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Are you going on a vacation? If so, read in this issue about the motor expedition to Stinking Lake.

THE PINE CONE

APRIL, 1918 (11th ISSUE)

1200 MEMBERS

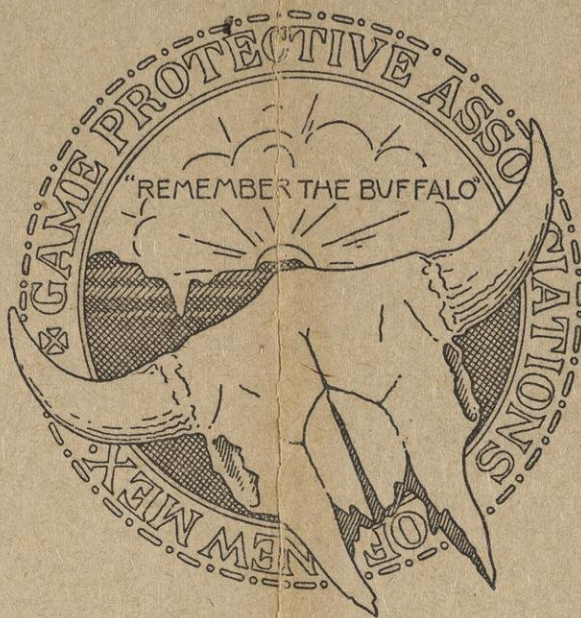
OFFICIAL BULLETIN OF THE NEW MEXICO GAME PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION

ISSUED QUARTERLY

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.



As the cone scatters the seeds of the pine and fir tree, so may this little paper scatter the seeds of wisdom and understanding among men.

SIX RULES FOR SPORTSMEN

1. *Be a Real Sportsman.* There is more honor in giving the game a square deal than in getting the limit.
2. *Make Sure It's a Buck.* If you can't see his horns—she hasn't got any.
3. *Help Enforce the Game Law.* Game and fish are public property and only a bame-hog will take more than his fair and legal share. Violations should be reported to the nearest Deputy Warden, Forest Ranger, or Game Protective Association.
4. *Respect the Ranchman's Property.* He regards the man who leaves his gates open, cuts his fences, chouses his livestock, or shoots near dwellings, as an outlaw. Put yourself in his place.
5. *Be Careful With Your Campfire and Matches.* One tree will make a million matches; one match can burn a million trees.
6. *Leave a Clean Camp and a Clean Record.* Unburied garbage, crippled game, and broken laws, are poor monuments for a sportsman to leave behind him.

ON TO STINKING LAKE! Commercializing Big Game in Alaska

JOIN THE G. P. A. EXPEDITION TO KIT CARSON-LAND; FEAST YOUR EYES ON DUCKS, AND FILL YOUR CREEL WITH TROUT. EVERY GAME CONSERVATIONIST IN STATE INVITED.

Name of Famous Duck-Breeding Ground Will Be Changed to Lake Burford in Honor of Late G. P. A. President. Striking Dedication Secretary Planned.

Reader, where are you going to spend your vacation? Listen. Much has been written and said about the wonders of Stinking Lake. Most people of New Mexico vaguely know not only that it is a beautiful body of water, but that a vast number of ducks nest there. To the sportsman it is the greatest natural wonder in the state; to the conservationist, it is the ideal bird refuge; to the citizen who is neither one nor the other, it is simply a blue lake in that terra incognita, that undiscovered region of mountains and forests, northern New Mexico.

To discover Stinking Lake in particular and portions of northern New Mexico in general, the New Mexico G. P. A. is organizing a motor camping expedition. The tentative schedule is as follows:

June 7—Leave Albuquerque at 9 A. M.
June 7—Arrive Santa Fe.
June 8—Leave Santa Fe, via Espanola, Canjilon, Tierra Amarilla.
June 10-11—At Stinking Lake.
June 12—Leave Stinking Lake, via Tierra Amarilla, Vallecitos or Espanola.
June 12—Arrive Taos.

From Taos, side trips will be taken by those who can go, to Las Vegas and Raton. Here are the rules:

1. The trip is under the auspices of the New Mexico Game Protective Association, but is open to everyone. It is not limited to sportsmen.

2. Each individual or party must furnish automobile transportation, bedding, camp outfit and chuck. There are no fees or dues.

