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Before reading this issue, take a look at the back page. How would you like to live in "Gameless America?"

THE PINE CONE

JULY, 1917 (8th ISSUE)

ISSUED QUARTERLY

1200 MEMBERS

OFFICIAL BULLETIN OF THE NEW MEXICO GAME PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION

CIRCULATION, 5000

OUR PLATFORM

1. We stand for vigorous and impartial enforcement of the game and fish laws.
2. We stand for federal control of migratory birds and prohibition of *spring shooting*.
3. We stand for co-operation with stockmen in a vigorous campaign against *predatory animals*.
4. We stand for an adequate system of Game Refuges.
5. We stand for such an increase in game and fish as will furnish *legitimate sport for every citizen*.
6. We are opposed in general to the public propagation in New Mexico of foreign species as a substitute for *native American game*.
7. We represent 1,200 members, each and every one *pledged* to observe the letter of the law and the spirit of good sportsmanship.
8. We are not in politics.
9. We stand behind every warden who *does his duty*.
10. We offer \$50.00 reward for information leading to the arrest and conviction of any person killing antelope, mountain sheep or ptarmigan.



"To restore to every American his inalienable right to know and love the wild things of his native land, this is the true aim, and real work of wild life conservation."

HOW TO HELP

1. First of all, join the nearest local Game Protective Association. The dues are only \$1.00 for regular members, and \$10.00 for contributing members. *Every dollar helps, and every new member adds to our power for good work.*
2. Observe the game law, and report violations of the law which come to your notice to any of our officers.
3. If you hunt or fish, be a real sportsman. There is more honor in giving a square deal than in getting the limit.
4. If you can afford to do so, contribute a small sum for the support of the state association. Any amount, however large or small, is welcome.
5. If you cannot contribute money, contribute some of your time. Ask your local officers for a job. There is work for all.
6. When you have read THE PINE CONE, hand it to a friend. Help spread the idea.
7. "Remember the Buffalo."

The Drag-Net Goes To Work

FIRST HAUL PULLED UP THE BANK SHOWS THIRTEEN ANTELOPE KILLERS, FISH HOGS, PIGEON SHOOTERS, AND LICENSE DODGERS, ALL VERY MUCH SURPRISED, FLOPPING LUSTILY, AND NOT AT ALL PLEASED WITH THE SUNLIGHT.

Everybody knows that the trouble with New Mexico game is that the laws are not enforced.

Everybody knows that the way to enforce them is to make it unpopular to be a law-breaker.

The PINE CONE therefore publishes, for the edification of those not yet put across, the following evidence of highly gratifying activity on the part of State Game Warden T. Rouault, Jr., and his deputies:

The Champion Fish Hog of New Mexico.

Fortunately for him, his name is not in our possession. He hails from Raton, and caught 131 bass weighing 157 pounds in one day—just ten times more than the limit set by both law and decency. *O tempora! O mores!* Fine \$25.00 and costs.

Antelope Killer in Jail.

A ranchman living near Harrington, southeast of Raton, is in jail charged with killing an antelope, and faces the special penalty of \$200 prescribed by law for this act.

The man who deliberately kills one of our fast vanishing antelope, would, it seems, be quite capable of blowing up the Parthenon, the Pyramids, or any other irreparable work of art, the rarer the better.

Pigeon Killer Brushes up on Ornithology.

From Silver City comes a report of the arrest and conviction of a killer of Band-tailed pigeons. These, of course, are one of our rare birds permanently protected by law. The "thought-it-was-a-dove" story is getting to be somewhat of a chestnut, no longer acceptable in well-regulated courts. Besides, the dove season is not open yet.

License Dodgers Forget Their Tickets.

Four fishermen in the lake country of northeastern New Mexico were arrested and convicted of fishing without a license. Two were boys, whose fines were remitted pending good behavior. Two non-residents operating on trout in the Taos country were arrested for the same offense. Result not known.

