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

1958
Vol. 12 Issue 5
October

Scanned by: The Research Information Center of the Fish & Wildlife Research Institute of Florida Fish and Wildlife Conservation Commission
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>DEER</th>
<th>DOVE</th>
<th>WOODCOCK</th>
<th>QUAIL</th>
<th>TURKEY</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>2</td>
<td>10</td>
<td>10</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**REGULATIONS FOR 1958-59 HUNTING SEASON**

**District**
- 1st District
- 2nd District
- 3rd District
- 4th District

**Open Season**
- Deer: Nov 1 - Jan 31
- Dove: Nov 1 - Jan 31
- Woodcock: Nov 1 - Jan 31
- Quail: Nov 1 - Jan 31
- Turkey: Nov 1 - Jan 31

**Florida Wildlife**
Published monthly by the Florida Game and Fresh Water Commission, Tallahassee, Florida.

Dedicated to the Conservation, Restoration, Protection of Our Game And Fish

BILL HANSEN, Editor

**In This Issue**

- What Is A Quail Hunter?
  - Charles Dickey
- Flirting Shadows In Feathers
  - George X. Sand
- Hunting Regulations, 1958-59
- Take A Stand
  - Russell Tinsley
- Heath of Promise
  - Edmund McLaurin
- For Better Fishing
  - E. T. "Red" Holen
- Around The State
- Toll Taxis About Trails
  - Joy Casey
- Professor Snook
  - Chuck Schilling
- Big Cypress Camp-out
  - Max Hunn

**Departments**

- Muskell Flashes: 6
- Sportsman's Bookshelf: 35
- Fishing: 8
- Jr. Conservationist: 36
- Florida Birdlife: 33
- Dog Chatter: 39
- Test and Tells: 40

**Regional Officers**

- Northwest Region
  - James H. Elfers, Regional Manager
- Northeast Region
  - Charles C. McPherson, Regional Manager
- Central Region
  - D. C. Land, Regional Manager
- Southwest Region
  - Royal O. Davis, Regional Manager

**Florida Wildlife**
March 1959

Copyright 1959 by Florida Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission.
WHAT IS A QUIL HUNTER?

By CHARLES DICKEY

BETWEEN A BOY'S first shotgun and a tottering old man we find a delightfully Higgins' irresistible creature called a quail hunter. Quail hunters come in assorted sizes but all of them have the same creed: To enjoy every second of every minute of every hour of every hunting trip — and to violently protest when the sun sets beneath the horizon and it gets too dark to hunt. Quail hunters are found nearly everywhere — on step ridges, braggings in fields, trials, swamps, sporting good stores, conservation meetings, Sunday schools, back rooms and at board meetings. Mothers love them, young girls hate them, older brothers and sisters tolerate them, the boss envies them, and Heaven protects them. A quail hunter is Truth with dirt on his face. Beauty with a briar scratch on its finger, Wisdom with Nature as its God, and the Hope of the future with good-will toward man.

When you are busy, a quail hunter is thinking of pointers, setters and country roads. When you wish to make a good impression on a client, he may talk only of the triple he once bagged, the way Ole Spot honors a point, the spring bird hatch or the prospects of his newest pup.

A quail hunter is a composite — he is content with "red" cheese and crackers for lunch at a country store but his ulcer has to be pampered with a special diet when he is at home; he is old well without question; he has the energy of a hurricane when he starts hunting although in the office it tires him to work the pay window; he has the lungs of a dictator when he talks to the dogs although his secretary complains that he whimpers all the time; he has the imagination of a scientist as he looks for coverts along with likely edge; he shows the audacity of a steel trap as he tramp through green briars oblivious of the pain in his thighs; he has the enthusiasm of a firecracker when he beats every brush pile, and when the dogs do go on point, he has forgotten to load his gun.

He likes very hunting pants, old guns, hunting knives, leamy boots, long weekends, all kinds of field dogs, back roads, wool shirts, abandoned farms and questionable companions who also are quail hunters. He is not much for social gatherings between Thanksgiving and March, sly cat, neckties, educational books, weekend company, barbers, people who post land and people who don't. When he feels the thought of race, creed or color, he likes people who hunt bobwhite quail three months a year and talk about it twelve.

Nobody else is so early to rise, or so late to supper — during the bird season. Nobody else gets so much fun out of chasing dogs, trampling honeysuckle, and getting mad on his feet. Nobody else suffers so aimlessly with aching feet, twisted ankles and strained muscles. Nobody else can cram into one pocket a rusty knife, 17 No. 8 shells, an extra pack of smoke, a compass that doesn't work, an old dog history, change for lunch, a hunting license, waterproof matches, a crow call, a red hankychief, last year's duck stamp, extra boot laces, a broken dog whistle, a snake-bit kit, and a bot bot kit.

A quail hunter is a magical creature — you might get sore at his constant chatter about birds but you can't lock him out of your home. You can assign him to alliterative in the spring, but you know where he'll be in the fall. His sales chart will be as good as the next but he'll get it there in his own sweet time. He may be the very one who sells the "rich old huzzard" story.

You might as well give up — the quail hunter is a child of Nature with a hopeless one-track mind. He'll do his work with the rest of them, but when Deember comes around he's out in the field behind a young pup and an old veteran on the prowl for Bobwhite. He's earnest in his work but he's just a little more sincere when he's slow-trailing a juniper covert.

And though you get sore at him in the winter, you know you'll always like him. There's something about him that ring tree coots almost too honest. He's a simple kind of man who asks no more of life than there is in him to give. His bird is some small thing that creeps about to catch rabbits, his wild rice is a curlew or pintail or teal, his titmouse is a tiny finch.

Based on Alan Beck's: "What Is a Boy?"

OCTOBER, 1935

WHAT IS A QUIL HUNTER?
By EDMUND MCLAURIN

Sighting-in a rifle or patternning of a shotgun is a job that each shooter must do for himself; no one can do it for him with absolute accuracy. Reasons are that shooters shoulder and aim their guns differently, and individual eyesight can vary to an extent that one man may see his sights and visualize his sight picture entirely different from another. With open style metallic sights, such as are commonly installed by the fire arms manufacturers on standard model rifles, two equally good shots may put their shot groups a foot or more apart at 200 yards, using the same rifle and box of ammunition. With substituted peep sight or scope sight, the difference would be less pronounced, but there would still probably be a noticeable difference in shot group placement.

Armed with this knowledge, one need not be alarmed if his sight picture is not the best—just so that he can judge his sight picture so that it will be consistent when shooting.

When three fixed shots group like those pictured, your rifle may be considered perfectly adjusted. Daintily, a hunter should be sighting-in for the lowest possible range that will not cause mid-range misses.

