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Florida Squirrels

The Southern Fox Squirrel, not as common as the Gray, is found throughout most of Florida, in Live Oak groves, Cypress swamps and Pine woods. It weighs 1 to 6 pounds. Two color phases are found - gray with black head and white nose and pinkish-buff with or without white nose.

The Gray Squirrel, also called Cat Squirrel, is found in hardwood forests, pine woods, edges, towns and parks throughout Florida. A game species. It weighs 3/4 pound to 1 1/2 pounds. Gray or gray-brown above, white below.

The Flying Squirrel is found about everywhere in Florida where woodlands occur. It is not a game species. Average weight about 3 ounces. Measures 11 inches long from tip of nose to tip of tail. Does not fly, but actually slides the air for distances up to 150 feet with the aid of membranes of skin connecting its fore and hind legs. A nocturnal animal - active only at night.

Florida Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission

Florida Wildlife

December 1966

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State of Florida

* * *

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In This Issue

Control of Nature

Ernest Swift

No Wilderness Wasted

Mike Smith

Wild Goose Roundup

Jim McDaniel

Never A Sure Thing

Edmund Mclaurin

A Backward Turn

John Fix

Departments

Muzzle Flashes

Fishing

Boating

Hunting Regulations

The Cover

The Grey Squirrel, small-game hunter's most popular target, dwells in the mosquito festooned, acorn bearing oaks along Florida's countless streams and lakes.

From a Painting by Wallace Hughes

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

Water Cats

Long considered prime table fare — now sought by plug tossing rod and reelers

A way, Stephen Foster, recognized as one of America's greatest composers, was a fraud. He wrote that famous classic, "Old Folks At Home," better known as "Way Down Upon The Suwannee River," and never laid an eyeful on the place.

If Stephen had actually seen the Suwannee River, and had fished for some of those Suwannee River catfish, he undoubtedly would have written several more verses to the song. . . all about catfishin'.

Suwannee River channel catfish run deep and they don't give up easy. And for every fisherman who frowns on Florida catfish, channel cat or otherwise, channel cat officially earned the promotion from ladder. He may work his way still farther up the prestige rings a reason to exist.

"Rough" Suwannee I

More than one river angler insists that it was the channel cat which gave hushpuppies and fried onion rings a reason to exist. Actually, it was only a few years ago that the average-and good eating-size channel catfish will often reach weights between six and eight pounds, the old .54 caliber Army single shot pistol, an ancient .69 caliber musket or one of those model 1841 Mississippi-issued government guns of .54 caliber, you can get paper cartridges for these and other old black powder muzzle loaders from John W. Berchfield, 567 Miner Road, Orinda, California. Dixie Gun Works, Union City, Tennessee, can also furnish paper cartridges for still-existing weapons.

In a modern metallic cartridge, most manufacturing cost is in the brass case in which non-mearic primer, powder and bullet are packaged. For a long time, brass and copper were relatively cheap, even though always the most expensive component of a cartridge.

As market prices of raw materials have gone up, so have retail prices of center fire ammunition. Today, discarding an empty center fire case in good condition, without reloading it, is like throwing away a hundred dollars. If you don't think empty brass cartridge cases have value, watch idle shooters along firing lines scramble for discarded empties, or how original users make haste to retrieve them ahead of rivals!

Two well known firms and one not too well known among shooters—Daisy Manufacturing Company, Smith & Wesson and MBA Rocket Laboratories—are exploring the possibilities of modernized versions of the old paper cartridge.

Daisy Manufacturing, a name famous by a line of spring-powered guns, and enhanced by subsequent manufacturers of CO2 guns for home target practice, has already announced a repeating rifle that, for ammunition, uses a self-consuming bullet. (Continued on next page)
(Continued from preceding page)

Simply, the propellant is set off by a jet of heated air.

Case Hough, president of Daisy, bought the secret formulas and patent rights for the new ammunition from Jules Van Langenhoven, a Belgian chemist, then quickly proceeded to develop a .22 caliber repeating rifle to handle it.

Daisy's new hammerless, lever-action .22 has been especially designed to reflect the general appearance of a gun. The lever-action high-power hunting rifles now on the market. Basic sales' idea is that pre-season shooting of one of the new Daisys using caseless ammunition will give you comparable but inexpensive practice, and improved skill when hunting season comes.

Smith & Wesson has announced acquisition of "a new weapon system using caseless ammunition, fired from simplified weapons of various types," and states that "ballsills of the new ammunition are comparable to conventional case loads of the same caliber."

Beyond these general statements, company officials won't comment. However, it is reasonable to assume that civilians use of the Australian-developed caseless ammunition, manufacturing rights of which Smith & Wesson now owns, is being delayed only by either American or Viet Nam conventional weapons contracts or by first claim by the military to the new type of ammunition. One thing sure, Smith & Wesson is up to something!

MBA Rocket Laboratories, an experimental firm located in Sun Ramon, California, late last year announced two radical small weapons developments—a rocket pistol and a rocket carbine. Life Magazine saw fit to give credit space to the new weapons, which are now on the market.

The sensational guns feature unrifled tubes instead of barrels and, more sensationally, fire projectiles that have propellant packaged right in the tail sections of each "bullet." There's no cartridge casing, but there is a primer to detonate the rocket fuel.

Tests have been amazing! At 400 yards, firing offhand, hits have been confined to a relatively small area and without any appreciable (bullet) drag at all! The miniature rockets—for that is what they are—carry the trade name of "Gyrojet cartridges."

Hunting-wise, the new rocket type of ammunition has great potential. Because of its long range performance and much higher sustained velocity, MBA is already designing sporting firearms for the big game hunter.

Not in the same category as caseless ammunition, but still a dramatic development, is the new tracer shot shell developed by Winchester-Western. Its use means that the shot-gunner can now see just where his shot charge goes in relation to point of aim. The new shotshell will see most use on trap and Skeet ranges.

The idea of a tracer-type shotshell is not new. There were tracers shells among loads given World War II gunnery trainees firing Skeet to develop practical knowledge of the various loads required for different shooting angles.

But there were faults. The tracer portion of the shot charge used did not always stay with the main charge during flight to target, and also had incendiary characteristics. Many of the shotshells somehow managed to leave gunnery training ranges and wind up as hunting loads, where the incendiary mixture frequently set fields and woods after. Naturally, this did not help make hunters popular with land-owners. . . .

The English developed the best of the World War II tracer shotshells. Their improvement was the coating of each pellet with a smoke-producing mix that was ignited by the friction of the shot pellets against each other during powder explosion. After leaving the shotgun bore, each ignited pellet would leave a trail of smoke behind it. Major faults were unreliable ignition and quick deterioration of stored shells whenever humidity was high. . . .

Seemingly, the new Winchester-Western tracer shotshell is without such faults.

The designers have used an aluminum ball embedding a pyrotechnic mixture and combined it with shot charge. The ball has a tiny nozzle attached. Ignition of the main powder charge also carries a flash of fire to the tracer mixture. When ignited and discharged from the shotgun bore, the burning pellet emits an intensely bright light that can be seen even in the brightest sunlight and as far as the gun as 60 yards. There is no trail of smoke.

The coefficient of the aluminum ball of tracer mixture has been matched so closely with coefficient of the shot pellets used, that the burning ball tends to stay with the main shot charge instead of falling behind it or wandering off during early flight.

Winchester-Western engineers have been able to eliminate most, if not all, of the post-firing incendiary hazards.

Remington's effort is to be outdone; has developed an after-darkness shotgun shell tracer load for night-time target shooting on a well-lighted range.

