

S O U T H S H O R E
WATERFOWLERS

A S S O C I A T I O N , I N C .

DECEMBER 2014

Web site: sswa.org

P.O. BOX 217

BRIGHTWATERS, NY 11718



*A National Hybrid Duck Study Being Done at
the University of Washington*

by Ron Sineo

A member of The USFWS has sent out this information to me, hoping that one or more of our members might be willing to donate a hybrid bird (other than a mallard-black duck cross) to the Burke Museum. ***If you shoot such a bird and are willing to donate it to this project at the museum, contact me for more information.***



What We Need from the Hunting Community

Ideally, we would like to receive whole birds that will be preserved as scientific specimens and always available for use by researchers, students, and artists at the University of Washington Burke Museum. For each of these hybrids we would save a study skin, a fully extended wing, and a sample of tissue. Genetic analysis will tell us the mother species for first generation hybrids, help identify the parental species, and allow us to assess whether the hybrid is a first generation hybrid (a cross between two pure parentals) or a backcross between a first generation hybrid and one of the parental species. The study skin and the extended wing will allow us to describe the plumage of first and later generation hybrids in detail and, perhaps, lead to the eventual development of an illustrated guide to first and later generation hybrids. Artists will need these specimens to make proper illustrations!

Although the skin and wing specimens would be invaluable additions to the science community, some hunters will not be willing to give up a hybrid they want to mount. When good photos allow us to determine the bird's parentage, just a tissue sample, taken when the bird is being mounted, will allow us to include it in the study. However, for the interesting case of hybrids themselves producing young (mostly backcrosses), photos are proving to be insufficient to determine parentage, so we much prefer to receive whole birds for detailed study.

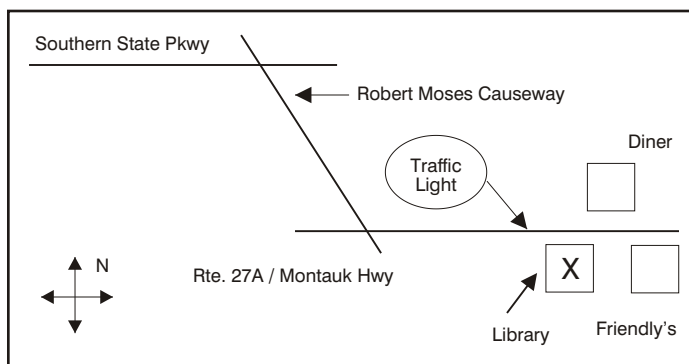
South Shore Waterfowlers

Voice of the Long Island Waterfowler

The South Shore Waterfowlers meet at 7:30 p.m. on the 1st Monday of each month from September through April. If the 1st Monday falls on a holiday, the meeting will take place on an alternate date (to be announced). (A library holiday is the same as a U.S. Postal holiday.)

Meetings are held on the first floor conference room of the Brightwaters/Bayshore Library located on Montauk Highway (Rte. 27A) in Brightwaters/Bayshore (see map below).

For additional information, please call John (631) 874-7459 or Ron (631) 862-8518.



The President's Corner

A lot has happened since the September issue of our Newsletter. For one thing, the season is now in full swing, and I hope you are all enjoying a bountiful harvest. We had our annual Duckboat Show & Waterfowl Festival, and it was a big success. Youth Weekend was well attended at both locations, and the kids had fair shots at lots of birds this year. The SSWA is in the process of establishing a Handicap-Access blind at Penny Pond in Hubbard County Park, Flanders in cooperation with Suffolk County Parks. *Special thanks to Riverhead Building Supply for their generous materials donation.* Our buddy program is up and running, as is our decoy-rig loaner program. By the time you read this, we will have had our December meeting/Christmas Party, and we will be ready to ring in the new year.



Our January 5th meeting promises to be special, since our "Guest Speaker" will be life member Steve Sanford. Steve is well known for his talents in the duck hunting arena, and he will treat us to a PowerPoint presentation he has created on:

Designing, Building, and Restoring Duckboats

It is likely to be a great inside look at customizing and creating duckboats. Steve will be available after the presentation to "talk shop" with our fellow members. It should be a lively and exciting meeting. I hope to see you there!