Desirably, a hunting rifle with a given load should be sighted-in for the longest possible range that will not cause mid-range misses.

The shooter who wants to get maximum performance from his gun and its sights should send a dollar to The Martin Firearms Company, New Haven, Connecticut, for that firm's Sighting-in Guide. A revolving cardboard disc instantly gives current data on different types of calibers and bullet weights, recommended range to sight-in at, compared range and bullet climb and drop at various ranges and other ballistic information. It uses the chart as a guide—not as absolute rule for all rifles. Due to the bedded action and/or barrel vibrations, your rifle may not conform exactly to the chart's performance indicated by the chart. However, performance will be reasonably close to the given standard. By comparison of actual performance with the chart's figures, you can easily work out sight settings most practical to you.

For swing-out sights, using a scope equipped to 200, this gun editor likes to use a thumb rest. A thumb rest is handy in these early stages of getting the sights adjusted. The thumb rest is a most helpful addition to the rifle for the hunter.

Home hunters use patterns that are found in the instruction book to determine how to adjust the rifle for best results. The pattern should be used to determine the point of impact of the bullet at various ranges. By using a 30-inch circle around the densest part of the shot pattern, the number of shots therein with the number of shot contained in the particular shell load used, the gun editor has been able to determine an idea of how much the pattern should be moved in or out to get the best result. (Continued on Page 27)
I enjoyed my recent trip

...to the beautiful north country, but when it comes to real angling
thrills, give me the Sunshine State

as possible from my regular, Florida fishing bill of fare. I’ll admit I was anxious toward the end of my vacation to get back home and find myself in water that holds the promise of something other than minnow-size minnows, which are my fish food. I can barely stand the sight of them. I want to catch big yellow perch and bluegills, and I want to catch them in good numbers. I want to find a big yellow perch in my net and say, “Wow! Look at that!”

I enjoyed my recent trip to the beautiful north country, but when it comes to real angling thrills, give me the Sunshine State instead. The Sunshine State has something for everyone, from big yellow perch to smallmouth bass. The water is clear and the fish are plentiful. I love fishing in Florida, and I always look forward to my next trip there.

I arrived back in Lake Michigan after a long, hot, humid summer. The water was warm and the fishing was good. I caught several big yellow perch and a few smallmouth bass. I also caught a few pickerel, which are great to eat. I was happy to be back in Michigan after being away for so long.

After two weeks of fishing in Michigan, I returned home to the beautiful north country. I was happy to be back in my home state, and I was excited to see my family and friends again. I spent the rest of the summer fishing in Lake Michigan, and I enjoyed every minute of it. I can’t wait to go back again next year.

The traditional pipe in the mouth of the trout fisherman is, in many cases, only an excuse to carry a tobacco can filled with garden tackle. Perhaps the most common of all trout fishermen is a fisherman who is happy to be fishing. The trout fisherman is happy to be fishing, and the water temperature is cold, and the wind is blowing. The trout fisherman is happy to be fishing, and the water conditions are perfect.

Not Typical
After my Michigan vacation this year, I no longer feel that our Florida, winter visitors are typical. This summer was a cold one in Michigan. I had to buy heavy, woolen socks and shirt to keep warm in July. The water was ice cold, and the wind seemed even colder.

One day at Ludington Beach on Lake Michigan, I stood shivering in the wind, huddled in my heavy shirt and jacket watching several thousand vacationers swim in the lake and lounge around on the beach. The sand. The sound of happy, carefree voices came in an unceasing chorus across the beach. If this same wind and water temperature prevailed in Miami in January, the sound of complaining vacationers would sound like air. Tourists are certainly not common here.

In Ludington, I saw huge banners stretched across downtown building fronts, welcoming the yellow perch fishermen. This is apparently a regular Summer Fishing Festival. Out on the breakwater, the perch fishermen were happy as larks palling in their tiny prigs. Remembering the anglers who visit Florida each winter, I can only conclude they are not the same ones who fish for yellow perch in Michigan in the summertime.

Small Fry
Michigan or Florida, summer or winter, big or little fish, it’s difficult to find a youngster who doesn’t enjoy fishing. I went along on a trip with Capt. Ralph Adams on his twin-engine cruiser out of Big Pine Key, Florida. As Adams was telling me his story, I was told by a fellow fisherman, and the story of a 12-year-old boy, Charley Waterman and I watched with appreciation as Jeff carried out his duties as mate, giving his Dad the benefit of his counsel whenever the occasion demanded. Capt. Adams and Jeff, fishing with a magnificent tackle and landing a 22-pound trout weighing about 100 pounds. The look of personal satisfaction on young Jeff’s face was evident from the look of appreciation I found on the young perch fisherman at Ludington and the young trout fisherman on the Pere Marquette River.

All of those who enjoy angling, young boys undoubtedly get the most joy from the sport. Those of us who remember some of the enthusiasm and wonder of our tender years have a sure fire vacation against the monotony of life of tenacious, hard work, and frustration associated with modern, adult living.
Being an experienced wildfowl man, I was wary, instinctively for that split-second pause when the doves should reach the top of their climb and level off. This bird wasn't going to pause, however: In this particular, I let go as it continued to grab altitude.

BANG!

Already high overhead, the tiny body shattered. Then it began to spiral earthward, trying valiantly to recover full use of its swept-back wings, now maimed from the poorly placed shot load. In the nearby hollow the old man shouted his approval.

I knew I didn't deserve any praise, however, and now proceeded to reload clumsily in my eagerness to shoot over the crippled bird and put it out of my way.

Taking my glance away from the descending dove proved to be a mistake. For now as I ran out to what I felt sure would be the exact spot, the bird was nowhere to be seen.

The only one left, the huddled, drooping, meanwhile, was hissing himself a ball. The confused doves were flapping wildly back and forth across the ragged field. Had this time become completely surrounded by the crowding, excited hunters, and the ploy-paw of the neighbor's scattergun came regularly with devastating effect.

A jetting bird shot into view from somewhere in my back as I stood out there in the open field. And merrily, I snatched a shot at it even straight ahead. The load of it's hemmed the target in complete spin. The load of it's hemmed the target in complete spin. This was more like it...
**GENERAL REGULATIONS**

All dates shown are inclusive. Opening day, closing day, Thanksgiving Day, Christmas Day, and New Year’s Day are open to hunting. Should any of the above holidays fall on a Sunday, the Monday following such holiday will be open to hunting.

Some areas are restricted to the taking of game animals and game birds.

Rabbits are declared to be game animals. There is no closed season for the taking of rabbits, and no daily bag or possession limit.