3. Each participant must send his name and the number in his party to the New Mexico Game Protective Association, Albuquerque, New Mexico.

4. Participants can sign up for all or any part of the trip.

Here is a healthful, simple vacation that will be not only a vacation, but an education in the resources of northern New Mexico and its marvellous scenery. Moreover, the fishing season is open at that time; many people are going fishing, and excel-

lent trout streams can be reached from various points in the itinerary,—notably the famous Brazos, the Vallecitos, the Arroyo Hondo, and Red River.

It is not alone the individual who will benefit from this journey. The northern part of the State will receive some excellent publicity. The expedition will be accompanied by expert photographers and moving-picture operators who will obtain a series of photographs for a pictorial story of the trip that will give New Mexico a real boost. In this aspect of the journey, the New Mexico Publicity Bureau will give valuable aid.

The concrete object of the G. P. A. is to boom the cause of game conservation and particularly game conservation in the shape of a National Bird Refuge at Stink-

Sanctuary Association of Colorado Springs has, together with G. P. A. delegates, signed a joint resolution urging the establishment of the Refuge as the best solution of the Stinking Lake Problem. Our delegates found Mr. Gilpin to be very appreciative of their point of view, and a fine sportsman to deal with.

4. A. E. Carr, representative of the Chama Rod and Gun Club agreed to the same resolution, with the understanding that a reasonable amount of shooting accessible to the Chama Sportsmen is to be reserved.

5. The National Association of Audubon Societies, the American Game Protective Association, and the Permanent Wild Life Protection Fund are in the field as our allies.



THE POT HUNTER

ing Lake. Incidentally there will be rallies of sportsmen and game protectionists at Santa Fe, Taos, and Chama, and the jaunt will give an opportunity to establish an entente cordiale with the Indian Service officials and the Indians of the Jicarilla Reservation, on which the proposed refuge is situated.

WHERE THE BIRD REFUGE STANDS.

Substantial progress toward the establishment of a National Bird Refuge at Stinking Lake has been made in the last few months. The following facts speak for themselves:

1. State Game Warden T. Rouault, Jr. is now in Washington working for the Refuge.

2. The chief officials of the U. S. Biological Survey have come out positively in favor of the Refuge.

3. F. Gilpin, Secretary of the Jicarilla

NAME OF STINKING LAKE TO BE CHANGED TO LAKE BURFORD.

The New Mexico Geographic Society has made a suggestion which is at once a credit to that progressive organization and a signal honor to New Mexico sportsmanship. They have formally recommended to the National Geographic Board that the name of Stinking Lake be changed to Lake Burford, in honor of the late Miles W. Burford, first president of the New Mexico Game Protective Association, and father of game conservation in New Mexico. Miles W. Burford's lasting achievements as founder of the G. P. A. idea in this state, and his acknowledged leadership in the field of New Mexico sportsmanship, need no explanation to our readers. They do need, and richly deserve, a permanent monument appropriate to his career of public service.

The Sulzer Bill, now being considered in Congress, provides that in Alaska, north of parallel 62 degrees, the carcasses of moose, caribou, and mountain sheep killed during the open season may be put in cold storage and sold the year round. The alleged purpose of the bill is to break the beef trust in Alaska, which is said to be robbing the inhabitants. On the other hand, the backers of the bill claim that it will not increase the amount of game killed. Between these two claims there seems—to our distant view—to be an irreconcilable conflict of logic; but we do not claim to have an intimate knowledge of the present status of the big game animals of Alaska nor to be able to balance carefully the radically conflicting opinions of men who are authorities on the subject.

What we do know, without a shadow of doubt, is that the commercialization of game is an unmitigated vice—the great enemy that must be fought without quarter. Conditions in Alaska may be different. It may be possible to use Alaskan big game as a substitute for beef and frijoles, without running the risk of annihilation that has always followed in the wake of the pot-hunter. It may be possible to set the paid hunter on the trail of the caribou and the sheep, and still have sheep and caribou left to make a trail. But we must remember that once upon a time the paid hunters took to the teeming myriads of buffalo, and in an incredibly short time the buffalo was reduced to a curiosity of parks. Once upon a time paid hunters took to the uncounted billions of passenger pigeons that darkened the skies with their flight, they were shot with mortars and snared in huge nets, and men were gross enough to use the iridescent bodies of these birds for fertilizer. Today the passenger pigeon is utterly extinct. For years a large reward has been offered for a pair of them, or for a nest with eggs, (Continued on page 2.)