Each small shot among several hundred contained in the average shotshell used for target shooting is coated with a highly-reflective film. When fired at night the bright lights of a trap or Skeet field shine on the moving pellets and give them a grey-white color razzle-dazzle that can be seen by both shooter and spectators. There is no burning of a pyrotechnic mixture; the whole working principle is reflected light. In flight the pellets in a shot charge look much like a flight of bumblebees.

In both Winchester and Remington products the problem of possible shell absorption of atmospheric moisture is licked by use of waterproof plastic shell cases.

Desirably, all shot contained in a shotgun shell should be uniformly round and hard enough to maintain common shape during the moment of mass exit from gun via muzzle. Also, it is a ballistic fact that heavier shot tend to maintain killing velocity at longer ranges than smaller size, lighter weight shot. Simply, their weight helps them buck air resistance better.

But the real handicap to maintained velocity of round shot 'way out yonder is their shape. Their round ball form causes them to encounter quick, velocity-reducing air resistance, whatever the shot size, and the finer and lighter in weight the shot, the greater will be the effect of air resistance on the individual pellets and consequential drop-off in velocity.

New on the market are elastic shot that stretch and streamline themselves in flight, thereby reducing air drag and velocity loss while achieving maximum flight range. Until fired, the stretchable plastic pellets look like ordinary round shot. When fired, air resistance gives each pellet a streamlined bomb shape that mushrooms on target impact. The flexible shot can be loaded in any shotgun if a shot holding cup is used in the loading process. Mailer Arms Company, 255 W. 34th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016, has the new type of shot if you like to experiment.

Not a repeat of history—unless ancient man tossed up small chunks of natural ice as targets and shot at them with bow and arrow—are trap and Skeet targets made of ice instead of baked asphalt and tar.

Two New York State inventors have developed a quick frozen machine for making of ice targets almost instantly and feeding them through a regulation clay pigeon thrower. The ice targets match conventional clay in regulation size and shape.

The idea has numerous advantages: Cost per target is reduced to about $1/4 of a cent, compared to a unit cost of from two to three cents for present type clays. Shooting clubs do not have to constantly acquire and store cartons of targets prior to a shoot. Human handling and breakage-developed and radially reduced. Also, there are no target fragments to be raked up and disposed of, or missed targets to crowd away, leaving the trap or Skeet range free of target debris. The targets can be made from dye-colored water, to create a readily visible target against any shooting background. (Mentally picture, a black target in flight on a sunny day, a yellow one for a cloudy, overcast day, and possibly a luminous target for trap or Skeet shooting at night under range illumination.)

Range tests indicate that the heavier ice type of target is less affected by wind currents than the commonly used clays. (Incidentally, the name "clay pigeon" is a misnomer; the common clay pigeon does not contain any clay at all! Asphalt and tar are its ingredients.)

First experiments indicated that the ice targets had a slightly slower flight time than conventional clays, but average clay pigeon target speed was subsequently obtained by substituting a more powerful driving pressure in the target thrower.

The drawback to widespread adoption of ice targets for trap or Skeet shooting is the initial cost of a target-making machine—around $1,000. Even though a club would continually save on target cost, and eventually break even, initial investment would be relatively high—especially so where several traps are included in a club's shooting range layout.
Fishing Gadgets

There are all sorts of glass rods on the market today to fit personal finances and angling techniques

I have quite a pile of notes devoted to equipment, gadgets and developments so let's catch up on this month and save my stirring fishing adventures until later...

A new substitute for the metal ferrule in fly rod construction. This one is found in the Hardy, a glass rod designed by Jon Tarantino, the casting champion, who represents Hardy of England.

This rod costs $45 and comes in a variety of lengths and weights. I've had no trouble with them. They make Ferrule rods in other than fly types.

Ferrules, especially around salt water, are the main point of trouble with rods. Unless taken down frequently, metal ones will generally stick viciously.

After going through the routine attempts at disconnecting such equipment, including the bit where you get friends to help and the one where you sit down and slide the rod behind your knees, thus using your legs to pry it apart, you generally resort to what disfigure the ferrules and sometimes separate the metal from the glass itself. Applications of heat and ice sometimes help. Perhaps it is best to pretend it was a one-piece rod all the time.

Preventive measures include frequent dismantling (at least daily when in use), occasional touching up with steel wool when things begin to get sticky and mild lubrication with wax, graphite or various alicones.

Ferrules are supposed to go together with a twist—nothing to separate the two ends. The core of bamboo flies is something of a disgrace when I was a kid and I won't say anything of my own to the yachting crowd smugly using canvas oxfords and boat shoes. If you have to swim I'm sure you can do a fairly good job with them and they could be kicked off pretty easily anyway. I'll say they're the safest.

But there are some other factors if you are a backwoods fisherman. For one thing, canvas oxford shoes offer little mosquito protection and, on some occasions, my ankles have looked like a bad case of localized measles.

The first objection is well overcome by some rubber mocassins I got from Bean's. They are simply rubber oxford shoes with a little leather top (and even if there's an inch of rainwater in the boat bottom, your feet are dry). They kick off quickly if you had to swim. But they're very hot when the sun hits them (the canvas shoes are no bargain then either) and they don't protect your ankles from bugs so I guess they're strictly cool weather numbers.

Lace boots and high shoes would be hard to take off in a hurry. Wellington boots (we used to call them "mosquito boots") with good, non-slip soles and bought about half a size too large are pretty good for fishing. They protect your feet from rain, keep mosquitoes off your ankles, would come off pretty easily if you feel in and don't get as hot as rubber or canvas.

They should be loose or they'd be terribly dangerous if you went overboard. I have some that are a size too large and they work perfectly with them. Loose ones are fine in the boat but not good for long walks.

I have also carried short rubber boots of the kind used by commercial fishermen and put them on in ease of heavy rain.

Salt water fishermen are partial to fishing pliers which cut wire leaders neatly but generally have short noses and are carried in little sheaths.

These are a help but not as good as needle-nosed pliers if it comes to taking hooks out of the smaller specimens. Needle-noses are good for dehooking bass or panic as salt water fishers. I'll admit they don't hang on like the other kinds when the fish puts up a little resistance. I know one guide who uses outsized garage-type pliers and their noses are shaped so he can hold a fish by the law if he wants to. The only disadvantage is that it's hard to tell how hard you're clamping with such tools and it's possible to crush a small fish's jaw without knowing it.

I don't get along with withstones very well which was something of a disgrace when I was a kid and it was going to bring my scythe to the wood shop. It was a butcher and when it refused to cut what we called dock weed (I ain't a botanist either).

With great effort I managed to get my wife's kitchen knives sharp enough for bread and cheese slicing, and my fish and hunting knives usually bear a small scar.

The little steel I have came from Gutman Cutlery Co., Inc., 3956 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10027.

There is always the cheerless thought of near-fatal accidents and there isn't much solid glass any more.

There is something about bamboo, especially in the lighter numbers, that defies description but brings me back for more. Perhaps it's the fact the bamboo builders never went to the excessive tip action and perhaps engineering is again crowding out the bamboo builders. There is, of course, no reason why glass can't be made to duplicate or even surpass bamboo action and perhaps engineering is again crowding out the bamboo boys.

Although glass has held to the low and medium-priced markets ever since it came on the scene, there was a revival of demand for extremely high quality bamboo in recent years. Part of this was simply snob appeal plus the fact a lot of people have a lot of money these days.

When Shakespeare first sold their better glass rods the price for some models was something like $50. That was right after World War II and a dollar was worth considerably more then.

After that there was a period when inexpensive glass rods took over and a lot of expert casters said frankly that cheap ones were just as good if not better, which was quite right. Phillips and Goodwin have been on the market for something like 25 years now. Hollow steel has been almost completely replaced, solid steel ones are very rare and solid glass any more.

