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.
Once mated, the bobwhite quail pair show intense devotion to each other—"the same devotion is shown to their nest and eggs and to their chicks. The cock quail may be even more determined than the hen to bring the nestlings to a successful conclusion. He will hatch the eggs and rear the young if his mate is killed. He is less timid and is more inclined to risk than the hen in defense of the nest. Either, sex will adopt orphan chicks. And amazingly, unmated cock quail are known to adopt and raise lost or orphan chicks."
you'll find some real characters in the ranks of gunning canines

**DOGS I HAVE KNOWN**

By CHARLES DICKEY

I HAVE KNOWN A LOT of hunting dogs personally. Some were as unique as people who own dogs. All dogs, the same as all people, have common traits. But each dog, like each person, has his own individual personality. Sometimes we remember the dog characters long after we've forgotten a dog which routinely performed his duties in the field.

I take a lot of pictures of bird dogs, and Old Mac was the best photo pointer I've ever worked with. He pointed on command, stylishly and intently leaning forward with tail held high. As far as I know, he never pointed a bird.

Somewhere Old Mac had come to believe that his one duty in life was to point, no matter where he happened to be. Let him out of the kennel and he'd walk five feet and lock up. Put him down in the field and he'd immediately go on point.

A couple of years after his pension started, Old Mac passed away. The owner, knowing I was fond of the dog, phoned me and I drove over. We talked about Old Mac for awhile and then we did what we had to. We dug a deep hole in the open pine woods and buried him—standing straight up, as though on point. We figured he'd be happier that way.

Hunting dogs are bred and trained to hunt. That's what they like to do best. Not many are interested in posing for a camera. It's a silly game to them when the fields are just waiting to be quartered and hunted.

The owner and I were invited to be on an outdoor television show, one of those half-hour talk programs. To liven it up, we talked the host into using Old Mac. The show opened with the camera on the pointing dog, as though he was pointing a quail. The camera swung to us and as we discussed the pleasures of bird hunting, every couple of minutes the camera went back to Old Mac, where he'd still be holding.

The dog held for the full show and we were proud of him. The noise, lights, and general confusion had not bothered him. He didn't know what "stage fright" meant. He did the one thing in life he knew how to do—point!

We were so sure we had a great audience grabber that we used Old Mac on two more TV shows. Then word leaked back to us that the dog was stealing the show. No one was interested in our words of wisdom. When the cameras were on us, the viewers were all talking about Old Mac or betting whether or not he'd still be on point when the camera swung back or at the end of the show.

We terminated Old Mac's show business career, the owner saying he was not going to be upstaged by a useless dog he was feeding. It suited me fine.

Unfortunately, television ruined Old Mac. He had picked up the habit of looking straight into the camera lens, the worst mistake an actor or model can make. I soon discovered that the dog was no longer suitable for still pictures in the field. No matter where I moved with my camera, Old Mac turned and looked straight into the lens. It was impossible to get a usable photo.

Old Mac was retired to the kennels. I do not know if he pointed when there was no one present to see him, but if anyone approached the pens he'd lock up, as staunch as ever.

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Hunting dogs are bred and trained to hunt. That's what they like to do best. Not many are interested in posing for a camera. It's a silly game to them when the fields are just waiting to be quartered and checked out.

I had one pointer get even with me after I had detained him for two hours, along with two bird hunters. The pointer would go and fetch a shot quail but he would not hold it. He'd run to his master, drop it, and take off to find a new covey. I never had time to get all of the gadgets on my camera set.

I wanted the dog to sit and hold still with a quail in his mouth so that I could take a light reading and get the correct focus. It was a hot day and the dog balked at getting more feathers in his mouth. We finally forced the dog to hold a quail but I knew he hated me. The hunters were equally tired of photography.

As I sat down in the grass to unload the film, my huge camera bag full of accessories was open a few feet away. Suddenly I heard loud laughter. I looked up and there was the pointer, with one leg raised, spraying the camera bag, inside and out.

I am confident that dog was after revenge. There was certainly no shortage of stumps and bushes in the area. However, if he was trying to get even with me, I'm sure there was humor behind it.

While animal scientists might not agree, I think dogs have a sense of humor. Reb was a black and white setter who enjoyed playing tricks on other dogs. Time after time I've seen him growl and start...
fights when there were three or four dogs together.

As soon as the fighting started, Reb would back out, take a seat a few yards away, and watch the first round until the hunters broke it up.

It took us a long time to catch him at one of his favorite tricks. When quartered overnight in a kennel, Reb would get up at midnight and start barking as though the kennel was being invaded by burglars. He put a great deal of enthusiasm into it and soon had every dog in a frenzy. Then he'd go back into his house and act as though he were asleep, about the time we arrived with leather straps.

When hunting near a creek or farm pond, Reb would try to maneuver a companion dog to the inside and towards the edge. At the exact right moment, Reb would throw a shoulder into him and the dog would take an unexpected plunge into cold water.

Reb was never vicious. He simply liked to break up his hunting with other kinds of fun. One of his favorite tricks was often pulled during a noon break after a car passes in front of the house. They have been trained that sofas and beds are off-limits. That doesn't mean that when all of the occupants are gone and one returns, he won't find a few dog hairs on the sofa.

When everything quiets down except the snoring, Reb would sneak up on a sleeping dog from behind. When two or three feet from his victim, Reb would let out a vicious growl, lunge, and playfully nip the favorite tricks. When quartered overnight in a child in this respect. He really prefers that it's in his best interest to do or not do certain things.

Most dogs will from time to time test the owner to see if they can get away with something. For instance, I've always let my hunting dogs live in the house. They have been trained that sofas and beds are off-limits. That doesn't mean that when all of the occupants are gone and one returns, he won't find a few dog hairs on the sofa.

