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## The pine cone : July, 1919. 1919

[s.l.]: New Mexico Game Protective Association, 1919

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"Bringing Elk into a ranching country is like getting a Bear by the tail and not knowing how to let loose"

JULY, 1919 (14th ISSUE)

# THE PINE CONE

ISSUED QUARTERLY

1500 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 1,500 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, mountainsheep or ptarmigan.

"The ways of outdoor life—the nobility of courage, the joy of beauty, the blessedness of enough, the glory of service, the power of kindness, the super-excellence of peace of mind, and the scorn of death—these were the things the Redman stood for. These were the sum of his faith."

ERNEST THOMPSON SETON.



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 game-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.
4. *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.

## New Game Refuge Bill Introduced in Congress

**Senator Robinson of Arkansas Proposes Measure for Establishment of Small Areas Closed to Hunting Throughout Mountain Country, to Serve as Reservoirs for Restocking Surrounding Hunting Grounds. Every Sportsman in New Mexico Should Work for Immediate Passage of Robinson Bill (S. 2455).**

New Mexico is in many respects a house divided against itself, but there is one proposition on which every sportsman, stockman, and public-spirited citizen seems to be unanimous, and that is the proposition to establish a system of game refuges throughout the state.

Four years ago when the Hornaday Game Refuge Bill was before Congress, thousands of endorsements were sent in from this state alone. The only difference of opinion was that some stockmen wanted more and bigger Refuges than the sportsmen did. But a few congressmen from the elk country got it into their heads that game refuges were a scheme to crowd livestock off the range, and proceed to defy public opinion by killing the bill.

Last winter the G. P. A., despairing of action by Congress, introduced a bill into the Legislature authorizing the establishment of game refuges by the state. But a few legislators thought they saw something dark in the woodpile, and proceeded to kill the bill.

It is to be hoped that some information has since soaked into the cerebelli of these objectors,—information to the effect that

a system of game refuges is wanted and needed to preserve a reasonable supply of harmless game, and for no other purpose. These refuges are not to exclude livestock, will not prevent killing predatory animals, do not prohibit fishing, and are not to be fenced. They will interfere with nobody, and supply a large public benefit practically without cost.

If New Mexico had a system of game refuges now in operation, we should not have to be talking about closed seasons on deer and turkey. Refuges prevent extermination by providing a permanent stronghold which can never be invaded. In other words, they do what a closed season is meant to do, only they do it better, they do it before, not after the game is all gone, and they do it without sacrifice or inconvenience.

But game refuges are more than a negative measure to prevent calamity. They are a positive and practical measure to build up a game supply. The overflow from refuges is a constant and automatic means for providing the hunting grounds with the one and only thing that can produce game, namely breeding stock.

Mr. Sportsman, right over there on the table is your pen and ink. The names of our Senators are A. B. Fall and A. A. Jones, and B. C. Hernandez is our Congressman. The number of this bill is S. 2455. Have you got two cents? Then it is your duty, or your funeral—as you prefer.

## Experiments Indicate That Strychnine Is Harmless to Whole Grouse Family But Phosphorus and Arsenic Are Fatal.

BY S. E. PIPER.

*Field Supervisor, U. S. Biological Survey.*  
Scarcity of quail in New Mexico has been repeatedly ascribed to poisoned grain used in exterminating prairie dogs. Some land owners hesitate to apply poisoned grain to their dog infested areas in consideration for the safety of quail. Others place the poisoned grain down in the holes, where it is largely wasted.

That such fears are natural can not be questioned. In the absence of full information on the subject, they appear to be entirely reasonable.

The possible effect on game birds of poison for controlling rodent pests has always been one of the first considerations of the Biological Survey in its investigations to devise practical methods. When in 1907-08 we first tried the strychnine formula now in general use, studies were made by the writer on poisoned areas inhabited by Sharp-tailed Grouse, and on others on which Valley Quail were abundant,—without finding any of these birds affected by the poison. Later, in 1909, in the vicinity of San Juan Capistrano, California, tests were made by exposing poisoned barley in liberal quantity about a warren hole frequented by Valley Quail in great numbers. Daily observations and careful search during the following week gave no evidence whatever that any of the birds had been affected. Field men of the service have been constantly on the watch for poisoned birds,—yet during the past ten years of very extensive use of this poison formula throughout the west, on various kinds of grains and in the presence of all species of native game birds, a definite instance of the poisoning of grouse, sage-cock, quail or pheasants has not been brought to light.