We can conceive of no happier means of preserving the memory of his splendid work than to attach his name to this spot, to be for all time a sanctuary for the wild things he loved.

It needs only the approval of the U. S. Geographic Board to put his name into effect. Assuming this consent, the journey to the Lake will be a christening and a dedication, in which the people of the state will celebrate, with fitting ceremony, the memory of Miles W. Burford and their purpose to heed his warning against the destruction of wild life.

The Pine Cone

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THE NEW MEXICO

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Food, Sport, Recreation

The world is sharply divided into two classes—those who hunt and those who don't. To both—peace and happiness. Those who don't are sometimes given a speaking sharply of those who do. To them it is inconceivable that anyone can be so bloodthirsty as to "kill for sport." They picture hunting as an orgy of blood-letting, intolerable except as a means of procuring needed food. As a matter of fact, "killing for sport" is only a minor element of hunting, as killing for food is a minor element. What hunters seek is a mental rest-cure, an escape from too much living.

The man who hunts for the mere lust of killing is getting to be a pretty rare animal. For one reason, there has come to be so little killing to be done in proportion to the time, money, and effort spent in taking a hunting trip. Consequently men who hunt nowadays have got to look for and get something else besides game. That something is FUN. A gun, a hunting coat, a dog, a Dutch oven, a fishing-rod, a book of flies, are the paraphernalia, the excuse, the alibi on which to hang a glorious adventure composite of many things that the Lord of Creation manufactured before brick walls and steam heat were thought of. For the real adventure is made up of furry white clouds hung in the bland blue of heaven, of cool rivers sliding past brown sand bars, of the smell of balsam boughs and wood smoke, of purple mountains that lift their ancient heads to the stars, of endless trails that go from whence to whither over the battered and wrinkled and jovial face of this old earth. And then there are frivolous birds that idle their lives away in gallant songs—except when they are rustling a living. And there are snow, frost, wind and rain, and their brothers the mists and the fogs and the storm-clouds. These are the things that the hunter hunts.

Why? Because, from the jaded brain and frazzled nerves of the super-civilized man of this modern world these things sweep away, like a giant clean broom, all the dirt and grime and worry and weariness of a year in the smoky, roaring,

crowded, sweating cities of men. Therefore, ye weary, hunt, whether it be with gun, or camera, or plain eyes, and you will find the peace that dwells in the wind-swept spaces of the everlasting hills.

"Piking on Canada"

Two years ago Canada and the United States made a solemn bargain to stop spring shooting, close the markets, and put a bag limit on migratory game birds.

Canada has made good her word.

We have made nothing except noise.

This business of "let George do it" is getting tiresome. Canada has fought the Germans for us, protected our game for us, and we?—we sit here arguing with a bunch of spring-shooters as to whether the pledged word of the United States of America shall be kept or broken! Meanwhile we make the eagle scream.

The sportsmen of New Mexico have "suggested," "recommended," "urged," and "requested" the passage of the Canadian Treaty Bill until our sides ache. The time for politeness is nearly over. We desire to point out to the spring shooters who are blocking this bill, and to their representatives in Congress, that they are making our country a spectacle among the nations, and the fair name of American Sportsman a shame and a reproach throughout the earth. If the Canadians were not too busy fighting Germans, they would call us a bunch of pikers. We are.

Time to Mend the Game Law

AN OUTLINE OF THE G. P. A. PROGRAM FOR THE NEXT SESSION OF THE LEGISLATURE.

Good law enforcement is more important than a perfect law. For this reason the G. P. A. concentrated its efforts during the last Legislature on taking politics out of the State Game Department. To those who wanted to mend or bend the game law we said *Hands Off! One thing at a time!*

During the next session it is written on the books that New Mexico shall have a better game law. The State Game Department and the G. P. A. plan to concentrate on this task. While our law as a whole is good, there are several parts of it that are bad, and a few parts that are a disgrace.

Spring Shooting must be made a state, as well as a federal, offense. Our law must conform to the Migratory Bird Law.

A Three-Year Closed Season on Deer is a necessary emergency measure to protect our slender remnant until Congress gets around to passing the National Game Refuge Bill.