A dog's sense of honor is such that it can tell you running car engine from another. I have parked my car a block from home, sneaked up to the house, and looked through the window to find a dog nappling on the sofa. Canines in front of the house but the dog slumbers on. Then my wife drives up in the family car. The instant she turns into the driveway, the dog bounds off of the sofa and goes to his rug and lies down.

When I enter the house, I walk over to the sofa and put my hand on the warm spot. The dog pretends he does not see me. Indignantly, I tell the dog he has sinned, that he has violated my trust. The dog finally faces me, the soul of innocence, and his eyes say, "Who, me? Boss, you know I wouldn't do a thing like that." If you have a family dog also used for hunting, then you have seen your dog tell whether you are going hunting or to work that morning. If you put on a business suit, the dog plays little attention. But if you take your hunting clothes and boots out of the closet, the dog comes to life. You know you are going hunting and he begs to go with you. I do not know how the dog perceives one from another but I know that they do. Perhaps it is the odor from your hunting coat, or the leather of your shoes or gun case. Maybe it's just because you're in a better mood when you're going hunting.

When hunting bobwhite quail, the birds sometimes run rather than hold, especially if they are located where there is no low-lying cover at their level. About one dog out of 50 will learn to back out, circle, and come in ahead of the birds and point. He blocks them. It is a beautiful thing to watch, and I have seen it many times. However, I've never met a dog owner who admitted he taught the dog to do this. And, believe me, I've never known a dog owner who was shy about taking credit for some brilliant field performance of his protégé.

I always try to give a dog owner any benefit of doubt when he's telling stories about his dogs. After all, I expect him to act as though he believes whatever I tell him about his dogs. Bubber Harden, manager of a quail plantation near Bradfordville, swears that he hunted with a pointer who would not look for quail until he had found a terrapin. Once a terrapin was smelled out, the pointer would pick it up in his mouth and then go about the serious business of locating quail. The odor from the terrapin did not interfere with the dog sniffing out birds.

When the dog pointed, he still held the terrapin, gently so as not to injure it. After the hunters walked in and shot, the dog would put the terrapin on the ground, retrieve the dead birds, and then pick up his terrapin and go looking for singles.

Perhaps the terrapin was a security blanket. Whatever the reason, Bubber got tired of this eccentricity one day, dealing it unseemly to a stylish bird dog of noble ancestry. He took the terrapin away from the dog and tossed it into a nearby shrub. The dog became frantic, running up and down the bank barking. Then he dove into the pond, swam a ways, and went under. When he came up, he proudly held the terrapin in his mouth.

Bubber gave up and let the dog tote terrapins from then on. The pointer never wanted to take one home to the kennels. When the hunt was over, he rehearsed the terrapin, apparently confident he could find another on the next hunting trip.

If you hunt quail often, once or twice a season you will see a dog point with a bird in its mouth. It never happens if you have a camera. The dog goes out to retrieve a shot bird, picks it up, and as he starts back to the hunters he winds another bird, a live one. He instantly goes on point, still holding the dead quail. The dog's nose is in front of the bird he holds, but even so, most dogs readily can tell the difference in odor between a dead bird and a live one.

I once hunted with a medium-sized pointer for valley quail in California. The owner told me Spot would retrieve five birds at once. I had never before heard of a dog that would pick up more than two, and, to tell the truth, seldom hunted with anyone that we needed a dog that would handle five. We got a good covey rise, and, with three of us shooting, five birds dropped into grassy cover. Spot eagerly pounced on the first bird and started back towards us. The owner wouldn't let him come in. Spot found a second bird and picked it up, and then the third. With a mouthful of birds, he found the fourth and fifth. Every time he added one, another would slip out. Finally, he got a good hold on all five and came in with head held high, his face a blob of quail feathers and feet.

I knew no one ever believe this story. When the hunt was over, I got my camera out of the car and the owner placed five birds in the open. As Spot repeated his performance, I filmed it in sequence. If you're going to tell dog stories, it sure pays to have proof.

Bill Mitchell, a friend of Bubber's, recently told me about Jim, a lemon and white pointer he owned that was reared as a family yard and community dog. Jim always slept in Bill's jeep, but then Bill drove it off to college. Jim began disappearing at night, and the family was concerned for his welfare. But Jim was all right. He had wandered around town until he found another jeep. It was in a garage, and that's where Jim went to spend the night until Bill came home with the regular bed.

Jim was a pack rat and would drag material in from neighbors' yards. He brought garden hoses, quartz fruit jars, and toys the kids had left out. As a young dog, Jim pulled his greatest caper.

One day, Jim watched a neighbor dress a dozen quail in his back yard. The birds were lovingly picked and dressed and packaged neatly in a cellophane bag. The telephone rang and when the neighbor went to answer, Jim saw his chance. He stole the whole bag.

Bill says he would have returned the quail except that he noticed there were no shot in them. Apparently the neighbor had been illegally trapping them. Bill says he felt he would have been encouraging violations if he had taken the birds back.

Jim developed into an outstanding pointing dog, especially for covey finds. He would hunt with anyone and was much in demand. However, no one could ever get him to retrieve a shot bird.

Bill believes he was ruined by that early retrieve, that he noticed there were no shot in them. Bill says he felt he would have been encouraging violations if he had taken the birds back.