Experiments conducted by Dr. Alex Wetmore of the Biological Survey, in California, in 1918, are especially interesting, in corroboration of these earlier field observations. The following is quoted from his report on these experiments: "There were six flocks of Valley Quail numbering about 250 individuals that frequented springs and running water in the vicinity of the Ranger station at Glenville. The area covered by these birds was poisoned thoroughly, and when this grain had disappeared, I spread more in the thickets and on the slopes where these quail fed. The supply of poisoned grain was renewed at intervals of two or three days as it dis-

appeared. Besides these quail six other bands numbering over 200 quail in all frequented other areas that had been covered by poison and were under observation. The areas where poison was spread continuously for quail were especially favorable for observation, and the extent of territory they covered was comparatively small. Careful search for dead quail was made in this district, usually at intervals of 24 hours, and other areas nearby were covered less frequently. No dead birds were found, nor was there any apparent decrease in the number of birds present, though there is no question that they ate a certain amount of the poisoned grain." Experiments with captive quail fed on the standard ground squirrel poison demonstrated that the birds might eat it extensively without ill effects. One Valley Quail consumed 125 kernels of poisoned barley in a period of 24 hours without exhibiting any symptoms of poisoning. Thus, without injury to itself, this bird had eaten strychnine enough to kill 12 ground squirrels, each three times or more greater in bulk than the bird. A limited number of similar experiments with Mountain Quail and Bobwhite gave like results."

Another interesting experiment along this line is described by the Chief Game Guardian of the Province of Saskatchewan, in his report for 1918. In conducting investigations with a view to obtaining information on the causes of the scarcity of prairie chickens, it was found that the majority of correspondents were of the opinion that the distribution of poisoned grain for destroying ground squirrels was largely responsible. This opinion was also commonly expressed by sportsmen and in newspapers.

Poisoned grain, prepared according to the formula in general use, was fed in careful experiments to four caged prairie chickens—with conclusive evidence that the birds were not injured. One of these prairie chickens consumed, without experiencing any ill effects, a quantity of the poisoned grain sufficient to kill 100 ground squirrels!

Further evidence of the immunity of quail from strychnined grain used in destroying ground squirrels, is found in a report of experiments by the U. S. Public Service, in relation to extensive use of the standard formula in destroying ground squirrels in its campaign to eradicate Bubonic Plague in California. Both by subcutaneous injection, and through feeding tests, it is clearly demonstrated that quail withstanding a relatively enormous dose of strychnine, and that practically no dan-

(Continued on page 2.)

## HOW MANY DEER DOES A LION KILL?

Everybody knows that mountain lions kill lots of deer. Some observers believe that lions kill more deer than all other agencies combined. But very few people have every tried to figure just how many deer each lion gets away with. If we had such figures, it would be possible to direct the expenditure of funds and effort for game protection much more intelligently than is possible at present.

The number of deer killed by a lion in a year probably depends on the abundance of lions, the abundance of deer, the abundance of other food, and the nature of the country and the weather. On the south rim of Grand Canyon, for instance, the lions are said to stay in the canyon and live on wild burros except during deep snow in

winter, at which time they go out on top and live on deer and colts. On the north rim, however, there are few burros and many deer, and the deer suffer heavily at all times.

All readers of the Pine Cone who have ideas on this subject are requested to write a letter addressed to New Mexico Game Protective Association, Albuquerque, answering specifically the following questions: (1) To what country or mountain range or locality do your observations apply? (2) How many lions do you estimate as ranging on the territory covered by question 1? (3) How many deer do you estimate each lion kills per year? (4) At what seasons or under what conditions are the most deer killed by lions? (5) What kind of deer does your estimate cover, whitetail, black-tail, or both?



## The Pine Cone

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## A WORD TO OUR CRITICS.

The G. P. A., since the last issue of the Pine Cone, has received quite a tongue-lashing from certain prominent politicians and newspapers throughout the state. We are charged with the following specific offenses:

1. Being Democrats.
2. Purporting to represent the sportsmen of the state.
3. Threatening to mobilize the sportsman vote.

