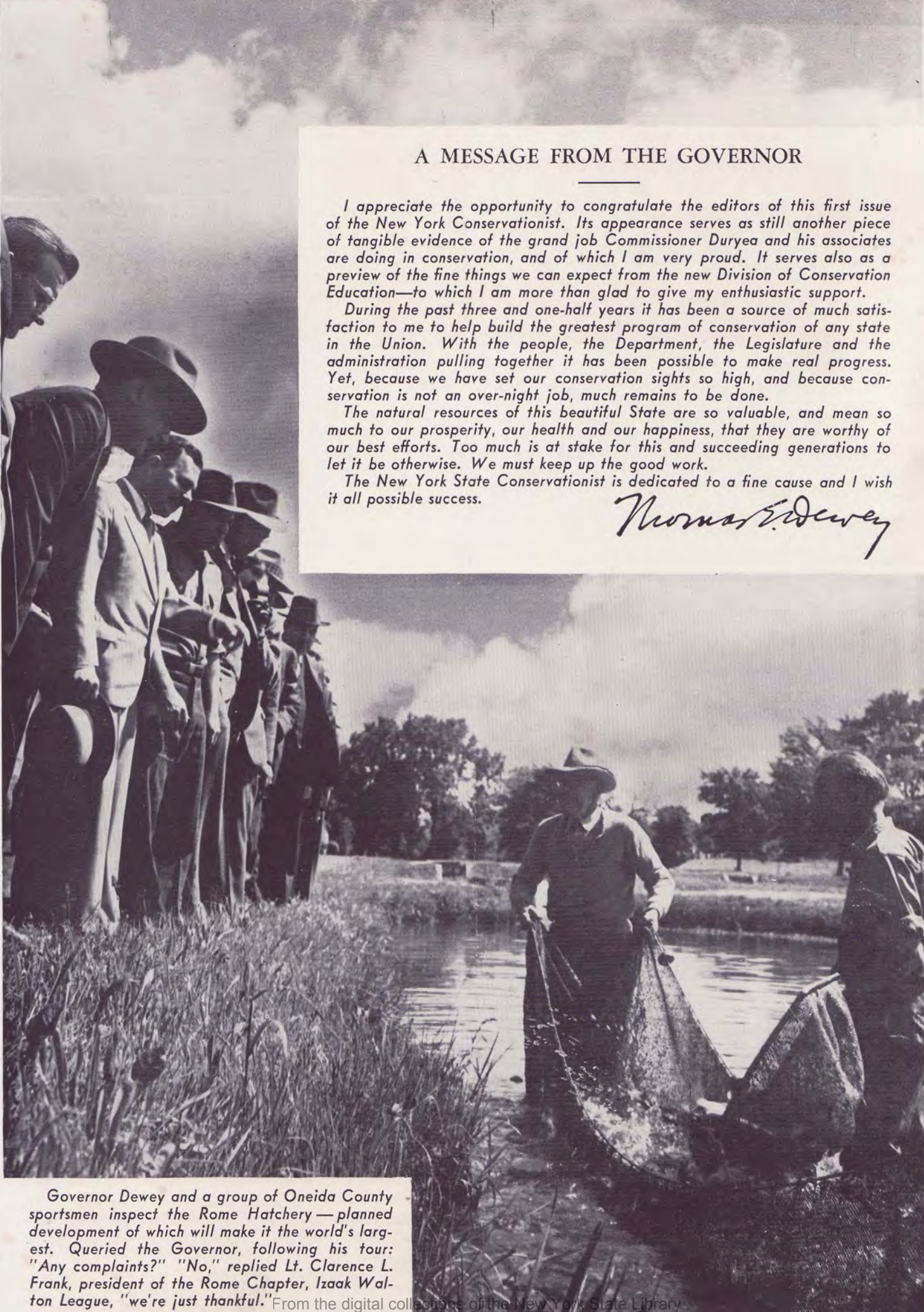


New York State *Conservationist*



NEW YORK STATE CONSERVATION DEPARTMENT

August 1946



A MESSAGE FROM THE GOVERNOR

I appreciate the opportunity to congratulate the editors of this first issue of the New York Conservationist. Its appearance serves as still another piece of tangible evidence of the grand job Commissioner Duryea and his associates are doing in conservation, and of which I am very proud. It serves also as a preview of the fine things we can expect from the new Division of Conservation Education—to which I am more than glad to give my enthusiastic support.

During the past three and one-half years it has been a source of much satisfaction to me to help build the greatest program of conservation of any state in the Union. With the people, the Department, the Legislature and the administration pulling together it has been possible to make real progress. Yet, because we have set our conservation sights so high, and because conservation is not an over-night job, much remains to be done.

The natural resources of this beautiful State are so valuable, and mean so much to our prosperity, our health and our happiness, that they are worthy of our best efforts. Too much is at stake for this and succeeding generations to let it be otherwise. We must keep up the good work.

The New York State Conservationist is dedicated to a fine cause and I wish it all possible success.

Thomas E. Dewey

Governor Dewey and a group of Oneida County sportsmen inspect the Rome Hatchery—planned development of which will make it the world's largest. Queried the Governor, following his tour: "Any complaints?" "No," replied Lt. Clarence L. Frank, president of the Rome Chapter, Izaak Walton League, "we're just thankful." From the digital collections of the New York State Library

IT'S YOUR MAGAZINE

THIS is the first issue of the first real magazine published for the people of New York State by their Conservation Department. Its aim is to fill a long-felt need for a medium which will bring the vital story of Conservation to your front door, and to report with candor on our mutual problems and on State and local efforts to solve them.

The *Conservationist* comes to you as an official publication. But it's YOUR book. Its pages are open to the public—for orchids or onions or just plain letting off steam. And we want the public to use them. We feel that here, at last, is something we have all been waiting for—a trail which can lead us all to common ground where, by mutual assistance, we can do a better job for our forests, our fish and game, and our other God-given resources.

We're going to try to make this magazine as well rounded and feature-full as is possible within our means. Special efforts will be made to have each issue carry at least one major feature by some prominent wildlife authority outside the State itself. This first issue is honored by a contribution from Ira N. Gabrielson, dean of the nation's fish and wildlife authorities. The *Conservationist* will carry no advertising. It is not in competition with commercial publications; it's strictly a home organ for home folks, and low subscription rates require that all possible economies be practiced in its publication.

So, here we go. Let us have your comments and constructive criticism. As we said before, it's YOUR baby. We hope you like it.

The Editors.

HOW TO SUBSCRIBE

Yearly subscriptions to the *Conservationist* (\$1.00) can be paid by cash, check or postal Money Order. Make checks payable to N. Y. S. Conservation Dep't.; Money Orders to N. Y. S. Conservation Dep't., Albany 7, N. Y. Single copies available at 20¢.

PLEASE COPY THE FOLLOWING FORM, PRINTING NAME AND ADDRESS LEGIBLY:

N. Y. S. *Conservationist*
N. Y. S. Conservation Dept.
Albany 7, N. Y.

Enclosed find for \$1.00 in payment for year's subscription to the *Conservationist* starting with your next issue:

NAME
STREET or RD & NUMBER.....
CITY STATE



VOL. I, NO. I

AUGUST 1946



PUBLISHED BI-MONTHLY BY THE NEW YORK STATE CONSERVATION DEPARTMENT

PERRY B. DURYEA, Commissioner
J. VICTOR SKIFF, Deputy Comm'r. ROBERT A. WELLS, Sec'y.

DIVISION OF CONSERVATION EDUCATION

CLAYT SEAGEARS, Director

BOB BUSH, Editor

The Conservationist is an official, non-commercial publication of the N. Y. S. Conservation Dep't., published bi-monthly at the Department's offices, Arcade Bldg., Albany, N. Y. No advertising accepted. Subscription rates \$1.00 per year, 20¢ per copy. Entry as Second Class Matter at Albany, N. Y., pending.

CONTENTS

FROM DREAMS TO REALITY.....	Perry B. Duryea	2
MAJOR CONSERVATION PROBLEMS.....	Dr. Ira N. Gabrielson	4
DDT BOMBS AWAY.....	Bill Foss	5
HARE RAISING EXPERIENCE.....	Earl Holm	6
BRINGING FORESTRY TO THE WOODS.....	Bill Howard	8
CRANBERRY LAKE.....	Bill Mulholland	10
FINNY SALVAGE.....	Fred. Everett	12
FLORA & FAUNA.....	Ed Littlefield, Bill Senning	14
PUTTING EYES IN THE SKIES.....	Kinne F. Williams	16
THE INSIDE ON THE OUTDOORS.....	Clayt Seagears	17
RINGNECKS IN RESERVE (Propagation in Pictures).....		18
A MATTER OF RECORD (N. Y. S. Record Fish).....		26
DON'T DUMP 'EM!.....	John Greeley	27
MICROPTERUS DOLDRUMS.....	Bob Bush	28

OUTDOOR CRAFTS 19, THE CLUBS 20, SCATTER SHOTS 22,
DEPARTMENT ACTIVITIES 24, "WHAT'S BITIN' YA?" 31

Permission is granted to reprint any text from this magazine provided proper credit is given the New York State Conservationist

FROM *Dreams* TO REALITY

CONSERVATION GETS ITS BIGGEST BREAK

By PERRY B. DURYEA

THROUGHOUT the length and breadth of this great State—in every city, village and hamlet, on the farms and in the hills—there are countless folks who have a deep and abiding interest in our natural resources. They come from every walk of life—the professions, business, industry, agriculture, lumbering, fisheries and others. Many of them are sportsmen. Most of them have a love for the out-of-doors. And each in his own way, according to his own lights, realizes the vital role which our outdoor resources play in his own life.

Many old-timers in this group have, with many misgivings, watched the demands on these resources become ever greater as the resources themselves grew smaller. All too soon, with millions of acres lying idle, the State was growing only a fraction of the forest products it so vitally needed. All too soon, with 70,000 miles of streams and 3½ million acres of lakes and ponds, and with some of the potentially finest game lands in the world—there was not enough fish and game to go around.

Again, with all this water (New York lies in one of the best watered sections of the country), municipalities and industries found themselves short of suitable water supplies. At the same time, floods were tearing away millions of tons of irreplaceable topsoil and creating huge physical damage.

In short, the people had witnessed the growth of a tremendous need for a tremendous job in conservation.

They began to dream of a state conservation program which would be big enough and comprehensive enough to meet these needs and one which they could get behind without stint.

These dreams were often vague because we have never had conservation education in the true sense in this State. They were often indefinite because modern conservation was in its infancy in most fields. But all these dreams were based on a deep-seated conviction that something had to be done, and in a big way. Proven conservation practices had to be expanded. New practices to deal with new problems had to be found and energetically applied. Old concepts that conservation was a job for the “dickie-bird chasers,” and the ladies and gentlemen in the drawing room, had to be set aside. We had to face the fact that conservation is big business, deserving of our best efforts, and that a vast amount of plain hard work had to be done.