Ron Sineo

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Password Change

Once or twice a year the password for the sswa.org website is changed. The new password appears on your mailing label on your newsletter. It will be a word that doesn't usually appear on a label. The password enables you to go to locations on the website that are "member specific." That means only paid-up members can look at the info in that area. All other areas can be accessed by the general public. We have these member specific areas because we don't want members' personal info to be accessible by non-members. To log onto the website go to sswa.org, click on **Login**, enter **member** where it says Name, then enter the password where it says Password, then click **Login**. When finished looking around, remember to click **Logout**. Enjoy the website. It's yours for the viewing.

A Season For All

by Mike Marran

Ecclesiastes 3:1 *"For every thing there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven."*

I have been blessed to have encountered some great people in life for a reason and a season.

One of my early memories is looking forward to the television show "The American Sportsman" with Curt Gowdy. Each Sunday he would take me on a different hunting or fishing adventure with a movie star or sports celebrity. This was the world to which I aspired.

My father died before I got my first hunting license but I inherited his passion for the **Great OutDoors** as well as his love for training dogs—specifically, American Chesapeake Bay Retrievers. He was an attorney born in Patchogue and spent his youth fishing and hunting on the Great South Bay. I was born in Washington D.C., where my family lived early on in my father's career. That is where my father and grandfather first hunted with the local "brown dogs" of Maryland.

I have been breeding and training Chesapeake Bay Retrievers, the brown dogs, for most of my adult life. (If you don't think you have the greatest dog in the world, you are doing something wrong.) **The Chessy can be Dead-grass or blonde and various shades of brown in color.

I can recall the many stories that were told of hunting the famous Remington Farms in Maryland (now known as the Chesapeake Club.) While attending a summer meeting of the Atlantic Flyway Council, I was fortunate enough to be invited to tour this proverbial hunting Mecca. My guide and host was H. Lloyd Alexander, then-Delaware's director for Fish and Wildlife. Lloyd and his wife Ann became good friends to my wife Kathy and I. During one visit, they gave us a bottle of water from the Chesapeake Bay to baptize our brown pups. Lloyd and Ann confessed to me they might convert to the brown dogs themselves someday. I'm still waiting.

My first recollection of the South Shore Waterfowlers Association (SSWA) was attending the U.S. National Decoy Show at the American Legion on Grove Street in Babylon. The show would attract carvers from all around the country. Walter Titus, the president of the club at the time, was a high school teacher, a carver, and my algebra tutor in the summer.

Many seasons later, the club's president was a telephone salesman from Stony Brook named Craig Kessler who guilt-tripped me into getting involved. The monthly meetings of the SSWA were held in the Old Heidelberg in Bay Shore, now the Jon Thomas Inn. I am very grateful and proud that he introduced me to the rewards of service in SSWA. Never in my wildest dreams did I think I would some day be president myself.

Craig, a "yellow dog" owner, still serves the waterfowl community as the Retired DU Regional Director, promoting and preserving waterfowling traditions and values. Craig & Lloyd are not movie stars or sport celebrities but to me they might as well be. Volunteering with the SSWA introduced me to the founders and early members who I consider lifelong friends.

Joseph "Bud" Ladman was the first president of the club. He was the owner of a documented vessel, The Retriever, that was built and designed just for hunting broadbill (scaup) on the bay. When the bay was frozen solid, it was his boat that broke the ice to get to open water. It was exciting for me to be a member of the crew during those icy seasons.

My dear friend Dr. Ellis "Duffy" Brewster was a local dentist, author, teacher, and bayman who was an expert on the local environment. Truly a "man for all seasons." If you wanted to find fish or birds on the bay, he was the one to see. I was honored to be included with his family and his hunting buddy, Martin Fleisher, when they buried him here in Bay Shore. (Past President Martin was one of those "golden dog" people. This club benefited from his spirited personality.)

Another notable person for me was Frank Pomes and his South Carolina Spaniel "Rebel." Frank told me that my Boykin Spaniel had some Chesapeake Bay Retriever in it. Frank and Rebel won the our Dock Jumping contest two seasons ago. I was proud to call him a friend. He died too young. He and his family will be part of our spirit for all seasons.

In my dream season as president of this great fellowship, I carved decoys with the iconic "Mr. Decoy" Al McCormick and developed deep friendships with the famous lady who created our logo and "the artist's husband" (another great past president). Gil and Kathryn Herzy were responsible for raising thousands of dollars for DU. Another super past president, Curt Matzinger, says that behind every great man there is a great woman, he dubbed them our "Water flowers."