A Resident Fishing License, Including Trout, and certain other changes to make our license law more fair and business-like are needed.

Game Protection Fund—Hands Off! Some years ago the Legislature saw fit to divert a large sum from the Game Protection Fund, and left the game of the state virtually unprotected for the rest of the year. Our sportsmen pay in their license money for protecting game and fish, and for no other purpose. We want the coming legislature not only to let the Game Fund alone, but to pass a joint memorial recognizing the principle that the Game Department is self-supporting and that its funds are not to be diverted for any other purpose whatsoever.

There are additional minor improvements which the G. P. A. has in mind. The local Associations have already been asked to send in their recommendations for changes in the law. After these have been received they will be acted on by the State Executive Committee co-operating with State Game Warden Rouault, and drawn up in the form of a bill, which will be referred back to all interested parties for final approval. After this bill has been approved, it is highly important that it be

Last Call for Federal Game Refuges

STOCKMEN BACK G. P. A. IN PROPOSING TO CLOSE SEASON ON ALL BIG GAME UNLESS REFUGE BILL IS PASSED THIS YEAR.

There are said to be 80,000 words in the English language. THE PINE CONE has exhausted all of them in arguing federal Game Refuges. We are at the end of our rope, but we are a long way from quitting. For one thing, our good friends, the stockmen, are still on the job. At their recent conventions, the New Mexico Cattle-growers and the New Mexico Woolgrowers both passed unanimously the following resolution:

Whereas, There years ago we urged upon Congress the necessity for the prompt passage of the National Game Refuge Bill for maintaining a permanent breeding stock of big game, and

Whereas, No such bill has as yet been passed, and in the meantime while the valuable big game of our state has continued to decrease, and

Whereas, Antelope and mountain sheep are now nearing the point of extermination, while deer and turkey are becoming alarmingly scarce in many localities, Now therefore, be it

Resolved, That this Association in Convention assembled again urge upon our Representatives in Congress the need for the passage of the National Game Refuge Bill at the earliest moment, and be it further

Resolved, That if game refuges be not authorized by Congress prior to the assembling of the next State Legislature, we urge the enactment of a three-year closed season on deer as an emergency relief measure, and be it further

Resolved, That we recommend that no further introduction of elk be made in the State of New Mexico, except on fenced private lands by the owners thereof.

"HOUSES TO LET."

A year ago one might travel the length and breadth of New Mexico without seeing a bird house. This year there have been hundreds of bird houses built and put up in Santa Fe and Albuquerque alone. New Mexico is "coming out of it."

For this happy beginning we may thank the Boy Scouts, the Manual Training Department of the Public Schools, and a few public spirited school teachers. May their tribe increase! Every bird house means one better teacher that inspired it, one better boy that built it, and one better home that enjoys the birds that occupy it.

A learned publicist, writing of the war, has said: "We advance just in so far as we take pleasure in each other's existence." We are preaching this doctrine to the Germans with bullets. Meanwhile, however, let us not forget to practice on our neighbors—including the birds.

The Boys' Club of the Albuquerque G. P. A. recently held a bird house contest, in which the four best houses built by the boys were donated to the city and erected in one of the city parks.

It has been proven with a camera that the ruffed grouse of the East "drums" by beating his wings together over his back.

There is a noticeable decrease in English sparrows in Albuquerque this year. Is this because the useful little Sparrow Hawks have taken to living in town?

Backed by every one of our members. Most of the faults of our present law are due to amendments offered by legislators having slight acquaintance with fur, fin, or feather, who represented small local groups of public opinion. Too many cooks spoil the broth, and too many game bills inevitably result in a hodge-podge that is no bill at all.

COMMERCIALIZING BIG GAME IN ALASKA

(Continued from page 1.)

but they are gone, absolutely and for good.

The PINE CONE has no desire to take sides in disputes; but in a question of clear-cut principle, there is no room for sitting on the fence. On the question of commercialized hunting in particular, we are fixedly and immovably opposed to an iota of relaxation of the laws except to relieve a pressing famine. The reason is simple. More dangerous to game than all other enemies combined is the man with a strong appetite for fresh meat, a loaded gun, an empty conscience, and the backing of lax and ill-considered laws. No amount of explaining will remove that menace; to ignore it is to blind ourselves to the hideous crimes that have been committed in the past against the wild life of this continent.