When I accepted Governor Dewey's invitation to serve as his Commissioner of Conservation I knew I was undertaking a tough assignment—administration of a Department

the work of which directly or indirectly reaches into the lives of every one of our nearly 14 million inhabitants.

When I first took office, the nation was at war. Conservation is a job which requires manpower and materials. It is a job which must be done in the field, in the woodlot and in the forest—on our streams, our ponds and lakes—in short, out where conservation problems really begin. With a war to be won both on the battlefield and the home front, it was a struggle to maintain even essential services.

There was, however, a big job of thinking and planning which could be done, and I am proud to say that, with the aid of Governor Dewey's Postwar Planning Commission, this job was done.

It was necessary, also, to provide funds to carry out these plans during the postwar period. In this connection, on behalf of conservation, I cannot pay too high a tribute to the wisdom of the Governor's action in establishing a Postwar Reconstruction Fund for this very purpose out of savings made during the war years. By the same token, all of us interested in conservation are grateful for the generous allocations made to conservation projects by the Governor and the Legislature, based upon their wise realization that big conservation needs require a big conservation effort. To date, the appropriation of \$24,500,000 for postwar work in conservation is the largest single investment the State has ever made in this important field.

I DOUBT if the public will ever realize what this Postwar Reconstruction Fund meant to conservation. Fish and game conservation, which has been financed solely out of the receipts of hunting and fishing licenses, could never have moved forward without such additional help. Big advances in forestry and development of our State Parks would otherwise have required public borrowing and expensive and long-term State indebtedness.

I have, many times and in many parts of the State, reported in some detail on our postwar construction program in all fields of conservation. Elsewhere in this issue are described some of these projects and the progress we are making on them. Future issues will carry additional interesting stories about others, as they unfold.

There are, however, a number of highly significant parts of our postwar program, aside from construction—about which I should like to comment.

So much has been said about the construction end of our postwar program and the sums required to put our conserva-



tion facilities in proper condition, that other equally essential phases of the program have been somewhat overshadowed in the press. The result has been that many people do not have a balanced picture of what is actually required and what is actually taking place.

All thoughtful conservationists know that our conservation needs cannot be met by construction alone. Again, I emphasize that our job is in the field. It certainly is essential that we have facilities, but these are simply tools to be used in field operations which depend primarily on trained manpower. It is important to understand that conservation is not a job which can be done in Albany alone. Our trained forces had to be de-centralized and deployed on a far-flung front.

With the end of the war and the return of many of our trained young men, and with the opportunity to return others to peace-time jobs from war jobs, we have made rapid progress in building up our field forces, equipping them, and getting them out where they can do a job.

FOR example, in the field of forestry, as part of our drive to bring modern forestry to our woodlands, we have employed 10 additional trained foresters who have already taken up their duties and who are today doing a grand job. To aid in the war on forest insect pests, we have employed a second airplane pilot, a veteran, to carry out controlled spraying operations.

In the field of fish and game the State now has a complete coverage of all eight game management districts and a trained game manager at work in each. The new John A. White Memorial Game Farm near Batavia is already manned and, while not yet fully developed, will have a substantial production this year.

The State now has three regional fisheries offices with nearly a full complement of trained biologists and chemists. These three districts cover western New York, the Adirondacks, the Catskills and Long Island. Essential advances in game protection, game management and fisheries research are actually under way.

Fisheries research, of itself, often dove-tails with our problems of stream pollution, the solution of which has been the dream of true conservationists for decades. Today I am happy to report that hard at work on this colossal problem is a special sub-committee of the Legislature's powerful Joint Committee on Inter-State Cooperation, which itself has already done splendid work on certain inter-state waters. Its chairman, Harold Ostertag, has appointed advisors from all interested groups.

In dealing with these phases of our postwar program, in
(Continued on Page 29)

YOUR POSTWAR FORESTRY IN A NUTSHELL

REFORESTATION—Growing valuable timber crops on five million acres of abandoned farmland is the main objective of the State's postwar forestry program. The need for it is daily emphasized by lumber shortages. In addition to new plantings, provision is made for practices to guarantee the State's investment on the 413,727 acres already planted. Thinning, pruning, fencing, insect and pest control and construction of trails and fire lanes are also scheduled.

FOREST FIRE CONTROL—To guard New York's great forest holdings from destruction by fire, a system of look-out towers dots wooded mountains, and watchful eyes scan horizons for tell-tale wisps of smoke. New towers to fill 37 "blind spots" in this fire-control pattern, 60 new cabins for the observers, and necessary new fire truck trails are planned.

TREE NURSERIES—Real production of the tiny seedlings necessary for New York's reforestation program is ensured by a project to restore equipment and renovate important structures in the State's forest tree nurseries. Millions of seedlings needed for public and private planting will be ready in 1947.

PUBLIC CAMPSITES—New York's popular public campsites, now 29 in number, are to be improved and expanded. Six new ones are to be established. As a result, the present campsite capacity will be more than doubled, and nearly 2,500,000 camp days per season will be made available to the public.

ADIRONDACK HEADQUARTERS—Spread out across the 2½ million acre Forest Preserve (the world's largest State Park) are quarters for administration, storage and repair activities in connection with the management of this great natural resource. A postwar project establishes a nerve center in a strategic location between Placid and Saranac Lake. There, all the important Adirondack activities of the Division of Lands and Forests will be housed under one roof. There, too, will be located headquarters for new regional fisheries and game management.

PARK IMPROVEMENT—Expansion of John Boyd Thacher Park, improvement of Battleground Park on beautiful Lake George, protection from erosion of more than 100 State-owned islands in Lake George, and repairs to Fort Amherst—all responsibilities of the Division of Lands and Forests—are additional projects planned by the Department.

SKI CENTER—The Empire State will have one of the world's finest ski playgrounds in the great Whiteface Ski Center. Hidden on the side of this majestic Adirondack mountain, the ski trails and ski lodge of this development will provide, in the future, the kind of facilities winter sports enthusiasts formerly could find only by traveling outside the State.

NEXT ISSUE: *The Program for Fish and Game*

FOR SALE



Major Conservation Problems

THERE are many conservation problems pressing for attention in this hectic postwar world. Some are the direct results of the war. Others are by-products of that great catastrophe. The wildlife management field is no exception. Development work on wildlife projects that might have meant greater production of harvestable crops of fish and wildlife had to be curtailed because of war needs for materials and manpower.

Now with the greatest hunting and fishing demand in history facing wildlife administrators, there are insufficient stocks available to meet immediate needs. There is much hurried planning, much pressure from hunters and fishermen demanding this or that panacea, but much too little fundamental thinking on the basic problems involved.

In my judgment, the greatest single need in the conservation field today is an effective organization to get into practice on the land the wildlife production methods that are already known. It must function on a scale big enough to bring state-wide and nation-wide results in order to do the job. In other words, we need an extension type of educational program that will get into practice on the lands and waters of this country the methods of handling food and cover that are known to produce results.

The establishment in New York of a new Division of Conservation Education, with substantial funds for manpower and materials to do all kinds of educational work, is a positive and constructive step in this direction. The job is so big that all education forces, whether at national, state or local levels, must be joined if we are to meet the need.

The emphasis on this program is not meant to minimize the need for more and better research—that need will always be with us. Neither is it meant to minimize the value of law enforcement, refuge and other practices to insure the perpetuation of brood stocks. All are vitally necessary—but under the present conditions either the harvestable crop must be increased or greater limitations placed on the total take. Undoubtedly both will be necessary, either temporarily or permanently, since the number of those hunting and fishing is on the increase.

The emphasis placed on the development of better living conditions for wildlife is only applied common sense. The sportsman frequently exerts pressure for more and bigger

Guest for this issue
Each issue of the *Conservationist* brings you a special article contributed by a recognized conservation authority. Our first guest is Dr. Ira N. Gabrielson, former Chief, U. S. Fish & Wildlife Service, now president of the Wildlife Management Institute and champion of wildlife's rights.

By

DR. IRA N. GABRIELSON

fish hatcheries and more and bigger game farms without, at the same time, recognizing and insisting on the other essential parts of a balanced conservation program.

I note with considerable interest and gratification that New York's postwar program includes over a half million dollars to be expended for development of game areas and \$400,000 for development of streams on which the State has perpetual fishing rights. That the latter program is tied in with the problem of controlling erosion and bringing about stream bank control—which is of such vital concern to farmers—makes it especially meritorious. The establishment of a Bureau of Soil Conservation in the State Conservation Department to bring the Department closer to soil conservation districts is also very sound.

At other times sportsmen demand bounties or control campaigns against any or all species that may prey on the fish or game in which they are interested. More often than not money spent for these and similar projects designed to end game and fish shortages is largely or entirely wasted.

More game can be produced and fed only in suitable environment. Game released on lands lacking in good cover and food, or on lands already stocked to capacity is largely game, money and effort wasted.

SIMILARLY, fish released in waters unsuited for them or in waters already carrying a maximum population are wasted. Fish cannot live and thrive under such conditions and either die or move elsewhere. All too frequently they die, and the time, money and effort spent in producing them is, again, completely wasted.

Money spent for predator control in lands or waters already producing maximum populations or unsuited to any additional production is utterly wasted. Only under exceptional local conditions will money spent for predator control bring returns commensurate with the cost.

There are times and places where planting IS needed, and when properly done it pays big dividends. Where it is not needed, the money spent growing and releasing such stocks will produce far more results if spent in environmental improvement. Usually this means better food, better cover, stabilized or controlled water levels, removal of pollution or a combination of these or other improvements. Such work, if properly done, has the advantage of producing results over a period of years with little or no additional effort. The dividends of such work are cumulative. Sportsmen would

do well to insist on suitable environmental development if needed and on determining present populations using good areas of land or water before requesting additional plantings. They should be sure there are suitable available living quarters before game or fish is released.

Big-game stocks over the nation are relatively good. In comparison with the period following the previous war, they are excellent. As a consequence they will probably be the last to show any widespread effects of increased hunting pressure. Waterfowl are in no better condition than in the 1920's. During the past two years a combination of less successful breeding seasons and greater numbers of hunters has caused their population to decline. The number of hunters increased much faster than was anticipated. As measured by duck stamp sales, the increase was from slightly over 1,100,000 in 1943-44 to about 1,700,000 in the 1945-46 season. The Fish and Wildlife Service was slow in applying the brakes in the way of reduced hunting privileges, an error for which I, as head of the Service at that time, must accept the responsibility. Waterfowl already show the effect of the pressure—and there are only two ways to counterbalance the results—restrictions on hunting privileges (which we all hope will be temporary), and development of more marshes for breeding, feeding and resting areas throughout the waterfowl range. This latter is a



permanent program of producing bigger crops and will benefit by the millions of acres of restored marshes now existent.

Marshes will not alone produce a crop of ducks, but they are the first essential in producing and feeding a crop of this important wildlife. Breeding stocks must be available to use the breeding marshes and to fill the feeding and wintering grounds with a crop of birds. Every acre of restored or improved marsh and water helps.