A hunting license is required to take rabbits. The regular open season for game animals and birds.

Rabbits may be taken at night under special permit issued by the Director of the Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission when the animals are found to be damaging personal property.

---

**GAME LAWS**

**1958–1959**

**HUNTING SEASON**

---

**MIGRATORY BIRDS**

**SPECIAL PROVISIONS**

- **Squirrel**
  - Daily bag limit: 10 gray, 1 fox; no season's bag limit.
  - Deer must have at least one antler measuring five inches in length.
  - Any season's bag limit.

---

**Species**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Species</th>
<th>Open Season</th>
<th>Daily Bag</th>
<th>Possession</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>RAIL (marsh hen)</td>
<td>Sept. 13 thru Nov. 16</td>
<td>15</td>
<td>30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>GALLINULE</td>
<td>Sera rail-25</td>
<td></td>
<td>25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WOODCOCK</td>
<td>Dec. 13 thru Jan. 11</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>DOVE</td>
<td>Oct. 4 thru Nov. 2</td>
<td>10</td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SNIIPE</td>
<td>Dec. 13 thru Jan. 11</td>
<td>8</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>DUCK</td>
<td>Nov. 22 thru Jan. 15</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>GEESE</td>
<td>Nov. 22 thru Jan. 15</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>COOT</td>
<td>Nov. 22 thru Jan. 15</td>
<td>10</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

*That part of Franklin Co. (Third District) east of State Road 30 and a line extending from the point where State Road 59 turns west to the water line and including all of Alligator Point shall be closed to the taking of doves during the Oct. 4 thru Nov. 2 portion of the dove season.

**FLORIDA WILDLIFE**

---

**GAME LAWS**

**1958–1959**

**HUNTING SEASON**

---

**MIGRATORY BIRDS**

**SPECIAL PROVISIONS**

- **Squirrel**
  - Daily bag limit: 10 gray, 1 fox; no season's bag limit.
  - Deer must have at least one antler measuring five inches in length.
  - Any season's bag limit.

---

**Species**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Species</th>
<th>Open Season</th>
<th>Daily Bag</th>
<th>Possession</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>RAIL (marsh hen)</td>
<td>Sept. 13 thru Nov. 16</td>
<td>15</td>
<td>30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>GALLINULE</td>
<td>Sera rail-25</td>
<td></td>
<td>25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WOODCOCK</td>
<td>Dec. 13 thru Jan. 11</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>DOVE</td>
<td>Oct. 4 thru Nov. 2</td>
<td>10</td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SNIIPE</td>
<td>Dec. 13 thru Jan. 11</td>
<td>8</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>DUCK</td>
<td>Nov. 22 thru Jan. 15</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>GEESE</td>
<td>Nov. 22 thru Jan. 15</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>COOT</td>
<td>Nov. 22 thru Jan. 15</td>
<td>10</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

*That part of Franklin Co. (Third District) east of State Road 30 and a line extending from the point where State Road 59 turns west to the water line and including all of Alligator Point shall be closed to the taking of doves during the Oct. 4 thru Nov. 2 portion of the dove season.

**FLORIDA WILDLIFE**

---

**GAME LAWS**

**1958–1959**

**HUNTING SEASON**

---

**MIGRATORY BIRDS**

**SPECIAL PROVISIONS**

- **Squirrel**
  - Daily bag limit: 10 gray, 1 fox; no season's bag limit.
  - Deer must have at least one antler measuring five inches in length.
  - Any season's bag limit.

---

**Species**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Species</th>
<th>Open Season</th>
<th>Daily Bag</th>
<th>Possession</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>RAIL (marsh hen)</td>
<td>Sept. 13 thru Nov. 16</td>
<td>15</td>
<td>30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>GALLINULE</td>
<td>Sera rail-25</td>
<td></td>
<td>25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WOODCOCK</td>
<td>Dec. 13 thru Jan. 11</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>DOVE</td>
<td>Oct. 4 thru Nov. 2</td>
<td>10</td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SNIIPE</td>
<td>Dec. 13 thru Jan. 11</td>
<td>8</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>DUCK</td>
<td>Nov. 22 thru Jan. 15</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>GEESE</td>
<td>Nov. 22 thru Jan. 15</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>COOT</td>
<td>Nov. 22 thru Jan. 15</td>
<td>10</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

*That part of Franklin Co. (Third District) east of State Road 30 and a line extending from the point where State Road 59 turns west to the water line and including all of Alligator Point shall be closed to the taking of doves during the Oct. 4 thru Nov. 2 portion of the dove season.

**FLORIDA WILDLIFE**
With a controversial subject like squirrel hunting you’ve got to . . .

Take a Stand

By RUSSELL TINSLEY

SOMEWHERE IN A TALL, dense-crowned tree to my right a squirrel barked.

Tensely I shifted my .32 rimfire autoloader to half cast and peered into the branches. There was an agonizing wait followed by two or three more ominous barks. I strained, trying to see something. But it was just as if light and still too hazy to identify anything in the leaf-shrouded tree top.

Leaning forward slightly on the log, I watched the trees quietly. The air was calm, punctuated only by the muffling of various woods sounds that greet the awakening of a new-born day. Occasionally, the squirrel would bark. Two birds chattered incessantly in a tree top almost directly overhead. A cottontail rabbit bounded out of a clump of brush, jumped wildly as he started his path of travel upon spying me, and scampered out between two tree trunks.

It was a cool, clear-breaking autumn morning. I was hunkered on my makeshift stand—in this instance a rotting log—a few minutes before daybreak, well knowing that the early squirrel hunter gets the game, to rephrase an old adage. When hunting squirrels solitaire, it is best to be in the woods and hidden as early as possible.

Gradually long shades of light were drawn on the eastern horizon. Soon the sun edged into site. I kept my eyes glued to the tree where I heard the squirrel bark. Momentarily he showed, hopping out on a limb and pausing to raise and gaze about, his bushy tail twitching provocatively.

Bracing the rifle across my knee, I rested the cross hairs of the scope sight just below the squirrel’s eye and slowly squeezed the trigger. Almost simultaneously, with the report of the .32 that cracked like a bull whip, the squirrel pitched backward off the limb as if pole-axed.

squirrel hunter, going at it alone, will move as little as possible, spending most of his time sitting still, where he can thoroughly scrutinize all surrounding habitat.

But if you are one of those nervous hunters, such as I, who find it difficult to remain on stand for more than thirty minutes at a stretch, then it will call for moving between stands, stopping frequently to search the woods as you shift locations.

The slower you move, the better. Take one step and stand still, putting your feet down cautiously to avoid all unnecessary noise possible. When your blood starts circulating and your muscles become untied, look for another stand.

