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[s.l.]: New Mexico Game Protective Association, 1918

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Consider the Deputy Warden: Do You Want Him to Enforce the Law? If so, Back Him Up, Help Him, Honor His Position of Trust
"THE LOUDEST HOWLER IS THE MAN WHO NEVER HELPS!"

1918
JANUARY, 1917 (40th ISSUE)

THE PINE CONE

ISSUED QUARTERLY

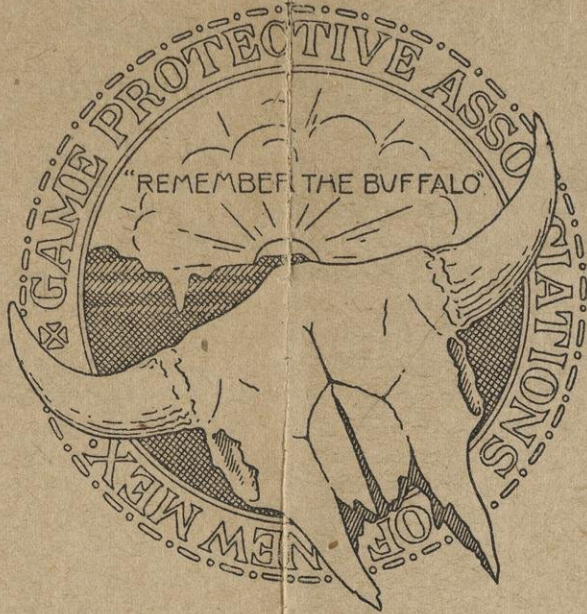
1200 MEMBERS

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.



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.
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.

G. P. A. and Jicarilla Club Go Albuquerque G. P. A. Demands To the Mat Closed Season on Deer

THE INDIAN DEPARTMENT TO DECIDE WHETHER STINKING LAKE IS TO BE NATIONAL BIRD REFUGE OR PRIVATE SHOOTING CLUB.

Shall Great Wildfowl Breeding Ground Furnish Ducks, Health, and Recreation for Ten or Ten Thousand?

G. P. A. BELIEVES GREATEST NATURAL WONDER IN NEW MEXICO SHOULD BE RUN BY AND FOR PUBLIC; CRUMBS FROM TABLE OF CONCESSIONAIRES NOT PALATABLE TO OUR SPORTSMEN.

That great breeding grounds for wild fowl should be held as public property, and that leasing them to any exclusive private organization, however charitably inclined, would be unjustifiable, was the unanimous declaration of a delegation of New Mexico game protectionists assembled at Albuquerque on December 28 to confer with Eugene A. Grubb of Carbondale, Colorado, representing the private shooting club which is trying to obtain a lease on Stinking Lake, in Rio Arriba County, New Mexico.

It is ancient history that the Game Protective Associations of New Mexico want Stinking Lake proclaimed a bird refuge, to be protected and improved by the government for the public benefit. This lake is the very source of a large part of our duck supply, on which thousands of our citizens are dependent for healthful recreation. Patrolled against hunters, fenced against trampling of nests by livestock, and cleaned of the predatory animals that gather there each spring to feast on ducklings, this lake could be made to produce tens of thousands of wildfowl each year where it produces thousands at present.

SPORTSMEN DETERMINED TO GET ACTION.

For nearly three years the G. P. A. has been urging the U. S. Biological Survey to take the initial step by establishing a National Bird Refuge at Stinking Lake. We have promised our aid and co-operation, not only in overcoming any obstacles to establishing the refuge, but in getting any necessary appropriations for its subsequent patrol and development. The Biological Survey has been, of course, in no way obliged to accede to our wishes in this matter, but this Association is by now reasonably entitled to a definite yes or no

on our recommendations. We can then be guided accordingly. One thing is certain: the sportsmen of New Mexico are going to obtain the protection and improvement of Stinking Lake and its administration as a public resource for the public benefit. Any one who saw the absolute unanimity of purpose of the delegation assembled here to meet Mr. Grubb could have no doubt on that point.

"MANANA"

The proposal to establish a shooting club at Stinking Lake is the natural result of the delay in making it a bird refuge. Any natural resource of such extra-ordinary value is going to be used, and the government having so far failed to put it to public use, no one need be painfully surprised that private parties are seeking to monopolize it.

The Jicarilla "Sanctuary" Association as explained by Mr. Grubb, wishes to obtain a ten-year lease on the lake and erect a clubhouse where the twenty proposed members and a maximum of twenty guests may enjoy the lake and the shooting for ten days each year. A maximum of 8,000 ducks per year could thus be killed. An initiation fee of \$100 and dues of \$100 per year are proposed. The association proposes to hire wardens to prevent poaching, who would also be expected to trap out the predatory animals.