The big spotted ones addicted to the brown hackle in the famous Ruidoso proved so alluring to four gentlemen of El Paso, that said gentlemen were constrained to forget that they lived in Texas. Of this they were duly reminded by Mr. Rouault in person. Two got back to the ticket win-

dow before the arrival of the warrants—the other two paid demurrage for their tardiness. All four went home chanting sadly the good old song: "*Alma, wo wohnst du?*"

Deputy Warden Ed Irvin of the Pecos reports seeing about forty elk this spring, with a good sprinkling of new calves. Evidently the Pecos herd is holding its own.

The stone-cutter of the ages is sharpening his chisels. For the enlightenment of posterity, he is ready to carve on the other side of this stone the names of the buffalo, the antelope, and the mountain sheep.

SHALL WE LET HIM?



What Has Posterity Done To Us?

Thousands of Elks Starved by Winter Snows

WYOMING REHEARSES THE LESSON OF THE BASKET OF EGGS.

Practically all the yearlings and nearly one-third of the grown elk in the Jackson's Hole herd died this spring as a result of the hard winter and late snows. Losses were correspondingly heavy throughout the whole Yellowstone country. The supply of hay furnished by the government gave out

long before spring opened up, and the snow was so deep that it was impossible to import any feed.

Game Conservationists cannot prevent snow from falling, but they will do well to take a good look at the thousands of elk carcasses that dot the Wyoming foothills this spring, and take to heart an old lesson. The lesson is this: Whenever a given species is killed off to where it is restricted to limited localities, that species is in imminent danger of extermination. ALL THE EGGS ARE IN ONE BASKET. Starvation, disease or predatory animals may wipe out the remnants over night.

There is no such thing as a threatened species holding its own. It is either coming back or being destroyed. Though its numbers remain stationary for years, every tick of the clock brings with it the chance of disaster.

Sportsmen of New Mexico, take notice! Our remnants of Antelope, Mountain Sheep, Ptarmigan, Javelinas, and Blue Grouse are not even holding their own. Tick-tick-tick goes the clock. What are you going to do about it?

WHO HAS SEEN A WOODCOCK?

The federal regulations credit New Mexico with a closed season on woodcock. Heretofore we have always considered New Mexico woodcock to be in the same class with New Mexico mountain goats, Santa Claus, and other pleasant illusions. But comes now Chas. C. Johnson of Pasadena with a very plausible record of woodcock in California. Why not, then, in New Mexico?

Many of our alder-fringed mountain streams would make the most sophisticated woodcock's mouth water, and who knows but what the big-eyed ones are grubbing worms out of some of our black oozy beds of water cress right now? If so, where? Anybody who has ever seen a woodcock in New Mexico should notify the G. P. A. at once, so that special protective measures can be formulated promptly.

The last Idaho-legislature closed the season on sage grouse until 1921. Idaho is to be congratulated. Her good deed should be shined brightly into the eyes of certain naughty states. Maybe some of them would "come alive."

A game hog is like a flea—he bites hard and spurs good dogs to action. The man-on-the-fence is like a tick—he sucks blood, but does not even make you mad.

The Pine Cone

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A quarterly paper devoted to the cause of Wild Life Conservation.

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THE NEW MEXICO GAME
PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION

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War and Wild Life

War is hard on causes.

To the average citizen, building up an appreciation of America's wild life has no visible connection with the tearing down of America's enemies. War is upmost in the public mind. Yet, after all, what are we fighting for? We are fighting to preserve for our sons their inalienable right to be Americans. And what is this right? It is the right to fight, not necessarily with guns, for the preservation and development of things American. Of these things, the wild life of our native land is by no means the least.

From the standpoint of the true sportsman, the outstanding fact of the present situation is that the game protection movement must go on, in spite of the war. Progress must hold its own. To drop the work during the war would mean to start all over again when it is over—and possibly with little game left to start on.