Bamboo has hung on mainly to satisfy the small core of head-hard fly fishermen who swear their weapons can't be duplicated by glass.

There was an epiphany of shopping through all sorts of rod blanks and there isn't much solid glass any more.

This rod costs $45 and comes in a variety of lengths and weights. I realize that only a small percentage of Florida's fishermen fly rods but this type of ferrule construction (or is it a ferrule?) could, of course, be adapted to other types of glass rods.

The no-metal connection has been around for several years in the Fenwick "Parallel," which works on an entirely different principle. In Fenwick's rod, the tip section simply slides down over the small end of the butt section. I've used these rods for several years and have had no trouble with them. They make Ferrule rods in other lengths too.

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After that there was a period when inexpensive glass rods took over and a lot of expert casters said frankly that cheap ones were just as good as expensive ones except for the fittings. There was an epidemic of shopping through all sorts of rod blanks and there isn't much solid glass any more.
that heavy rods with handles that are too small will work better if you wear gloves, silly as it may seem. Bill Boyd built me a fairly heavy casting rod (I guess you could call it a light popping rod) with a really husky handle and it certainly helps.

I wrote a newspaper column a while back in which I extolled a small first aid kit which I had made up to go in a tumbler-sized Tupperware container.

The first guy never has a chance, of course, and along came Ivan Farrens of DeLand with a kit as good as mine that went into a Tupperware cigarette case. The prize of Mr. Farrens’ wares was his “homemade” flashlight. It’s simply a small size pen-light battery with a piece of circular spring that goes down over the battery and holds a little bulb in such a way the bulb can be screwed down the little coil spring until it makes solid contact with the battery.

Besides being extremely compact, this one is light enough to be carried comfortably in the mouth, leaving both hands free for things like tending on lures and swatting mosquitoes.

And Farrens reminded me of something else.

“Any time you make up any kind of emergency kit,” he said, “include a dime in it. I once hiked out to a road in the dead of night, wanted to call for transportation and had no dime for the phone booth I located. I spent the night by the phone booth.”

Why didn’t I think of that? But then, I never spent a night camping in a phone booth, and experience is the best teacher.

Incidentally, Farrens, who has done a lot of Boy Scout work, has a reputation for being a fine outdoorsman. 

Still on the rod subject—I have a miniature bamboo flyrod, made by Orvis, weighing about the same as an oversized toothpick (2 oz.) and 2½ feet long. It casts beautifully out to about 50 feet and you can use it all day with no strain at all. It works fine on small fish and will handle big ones if you remember what you’re doing (I don’t always). In keeping with it’s dressed down size, this rod has a tiny handle that looks fine but isn’t much to hold on to.

Now even if I could get a big grip for it, I probably wouldn’t because it would look like a saw handle on an eye dropper and, even if I am not completely without an aesthetic sense.

Nevertheless, if you put considerable power into a rod, you need a hand-filling grip to save your strength. Of course, no one is expected to put much effort into a 2-ounce whisper.

Generally, when I have any say as to its shape, I prefer a fat rod handle, even if it looks a trifle out of place. My first tarpon rod was embellished with considerable rubber tape on the grip and I find

Hunting Is A Privilege!

By Cherrie DeBuisson
Savages Arms Company

If a tree or a shrub struck the fancy of this peculiar breed of sportsman, he could dig it up and take it home. If he chose to eat lunch while afield there was nothing wrong in littering the landscape with rubbish.

If he needed a little target practice, what better objects than the window of a dwelling, a piece of farm equipment, or a water tower? Such irresponsible behavior, all apparently based on the belief that the hunter has all the rights and the landowner none, has resulted in the mass posting of land and straining relations between both parties. There is no question that the sportsman has lost ground in the skirmish.

Few sportsmen seem to exert an effort in attempting to understand the landowner’s position. They view land posting as a hostile act, an indication that the property owner is against hunting and fishing. They fail to see such action as a defensive measure, a final resort on the part of any self-respecting man to protect what belongs to him.

Many sportsmen will find, if they take the time and trouble, that a landowner will gladly allow hunting or fishing if he is asked for permission, regardless of the signs that might suggest otherwise. He needs only to know that you hold some respect for him.

Sportsmen cannot afford to ignore this problem much longer, or to fight it with hostility or acts of vandalism. Land is being swallowed up too rapidly by commercial developers. That which is still suitable for hunting and fishing will be the first to post his land.

The outdoorsmen will do well to remember that hunting and fishing on private lands is a privilege—not a right.

One of the major fallacies handed down by sportsmen from one generation to another is the belief that hunting (or fishing) is a right rather than a privilege. The origin of this misconception is not altogether clear but more than likely stems from the fact that fish and wildlife are the property of the state and therefore available to the public for harvesting.

The latter premise is indisputable, but it does not automatically grant a hunter or a fisherman the right to enter upon another man’s land without the permission of the owner. The game may be public property, but the land is private.

The landowner-sportsman problem did not present itself in major proportion until after World War II when land suddenly became a highly profitable item for speculation or investment and an increased interest in hunting swelled the ranks of sportsmen to record numbers.

Some landowners needed only this increase in hunting pressure as an excuse or reason to post their properties. Others, reluctant to follow suit because they either fished or hunted themselves, waited with tolerance. They didn’t have to long to wait.

With the new breed of sportsman came a peculiar brand of behavior. It embraced the belief that a hunter or a fisherman had the unquestionable right to venture upon another man’s property, whether that property was posted or not.

It also included fringe benefits. If a fence blocked access, it could be cut. If a pleasant broke cover too close to the landowner’s house, the harvest of that bird was more important than the safety of inhabitants within, or the property damage that might result.

If posters were present prohibiting trespassing without permission, they could be peppered with birdshot or torn down. If a farmer’s barnyard was the only convenient place for parking a car, the car could be parked and the farmer left with the problem of getting his cattle out.

The picture on this page is a flash light made from a small cell, battery, and a small penlight battery.
Turkey Point has become living proof that industrial efforts can include creation and preservation of natural beauty

No Wilderness Wasted

On a spring day in 1964, a helicopter swung low over a desolate area of bayfront swamp 35 miles south of Miami's shimmering pastel skyline. The men in the 'copter peered down at a vast expanse of mud and mangroves threaded by a dark ribbon of river. They saw a neck of land, with two blunted points, not unlike a turkey's neck in shape, extending into Biscayne Bay. But they saw neither roof nor road. A great heron flapping over the green mangroves was the only life in the sultry stillness.

"It looks okay," one of the men said, speaking of the least-likely-to-be-inhabited real estate in Dade County. The others nodded.

The land they saw was Turkey Point, an 1800-acre wilderness which was to become, in less than three years, the site of a gigantic electric power plant, and proof that industry, often the destroyer, can be the creator of natural beauty. Until the Florida Power & Light Company bought Turkey Point in the summer of 1964, it was a desolate expanse of sun-cracked mud and mangrove thickets steaming in the sun, unexplored by man. Only 37 miles from the Dade County courthouse, less as the wild osprey might fly, the area was as little known and almost as inaccessible to the million who live in Miami as the upper reaches of the Amazon.

Today Turkey Point can be reached easily by car from many points on U. S. 1, between Princeton and Florida City. It can even be reached by canoe. And where once mud edged Biscayne Bay, there now is dazzling white sand beach and a chalk-blue lagoon, inviting the swimmer. A board-walk meanders into the mangroves, and there are miles of canoe-ways.

At Turkey Point there is also a Boy Scout camp, set amid coconut palms, a picnic ground, an archery range, a home for a full-time Florida Board of Conservation ranger, and a small laboratory for the University of Miami's Institute of Marine Science. There are miles of new canals and even a few new islands, and the visitor catches, here and there, a splash of bright green, a dash of yellow, a blur of purple-pink from planted grasses, sunflowers and periwinkles.