The Pine Cone does not pose as a journal of wit and humor, and we therefore feel unable to do justice to charge No. 1. Who knows but what we may next be accused of being Republicans? It may be of some slight interest to recall that two years ago we were accused of being a camouflaged Republican machine.

The G. P. A. is charged secondly with presuming to represent the sportsmen of New Mexico. That we do not represent all the sportsmen of the state is of course a fact. But who does? We simply assert that this Association has never received a complaint from any sportsman, member or non-member, that his interests or desires had been over-riden, or that any officer of the Association had exceeded or misused the authority vested in him by our 1500 members.

Last, and with much vehemence, we are charged with threatening to mobilize the sportsman vote.

As for "threatening," the G. P. A. has never threatened anybody. It is true, however, that the G. P. A. has organized the voting power of a large number of its mem-

## DO YOU KNOW THE NEW GAME LAW?

Most of G. P. A.'s Proposals Adopted by Last Legislature. Here is a Handy Summary of the New Law With Which Every Sportsman Should be Familiar.

The amendments to the game law passed by the last legislature are on the whole very satisfactory. Unfortunately, the legislature saw fit to kill the Game Refuge Bill, and made only a very inadequate increase in the Game Warden's salary. Otherwise, however, the changes made seem to meet with very general approval.

The most important change made in the law was shortening the deer and turkey season to 15 days, and making the open dates uniform throughout the state. The open dates are now from October 20 to November 5. The old system of zones and overlapping separate seasons for deer and turkey was cumbersome, confusing, and ineffective, and its abolition will be welcomed by a majority of sportsmen. We believe that the dates fixed by the Legislature are too early; November 5-20 would have been better, but the new arrangement is a vast improvement over the old.

The bag limit on turkey has been changed from 3 per day to 3 per season. With turkeys growing scarcer in most parts of the state, the old limit was entirely too liberal.

The bag limit on deer now specifies that a deer must have horns at least six inches long in order to be a legal buck. This restriction will be no inconvenience to real deer hunters, but will help to break up the barbarous practice of shooting fawns or the chance that the skull would show no horns sufficient to make a legal kill under the old law.

Blue grouse are now added to the species permanently protected at all times. This was necessary on account of the alarming scarcity of these birds during the last two years. They are said to be doing better this year.

The squirrel season is changed to be the same as the deer and turkey season, namely, October 20th to November 5th. With grouse closed and the summer squirrel season abolished, there will be no excuse for packing a gun in the woods during the summer months.

The quail season is shortened five days, opening November 1st and closing December 31st. Sixty days is plenty for quail, especially while the scaled quail are so alarmingly scarce.

One of the most important changes made by the Legislature was bringing the open seasons on geese, ducks, doves, and other

birds who have volunteered to vote on a game issue in the next state election, if necessary. But the G. P. A. does not anticipate that it will be necessary to call on these votes. The state is awakening to the fact that the sportsmen pay for the State Game Department, and therefore have every reason for taking an active interest in its successful administration. The state is also fast awakening to the fact that the successful conservation of game, fish, and wild life demands special training, ability, and leadership in the State Game Department; that political appointees generally lack a part or all of the necessary qualifications; that both efficiency and logic dictate that the State Game Warden should be appointed on merit alone and entirely regardless of party affiliations; that he must be given a generous salary, full authority, and full responsibility. The people, we assert, are realizing these things. And what is more, the really able political leaders of both parties are realizing that it is the best politics to recognize these things. We believe that the campaign of 1921 will turn a new leaf in the history of game conservation in New Mexico.

migratory birds into automatic conformity with the federal migratory bird law. The law now reads so that any violation of the federal regulations can be prosecuted in the state courts, the same as any other offense. The duck season is now October 16th to January 31st and the dove season September 1st to December 15th. September 1st for the opening of the dove season is unfair to the northern counties, which are practically deprived of dove shooting, while the southern counties get three and a half months of sport. It is to be hoped that the U. S. Biological Survey will find some means of shifting the season to open August 16th.

A bag limit of eight geese per day is now in effect. Formerly the duck limit of twenty birds applied to geese, but this was of course absurdly liberal.

The new law puts the ban on all hunting between sunset and half an hour before sunrise. This is aimed at the destroyer of turkey roosts and the salt-lick deer hunter, also the wasteful and foolish practice of potting ducks by artificial searchlights.

The new law makes it unlawful to shoot game from aeroplanes. Why in the world any decent sportsman should shoot anything from an aeroplane, with no chance at all of retrieving his kill, is more than we can understand.