The members of the association are all wealthy Coloradoans and eastern capitalists, said collectively to be worth \$100,000,000. In addition, special and less expensive memberships were offered for a certain number of New Mexico sportsmen. An annual rental of \$600 would be paid the Indians for the lease, to be used, according to Mr. Grubb, as cash prizes for the Indian Agricultural Fairs.

THE GRAND CANYON AT \$100 A LOOK.

All this is well and good—except a Stinking Lake. There is nothing vicious about private clubs as such, but to clamp one of them on Stinking Lake would be exactly analogous to giving them the Grand Canyon, or the Yosemite, or any other superlative natural wonder, for the decoration of the select few at \$100 per look—the impecunious public to enjoy the crumbs. The principle of the thing is wrong.

(Continued on page 3.)

"PASS GAME REFUGE BILL OR STOP HUNTING" IS ULTIMATUM ISSUED BY STATE WARDEN AND BERNALILLO SPORTSMEN.

Bickering and Delay Over Needed Measure Has Exhausted Patience of G. P. A. Leaders—Situation Demands Drastic Action.

After waiting three years for the passage of the National Game Refuge Bill, and after three years of work in urging and coaxing the rest of the country to get together and give us Game Refuges, the patience of New Mexico is at an end. Led by State Game Warden Rouault, the members of the Albuquerque G. P. A., at their third annual supper, unanimously passed a resolution which says in effect that if the government will not help us save our big game, New Mexico will forthwith proceed to help herself. Similar action by the State Association and the remaining locals may confidently be expected.

Realizing the great advantage of unified systematized action by the federal government, which already has its Forest Rangers all over the big game country, New Mexico sportsmen have from the very first worked for federal refuges, and will continue to do so. But we can not sit by and watch our game disappear, while valiant statesmen, who never did a lick of work on the measure, insist on rehashing it to suit themselves, and parlor protectionists, its erstwhile supporters, duck and run because they smell a fight. Our deer are going, our mountain sheep and antelope are nearly gone, and emergency action must be taken to protect the remnant of all three until the Game Refuge Bill is passed. The Albuquerque resolution adequately sums up the situation.

RESOLUTION ON DEER SHORTAGE.

Whereas, the members of this Association have viewed with growing apprehension—

- (a) An increasing shortage of deer throughout the state;
- (b) A particular shortage of bucks in many localities;
- (c) A threatened extermination of deer in a few localities;
- (d) A prolonged delay in the passage of a National Game Refuge Bill; or other means of permanent relief of the above conditions;

And, whereas, we understand that many

persons, some because of a bona fide concern over the buck shortage, and some out of purely selfish motives, are advocating the removal of the present prohibition against killing does and fawns;

And, whereas, we believe that the proposed legalizing of doe and fawn killing would reflect discredit on the high standards of New Mexico sportsmanship;

And, whereas, we are convinced that in actual practice such a change would not only fail to reduce the number of bucks killed, but would also decrease the general supply more rapidly than ever, thus projecting the problem "from the frying pan into the fire;"

And, whereas, many states have at various times been confronted by this same problem, and none have ever adhered or reverted to doe killing without disastrous results;

Be It Therefore Resolved, by the members of this Association here assembled; that we are unalterably opposed, on both ethical and practical grounds, to legalizing the killing of does or fawns in New Mexico.

Be It Further Resolved, that in view of the delay in the establishment of National Game Refuges as a permanent source of breeding stock, and in view of the obvious necessity for relief of present conditions, that we hereby recommend that unless a Game Refuge Bill is passed by Congress before next winter, that steps be taken to procure the establishment by the next legislature of a three-year closed season on all deer in New Mexico, as a temporary relief measure.

Passed by the third annual meeting of the Albuquerque Game Protective Association, December 10, 1917.

JOHN D. CLARK, President.
J. E. HANNUM, Vice-President.
F. C. W. POOLER, Secretary.
ROSS MERRITT, Treasurer.
M. NASH,
O. P. SCHOENBERG,
HARRY T. JOHNSON,
CHAS. QUIER,
H. WESTERFELD,
Executive Committee.

North Carolina has made hunting game from flying machines illegal by prohibiting shooting of waterfowl on any of the waters of the state from an airplane.

The Pine Cone

Circulation 5,000 Copies
(Application pending for entry as second class postal matter.)