All this, and a power plant, too.

The power plant will become, by 1970, Florida's largest, a multi-million dollar complex where power will be generated both by conventional and nuclear means. Even today, two 432,000 kilowatt units are under construction.

But with all this building, with all the commotion of men and machines, the wilderness has been but slightly tamed, if tamed at all.

"There are more birds, more fish, more animals at Turkey Point than when we began building," asserts McGregor Smith, chairman of the Board of Florida Power & Light Company. He adds: "And that's the way we'll keep it."

At Turkey Point today industry and wildlife live happily together. Terns nest on some of the white rock roads, and the orange utility trucks crawl around the nests or take other routes. Tarpon splash in the man-made canals as they do in the natural river. Herons wade the sandy shallows, sharp-eyed for fish. Hawks flutter in the tall grasses. The silvery buttonwood trees cast twisting purple shadows on (Continued on next page)
(Continued from preceding page)

the white sand. A crocodile sleeps on a canal bank. An osprey has chosen a mound of new white rock for his home.

And the brackish water ebbs and flows, ebbs and flows, over the flats, obeying the tide, as it has done for countless centuries.

The story of Turkey Point, to be open on a controlled basis to the public, rightly began a half dozen years ago when utility officials began to seek a new location for a power plant.

"We wanted to go where no one lived, and no one ever was likely to live," explained McGregor Smith. "But a power plant needs water; we had to be on Biscayne Bay."

Such a place was found at last by helicopter exploration. It was Turkey Point, a soggy area east of Homestead and Florida City marked on early maps as "Kontee and Indian Hunting Grounds." Here, not even the most dogged hermit, the most mosquito-resistant fisherman lived.

The area seemed made-to-order for an electric generating plant. But even so, the utility bought more acres than it actually needed, to insure isolation.

The surveying of Turkey Point began in May 1964. Men slogged through the mire, hip-deep in water or mud. They plowed through the mangroves in a tank-like converted swamp-buggy. They tied bits of red cloth to mangroves to mark where the canals would be.

The workmen fought mosquitoes and deer flies, agreeing with the pioneer who wrote, "you can swing a pint cup and get a quart of mosquitoes."

They saw little wildlife—a few ibis, some snakes, a fox or two and a crocodile. They heard that otters had been seen not far away, and that there were alligators and manatees in Little River.

Thousands of feet of good lumber, brought to Turkey Point plant, a hurricane struck Dade County.

By early fall, Bechtel, builder of power plants, had built an access road, taken test borings, and begun the rock excavation. The work was never easy. Trucks mired in the oozing mud and had to be pulled out with special swamp-going equipment.

An enormous amount of rock fill was needed for the plant foundation. Much of this came from Biscayne Bay as a three-and-a-half mile channel was dredged to make possible the delivery of fuel oil to the plant. An intake canal, a turning basin, and an output canal were dug, throwing up more rock.

"In building the canals, we supplemented rather than supplanted, existing waterways," McGregor Smith said. "We installed tidal gauges, tried not to disturb the tidal flow by installing culverts under bridges."

The face of the land at the plant site changed drastically during 1965 as the rock fill was spread and impacted to hold the plant foundations.

With the rock, came sand, and the beginning of the idea of a recreation area. "We directed the sand toward the bay's edge; we made a beach of a by-product," Smith says happily.

"We left enough of the buttonwoods, and the black and red mangroves to make the beach seem natural," he added.

The fascination of the acres upon acres of waste-

land began to grow upon the men who worked at Turkey Point. They began to toss out corn and other feed for the birds. And the birds came in increasing numbers. At evening, the sun-gold sky was filled with the flutter of wings. Terns skittered along the sand; and one morning, Smith discovered they were laying their eggs upon a new road. He ordered part of the road closed.

Early in the construction stages of the Turkey Point plant, a hurricane struck Dade County. Thousands of feet of good lumber, brought to Turkey Point for frames and buildings, were swept into the swamp. Utility poles and spools of cable were tossed into the mangroves. Bechtel, pressed by time, let the lumber go.

As the plant rose, the Florida Power & Light Company men fell under the spell of the wilderness. They began to plant seeds and weeds for the birds.

Before its development, left, Turkey Point was a rather desolate wilderness of intertangled mangrove thickets and muddy swamps. Its name comes from the point of land shaped like a turkey's neck. Construction on but a small area, at right, has provided several access roads at different points between the towns of Princeton and Florida City. Flakes of White Sand, below, were swept into the mangroves. Bechtel, pressed by time, let the lumber go.

They tried out clumps of grasses on the mud flats. "We got Bahia and Pangola grass from a dairy," McGregor Smith said. "But we found, finally, that the common Bermuda did best. That, and weeds. We encouraged all kinds of weeds, and planted sunflowers and periwinkles. We transplanted ficus and mahogany trees."

Engineers often appeared at the plant site bearing clumps of weeds, or native trees. Naturalists, too, began to discover Turkey Point and its birds and animals. A few bottle hunters invaded the region searching for antique bottles left by pirates and pioneers.

The idea of building a Boy Scout Camp near the plant site began to germinate in the thinking of McGregor Smith. The plant, itself, would occupy no more than 40 acres, and even allowing 100 acres (Continued on next page)

(Photos By Mike Smith)
for expansion, 1,769 acres would be left. Why not make some use of this seemingly useless land? And who would appreciate it more than Boy Scouts?

The answer to this question was at hand. There was plenty that could be gathered by the men using the lumber in the swamp, seasoned and sound. And it could be made some use of this seemingly useless land. And it could become the center of a council fire.

The Boy Scout camp, made of the lumber tossed in the mud, they began to build a boardwalk into the swamp, they began to build a boardwalk into the mangrove thicket to make it easier to bring the lumber out on foot.

Walking this trail, Florida Power & Light Company men found themselves invading an unknown jungle of red, black, and white mangroves, some bearing native orchids. Native Florida forms grew in the mud. Birds and raccoons lived here; some snakes, too. Snails crawled the tree trunks; butterflies fluttered through the swamp. It was a region of strange beauty.

Here, visitors to Florida and even many Floridians could see a Florida they had never envisioned. They might see a primitive region, unspoiled by man. It was decided to open the trail to those who really wished to see a mangrove swamp.

Turley Point is not for everyone, and some controls will have to be set up for visitors. Indeed, the visitor used to man-made orchid jungles, may find the vista too big and barren. The wise walker will take with him a can of insect spray, and wear a sun hat, sun glasses, and heavy shoes. It may be well to carry a stick and to take binoculars.

The visitor to Turley Point will find the power plant the focus of the area. Its red and white stacks tower 400 feet into the bright blue sky, and the steel work rises, floor on floors, like a giant’s creator. In a region where the trees hug the wet warm earth and huddle into thickets, the power installation seems amazingly big.

But over it arches the Delft blue bowl of the sky filled with shimmering sunlight, and around it the land, with its inter-lacing of canals, lies flat, green and white—green where the mangroves grow, white where man has pumped rock and sand.

“IT has been a pleasure, not work at all but a great pleasure, to take an area of seemingly useless land and make it into something useful.” This is the way McGregor Smith, chairman of the Board of the Florida Power & Light Company sums up what the utility has done in creating a semi-public park and conservation area.

Today Turley Point is living proof that industry can be the creator, not the destroyer, of natural beauty.

PPL men set the totem pole near the camp building and a camp pavilion, but far enough away so that it could become the center of a council fire. McGregor Smith and Richard Dotzler and his brother, Stephen, looked on the location of the pole with approval.

Meanwhile, as workers gathered the lumber from the swamp, they began to build a boardwalk into the mangrove thicket to make it easier to bring the lumber out on foot.