The license scale is revised, and we believe improved. After many years dispute, we at last require a resident fish license for trout. The general resident license for big game, birds, and fish is now \$2.50. The general non-resident license is \$35.25. The non-resident fish license is from \$10.00 to \$5.00.

Practically all of the foregoing changes represent the recommendations of the G. P. A. State Game Warden Gable concurred very closely with the views of the G. P. A. on most of these questions, and assumed charge, with our backing, of the legislative bills in which they were embodied. What we need now is the strict and energetic enforcement of the new law, which can only be obtained by the active leadership of the State Game Warden and the active personal co-operation of every sportsman in the state.

## THE NEW MEXICO DUCK CROP.

Thanks to the prohibition of spring shooting and the wet season, an exceptionally large number of ducks and shorebirds are breeding within the state this summer.

At the Rio Grande Gun Club lakes near Albuquerque gadwalls, cinnamon teal, ruddy ducks, redheads, blue-wing teal, black mallards, coots, terns, grebes, rails, black ibis, and large and small bitterns are summering and most of them probably breeding. Greenheads are reported as common along the valley, and an extra large number of curlews and other shorebirds have been observed around the temporary lakes in the northeastern part of the state. New Mexico will raise enough ducks to make very fair shooting on the opening of the season next fall.

Under the old system of spring shooting most of these birds were bombarded out of our borders and never given a chance to breed here. The federal migratory bird law is the greatest step so far taken toward a civilized plan of management for our game birds.

But the voice of the spring-shooter is still heard in the land. Along the Mississippi River they are still fairly common. But the doctrine of spring-shooting is doomed. It is butting its head against incontrovertible facts, against a new federal law with teeth in it, and against the principles of true sportsmanship.

## DOLLAR FISHING PERMITS ISSUED FOR ELEPHANT BUTTE DAM.

State Game Warden Thomas P. Gable has arranged to issue dollar fishing permits to non-residents for fishing in the Elephant Butte Dam. The regular \$5.00 non-resident fishing license, as applied to this water, is unreasonable and unnecessary, because the larger part of the fishing is done by Sunday picnic parties from El Paso. The average El Paso fisherman could not see why he should pay \$5.00 each for himself and family for one day's sport on a water so large as to be practically inexhaustible. If Elephant Butte were a little trout-stream it would be a different story, but the whole city of El Paso could not fish out the big lake if they tried. The \$5.00 license produced much soreness and little revenue; the \$1.00 permits will produce much good will and a handsome income. We are for it.

The G. P. A. begged and pleaded with the last Legislature to make this change, and finally offered to compromise on \$2.50, but the powers that be knew better. It is now gratifying to see that Mr. Gable has found means for adjusting the situation.

## DOES PRAIRIE DOG POISON KILL QUAIL?

(Continued from page 1.)

ger is presented to the birds through exposure of the strychnined grain to destroy ground squirrels.

Domestic chickens are also remarkably resistant to the effects of strychnine—apparently being able to withstand all of the poisoned grain their crops will hold. The case is recalled, at one of the field camps, of a hen that made a daily practice of gorging herself with grain from the bin in which the squirrel poison was mixed. At the end of a week of daily feeding on the poisoned grain, the only effects noticeable were a marked jerkiness and nervousness in her gait. The foreman reported that she survived, and that she was returned to his ranch at the close of the season.

In view of these observations by several investigators there can be no doubt that gallinaceous birds as a group (i. e. the chicken family) are resistant to strychnine to a degree that safeguards them from the poisoned grain as used in the State-Government work of exterminating prairie dogs.

It is well known that some other poison agents that have been used extensively in private rodent-control operations have been attended by serious destruction of prairie chickens and quail. There is no doubt that grain poisoned with phosphorus played a considerable part in the rapid disappearance of the Sharp-tailed grouse from the plains country of the eastern part of the state of Washington. Evidence that the birds were killed by this poison was frequently noted in our early investigations in that region. There is evidence, also, that quail are susceptible to arsenical preparations.

A great measure of satisfaction is to be found in that the use of these destructive poisons has been almost entirely discontinued through introduction by the Biological Survey of better and safer methods.