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Bill believes he was ruined by that early retrieve of a dozen birds. How could he ever top that?
10 EASY WAYS TO HAVE A BOATING ACCIDENT

1. Don't bother with life preservers. They don't look very glamorous.
2. Take along all the passengers that want to go. So what if the boat is a little crowded.
3. Drive your boat as fast as possible. It's no fun to just poke along. Let's see what she'll really do.
4. Encourage your passengers to stand up, stretch their legs, and get a better view.
5. Enjoy a cigarette while you're refueling. It may be of little advantage in the Great Lakes, although natural spawning isn't expected to be much of a factor here. The Florida model, named the "sunshine bass," is evidently a fine substitute in some places where largemouth bass aren't doing too well.
6. Extra gear like anchor, oars, boat hooks, lines, fire extinguisher, tool and first aid kits just clutter up the boat. Leave them at home.
7. Don't bother to check the weather forecasts. Anybody can see whether the sky is blue and it looks like a good day.
8. If you are boating at night don't worry about lights. There might be a full moon.
9. It isn't important to know the rules of the waterways. The other boats will get out of the way, or else you can move to one side or the other.
10. Don't learn how to swim and don't worry about first aid training. What possible use would you have for artificial respiration?

Last year there were nearly 1,500 known fatalities from boating accidents. The American Red Cross urges operators of small craft to take a course in safe boating and to learn and obey the rules of the waterways. Call your local Red Cross chapter for information and schedules for courses in swimming, water safety, and small craft operation.

THE AMERICAN NATIONAL RED CROSS

MARCH 1976

Inland Marine Fish

a good number of seagoing species are faring very well in inland waters, and the list of these is continually growing longer

SALTWATER FISH IN FRESH WATER is the biggest news in the fishing business, but it sort of slips up on you because the salty types are sneaking in from so many directions. Now that fish management people have found some of the handles, the possibilities are almost endless.

Nationally, the best-known invasion was in the Great Lakes, where Pacific salmon species are now the most popular fish of all. The coho, or silver, salmon started it off, but other varieties are working too, and the big king salmon are making loud splashes. Pacific salmons traditionally spend most of their lives in salt water but ascend rivers to spawn. In the Great Lakes they do not reproduce naturally, but practical means of artificial spawning have been developed so they can be hatched and grown in big water, ascending rivers and creeks to die when spawning time comes.

It may be of little advantage in the Great Lakes, but this business of artificial spawning, developed on other species, provides a good safety valve. If a given saltwater fish doesn't prove desirable in any fresh water where it's tried, the supply can be shut off with no trouble.

The striped bass, which (in a few areas) does its own spawning in fresh water, is most widely distributed. Crossed with the white bass, a freshwater relative, it has excellent prospects in Florida lakes, although natural spawning isn't expected to be much of a factor here. The Florida model, named the "sunshine bass," is evidently a fine substitute in some places where largemouth bass aren't doing too well.

The idea isn't to run the largemouths out, but to fill places where they fail.

Artificial spawning of Florida's snook has been successful, the idea being that snook can be a good game fish in thermally polluted (overwarmed) water that's unsatisfactory for black bass. So far, there are troubles in rearing the freshly-hatched snooklets, but prospects are good since the barrier of artificial hatching has been broken.

Texas seems to have the inside track on freshwater development of the channel bass or redfish. Hatchery methods with that one have made leaps and bounds through the use of controlled lighting to duplicate or improve upon the natural seasonal changes. So far, the hatchery water has been salted, since the eggs are supposed to float and will sink and fail if released in fresh water. Large quantities of redfish are growing fat and sassy in many inland lakes. Texas is also stocking "laboratory cultured" seatrout in fresh water.

(continued on next page)

REDFISH, below. They're moving into fresh water.
The big tournaments have more recently placed a premium on live fish released after scoring. It is difficult to criticize people who release a lot of fish, and because there is a lot of salinity range between "salt" and "fresh" as we commonly know it. There's no fence between the oceans and the rivers.

Double bass reproduction will occur in brackish water, but sweet water are almost endless.

Deeper fishing is in many localities. Up in North Carolina's Currituck Sound, some of the nation's best largemouth fishing can be had where there are still large一下的水.

The graphite rods which have already corralled a big chunk of the tackle business are all made with a durability. Other kinds of sticks, and that's where the heavy modulus "builders have been concerned more with that than with competition value to society of recreational fishing."

Fish and game violations, especially the fish ones, are pretty difficult to prove, and I have long lamented the problems of making a case against violators. In times not so long past, many judges considered such cases a nuisance and even presented the whole business as being trivial. That attitude has changed for the better with increased public awareness of illegal specimens that have become more severe and public cooperation has increased in the big picture—part of the overall environmental kick.

Sometimes you want fishing line to stretch and sometimes you want it to break with your fists far apart because you're dealing with less delicate freshwater trout fishing, the expert insists that you should use at least 3 feet of your fine tippet material. Line or leader breakage is generally accomplished with a jerking anyway and it's surprising how much the stuff will stand. With enough stretch there is no jerk and the line makes things tougher on the fish. You're not doing a test with a 4-pound test line but you sure can't yank it out with it. Part of that is the same principle that makes a flexible tow line more efficient than a chain.

Anyway, stretch helps on a short piece of material, a hindrance with a long piece.

**Suction is used by fish in many kinds of bait. I used to think of any bite or strike as being a matter of the fish moving in the lure and surrounding it with its fins, but many years ago a grouper fisherman told me that the big ones suck up the bait rather than simply clamping down on it.**

"Drop a bait in front of a big one and if he wants it he'll just inhale and it moves to him, along with anything else that happens to be lying around," the man said. "He'll sit up against it and suck it."

That's one of the good things about light and soft lures. Plastic worms that are moved slowly can be taken partly with suction. You see and hear the same things when a fish takes surface lures—sometimes. Sometimes the sound is a plop as the roof of his mouth comes down on it, sometimes it is a splash as the whole fish breaks the surface, and sometimes it is just a sucking sound. On some occasions I've heard nothing at all while watching a hair bug disappear 30 feet away. But fishermen who repeatedly claim that they see "vibrations" only if he saw him or he says he would recognize the boat but didn't get the number—"he admits the incident happened a long time ago. Such reports are helpful, but they don't lead to immediate convictions."