Small farm game—quail, grouse, pheasants, rabbits and squirrels—furnish the bulk of the hunting incentive in a great area, and such fish as crappies, bream, bass, perch, pike and catfish are a preponderant part of the fresh-water fishery.

Fortunately, there is available a fund of knowledge which properly applied

(Continued on Page 30)

DDT BOMBS AWAY

By BILL FOSS



War in the Pacific taught us a brand new lesson

BACK in the days of warfare in the Southwest Pacific, low-flying planes ran the beach-heads in front of our advancing troops, spraying a new kind of death. The pilots weren't interested in Japs, and the weapons weren't bullets or bombs; the enemies were disease-bearing mosquitoes and other pests, and the weapon was DDT—common name for an extraordinarily potent chemical that spells finis to insects.

Today that same system, and the same weapon, are being used by the State Conservation Department to strangle a new infestation of gypsy moth threatening our Adirondack and Hudson River Valley forests.

Two planes, recently purchased by the Department and equipped for this work, are laying a no-man's land in the path of the gypsy-moth threat from the New England states, where the pest has already caused stupendous damage to countless acres of forests.

During the war years, when the moth first made its reappearance in New York, efforts to control it were almost heart-breaking. There was a critical manpower shortage, and the system of applying arsenic sprays from the ground was slow, expensive and inadequate. The cost usually ranged from \$15 to \$20 per acre, with one pressure sprayer and a 12-man crew covering less than 500 acres a season.

Today our State planes can cover 600 acres a DAY at a cost well under \$2.00 an acre! But the work is being done carefully, and scientifically. The chemical DDT, in excessive amounts, can be harmful to forms of life other than insects, notably birds and fish. Experiments have shown that doses of five pounds per acre will kill some birds and drive out other insect-eating species for a time. Doses of from one to two pounds, contrarily, leave no ill effects,

and, fortunately, it has been proven that most injurious leaf-eating insects can be effectively controlled by doses of a pound or less per acre.

Fish are particularly susceptible to DDT poisoning if it is sprayed directly over their waters. Knowing this, the Conservation Department is being unusually careful to keep its planes clear of all streams and lakes during the spraying process.

As for insect pests—well, the outlook for their control is brighter today than it has been in years, and it appears that we need no longer face the dismal prospect of the destruction of forests visited upon some of the New England states. Today the Conservation Department is prepared to use DDT in every way proven valuable—and safe.

FACE SAVING

Here's a bit of "face-saving" dope (not for the Japs), which Commissioner Duryea let drop the other day and which fish eaters should know about so they won't be missing the sweetest tidbits in any fish.

Down Long Island way they call it "eating the face" of codfish, which means cutting out and cooking the round kernels of meat in the cheeks. These scallop-like sweetmeats are delicious from any fish, especially trout and bass from which the cheek-meat is taken after being cooked. The tongue is also a prize delicacy.

Underground New York

Clay Perry, the spelunker and outdoor writer from Pittsfield, Mass., is investigating the caves of New York State with the view of publishing a book on "Underground New York." By the way, do you know what a spelunker is?

HARE RAISING EXPERIENCE

By
EARL HOLM



July 15th, 1946
Delmar, N. Y.

DEAR JOE:

I know I promised to answer your letters, but I been workin' on the game farm at Delmar all summer and there just wasn't much time for letter writin'. Besides, when I got done at night I didn't feel like it. I was helpin' Pete raise snowshoe rabbits, which you know is the Conservation Department's newest project to help us sportsmen get better huntin'. I boarded out with a farmer across the road and had to work like hell all summer. Didn't make much money—but man alive what an experience!

You've been such a expert on snowshoe rabbits because you hunted 'em for years and I'll admit you got a good pack of hounds, but I think I'll be able to tell you a thing or two when we get together this fall. To straighten out some of the things we argued about—snowshoe rabbits ain't rabbits—they're hares. They call 'em varying hares because the color varies or changes from brown in summer to white in winter when the hair falls out and new hair grows in—then it changes back again next spring. (That's the other kind of hair). A rabbit don't change color that way.

Some of the sportsmen call 'em jack rabbits which is pretty close 'cause they are cousins like they say; but they're

BACK in the 1930's New York purchased tens of thousands of snowshoe hares to boost the native stock on public hunting ground. They came first from Maine, next from Wisconsin, then from Minnesota's Department of Conservation.

Finally they came not at all, as each of these states, in turn, recognized the importance of the snowshoe as a game crop and stopped its sale. Today the N. Y. S. Conservation Department is raising its own, independently, in the first and only such project of its kind in game-rearing history.

not jacks 'cause jacks don't have big feet. People call 'em snowshoe hares 'cause their feet are so big they can stay up on top of deep snows like they're on snowshoes. You and me know that's what makes 'em such good sport in the winter 'cause they're out there when most everything else is holed up. Bad weather don't worry 'em a bit.

Part of the "production line" at Delmar, where over 500 hares are being raised for fall release in experimental areas



These critters are different than rabbits too 'cause the young ones are born with their eyes open and fur all over 'em so they can get up and run around right off. Cottontails don't have no fur on 'em and they squirm around in their nest for ten days before their eyes open. There's a idea for you, Joe. When you get that 13-inch Beagle to whelp pups that will hunt as soon as they're born, you'll really be a four-star expert!

Well, Joe, this here hare raisin' all started when a feller in the Department in Maine raised some hares and they finished up their project in 1942. They were pretty sure hares could be raised on a game farm for restockin' and New York took over the work under the Pittman-Robertson research program. Maine even gave New York all the hares they had left, which was about 24. That's cooperation.

Some more were trapped from Valcour Island in Lake Champlain and they tried to raise 'em like Maine recommended in the book. The project was successful enough so the stock of 37 does and five bucks was turned over to the game farms in 1943 and the research project was ended. That research is good stuff and here's a typical example of where it's payin' off.

The game farm men at Delmar worked out a new type of pen arrangement so the hares don't have to be handled durin' the breedin' season and it's more sanitary so they don't lose any young ones from disease like they did before. At least they ain't yet. The only ones they lose are those that try to bat their brains out when they get scared by visitors comin' around. It's funny, but Pete and me work around the pens all day and the critters actually know us. The first time, though, when I put on a raincoat the breeders didn't know me and they almost went crazy till I talked to 'em. They know your voice and learn you're the guy that feeds 'em. They tell me pheasants and other critters act the same way.

Some funny things happen here, Joe. This hare raisin' is still technical and scientific but it has to be. We've been tryin' to improve the breedin' stock by selectin' does that have the biggest and most litters in a season. The best bucks are selected, too, to mate with these does. All the hares have ear tags with numbers on 'em so you can identify 'em. We have to be awful careful to make sure we check the tag numbers and they are right. It's just like breedin' pedigreed beagles or bird dogs, only there's a helluvalot more to it. Maine says a doe should average about three litters in a season at most and there should be an average of about three young per litter. By this selective breedin' here we have does producin' four litters in a season with an average

Baby hares are born with their fur coats on and their eyes open. It takes a cottontail 10 days for the same



A young buck snowshoe in nearly complete winter pelage. Like all his brethren at Delmar he wears an ear tag

of over four young per litter. One doe had eight. They tell me in the Albany office that when all the hares are producin' like that they will call it good. I call it good now.

You remember, Joe, we were wonderin' what the State was doin' with the hares it raised. Well, last year they raised 607 young ones. Most of 'em were released when five weeks old after they were weaned. Those that came from selected bucks and does were kept for breeders. All the young hares were released on special study areas where they could be checked to find out how many lived. The only question holdin' the Department up now is at what age should the hares be liberated? Five weeks seems to be about right but they want to be sure. It makes a difference 'cause if the hares are held longer the pens would have to be designed different. The Department don't want to make no mistakes and waste sportsmen's license money.

These little hares make out all right, though. One mornin' when Pete was feedin' em, a two-day-old baby hopped out of the pen—but it takes Pete to tell it. He said: "The little tike slipped right through my fingers. I didn't want to squash him. He got down in the grass and scooted away. I got scared the boss would give me hell for losin' him 'cause he was a good one out of doe A-617 and I was sure he'd die if I didn't find him. I crawled on my belly through the grass all day long but couldn't find him. Then I gave up. Three days later when I was cuttin' the grass with a scythe I saw a little bundle of fur and pounced on him like a chicken hawk. I put him back in the pen and he ran around and looked better than the rest of 'em. Boy, was he lively! He's still alive right now, too."

Well, Joe, the Department is fixin' to release over 500 young hares this year, most of 'em goin' on a game refuge. They got a couple experts that's goin' to watch 'em as long as they can. They even got a kind of dye that the game farm men put in the feed so the droppings are colored for over a week after the critters are liberated. The men can tell how far they go then and pick up their trail every mornin'! By that system we'll be able to tell just how close these hares stick to home on the special areas selected for 'em. Science sure is wonderful!

There's lots more, Joe, but I'll be gettin' laid off here pretty soon and I'll see you first thing and tell you all about it. Meantime, take care of them hound dogs, 'cause we'll sure be workin' 'em out come huntin' season.

Yours for better snowshoe rabbit huntin',

Bill



GETTING UP STEAM UNDER THE OSTERTAG ACT

By Bill Howard

AMERICA'S SERIOUS FORESTRY PROBLEM AFFECTS EVERY MAN, WOMAN AND CHILD IN THE NATION. HERE IS THE STORY OF THE STEPS NEW YORK IS TAKING TO SOLVE IT—HOW SHE IS LEADING THE WAY AMONG THOSE STATES WHICH ARE DOING SOMETHING ABOUT TIMBER CROP INSURANCE.

FOR years we have been hearing the voices of a few forgotten men crying out about the grave forestry problem in this country. Sometimes a few of us listened, but never were these prophets really heeded. Unfortunately, along with these more sober voices, there were also the shrill clamors of the sheer alarmists who seized any opportunity to sound off.

The plain facts are simply these: We have been cutting our timber faster than we have been growing it. During the war, for example, we Americans were cutting off our forests at a rate of 17 billion cubic feet a year—50 per cent more than the annual growth. The inevitable result is that we are now running short of lumber. Despite ambitious planning and a desperate need for additional housing facilities, building is being stymied by a current lack of construction material—mostly wood.

The truth is, we have cut too much. Our cutting has been unwise because, while we lumbered, we failed at the same time to grow enough new trees to meet our needs. And we could do just about that—grow enough trees to meet our needs. After all, there is enough land in the United States, better suited for forests than anything else, where we could plant and grow a timber crop which could supply us with nearly all we want—if we would but do it. We would no longer have to worry about

the future if we could but learn to practice forestry on the land as we have learned to practice agriculture.

In the meantime, we must bring to an end our unwise practices, stop over-cutting and learn to spread the gospel of forestry to the men who own timber lands and farm woodlots. And here is the "why": We are told the United States came out of the war with less than 100 million acres of virgin timber standing! That means about four-fifths of what we used to call our "inexhaustible virgin forests" in America are already gone—and we are cutting the remainder much faster than it grows. And at no time has there been any easing of the strain on the forest supply. The demand is as persistent as the whine of the saw biting through logs at the mill. Here is just a sample—and a very small one in the whole picture—of the pressure modern living puts on the woods. Seventy-six acres of spruce trees must be cut to produce the paper to print New York City's newspapers for just ONE Sunday. And at that, only five per cent of all the timber cut each year is used for newsprint.