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

Published at Albuquerque, N. Mex., by

THE NEW MEXICO

GAME PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION

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Hugh L. Hodge, Vice-President Silver City
C. G. Mardorf, Treasurer Santa Fe
Robert E. Dietz, Secretary Albuquerque
John W. Armstrong, Vice-Pres. Carlsbad
T. W. Medley, Vice-Pres. Magdalena
H. P. Saunders, Vice-Pres. Roswell
Herbert Dunton, Vice-Pres. Taos
O. F. Seale, Vice-Pres. Las Cruces

LOCAL ASSOCIATIONS

Sportsmen's Association of Southwestern New Mexico, Silver City, N. M.

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Harry Booth, Vice-Pres. C. C. Metcalf, Treasurer

Santa Fe Game Protective Association.

F. R. Stevenson, President C. G. Mardorf, Treasurer
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Albuquerque Game Protective Association.

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Delbert Jackson, President John W. Armstrong, Sec'y & Treas.

Colfax Co. Game Protective Association.

C. A. Whited, President T. H. Morrow, Secretary

Magdalena Game Protective and Sportsmen's Association.

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Paul B. Moore, Vice-Pres. Dr. E. S. Spindler, Secretary

Roswell Game Protective Association

H. P. Saunders, President

Taos Game and Fish Protective Association.

L. P. Martinez, President E. P. Ancona, Secretary
H. R. Leatherman, Vice-Pres. Ralph Meyers, Treasurer

Las Cruces Game Protective Association.
O. F. Seale, President.

The Sinews of War

Three things are necessary to bring back the game into the hills of New Mexico.

The first is workers. The death of our late lamented president, Miles W. Burford, and the call to the colors of such men as Edward Safford, Kenneth Baldrige and Arthur Sisk, has intensified the shortage of willing heads and hands to a degree which only those who have taken over their work are able to fully appreciate.

The second is the moral support of the average citizen. This is being given with an ever-increasing generosity, but is still far short of what the existing situation demands.

The third is financial backing. A month ago the wolf was pawing at the door. It is, therefore, with particular gratitude that the Association announces the receipt of contributions totalling \$375.00 from the following men:

W. H. Bartlett, Vermijo Park.
Charles Springer, Las Vegas.
Geo. H. Webster, Cimarron.
R. P. Irvin, Santa Fe.

The thanks of New Mexico sportsmen are also due State Game Warden Rouault, who volunteered his services in calling the need for money to the attention of possible contributors.

THE HOW AND WHY OF THE HUNTING LICENSE

"When you meet a man out hunting, ask him to show you his license, and show him yours." This is the new idea spreading among New Mexico sportsmen. It sells more licenses than a whole army of special deputies.

Witness the 50% increase in license sales effected by State Game Warden Rouault last year—a total income of \$21,436 as against the previous high record of \$14,832 by his predecessor. Remember, Mr. Sportsman, that the income from licenses goes into the state game protection fund, and is used for the enforcement of the law. Common duty, as well as common sense, dictates that every sportsman do his part in spreading the knowledge that it is un-sportsmanlike and foolhardy to go afield without a license. With every sportsman demanding a license of every one he meets, the evasion of license requirements would soon become impossible, and the miserable insufficiency of our game protection fund would be automatically corrected.

Miles W. Burford

Father of Game Conservation in New Mexico

Ten years ago a young sportsman came to Silver City, New Mexico, and looked about him. He saw three things.

First, a territory unequalled in North America for the variety and interest of its game, fish, and wild life.

Second, a wholesale disregard of the then feeble game laws, and an abysmal ignorance of the first principles of sportsmanship, which, aided and abetted by public apathy, threatened to convert New Mexico, from the sportsman's standpoint, into a desert.

Third, a body of game wardens so inert through politics, so crushed under the weight of public opinion, that hardly a one had either the energy or the courage to lift a finger.

Miles W. Burford was a direct man. He was not the kind who stop to see which way the wind blows. He came, he saw, and he went to work. If the average shooter was unfair, he would tell him so. If the public was asleep, he would awaken it. If the game law was bad, he would pass a good one. If the wardens would not enforce it, he would do so himself. These things he did, literally, with an untiring energy and a fine disregard for consequences which soon made his work the talk of southwestern New Mexico. There was no standing on the fence in his part of the state. Every citizen was forced to come out into the open and take his stand, either for the conservation of game, or against it.

Miles W. Burford was endowed with that highest and finest form of diplomacy, militant fairness. He lived in a region of cattlemen, and his was the brand of diplomacy they liked. In a few years he had gathered around him a hundred active supporters, had organized the Sportsmen's Association of Southwestern New Mexico, and was bringing the law breakers up on the carpet by the score.