Another famous artist and super decoy carver that has given himself to promote the values of our club must also be given credit. He was our state waterfowl biologist for years and is responsible for that broadbill logo that we proudly display. I was the lucky winner of a magnificent Broadbill decoy that he donated to help us raise money. It holds a special place of honor in my home with his name branded on it's bottom: Steven J Sanford.

While I was president, a young man (another telephone salesman) asked me if he could come along on one of my hunts. I was leery to say yes because I was unsure of his knowledge and skills. He persisted and I relented only to find he was more than capable and great company to boot. Erik Tirpak lost his own father at a young age. He and his "Water flower" Cathy are now raising their two sons in the tradition of the **Great OutDoors**. He almost had his own American Sportsman show at one point, and I was planning on making a guest appearance (with my famous brown dogs, of course). Unfortunately, he has one of those "black dogs" . . . but I want him to know I appreciate sharing this world with him.

The summer winds begin to chill. My retrievers start to amass a thicker coat of fur. The ponds, marshes, and skies begin to fill with a varied assortment of colorful waterfowl.

This is my season. I am a Duck Hunter. . . and I could never be me without you.

Talking About Dogs — The Conditioned Retrieve

by George Grivas



“Fetch it, fetch it up, I said fetch it, FETCH IT NOW YOU SOB”

In my 30+ years of hunting with my dogs, I never had my dog fail to deliver a bird to my hand. Of course a dog may put a bird down but a fetch command gets him to pick it right up AND deliver it to hand. I got this reliability by training the retrieve.

What might happen if you don't train a retrieve? You may get a dog that doesn't deliver to hand. You may get a dog that has put down a cripple that then flies away.

The conditioned retrieve is a retrieve response that has been taught (force fetch). It is a behavior sequence that includes moving to the bird, picking it up, carrying it back to the handler, and then delivering it to hand. This is different from instinctive retrieving where a dog is “released from heel” and he runs out to get a bird and bring sit back. In one instance the dog is commanded to fetch. In the other instance the dog is released to act on his own instinct.

The conditioned retrieve is best started after the dog is done teething which will be at 7 or 8 months old. It is best not to use the fetch command in the field until the process has been completed in its entirety in yard training. To do so may diminish the power of the fetch command.

The following description is really an overview of the process. There are several excellent resources that describe this in more detail.

First Step: Teach hold. Place a dowel in the dog's mouth, say hold, and praise for holding. Place your hand under his chin for help in teaching. As the dog becomes successful have him hold it for increasingly longer periods. Then have him hold it while you walk away a few steps. Give lots of praise.

Second Step: Carry. Have the dog hold the dowel while walking in heel and give lots of praise. If the dog drops it, replace it and say hold.

Step Three: Reach and hold. This step is important in teaching the dog to relieve pressure by getting the dowel and holding it. This step is the reason why this is often called force fetch. The idea is to present the dog with some form of discomfort until he reaches for the the dowel and holds it. The instant he does so the discomfort is stopped.

There are different ways to do this: lip pinch, paw squeeze, and ear pinch. Actually any form of discomfort or pressure can be used. I personally use the ear pinch: I put the leash over my shoulder, grab the collar and ear flap in my left hand, hold the dowel in my right hand, and pinch the ear flap against the collar. As the dog opens his mouth to complain, I immediately place the dowel in his mouth and stop pinching. I then add the command fetch. After several trials he should be reaching for the dowel when you say fetch and no ear pinch. A refusal should get an ear pinch. You then extend the reaching distance for the dowel.

Step Four: Transfer. I like to transfer this fetch command separately to everything that the dog will retrieve: bumper, pigeon, duck, pheasant, chukar. I repeat the entire process with each. Now that the job is complete you have a tool that you can use to reinforce your command in training and in hunting.

Time involved: I am patient with my dogs. I judge the time it should take according to how quickly the dog catches on. And I am thorough. Two sessions a day, 10 trials each session, some review—six weeks for my dogs. You may be saying this is too much, but the result is well worth the effort.

Some other comments: I say the command only once. Refusal gets an ear pinch. I send my dog on her name and the fetch command is used only when she drops the bird. I don't use the command on something she has not been forced to.

Choosing the puppy, preliminaries in training, obedience, basic retrieve, introduction to water and feathers, and the conditioned retrieve—I have covered these in my columns. If you follow the training advice I have been describing, you now have a duck dog that you can hunt with. Just make sure the dog is either steady or leashed and secured to the boat or blind. Don't send the dog for a bird he has not seen fall (blind retrieve). I will describe blind retrieves in my next column.