How can the situation be corrected? That's a question which has been asked with increasing frequency in late years. There have been some who have suggested we wait until the federal government steps in with strict regulation. Instead, New York State decided to do

something itself about this vital problem and permit the people involved to have a role in charting its progress.

That's what happened when the New York Joint Legislative Committee on Inter-State Cooperation took on this really tough problem. Faced with the responsibility of coming forward with a sound forestry program or surrendering this power to the national government, a special committee on forestry was set up by the main committee.

Its first job was to devise a way of bringing to an end poor forest and woodlot cutting practices. In a sense what was needed was a set of standards for playing the game of Wise Forest Use and then encouraging observance of them. It was also apparent that farmers and private forest landowners must be given encouragement, assistance and technical advice so they can help rebuild our forests and at the same time make trees a dependable and profitable crop.

SLOWLY and carefully the plan was developed. It was no job of a week or a month or a year, but of several years. It applied common sense by starting operations right at the "tree-roots" of our system, so to speak, and it gave neighbors the right to cooperate with each other and their state government in solving a problem directly affecting them.

The Forest Practice Standards Act went into operation when Conservation Commissioner Perry B. Duryea divided the State of New York into 15 Forest Practice Districts. These districts contain counties of the State with similar types of forest and common interests because of the geographical make-up of their particular sections.

By the act, local forest landowners sit down together and work out a system of practice standards to meet their own

NEW YORK STATE CONSERVATIONIST

requirements and fit their particular situations. Technically-trained men act as district foresters and aid the local groups. After approval is given these practices by the State Forest Practice Board and the State Conservation Commissioner, it is then necessary to get local forest landowners to agree to observe these standards. Both of these jobs can be done best by local people. Naturally, something must be given in exchange for this cooperation by local landowners. The State supplies it by providing free technical services.

Choice of the members of the district board is a privilege given local government. The chairman of the Board of Supervisors of each county in the district appoints, with the approval of his board, three members. One may be a supervisor, but two must be owners or representatives of corporate owners of forest or farm woodlands in the county. Each district board in turn names one of its members to the state board.

Members of the state board without a vote are the deans of the State Colleges of Forestry and Agriculture and the chairman of the State conference

HE'S BACK AGAIN!

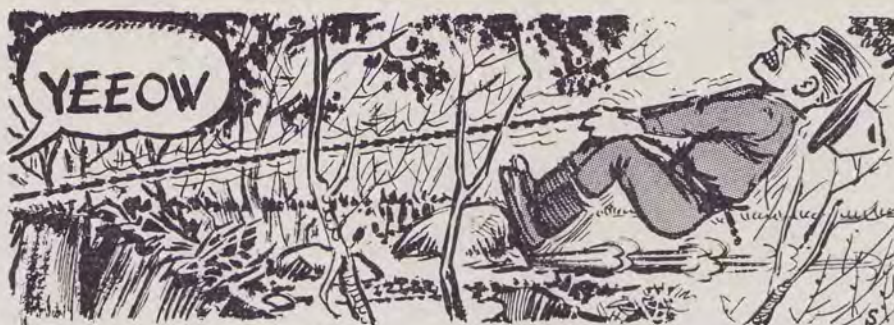
AS WE write these lines, crews of grimy, exhausted men are helping the Conservation Department fight a half dozen carelessly started fires in our State forests. It's vacation time, and Thoughtlessness is again walking the woods, hand in hand with the carelessly dropped cigarette, the lighted match, and the campfire that was left burning.

The real outdoorsman is fearful of fire, because he knows what it can do. And he is careful with it. But there are others who are not, and they are the people we want to reach with the gospel of forest-fire prevention. You can help us: just tell Joe Doakes to make sure he isn't the one to leave the spark that will set a forest ablaze.

board of farm organizations. The state board has the responsibility of keeping the various district boards working as a team, and of acting as an advisory group to the Conservation Commissioner.

Unquestionably there will be improvements to this program as we learn from experience, but, when Governor Dewey signed the Hammond-Demo Forest Practice Standards bill, making it law, New York moved to its rightful place among the states which are determined to do a real job of bringing forestry to the woods.

THE HUMAN SIDE OF IT



D. H. TOOMEY is a Forest Ranger with headquarters at Keeseville, N. Y., and a healthy respect for wildlife.

During the manpower shortage created by the war Toomey was temporarily assigned to run a compass in a survey crew. The work was done on a rough scale, and since accurate measurements were not absolutely essential Toomey tied the measuring tape (a 200 link affair) to the back of his belt in order to make the job easier. His buddy was doubling in brass—taking notes and acting as rear chainman. It was his job to grab the tape after it had gone out its 200 links, mark the spot, and go on.

On the particular day of this yarn the men were working through heavy undergrowth in a sector ridden with

cliffs. It was impossible to see more than a few feet in any direction, and the compass course was in the neighborhood of numerous ledges.

As the pair were working along, the rear chainman was aroused by a yell from Toomey; at the same time the tape slithered past. There could be but one explanation for the yelling—Toomey had fallen over a cliff.

The rear chainman dashed into the brush and grabbed the tape just before it disappeared, and snubbed it tight.

The shrieks from Mr. Toomey continued louder than ever—but not because he had fallen over any cliff. He had walked into a yellow-jacks' nest and his buddy had snubbed him down where they could really work him over.



YOU'VE heard the old gag about having a bear by the tail and not being able to let go. Well, it can happen, and that's NOT a joke. Ask Bob Vickers, District Game Protector at Rochester.

Back a few years ago he and Charles Freer, now DP at Binghamton, were detailed on a deer bootlegging case up in St. Lawrence County. One day, during a routine check back in the bush, they stumbled on two bear cubs beside a rock ledge den. The cubs holed up immediately, but one of the boys had an idea: why not drag 'em out and get some pictures?

Freer, a mite smaller, volunteered for the job, while Vickers stood outside with a club handy in case Mama Bear returned during the process. Which she

did, the moment the cubs started squalling. And she came with such a rush that she was half way into the den before Vickers could head her off.

Acting on impulse, and not knowing what else to do (for Freer's sake), Vickers grabbed the old lady by the tail and started to pull—while from the den came a protest from Freer that it had gotten awful dark down there, and what the hell was going on?

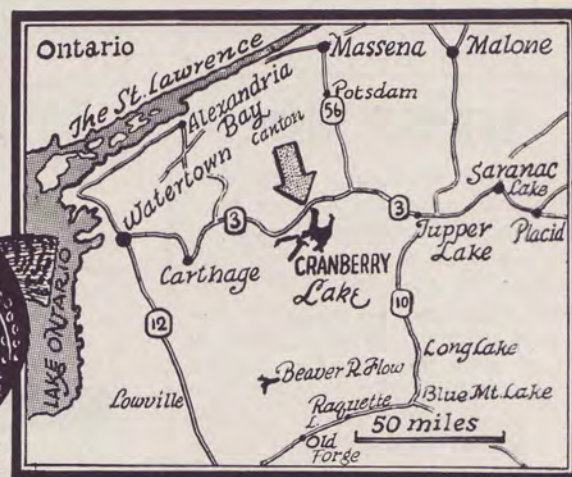
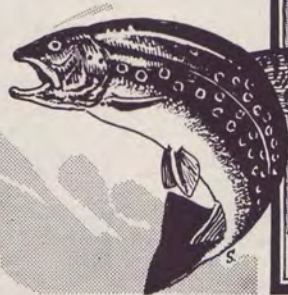
Somehow—and this part of the yarn is still vague—Vickers managed to get Mama free of the mouth of the den. Freer got clear, and together the two men took off.

Today Vickers is thankful for one thing—that bears ain't built like guinea pigs. And we can see his point.



CRANBERRY Lake

By WILLIAM D. MULHOLLAND



SPRAWLING, many-armed Cranberry Lake may be said to be, to paraphrase the Ivory ads, "99-44/100 per cent pure." Only at the outlet, where the little hamlet of Cranberry Lake Village is located, does civilization encroach to any degree. And stretching away to the south from Cranberry lies one of the largest wilderness areas remaining in New York State.

Cranberry, as the Good Lord created it, was originally but half its present size. By virtue of a law passed in 1865, the stated purpose of which was to improve navigation and hydraulic power and check freshets on the Oswegatchie River, the predecessor of the present dam at Cranberry Lake Village was erected in 1867. This was a log crib dam and was replaced by the present concrete structure in 1916. The crest of the latter was built to an elevation nine inches below that of the old dam, but provision was made for flashboards to flood the entire flow area when desirable.

The dam construction, acquisition of lands for flooding, maintenance and regulation of the dam and related matters were and still are handled by the Commissioners for Improvements on the Oswegatchie River. The lands acquired by this body have been held to be State lands, but not part of the Forest Preserve. The original commis-

sioners, three in number, were named in the Act of 1865, and their successors are by law appointed by the county judge of St. Lawrence County.

Cranberry has an area of 11 square miles, a shoreline of approximately 55 miles, and its elevation is 1,486 feet above sea level. About three-fourths of the shoreline is State-owned and part of the Forest Preserve and, as such, is open to the public for camping, fishing and hunting. Most of the islands in the lake are privately owned, but Joe Indian, the largest, is State-owned. Prior to the construction of the dam and raising of the lake Joe Indian was a point of the mainland.

About two miles above Cranberry Lake Village on the easterly side of the lake is the Cranberry Lake Public Campsite, maintained by the Conservation Department. Here facilities are available for free camping with tent or trailer. Graded areas have been established for pitching tents, and the site boasts stone fireplaces, table and bench combinations, convenient water outlets and modern sanitary facilities. Part of the area is set aside for picnicking, and bath-houses have been erected for swimmers.

To the confirmed fisherman the name Cranberry is synonymous with native speckled trout. It undoubtedly is the

best native trout lake remaining in New York. Differing from most New York lakes in that it has not had non-indigenous species introduced "to improve the fishing", Cranberry each year attracts died-in-the-wool trout anglers from all the northeast.

Accommodations in the Village are usually at a premium each year as soon as the ice goes out, and many a hardy Waltonian has a standing order with some local contact to advise him the moment this great annual event takes place.

Most everyone has his favorite spot for fishing in Cranberry, but probably the most famous of all is the Brandy Brook Flow, one of the long arms of the lake made when the dam was built. The Cranberry Lake fishery is such an important resource that special regulations have been adopted by the Conservation Department to protect it and prevent its depletion. Fishing between 9:00 p. m. and 4:00 a. m. is prohibited in both the lake itself and in the Oswegatchie inlet, and fishing at any time is prohibited in all tributaries of the lake except the Oswegatchie inlet.