By 1915 the work of his Association was attracting the attention of sportsmen all over the state. These men had made independent attempts to organize, but lacked a leader. By a speedy but natural process, a movement for state-wide reform gained such headway that in March, 1916, there was organized the New Mexico Game Protective Association, with Miles W. Burford as president. Simultaneously, eight local associations, aggregating over one thousand members, each and every one solemnly pledged to a common platform of principles, sprang into being over night. New Mexico was transformed.

Burford, facing the state with a thousand men at his call, was the same Burford who eight years before "tied into" Silver City unaided and alone. Looking neither to the right or to the left, he promptly attempted the impossible. Out of a clear sky, calmly but firmly, he demanded of the powers that be the appointment of a non-political State Game Warden, to be selected on a basis of fitness alone, by the Game Protective Association!

The politicians laughed in his face. The job-hunters gasped in astonishment. The lookers-on smiled, and made wise remarks about fanatics and theorists. But the loyal thousand stuck and stood by with their votes in their pockets, while the newspapers found much of good copy in a situation so novel in politics-ridden New Mexico. And last, but not least, there were two candidates running for governor who comprehended, to an extraordinary degree, the tendency of the times. To their lasting credit, and to the horrified discomfiture of the political audience, they actually vied with each other in being the first to accept the G. P. A. plan.

The rest was almost easy. Progress won. New Mexico has today a real Game Warden, backed by every sportsman in the state. The man who deliberately violates the law, be he of humble estate or of the landed nobility of politics, steps up and passes in full view of the applauding public. The man who ignorantly violates the law is bombarded with publicity and educational material in a manner equally effective. While the wild life of New Mexico is far from saved, its ultimate preservation is at least brought within the bound of possibility.

Miles W. Burford did these things, and doing them, died. His fight is over, but his work is not. The flaming spirit that gave out courage and enthusiasm in life, but burns the brighter now.

"Remember Burford—Carry On" is the slogan in New Mexico.

THE SUNSET RULE.

Every honest sportsman in New Mexico observes the closed season prescribed by the federal regulations. We are forced to admit, however, that many a man who would scorn to shoot ducks in the spring, unblushingly shoots ducks after sunset, in plain violation of the regulation establishing a year-around closed season between sunset and half an hour before sunrise.

This unlawful practice is commonly condoned by asserting what everybody knows already, namely, that the shooting is best just before dark.

We challenge the world to produce a man who likes to shoot ducks better than the present preacher. We confess likewise to a particular liking for folding up a mallard against the evening sky. But there is only one way to observe the game law, and that is to observe it.

WHISKEY AND SPORTSMANSHIP.

A sparkling clear November day—a stretch of blue river sliding over soft brown sandbars—a crisp breeze rattling in the cottonwoods, and over there against the blue a flying wedge of fowl with glints of sunlight dancing on the necks of sleek rakes—the man who must pour whiskey on such a scene had better crawl inside a bottle and stay there.

"The right sort of a man who has had a fine day in the painted woods, on the right waters of a duck-haunted bay, or in the golden stubble of September, can fill his day and his soul with six good birds as well as with sixty"—Hornaday.

Is There a Buck Shortage?

Deputy Game Warden Maitland of Guy, N. M., reports Bob White quail increasing rapidly in that section, also a fair increase in deer.

Deputy Game Warden Bisby at Pinos Altos, N. M., reports that all hunters saw a great many does, very few fawns and hardly any bucks, and is heartily in favor of five-year closed season.

Mr. W. G. McCoy, of Silver City, reports that on a trip of seventeen days on the West Fork and on Iron Creek Mesa, having seen and counted 165 deer, among them were three black tail bucks and one white tail.

Mr. Snyder reported that on the east and west Fork near Pryor's cabin, sixteen does in one bunch and no fawns, eight does in another bunch and two fawns, and one bunch of ten bucks.

Deputy Game Warden Green at Pinon, N. M., reports great scarcity of game in that section, favors a 5-year closed season on deer and turkey.

Deputy Game Warden T. E. Kelley, of Carrizozo, N. M., hunted with a party of five men at the head of the Negrito in the Black Range, killed five nice bucks, were out two weeks, and report a conservative estimate of 250 does seen in that time.

Deputy Game Warden Bundy reports seeing about 150 deer in the Black Range, two weeks' time, out from Fairview, possibly 25 bucks in this bunch.

Deputy Smith, Colfax County, reports a great many deer, mostly all does, and only nine bucks killed during the hunting season. This section is considered one of the best big game sections in the state.

Deputy Broadus reports a similar condition in the San Mateos.

Deputy Fleming verifies the reports from the Black Range and is alarmed over the great number of does, the lack of fawns and the very few bucks that have been seen or killed.

Deputy Evans reports from the Sacramentos that his party saw about seventy-five deer, out of these seventy-five there being probably ten bucks; also reports that there were very few deer killed in that section of the range.