(Sorry, I had hoped to do a new retrieving demo at the last Duck Boat Show but I was dealing with two issues. My dog had a pulled muscle from hunting and she had just been bred which meant I had to keep her away from water. I canceled at the last minute.)

A Profile in Courage

by Jim Kennedy

The author recalls a special hunt with a young man whose fervent wish was to become a duck hunter (from the Archives of Ducks Unlimited)

No one should ever ask me—or any other crazy duck hunter—to write or speak about our most memorable duck hunt. Because, as I get older, the most memorable hunt is likely the one I've just been on. I can recall every detail, and keep replaying it in my mind until the next adventure in a duck blind. When I take time to really reflect, I remember certain special moments. My children's first duck hunts have to rank at the top of the list, followed by other youngsters and their first hunts. It's hard to forget the excitement in those young faces as my Lab retrieved their first ducks. ***But I suppose one young man's first duck hunt stands above all others in my memory bank. His name is Martin Blaisdell, and his story is one of rugged determination and unbelievable courage.***

I met Martin, who was 14 at the time, through his mom, who works down the hall from me and said one day that her son wanted to become a duck hunter. Sandy told me that Martin, after watching me appear on a Ducks Unlimited television show, wondered if he might be strong enough to ever go duck hunting. You see, Martin had been battling cancer for half of his young life and he didn't know what the future had in store for him. That was all it took for me to make the commitment to take Martin hunting during the upcoming season. I hoped it would give him the incentive to continue his battle so that he would be strong enough to handle a gun safely.

The first order of business was to sign him up as a Ducks Unlimited Greenwing so he could get all the material, read the magazine, and think about his upcoming hunt. When Martin and his family took a tour of DU headquarters after a trip to St. Jude's Hospital in Memphis for treatment, Martin fell in love with DU and all the duck hunting memorabilia in the main lobby. At work, I often talked with his mom about the upcoming duck season and Martin's commitment to being strong enough to go. Though Martin's treatment for cancer was long and tough, and would have probably humbled a professional athlete, Martin faced it with unbelievable resolve. As it always does, the

close of the duck season came way before I was ready. But that year I had something extra-special to look forward to. Martin and his dad, Alan, would be joining me the first weekend of February 2005 for the South Carolina Youth Waterfowl Hunt.

They arrived Friday evening at my family's farm in the Low country, near Beaufort. That night we went through the usual pre-hunt ritual of making sure waders fit and all the equipment was ready to go for an early morning start. Martin was going to be shooting a 20-gauge Remington 1100 Youth Model shotgun that had helped my wife and all three of our children kill their first ducks. Martin proudly showed me his Ducks Unlimited waterfowl identification guide and told me he was going to try to pick out the ducks we saw the next day. After a big dinner, we sat around the fire and talked about duck hunting until I told Martin he probably ought to get to bed and get a good night's rest before the morning's hunt. He said he'd try, but worried that he was too excited to sleep much. I, too, lay awake that night and said a selfish prayer that Martin would be able to have a good hunt the following day. Saturday morning dawned clear and cold with a good breeze out of the west—a good day for duck hunting. Skim-ice bordered the pond that we were going to hunt as we loaded Martin into a decoy-filled pirogue and headed to the blind. I pulled the boat through waist-deep water while Alan and my Lab, Winston, followed behind. After I explained to Martin what kind of decoys we'd be using (cork ones that I had made myself that vaguely resembled mallards and black ducks), Alan got his son situated in the blind and I put out the decoys. Once that was done, Martin, Alan, Winston, and I began to watch and listen. We were treated to what I call a duck blind symphony. The show was better than any IMAX theater. These ducks hadn't been hunted in a week, so they had dropped their wariness a bit and flew with great enthusiasm. Ringnecks, just over the top of the blind, sounded like jets, while green-winged teal splashed in the decoys just outside our small blind. Wood ducks squealed overhead. Hen mallards raised a ruckus throughout the pond. I could tell Martin was mesmerized.