Early in the planning stages of the non-plant area at Turley Point, McGregor Smith talked to the head of the Institute of Marine Science at the University of Miami, Dr. F. G. Walton Smith.

“There ought to be some use you could make of the bay waters here,” he suggested.

The marine scientist agreed: the warm, protected waters probably could be used for shrimp breeding grounds, or as preserves for manatees.

So a tiny laboratory was built of the salvaged lumber, and the planting of shrimp beds began.

“Later they may try to raise pompano,” Smith said.

The building at Turley Point also included a home for a permanent ranger, set high on stilts and with a porch on three sides to give him a bird’s eye view of the surrounding waters and terrain.

The ranger, from the State Board of Conservation, scarcely had moved into his quarters before some one brought him a gift of loggerhead turtle eggs.

The eggs were hatched, and the young turtles placed in washtubs. Later, they will be released.

Today Turley Point is Dade County’s largest and most primitive wildlife preserve and bird sanctuary, and the numbers of animals, fish, and birds are on the increase.

An incomplete list compiled by the men who work at Turley Point includes, among birds, the following: willet, pelican, gull (many kinds), tern, woodstork, white ibis, egret, heron (several kinds), anhinga, roseate spoonbill, duck (many kinds), limpkin, and osprey. The reptiles noted are: crocodile, turtle, and lizard. Animals seen are: Raccoon, bobcat, and otter. Fish include: shark, barracuda, mullet, tarpon, yellowtail, red snapper, grunt, grouper, needlefish, shrimp, crawfish, crab and snook.

Numerous species of birds, such as the ring-billed gull, above, and various kinds of herons and brown pelican, at right, can be observed at close range.

The Turkey Point Boy Scout Camp, above, is nestled under newly planted coconut palms; the totem pole forms center of the council circle and fire. The area is a haven for varieties of wildlife, including the rare crocodile, at left.

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The Turkey Point Scout Camp, above, is nestled under newly planted coconut palms; the totem pole forms center of the council circle and fire. The area is a haven for varieties of wildlife, including the rare crocodile, at left.
On location in northern Quebec, geese are driven by helicopter, right, towards wire-mesh trap. Flightless at this time because of the moulting season, close to a hundred geese seeking some avenue of escape, below, are being "funneled" into V-shaped trap entrance for leg banding.

Photo Story
By JIM McDaniel
Wildlife Biologist, Game Management Division

Wild Goose Roundup

This past summer, for the first time, the Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission assigned a wildlife biologist to the Atlantic Flyway cooperative goose banding program in Canada. The five man team, operating in the Ungava Bay area, Province of Quebec, consisted of two pilots, two biologists and a technical aide. Banding headquarters, an abandoned iron ore survey camp, was located near the Arctic Circle, a sparsely populated area with the nearest village (Eskimo) some 50 miles away.

As trapping and banding operations got underway, early in July, the wild goose egg hatch was just beginning; in nests constructed of breast feathers, moss and debris, arranged in ground depressions. Typical goose nesting habitat is near the lakes, or on small islands; some no more than three or four feet in diameter.

This is the time of the year when geese are in "non-flight" status due to moulting season and loss of primary wing feathers. This condition lasts about three weeks, the time selected for banding operations. Flocks of geese in this region ranged from 25 to 500.

A new trapping technique was employed this year; a "round-up" helicopter replaced the conventional float-plane. At the opposite end of the lake from where a corral-style trap pen was built, the 'copter pilot would start driving the geese. Team members moved along the lake edges, keeping the geese bunched in the "push" towards the V-shaped leads that would funnel them into the pen.

Each of the penned geese received a numbered aluminum leg band, and biological information such as age and sex determination was recorded for each band. More than two thousand geese were banded at this site; an additional 2,500 were banded by another team operating nearby.

Somewhere in the United States this winter (maybe in Florida), more answers to the "where does the wild goose go" question will be recorded when leg bands are checked at wintering trap sites, and from those bands returned by lucky goose hunters.
When they first appeared just above the far distant trees, they looked more like a changing pattern of big bugs rather than birds. But as they rapidly approached, their certain identity as birds became unmistakable—and their fast-flying doves! They were headed for long rows of partially matured grain and seemingly had chosen a landing spot not far from the big field’s center.

As leaders in the flock crossed the bordering fence-line, a waiting gunner suddenly stood erect from his crouched position behind a clump of dog fennel, and fired. He missed! His autoloader boomed two more times; again the shots apparently were misses. No birds fell.

Sixty yards away another gunner opened up as the birds came into range for him. He fired twice. On his second shot, a single bird faltered in flight, failed to keep up with the flock and began a long glide earthward that ended with a crash landing, followed by a fluttering of wings attempting fresh take-off. Not until the pursuing gunner was within range and a finishing shot fired was the dove downed!

Meanwhile, the other birds of the flock were running a gauntlet of guns as they determinedly headed for mid-field. Voices of 20’s and 16’s mingled with the ego of an egotistical or overly-confident gunner, it is the mourning dove.
Browntop millet, being exculmated by Commissioner W. T. McRae of left, is a favorite dove food planted on public hunt fields. There are 26 commission-managed dove hunting areas at the Arvida field, above and right, located throughout the state.

FLORIDA WILDLIFE

Hunting fields operating seasonally in eighteen counties of the state. First tried as an experimental operation several years ago, the program has proven highly successful, and has since been rapidly expanded in accordance with available acreage. Leased land is pre-season planted with dove attracting grains.

Most of the fields require a small daily permit shooting fee, in addition to usual hunting license.

In return, the hunter has the privilege of shooting birds over a field of maturing grain, with hunting conditions that meet the requirements of imposed Federal regulations and local county firearms ordinances.

No matter where you live in Florida, there is at least one Game Commission-managed public dove hunting field within easy driving distance. Fields in Jackson, Bay, Franklin, Okaloosa, Santa Rosa, Walton, Liberty, Wakulla, Leon, Duval, Suwannee, Orange, Seminole, Sarasota, Charlotte, Indian River, Palm Beach and Dade counties offer wide geographical choice.

In dove shooting, fast hand handling characterizes most of the action, and simply because the average 10 gauge gun is lighter in weight and a bit faster and smoother of swing than one of 12 gauge, a 10 is preferred by many experts. In like vein, as many more want the even lighter and faster pointing 20 gauge.

Admittedly, a 12 gauge will give slightly increased killing range, but not so much that you will ever likely notice it. Remember, it takes on the average of only two pellets of 1 7/8 shot penetrating a dove’s vitals to bring it down, whether fired from a 12 or 20 gauge gun.

For reasons of sustained firepower, most dove shooters prefer a pump or autoloader. Many a dove has fallen to a shot from a conventional double barrel gun, however. The disadvantage of a double barrel gun on a fast-action dove field is that it will require a lot of reloading when targets are numerous.

Modified Choke boring is always a good choice if your shotgun is purchased without factory-installed selective choke muzzle attachment; in fact, Modified Choke is a good all around performer on most upland game, if there is no extra, interchangeable barrel or no adjustable muzzle attachment.

If you can afford to do so, it is always a good idea to purchase your shotgun with installed selective choke device, or have one fitted to your present gun. Then you will be prepared for any field shooting condition. On days when birds are flying close to gun, you can use Improved Cylinder choke setting, and as easily change to Full Choke on targets flying high or keeping respectful low level distance from the gun.

Evidently, doves have remarkable senses about when to put distance between themselves and hunters and when they can safely be ignored. Every dove hunter knows how quickly an incoming bird can react and swerve to avoid a detector hunter along flight path. But when guns are cased the birds show little concern. The same was probably reached in the experience of a Missouri dove hunter, a guest shooter on a Florida field. He had flyers veer, dodge and otherwise avoid his pointing gun all afternoon, only to have an audacious dove light on the hood of his car and defiantly walk back and forth in front of the car’s windshield as he started to drive home!