The New Mexico G. P. A. will accordingly go on with its work as usual, and bespeaks the continued support of every citizen who is interested in the cause.

Not only do we expect to hold our own, but more than that, we look for accelerated progress in the future. Is it too much to hope that peace will bring to the average American a little less regard for himself, a little more love for his native land; a little less zest in killing, a little more enjoyment in letting live; a little less jealousy of his personal privileges, a little more willingness to sacrifice for the rights of his children? Wild life conservation rests on these things. Some day they will come home to the average citizen, and on that day the future of the wild things of our native land will be assured.

Game as a Food Supply

The world wide food shortage prompts the PINE CONE to put in a word on the much discussed proposition of game and fish as a food supply.

It is a well known fact that an acre of water will produce more food in the form of fish than any acre of farmland ever pro-

duced in vegetable crops. Fish are the most productive crop on earth. The Ohio shore of Lake Erie, for instance, produced 29 million pounds of fish during 1916.

Dr. Hornaday has estimated that the waste lands of the United States, now producing nothing in the way of food, could easily produce 2,000,000 whitetail deer a year. These would be worth \$40,000,000 as meat.

Every sportsman knows that the waste grain, weed seeds and insects of our agricultural regions could raise untold millions of upland game birds—a practically new gain to our food supply. In addition, the animal, insect, and vegetable life of our lakes, rivers and swamps ought to be producing millions of wild fowl.

Last and not least, what but our insectivorous game and song birds enables the farmer to raise any crops at all? Without them, the earth would be stripped of vegetation in seven years.

But wild life conservation is not primarily a food supply proposition. Think twice, Mr. Sportsman. When you see a flock of mallards dropping into the old pond at sunset, are they nothing to you but thirty pounds of meat divided into ten bundles of three pounds each? If that's all they are to you, don't shoot! Save your shells and go home and buy a beefsteak. It's a more conservative investment.

Man cannot live by bread alone. Game is meat in the same sense that Frederic Remington's "Trail Herd" is a yard of canvas, or "The End of the Trail" a thousand pounds of plaster.

On Killing the Limit

The First of a Series of Little Talks on the Question of: "What is a Sportsman?"

The April issue of the "Rotarian" prints a picture showing seven members of the Rotary Club of San Jose, Calif., each with the limit of ducks draped around his shoulders. The picture is evidently intended to commemorate the enterprise and skill of said members.

The publication of this picture by an organization ordinarily so progressive as the Rotary Clubs of America, prompts the PINE CONE to state that in its humble but positive opinion, pictures of "limit bags" are going out of date.

The PINE CONE knows of men, plentifully endowed with time, money, dogs, and touring cars, who are reputed to kill close to 100 limits each season, beginning with doves in August and ending with ducks in January. "Limits" are their specialty, their chief object in life. Mr. Man-in-the-picture, is there much "honor" in putting yourself in their class?

The PINE CONE knows of other men, members of exclusive shooting clubs, who sit in fancy blinds in heavily baited waters, with foot warmers on their toes, and a \$10 guide at their back to hold the extra gun and do the retriever act. Naturally these men regularly kill the limit, and some of them are not satisfied unless they do. Mr. Man-in-the-picture, is there much "skill" implied in putting yourself in their class?

The gist of the argument is this, that "limit" pictures are more often associated with mere hunters than with sportsmen. Killing the limit is of course entirely justifiable under proper circumstances, but pictures of limits do not state these circumstances.

Are you a business man, Mr. Reader? If so, no doubt the papers occasionally get hold of your name. The public reads that you, John Jones, are a "keen and successful business man." Good—you are honored. But suppose the public reads that "John Jones cleaned up ten thousand dollars in one day last week." How? From whom? These questions are not answered. It is a doubtful compliment.

Just so it is an honor to win, by enterprise and skill, the reputation of being a keen and successful sportsman. But to acquire a reputation for killing limits is a doubtful compliment, at best.