Doves and smaller seed-eating birds do not share the quail's immunity from strychnine. The destruction of birds, however, is far less than might be expected. Ill effects are not only limited to the few species of birds that inhabit the open plains, but also to seasons or conditions when their regular diet of weed-seeds is lacking. Oats and barley, the best rodent baits, are given little attention by birds when the seeds of sunflowers, thistles, wild legumes, tulleins and other weeds can be found. If poisoned oats are free from other grains and weed-seeds, the number of birds destroyed is so small as to be almost negligible.



## WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH OUR ELK?

It is not generally known that the Southwest boasts an elk herd on the Coconino Plateau estimated to contain between two hundred and four hundred head; that there is another, much smaller herd in the Graham Mountains near Globe; and that the state of New Mexico also has a small herd near the head of the Pecos River. There are also several small herds in private pastures in northern New Mexico.

Bringing a herd of elk into a ranching, farming country is like getting a bear by the tail and not knowing how to let loose. The comparatively small band of elk that was brought into northern Arizona, in 1913, has, by good fortune and the circumstance of having been liberated in a very isolated region, grown with remarkable rapidity into what is really one of the important small herds of the country. Now elk have a pestiferous habit of running in large bands, of demolishing all ordinary fences, and of exhibiting an astonishing preference for cultivated crops over any known wild forage. Whenever elk are introduced into a farming community, there is a howl of protest, a wail of complaint, damage claims against the state, and the damnation of elk enthusiasts in particular and game enthusiasts in general.

The Pine Cone believes that the day of the elk as a free-ranging game animal is forever gone, and that the species should in general be confined to the national parks.

Those ardent enthusiasts who want to bring the elk back into every mountain range of the Southwest do not realize that their program, if carried out, would endanger the whole game protection program. From cursing the elk, the local settlers would soon learn to curse game conservation in general.

Believing that game conservation should be governed by common-sense, the Pine Cone suggests the following program:

(1) Stop the further introduction of elk absolutely until we can determine the effects of the present plants.

(2) Establish an elk refuge on the west end of the Sitgreaves National Forest for the protection of the magnificent herd now so well at home there. It is doubtful whether in all the Southwest there is a region so well adapted to this end, either in climate, topography, winter and summer range, or isolation from human cultivation, as that portion of the Sitgreaves Forest west of Chevalon Canyon. Let a small national game refuge be established at this place, with provision for adequate protection, and provision also for a permit system for killing off the surplus elk outside the refuge.

(3) Make a thorough study of the other, smaller herds to determine whether they should be held to their present numbers, should be allowed to increase, or should possibly be exterminated if they are doing excessive damage.

The Brotherly and Protective Order of Elks is keenly interested in the great national herds and has long worked for their preservation and for the extermination of the odious tooth-hunter. At the recent Elks Convention, in Atlantic City, the Lodge officially reaffirmed its interest in the protection and preservation of elk and decided to co-operate with the Federal Government and other agencies in putting a national elk program into effect.

May the Pine Cone suggest that in the question "What shall we do with our Southwestern elk?" lies a fruitful field of beneficial activity for all the local elk lodges in Arizona and New Mexico.

## THE CRIME OF SPIRIT LAKE.

The Santa Fe G. P. A. has offered a reward of \$50 for information leading to the arrest and conviction of the dynamiters of Spirit Lake.

Has any pen ever done justice to that

## WHY WE NEED A WORKING PLAN FOR OUR WATERS.

A poultry farmer might want to raise cats and chickens, but he would not try to raise both in the same pen.

A ranchman may raise pure-bred Durhams and Herefords, but he can't raise both in the same pasture.

But when the state of New Mexico starts to raise fish, there is nothing to prevent a dozen different parties from dumping a dozen different species into the same water, where they are blithely left to eat each other up, eat each other's eggs, cross and produce unproductive hybrids, and devil take the hindmost. That our waters are producing any fish at all is due more to a benign providence than to our own foresight and wisdom.

Take a typical case,—the upper Pecos River. It contained originally a splendid stock of native trout. Certainly nobody could improve upon what Nature gave this stream. But in the course of years well-intentioned but ill-advised parties proceeded to dump rainbows, eastern brooks, German browns, and for all we know a dozen other species into the splendid water. Today we are complaining that the German browns are eating up our native trout, and that the rainbows and natives are crossing and producing hybrids which of course are not as productive as the pure stock. We know that there is something wrong—the Pecos is not quite as productive as it ought to be. But if we insist on sowing tares in our own wheat, whose fault is it? Our own, of course.