You can list the number of arrests and the number of convictions, but there is no way of measuring the restraining effect of officers in the field, even if they don't make many arrests. I suspect that the very existence of the laws makes it difficult for most fishermen and hunters to accept the popular concept that people prefer to break the law when they know they can go unpunished or escape the mailed notice of regulations. And maybe he's more honest because he knows he might be caught. Like many police officials, I'm convinced that police cars cause people to slow down, even if few arrests are made.

Bass fishing tournaments for money have had their critics all along, many fishermen and fish managers feeling that angling is not properly a nose-to-nose competitive sport. Of course, a great many fish have been killed in the name of competition, although
Spanish moss, has intrigued man in the past and speculating about its source. It is called crape moss, Florida moss, old man’s beard, and table hair. Where did it come from? What kind of plant is it? Does it injure the trees? What are its uses, if any? Where did it come from?

Speculation about its origin, and why it was called Spanish moss is obviously a misnomer, since it is a true epiphyte—a plant without a root system that derives its moisture and nutrients from the air. It has been called “man’s beard” in Florida, but will also grow on very tall trees or bushes on which it grows. It has even been known to grow on telephone poles, for what it needs from its host is support, nothing else.

Its wiry strands grow to about 25 inches in length, and are a soft gray-green at first, turning to dark gray and spread from the trees in Florida? What kind of plant found growing not in Spain but in South and Central America in the late 16 and early 1700’s, and carried it back to Spain. From the reports it was taken to other parts of Europe and Scandinavia, where it was known to grow on telephone poles, for what it needs from its host is support, nothing else.

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Once more, hope died for finding commercial use once more with what looked like an important use for the plant. Drs. Seldon B. Feurt and Lauretta Johnson people, but they weren't interested. They preferred using their own synthetic wax. "We were looking for ways to produce it more cheaply—get it out of the plant with an organic solvent," says Dr. Fox, "and we approached the Johnson people, but they weren't interested. They preferred using their own synthetic wax." Once again, hope died for finding commercial use for the plant. Then came the blight that threatened the moss with extinction. In 1968 it became noticeable that the Spanish moss was dying. The disease began in Bradenton, spread northeast to Gainesville, then went into Georgia, South Carolina, and Mississippi. According to Anthony Jensen, extension forester with the Institute of Food Sciences at the University of Florida, as far as he knows, it did not reach the panhandle areas.

For three years the moss continued to die. It lost its natural gray-green color, leaving only the wirelike inner vegetable core. "The moss corseps hang like tangled wires from the tree branches," Paul Mitchell wrote poetically.

Scientists at the University of Florida attempted to diagnose the problem. After experimenting for two years, Drs. Daniel A. Roberts, professor of plant pathology, G. F. Weber, professor emeritus, and Anthony Jensen isolated a moss fungus, Fusarium solani.

In the meantime, some scientists at the University, among them Drs. Daniel B. Ward, botanist, Samuel E. McFadden, and the famed naturalist Archie Carr felt the real enemy was mammalian pollution.

Whatever the cause, the moss began to come back in 1973, and according to Jensen, is flourishing today, all signs of the blight having disappeared. "We think now," said Jensen, that this is a periodic thing. It has probably happened before. We just hadn't noticed.

But is polluted air injurious to the plant? Dr. John Winchester, professor and chairman of the Department of Oceanography at Florida State University, saw no evidence of injury to the moss from air pollution when he collaborated last year with visiting scientists from Sweden. Roland Akselsson and student Jonathan Sheline, to study the levels of concentration of trace metals in Spanish moss as compared to similar pollutants in the surrounding area. However, Dr. Winchester hastens to state, "You must remember that we took our samples from the Apalachicola National Forest and St. Marks area where the blight never hit and the air is cleaner than in congested urban areas."

The study was partially supported by the United States Environmental Protection Agency and the results have recently been published in the Journal of Geophysical Research.

"We made the study because it is important not only to learn about the concentration of sulphuric acid, lead, and other pollutants in the air but to learn how long those pollutants remain in the air, how far the particles travel, and where they will cause the most damage," Winchester explains.

There are two important sources of pollution. One, in any immediate locale, is the auto and pollutants from small factories that damage the air and foliage around them.

The other source comes from the long-range transport of pollutant particles emitted from tall stacks of electric power plants and factories. When he was in Sweden last summer Dr. Winchester found that the Swedes were seriously concerned because pollutants were being carried by the wind to their cities and countrysides from smokestacks as far away as western Europe.

Such an extensive knowledge of such transport and to what extent particles can be deposited on plants. One way to find out is to study plants. Here's where we found Spanish moss especially useful," he claims. "Most plants have roots and stems and are compli- cated organisms not easy to study, and the data are hard to interpret. Spanish moss, without roots, gets all its food from the air. It seemed a natural for comparing the deposits of pollutants on the plants with the composition of the surrounding air. Surprisingly, this comparison had never before been made," says the professor.

Dr. Winchester's samples of moss came not only from the lower branches of trees but from as high up as 20 feet in the air. The moss was taken to the laboratory and analyzed, using a special nuclear technique. Samples of the surrounding air were analyzed and compared.

The findings were that the moss had exactly the same proportions of lead, vanadium, nickel, and sulphur as the air. (Although sulphur is not yet a serious pollutant in north Florida, it may become so with increased consumption of high sulphur fuels.)

Where the moss grow closer to the roads, it naturally showed a higher concentration of pollutants, as did the air; but even in the denser concentrations, the moss appeared unaffected in its growth. Whether this remains the case if the concentration of pollutant particles increases cannot be known.

What can be known from the study is that the moss can be an accurate check in the future for testing the air around it.

Another excellent use for the moss today (as it has been in the past) is as mulch, especially for acid-loving plants like azaleas.