Unless there are guns firing to keep them moving, doves approaching a food plot like to first pause on a limb of a dead tree or on a fence wire to look things over. Take advantage of this exhibited trait. Set up dove decoys on a dead snag or along wire fence where they will easily be seen by any dove in the vicinity. Chances are that before long the decoys will have live company. Take shooting station within sure killing range, but not too close. Full concealment is not absolutely necessary, but camouflage is definitely helpful. Once on stand, try to

(Continued on next page)
Avoid movement and noise until the moment for fast action.

The comapct trap and Skeet shooter can dehberately place his feet and unhurriedly take shooting stance best suited to gun handling in relation to probable flight angle of called-for target. Not so the dove hunter! He invariably has to take most of his shots without any preliminaries, and often from an unbalanced or otherwise unorthodox shooting stance. There's no denying—doves can be difficult targets, and the later the season and more wary the birds, the higher and faster they usually fly and the harder they are to hit!

If a dove hunter had a sure-fire technique for consistent killing of doves—say, straight runs of 15 birds for 15 shells fired, or even 14 kills from every 15 shells expended, and knew how to put the technique in readable form for book sale on guaranteed results or money back basis, he would have a best seller that would outrank GONE WITH THE WIND and PERTON PLACE.

So far, no dove hunter has come forward with a perfect technique.

There are, however, a few shooting tips that help get results.

First, learn to judge shooting distances reasonably well. Don't make the mistake of firing at birds when they may be out of range. Your shotgun is essentially a short-range weapon; don't expect it to make the shot just as the shotgun's upswinging muzzle blots out the target, and the distance over which the kill was made.

Unless you are a fast gun-swinger with plenty of Skeet practice experience and resultant good coordination, don't attempt to take birds passing very close to the gun—a situation that sometimes happens. Instead, wait until your feathered target is just right distance for a smoothly applied gun swing, while still in killing range. Figure on 20 yards as being the lowest firing range, whether the target is coming or going.

On right angle shots—say, 25 to 40 yards out—you will have to bring gun muzzle to bear on a point back of your bird, catch up with it and swing on the exact angle of its flight, and fire when gun muzzle has reached a point ahead of target to give you the lead you deem necessary for the speed of the target. It is important that the gun swing be given follow-through, and that it is not stopped as trigger is slipped.

Keep in mind that the closer the target, the faster gun swing must be. Crossing shots at 20 yards or less are usually difficult for the average dove hunter to make.

If you shoot at a lone dove and miss him the first shot; ready to make your second shot at a lower level. Almost always a lone dove will dive sharply if you miss him on the first shot. Wait until he completes his dive and again levels off, then blast him.

When with other birds your flying target may not pass on the exact angle of its flight, and fire when gun muzzle has reached a point ahead of target to give you the lead you deem necessary for the speed of the target. It is important that the gun swing be given follow-through, and that it is not stopped as trigger is slipped.

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When with other birds your flying target may not dive at all, but will simply turn on extra speed and try to put safe distance between the two of you. Likewise, when you fire into a flock you can bet that the birds will not retreat in the direction from which they came, but will either bore straight ahead or swerve slightly.

Of course, the foregoing are merely hunting tips—not the 100% successful, guaranteed technique most dove hunters long for; you are going to miss a good percentage of your shots, regardless. Dove shooting is like that. It's never a sure thing.

Special "dove field" regulations and general information may be obtained from regional offices listed on page 2, or at the various Public Dove Hunt Area check stations.
As it becomes more and more difficult to flee the congestion of our world of today, the ravages of our bulldozers and the sad spectacle of man's success in upsetting the delicate balance of Nature, have you often wished you might go back in time and step into the America of 300...1,000...2,000 years ago?

You can do just that. For in Florida there is a place, completely accessible by auto; a delightfully primitive place where even the nearest telephone jangle is 18 miles away.

It is a place with no highways and no dwellings. A lush, primeval place of giant trees, air plants, rare orchids, mosses, ferns, hidden lakes and sparkling ponds. A place where alligators and turtles and water moccasins lazily doze in the sun. A place with the tracks of bears and panthers; of deer, bobcats, otters and raccoons. A place where at nesting time the crest of the mighty forest wears a white chaplet of birds.

The place is Corkscrew Swamp Sanctuary, located in the northern part of Collier County, between Naples and Immokalee. Corkscrew Swamp is under the protection of the National Audubon Society which each year is spending $18,000 (and taking in $750!) to keep 60 acres of virgin forest in an unspoiled state. Corkscrew attracts some 3,000 nature lovers and conservationists a year. These rank it among such memorable spectacles as the Grand Canyon, Yosemite Park and the Carlsbad Caverns.

Corkscrew Swamp, left, is a naturally rich home for air plants, bald cypresses, palms, Spanish moss, rare orchids, sparkling lakes and hidden ponds. It is a place where, from left, soft-shelled turtles, water moccasins and alligators can lazily bask in the sun.

For Corkscrew Swamp Sanctuary has the largest remaining stand of bald cypress, so-called because in winter it is without leaves. Corkscrew is the vestigial remains of the millions of acres of bald cypress that once covered the southwestern peninsula. Among its trees are the oldest in eastern North America. Some—one tree has a girth of more than 25 feet!—were centuries old when Columbus was trying to prove the world round and find a shorter route to the Indies.

Corkscrew is named for the twisting creek that writhes through the marsh at the north end of the swamp. It was part of a 20-mile-long cypress strand scheduled for cutting in 1954 by the Lee Tidewater Cypress Company. The Audubon Society obtained an option to buy it as a sanctuary. It sent out a call for help. Foundations, Garden Clubs, nature organizations and individuals responded with enthusiasm—and money; $170,000 was raised for the acquisition of 2,240 acres of the land; another $30,000 for preparing the Sanctuary for visitors. The Tidewater Company gave the Audubon Society a Christmas present of 640 additional acres which, in gratitude, were named the "J. Arthur Curry Forest," after the president of Tidewater. Finally, to complete the present extent of the Sanctuary, Collier County leased the Society 3,200 acres at a rental of $1 a year. The Society purchased this acreage, at a later date, for $25,900.

Then a few months ago (October 1966), the Audubon Society was heartened by the announcement of the Ford Foundation, that $2.4 billion giant among American philanthropic funds, that it would provide $232,000 for the expansion and pres-
ows, red-bellied woodpeckers, marsh hens and the grotesque turkey vulture. Not to mention the occasional glimpse of a majestic bald eagle high in a tree.

The animals with which the swamp abounds are not so easy to see. They may be within touching distance but, notionless and protectively colored, impossible to spot. There are panthers in the region. Raccoons and possums are common. So too are the grey squirrels and the pretty Fox Squirrels with their white noses and white ears. Otters may often be seen on the boardwalk and, in the greenish waters of the swamp, alligators 12 to 14 feet in length, indistinguishable from a moss-covered fallen log. Bobcats have been spotted by Audubon rangers but they are extremely shy. So too are the deer found mostly at the edge of the swamp.

At intervals, clusters of magnificent ferns flaunt their fronds 10 and 12 feet into the air and one gets a glimpse of our world when dinosaurs made the earth tremble with their ponderous tread. For the fern-like plants are Cycads, the oldest form of plant life on earth. Also of particular interest among the ferns is the Resurrection Fern, which, dry and withered, is to all appearances dead. But 30 minutes after a shower, it springs back to life, green and vibrant.