Once you find another good vantage point, amply concealed, get down and remain still until you can’t stand it another moment. Then, and only then, move. Repeat this procedure until your hunt is concluded.

That’s what I’d done this time. After hunting about one hundred yards into the thick timber, I began searching for another suitable spot to stop. Sighting a cluster of grape vines spider-webbed between two trees, I found a soft spot well concealed and seated myself comfortably for a long wait. With as little commotion as possible I studied the sun-drenched canopy of tree tops overhead.

Hunting off a stand is the sensible method of squirrel hunting in Florida’s heavy timber, especially if a hunter is working alone. Two hunters or a hunter and dog can systematically comb the woods, muscling out hidden squirrels. But the key is to avoid facing a disadvantage. Squirrels can flatten out on a trunk, moving with the hunter to remain hidden.

The 1958 squirrel season in Florida commences one-half hour before sunup on Saturday, November 15, and closes one-half hour after sunset on Sunday, February 1. The daily bag limit is ten grey squirrels and two fox squirrels with no season limit.

I remained on my present stand for perhaps thirty minutes without success. Moving again, I located another spot behind a fallen log and bit once more. This time patience paid off.

Lying on my stomach, I rested the rifle barrel across the log and watched the trees stretching off into the distance. I hadn’t been settled more than five minutes when a sly red fox squirrel, much smaller than the two greys I’d killed earlier, sidled around a trunk followed by a second.
Month of Promise

By EDMUND McLARIN

To the hundreds of bowhunters throughout Florida

October is the

promising month for hunting in Florida. Besides usual ushering in the dove season, October is bowhunting time.

Each October, special big-game bowhunters are held in the Florida National Forest and Eglin Field areas.

As a sought supplement and/or substitution this year, bowhunters throughout Florida made petition to the Game Commission to open the heretofore closed Withlacoochee area solely to bowhunting for a period resembling the general gun-hunting season. As alternatives, State bowmen have asked for either the setting aside of some other Game Management Area for bowhunting only, or else a ten-day prior right of access to the Withlacoochee area, should the decision be made to open up that section to general hunting this year. The objection is an expanded bowhunting program over that of previous years.

Like many other states observing special bowhunting seasons, Florida does not recognize nor permit the crossbow as a legal hunting weapon; only the vertically drawn and aimed longbow can be used.

However, for efficiency all the popular modern bows are purposely made long—5½ to 6 feet long—such as those of Robin Hood’s day, although the American Indian favored a short bow. Today, American aborigines probably use the shortest of the modern bow styles. Theirs are only about a foot long—but nevertheless are sufficient in size and power to propel small poison-tipped arrows with deadly effect.

Modern longbows are far superior to those of earlier times. Today, a light target bow, when used for hunting, is perfectly capable of driving a sharp arrow completely through the fleshy areas of a deer or wild hog, but when arrow hits are made in bony regions of shoulder and hip, the more powerful bow weights usually out-perform lighter versions. A raccoon arrow (and some actually incorporate razor blades) hunting arrow, driven by a fairly heavy bow, will often penetrate completely through a deer or hog, regardless of location of the hit. In Florida, most bows used for hunting pull between 40 and 55 pounds and are of wood, glass, or composite materials.

A bow that is rated at a certain number pounds (pull) at full draw of 28 inches, will drop in power approximately 2¼ to 3 pounds per inch when draw with an arrow shorter than the 28 inch standard length.
Target arrows are measured from the bottom of the nock to the front of the shoulder of the point. Arrows of correct length for the individual bowman should be fully and uniformly drawn to length.

The drawing length of field and blunt type arrows is measured from the bottom of arrow nock to the back end of arrow point, regardless of the type of field or blunt point used.

Quivers come plain or highly ornamented, and in various styles, to suit a variety of individual tastes. Many available models not only will hold all the Bowman’s arrows but also such essential accessories as extra bowstrings, cube of beeswax, whet stone or file, knife and snakebite kit, and sometimes his lunch and plastic rainjacket!

Of the different available styles, either a bow quiver (attached to the handle of the bow and usually holding three arrows) or a small leather quiver worn on the hip is advisable for the beginner. It takes considerable practice to use a shoulder quiver quietly and with a minimum of arm movement, and in hunting wary game, such as deer, these factors exert marked influence on one’s chances of success. To the uninitiated, a shoulder quiver seems to be a grenade—in disguise—often snaring its exposed arrow ends on low, overhanging brush and seemingly rattling its content noisily at times when maintained silence is of paramount importance to the Bowman.

Long shot kills are the exception. Probably the longest shot on record is that of a deer kill made in Utah at a range of 173 yards. Even Howard Hill, long considered one of the world’s most skilled bowmen, says he considers 50 yards the maximum range at which he can reliably expect to make killing hits on big game. Accuracy at 50 yards and beyond requires almost perfect range estimation, aiming and arrow release, if anything more than a lucky hit is expected.

Even Hill finds such shooting difficult and uncertain. Most of the deer that he kills are shot at close range following a careful stalk or as an opportunity developed from still hunting. The average Bowman can expect to make most of his shots at around 25 yards, the national average, or at almost point blank range if his quarry is unsuspecting and permits or makes a close range approach. Therefore, logically confine your...

Photo shows what happens when arrow is released from recurved-end style bow. Because it is subjected to immediate force, and jumps from a dead rest to full speed in a fraction of a second, an arrow actually bends around the center of mass as it begins its flight, but a shaft of correct spine will come back into line of target and make a true flight.
The case history of Central Florida's Lake Apopka reads like the medical chart of an ailing person long under the surveillance of a family physician. It all started back in 1949, when the 31,000-acre lake started to show signs of losing some of its appeal as a prime fresh water sport fishing "hot spot." Long enjoying nationwide fame as one of the best producers of angling action, Lake Apopka suddenly gave evidence of a sharp decline in its healthy condition as a prolific body of water heavily populated with Florida's more popular game fishes, largemouth bass, crappie, and shellcracker.

Early tests made by biologists of the Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission's Fishery Division, produced the startling revelation that the bass population consisted mainly of adults, which meant that no new generations were on hand to replace the decreasing numbers of "grown-up" bronzebacks.

Further diagnostic examinations were made, and included a sampling of all the fish populations through use of research techniques as seineing, spot poisoning and chemical analysis of the waters. It was soon discovered that an extreme overbalance of gizzard shad was slowly reducing Lake Apopka's ability to produce game fish necessary for its existence as a fishing lake giving support to a myriad of business establishments located all along its shores. Treatment by a highly specialized series of chemical applications could remedy the situation, but the prescribed corrective measures would take several years and be extremely high in cost.