In like manner we have indiscriminately mixed our big mouth bass, small mouth

3. Let the expert recommend the proper species of fish for each water. This would be the "stocking plan."
4. Let the State Game Warden recommend a state law prohibiting the planting of any fish without a permit, and then see that no permits are issued for any species except those provided for in the plan.
5. Let the State Game Department, the U. S. Bureau of Fisheries, the U. S. Forest Service, and the several Game Protective Associations enter into a four cornered agreement not to ship, apply for, plant, or approve the planting of any fish except in accordance with the plan.
6. Let the expert recommend the best way of correcting if possible, the mistakes in planting which have already been made.

There is another matter where some leadership on the part of the State Game Department is badly needed,—we need some kind of system for handling shipments of fry. At present we have no system whatever.

Take a typical case,—suppose we have a trout water called Spring Creek. The State Warden asks the government for 5,000 fry for Spring Creek. The local G. P. A., not being advised of the action taken, asks the government for another 5,000 for the same creek. John Jones, a local hotel keeper, asks for 10,000 for the same creek. The government, noting that 20,000 fry are asked for for Spring Creek, decides that is too much for one little stream and cuts the number to 5,000. Five thousand are delivered, but to whom? The three public benefactors get their wires crossed

## ARE YOU GOING TO STICK?

Sixty-five lobo wolves and 46 lions were killed by the Biological Survey trappers during the past year.

The equivalent in game and livestock saved during the year to come is \$75,000 worth of cattle, horses, and sheep and 300 deer.

Pretty soon these varments will be trimmed down to the point where it will be difficult and expensive to clean them up.

We want to know whether you are going to stick. It is going to be hard work to persuade our Legislature and Congress that a cleanup will pay. But you know, and we know, that a cleanup is the only solution that will pay. Are you with us?

bass, carp, catfish, sunfish, pickerel. Some of the combinations happen to be very good; others happen to be very bad; all are the result of accident and not of foresight. Any private fish farmer that managed his business in the same haphazard way would be called a fool. Now the Pine Cone wants to know why sportsmen collectively should persist in being fools, when individually they have brains enough to run any and all lines of business with eminent success.

The Pine Cone does not claim a detailed scientific knowledge of what combinations of fish are best suited to our various combinations of conditions, but we do claim that there are men who do know, and that we can avail ourselves of their services if we set about it. Briefly, the program of action we propose is as follows:

1. Let the State Game Department ask for the assignment of an expert from the Bureau of Fisheries, to spend at least a year in New Mexico.
2. Let this expert visit every fish water in the state, accompanied by the State Game Warden or some local sportsman or Forest Ranger familiar with local conditions.

particular brand of human who wilfully dynamites a public fishing ground? We doubt it. He is the Hun of the outdoor world, and his lowness and meanness defy description. The pen is too good for him. He ought to be packed in dead trout for ten days, to taste to the uttermost of the ruin and desolation he left behind him.

Parent birds work incessantly to keep their young sufficiently fed. A young

bird is about the biggest eater in the world. Audubon, the great naturalist, declared a woodcock will eat its weight in worms in a night. It has since been shown that it will do better than this, and it will eat twice its weight in 24 hours. In proportion to his size, if a man needed as much food as a young robin, it would mean he would have to eat a bologna sausage 67 feet long and 9 inches in circumference each day.

Now what's the matter with specifying in our working plan how many fish of each kind should go into each creek each year? Let this be mutually agreed on by all concerned, and let the State Game Warden specify in advance just who is to handle each water, who is to meet and haul the fish, and who is to pay for the hauling. Then let the State Warden go to Washington, shove his complete plan at the Bureau of Fisheries, and get their promise to deliver accordingly. New Mexico might not get all the fish she asked for, but she would get a whole lot more than she does at present.

The G. P. A. will throw in on any reasonable plan for correcting these conditions which the State Game Department may propose.

## A COON-HUNT WITH A MORAL.

BY OTTO P. SCHOENBERG.

The hounds were restless and disgruntled. Mournful canine serenades gave proof of their agony at the continued period of inactivity and their desire to be up and doing. February, a short month at best, had kept me busy in the more matter-of-fact and plebeian existence of every day work. Giving the hounds a run had seemed an impossibility and they were succeeding in making life thoroughly miserable for themselves and for everyone else within a two-mile radius.