News From The Locals

Silver City: "We have secured five convictions so far this season. Caught a 'gentleman' from Arizona killing doves, who didn't know the game laws were made for him. He paid."

"Pigeons in large numbers on the Gila. Deputy Leslie Fleming cinched an hombre for killing them."

"Lots of turkey reported, but deer not encouraging. Fishing reported good, but our streams should all be replenished. We are watching violators very closely. Stockmen are co-operating and we appreciate it."

State Game Warden Rouault recently spent several days in Silver City conferring with officers of the G. P. A. The Silver City Enterprise quotes him as saying that "Silver City leads the state when it comes to energetic work and enthusiasm for the protection of game and fish."

Santa Fe: The demonstration fish screens have arrived and will be installed by Frank Owens, of the Santa Fe Water Company, in the near future.

It is reported that a man from Santa Fe has invented a brand new fish screen of very simple and inexpensive design. Details are not yet made public, but the man who puts a fish screen on the market that is both effective and cheap, will deserve the hearty commendation of every sportsman in the West.

Trapper McMillin of the Biological Survey trapped and killed a yearling female grizzly at the foot of the Pecos Baldy a few days ago. The papers reported her weight as 1,000 pounds. If this is true, the hide must have done considerable shrinking before it reached Albuquerque, but such is the manner of bears. The pad measured 5½ feet across, which checks with the trademark of one of the grizzlies who killed so many cows on the Pecos this spring. The other and bigger one is still at large.

Deputy Warden Ed. Irvin is reported to be keeping a close watch on the upper Pecos. Residents along the river are commenting on the exceptional scarcity of violators.

Albuquerque: Reports have been floating around about dove-sooners, mother-quail killers, baby trout eaters, and nesting duck hunters, so on June a special committee of the Albuquerque G. P. A., co-operating with Deputy Game Warden Chas. Quier, turned out for a "clean-up day." No violators were caught, but the word was spread around pretty effectively.

The Bird Puzzle Contest recently conducted by the Albuquerque G. P. A., drew answers from 150 school children all over the state, and has set many a prospective citizen to thinking on the subject of birds, and their protection.

Kenneth J. Baldrige of the G. P. A., is laying plans for restocking the Rio Jemez this fall. It has never been stocked due to the long haul from the railroad.

Raton: The new Colfax County G. P. A. is living up to specifications heretofore quoted by the PINE CONE. In the recent clean-up on violators reported elsewhere in this issue, the Association co-operated very effectively with the State Game Warden.

SCOTCH FORESTS AS MEAT PRODUCERS.

"It is stated that 1,400,000 pounds of venison have been sent from the deer forests of Scotland to hospitals of the army and navy last season. This is quite an imposing quantity, and should have saved a lot of butchers' meat. To tell the truth, however, Tommy is not over-fond of venison, and much prefers butchers' meat and rabbits. Still, it is good, wholesome food, and there are many ways of preparing it besides roasting and simply stewing."—From Shooting Times and British Sportsman.

NOTE: New Mexico produced about 60,000 pounds of venison last year, or one-twentieth of what Scotland gave to the hospitals alone! New Mexico's deer country has just about the same area as the whole of Scotland. Who said "Plenty of Deer?"

The S.O.S. of the Grouse

NORTH DAKOTA ROLLS UP HER SLEEVES AND GOES TO WORK IN REAL EARN-EST.

One by one they fall in line. North Dakota is the latest recruit. On June 15, at the town of Minot, there was held a convention to organize a statewide game protective association. North Dakota sportsmen have evidently tired of the old order of things, and are making a noise that sounds like business.

"The S. O. S. of the Grouse" is the title of an interesting prospectus outlining the plans of the new association. The prospectus says in effect that the sage hen and the prairie chicken are in danger of extermination, and that this danger cannot be averted by denying its existence. Correct. That laws cannot be enforced by leaving it to "the other fellow." Correct again. The good wishes of the New Mexico G. P. A. go forth to this new and auspicious movement.

