figure out where one of the most productive bonefish flats was. The study was conducted by consulting with those of us who knew where the fish were and by deliberately fishing off the same flats at different times of the year. The results of this study were very interesting to me and led to the conclusion that bonefish are abundant in the Keys.

So many pictures of successful bonefishingers standing in front of their own boat with a bonefish on their rod are published that anglers have come to believe that all bonefish are lost in this manner. Not so. It is possible to catch bonefish without the aid of a bonefishing guide. All that is needed is a rod, tackle, and a certain amount of experience.

So many people have reported to me that they have caught bonefish without the aid of a guide that I am convinced that bonefish are abundant in the Keys.

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angle, and gradually bring arm and gun down level with your line of vision. (Some shooters like to bring their arm and held pistol forward from a low angle. Starting position, but this gun editor believes there is less arm strain when the gun arm is extended at a high angle and lowered, than when started low and brought up.) Let the gun arm be straight, locked at the wrist and elbow.

Handgun level, and brought to the level of your vision, align the sights—carefully—top of the front sight level with the top of the rear sight’s notch and centered therein so that the line of light showing on each side of the front sight appears equal. (See Illustration No. 2. Bring the aligned sights to bear on the target for a six o’clock hold, as illustrated.

You have your gun and it incorporates the best of sights and tailored grips, made just for you, and last month you learned how to find the best stance for take for firing. Now, let’s aim that handgun!

Pick up your unloaded pistol with your left hand and carefully fit it to your right as explained in a previous lesson. Next, assume the firing line stance that gives you the most natural alignment of gun and target—as covered in detail in last month’s article. You should feel comfortable and relaxed.

Extend your pistol arm and hold handgun full length and at a high level and centered in notch—group left.

By EDMUND MCLAURIN

Raiders who have followed this series of handgun guidance texts are already aware that Muzzle Flashes has made a sincere attempt to slowly but surely lead beginners up the most direct trail to pistol experience.

From the first article, when different types and models of handguns were discussed and given illustration, through the subsequent texts on sights, importance of grips that fit the shooter’s hand and how to find the most natural and steady shooting position, emphasis has been on getting new shooters started right, through mastery of fundamental principles, rather than burning expensive ammunition in quantity. In fact, this month’s text still withholds firing of actual shots in the covered lesson—merely explaining what can happen should a shooter fire his handgun without proper application of knowledge, plus an example of the results that can be expected when everything is correct. (See Illustrations Nos. 1 and 2 for this ideal.)

Further, a picture being worth a thousand words from the viewpoint of the perceiving Chinese, the current article places greater emphasis on photos than words. However, a few of the latter are necessary, and, if you missed the first article on sights (in the February issue), you will understand this month’s instruction and comments better if you will go back and read the first sight subject presentation and tie it in with this one.

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Raiders who have followed this series of handgun guidance texts are already aware that Muzzle Flashes has made a sincere attempt to slowly but surely lead beginners up the most direct trail to pistol experience.

From the first article, when different types and models of handguns were discussed and given illustration, through the subsequent texts on sights, importance of grips that fit the shooter’s hand and how to find the most natural and steady shooting position, emphasis has been on getting new shooters started right, through mastery of fundamental principles, rather than burning expensive ammunition in quantity. In fact, this month’s text still withholds firing of actual shots in the covered lesson—merely explaining what can happen should a shooter fire his handgun without proper application of knowledge, plus an example of the results that can be expected when everything is correct. (See Illustrations Nos. 1 and 2 for this ideal.)

Further, a picture being worth a thousand words from the viewpoint of the perceiving Chinese, the current article places greater emphasis on photos than words. However, a few of the latter are necessary, and, if you missed the first article on sights (in the February issue), you will understand this month’s instruction and comments better if you will go back and read the first sight subject presentation and tie it in with this one.

You have your gun and it incorporates the best of sights and tailored grips, made just for you, and last month you learned how to find the best stance for take for firing. Now, let’s aim that handgun!

Pick up your unloaded pistol with your left hand and carefully fit it to your right as explained in a previous lesson. Next, assume the firing line stance that gives you the most natural alignment of gun and target—as covered in detail in last month’s article. You should feel comfortable and relaxed.

Extend your pistol arm and hold handgun full length and at a high level and centered in notch—group left.
President's Briefing
(Continued from Page 11)

loving was over. With a majestic leap
he sucked the frog into the gap of
his extended tongue. The world crashed
around him.

The unmistakable sharp sting of
raw steel tore into his mouth. It was a
blunt, piping hot iron, he had shaken
senses to realize that he was hooked—
and he was.

Down, down he went, deeper and
deeper he attempted to go, he opened
his jaws. He thrashed upward, left the
water and, standing on his tail, shook his
head violently, but this did not
suppress the splattering of pain to
which this foreign thing causing pain
caused.

Down, down he went, deeper he went.

Perhaps he had an idea of his new
burden, but that was his one and only
thought; and he had to get to the
surface again.

When that was completed and pic-
tures taken, the fisherman lowered
the Professor back into the water.

In his haste to get away he didn’t hear
the fisherman’s comment.

"I had just to let him go, for if he
wouldn’t be the same without him. Why
he’s the cause of our coming down here
year after year. Just trying to feed
him is better than catching
dinner fish, I think.

The conqueror continued, you
remember early this season I tried
and it cost me a lot of money. But
while I was offering it to him, he hit the
surface and pulsed away like a red hot
elephant. Ever since then I’ve figured a
good frogfish would get him, but
nobody else will ever know what I used
him for.