Joseph Rodger, writing in Organic Gardening and Farming in November 1968 says, "I have found a more versatile mulch than the long, gray Spanish moss which festoons our Florida trees. It can be used over and over again, stored from year to year, and replenished in abundance as needed."

But more important than its commercial and scientific uses are the uses nature intended for it in the first place: to keep stable the ecology of the areas where it grows. For example, dense growth of moss blocks out much of the sunlight, influencing the type of forest plants that grow under the trees. If the moss died or was removed, many plants in the area could not grow and others would have to take their places. "Those changes, in turn, would effect a change in the types of birds and animals one could expect to find living above, on, and below the ground."

(See Florida Wildlife, July 1970.)

Various kinds of birds feed on the moss. Some, especially warblers, use Spanish moss for nest building. Raccoons and squirrels are found hiding in its protective folds. The scale insect Orthotus tilandiatus lives on the moss exclusively.

The importance of Spanish moss to the ecology cannot be disputed. If no commercial use is ever found for it, perhaps it is just as well. In the meantime, it will always spell "the South" to many people who agree with Anthony Jensen, who says, "I love the stuff. I don't feel at home in Florida when the moss isn't healthy and hanging from the trees."
Parts of cedar peg are seen right. (1) 3-1/8" length of 1" diameter aluminum tubing (from cast off patio chair works fine) (2) A 1-1/8" length of wood dowel rod to fit tubing. (3) Hand carved (or whittled) 3-3/4" long cedar wood peg, tapered toward the rubbing tip. (4) Peg is shown when fully assembled.

Drawings and Photos By Wallace Hughes
BILLL PULLED THE GATE PIN from his dog box. Out bounded two lemon and white pointers, both with noses to the ground and striking a beeline to a nearby palmetto head.

With the dogs ranging at 100 yards, Bill and Smitty worked their jeep in and out of palmettos, picking their way through typical Webb Area flatwoods. On the right, a familiar and classic picture caught Bill's eye.

Frozen in midstep, Rebel, the younger of the two dogs, peered intensely into a palmetto clump. With a quail covey undoubtedly close, Bill stopped the jeep, stepped to the ground, and pulled his double-barrel from the rack.

Smitty closed from the right and Bill from the left. Both moved cautiously alongside Rebel. Jack, the older pointer, had already backed Rebel when Bill began kicking the underbrush. Firmly gripping their shotguns the two closed in. Like an explosion, wings cracked through the palmettos! Quail went everywhere!

When the smoke cleared, Smitty had a fine double and Bill a single. The dogs, too, seemed content as they carried their prizes in a dignified manner.

To most south Florida sportsmen, the Cecil M. Webb Wildlife Management Area means quail. It is the site of an intensive quail management program. The area is located southeast of Punta Gorda off Highway 41, and hosts hundreds of quail shooters, deer and hog hunters, and a variety of other outdoor enthusiasts.

The pride of the Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission, the C. M. Webb Area is one of three areas owned by the Commission. Beginning purchase procedures in 1941, the Commission paid $3 per acre of flatwoods and 40% seasonally wet prairies. Cabbage palm hammocks, improved pasture, freshwater marshes, and dry prairies comprise 5% each of the balance of Webb Area habitats.

Quail habitat was recognized early in Webb Area history. In 1946, the Commission became heavily involved in a quail research project initiated and conducted by the present Director of the Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission, Dr. O. E. Frye, Jr.

In 1954, data from this research project was published, prompting a sound quail management program which continues today.

Continuing management practices, Wildlife Biologist Larry Campbell and specialists use a variety of techniques to improve fish and wildlife on the area. For example, flatwoods are on a 2-year rotational burning system. This means half the area is control burned each year. Plant succession then maintains a most productive stage for natural quail foods.

The feeder program is also a stronghold for quail and is one of the key management projects. Financed (continued on next page).
Commission biologists. Upon completion of Interstate 75, the Department of Transportation will construct the lake with the aid of Commission specifications. Through planning and coordination with the Commission and the Department of Transportation, the lake should create excellent fishing opportunities.

Both fishermen and hunters find the C. M. Webb Wildlife Management Area a favorite, but the area offers facilities for a variety of outdoor events. Operating under a multiple-use concept, the Webb Area hosts a number of other recreational activities, all compatible with existing and planned wildlife habitat.

For bird dog enthusiasts, the Webb Area maintains one of the finest field trial areas in the South.
the southern parts of Alabama and Georgia. So when a
cons
...announced the discovery of its life in the wild. Its limit ed range
is comprised only of the Sunshine State and the
Placid

...had made good progress. I could tell by watching him exercise
that he would soon be able to fly. But Young’un was
another story. I knew that if he didn’t eat soon, he
would be too weak to survive under any
circumstances.

Early one morning, I released both youngsters in
the presence of their parents. “Dad” immediately
flew to Young’un and offered him a large grass­
hopper. The hungry youngster seized the insect and
quickly gobbled it down. Moments later, Big’un,
coaxed on by “Mom”, made his first flight.

The following afternoon, I walked through the 10
acres of open pine woods the falcons called home,
hoping to spot the youngsters. Within minutes I
found both young falcons perched high up in a pine.
The wind was rather gusty and every now and then
one of the young falcons would flap his wings fur­
iously to maintain his balance as the limb they
perched on swayed erratically in the breeze.

Dad soon alighted beside the youngsters and
passed a large, white grub to Big’un. (Big’un had
a few more spots on his chest than Young’un. Dad had
no spots at all on his.) Big’un quickly swallowed the
grub as Young’un edged near and began to gently
rub his bill against his brother’s with obvious curi­
osity. He seemed to be saying, “I know you had
something good to eat, now where is it?” Dad re­
turned shortly, however, and this time the prize, a
large brown beetle, went to Young’un.