The Buckskin Business

ONE OF NEW MEXICO'S THRIVING INDUSTRIES OVERLOOKED BY CENSUS TAKER.

Among the thriving industries of our young but hopeful state is the business of converting our remnant of deer into buckskin. These "buckskin factories" are generally located in the tall timber—the taller the better. Like moonshine distilleries, they display a remarkable aversion to publicity. Advertising hurts their business.

On West Red Canyon in the San Mateo range is a fine example of this highly profitable enterprise. The manufacturing plant consists of a smooth pine log spanning a little draw. Under this log, when last inspected some years ago, was a pile of deer hair four feet high and fifteen feet in circumference. Hundreds of deer, mostly does and fawns, had here been converted into buckskin and jerky. The log had been used to rub the hair off after the hides had been buried in ashes to loosen the "set."

The PINE CONE will be glad to furnish free advertising for all buckskin factories that will kindly send us their name, place of business, and list of stockholders.

PHILOSOPHY AND FISHING.

"No great philosophy, as far as I know, has been born either on the bleachers or the links; but how many of the ideas that have made men truer and nobler have come out of long days on the bank, when there were no bites!"

Fishing is human life epitomized.

There is the water, calm, inscrutable, impenetrable—the symbol of fate—into which every man casts his line.

What lies at the bottom of it no man may see. The tiny minnow of misfortune which nibbles away his bait, may be followed the next moment by a monstrous catch of good luck, sweeping him almost off his feet.

What happened yesterday in this dry spot is not augury of what may take place today. Always there is the hope that the next fling of the line will bring the reward: always the lure of the one more try.

And as one grows older in fishing, even as one grows older in living, there comes the same consoling truth—that one need not catch big fish in order to be happy. That the spirit of the fishing is more important than the size of the catch: that he who fishes well must fish with a calm and tranquil soul, drawing his reward from the joy of his fishing rather than from the weight of his fish."—Bruce Barton.

Reports so far indicate an extra good turkey crop in all parts of the state where there are any left.

"Turkey In Every Canyon— Deer On A Thousand Hills"

A VIVID PICTURE OF THE MESCALERO COUNTRY, A GUNLESS PARADISE FOR WILD GAME AND BIRDS, WHICH SHOWS WHAT NEW MEXICO WAS LIKE—ONCE.

By J. S. Ligon, U. S. Biological Survey

The Sacramento and White Mountains of southeastern New Mexico lie in the midst of a vast region of arid plains. Accordingly they are coming to be a summer playground of ever increasing popularity. During the summer months a constant stream of motor cars are pouring through this cool, health-giving atmosphere. Good roads and automobiles have brought the joys of the lofty altitudes to the very doors of remote cities. This large influx of tourists makes it of vital importance that we consider what is to become of the wild life of these mountains.

The things of nature that are the adornment of mountain and forest must depend upon those of us who admire and love them for their existence. This region has been in the past a great game country, and even at the present time, with all of the slaughter and persecution, game is still to be found in fair numbers, especially in the Mescalero Indian Reservation, where turkey are

outside. If game can be brought back to where there are 630 Apache Indians and an army of campers and tourists, as is the case here, it can be done elsewhere also.