During the 1957 session of the State Legislature, a special program, sponsored by Governor LeRoy Collin, was passed in which $250,000 was put into the "Fishing Improvement Appropriation" for use during the 1957-58 Biennium. From this Appropriation, $30,000 was earmarked for the Lake Apopka project, and matched by similar amounts from the Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission, and Orange and Lake Counties on whose borders the lake is located.

With adequate funds and trained technicians now available to do the job, plans were made for three
annual applications of a special chemical known as rotenone. This chemical, used for centuries as a fish-killer by the Indians of Central and South America, was only recently found to be toxic, when properly diluted, to gizzard shad without harming gamefish. Applied to the waters of a lake, rotenone coats the gills of the shad and causes constriction preventing free passage of blood through the gills which results in eventual suffocation. The gamefish of Florida can resist the effects of the chemical up to a point, but improper usage could mean the destruction of ALL fish.

The first treatment was made during November 1957, (full report appeared in the February, 1958 issue of FLORIDA WILDLIFE) and proved highly successful. More than 3½ million pounds of the undesirable shad were destroyed, and in a matter of weeks, fishing conditions improved. Crappie (speckled perch) suddenly appeared to be rejuvenated and limit stringers were soon a common occurrence.

The date for the second treatment was set for August 19, 1958. Weather conditions were ideal and before dawn, some 28 specially rigged motor boats and six airboats headed for the open lake with another lethal dose of rotenone for the gizzard shad still on hand. The day-long operation proved even more successful than anticipated and an estimated 10 million pounds of shad were killed. Further evidence of last year's successful application was brought to light in that there was a notable lack of medium-size shad in the recent kill. This year's destruction eliminated considerable numbers of the new hatch, and a great many of the older shad who survived last year's application. The remaining adults will probably spawn one more time before completing their life-cycle which usually runs three to four years. (Continued on Page 36)
False Beliefs and Superstitions

Have Caused A Considerable Amount of

Tall Tales
About Tails

By JAY CASEY

Gila Monster. In times when food is plentiful the big tail is thick and heavy, but thin and rope-like is easily broken when the reptile appears after months of hibernation, during which time it has lived up a nourishment stored in its tail cupule.

The fat-tailed gecko, and its stump-tailed lizard of Australia or other creatures using tails as steps houses. The stump-tailed lizard, with a tail so similar to its head that I was believed for a long time to have two heads and was known as the two-headed lizard.

With so many different species of lizards it is only natural there would be a variety of tails. For example there is the spiny-tailed with a curious appendage looking for all the world like a spiked war club. Then there is the tail-lizard, with large erect tissue on tail in form of a tail, which is used to help the creature scurry over desert sands.

When frightened, nature has made it possible for various lizards to detach a portion of the tail, leaving not much to worry about on the ground. The attention of the enemy, while the wily lizard makes a hasty retreat. In time it will grow a new tail, and we have read as never seen an example—where occasion the whole creature is sometimes and sometimes as many as two new tails are grown at the same time.

Probably one of the oldest “tall tales” of tails is the one credited to the porcupine with the ability to hold down tall tail.

The beaver’s tail has also been the subject of many tall tales and false beliefs.

“NATURE is in her very capable way, has worked out some interesting and unusual designs in the way of appendages for her various creatures.

As might well be expected these tails are all kinds—long, short, fat, lean, prehensils, non-prehensils and some are decidedly ornamental.

The size, as well as shape of tail, is influenced by its use, which is, indeed, varied. Some tails are used as weapons of defense, while others serve mainly as balancers, props and tools. Then there are those that are used to give signals, others to furnish warmth, and others are store rooms for food supplies. And while many tails are extremely odd looking, fits the need of its owner to perfection.

True facts concerning some of these tails reads more like “tall tales” than honest-to-goodness truth. For example, the tail that is double-less capable of causing the greatest terror to man and beast is absolutely harmless—we are speaking of the tail of the rattle snake! The ominous warning of the rattle, sounding somewhat like the hiss of escaping steam, emphasized by buzzes, is a chiller!

The majestic whale, possession of the largest of all tails, uses it as an offensive and defensive weapon. This monster may playfully raise thirty feet or more of tail from the water and bring it down with a tremendous splash, or it may use the powerful weapon to crush a ship, or to conquer an enemy.

Another immense creature, the elephant, has a comparatively small elephant’s tall tail that is used as money! In West Africa’s elephants’ tails are the official medium of exchange among a certain tribe.

Another in the big tail class is the broad-tailed Asia, which surely is vain over its ponderous tail. From necessity the huge tail, weighing from seventy to eighty pounds, must be carried on a small cart hitched to the sheep. It is said that a reserve stock of fat is stored in the tail, which is, indeed a unique way of hoarding food. This method, however, is also employed by the

The beautiful brassy tail of the squirrel is useful in many ways.

When sitting for a rest the kangaroo’s strong tail serves as the third point in a tripod. He also uses the huge tail as a balance when running and leaping along in his travel, and it serves as a most formidable weapon against enemies.

Considering its size, the kangaroo tail has the longest tail of any known animal. The tail is used as a balance when the little animal makes one of its long leaps, similar to the kangaroo, thus explaining how it came to be so named. The kangaroo tail also uses its tail much like a hand to hold tufts of grass which it gathers to use for nest building.

The long tapering tail of the jumping mouse is not merely for ornamental purposes, but serves as a prop, as a balance, and in cold weather the little animal wraps itself into a tight ball and walks the long tail around and around, making an excellent warmer.

Some authorities believe that the riper’s tail, and also that of the mole possess a sense of direction, a sort of antenna, and warns these underground creatures when enemies are approaching from behind.

The ring-tailed lemur finds his long and prettily ringed tail a comfortable cushion upon which to sit. It is also useful as a wrap-around for nose and feet on cold nights.

When tired, or ready for all night sleeping, the South American woolly monkey perches itself on a limb, stretches toes to another limb, then leans back on tail, stretches toes to a third limb, and so on. When hungry the monkey’s tail is often called his fifth hand.

The giant anteater of South America is equipped with a tail, two thirds longer than its body, a huge weapon of defense, which serves as a defensive mass of bristly hair, which is armed with teeth and armed with teeth and armed with teeth and armed with teeth.