Who's Who in Selling Licenses

A List of the High Scores by Counties.

Name and County	Amount
Quier—Bernalillo	\$ 914.50
Borrowdale—Socorro	579.50
Temke—Luna	543.50
Hinson—Chavez	511.00
Hess—Dona Ana	444.50
Jones—Grant	386.00
Hall—Colfax	386.00
Shepherd—Sierra	312.25
Wharton—Quay	281.50
Lacey—Lincoln	271.50
Beacham—Santa Fe	247.75
Ilfeld—San Miguel	242.00
Myers—McKinley	234.25
Thomas—Otero	195.75
Salas—Torrance	184.25
Hemenway—Eddy	162.00
Reilly—Taos	150.00
Becker—Valencia	118.00
Sandoval—Rio Arriba	116.00
Roy—Mora	102.75
Duran—Union	89.25
Zerwer—Curry	74.50
Hinojos—Guadalupe	63.25
Morrison—Roosevelt	55.25
BraMe—San Juan	51.25
Mallett—Sandoval	45.00
Brook—DeBaca	21.75
.....—Lea	00.00

LICENSE COLLECTORS OUT OF STATE.

W. H. Shelton, El Paso, Texas	\$1,956.50
J. B. Bryan, El Paso, Texas	1,218.50
W. G. Walz, El Paso, Texas	371.50
Davis, Alamosa, Colo.	41.25
Fuhrman, Alamosa, Colo.	35.25
Wagner, Kenton, Okla.	2.75
McKeehan, Duncan, Ariz.	2.50

Sport With Knife and Fork, or a New Way to Beat The Germans

Certain hotel proprietors from the Atlantic states, market hunters from Louisiana, and other devotees of sport with knife and fork, are advocating, as a food conservation measure, letting down the bars on the sale of game. Mr. Hoover, it is said, is being bombarded with patriotic telegrams from these gentry, telling him how to win the war by restoring Bob-white-on-toast and broiled mallard with-wild-rice to the bill of fare of the poor starved gourmands who frequent their respective hostelryes.

A broiled mallard at \$3.00 per plate is truly a deadly weapon. It takes five shells at 5c each to kill him in the first place, together with the labor of the market hunter who ought to be sniping Germans or raising beans. Then it takes ten pounds of ice and a snug corner in freight car, a chef on a princely salary, and half a dozen flunkies to deliver his carcass f. o. b. the starving jaws of said gourmand for consumption. Finally, a pint of wine is necessary to make the poor fellow realize he is eating, a dollar-exit fee to enable him to get away with his spoils, and not infrequently a doctor to tinker him into shape to starve along until the next meal. There is no denying the fact that said \$3.00 mallard might save a mess of terrapin or sweetbreads, or a lobster, or a fillet of beef for the French, and at the same time give highly profitable employment to many otherwise useful persons.

It seems to us, however, that these double-chinned gentlemen who wish to avert starvation by marketing our slender stock of game have overlooked several other bets quite as good.

Perhaps they have heard of cornmeal, or even partaken thereof. Well, if we are to eat our seedstock of game birds, how about the seed corn our farmers are so unpatriotically hoarding against the spring? And, for that matter, why not tear the lead roofs off of our public buildings and melt them into bullets? It might be possible for conservationists who have spent years of labor in saving for future Americans a little of our wild life to persuade these destructive patriots that their proposition is wrong, but it might be hard to convince them that it is also funny.

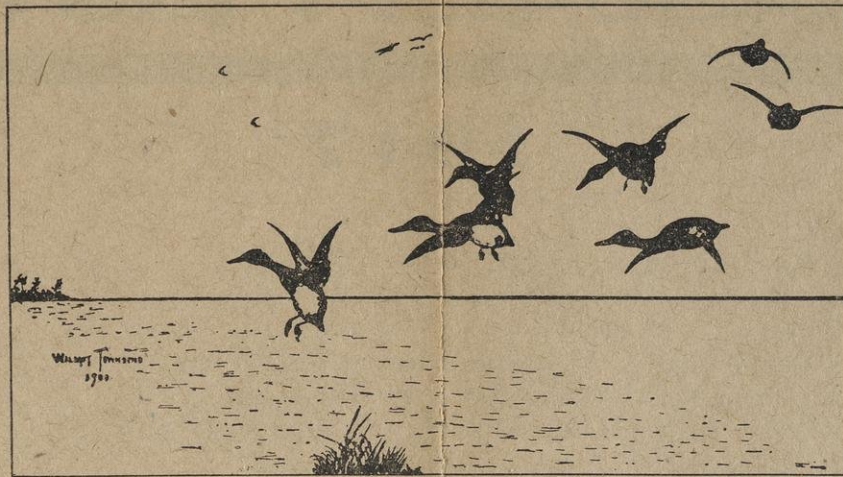
More Fools With Guns

Pulverizing clay-pigeons with shotguns is no new sport, but bombarding tin geese with high-power artillery is, to the man in the blind, altogether too novel for comfort.