The Sacramento mountains range in altitude from desert at 4,600 to perpetual winter at more than 12,000 feet. The luxuriant growth of trees and flowers, with much grass and many mountain streams, furnishes a dwelling place for a great profusion of bird and animal life, and with the control of predatory wild animals—wolves, mountain lion, coyote, bobcat, skunk and foxes—and respect for the game laws, the supply will be made secure. We have been slow to wake up to the ravages of predatory animals, and to work, in co-operation with the stockmen, for a systematic campaign against them. I am informed by the manager of one of the cattle ranches in the east side of the Mescalero reservation that this company lost in 1915 from wolves alone more than 200 head of cattle, while during 1916 he says that the loss has been so light that in comparison they hardly noticed it. The work of two government hunters, Mr. I. L. Ritchie and Mr. T. L. Lovelace, is responsible for the change, and at the present time it is my belief that there are but five adult lobo wolves in this

The absence of blue grouse and tassel-eared squirrels in the Sacramentos is very noticeable. Just why they are not there is a puzzling question that furnishes much food for thought to the close observer. The country certainly seems perfectly adapted to them.

In conclusion let me add that these very mountains themselves seem to be calling for us to bring back the elk. Numerous tracks of bear still thrill the visitor. The dashing flight of the band tailed pigeon makes you wish that you could follow him through the wilds. The gobble of the turkey fills you with pure delight, just to know that these beauties are still so near. But the elk, that noble creature, who here made a last and desperate stand for his claim on the home that he had so long been master of, has been forced to go the route of the buffalo. Elk should be brought back to the Sacramentos. We are practically assured by the Indian department that if Elk are placed in the reservation, they will get the proper protection. Let us not rest until we bring them back.

An Appeal To New Mexico Statesman

SPRING SHOOTERS AGAIN BLOCK MIGRATORY BIRD TREATY BILL. WHO SAID "A SCRAP OF PAPER?"

The bill to make effective our treaty with Canada for the protection of migratory birds was reported favorably by the senate committee on foreign relations, and was called up in the senate last week. Senator Smith of Arizona, and Senator McLean made a determined effort to get action, for which they deserve the thanks of American sportsmen. The spring shooters, however, are still on the job. Senator Reed of Missouri, their traditional sokesman, and Senator Borah of Idaho, who is "agin' the government" in all these matters, again succeeded in preventing a vote.

It is time to invoke the new cloture rule against Senator Reed. For two years he and his kind have been blocking not only this bill, but the Game Refuge bill as well. *These obstructionists are afraid to let these matters come to a vote*, because they know that both would carry by an overwhelming majority.

The PINE CONE has no illusions about Congress. We know this is a special session, and a busy one. But the Migratory Bird Treaty Bill *involves an international obligation* and is therefore not only a proper measure for consideration by this session, but its passage constitutes a duty which congress is in honor bound to discharge. What is congress going to do about it, and when?

It has been a long time since a senator or member of congress from New Mexico has actively identified himself in support of any wild life conservation measure. This paper represents 1,200 New Mexico sportsmen who would heartily appreciate being actively represented in these matters. Here is a good chance for one of our statesmen to lend a hand.

MORE ACTION FROM SILVER CITY

Just as this issue goes to press, word comes from Silver City of two more convictions secured by Deputy Game Warden L. R. Fleming. One citizen of Pinos Altos paid \$100 for killing band-tailed pigeons, while one El Pasoan, caught "sooning" on doves came across with \$50 and costs.

\$ \$ \$

This is the last issue of the PINE CONE on last year's budget. Unless all of our "constant readers," "old subscribers," etc., come through or across to their local treasurers we shall have to resort to desperate measures to raise the necessary before getting out the September 1st issue.

This is not a joke but a cold hard fact. We are up against it financially.

It costs \$125 in round numbers for each issue. All this goes into printing, wrappers and postage.

The good stuff is supplied by the reporter-editor gratis.

Is the PINE CONE worth a dollar a year to you?

Without throwing any bouquets at ourselves, we think we have and are delivering the goods. T. R., David Starr Jordan, Dr. W. T. Hornaday and Howard Eaton have said so, among others.

We have got to have the money. So far as we can learn all of our members have not paid up their 1917 dues.

You do your part by turning over your little dollar to your local treasurer and we will do our best.

Make every penny work.

What About the Whitetail?

OLD TIMERS ARE INVITED TO CONTRIBUTE SOME HISTORY.