SINCE the Department can provide additional protection for fish at any time, it is always well to check with the local game protector before you begin to fish. A protector is stationed at Cranberry Lake Village. Also stationed there is a forest ranger who can supply information regarding the use of State lands, good camping spots, and how best to get into the back country if you have the inclination and proper gear. Including, of course, a dependable compass.

No article on Cranberry Lake would be complete without mention of the little hamlet of Wanakena located on the Oswegatchie inlet four miles upstream from the main lake. Wanakena is the jumping-off place for the big country to the south. Boarding houses, a store and a hotel, open in summer, are located here, and just upstream at a place variously known as Inlet, Sternbergs and Moores, is another boarding house where canoes can be rented for trips up or down stream.

It is possible to navigate the Oswegatchie inlet by canoe for a generous 15 miles in almost any kind of water and in good water for a considerably greater distance. Many famous trout holes are located in this stretch. Noted landmarks along the way are Griffin Rapids, Round Hill Rapids, precipitous and picturesque High Falls, Pine Ridge and the Robinson River.

At Wanakena a network of foot trails, maintained by the Conservation Department, also branches out into this wilderness area. At the edge of the village two of the Department's truck

trails have their beginning. One extends to the head of Dead Creek Flow on the main lake and the other roughly parallels the river to High Falls. These truck trails are barred to vehicular traffic of any kind, but otherwise are open to public use. They are of great aid to the Department in protecting this great wilderness area from devastating forest fires, and in restocking its streams and ponds with trout.

Branching from the truck trails, or continuing where they leave off, foot trails marked and maintained by the Department reach, in addition to some of the places mentioned, numerous forest ponds. Included are Bassout, Cowhorn, Cat Mountain, Glasby, Big Deer, Tamarack, Slender, Grassy and the entrancing Five Ponds, set in the deep woods and called Big and Little Shallow, Big and Little Five, and the Washbowl. On Little Shallow is located one of the few leanto's or open camps in the region. Others are at Griffin Rapids and on Six Mile Creek just north of Cowhorn.

Beyond this network of trails, unbroken forest stretches south until the Stillwater Reservoir and the Beaver River Country is reached. This area is without marked trails, leanto's or other evidences of civilization, and is purposely kept in its completely wild state for the benefit of those hardy souls who have the blood of the pioneer

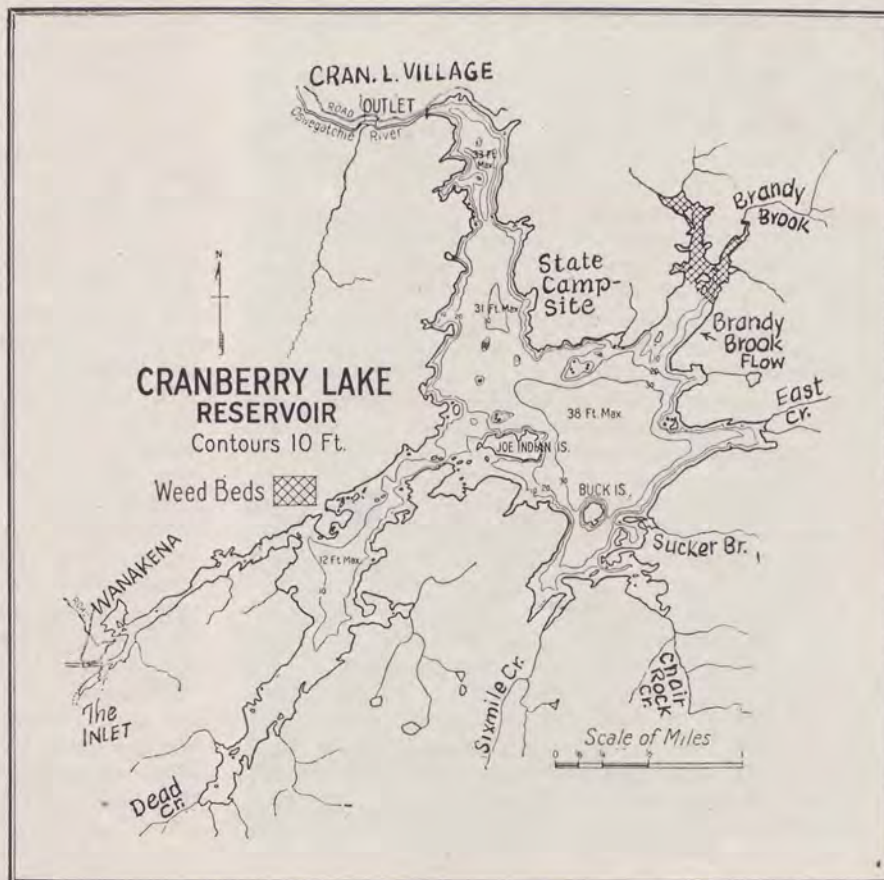
in their veins. A trek beginning at Wanakena or at the southerly end of Cranberry Lake, and ending in the Beaver River Country, is a forest experience of which anyone has a right to brag. However, unless you're an expert woodsman, don't try it without a guide.

There are two sights to be seen in the country south of Cranberry which are well worth many miles of travel. One



is the leaping of big trout at High Falls as they seek to negotiate that cataract when the spawning run is on. The other is the magnificent stand of virgin white pine at Pine Ridge. Here are some of the few remaining first growth specimens of this noble tree. They are truly wilderness monarchs and one can stand among them and easily visualize the grandeur that must have been New York before the lumberman intruded with his axe.

A person who has not visited the Cranberry Lake section has missed acquaintance with one of New York's grandest bodies of water and one of its finest wilderness areas. One visit and the charm of the region will bring you back year after year.





Jinny SALVAGE

By
Fred Everett

MORE and bigger fish at less cost is the dream of every sportsman—and also of your Conservation Department. And it should come true if the results thus far obtained from fish-salvaging work by the Department continue to increase in proportion to the number of salvage crews planned in the State's Postwar Program.

These crews are in the Department's Bureau of Inland Fisheries working under the direction of A. P. (Pete) Miller, Superintendent, in cooperation with the Bureaus of Fish Culture, Fish and Wildlife Investigations and Law Enforcement. It is the men in these crews who are helping to make fishermen's dreams into realities.

You have probably speculated on the old whoppers which must be in waters behind "Keep Out" signs, and thought how much you would love to get at 'em. So, since you can't go to the fish, these men bring the fish to you by obtaining permission to net them from private or restricted waters and restocking them in public lakes or streams where you can have the thrill of catching them. And many of these fish are just what you dreamed of—old whoppers which have had time and security in which to grow up.

And there is the dream of being able to catch game fish instead of all those undesirables which steal your bait, mess up your lures and waste your time. Such pests are the competitors which take up the room and eat the food needed by game fish. The salvage crews are set up to do just what you wish: net out the undesirables and either restock them in fishable waters where they are wanted, sell them for food, or use them for fish food. Such fish as bullheads, perch and other panfish, not good for trout waters, are put into ponds and lakes where they belong. But such undesirables as carp and dogfish are never returned to the waters.

Here is what just one salvage crew, though handicapped by manpower shortage, lack of equipment and bad weather

Countless "hatcheries" are today supplying thousands of warm-water fish to New York State anglers at absolutely no cost. Reservoirs, private ponds and other restricted waters are among them. Today fish salvage crews of the Conservation Department are removing these "untouchable" fish to spots where they can be caught—and letting Mother Nature pay the freight in rearing them.

The surprising part of this work was the fact that the fish were valued at \$7,915, or more than the cost of operating the unit! If just one crew, and a new one at that, can produce such results, what can we expect of seven crews, as set up in the Postwar Program?

Here is part of the answer. This year there are two salvage crews operating. With the season just begun, the results from April 1 to June 25, with water and weather conditions again unfavorable, are even more encouraging than last year. In less than three months a total of 33,193 pounds of fish has been netted and restocked in open waters.

And 3,400 pounds of carp and dogfish have been netted and destroyed in the process.

The value of the fish restocked was \$8,408.85. The expenses, up to July 1, were approximately \$5,600. Thus there is already a profit of about \$2,800 in addition to the fish management benefits from these operations!

A report on the number of pounds of each kind of fish restocked reads as follows: smallmouth bass, 540; largemouth bass, 569; crappies (calico bass), 6,339; bullheads, 11,344; yellow perch, 10,837; sunfish, 1,052; pickerel, 448; rock bass, 450; northern pike, 325; pike-perch (walleyes), 1,150; white perch, 106; and mullet, 33.

There is another phase of the salvage crews' work which is just as valuable, yet which will not build up as pretty a profit picture. But it will fulfill another dream: your being able to catch decent-sized fish instead of runts. This phase is called "thinning" the waters by reducing the number of fish. Fish grow in proportion to the amount of available food. Thus a given amount of water can support only so many pounds of fish. When there are more, each gets less food and grows more slowly, or not at all. As a result, old fish may still be too small to keep. Here are a couple of examples of what this fish-management work of the salvage crews will do:

Suppose you have a piece of trout water, either lake or stream, which has failed to produce trout because pickerel, perch, or other undesirable fish have taken possession. How much would it be worth to you to have such fish removed and the trout given a chance to grow big and plentiful?

Or, assume you used to have a grand bass lake where real old lunkers threatened to smash your tackle. And now all you can catch are little stunted things not big enough to keep—hundreds of them. How would you like to have part of those dwarfs taken out to give the rest a chance to become fat and sassy? Such results won't make an exciting poundage picture but they will produce better fishing.

Let's look at another situation. A lake contains many



conditions, accomplished in 1945: it netted a total of 47,213 pounds of fish from closed waters, and released 19,733 pounds of food and game fish to restock waters open to public angling! These fish were, in pounds: smallmouth bass, 655; largemouth bass, 1,185; crappie or calico bass, 2,963; bullheads, 10,566; pike-perch (walleyes) 1,806; pickerel, perch and rock bass, 2,558. The rest of the catch consisted largely of 27,480 pounds of carp.

kinds of fish, along with bass. The sportsmen want bass and fish for them almost exclusively. Some even protest ice-fishing, which would take out other kinds of fish, because they are afraid a bass might be caught in the process. Thus we find a condition where only one species of fish, the most desirable, is removed. In time the bass are nearly gone and all the other fish have increased to take their place. The bass fishing is awful. There is no more room or food left for additional bass through stocking. What can be done? Since the fishermen won't remove the other fish by angling, it's up to the salvage crews to do the work. And once the competition is gone, the bass will flourish again.

One thing must be remembered: **netting won't remove all the undesirable fish.** In some cases that's a good thing, because a limited number are desirable to furnish food for game fish.

There are other ways in which the salvage crews are doing a swell job. Research has proven that the relaxation provided by fishing is good treatment for many types of physical and nervous disorders of convalescent GI's in veterans' hospitals. Ponds and streams are being set aside for such cures and for the entertainment of our angling ex-servicemen. These waters are being stocked with the right kind of fish for each type. Some fish come from hatcheries, but most are netted by salvage crews.