Along the boardwalk are the Jingle-Bell orchids which one can approach without being aware that they are there; nothing but slender, graying roots clinging to a leafless branch. Peer closely and you will see the orchids, pin-head size, with tiny pods of a shape that accounts for the name of the plant.

And a weird creature of the plant world: The leafless Ghost Orchid, resembling nothing so much as a dinner-plate-size spider clutching the trunk of a tree. Audubon officials report seeing as many as 50 varieties of birds in the area of the swamp. Wood storks and the wood ibis (often known as the American Stork) nest near the boardwalk. Their colony numbers 4,700 pairs. And there are American and snowy egrets and herons of all sizes and hues. There is the limpkin whose eerie near-human wail echoing over the swamp at dusk never fails to elicit a shudder. The limpkin dines on Pomacea Snails. Piles of Pomacea (bull-a-eye) shells will often be encountered on the boardwalk where the bird has been feeding.

And there are the great swallow-tailed kites, breathtaking in their swift, effortless flight. Barred...
What Is A Quail Hunter?

By CHARLES DICKEY

Tramps through green briars oblivious of the pain in his thighs; he has the enthusiasm of a firecracker as he beats every brush pile, and when the dogs do go on point, he has forgotten to load his gun. He likes dirty 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, stray cats, neckties, educational books, weekend company, barbers, people who spit tar, and clients who don’t hunt. Without 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 mud on his feet. Nobody else suffers so shortly with aching feet, twisted ankles and strained muscles. Nobody else can cram into one pocket a rusty knife, 17 No. 8 shells, an extra dog biscuits, change for lunch, a hunting license, last year’s duck stamp, extra boot laces, a broken mouse-trap, and everything has a sporting chance to live. 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 mud on his feet. Nobody else suffers so shortly with aching feet, twisted ankles and strained muscles. Nobody else can cram into one pocket a rusty knife, 17 No. 8 shells, an extra dog biscuits, change for lunch, a hunting license, last year’s duck stamp, extra boot laces, a broken mouse-trap, and everything has a sporting chance to live.

You can assign him itineraries in the spring, but you know where he’ll be in the fall. His adiabatic 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 old well without question; he has the energy of a mad Madison machine guns, twin torpedoes, two 3-inch rockets, and a smoke screen machine. The entire establishment has an extraexcellent marina. Port-O-Call is one of the finest motels we have seen, and the chef did himself proud in producing viutuals each morning, noon and night for three days that would have made Henry VIII’s orgies seem like a high school tea dance. But the main reason we were there, in addition to the conviviality amongst brothers in crime, so to speak, was to see Merc’s new products for 1967.

We had a chance to test run the various outboards, the stern-drives, and the little fishing motors Mercury will have ready for the public for 1967. I will say this... I have never driven a quieter outboard. Even the high-powered 110, which I drove over the choppy surf of Tampa Bay, was so quiet at top speed we could carry on a normal conversation in the front of the boat. In presenting the new line of motors, Mercury came up with something new, the “Thunderbolt” ignition. This ignition is a lightning-fast, high voltage ignition system without breaker points. This new capacitance discharge system was pioneered on the six-cylinder Mercs last year and the new version is standard equipment on four 1967 models: the 110 Merc 11063S, the 85-b.h.p. Merc 5663S, the 65-b.h.p. Merc 5663S, and the 50-b.h.p. Merc 5663S. The new “Thunderbolt” ignition had its roots in Mercury’s World War II experience in producing many tens of thousands military engines. Here are the advantages of the “Thunderbolt” ignition over previous systems:

1. No breaker points to change — ever.
2. Spark plugs last seasons, instead of weeks or days.
3. Pre-ignition is eliminated, even with highly-leaded fuels.
4. Engine efficiency and reliability are greatly increased.

The all-solid state “Thunderbolt” system makes ignition one of the most dependable parts of the outboard engine. The need for periodic checks and adjustments to plugs and points is eliminated, since the breaker system needs no timing correction with use. Once correctly set the timing never needs resetting, since there are no breaker cam or cam follower to wear, no points to pit, erode, wear or need re-gapping.

On hand for the shindig was the “Black Panther,” an impressive looking Thunderbird boat that was especially designed for the Ivan Tors studios. Tors is using the “Black Panther” for a super-apy story now being filmed in Florida, and it is equipped... boy, is it equipped!... with four 9 mm Danish Madsen machine guns, twin torpedoes, two 3-inch rockets, and a smoke screen machine. The entire system is on next page)
interesting to note in Bill's info kit that Johnson has come up with a new ignition, too... called "Power Pulse."
The Johnson ignition claims to do what the Mercury "Thunderbolt" ignition does. There are no breaker points, and the system delivers high voltage electricity to spark plug electrodes in the same manner as the Mere system.

Now, we don't know what got here "fastest with the shortest," but the fact that both these competing outfits have this new ignition system means nothing but good news for all outboarders and stern drive enthusiasts.

In addition to the announcement of new motor lines by Johnson, they tell us, too, that they have added a new stern drive to the line, a 185-h.p. V-8.

Johnson, unlike Mercury, is in the boat business. Several new models are on the line in stern drives, and we used one of them last October in our cruise down the Apalachicola River.

ACTUALLY, WITH THIS BEING introduction time for new models to consumers, it is becoming more and more apparent that the boating business is getting to be more like the automobile business. New model announcements are kept top secret until a certain date, usually in September or October, and then the big splash is put on. Unlike automobiles, however, the outboard industry has to depend in the main on engineering advancements to "sell" their new models, for their has been very little change in outward appearance of the motors in the past three years. Johnson has added a different color scheme to its new 1967 motors, with the well known white top being complimented with a lower unit painted in tropic green. This is Johnson's first color change on its motors since 1959.

We are planning several new boating adventures in Florida this spring, and will have reports on motors used on the different cruises.

Compass Complex

By Charlie DuBuisson
Sovoga Arms Company

How many hunters will carry a compass (as protection against getting lost), and admit it? How many secretly carry a compass, are ashamed to admit it and steal glances at the instrument while behind a tree or over a knoll so their secret will not be known?

The answer to the first question is, "Not many," to the second question, "Too many."

Not many sportsmen will admit that they depend upon a compass to keep an accurate check of their bearings while in the woods. Too many have a complex about compasses, a sort of false pride which usually results in hours wasted trying to find a way out or in search parties having to be organized to find them.

They seem to think that use of a compass reflects unfavorably upon their ability as woodsmen. To depend upon a compass brands one, it seems, as a novice hunter, a man without experience or woods savvy. Yet the best guides wouldn't think of tackling a patch of wild country without a compass.

It is safe to say that every hunter, regardless of experience, loses his sense of direction in the woods each time he is out, especially when he hunts strange terrain. This is because he concentrates on the hunting, for the most part.

He does not become lost in the sense that he must abandon his efforts to get out, nor will it become necessary to build a fire and wait for a search party. He gets lost in a limited interpretation of the word—that is, he does not always emerge according to his calculations (otherwise known as being temporarily mixed up). He finds his way out only because he does not allow hysteria to dominate sound judgement.

He takes special note of unusual landmarks such as huge or grotesque rocks, large trees, the direction in which a stream is flowing, and sounds that will pinpoint a highway or a logging camp. He keeps the location of the sun in mind and takes note of wind shifts.

But the sun does not always shine, wind patterns change frequently, there is not always a stream or highway to depend on and, to the hunter who has suddenly realized he is temporarily confused, everything around him appears to be just a patch of woods with no distinguishing landmarks.

The chief danger in such situations lies in the hunter substituting panic for reasoning. He walks in circles because there is nothing to guide him in a definite direction, or so he thinks.

Should you find yourself in this predicament and without a compass, pick out a distant tree or other object that lies ahead of you in a straight line, walk to it, select another and continue the process.

