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The pine cone : Christmas, 1915. 1915

[s.l.]: New Mexico Game Protective Association, 1915

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mon problem. This problem is the reduction of predatory animals.

It is well known that predatory animals are continuing to eat the cream off the stock grower's profits, and it hardly needs to be argued that, with our game supply as low as it is, a reduction in the predatory animal population is bound to help the situation. If the wolves, lions, coyotes, bob-cats, foxes, skunks, and other varmints were only decreasing at the same rate as our game is decreasing, it might at least be said that there was no serious occasion for worry, but that they are not so decreasing is an established fact in the mind of every man familiar with conditions. Whatever may have been the value of the work accomplished by bounty systems, poisoning, and trapping, individual or governmental, the fact remains that varmints continue to thrive and their reduction can be accomplished only by means of a practical, vigorous, and comprehensive plan of action.

How, how is this action to be obtained? How, for instance, is the Biological Survey to receive a larger appropriation for the excellent work they have begun? How, for instance, is a more satisfactory bounty law to be enacted? How, for instance, is trapping to be made attractive to real trappers? Obviously by a united and concerted demand for these things. The stockman alone have been demanding these things for years, and while they have accomplished a great deal, they have not accomplished enough. Why should the organized game protectionists not join with the stockmen in making these demands, and would not their added weight possibly give the necessary added effectiveness? Would not the manifestation of a sincere desire on our part to co-operate to the limit of our ability also remove the last vestige of feeling between us and the stock associations? Would not everybody, except the varmints, be benefited by such a move?

There is nothing connected with a properly conducted stock-growing operation which is going to operate against our game program. Conversely, there is nothing in our game program which is going to hurt the stock industry, or deprive any stock of their established range. Why, then, should we not get together?

Plans to have our Association actively develop this idea are already well under way. We have had an informal conference with Mr. Ligon, Predatory Animal Inspector of the Biological Survey, and obtained his personal ideas. We had a conference with Mr. E. M. and President of the New Mexico Wool Growers, and he was much pleased with the idea of co-operation. Shortly we shall formally tender our co-operation to the Executive Committee of the Wool Growers and, as soon as suitable occasions arise, to every other stock growing body in the Albuquerque region. If our offers are accepted, we will confer with these bodies on the question of ways and means, and there is every reason to hope that we can arrive at a mutual agreement which will bring the desired results.

It can hardly be gainsaid that we need the aid and co-operation of the powerful stock growing associations. It seems equally obvious that they could make good use of such help as we are able to give them. It is therefore to be hoped that we can get together.

QUAIL GOING UP

Senator Barth Gives Us a Big Lift

In Justice McClellan's court on December 9, Mr. Siegfried Kahn, a prominent merchant of Albuquerque, was tried for buying quail, found guilty, and fined \$50.00 and costs. The case was prosecuted by the Hon. Isaac Barth, acting for our Association. The man who sold the quail had been previously prosecuted, convicted, and fined.

This case was dug up by Deputy Game Warden A. S. Morago and Tony Ortiz, and a previous trial, in which the defendant was represented by counsel but the deputies were not, resulted in a split jury. In the second trial, the District Attorney being absent, the Executive Committee of this Association realized that the case was again in danger of being lost. Accordingly it was considered necessary to take advantage of Senator Barth's kind offer, made at the Association supper on December 2, to help us prosecute violations whenever the services of the District Attorney were not available for that purpose. Senator Barth, in spite of being very busy, responded instantly to our request, prosecuted the case in a very able manner, and won it hands down.

Mr. Kahn's defense was that he bought the quail without wilful intent, not knowing that the purchase and sale of game is prohibited. We have no reason to doubt the sincerity of this attitude. We are, however, most emphatically of the opinion that if a man of affairs like Mr. Kahn does not know the law, then it is time to make it known by every available means, including the vigorous prosecution of all violations.

But for this Association, the Kahn case would doubtless have been lost. The deputies would have been discouraged, disrespect for the law increased, and the way left wide open for the further growth of commercialism, first on a small scale and then on a large scale. Let every man remember the terrible havoc which commercialism in game invariably creates! Remember the Canvasbacks of the Chesapeake, almost exterminated by the market gunner. Remember quail of the gulf states, so sadly reduced by that fatal item of engraved Menu Cards: "Quail on Toast." And above all, remember the Buffalo. No species of game can withstand commercialism. It has been proven a dozen times.

Without the least trace of ill feeling against Mr. Kahn, we may regard this case as a signal victory. We have made a start. We have proved that we can do things if we want to.

Each member is being supplied with several copies of THE PINE CONE. Please hand the extra copies to your friends.