In the same way, other fishing waters are stocked for kids. Thus another anti-delinquency program is put to work. It has often been noted by those who handle youth problems that the fishing adolescent is rarely a delinquent. There seems to be something about the healthy hobby that doesn't leave a boy the time or desire to get into trouble. For that and many other obvious reasons, more and more opportunities for our kids to enjoy fishing should be provided. Salvaged fish are one of the best, cheapest and quickest sources for stocking waters with the fish youngsters love to catch. Most any pond will hold sunfish, crappies, perch and bullheads.

From results to date, it would seem that the Department has found at least a part of the answer to better fishing without the payment of huge sums of money. The salvage of fish is one of the most direct and least expensive means of assuring a good population of game fish.

Like a treasure chest, it's worth its weight in gold.

OH BROTHER, BROTHER!

Your Conservation Department, for reasons explained elsewhere on these pages, has for years spent considerable time, money, and effort in attempts to eradicate carp from most of the waters of this State.

We were somewhat disconcerted, therefore, by a letter that arrived in the office the other day from an Hungarian fish culturist and rice grower who described himself as "First expert and most famous fishbreeder in Hungaria. Acknowledging my national economical precious performances in fish breeding, the Hungarian Government bestowed on me the highest title of honor: 'Chief economical councillor' (Oberökonomie Rat)".

Oberökonomie Rat suggested that he come to New York and assist us in getting the following program under way:

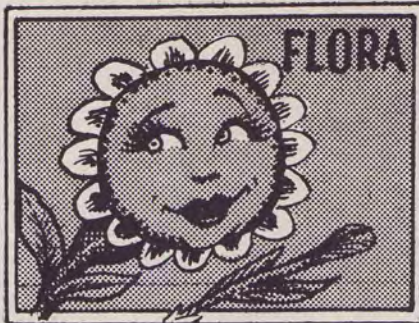
"1. Import of the noble carp, bred by me, the quickest growing rate in Europe. Immune from epidemic belly-dropsy and gill-rottenness.

2. Arrangements for transporting living carps by train.

3. Laying out carp spawning ponds in order to produce larger quantities of carp-slips (one summer carps) which would be given to pond farms for the purpose of breeding."

Top—A salvage crew loads its nets for a haul from Watervliet Reservoir. **Center**—Removing their catch from a live-box. **Bottom**—Weighing up the "take" for State records





THE WHITE PINE: MEET N. Y. STATE'S MOST VALUED TREE

EASTERN white pine, the *Pinus strobus* of the botanists, is a stately evergreen found in nearly every part of New York. Concentrated in the "pine belt" from Saratoga to Schroon Lake and farther north in the valleys of the Bouquet, the Ausable and the Saranac, this tree decorates the landscape and fills the atmosphere with a resinous fragrance well known to those who traverse Route U. S. 9 or who follow the more devious highway through the Sacandaga to Northville and Speculator.

The white pines you are likely to see today on a trip into the North Country range at maturity from 80-100 feet high and are modest specimens indeed compared to their ancestors in the primeval northeastern forests. These were truly monarchs of the wild, rising sometimes 200 feet and more in towering and massive symmetry, from pedestals 10, 15 or even 20 feet in circumference. Whether occurring as single specimens dominating an otherwise broad-leaved forest, or congregated in extensive pineries on the sand plains, these great conifers were undoubtedly among the noblest sights that greeted the explorers and early settlers in this part of the New World.

Most of the old-growth white pines were logged off from New England, New York, Pennsylvania and the Lake States well before the beginning of the present century. In the Adirondacks, however, thanks to the establishment of the Forest Preserve, a few old patriarchs representing an earlier generation of pines may be found occasionally, as at Eighth Lake and along the Oswegatchie south of Wanakena. One such specimen was reported a few years ago which had a height of 141 feet and a diameter, breast high, of 53 inches. This may well be among the largest of the eastern white pines remaining in these times.

The natural history of white pine has an interesting conservation angle: The

seed-bearing cones are borne at the very top of the tree and would be difficult and costly to obtain for reforestation purposes except for the cooperation of Mr. Red Squirrel, who obligingly nips them off, intending to "cache" them later. But the cone-collectors are often ahead of him and pick up the ripe cones literally by the bushel and deliver them to the Conservation Department seed-extracting plant to be thrashed out, cleaned and stored in the seed vault for future use. (A two-ounce bottle holds enough seeds to reforest an acre of land).

Although the white pine was threatened with extermination back in 1910-20 by the dread blister rust disease from Europe, transmitted through currant and gooseberry plants, the control program worked out by the Conservation Department in cooperation with federal and local agencies has been so successful that, so long as the program is maintained, there need be no worry from this source.

From 1941-45, New York's white pine forests sent 418 million board feet of lumber to war. The nation needed this desperately to fill the demand for Army housing, crates, and all the other military uses for which a light, soft-grained, easily worked type of wood was essential.

So let's take off our hats to white pine—New York's most valuable tree!

—Ed Littlefield

FAWN AND FISHER

There probably aren't many New York sportsmen who appreciate the fact that the fisher (the animal, not the man) has been staging a comeback in the northern counties of our State. Nor is it common knowledge that these furbearers—more or less vicious in nature—will go so far as to attack fawn deer when pressed by hunger. But such is a report from Otto Koenig of Atwell, up in Herkimer County.

Early one morning this past spring he heard a child-like cry from the woods near his home, and found a fawn lying kicking on the ground with a fisher astride it. The latter ran when Mr. Koenig approached. He described it as "about the size of a woodchuck." The fawn had been clawed on its side and badly bitten in the back and top of the shoulders. It lived only three hours.



Top—The white pine is noble and expansive. You can't miss him against a sky-line

Center—The red squirrel has an appetite for cone seeds and helps in propagation

Bottom—White pine has a five-needled "leaf", one for each letter in his name



MUSKALONGE:

WE'RE FAST LEARNING
MORE ABOUT THEM

A HEAVYWEIGHT must pack a wallop to keep his crown, and the fact that most anglers consider the muskallunge king of the fresh-water big game fish division is testament to his fighting ability.

New York has some excellent muskallunge waters, even though there are not enough of these big fish to assure every angler a personal encounter with one. In Chautauqua Lake and smaller waters of the Allegheny watershed area a barred sub-species is found, while in the Great Lakes watershed, including the Niagara River and St. Lawrence River, a spotted form of muskallunge occurs. Either of these is distinguished from the northern pike by color pattern and scalation of the cheek. A musky has dark spots or bars, while a pike has oval, whitish spots. Scales can be found on the lower cheek of a pike, although difficult to see in older fish, while the musky always has the lower cheek bare.

Perhaps no one will ever know all the secrets of the muskallunge, but considerable effort has been made to find out facts about these fine fish. This research program is for a purpose, the object being to apply the facts toward keeping up or building up the resource.

In Chautauqua Lake, especially, there is getting to be less guesswork each year as to the number of 'lunge in the lake, sizes represented, growth rate and other details. From a low point in 1940, the fish are coming back strong under a carefully planned management program.

Those familiar with the pike and pickerel group, the genus *Esox*, will notice many family resemblances in these fish. Large and small, they are fish eaters, having sharp teeth to hold their slippery prey, which they strike like lightning. They are spring spawners,

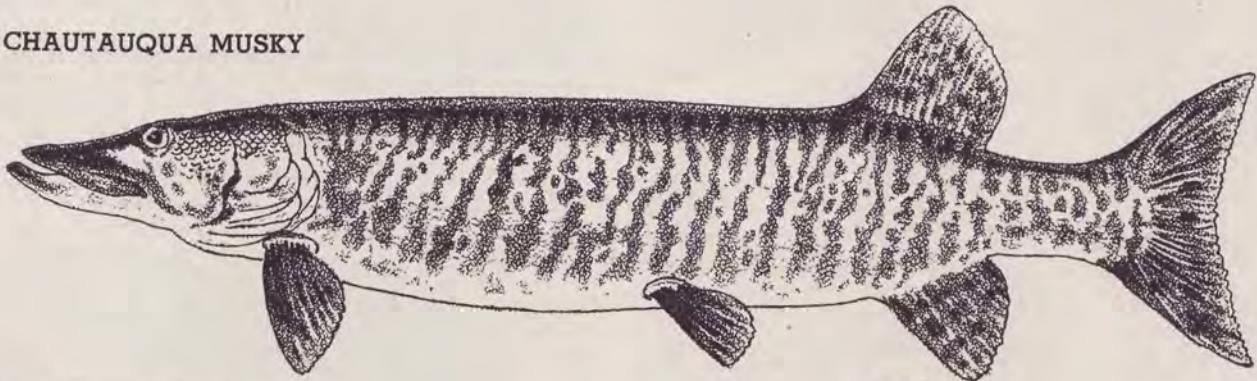
building no nests for care of eggs or young. Study of growth rate from scale samples and measurement of tagged fish has shown very great differences in growth of males and females, except in early life. The biggest muskallunge are all females, a fact accounted for by the tendency of males to mature at a smaller size and slacken growth at maturity. Muskallunge are very long-lived fish, or can be if not caught. One tagged in Chautauqua Lake was recovered 15 years later.

The long life span of the muskallunge favors return engagements. Thus, if one gets away, you can make a date for a return bout—win, lose or draw.

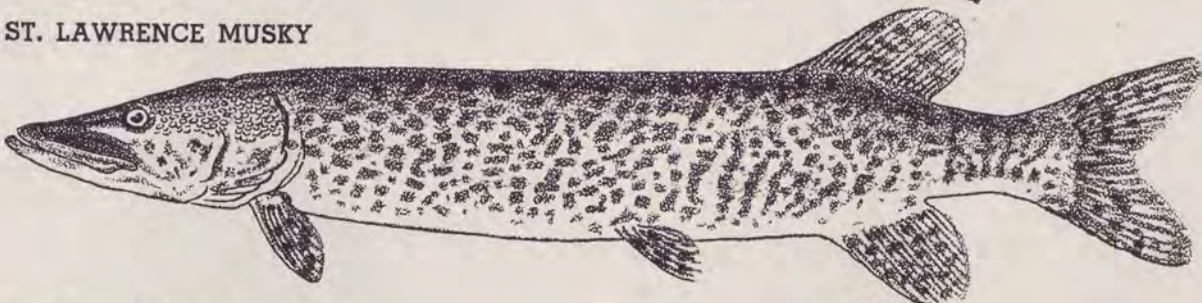
—Bill Senning

Heavy stripes set off the Chautauqua (Tiger) musky from his St. Lawrence cousin. The best way to identify the Northern pike is by his cheek scales

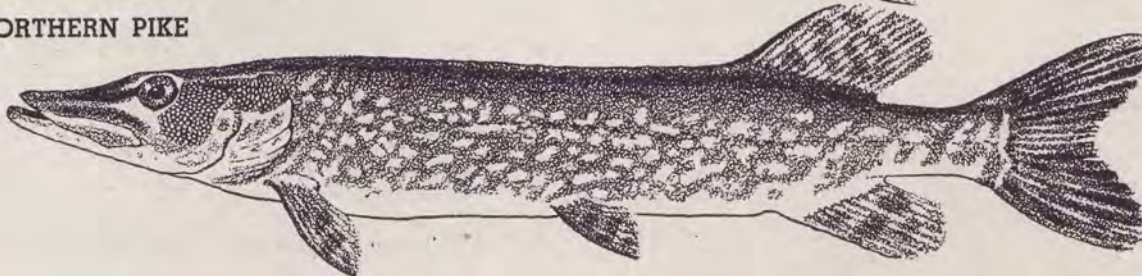
CHAUTAUQUA MUSKY



ST. LAWRENCE MUSKY



NORTHERN PIKE





PUTTING EYES in THE SKIES

By

KINNE F. WILLIAMS



IT is axiomatic that the best way to stop a forest fire from growing up is to check it when it starts to crawl; providing, of course, you can spot it at that stage of the game and give it the business.