To make a long story short, the use of high-power rifles is not only being freely indulged in by goose-hunters along the thickly settled banks of the Rio Grande, but some ardent artillerymen are actually pumping lead into flocks of tin goose decoys, and then feeling offended when a man arises out of the adjacent blind and speaks his mind on the subject.

The use of high-power rifles along the Rio Grande is wrong. There are, of course, some men who use them with scrupulous care, but there are many more who will not learn care until they kill somebody. The only way to control this latter element is to prohibit the use of rifles on the river altogether.

THE PINE CONE favors the passage of an amendment to the game law, giving the State Game Warden regulatory power to correct this and similar local abuses, and making the violation of his regulations a misdemeanor punishable through the courts.



TO WATERFOWL

BY WARD SHEPARD

At the right time, at the right place, it takes little imagination to class ducks among the song birds. I do not mean that low, slavish, wingless creature, the domestic duck, who ambles awkwardly round the barnyard or awkwardly swims in muddy duck-ponds, uttering the while trivial and raucous quacks; but a real duck—a mallard—sitting on a sedge-margined pool that accurately reflects mallard, sedges, and sky; a mallard that paddles joyously on a surface of burnished silver, discoursing to himself in duckish language or trying to entice a partner from the sky; an old greenhead that, hearing your approach, beats his wings against the sedges, leaves you with a parting cuss word at your impudence, rises against the wind, and then rides down it on whistling wings like an *avion du chasse*. He speaks a various language; but it all means the sky and the wind, the rustle of dead grass, sunlight on water, the smell of brown autumn, gusts of rain, volleys of hail.

For duck-shooting is vastly more than duck-killing. The bleeding carcass of a green-winged, red-headed teal is an anti-climax to the sensation of accuracy you experience when you stop that mad flight; and pick him up with the feeling that his painted wings, now rumped and useless, were made to flash in the sun and whistle in the wind until nature was through with him. There are, it is true, two-legged mammals that pot-shoot ducks resting on the water. But they are mere killers. They wander in darkness; and for them is appointed the fate, through eternity, of shooting asbestos decoys on brimstone lakes and wading for their quarry—without boots.

As you sit in your blind, only duly aware that your feet are freezing as you wait for gadwall, spoonbill, widgeon, or sprig to defy your skill, you dimly perceive at the outer rim of the earth a wavering line of black. It disappears against a background of dark cloud; it reappears, faintly, like dancing motes; and at last it becomes what you knew from the beginning—an undulating flight of geese. Out of the wild north they emerge, uttering melancholy lamentations over the weariness of endless flight; and far overhead, in wedge or echelon, they drive on against storm or darkness to an unknown goal. You see but an infinitesimal arc of their pilgrimage; the rest is clouded in mystery. Flying there above you, strung out in ordered rank, breasting the leagues of the ocean of air with tireless will, they are the ultimate symbol of that wild freedom which opposes an eternal vigilance and wariness against the wariness and vigilance of man.

It is true that the Almighty fashioned other game birds also; but, looking at them, you perceive that when he did so, he had already devoted his greatest skill and love of finished perfection to the waterfowl.

As for Man, Lord of Creation and Iovial Destroyer of Life, he also has Tried his Hand at This Job: he has Made the Clay-Pigeon.

NOTICE TO ALL READERS.

It stands to reason, of course, that the \$1.00 dues of regular members are insufficient to finance both local and State Associations and publish the PINE CONE. For the purpose of spreading the gospel and enlisting support we have been sending thousands of complimentary copies to persons throughout the United States. Many of these have plainly said that the PINE CONE is worth something to them. If it is worth something, it ought to be worth a dollar. Notice is therefore given that beginning January 1, 1918, all who receive the PINE CONE will be asked to become either—

- (a) Members of their local Association if there is one, at \$1.00 per year, or
- (b) Subscribing members of the State Association, at \$1.00 per year.

Notices will be duly sent with the April issue.

TWO BLACK EYES.

In all this fair land there are still two states, Louisiana and North Carolina, which permit the hunting of game for market.

In all this fair land there is no state which has enough game left to feed it to epicures who are too lazy to go out and get it themselves.

In all this fair land there is no real sportsman who would allow market hunting in his native state without a protest.