With a full moon due, I decided to give the restless pack a try at the ringtails. The East Fork of White River with its numerous caves, the corn fields of the Apaches, its oak thickets, and an abundance of water is a regular coon haven and stronghold. The Apaches were getting supper. The evening air was redolent of the sweet piñon smoke and the more acrid oak fumes from the Indian camp fires, and here and there the quaint minor chant of the master of the kiva gave an additional human touch to the crisp Arizona night.

The dogs were busy. Occasionally one or the other of them would open up on a cold trail in the creek bottom, but these were cries rather of anticipation than of realization. "Here he went" rather than "There he goes" is what the notes conveyed. However, coon-dom seemingly had taken due warning from the intermittent outbursts of the hounds, or it was too early in the night for these prowlers to be about; at any rate, we had worked up the creek for a distance of probably three miles without encountering sign fresh enough for the dogs to work on, with the exception of one polecat. It had been dispatched by the pack in short order. Not, however, until polecat sign was pretty promiscuously and odoriferously smeared over the landscape. When it comes to polecat sign, the average human nose is every bit as efficient as that of the keenest bloodhound.

I had stopped at the point of a bluff on the righthand side of the narrow valley, and with my left leg swung over the saddle horn was waiting for something to happen when one of the hounds which I had thought was working in the creek bottom, opened up on the mountainside a few hundred yards above me in a most energetic manner. Every yelp spelled hot trail. Whatever that hound had picked up, he was certainly moving it and talking to its scent with a relish and ardor which seemed rather suspicious to me, and probably spelled deer and a good thrashing for the culprit. However, I was mistaken, for even the nimblest Arizona whitetail has not yet learned to climb a tree, and that is what the staccato yelps of the pursuer now indicated to have taken place about half a mile straight up.

A long detour up a side canyon and "rimming" back finally took me to the spot, which was now a bedlam of noise, for the balance of the pack had joined the first dog. I climbed out of the saddle and, Winchester in hand, made my way toward the piñon thicket in which the varmint had treed.

Getting the top of the tree in line with the moon, I failed to locate any dark object which would indicate a fox, coon, or cat; and deciding that whatever had treed there had eluded the dogs by working its way from this tree into another, I tried to call the dogs to scatter and hunt out the new trail. Then I noticed one of the hounds up in the tree, giving every bit of his attention to something on a large limb directly over my head. Looking up, I saw within two feet of the dog, and where I could have touched him with the muzzle of my rifle, an eight-foot cougar. We had a dandy mountain lion pelt tacked to the barn next day.





## THE GAME HOG

One of the queer delusions that haunt the human mind is that the earth and its fullness were created for and belong to His Majesty, the Lord of Creation, Man. Everything from atoms to planets, from amoebas to moonbeams, were made for man's edification or needs. Except by the sufferance of his Lordship, nothing else has any right to exist if it can possibly be destroyed; and as the greater part of organic nature can be destroyed, and his Lordship has not elected to go out of his way to preserve it, the world has seen many a rare species, the work of a thousand centuries of incredibly fine craftsmanship by old Mother Nature, go the way of oblivion.

The truth is, that in spite of all religion and all phi-

losophy, mankind has never acquired any real respect for the one thing in the Universe that is worth most to Mankind—namely Life. He has not even any respect for himself, as witness the thousand wars in which he has jovially slain the earth's best. Still less has he any respect for other species of animals. He slays the last of a species with as little compunction as he crushes a worm. The history of the wild beasts and birds of this planet since man's cunning fashioned the first weapon has been an appalling tragedy, of which the twentieth century is likely to see the first scene of the last act.

The trouble is that man's intellect has developed much faster than his morals. His machines get away

from him. He is still the "Fool with a gun." His cunning mind equips him with tools whose frightful possibilities are not evident to him. Bombs are all right, but not in the hands of a half-baked fanatic. Guns are all right, but not in the hands of a maniac.

What possible relation has all this sermonizing to such a practical thing as game conservation? Merely this, that game conservation will never succeed merely through repressive laws. It must be founded on a respect for living things. No man who would rather see a dead deer than a living one, or a man who has not a profound belief in the doctrine of "Live and let live," has any right himself to live in a world so full of glorious living creatures.