The history and condition of the white-tailed deer in New Mexico is a matter on which there seems to be very little reliable information.

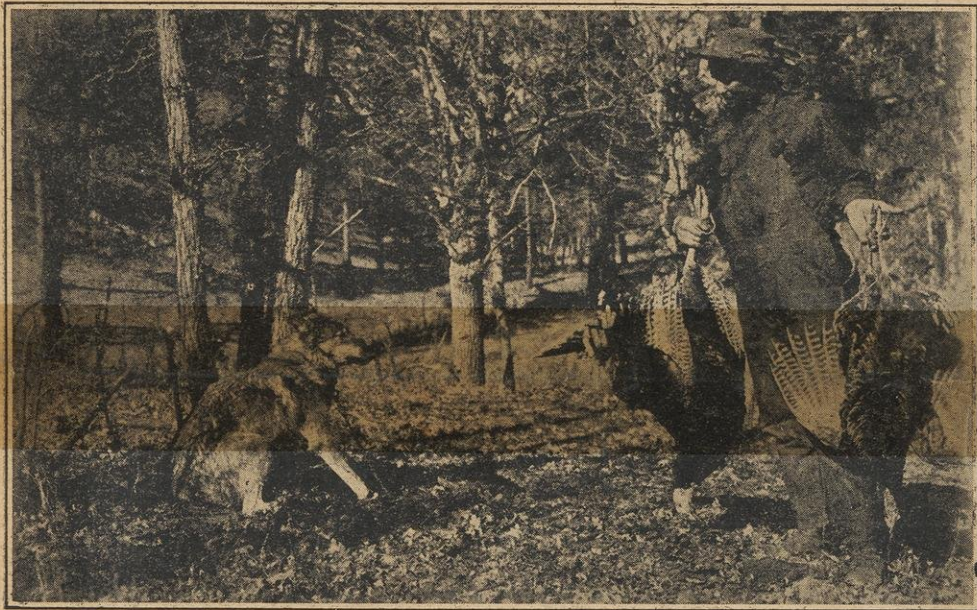
There is an unproven tradition that the whitetail formerly abounded in the northern as well as in the southern mountains. For some unnamed cause and at some unknown date the northern animals are said to have "moved to Colorado" or disappeared. It is now an undoubted fact that they are coming back. Small herds are now located on the Pecos, near Taos, and just recently comes a report of a new herd near Flagstaff, Arizona. The exact locations of these new herds we do not, of course, care to make public, but they are there just the same, and doing well. Will it be possible to repopulate all the northern ranges with these hardy little animals? Is this a migration into new territory, or only a replacement on ranges where they were killed off during the "dark ages?" Any contributions of knowledge on this subject from old timers who know will be gladly received by the PINE CONE.

More Reenforcements For the Cause

MISSOURI FISH AND GAME LEAGUE COMES OUT WITH A SPLENDID NEW PUBLICATION DEVOTED TO WILD LIFE CONSERVATION.

Just as the PINE CONE goes to press there arrives the first issue of "Wild Life," the mouthpiece of the Missouri Fish and Game League. Without hesitation we pronounce this paper to be an excellent piece of work. The New Mexico G. P. A. and Missouri organizations have had serious differences of opinion in the past, but if this new paper correctly represents the viewpoint and intentions of the Missouri League, the PINE CONE not only stands ready to bury the hatchet, but extends its heartiest congratulations and assurances of good will. It will be a genuine pleasure and satisfaction to make common cause with Missouri sportsmen, and just to show that we mean it, the chief officers of this association are today subscribing, one and all, to "Wild Life."

Missouri has her unprogressive elements, as do all states, and these elements are not dead yet as is evidenced by the recent activities of Senator Reed. But very evidently these elements are not responsible for this splendid new paper. With E. A. McIlhenny and Dr. C. W. Field among its chief contributors, its future is indeed bright. Is it too much to hope that the infusion of new life and spirit in the Missouri League will speed the day when harmony and co-operation will replace the discord that has heretofore characterized the struggle toward better things in American sportsmanship?