The motor coughed into action, settled to a high-pitched roar, and
with a great boiling of green water
the fishermen hung up the boat for
the landing and tales of a battle won.

They knew the Professor, who
sucked in depths with a sure jaw,
and knew his water was lost from
the night before. He couldn’t be
bought and if he was, he wouldn’t
mark the spot they had been from.

The Professor’s patient, hypnotic
waiting for that frog to come off the
END.

GOOSE NESTING, U.S.A.

(Continued from Page 17)

refugewatcher at Seney had a
tough time. One winter his
weathered body was
soaked to the skin with
water, but some lucky
nest was constructed.

Some goose eggs were
hatched during the first
three years. They were
banded and allowed their
freedom. Nothing much happened. Predators
got several and a limited number reverted to
the wild and flew off to parts unknown in
the fall, presumably headed south.

It wasn’t until three years later that a
report came in. The fisherman
had seen them. The
refuge watcher’s
tarnished sentinel
then had a
respite of protection from
the fisherman, who
had a plentiful supply of food to
support the geese.

And now the
Official Revenue Service field
people had found
true
that


WILDFOWL QUARTERLY

By PEARL TIMSON

I F YOU feel "the urge to hunt wild

fowl, the big game of the

biologists and trimeric, and haven’t

the time to go, this quizz is for

YOU.

Here are a few wildfowl Watchers. Watch carefully . . . you are

unarmed and hunting animals are all mixed

up. Your job is to unscramble the

words, naming the animals correctly. A

score of 10 is considered good; if under

5, you really need a gun.

Answers on page 42.

1. Crocs

2. Banter

3. Slawer

4. Snowman

5. Fogg yaco

6. Tooth


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229 WEST 14TH STREET

MIAMI, FLORIDA
back to Seney. Fortunately for everybody concerned, it worked that way.

For the past seven years the goose nesting population at Seney has gone steadily upward. Hundreds are all over the place now. I stayed until early fall last year, and it was a thrilling sight to see and hear as the great birds responded to the age-old call of migration. The air was filled with their clangor as they wheeled and headed south. Some of them may have gone to Florida. I hope so.

Indicative of the success of this goose nesting project is the tremendous expansion now underway at Seney. Cordia Henry, the manager, is bringing 18,000 additional acres into the picture. A huge dike is going up which is converting that beautiful bank of terrain into a marsh. And in that marsh will be room for considerably more nesting geese than now spend their summers at Seney. With experienced gained during the previous years, it seems a practically sure thing that the Canada goose population of the eastern United States is in for a welcome rise.

The Seney Refuge is not the scene of the only goose nesting project in the United States by any means. The State of Michigan has a full scale program of its own now underway in the Lower Peninsula. The Conservation Department has obtained several suitable areas and is following the pattern successfully laid down at Seney.

Wisconsin is doing all right for itself in the goose nesting business too. During the summer of 1953 I visited the famous Horicon Marsh 65 miles northwest of Milwaukee. In the old days Horicon was famous as a waterfowl hunting area. Ducks and geese by the hundreds of thousands used the 30,000 acre marsh as a stopover during migrations. It has been estimated that as high as three million birds stopped there during one year.

Much like Seney, Horicon was almost obliterated by an ill-advised farming project some 30 years ago. Since then, the U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service and the Wisconsin Department of Game obtained control of the area. Since then the marsh has been back to some semblance of the former productivity. In 1953 a goose nesting project was started. "Islands" were built from mesquite and a small capture flock was released nearby to start the important job of laying eggs and raising young.

So far, the project hasn't reached the size of the Seney program, but it is giving it time. Established now in Wisconsin, Canada geese is not something you can accomplish overnight.

Some success is also being achieved in the Plains States in the goose nesting business. The famed Souris Marshes along the North Dakota-Canada Line are proving productive. The system of providing a captive flock as a nucleus has been adopted. Souris is one of the greatest waterfowl concentrations areas in the northern United States, and all things being equal, there is every reason to believe it will be an excellent Canada goose producer in the not too distant future.

The Pacific Flyway is likewise getting a boost in goose nesting. During a recent trip to the State of Washington I witnessed the "birth" of an important new waterfowl area, christened the "Columbia Flyway." A string of lakes and ponds is springing up along a 10-mile irrigation project from the Grand Coulee Dam to the Columbia River at Pasco. Much of the area along the irrigation project is controlled by the Fish and Wildlife Service and Washington Game and Fish Department. Establishment of Canada geese along the newly created marshes and ponds is one of the main projects there.

With the beating migratory waterfowl has been taking in recent years along many fronts, it is indeed heartening to learn that definite and successful attempts are being made to re-establish one of the greatest game birds of them all, the majestic Canada goose.

In my opinion, such steps are being taken none too soon. Our good neighbors to the north have been critical of States sportmen, and rightly so. Canadians have been more than murmuring that most of the geese are shot in the United States while practically all of the geese are raised in Canada. It seems only fair that we in the States should at least raise part of the game birds we so avidly seek.

Nature put them here in the first place, but man drove them out. It is now up to man to bring them back.

ANSWERS TO WILDLIFE QUIZ

ON PAGE 41

1. bobcat
2. raccoon
3. panther
4. weasel
5. bear
6. opossum
7. gray fox
8. skunk
9. otter

Every one of these animals is a natural enemy of the woods rat. It is estimated that they consume most of the food of the rat, including its burrows. Some experts believe that the rat would be a more serious pest if it weren't for the animals that eat it.
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