In this manner you will eventually emerge at some point, rather than having to wander aimlessly about without direction. Many hunters who carry compasses will attempt to relocate their bearings without resorting to the instrument. This increases their ability as woodsmen. They experience no panic because they know the compass will get them out if their judgement fails.

In any case, a compass is a mighty handy piece of equipment to have around. It's a good feeling to know you have one when entering strange territory. You can forget about getting lost and concentrate on the hunting.

Why not exercise common sense this fall when the hunting season opens? Equip yourself with a quality compass, learn how to read it, carry it with you when afield and believe it. It could save you hours of unpleasantness, considerable embarrassment and perhaps even your life.
1966-67 Hunting Season

Northwest Region

**DEER & BEAR**: November 19 through January 15, hunting permitted every day.

**TURKEY**: Fall Season, November 19 through January 15, hunting permitted every day. Spring Gobbler Season, March 25 through April 9.

**QUAIL & SQUIRREL**: November 19 through March 5, hunting permitted every day.

**Bag Limits**

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<thead>
<tr>
<th>Species</th>
<th>Daily Bag</th>
<th>Season Bag</th>
<th>Possession Limit</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Deer, Duck Only</td>
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<td>3</td>
<td>2</td>
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<tr>
<td>Turkey — Fall</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>2</td>
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<tr>
<td>Spring Gobbler</td>
<td>1</td>
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<td>2</td>
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<tr>
<td>Squirrel, Fox</td>
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<tr>
<td>Quail</td>
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<td>4</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bear</td>
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<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
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<tr>
<td>Wild Hog</td>
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**Florida Migratory Game Bird Regulations 1966 - 1967**

**Waterfowl—Ducks, Geese, Coot**

<table>
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<tr>
<th>Species</th>
<th>Daily Limit</th>
<th>Possession Limit</th>
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<td>Ducks</td>
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<td>8</td>
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<tr>
<td>Geese</td>
<td>10</td>
<td>20</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

**Waterfowl Hunts must have a 1966-67 Federal Migratory Waterfowl Hunting Stamp before hunting waterfowl. Available from the local post office at a cost of $3.00, the “duck stamp” is required of all waterfowl hunters 15 years of age and older.**

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**Regulations—Summary**

**Northeast Region**

**DEER & BEAR**: November 12 through January 2, hunting permitted every day.

**TURKEY**: Fall Season, November 12 through January 2, hunting permitted every day. Spring Gobbler Season, March 11 through March 26.

**QUAIL & SQUIRREL**: November 12 through February 26, hunting permitted every day.

**Central Region**

**DEER & BEAR**: November 12 through November 20 only, in Gilchrist County and that portion of Levy County between State Roads 337 and 339, November 12 through January 2 in all other counties. Hunting permitted every day.

**TURKEY**: No open season in Alachua, Madison and Suwannee counties, or in that portion of Columbia County south of State Road 240 and west of State Road 47, in all other counties; Fall Season from November 12 through January 2; Spring Gobbler Season, March 25 through April 9.

**QUAIL & SQUIRREL**: November 12 through February 26. Hunting permitted every day.

**South Florida Region**

**WILD HOG**: In that portion of Levy County between State Roads 337 and 339, November 12 through November 20, only, Alachua County and the remaining portion of Levy County, November 12 through January 2.

**DEER & BEAR**: November 12 through November 20 in DeSoto, Hardee, Manatee and Sarasota counties. November 12 through January 2 in all other counties. Hunting permitted every day.

**TURKEY**: Full Season from November 12 through January 2; hunting permitted every day. Spring Gobbler Season, March 11 through March 26, south of State Road 50; March 25 through April 9 in Hernando County, north of State Road 50.

**QUAIL & SQUIRREL**: November 12 through February 26. Hunting permitted every day.

**SPECIAL REGULATIONS**: The use of rifles is prohibited in DeSoto, Hardee, Manatee and Sarasota counties except .22 caliber rifles may be used other than for taking deer and bear. The use of dogs in DeSoto, Hardee, Manatee and Sarasota counties shall be limited to bird dogs, retrievers and slow trail hounds. The use of running hounds or any other dog that can reasonably be considered a dog usable for running deer is specifically prohibited.

**Everglades Region**

**DEER & BEAR**: No open season on the Florida Keys of Monroe County. November 12 through January 2, all other counties. Hunting permitted every day.

**TURKEY**: Fall Season, November 12 through January 22, hunting permitted every day. Spring Gobbler Season, March 11 through March 26.

**QUAIL & SQUIRREL**: November 12 through February 26, hunting permitted every day.

**WILD HOG**: Palm Beach County, November 12 through January 2.
sand bars, and seaweed-covered rocks; The Life of the Pond—the center for one of the most fascinating communities of plants and animals in nature; The Life of the Mountains—the world of perpetual snowfields and glaciers comparable to those of the Arctic; The Life of the Grasslands—the sweep of our grassland from the Rocky Mountains to the Mississippi River.

Jack McCormick, author of The Life of the Forest, is Curator and Chairman of the Department of Ecology and Land Management at the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia and a Resident Director of the Academy's Waterloo Mills Field Research Station at Devon, Pennsylvania. Dr. McCormick was a member of the scientific staff of the American Museum of Natural History in New York City from 1954 to 1961. Now Consultant in Ecology, he directs vegetation studies in the Museum's Kathie-fleisch Field Research Station on Long Island. Each volume in "Our Living World of Nature" series is priced at $4.95.

CONTROL OF NATURE
(Continued from page 5)
whose force he does not understand and which, therefore, he cannot control. The force is biological, the wave is the tide of human proliferation. The wave originated in the remote past, when men were few and their survival in biological competition was uncertain. It was important (to men) to have more men, to achieve a critical mass so that the species could forge ahead. Humanity reached its critical mass at least 10,000 years ago and the chain reaction set up then has long since gone out of control. The final event may be a meltdown since gone out of control. The human proliferation. The wave originated in the remote past, when men were few and their survival in biological competition was uncertain. It was important (to men) to have more men, to achieve a critical mass so that the species could forge ahead. Humanity reached its critical mass at least 10,000 years ago and the chain reaction set up then has long since gone out of control. The final event may be a meltdown of the water legacy of the United States to Century-21 will be tarnished. The time remaining in this century seems inadequate to undo the damage of the previous 300 years. This is only an opinion, and it can be neither proved nor refuted except with the passage of time. But the opinion is based on the facts that future water problems and actions to meet them will dwarf those of our past; that we will be busy with new developments requiring many talented scientists and engineers; that there may be a serious shortage of people competent to deal with correct problems; that knowledge of water and water processes is imperfect, so knowledge is deficient about how to correct damage that has already been done; that tremendous inertia must be overcome even to correct the things we actually know how to correct; and that it will be difficult to look at waters of the continent in the necessary broad perspective. Escape from Flatland will not be easy.

ELIGIBILITY REQUIREMENTS

SPECIES

LARGEMOUTH BASS 8 pounds or larger
CHAIN PICKEREL 4 pounds or larger
BLUEGILL (BREAM) 1 1/2 pounds or larger

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APPLICATION FOR FLORIDA WILDLIFE FISHING CITATION

The Editor, FLORIDA WILDLIFE

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

Name (please print):
Address:
City State Zip No.
Species Weight Length
Type of Tackle
Bait or Lure Used:
Where Caught Date Caught
City Zip No.
County

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.

CUT OUT AND SAVE THIS APPLICATION BLANK
Florida Wild Turkey

Wildlife Portrait by Lovett Williams

FLORIDA WILDLIFE Magazine
Game & Fresh Water Fish Commission
Tallahassee, Florida 32304

please print or type

Name ________________________
Street No. _____________________
City __________________________
State ______ Zip Code __________

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