THE OUTLAW IN CHAINS

The expert trappers of the U. S. Biological Survey never kill a wolf in a trap. To spill wolves' blood on the trap line would warn every other lobo to leave the country. The trapped outlaw is stunned by a blow on the nose, wrestled down, muzzled, decked out with a collar and chain, packed on a burro, and taken to camp for killing.

MR. READER: HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO DO THE WRESTLING ACT ON THIS FELLOW?

abundant. The 630 Apache Indians, with all their love for hunting, have allowed a good supply of deer to remain. The antelope have not suffered quite the fate of the elk, as there are still a few to be found near the east part of the reservation. This portion of the mountains is a beautiful antelope range, and I find that the animals are getting pretty fair protection. Although the game in these mountains has been subjected to greater slaughter than in most other districts of the Southwest, because it was the first to be settled, and by a class of people who looked to this source to a great extent for their food supply, nevertheless nature did her part nobly in giving the wild things the protection of a rough country. But for this the Sacramentos would be today a gameless and very tame summer camp.

The general public is gradually coming to the realization that the fragment of our game is entitled to a place in our civilization. The Indian department of the Mescalero Reservation has effectively established this protective feeling in the reservation, and what has been done here can be done elsewhere. To Mr. Wm. A. Light, agent, and his efficient staff of assistants, is due much of the credit for the present hopeful situation. There are today in the reservation, no doubt, more wild turkey than can be found on an area of the same extent in the entire United States, and the overflow is giving a fair supply on the

entire region, two in the Indian reservation and three in the Sacramentos south of Clouderoft. Two good wolf men are close on the trail of these, and we hope to have their hides in a few weeks.

Game is fed upon by the varmints much more than we generally realize. It is known that the two wolves that are now at large in the Indian reservation have recently killed three deer. There are but few lions in this region, but these few get many deer. There are still some bobcats and coyotes. The cats get many young turkey, quail and smaller birds.

We want to appeal to all those hunters who have stood the test and are true to law and order, to not be content with their own obedience, but to help your companions and friends to do likewise. We are in need of a few more lovers of the wild that have enthusiasm—the steam that drives the machinery of the human body to victory. "Remember the buffalo," and we will clear the way for far greater support as we move along. The whole-souled interest that the government officials of the Mescalero Indian reservation have in the game and birds is certainly commendable. Concentrated effort on the part of the guardians of the reservation is why we have there turkey in every canyon and deer on a thousand hills. But when you go to the Mescalero reservation, leave your gun at home. Guns are not allowed except to Indians during the open season.

An Eye Opener for Optimists

Mr. Reader, have you ever heard predictions of "a gameless continent?" Have you possibly smiled at the idea, and said something about "false alarm?" If so, let us point out to you that **RIGHT UNDER YOUR NOSE** are

AN AREA
ONE FOURTH
AS LARGE
AS
NEW MEXICO

16 MILLION ACRES OF GAMELESS WILDERNESS

AN EMPIRE
LARGER
THAN
MOST
STATES

Stripped Clean of Every Living Thing Bigger Than a Coyote

**BY MODERN FIREARMS
DISREGARD OF GAME LAWS
LACK OF PROGRESSIVE PUBLIC SENTIMENT**

This Advance
Sample of

Gameless America

Is The
"Navajo Country"

The "Northwoods" of New York, only half as big, and within a days ride of New York City, still contain over 48,000 deer. There are **GAME LAWS** there.



The Navajo Country comprises 20,000 square miles of natural game range lying in northwestern New Mexico and northeastern Arizona.

As late as 1873, scientific observers reported the woods and plains of the Navajo Country stocked with "Antelope and Deer in abundance," also mountain sheep and beaver.



Where Are They Now?