For that you need eyes. And fortunately for us in New York State we have 'em—94 to be exact, perched atop the highest peaks of the Adirondack and Catskill ranges and other upland timber areas. They're commonly known as fire towers, lonely sentinels keeping constant watch for smoke they hope they'll never see.

You've noticed them, surely. But did you ever stop to think how they got there? Well, unlike Topsy, they just didn't grow; they had to be lugged up—all the way—and when you start lugging three tons of steel and accessories up a three or four thousand-foot mountain, you have your work cut out for you.

I remember one such job very clearly, and the recounting of it should give you a pretty fair idea of what fire-tower construction is all about. The year was 1917, and the site Mount Adams in Essex County.

Our first job—and the simplest—was to check against blueprints the many lengths of steel, crates of millwork, boxes and bags of bolts and nuts necessary for our tower. It was a careful check: forget one item and you have to come back down off your mountain and start all over again.

We checked clear, and truck-loaded our precious equipment from a railway. For several miles we rode atop our steel pile over decent roads, but they petered out into dirt and it became desirable to hike along after the truck. And then we hit the corduroy.

For those of you unfamiliar with corduroy, it might best be described as a torture rack; in reality it's a "road" built by first clearing the right of way and then paving the bed with logs cut a little (and only a little!) wider than the width of a truck or wagon.

At the corduroy we unloaded, and a tote wagon took over, making several trips with our gear to that ultimate spot where even corduroy roads always end. There the equipment was stock-piled and again checked against the prints to make sure nothing had been dropped en route.

Fortunately for us, forest rangers had earlier discovered an abandoned road which years before had been used as a log haul from the foot of the mountain. This road had been brushed out, and bridges had been built where necessary—

nonetheless here was where our work really began in earnest.

Part of each wagon-load was chained to a "go-devil," a simple contrivance utilized for hauling materials over rough ground, and we started out. The route led us across the outlet of Lake Sally via a recently constructed bridge built close to the water. And built too close, it proved, because as we approached it we found that beavers had thrown a dam across stream and bridge and flooded all the approaches.

Our demolition team of rangers got busy and tore out the dam, and as the water receded our first load of steel was safely conveyed to the base of the mountain. Normally, four trips a day would have been possible. But our beaver friends, who plugged the gaps in their dam while we slept, cut that number to one until a touch of dynamite discouraged their efforts.

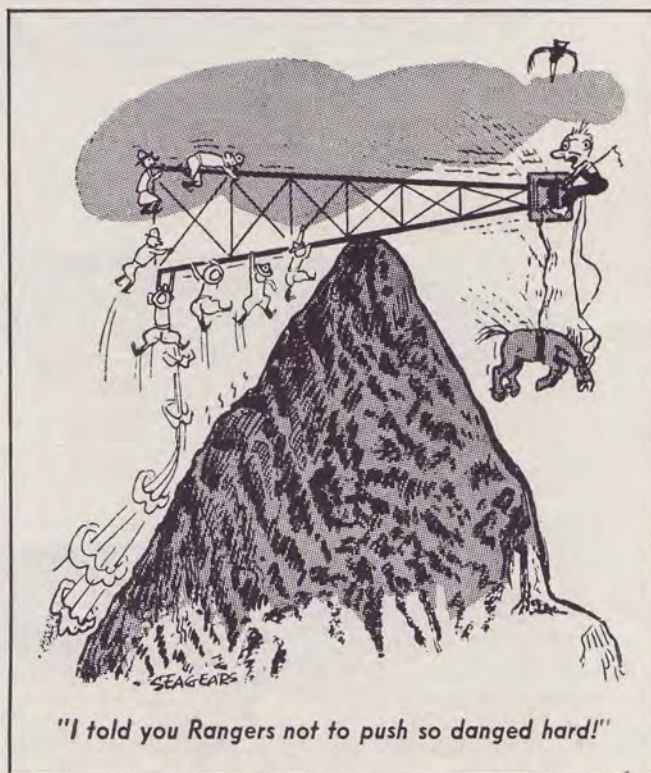
That should have been the end of our animal troubles, and with hopes high our caravan again started out. But we hadn't reckoned with beaver persistence. Beyond the bridge we found the trail cluttered with several large poplars the animals had cut the preceding night, ostensibly to start a new dam, but—according to several of the crewmen—simply for spite. Beavers are like that.

For seven days our first morning chore was to remove trees from that trail, and each day the job grew more difficult. The first trees felled by the beavers were close to the road and only the trunks had to be cut out. But as time went on the critters moved their engineering farther from the road and closer to the stream, with the result that we caught the tops of the trees and a sight more axe work.

In some way, however, we made the foot of the mountain with all our gear. Then began the tussle to get it up to its ultimate destination—a distance of two miles (horizontally) and 2,000 feet (vertically). Horses which had been trained in log-skidding were brought in for this part of the job. A chain attached a light load of steel to the whipple-tree of each horse, and the ascent began.

Eventually the real climb was reached, and here it was necessary for the horses to be literally skidded up the trail by means of a block and tackle. Then, when ledges were reached near the summit, even the horses gave out, and the

(Continued on Page 29)



THE INSIDE ON THE OUTDOORS

By Clayt Seagears

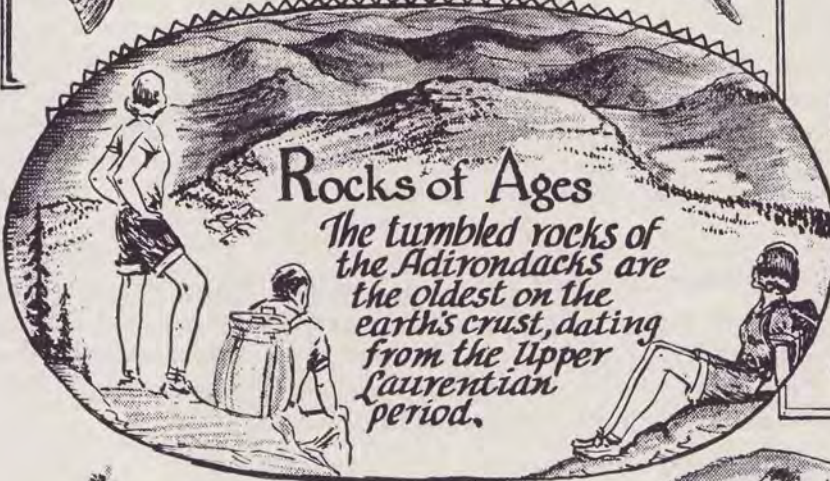
FINICKY FEEDERS—Although trout in the wild state feed heavily on smaller fish, long study has shown that trout diet at N.Y. state fish hatcheries may not safely exceed 25% fish. The rest must be meat. Otherwise, disease is likely to occur.



Star boarder—is the raccoon—he'll eat almost anything. The coon's menu is probably the most varied of any N.Y. mammal... — acorns, apples, buckwheat, grass, earthworms, berries, snakes, frogs, eggs, beetles, corn, mice, fish, fruit etc, etc.

Rocks of Ages

The tumbled rocks of the Adirondacks are the oldest on the earth's crust, dating from the Upper Laurentian period.



CLAYT SEAGEARS



REELY?

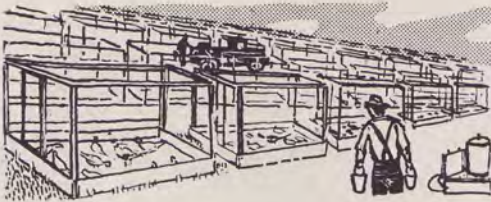
ABOUT 300,000,000 FEET OF FISH LINE ARE SOLD TO NEW YORK'S ANGLERS EACH YEAR!

PHANTOM. The last authenticated record of a wild panther (or mountain lion) in N.Y. State was noted 60 years ago. Despite this, the Conservation Department gets scores of reports each year from persons who "saw" one. Most of the "lions" turn out to be dogs or bobcats. A mature panther is 7 feet from tip to tip and weighs 115 to 160 lbs.

RINGNECKS IN RESERVE



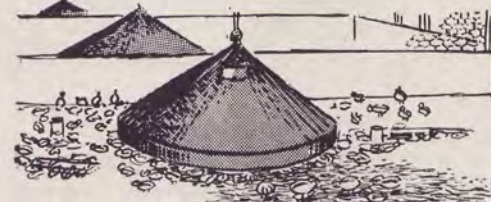
THE ABC'S OF YOUR PHEASANT PRODUCTION LINE



BREEDING——Six hen pheasants mate with one male in several thousand individual pens on New York's state game farms. The laying season lasts from April 1 to June 15, and the eggs are picked up daily. Over a quarter million are produced annually.



INCUBATION——More than 150,000 vigorous pheasant chicks hatched this year in modern incubators at two farms and thousands of additional eggs were incubated under domestic hens at others. Half the chicks were shipped to sportsmen's clubs for rearing.



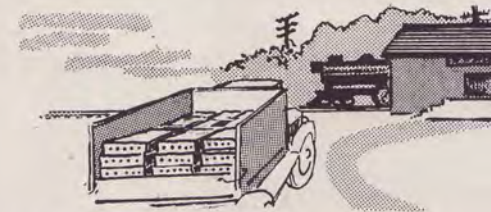
BROODING——Efficient electric brooders and game farm attendants "mother" the baby chicks for five weeks in huge nursery buildings. Others are entrusted to the care of domestic hen foster-mothers on open range.



REARING——At five weeks of age the chicks are transferred from nursery to big, open-top "hardening" yards, planted with corn, buckwheat and other natural foods. Birds are allowed to fly in and out until trapped and are well acclimated when time comes for their release.



TRAPPING——Birds in the hardening yards are baited into traps when 10 to 12 weeks of age. Despite normal losses from weather, predators, the death of weaklings, and escapes, from 60 to 80 per cent of all birds are trapped for shipment—and with a head start on life in the rough.



SHIPPING——Birds are placed in special fibre-board crates for shipment by train or truck to sportsmen's clubs for liberation. All State game is distributed through this cooperative arrangement and delays in release are greatly minimized.



RESTOCKING——Hardy, half-grown pheasants are released by game clubs on unposted land as soon as they are received. With the assistance of State game managers, club members select suitable environment to insure maximum survival.