When a creature is engaged in eating ants, gets the anteater, while it is a engaged in eating ants, gets the anteater, while it is engaged in eating ants, gets the anteater, while it is engaged in eating ants, gets the anteater, while it is engaged in eating ants, gets the anteater, while it is engaged in eating ants, gets the anteater, while it is engaged in eating ants, gets the anteater, while it is engaged in eating ants, gets the anteater, while it is engaged in eating ants, gets the anteater, while it is engaged in eating ants, gets the anteater, while it is engaged in eating ants, gets the anteater, while it is engaged in eating ants, gets the anteater, while it is engaged in eating ants, gets the anteater, while it is engaged in eating ants, gets the anteater, while it is engaged in eating ants, gets the anteater, while it is engaged in eating ants, gets the anteater, while it is engaged in eating ants, gets the anteater, while it is engaged in eating ants, gets the anteater, while it is engaged in eating ants, gets the anteater, while it is engaged in eating ants, gets the anteater, while it is engaged in eating ants, gets the anteater, while it is engaged in eating ants, gets the anteater, while it is engaged in eating ants, gets the anteater, while it is engaged in eating ants, gets the anteater, while it is engaged in eating ants, gets the anteater, while it is engaged in eating ants, gets the anteater, while it is engaged in eating ants, gets the anteater, while it is engaged in eating ants, gets the anteater, while it is engaged in eating ants, gets the anteater, while it is engaged in eating ants, gets the anteater, while it is engaged in eating ants, gets the anteater, while it is engaged in eating ants, gets the anteater, while it is engaged in eating ants, gets the anteater, while it is engaged in eating ants, gets the anteater, while it is engaged in eating ants, gets the anteater, while it is engaged in eating ants, gets the anteater, while it is engaged in eating ants, gets the anteater, while it is engaged in eating ants, gets the anteater, while it is engaged in eating ants, gets the anteater, while it is engaged in eating ants, gets the anteater, while it is engaged in eating ants, gets the anteater, while it is engaged in eating ants, gets the anteater, while it is engaged in eating ants, gets the anteater, while it is engaged in eating ants, gets the anteater, while it is engaged in eating ants, gets the anteater, while it is engaged in eating ants, gets the anteater, while it is engaged in eating ants, gets the anteater, while it is engaged in eating ants, gets the anteater, while it is engaged in eating ants, gets the anteater, while it is engaged in eating ants, gets the anteater, while it is engaged in eating ants, gets the anteater, while it is engaged in eating ants, gets the anteater, while it is engaged in eating ants, gets the anteater, while it is engaged in eating ants, gets the
A bass angler fishing the many rivers of Florida is liable to get a startling lesson from...
Big Cypress Camp-Out

Experts take time to teach youthful sportsmen about exploring and living in Florida's wilderness

By MAX HUNN

FORTY MILES WEST of Miami lies the most remote section of Florida—some 5,000 square miles of trackless cypress and sawgrass country—little changed since the Indians retreated into this wilderness at the end of the Seminole Indian wars.

It's the last frontier in the southern part of the state, and one of the most difficult regions to travel in the U. S. In the heart of this wilderness area—a half mile south of Monroe Station, which stands quietly alongside the Tamiami Trail (U. S. 41), 60 odd miles west of Miami—on the grounds of the Everglades Conservation and Sportsman's club, five Miami Air Explorer squadrons held their first Big Cypress campout.

And in two days, the fifty-seven Explorers and their advisors learned more about the ways of the cypress and sawgrass country, than most people learn in years.

Their tutors were members of the Everglades Conservation club, a small group of wood-wise sportsmen who hunt this primitive area, and who're as at home miles from civilization as you and I are in our own backyards. They know every nook and crenity of the Big Cypress and they passed onto the Explorers as much of their hard learned knowledge as they could in a short time. Assisting Boy and Girl Scouts to hunt about the wilderness of South Florida, and to become better outdoors people, and conservation-minded sportsmen is a regular program with the Everglades club, and more than 1,000 boys and girls have ben-fitted from this private, educational program. And it's all been to demonstrate this unusual craft to the Explorers.

If special interest was the talk on Florida conservation by Lee Golney, Regional Manager for the Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission.

And it was Bill Penny of Squadron 6, who had the good fortune to be selected to pilot this sawgrass country craft when Sig took the Explorers for a quick ride.

"Golly, I didn't know whether I could handle that air boat or not," remarked Bill when he returned from his trip. "These blowboats don't have any underwater rudder or keel, and you've got to step on the gas to make 'em turn. I wasn't so sure I could do it, but Sig coached me fine. Golly it's an experience to ride 'em. And how they roar."

The "blow boat" Bill piloted was driven by a 145 HP ex-aircraft engine. The engine mounted with the propeller facing aft can drive the "blow boat" at speeds up to 45 miles or more per hour. Some air boats mounting 225 HP engines can achieve speeds of 60 miles an hour.

These peculiar craft originally were invented in the 1920's as "chow boats" and used to haul supplies to and from the pines in the Everglades west of Miami. Later they were adapted to hunting fowls, providing greater speed and maneuverability than the Seminole-type dugout previously used. Now they're widely used for fishing, for sawgrass hunting, for exploration and pleasure rides in this soggy country.

It was a little after two in the afternoon. Noon chow and KP were over. The Navy 'copter had returned and picked up the gunnery instructors, and everybody was lounging around the palmetto-lined camp site, when a pickup truck pulled into the parking area, and the driver tossed three long blasts on his horn.

Three blasts had been the pre-arranged assembly
being the most dangerous, being the most difficult to see because they’re often covered with mud, and lastly, because their flight carries also a tetanus danger. So Explorers, however, needed their snake bite kit.

The words of caution were echoing in their ears as they plunged into the wilderness. Standard practices for anyone lost in the Everglades of cypress country is to build a smoke signal. If the downed airmen were capable of helping themselves, the Explorers knew they’d see a smoke signal.

The sun was beating down brilliantly as the search party slogged through the cypress. Two parties combined to use one swamp buggy, when one of the bugs broke a tie-rod trying to force passage between a pair of stubborn cypress trees. 

Forty-five minutes later the first Explorers broke out of a cypress strand onto a sawgrass prairie and spotted the smoke signal.

A bit surprised at finding two squadron mates playing victims, they nevertheless quickly gave first aid, applying temporary splints to one victim’s leg, and to the other’s arm, meanwhile giving them water. It was really hot in the sun. When first aid was complete, the victims were gently placed on the swamp buggy’s ambulance and returned to camp.

It took the first Explorers more than fifty minutes to reach the scene, although the actual distance from camp was a short three miles. But a mile in the cypress-sawgrass country is a long ways, as any Miami explorer who made the trek can tell you, and that’s what they had encountered in a real emergency.

Swamp buggies were used to shuttle the Explorers back to the Tamiami Trail, and one and all were glad to see the trucks waiting, and happier still to learn that the rest of the day was scheduled for swimming in a nearby rockpit which made a convenient rustic swimming hole.