There is at present a widespread and vicious tendency to relax the game laws as a "war emergency measure." Many of these attempts are well-meant; but whether they are the result of good intentions or of blind greed, it is necessary to point out the great truth that the day is forever gone when the game in America can be seriously considered as a food supply. To regard it as a means of relief in the present world-wide food shortage is like advising people to use buffalo robes instead of woolen blankets. The amount of game on this continent would be but a pitiful morsel in the daily demand for food—a demand that must be met by the one possible means, increased agricultural production. America is not yet forced to the futility and folly of killing her song-birds or even her big game as a momentary food supply, and to do so would argue a short-sightedness, a blindness to vital interests, to which the American people are not yet reduced.

QUIDADO! THE ELK.

When you have a dozen gentle cows and one "breachy" one, and your neighbors begin to swear, what do you do? Do you go out of the "cow" business? Do you try to persuade your neighbor that the breachy animal is really good for their crops? No—You "get shet of" the breachy critter.

Likewise with Elk.

We are trying to raise more game here in New Mexico. We have a few deer, and turkey, and a very few antelope and mountain sheep. If we had ten times as many of each, everybody would be benefitted and nobody harmed.

Add elk to the collection, and many would be benefitted, but a few would be harmed. The elk alone, of all our native game, does damage. Even a small number of elk will work wonders with an alfalfa patch or an orchard, six foot fences to the contrary notwithstanding.

If the government performs its plain and obvious duty, the elk as a species will be preserved in goodly numbers in the National Parks. But the deer, antelope, mountain sheep and turkey should be preserved throughout the whole of their native range. Whether this can be done will depend a great deal on whether the average ranchman is for or against game laws. Give him a bunch of elk to eat up his haystacks, and guess the answer.

The G. P. A. has always urged caution in starting new herds of elk on the open range, but experience has now led to the conclusion that caution or no caution, loose elk on the range are liable to be a standing menace to the conservation of game in general. We are glad to state that both the cowmen and the sheepmen of New Mexico agree in this view, and have so stated in resolutions passed at their recent conventions. We hope that no further importations of elk will be made in this state, except by private landowners. The elk being brought in this spring by the state are for ranges under private control.

W.S.S.
War Savings Stamp
Work-Save-Serve

*Another Addition to
Our Black-eye List*

"If there's any distinction to be achieved by a state's encouragement of its wild life destruction for the benefit of its professional meat hunters, I feel that California merits its unsavory share.

Lining the paunches of fireside "sportsmen" with roast goose and broiled duck, ordered by telephone to save the exertion of walking to the game-market, at \$2.00 per plate—this is how market hunting feeds the "poor man." Wake up, California.

Once again we declare that no fruit grower has "any kick coming" about damage by birds *until he has planted mulberries*. And after he has planted mulberries, the chances are 99 to 1 that there will be no damage. It is a demonstrated fact that birds prefer mulberries to any other fruit, and that an ample supply of mulberries can be provided by planting a few trees on ditch banks, fence lines, and other waste places. Mulberry trees of half a dozen varieties can be bought from any well stocked nursery at a very low price. And when once planted out, they grow like a weed and bear fruit each year. By selecting early and late varieties, a supply of mulberries can be kept "on the job" throughout the summer.



COME ACROSS!

BUY
A
BOND!

Discovered

KAISER WINS THE BLOODY CROSS AS
SUPERLATIVE MASTER OF MURDER.

According to one of the German Forestry Journals, the Kaiser, in 1908, killed 1,995 pieces of wild game, including 70 stags, elk, and roebuck. At that time he had slaughtered a total of 61,730 pieces of game, more than 4,000 of which were stags, and was the leading exterminator of wild life in the world.

Having received a careful education in the art of killing, our student embarked on his professional career on August 1, 1914, in which he has achieved the greatest success recorded in history. Musing on the irony of fate, one wonders why destiny freakishly placed upon the throne a man who by character, inclination, training, and innate genius would have made such a beautiful pig-sticker in an abattoir.