Unlike some birds of prey, the young falcons did
not fight over the food their parents delivered to
them. Once the prize was awarded, competition
ceased. Later, however, as the youngsters gained
more confidence, they would fly to meet their parents
if they spotted them coming in with food. But again,
one of the youngsters had the tidbit, there was
no further competition for it.

As I watched Young’un finish off his meal, Mom
landed on a branch off to my right. Two more young
falcons scrambled out from behind a clump of Span­
ish moss and rushed to their mother. The male,
“Spots”, had a very heavily-spotted chest; the other,
“Sis”, was the only female in the brood. Those two
youngsters had also left the nest a day or so after I
had picked Big’un and Young’un up off the ground.
I had looked for them several times, but, unable to
find a trace of them, I had finally concluded they
were dead. But here they were, very much alive. I
was glad I had been wrong. The whole family was
intact.

Over the next several days, I spent many hours
observing the falcons, and soon I was able to ap­
proach within 20 feet of the birds without causing
a disturbance. In fact, on several occasions the adults
captured prey in the grass within 5 or 6 feet of me.
The parent birds rarely perched near one another.
Instead, each made an independent circuit through
their 10-acre territory, hunting for insects, larvae,
tree frogs, anoles, small snakes, and small rodents.
Several varieties of grasshopper seemed to comprise
the bulk of their diet.

Invariably, the hunt would begin from an elevated
perch that offered an unobstructed view, such as
a branch, a pine snag, or the top of a utility pole.
Then, systematically scanning the ground from
directly beneath the perch to a distance of up to 150
feet away, the sharp-eyed falcons searched patiently
for prey. Even well-camouflaged insects scarcely
larger than a dime were easily located. And once a
(continued on next page)

The Little Sparrow Hawk, *Falco sparveri us*
juvenalis, is the only falcon that nests in Florida. Very
little is known of its life in the wild. Its limited range
is comprised only of the Sunshine State and the
southern parts of Alabama and Georgia. So when a
pair of these diminutive birds of prey established a
nest in one of the cramped compartments of an old
purple martin house in my neighbor’s backyard, I
decided to try and learn more about them. A call to
the Archbold Biological Station at nearby Lake
Placid brought some help, and the next day, Biolo­
gist John Bengston and I carefully lowered the old
martin house and, to our surprise, discovered four
nestlings—three males and a female. The young fal­
cions were already nearly as big as their parents.
When I released the young falcons, I weighed, mea­
sured, and banded the youngsters. They reacted badly
to the experience, however, and quickly slipped into
a trancelike state of shock.

The older any nestling is when banded, the greater
the chance of an unfavorable reaction. And the most
common reaction, once the young bird recovers, is
to flee the nest, sometimes prematurely. When this
happens, the youngsters’ chances for survival may
be greatly diminished.

And sure enough, shortly after banding, two of the
young male falcons did flee the nest. Fortunately, I
was able to recover both youngsters, and, somewhat
reluctantly, I became a foster father.

The larger of the two, “Big’un”, soon reconciled
himself to his new surroundings and readily accepted
the grasshoppers I offered him. But his brother,
“Young’un”, could not overcome his fear of me, and
stubbornly refused to eat.

One characteristic of the sparrow hawk is shown in the photo of
“Mom”, far left. When at rest, the little falcon habitually finds a high,
open spot where it can observe its surroundings. “Dad”, left, brings in
food for the young, a chore that keeps him on the go.

Photos By Dave Norris
target had been selected, the falcons stooped from their perches and struck silently and swiftly with deadly-efficient talons.

When seriously hunting, the adults stooped once every minute or so. Neither bird, however, whether successful or not, ever returned to the perch it had just left. Instead, each falcon would always fly to a new perch and continue the hunt. In this way, hunting pressure tended to be more or less equalized as both adults continually circulated throughout the entire territory.

Both adults regularly carried food to the youngsters, but Dad seemed to devote more of his time to them. Mom, on the other hand, being slightly larger than her mate, seemed to spend most of her time patrolling and defending the territorial boundaries.

Almost daily, three or four large crows would enter the territory, and Mom would launch a loud, furious attack on the trespassers. And each time, the crows would retreat helter-skelter to the same tree, just outside the falcons' territory, to caw indignantly for half an hour or more at the falcon's inhospitality. The crows seemed to enjoy provoking these encounters.

On the other hand, the purple martins that occasionally passed over the falcons' territory never missed an opportunity to buzz the falcons. Dive-bombing at terrifyingly high speeds, the martins often streaked past so close that the falcons' feathers would be ruffled and they would be visibly upset. But they never made any attempt to defend themselves in any way. Half musingly, I wondered if this was the price the falcons had to pay for successfully appropriating the old martin house earlier in the season.

By the end of May, the young falcons had been out of the nest for nearly a month. And although their parents still made occasional offerings to them, the youngsters had begun two weeks earlier to make the initial efforts at securing their own food.

Sis had been the first to try her luck at hunting. Sitting on a pine snag one afternoon, she had been crying pitifully, to attract the attention of her parents. Evidently she was quite hungry. Her brothers had received most of the food the adults had brought in, but now the young falcons pushed to the perimeters and beyond. Because they were now able to catch most of their own food, their relationship with their parents changed. Now the youngsters traveled together as a tightly-knit group, and they less and less contact with their parents, although the adults were always close by. Previously the youngsters had remained near the center of their parents' territory, but now the young falcons pushed to the perimeters and beyond.

But while some of their tendency to expand their range may have been due to youthful exuberance and simple curiosity, another basic factor was coming into play. During the late spring and early summer there had been an abundance of prey species, particularly grasshoppers. But now their food resources appeared to have dwindled considerably. It is possible that the youngsters were forced to cover a much greater area to insure an adequate food supply.