How about it, North Carolina and Louisiana? Have you a sportsman who will rise to the occasion?

Or have you merely gunners, who dwell in darkness—who don't know and don't care?

There is a new temper in these times. American sportsmanship demands a yes, or no—and action.

Potting Ducks; A Little Talk on the Ethics of Sportsmanship

Another Little Talk on the Ethics of Sports—Sw—ish! See that flock of mallards corkscrewing down out of the sky into that fellow's decoys! Around and down they go on set wings. Now watch him pick his drakes! What, no shots? Is he asleep? The ducks alight, and are giving their wooden cousins the once over, before the automatic gas-pipe slowly emerges from the blind and boom! boom! boom! leaves a lane of flopping birds on the water while the remainder climb and squawk away.

People's notion of sport varies a good deal. It begins with killing a beef or sticking a hog, and runs from there on up. When we witness the duck-potting act above described—and it is all too common in New Mexico—we cannot help but think that the mighty Nimrod who perpetrates it has missed his calling. How happy he would be on the plank of an abattoir, knocking beeves in the head! Or wringing necks in a chicken factory? Happy man!

Sportsmanship differs from gunning merely in the extent to which the individual's notion of sport has advanced beyond the hog-sticking stage. Potting ducks on the water is a very practical method of gunning, and twenty years ago was commonly practiced by men who were sportsmen in that day. But times change, and so do standards. Today the man who pots ducks had better ask himself very seriously whether he has kept abreast of the times.

G. P. A. AND JICARILLA CLUB GO TO THE MAT.

(Continued from page 1.)

Of course fine words about the principle of public control of superlative natural wonders are all quite futile and useless unless the public means to exercise that control and to develop the resources it seeks to reserve for its use. The New Mexico Game Protective Association is aware of the fact, and hereby solemnly assures all parties at interest that no stone will be left unturned to secure the public control and development of Stinking Lake without further delay. If we, the sportsmen of New Mexico, fail in this undertaking, then let us either put away our guns, or else seek alms from those who have the cash that faileth not.

THE CHAMA SPORTSMEN.

The sportsmen of the state as a whole do not want to shoot at Stinking Lake, as was plainly evidenced by the fact that the special memberships proffered them by Mr. Grubb were ignored by the entire New Mexico delegation as irrelevant to the question at issue. The sportsmen of Chama, however, may fairly be said to be dependent on the group of lakes, of which Stinking Lake is the largest and best, for any shooting they may enjoy. Certain individuals at Chama, it is said, were proffered special memberships by the Jicarilla Club, but to their lasting credit declined them and agreed to stand or fall with their less favored brethren. In the ultimate disposition of these lakes, it is only fair that some reasonable provision be made for the sportsmen of Chama and vicinity.

THE JICARILLA INDIANS.

This Association has at all times recognized that while the ducks belong to the public, the land adjacent to Stinking Lake is a part of the Jicarilla Indian Reservation, and that the Indians are entitled to full consideration. Just what this consideration should be is a matter to be mutually agreed upon by the Indians, the Indian Service, and the other agencies concerned. One thing, however, is certain in advance, and that is that the patrol and improvement of a bird refuge would furnish qualified Indians with just as much useful and congenial employment, and much more opportunity for a just pride in the development of the country and its resources, than any palatal shooting club. The \$600 rental to be had from the club could hardly be a determining factor with any of the parties at interest.

CASUALTY LIST!