One wonders also just what proportion of the Kaiser's insatiable lust for blood was inborn and what was acquired. It is safe to say that no man who has any respect for his morals can safely indulge in the ghoulish orgy of killing 61,000 game animals great and small, including 4,000 stags. Either the Kaiser was degenerate at the outset, or his long career of blood-spilling dulled his sense of decency. Apparently his withered arm is merely the physical counterpart of a withered soul—a soul that is too withered to see, through haunted nights, the avenging eyes of the millions of God's creatures—men and women and children and the harmless beasts—whom he has done to death. Even in a world whose tragic history for a hundred thousand years has been traced in flaming rivers of blood, Wilhelm II stands out, in stark and ghastly horror, as the Incomparable Killer of Living Things.

"The most helpful advice for young people is condensed into morals, maxims, and proverbs. 'A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush'! Great stuff! If you had a bird in the hand you wouldn't know what to do with it. Besides, with two in the bush you're liable, with any kind of luck, to have a lot more birds after a while."—GEORGE ADE.

Anglers, Present Arms!

The Fishing Season Is Coming But—

REMEMBER

1. It doesn't open until June 1 and it closes on November 25.
2. The bag limit is ten pounds for trout and crappie and 15 pounds for bass.
3. The minimum size limit is 6 inches for trout and 7 inches for bass. The keeping of undersized fish is on a par with killing baby chicks.
4. No fishing must be done between 9 P. M. and 4 A. M.
5. Nets, seines, dynamite, snaghooks, trotlines, artificial lights, or any other devices except a HOOK AND LINE ATTACHED TO A POLE HELD IN THE HAND, are illegal and are not used by the true disciples of Izaak Walton. FISH DYNAMITERS ARE FIRST COUSINS TO SAFE CRACKERS.

YOU CAN HAVE PLENTY OF FUN WITHOUT VIOLATING ANY OF THESE REQUIREMENTS. SAVE SOME FISHING FOR YOURSELF AND THE OTHER FELLOW, FOR THERE WILL BE OTHER SEASONS HERE-AFTER.



A Job For Anglers

One way to help the game get back onto its feet is to do more fishing and less hunting. But to fish we must have fish. Doubtless the most philosophic angler demands an occasional nibble. The way to get more fish and more fishing is to stock more streams and keep them stocked. Last year the State Game Warden and the Forest Service introduced a goodly number of the little fellows into the streams of New Mexico. This year even more will be planted. The ultimate goal is to stock every water in the State that is capable of supporting fish. The sooner they are stocked, the more fish there will be and the more people who will turn from the slender chances of seeing game to the certain prospect of catching a creel of fish.

Here is a constructive job for sportsmen and game protective associations all over the State. The U. S. Bureau of Fisheries is very liberal in supplying fish fry, and requisitions can be submitted through the State Game Warden or the Forest Service or one of the Game Protective Associations. The chief difficulty is in transporting the fish from the railroad to the water in which they are to be planted. Here is where help is needed most.

If you know an empty stream or lake that will support fish, start the ball rolling for stocking it, and within a few years you will have added materially to the food supply and to the opportunities for clean recreation for the people of this State.

A PERVERTED TASTE.

An ex-spring shooter said the other day: "I jumped a big flock of teal out of the slough back of my place, and do you know—its funny!—but I wouldn't have shot at them for a hundred dollar bill! I just didn't want to!"

This man has arrived at the rock-bottom argument against spring shooting. To the ethical man, spring is the time for regeneration and production—for building homes and planting gardens. Spring shooting is a perverted taste. Once stop it, and the instinctive sportsmanship of the average decent citizen will do the rest.

MR. SPORTSMAN:

A Liberty Bond is your big-game License to take part in the Greatest Hunt ever made.



Wear your Bond button in the woods, lest Public Opinion, the Chief Warden of the Nation, spots you for a poacher in the preserves of Liberty. The Warden won't be satisfied with any flimsy excuses about forgetting or not being able to afford a license. He knows the size of your pocketbook.

When you have bought Liberty Bonds to your honest limit, then and not until then can you boast of doing your share toward getting the bag limit of Germans. There is no closed season on the Germany Army and there is no sunset rule. The only rule is that you must do your best in whatever way is open to you.

Don't try to hide in your blind when you see a Bond Committee bearing down on you with set wings.

If you can save, beg, or borrow money, don't wear a dead-grass suit to disguise yourself as a Pauper.



BE A SPORT AND GET YOUR LICENSE FOR
THE BIG DRIVE

(This Space is Contributed to the Liberty Loan Campaign by the New Mexico Game Protective Association.)