Also some weeks earlier, Mom had first begun to behave in a rather strange manner, and for a long time, her behavior had puzzled me. But now, in the light of the youngsters' territorial expansion to first 15 and then 20 acres, Mom's behavior began to make more sense.

I had first noticed her unusual behavior about a week after the youngsters had all been reunited. Mom had been resting on a shaded pine snag when suddenly she flew into the air and began circling the territory some 100 feet or more above the trees. Then, alternately gliding and fluttering her wings in an uncharacteristic way, she began to call out shrilly while continuing to fly in ever-widening circles. After several minutes, she drifted off to the east and eventually disappeared from sight a half-mile or more away, still calling. Thirty minutes later she was back behaving as if nothing unusual had ever happened.

Two weeks later, she again repeated the unique pattern of circular flight and urgent calls. This time I was in a position to watch both her mate and all four youngsters as Mom fluttered and sailed high overhead, finally drifting away. The whole family had watched her, but none of the falcons made any attempt to call to her or follow her. Mom performed again several times during the month of June, and once, Dad joined his mate. Both adults fluttered and cried and flew in ever-widening circles before disappearing to the east. The four young falcons watched their parents closely and seemed uneasy, but they made no attempt to follow them. Within an hour, both adults had returned, and life continued as usual.

"Dad" brings home the bacon, in this case, an anole. Misnamed by early European settlers after a similar Old World species, the sparrow hawk is an avid hunter of insects and other small game. A t right is "Young'un." (continued from preceding page)
The first of the brood to score at hunting, "Big’un" still shows traces of downy baby feathers in the in-hand photo, left.

(continued from preceding page)

Then one day the falcons were gone. Had the strange fluttering, the circular flight, and the crying seen the young birds go, so I can’t be sure. But if the falcons return next year, maybe the answer to this question can be found. There’s still a good possibility that more information regarding the falcons’ dispersal and their whereabouts might eventually be forthcoming. The young falcons, after all, have been banded, and one or more of the bands may be recovered, providing additional insight into my fascinating little family of birds. Only time will tell.

FLORIDA WILDLIFE

MARCH 1976
subject to fatigue and resultant breakage. Needed replacement of a single weakened, broken, or lost spring is often the cause of mechanical malfunction.

Always keep in mind that a working spring gradually loses its tension. In autoloadingo firearms, a firing pin, and in single-shot firearms, reaction springs. In autoloaders, spring is usually beneficial to replace the long spiral spring of the braking system every 4000 shots or if present spring is already years old. The same applies to worn or barren friction piece and barrel guide ring.

Similarly, in other makes of autoloaders, the breech block return spring must be strong enough to slam moving parts to breech-locking tightness at The Remington models 740 and 742 and Winchester 190 are notable among autoloaders that require this positive closing and locking of breech block on cartridge pickup, for the rifle to fire. Besides sufficient spring power behind closing breech block, chamber cuts and lock-up cresives must be free of dirt or heavy grease, for positive breech block action.

If rifle or shotgun bore was not cleaned at close of hunting season, run a couple of patches wet with Rice's XF-10, or a cleaning solvent of your own preference, through bore. Whenever possible, work from breech end and do not permit cleaning patches to pass through the bore and be reissued on return pull.

Next, wipe the bore with a dry patch and inspect it against a strong light. If inspection shows any dark or greasy spots, patch bore with a bronze bristle brush wet with XF-10. J-B Bore Cleaning Paste and bronze polished mirror bright without choke damage by polishing it with a grade steel wool around

The parts are sure to have results. However, they are needed does not mean that others cannot supply it. Some effort and waiting time may be involved, but persistence will surely get results.

Parts for Winchester shotgun models 12 and 97, Stevens 520 and 620, and Savage Models 720, Remington Model 1100-12, and BHaem 0-12 are still reliably easy to obtain, even though the applied lubrication? Have a gunsmith familiar with triggers and aim is taken. I find it advantageous to logically get a faster close of shotgun breech and approximately 3/4-inch above it. Keep in mind that it is the aiming eye's sighting plane precisely across center of shotgun breech and approximately 3/4-inch above it. In that way you will logically get a faster reply, and eventually the gun part or parts you need.

Every issue of The Shotgun News (Hastings, Nebraska 68010) carries advertisements offering a wide variety of replacement gun parts. One firm claims it has more than a million parts in stock at all times. If necessary, write around. Simply because one contacting source does not have a needed part does not mean that others cannot supply it. Some effort and waiting time may be involved, but persistence will surely get results.

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NATIONAL WILDLIFE WEEK
March 14-20

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Along Florida's Big Bend Gulf Coast is a primeval swamp little known to people outside of the general vicinity. More than 70,000 acres in size, it compares in many ways with the great Okefenokee in Georgia. Legends prevail so strongly about Tate's Hell Swamp, however, that relatively few natives will venture into it, a factor which may well have contributed to its preservation.

Treatment involves a short descriptive introduction to the area, how to reach it, where to hike, backpacking opportunities, where to camp, and where additional information is available. A location map showing the prominent features completes the section.

This book, and a companion volume, Mid-America Trips and Trails, also by Thomas, is published by Stackpole Books, Cameron and Kelker Streets, Harrisburg, Pa. 17105. Cost is $4.85 each.

Gun Sale Successful

The annual confiscated firearms sale, held at the Commission office in Tallahassee this past fall, attracted more than a thousand potential buyers. The 275 bids received totaled over $10,400.

Arrest Figures

During the last three months of 1975, Commission enforcement officers reported making 2,689 arrests. Fishing without a license led the list with 406 arrests. Lack of a hunting license brought on 328 citations. Other categories ranged from fire hunting and hunting without quota permit to boating violations, narcotics, and trespassing.