1917

June 13.	Steve Wiseman, Raton, N. M., exceeding limit on game fish.....	\$ 25.00
June 17.	Rupert Eastham, Maxwell, N. M., fishing without a license.....	Suspended
June 17.	Ray Ramelot, Maxwell, N. M., fishing without a license.....	Suspended
June 17.	Juan Camereno, Silver City, N. M., killing band-tailed Pigeons	100.00
June 17.	Charles Harrison, Cliff, N. M., killing Doves out of season.....	Suspended
June 19.	William Curtis, Chico, N. M., killing Antelope (served time in jail).....	100.00
July 8.	Henry Ushijima, Alamosa, Colo., fishing without a license.....	Suspended
July 8.	L. W. Maury, Alamosa, Colo., fishing without a license.....	25.00
July 18.	August Davis, Elephant Butte, N. M., fishing without a license.....	25.00
Aug. 2.	Thomas Abeyta, Las Vegas, N. M., hunting without license, killing deer out of season, killing deer without horns.....	90 days in jail 50.00
Aug. 2.	Aureleano Mares, Las Vegas, N. M., hunting without license, killing deer out of season, killing deer without horns.....	90 days in jail 50.00
Aug. 11.	B. F. Dougherty, Silver City, N. M., killing deer out of season.....	50.00
Aug. 24.	Fred Lyons, Silver City, N. M., hunting without a license.....	50.00
Sept. 17.	Peter Gioga, Cimarron, N. M., killing Quail out of season.....	25.00
Sept. 17.	Mike Battee, Cimarron, N. M., killing Quail out of season.....	25.00
Sept. 17.	Giovaum Bribillion, Cimarron, N. M., killing Quail out of season.....	25.00
Sept. 17.	Geurreso Volinsin, Cimarron, N. M., killing Quail out of season.....	25.00
Sept. 17.	Tinio Pesovanto, Cimarron, N. M., killing Quail out of season.....	25.00
Sept. 17.	Luigi Faba, Cimarron, N. M., killing Quail out of season.....	25.00
Sept. 17.	Mouro Corron, Cimarron, killing Quail out of season.....	25.00
Sept. 17.	Florindo Ferrazin, Cimarron, N. M., killing Quail out of season.....	25.00
Sept. 17.	Rayin Presto, Cimarron, N. M., killing Qual out of season.....	25.00
Sept. 17.	T. Bosetti, Cimarron, N. M., killing Quail out of season.....	25.00
Oct. 1.	John Saucier, Chloride, N. M., killing Deer out of season.....	50.00
Oct. 1.	Ambrosio Turrieta, Datil, N. M., killing Deer out of season.....	50.00
Oct. 1.	Bedro C. Lucero, Datil, N. M., killing deer out of season.....	50.00
Oct. 6.	Antonio Valdez, Vermejo Park, N. M., fishing with horse-hair noose.....	25.00
Oct. 7.	Henry Haines, Albuquerque, N. M., killing insectivorous birds	Suspended
Oct. 7.	Frank Thiehoff, Albuquerque, N. M., killing insectivorous birds	Suspended
Oct. 7.	W. C. Stewart, El Paso, Texas, killing doves out of season.....	38.50
Oct. 7.	L. H. Robinson, El Paso, Texas, killing doves out of season.....	38.50
Oct. 10.	Sam Wade, Ricardo, N. M., killing antelope.....	100.00
Oct. 16.	Cruz Hernanos, Silver City, N. M., killing Quail out of season.....	80.50
Oct. 20.	George Bassalla, Levy, N. M., hunting without license	77.75
Oct. 21.	E. B. Jones, El Paso, Texas, hunting without a license.....	85.00
Oct. 24.	E. W. Lansing, Dawson, N. M., hunting without a license.....	35.60
Oct. 25.	Enland Greer, Albuquerque, N. M., killing insectivorous birds	Suspended
Oct. 25.	Seth Holmes, Albuquerque, N. M., killing insectivorous birds	Suspended
Nov. 5.	J. F. Anton, Hurley, N. M., killing deer without horns	87.50
Nov. 7.	Guy Paigne, Dawson, N. M., killing deer without horns	64.75
Nov. 7.	Louis Savio, Dawson, N. M., killing deer without horns	64.75
Nov. 7.	I-You-Tee (Indian), Zuni, N. M., killing der without horns.....	50.00
Nov. 7.	Jo-Eat-Tee (Indian), Zuni, N. M., killing der without horns.....	50.00
Nov. 7.	Grinney (Indian), Zuni, N. M., killing deer without horns	50.00
Nov. 25.	Guiseppe Fedrissi, Dawson, N. M., hunting without a license.....	55.00
Nov. 25.	Emil Berganno, Dawson, N. M., hunting without a license.....	55.00
Nov. 28.	George Markos, Deming, N. M., killing meadow larks,	10.00
Nov. 28.	George Polus, Deming, N. M., killing meadow larks	10.00
Nov. 28.	Mike Asimos, Deming, N. M., killing meadow larks	10.00
Nov. 28.	John Lucus, Deming, N. M., killing meadow larks	10.00
Dec. 10.	Donati Petrilli, Koehler, N. M., hunting without a license.....	25.00
Dec. 10.	Carmen Vocci, Koehler, N. M., hunting without a license.....	25.00
Dec. 10.	Chas. Catall, Koehler, N. M., hunting without a license.....	25.00

Total fines and costs paid over to school fund\$1,945.85

Convictions	53
Acquitted	3
Pending	6

Total.....62

Note: The above list is published for the sole purpose of showing how State Game Warden Rouault and his Deputies are putting the Game Law on the Map of New Mexico. All the gentlemen named are invited to mend their ways and become members of the G. P. A.

MR. SPORTSMAN: If you have a Neighbor who Acts as if he had Ambitions to get his Name into this List, give him this Paper and Tell him.



NEXT!