(Continued on p. 6)

(Continued from p. 5)

When my watch showed that it was legal shooting time, I warned Martin to get ready. He looked nervous, but Alan placed his hand on his son's shoulder and told him everything would be fine. I began calling and several ducks offered an opportunity, but we weren't quite fast enough. Finally, a beautiful drake wigeon landed in the decoys. Martin stood and raised his gun and the duck jumped. Understandably, his first shot missed, but at the urging of his father and me, he shot a second time, then a third. At the last shot, the wigeon paused in midair and then fell back into the decoys. Martin had his first duck. The smile on his face was almost as big as his father's and mine as we watched Winston retrieve that beautiful duck. Martin kept admiring his wigeon until I reminded him that he could still shoot a few more ducks. The next one that fell to the little 1100 was a drake woodie. Then, after a few misses, a drake hooded merganser. By then, Martin was cold and his energy had been tapped. After picking up the decoys, I might as well have been towing the King of the World as I headed to shore with Martin, that little 1100, and three beautiful ducks. If it had been dark, Martin's smile would have lit up the way home. Three ducks didn't make a limit, but I'd never felt more fulfilled than I did after that hunt. We had all done everything we had hoped for and Martin was a duck hunter. The next day Martin's gas tank was a little low. But, despite the cold weather, he managed to bag a drake ringneck and a drake wood duck. The statement that "numbers don't measure a good duck hunt" could never have been more true. Martin was thrilled with his two beautiful birds. The hunting weekend was a success, and Martin the Duck Hunter slept contentedly as he and his father drove home to Atlanta. On Monday, I called a taxidermist friend, Dana Stanford, and asked how quickly he could

mount a duck for me. I explained the need for speed. Dana didn't disappoint, and within two weeks Martin had a mounted drake wigeon on the wall of his bedroom along with a framed photo collage from our hunt.

Martin isn't able to duck hunt anymore, but if his heaven is like I hope mine will be, I'll bet he's listening to whistling wings and ducks talking on cold fall mornings. When I told Martin's mother that I was writing this, she said that Alan carries Martin's Ducks Unlimited Greenwing pin with him every day in his wallet to remember his son. I remember Martin, too, for his courage. And I give thanks that I was able to show that wonderful boy the world of ducks and duck hunting.

* * *

James Martin Fichtner Blaisdell was born May 11, 1990, and left us much too soon, on May 29, 2008. Throughout his ten-year battle with cancer, Martin overcame unspeakable challenges with grace and character to become a Boy Scout, baseball player, karate kid, fisherman, wood craftsman, pen maker, remote-control wizard, pool ace, cat lover, Lego builder, and duck hunter. He loved to tell a joke, and his smile was both infectious and inspirational. Martin was a junior at North Gwinnett High School in Suwanee, Georgia, and a proud ROTC cadet. He is missed by all those who were blessed to know him.

For 15 years, Jim Kennedy simultaneously was president of Wetlands America Trust and a member of the Ducks Unlimited board of directors. "A Profile in Courage" was excerpted from the new book Legends, Leaders and Characters of Ducks Unlimited, a collection of 36 essays about some of the most memorable people in DU's 75-year history. For more information on how to order this exciting new book, please visit the DU website at www.ducks.org/75book or call 800-45-DUCKS.



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Alert: What You Should Know About Blue-Green Algae

by Ron Sineo

Blue-green Algae or (Cyanobacteria) found in ponds can be very dangerous for your dog. This article was written at the request of some SSWA members who attended our October meeting.

It has been found to be poisonous to Cats, Dogs, Horses, Cows, and Birds and the *Level of toxicity* is generally moderate to severe. Not all of these symptoms will appear, but be aware of them and watch for these common signs:

Vomiting	Shock
Diarrhea	Excessive secretions
Blood in stool or black, tarry stool	(e.g., salivation, lacrimation, etc.)
Pale mucous membranes	Neurologic signs (including muscle tremors,
Jaundice	muscle rigidity, paralysis, etc.)
Disorientation	Difficulty breathing
Coma	Blue discoloration of the skin and mucous membranes

In, some cases, death can occur

Cyanobacteria (also known as blue-green algae) are microscopic bacteria **found in freshwater lakes, streams, ponds and brackish water ecosystems**. They can produce toxins (such as microcystins and anatoxins) that affect people, livestock and pets that swim in and drink from the algae-contaminated water. Blue-green algae grow and colonize to form “blooms” that give the water a blue-green appearance or a “pea soup” like color. It also looks like blue or green paint on the surface of the water. Because the algae float, they may be blown by the wind into thick, concentrated mats near the shore, thus making them easily accessible to livestock, pets and people. Algal concentrations vary throughout the year, but are most abundant **during periods of hot weather in mid- to late-summer months and are most likely to be found in nutrient-rich water**. While most blue-green algae blooms do not produce toxins, it is not possible to determine the presence of toxins without testing. Thus, all blooms should be considered potentially toxic. Very small exposures, such a few mouthfuls of algae-contaminated water, may result in fatal poisoning.