RESULTS

What Your Dollar Has Done Since Dec. 1

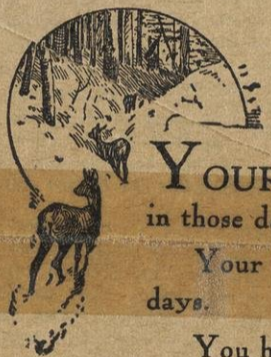
1. Ten news stories sent to one or more of seven neighboring newspapers, forty-six stories in all, which probably imparted to 15,000 people the fact that we are on the map and mean business. The object of these stories were (a) to show people that the game laws are being violated and (b) to show that we are going to insist on better enforcement and help to bring it about.
2. Two violations reported to the proper authorities for action.
3. One violation, in the absence of the District Attorney, prosecuted and won, hands down.
4. Thirty-seven hundred trout planted in Las Huertas Canyon.
5. Preliminary negotiations with the president of the New Mexico Woolgrowers to place before them our proposition on predatory animals.
6. A start made on the Stinking Lake Bird Refuge, the object of which will be to improve the duck supply.
7. Forty endorsements obtained for Hornaday Plan.
8. Fifty Hornaday Books obtained at cost and put on sale.
9. Plans laid for a systematic campaign of public education. "THE PINE CONE" prepared, issued and distributed.
10. Ninety members enlisted; \$50.82 in Treasury.

HUNTING NOTES

It is gratifying to note that we appear to have had a fair crop of quail around Albuquerque this year. The best shooting has been in the foothills, and from all reports plenty of seed stock will be left over for next year.

Since the advent of cold weather, the ducks appear to have left the nearer shooting grounds. There are lots of them down at La Joya, Las Lunas, etc. They are spending the day safely on the sandbars and feeding in the sloughs and flooded areas at night. Many good bags are reported by local sportsmen.

The supply of geese at La Joya has been larger than usual—mostly Canadas and Snow Geese. Many local hunters have succeeded in hanging up their "Christmas gander."



YOUR grandfather hunted swans. There were swans in those days.

Your father hunted geese. There were geese in those days.

You hunt ducks. There are some ducks left.

What do you want your son to hunt? Mudhens?

STAND UP FOR THE MIGRATORY BIRD LAW!

HELP GAME PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATIONS

BE SATISFIED WITH A MODERATE BAG

GIVE YOUR SON A SQUARE DEAL

REMEMBER THE BUFFALO!

OVIS MEXICANUS

Supposing that for ten years more the game situation should be allowed to go on down the hill of destruction, and supposing that at the end of that time you had on some land of yours, the last little herd of Blacktail Deer in the world. What would you do about it? Would you not be an awfully sorry citizen, as well as a hopelessly poor business man, if you allowed the little remnant to go over the brink?

Yet a case quite as serious as this today confronts the state of New Mexico. Do you want to know about it? Then read this. Do you want to do something about it? Then join your local game protective association at once.

Ovis Mexicanus—do you know what that is? First, it is a splendid animal. Second, it is a Latin name? Do you want it to become a Latin name only? No? Then listen to this story.

If you go to the Guadalupe Mountains of Southern New Mexico, get you a pack outfit, go away up into the country that has 2,000 acres to the square mile, and stay there a long time; then, if you are an old timer, and know just how to go about it, you may get a glimpse of New Mexico's unique game animal, *Ovis Mexicanus*, the Mexican Mountain Sheep. High up in the crags you will find them, and perhaps among them a splendid ram, standing straight and proud and strong among the tumbled rocks of his mountain home. But don't make a mistake. Don't covet those massive curling horns too much! Because between you and that noble creature's life is now arrayed every Game Protective Association and every governmental department operating in the state of New Mexico. Thirty years from now, perhaps, but not now!

Have you ever seen the Rocky Mountain Bighorn? Then you will know that here is a different animal. Notice the great ears, the spread of the horns, the slender, graceful legs, the concavity between the horns, the stronger jaw, and especially the buckskin color. No bighorn, this.

And how many of him are there? First read Coronado about the "Great herds of wild sheep

The deer crop in the nearby mountains has been mighty slim, and very few men got their buck this year without going pretty far to do it. The same is true of turkeys.

In co-operation with the Forest Service, our Association planted 3,700 brook trout in Las Huertas Canyon on Dec. 15. This ought to make good fishing there by 1917. A special effort will be made to enforce the size limit in 1916, in order to give the little fellows a chance to grow up.

The turkey season ends on Dec. 31 in the north part of the state, and ended on Nov. 25 in the south part. The division line between the north and south parts is the 35th parallel, running east and west just south of Albuquerque.

The quail season ends on Dec. 31, and the duck season on January 15.

A CHRISTMAS SUGGESTION

Do you want to do a good deed for Christmas?

Do you want to instill the wild life protection idea in your family, or place it convincingly before some skeptical friend? Or do you yourself perhaps feel the need for more definite information?

Then buy Hornaday's books.

Buy one for yourself, and some more as Christmas presents.

The Executive Committee has arranged with Dr. Hornaday to get a limited supply of these books at cost. Strong's Book Store and O. A. Matson Co., have kindly consented to handle them for the Association.

"Our Vanishing Wild Life," by Wm. T. Hornaday, is the most convincing argument for better game protection ever written. Profusely illustrated, and interesting from cover to cover. On sale at Strong's and Matson's at \$1.00. Regular price \$1.50.