Hatchery Production

Ninety-two million fish were produced the past season at the Commission's Richloam Hatchery. Charles Starling, hatchery supervisor, said the fish were released in 275 different locations throughout the state. Some were part of put-and-take stocking programs while others were used to help establish breeding populations. The sunshine bass-Florida's hybrid white bass-stripper cross—were turned out to a total of 1 million fry. Largemouth bass, bluegills, and shellcrackers, plus grass carp for scientific studies, made up the balance of Richloam production. The hatchery, one of the two operated by the Commission, is located in Sumter County.

Hunt Season Report

With the first year of the permit system over, the Game and Fish Commission is already looking at ways to improve the procedure for the 1976-77 hunting season.

In a December report to the Commission, meeting in Ocala, Fred Stanberry, chief of wildlife management, said the overall reaction to the system by hunters "was very favorable."

"The majority of complaints were related to errors or delays in the operation of the computer system," Stanberry said, "but we will have these problems pretty much straightened out by next year."

Despite the large amount of publicity on the program, 40% of the permits were issued less than a month before the opening of hunting season through the regional offices.

"The offices were reported overloaded with calls and sportsmen trying to get a permit at the last minute, and I'm afraid some did not get theirs by opening day, although they did by the second or third day," he stated.

The quota permit system will be discussed at public meetings around the state in February and March to gain input from sportsmen on improvements of the system, Stanberry said.

"One of the recommendations we will be talking about is a final date after which no permit will be issued and no other applications will be accepted, even if the quotas are not filled," he said. "That will give us sufficient time to process all applications and insure the permit reaches the individual prior to or during the first nine days of the hunting season."

Fire Hunting Increases

Fire hunting, according to field reports and arrests, has been on the increase during recent months. The opening in this type of violation has required some realignment of patrol activities, especially those during daylight hours in some areas. The result has been reductions of hunter contacts and the number of units available to answer daytime complaints.

Fish Gets Award

Wesley Fish has been named the Commission's Fish Management Specialist of the Year. The presentation, made at the December meeting of the Commission in Ocala, was based on Fish's work over the previous 12-month period. An evaluation of his performance, plus an examination covering various phases of Fisheries Division operations, was the basis for his selection. Fish is assigned to the striped bass project and is headquartered at the South Florida regional office in Lakeland.

Frye Begins 31st

Dr. O. E. Frye, Jr., Commission director, recently completed his 31st year with the agency. He began his career with the Commission in January 1946 as its first wildlife biologist. He soon became chief wildlife biologist for the growing statewide game management program. He was instrumental in initiating Florida's wildlife management area system which now has almost five million acres available for public recreation.

Frye became assistant director in 1951 and director of the agency in 1960. His efforts in the conservation field have been widely recognized. An avid outdoorsman, in all types of hunting and fishing activities, his special interest lies in falconry.

The good wishes of the Commission staff and the sportmen of Florida are with him as he launches his 31st year in the frequently turbulent but always interesting field to which he has already devoted so many years.

Nature Recordings

"Natural Sounds of the Mountain Lake Sanctuary and Tigor Creek" is the title of the second stereo record issued by the Sanctuary.

The recordings are by Dan Gibson of Toronto, a well-known wildlife photographer and recorder of natural sounds. Featured on the record are such diverse performers as cicadas, gray squirrels, cardinals, wood ducks, barking frogs, oak toads, cricket frogs, southern... (continued on next page)
swamp chorus frogs, and will's-widows. Production by sanctuary director Ken Lake Wales, and includes an carillonneur Milford Myhre. Tiger Creek can be protected for Morrison and a carillon excerpt all time. of The Nature Conservancy that of the Mountain Lake Sanctuary," Morrison is used on the front which is a sequel to released in 1971. of $1.50 at the Mountain Lake Gift Shop, Box 832, Lake Wales 33853.
The Mountain Lake Sanctuary is owned and operated by the non-profit American Foundation. 

Federal regulation of falconry is required by a March 1972 convention between the United States and Mexico which extends federal protection to virtually all species of North American birds traditionally used for falconry. None can be possessed without a federal permit. Some of the more common include the red-tailed hawk, prairie falcon, Cooper's hawk, goshawk, kestrel, and Harris hawk. Falconry has been practiced for over 4,000 years and is increasing in popularity worldwide. An estimated 1,500 Americans actively engage in the sport, and the number is growing.

The sport of falconry is not allowed in some states. Where it is allowed, state regulations must comport with the minimum requirements stated in the federal regulations.

The regulations attracted almost 16,000 comments from individuals and organizations in response to two notices of proposed rulemaking in July 1973 and April 1974. No other proposed rule-making by the Service has ever drawn greater public interest.

The new rules became effective February 17, 1976.

FLORIDA WILDLIFE'S FISHING CITATION is available without charge to subscribers to FLORIDA WILDLIFE Magazine and their immediate families who catch any of the listed freshwater fish of the prescribed minimum size. A citation for framing will be mailed to the applicant upon receipt of the following application form properly filled out and signed. Only those applications received within 90 days of the date of catch will be honored.

APPLICATION FOR FLORIDA WILDLIFE FISHING CITATION

The Editor, FLORIDA WILDLIFE
Game & Fresh Water Fish Commission
Tallahassee, Fla. 32304

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

County

Registered, Weighed By Signature of Applicant

TO BE ELIGIBLE . all fish must have been taken from the fresh waters of the State of Florida, on conventional tackle, with live or artificial bait, in the presence of at least one witness. The catch must have been weighed and recorded at a fishing camp, tackle shop, or similar establishment, by the owner, manager, or an authorized employee. No citation will be issued for any fish which was preserved for examination.

CUT OUT AND SAVE THIS APPLICATION BLANK
March 14-20 1976
National Wildlife Week

Save Our Wetlands