Dogs that enjoy swimming and playing in lakes and ponds may be exposed to blue-green algae. Hunting dogs are especially predisposed due to increased exposure outdoors. Clinical signs of poisoning are dependent on the toxin involved. *Microcystins* can result in liver damage or failure. Signs of liver injury include vomiting, diarrhea, blood in stool or black tarry stool, weakness, pale mucous membranes, jaundice, seizures, disorientation, coma, and shock. Death generally follows within days as a result of liver failure. Blood work changes include elevated liver enzymes, a low blood sugar, a low protein, and even abnormal clotting. Aggressive, immediate treatment is necessary to help treat this quick-acting, potentially fatal poison!

Anatoxins result in neurotoxicity evidenced by excessive secretions (e.g., salivation, lacrimation, etc.), neurologic signs (including muscle tremors, muscle rigidity, paralysis, etc.), blue discoloration of the skin and mucous membranes, and difficulty breathing. Death follows within minutes to hours of exposure as a result of respiratory paralysis. Livestock that graze around affected ponds or lakes and are able to drink from them are often found dead near the water source. Treatment includes anti-seizure medication, oxygen, and aggressive care by your veterinarian.

Unfortunately, there is no antidote for the toxins produced by blue-green algae. Immediate veterinary care is imperative. If you suspect your dog was exposed to blue-green algae, contact Pet Poison Helpline immediately for guidance.


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Quack's Tips

Lanyards: There are many kinds available, and made from different materials. Many hunters probably bought a lanyard with their first duck call. Sadly, they may have chosen a lanyard with only one loop, thinking that it was sufficient. Well, it was, until the day that the call separated and the part that wasn't attached to the lanyard fell overboard never to be recovered! Note the picture. A lanyard with 2 loops can be used effectively to keep both halves of your duck or goose call safe!

On another note, if you shoot your limit, try spending an extra hour or two in your ground blind, boat, or pit, just watching and trying to work the birds. You can still learn plenty about waterfowl when your shotgun is empty and put away. It is also a good way to steady a young dog. The birds will come into your decoys, but there will be no shooting. It can teach the dog that he doesn't get to go after everything, and it can take a bit of the edge off of his intensity! It is also a great time to brush up on your identification skills.

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(Editor wishes to thank Matthew for supporting the SSWA)

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Fall Event Recap

by Curt Matzinger

This fall was an exciting time for the SSWA. Our 34th Annual Duckboat Show and Waterfowl Festival was a big success. There was a record number of vendors this show, filling the show grounds. An over-the-top gate attendance showed that the word got out to the people. A Southampton gent won the 1st prize in the raffle, as well as a young lady from the Hamptons winning the paintball raffle. It is great to see word is getting out to the Eastern Forks. Funds raised will help us in our Penny Pond handicapped hunting project. Thanks to all who helped out. I couldn't have done it without you.

The Youth Weekend showed a large number of young hunters in attendance. I was at Southaven, and even though only a few birds were harvested, I think the kids had fun and are eager for the upcoming season.

Thanks to Erik Tallbe, Sr. & Jr. for manning our BBQ grill for the afternoon luncheon sponsored by the SSWA.

Hope you all get out and have a safe and successful hunting season.

Happy Holidays to All.

— South Shore Waterfowlers Association —

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— *South Shore Waterfowlers Association* —
CALENDAR OF UP-COMING MEETINGS AND EVENTS

- January 5** — SSWA Meeting, Brightwaters Library. Steve Sanford guest speaker.
February 2 — SSWA Meeting, Brightwaters Library
March 2 — SSWA Meeting, Brightwaters Library
March/April — SSWA 11th Annual Dinner, Fisherman's Catch Restaurant, Point Lookout.
Date to be announced. Details to follow. Check out SSWA.org
April 6 — Last SSWA Meeting for the season, Brightwaters Library



SSWA—Proud creators of the Southaven Park
Blind 9 Wounded Warriors Project and

COMING SOON

Penny Pond Handicapped Hunting Blind,
Hubbard County Park, Flanders, NY

VOICE OF THE LONG ISLAND WATERFOWLER



SOUTH SHORE
WATERFOWLERS
ASSOC., INC.

P.O. BOX 217
BRIGHTWATERS, NY 11718

Dedicated to Waterfowl Conservation on Long Island