"Wild Life Conservation in Theory and Practice" is Dr. Hornaday's latest book, also profusely illustrated. It ably presents the game protection idea and its growth to the present day. On sale at Strong's and Matson's at \$1.30. Regular price \$1.50.

Dr. Hornaday argues better than we can. Every wild life protectionist should have his books in his library, and can find no better way of spreading the idea than to use them as Christmas gifts.

FROM PECCARY TO PTARMIGAN

Speaking of game and fish as a business, do many people realize that variety is most as much of an asset as quantity? Also, do they know what a wonderful variety of forms and species the hand of nature has stowed upon the state of New Mexico?

Begin, let us say, in the cactus deserts of the extreme southern end of the state. Here we have the tropical Peccary, or Javelina. Just a few of them remain in the Chiricahua country and on the shin oak coverts of the Llanos Estacados. Climbing a little into the foothills, we have the Sonora Deer and the Gambel's Quail, two dainty and beautiful creatures which we share only with Arizona. Both have greatly decreased in recent years.

A little higher in the rough granite ranges, we have the pitiful remnant of Mexican Mountain sheep, the king of our game animals, and exclusively our own. What a card it would be for New Mexico, could we ever bring the animal back into all our southern mountains sufficient numbers to justify hunting! In what point would the Bighorn of Montana, the Black Sheep of Canada, the White Sheep of Alaska, or the Argali, the Oudad, the Marco Polo Sheep of China, excel this noble animal?

Making a very thorough search of our plains country might disclose one of the remnants of our vanishing Antelope. Here again is a splendid creature, hardly to be excelled in interest by any other species of American game, be it from the standpoint of sport, food, or science. Who would be injured, and who would not be benefited, by the existence of at least one antelope on every ten thousand acres of our domain? Yet there are hardly one-tenth that many left.

On the antelope range we find also the Scaled Partridge, or "Blue Quail." And a brave fight for his life has he made, this little skyrocket of the sagebrush. There are many of him yet, and there will be more still when the thieving coyote is put under control and our hunters learn to be satisfied with a moderate bag of this fine little bird.

Far on our eastern boundary, among the dwarf oaks and sandhills, we have the Prairie Chicken. He is spreading westward with the farms and grainfields, and long may he continue to do so! Here is a splendid example of the fact that it is not civilization, but the game-hog, who is responsible for our dwindling flocks of upland game birds. Seed eating game birds thrive on civilization if given half a chance.

Higher up in the foothills and mountains are the pretty little Mearns's Quail and the king of American game birds, the Wild Turkey. The little "Fool Quail" is in no immediate danger, but the Turkey is fast decreasing. And until we have awakened decency or instilled the fear of God in the heart of every gun-toting trout fisherman or summer camper, the Turkey will continue to go. Luckily we have a number of years to do this.

The home of the Turkey is also the home of the Mule or "Blacktail" Deer, the Whitetail, the Crook's Deer, and in the northern mountains, of the Blue Grouse. None of these are in immediate danger of total annihilation, but let it be known to every man in the state that nowhere are they increasing, while in ever so many places they are getting to be very scarce. The trouble with the deer and grouse is that it is still possible for an unscrupulous man to kill one at any old time, and have a good sporting chance of getting away with it. Then, of course, there is the Indian, but we can't preach too loud to the Indian before we have "moved the beam from our own eye." Let us by all means prosecute the law-breaking Indian, but let us also insist on an absolute and universal enforcement of the law. Let us do this right away, and let us also help the wardens and Forest rangers to do so. Ten thousand eyes see more than two hundred, be it landscapes or dead does.

But perhaps, dear reader, you disagree, and exclaim that the laws are pretty well observed. If you think this, your opinion is symptomatic of your profession. Your observations are based on the limited horizon of a swivel chair. Take your hat, sir! Walk over to the nearest dealer in pelts who handles buckskin. Look at his deerhides, one by one. HALF OF THEM ARE RED!

Now let us climb to the very pinnacle of New Mexico, to the high ranges above timberline. Let us look long and hard among the lichen covered rocks and flowery meadows of the top of the world. Perhaps, and this "perhaps" is our own fault, we shall find a little flock of that wonder among birds, the Ptarmigan. white in summer and snow-white in this little grouse-quail is among the most valuable of our many treasures.

Why is the Ptarmigan so valuable? I are a skeptic, try this. Approach some ligit stranger in the sun-kissed plains, him all about New Mexico, and tell him our mountain lands attain the splendid alt of 12,000 feet. Ten to one he will say interesting!" and resume his morning pap

Then take another stranger, tell him about New Mexico, and tell him that our includes everything from tropical Peccar Arctic Ptarmigan. Ten to one he will p imply you are a liar. There is your op Prove it to him. And then you are th that little Ptarmigan will forever his mind as the living symbol and t ble proof of the wonderful diversit mate, scenery, resource and n

Let us get after the pnt them that it is a mora nomic crime to kill a

A copy of t pamphlet form this issue of is compl Migrato