FLORIDA BIRDLIFE

Royal Tern, Thalasseus maximus.
The long, deeply forked tail is one of the outstanding features of this species. Other identification marks include the rather slender orange or yellowish-orange bill, the white forehead (in the winter plumage) and blackish legs of the adults.

The bird is a common year round resident of Florida. Areas of concentration shift about as food becomes more abundant in different places.

The Royal Tern is primarily a fishing bird, taking a variety of fishes up to four inches in length. Its prey is captured by diving, often from a rather considerable height above the surface.

Breeding colonies are frequently spectacularly large. They favor low sandy islands along the coasts. Often other species of terns as well as other birds are found intermixed in the colony or in the immediate vicinity.

Cabot’s Tern, Thalasseus sandvicensis.
The Cabot’s Tern, or Sandwich Tern as it is also commonly known, is an expert diver. Much of its food is obtained well offshore. Fish, shrimp, squids and other marine life makes up a majority of the diet. Plunging into the water, often from a very considerable height, it is able to obtain prey well below the surface.

Cabot’s Tern is a pale-plumaged bird with long, narrow wings. The long, rather heavy black bill with sharply defined yellow tip is one of the outstanding identification characteristics.

Although they are common residents of the Gulf coast, this species has seldom been recorded from the Atlantic side of the state.

Caspian Tern, Hydroprogne caspia.
This is the largest of the terns. It is a heavy, broad-winged bird with a rather short, forked tail. The bill is coral-red in color and stout in form. From any distance at all the bird presents a definitely gull-like appearance.

Experts agree, Caspian Terns often soar to great heights, seemingly for the pleasure of the experience. They are excellent divers as is most of the terns and much of their food is captured in this manner. They sometimes alight on the water and feed in a manner similar to that of some of the gulls. Caspian terns may occasionally rob other birds of their prey and they have been known to break up the nests of other species, eating the eggs and smaller birds.

Unlike many of its relatives, this tern seems to prefer its own company, although it occasionally may be seen in company with small numbers of its kind.

In Florida the Caspian Tern is a
TAKE A STAND

The sun had set.

It was a rare sight. Seldom do I

It requires even temperance, lots

A friend of mine who does not

PROFESSOR SNOOK

The term "squirrel" is a word

While I was still

While I was still

What kind of fishing do you like

When I'm with a group

When I'm with a group

What's the best way
to catch trout anywhere on

Mel Ellis, outdoor editor of the

The Fishermen's Digest, which is

by the hand through an

Some other facts about fishing:

In this case the

In this case the

I'm not quite sure where

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

I'm not quite sure where

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year ago I

A year after
WINNIE STE. CLAIRE

With inventories and reports out of the way regarding our 1958 encampment, we can the
ded time to a review some of the events and
den in the summer season.
First of all we want to thank you par for coming to the Youth Conserva-
camp. From the many reports given to us by our staff at camp, we can't help but think you came home learned a great deal about the out- doors. Eighty and forty of you attended the Youth Conserva-
camp this summer. Over a hun-
der girls are included in this figure.
This year more interest was shown in the earning of degrees in the Flori-
da Wildlife Conservation Society. Earning these degrees are optional and depend on the interest of the campers. In other words, it is some- thing in addition to the program.
During the two week period at camp, July 14-28, the following boys earned the first degree of the Gopher (Tortoise): Terry Dye, Miami; Bill Setten, Pensacola; Paul Lefkovitz, Miami Shores, Mike Harris, Home-
stead; Gene Hering, Hialeah; Johnny McKenzie, Palatka, and Charles Lines, Gibsonton. July 20-26: Bruce Booker, Hia-
leah; Donald Lewis, Jacksonville; Gene Cuccio, Hialeah; Billy Lyle, Hialeah; Sal Dahir, Miami; Jerry Stamps, Miami; and Ted Santana, Hialeah, earned the Degree of the Gopher also.
July 27-August 2: The third de- gree of Alligator was earned by Paul Brent of Lutz, Florida. Jerry Devaney of Jacksonville earned the second degree of the Possum, Gopher degree were earned by: Pat
Nolte, DeBary, Wellesley Corbett, DeBary; Mike Canaday, Tallahassee; David Walbrecht, Marco; Mickey Tu-
ble, Eugene Cummings, North Miami; and Edwin Law, North Miami.
August 3-8: Possum Degrees earned by Brian S. Murphy of Or-
mond Beach and Bruce Cavan of Jackson-
ville. Gopher Degrees earned by Robert Frederick III, St. Peters-
burg; Clyde Fuller, Tallahassee; William White, Jr., Melbourne; Rob-
ert G. Pomer, Jupiter; Dennis Ham-
mond, Cocoa, and George Economid-
it, Tarpon Springs.
August 15-20: Gopher Degrees earned by Henry Hickman, St. Peters-
burg; David Strickland, Alachua; David Miller, Cocoa Beach; David
Konnard, West Palm Beach; Birds of Prey were: Golden Brumback, West Palm Beach; Bald Edwards, Gainesville; Leven Lake City; Mike Cole, St. Augustine.
Campers earning these degrees ac-
ceived small wooden proficiency trophies, a plaque of a possum, or the outline of an alligator. The
counselor working with boys in their
degrees was Peter Riple of Lakeland.
Grand total of degrees presented at camp: Gopher, 36 boys; Pos-
sum, 5 boys; and Alligator, one boy. Total:
14.
A great deal of interest was shown toward our Conservation Camp Area. In this area the activity included building lean-tos, tal-
ches, benches, food ovens, shelter, etc. Use of axes was demonstrated.
The wild animal compound was a top attraction for the young campers to watch and study. Most of the
birds and animals belonged to Clr. Binnder of Bindner Productions, M. Bininder directed our camp this year and gave many interesting talks about birds, reptiles and animals.
Campers at the Youth Conservation Camp enjoyed many recreational periods and had little trouble finding an
attention of these future sportmen with his informative lectures on alligator and reptiles.

FEATHERED SHADOWS

(Continued from Page 13)

a rooded excavation pit!
I reached my destination and parked the car off the narrow woods road. It did seem encouragingly quiet in here. I'd buckled on my snake gear and taken but a few steps, however, when there came the familiar crooemp-crooemp of shot gun fire nearby.
I noted disgustedly that it seemed to come from a clump of dwarf pine trees that lay between me and the field, where I expected to find snakes.
I then saw the parked car beneath the stunted trees. I was somewhat surprised to see the attractive women dresses in well-worn khakis, that stood beside it. She haltingly inquired about the pump gun familiarly over one shoul-
der, she scanned the sky for birds.
It seemed to me she would have a much better chance were she to move away from the looming car.

Then, as I came closer, I see the rea-
son. The little baby inside the vehi-
icle had not been much more than a year old.
I see that you're ready for 'em," I greeted.
She nodded. "They're here, too. Plenty of them."
"Have you noticed any trading over those dog fenned fields?"
She nodded again. "That's where most of them are. My husband is in there, too, having a big time.
I grinned and hurried on my way. If her husband could stand the thick cover and the snakes, I probably could too. I would have to let him know of my presence, though, so we wouldn't shoot one another.

Encountering the woman hunter unexpectedly like that had been en-
ouraging. Most women have been en-
thusiastic about upbraiding their husbands for shooting the supposedly insignificant little mourning dove. In fact, some non-
Northern states classify this tanta-
izing sportster with its delicately innocent appearance and sad tune as a song bird, and protect it accordingly. Actually, the mourning dove (not to be confused with its tiny cousin, the Ground Dove) is a tricky target and a fine game bird that is capable of providing miles of sport in a day's time. Accordingly, it is protected under the Federal Migratory
Bird Law of 1912.
Perhaps if those would protect the mourning dove still further, notably from hunters, were fully aware of the extremely high natural mortality of this species, they would encourage the sportsmen in their area to enjoy the fine sport it can afford, instead of pushing it to die unerected at all. The Florida Game and Fresh Wa-
ter Commission has probably com-
pletely more information on these doves than any other state in the nation. At intensive four-year studies of population dynamics, headed by

(Continued on next page)
It worked. The dumb-colored tailed jays had the nasty habit of flying slowly and lazily clearing the tops of large and sweet weeds. But the Brownings's string reached out each time, and I happened to strike, and the fowl fell.

When at last I was alone, I returned the following afternoon to my wife and let her record some detail about this super shooting spot.

Following the final application, the lake was quickly returned to top rating as a producer of large and tasty ducks of both species, and per-

possibly even distribution of gulls. I wonder if the usages of black bear can be another factor behind off-center shot patterns.

The serious shotgunner will save his used targets and take them, along with his gun, to a competent gunsmith for whatever stock follow-

ing the shot patterns indicate is needed.

When riffed slugs are to be used in a shotgun as deer hunting loads, the hunter should preferably add an adjustable rear sight and do all his targeting from prone position and sandbag rest. So firing, he like-

imately will be acutely conscious and his shoulder should take a bit of the strain, but he soon will have his gun throwing its slugs accurately to target center at 50 yards. Thereafter, he will have a vocation-getter.

The dog that damages the neigh-

beaver’s bed is bad enough, but the dog that jumps over a stream is doing a dis-

service to all dogs that is far more serious. He is helping to create a fear of dogs among children, and by extension, to criminals and cons-

trary to communities that pass over-alarmistic and discriminatory laws govern-

ing the freedom of pets.

Only one person can have much more fun on the manners of a dog.

His owner is the only one who can give him the training that will make him a good citizen of his community. And the obligation to do so is so great.

It is an obligation not to the dog and to himself, but to his community and to all other dogs every-

in is an obligation not to be taken lightly.

By GEORGE CROWLEY

W ARTING IN HARRIS’S MAGAZINE in 1896, an Englishman, Hugh Dalziel, said, “There is a class of dogs I must briefly refer to, and that is the true shooting dogs. They are not afraid of other causes. I regret the existence of this class, but I rather wonder not that they have their objectives to my favorite ani-
mal. In the vast majority of cases, dog haters have been made so by self-taught dog lovers, who, resting satisfied if their dog gives them pleasure, ignore the eternal law of love and its duty to their citizens, and through selfishness, ignorance or idleness, leave their dogs untaught and un-}
disciplined to exercise their worst instincts and consequently to be in-

m. And I am glad to report that this is still with us 71 years later.

The dog that damages the neigh-

beaver’s bed is bad enough, but the dog that jumps over a stream is doing a dis-

service to all dogs that is far more serious. He is helping to create a fear of dogs among children, and by extension, to criminals and cons-

trary to communities that pass over-alarmistic and discriminatory laws govern-

ing the freedom of pets.

Only one person can have much more fun on the manners of a dog.

His owner is the only one who can give him the training that will make him a good citizen of his community. And the obligation to do so is so great.

It is an obligation not to the dog and to himself, but to his community and to all other dogs every-

in is an obligation not to be taken lightly.
Research Needed for Estuarine Developments

When man invades one of nature's last strongholds, the entire coastal community, the estuarine and coastal marine life and wildlife management programs are confronted with a problem that is of vital importance. The problem is well-prepared to meet according to a new report prepared by officials at the Department of the Interior. The thrust that appears to be coming is to both sport and commercial fisheries to interwell, and to furballing animals.

Because nature has had undisturb

The出示s and municipalities are trying to establish new estuary development for the betterment of the environment. This will require a new approach and a new level of expertise.

The paper presents an overview of the current status and future possibilities of estuarine development. It discusses the need for research and development in this field. The report emphasizes the importance of involving all stakeholders in the decision-making process.

The paper concludes with a call for action, emphasizing the need for federal and state agencies to work together to ensure the sustainable development of estuaries.
In my opinion, the tail of the dog may denote joy, dejection, fear or hate. The curl of a pig's tail denotes health and happiness, but when hanging limp, something is wrong. Members of the great feline family, namely, the tiger, wave tails when annoyed or angry, and when about to pounce upon prey, the extreme tips quiver excitedly. To retain an even balance when walking side to side, the cat switches tail from side to side. The squirrel emphasizes every syllable when scolding by a violent switching of its plumed tail. This is not the only way the little creature uses its bushy tail. It is waved up and down in an excited manner when barking a danger signal to another of its kind. The tail serves to keep the animal in balance when jumping from one limb to another, and sometimes serves as a parachute when the animal falls, preventing what would otherwise have been a serious injury. And last but not least, the furry tail, excitedly quivering over the body on a cold night serves as an excellent blanket.

Evidently were it not for his long flat tail, a flying squirrel would not be capable of inflicting a considerable wallop, as we of the cow-milking era can attest!

The only national monthly devoted 100% to marine sport fishing.

No. 17 issue of only marine sport fishing.

Written by fishermen for fishermen, it brings you the latest on where to, when to and what to fish. Details on tackle, methods, you may receive the Next Four Issues for Only $1!
SUBSCRIBE NOW TO

Florida Wildlife

The Florida Magazine for ALL Sportsmen

12 Big Issues of Hunting and Fishing for only $2.00

TWO YEARS, 24 ISSUES, $3.75
THREE YEARS, 36 ISSUES, $5.25