New York Outdoors Crafts

THE ADIRONDACK LEANTO

A FEW DAYS' WORK
AND IT'S YOURS

STANDBY of New York sportsmen for decades, the Adirondack Leanto (the one and only) has what it takes in looks, durability and comforts. Simple in construction and cheap in cost, it will supply the answer to many of your camping problems, particularly on permanent locations.

The accompanying illustration, while not in detail, will give you a good picture of this famous structure. The sides are enclosed, and the rear wall is much lower than the front opening. Sides and ends are built of logs; the roof can be boarded and covered with cedar shingles, or better, with green slate surface 4-in-1 strip shingles.

Dimensions are: inside width, front to back at bottom, eight feet; vertical height in rear, four feet; height of ridge, nine feet; height of front opening, six feet; overhang of roof in rear and on sides, one foot; in front, three feet. The inside length of the camp should be 12 feet; experience has shown that this size leanto is easiest to warm up from a reflected fire. An insulated floor and tight chinking with moss or oakum will add to your comfort on cold nights. Each camp should be equipped with a stone fireplace eight feet in front of the opening.

A handy outdoorsman can add various refinements to the Adirondack. He can make his own shingles, enclose his

fireplace and add a chimney, and build bunks to hold deep beds of balsam tips.

There's a world of satisfaction in sleeping comfortably in a shelter of your own making, with the wind howling outside and the snow piling up or the rain pouring down. The Bureau of Camps & Trails of the N. Y. S. Conservation Department has blueprints of construction details, materials required, etc., available on request. The Department itself maintains 165 of these shelters in the Adirondacks and Catskills.

—W. T. Shorey

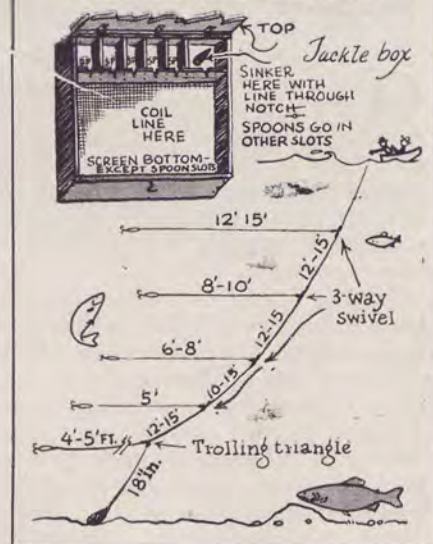
STREAM REPAIRS

If you have a trout stream you might as well make the most of it. And if you have a farm brook you might as well make it a trout stream. Trout need cover, a permanent water supply, and food, and you can give them all three by putting in a few simple dams. Two men can build one in an hour.

Select a spot where the banks of your brook are relatively close together and where the flow of water is not too fast. Then cut a log long enough so that, when you lay it across the stream, you will be able to anchor it firmly in the banks on both sides. This is important, as your log must hold in spring freshets and flash floods. Then, when you have

(Continued on Page 32)

THE SETH GREEN



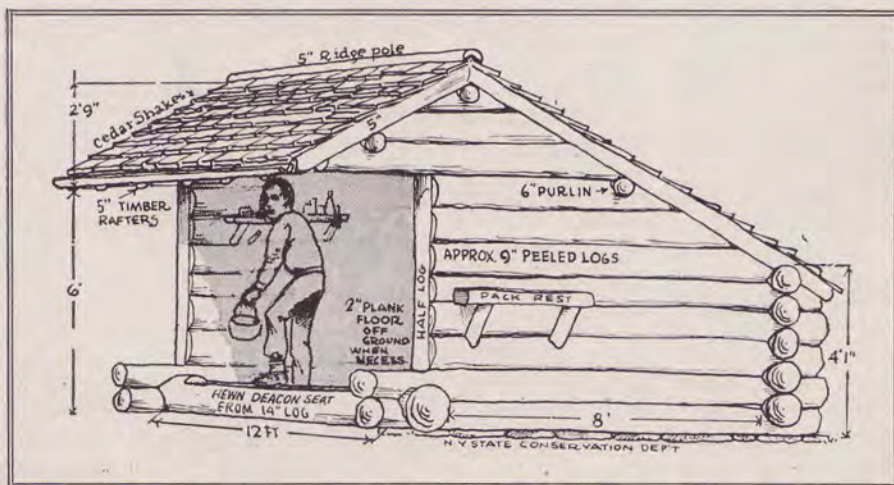
BORN in the Finger Lakes, but adaptable to other deep waters of the State, the Seth Green lake-trout rig is designed to cover a maximum of water levels concurrently, thus boosting opportunities for strikes.

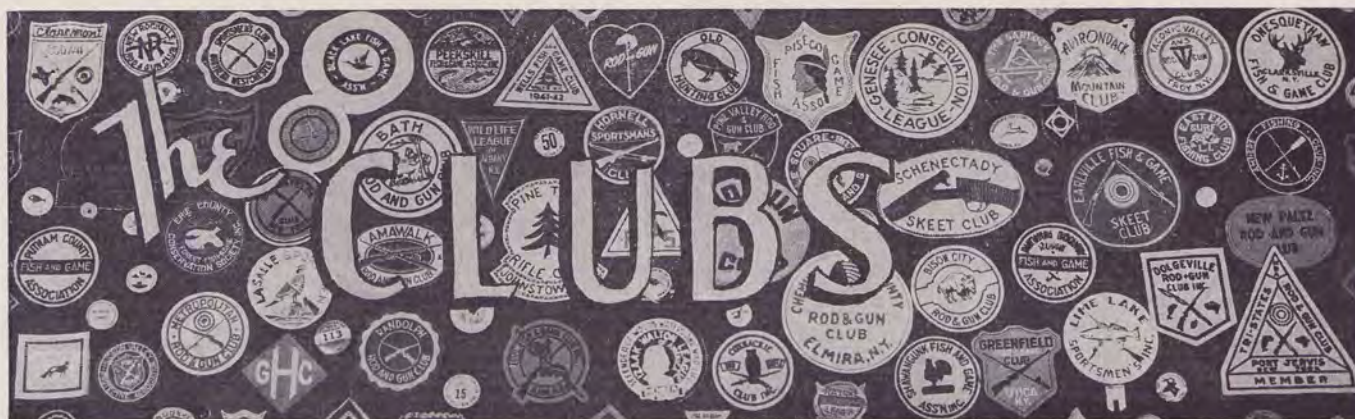
It is strictly a hand rig, carrying, generally, five leaders spaced from 12 to 15 feet apart, and heavily weighted (from 6 to 12 ounces of lead, depending on currents and trolling speeds). The gut leaders range from four to five feet in length at the bottom and increase gradually until a maximum of from 12 to 15 feet is reached in that leader nearest the surface.

Leaders generally wet-test 15 pounds and leave the running line via three-way swivels. Smaller barrel swivels should be used between leader tags and terminal tackle—either spoons or bait gangs. An 18-inch length of weak-test line, dropped from a three-way swivel or trolling triangle at the bottom leader, carries the sinker which holds the rig down. The running line, and an additional top line of 100 to 150 feet, should be hard-braid, preferably, and test 20 to 25 pounds.

For night bait fishing (sawbellies) shorten all leaders to four or five foot lengths. Finger Lakes anglers do their night fishing with the aid of a two or

(Continued on Page 32)





ORGANIZATION this past month of a New York State Grouse Trial Association brings closer to realization the dream of many of our setter and pointer enthusiasts—a real system of competitive trials in this state to encourage the breeding and ownership of fine grouse dogs.

Leading sportsmen from many sections of New York, at the invitation of Commissioner Duryea, met recently in Albany to discuss their problems and form a permanent association which will link together various local units. The advice of grouse dog experts from Michigan, Pennsylvania and New England contributed much to the meeting.

Frank C. Ash of Fulton, officer and one of the founders of the Grand National Grouse Championship, was named first president. Dr. J. H. Powers of Cooperstown was elected vice-president, and Fred Spooner of Madison, secretary-treasurer.

Directors from the three regions organizing the first trials were named as follows: for the western area, Edward C. Blaske of Wellsville, Dale H. Cross of Elmira, and Dr. Leslie J. Atkins of Olean; central area, Dr. Powers, M. T. Chapman of Cooperstown, and Clarence Rose of Binghamton; Adirondack area, S. Brown Northrop and E. R. Mills of Watertown, and Lee C. Bolles of Plattsburgh.

In addition to these officers and directors, others attending the conference were John M. Hadaway of Flint, Michigan; E. H. Thomee and W. Lee White of New York City; Elias C. Vail of Ridgefield, Connecticut; L. P. Mills and A. C. Belding of Johnstown, and Sam Light of Punxsutawney, Pennsylvania. Representing the N. Y. S. Conservation Department were Commissioner Duryea, Deputy Commissioner Skiff, Secretary Wells, William C. Adams, and Clayton B. Seagears.

Biggest trout taken from famed Catharine Creek, Chemung County, this year shaded 15 pounds. Lyman Gibbs of Elmira was the lucky angler.

MR. SECRETARY: Getting a seat in this club car is a simple proposition. All you need do is send us your regular news letter or bulletins. If you publish neither, just drop us a personal letter, care of the Conservationist. We want to learn of your activities, as do all other outdoor-clubbers throughout the State. Pictures are welcome, too.—Editor.

LONG ISLAND BASS

All the big bass aren't caught upstate. There's proof for that in "The Fresh Water Angler," news letter of the Fresh Water Anglers of Long Island, Inc., sportsmen's organization which recently held its 92nd meeting.

Says the "Angler": "Marratooka has the best (fishing) report. Charlie Tucker here on a two-weeks' vacation got a goodly share of big bass—threes and fours and one over five pounds."

A. H. Silkworth, editor of this club news organ, says he has seen some fish jump there that were certainly larger than those caught—and that's over six pounds of black bass.

WIRE TROUBLE

The Sportsmen's Club of Northern Westchester, in Katonah, has been rearing a lot of pheasant chicks this summer, but not without difficulties. Early in the program the contractor for the job reported the following sad fact: the power company had cut off the juice to his brooder houses, and 101 chicks passed to the Great Beyond.

However, through the Conservation Department and Al Bromley, District Game Manager, 250 day-old birds were shipped in post haste to make up the loss, with a dividend to boot. Up to the latter part of June the club had received 1,050 day-old birds and 24 adults from the Conservation Department for its annual stocking program.

SNYFGA NEWS

The Southern New York Fish & Game Association has added two affiliated member clubs—Yonkers Rod & Gun Club, and the Old Crow Hunting Club of Yonkers. (Ed. note: We've been hunting for some of that a long time, TOO.) That boosts SNYFGA membership close to the 3,200 mark.

One of the Association's biggest jobs this summer has been restoring to a healthy and fishable condition an 18-acre lake on Hutchinson River Parkway, used by the public as a picnic site. This lake will be cleared of obnoxious marine growth which is robbing fish of the oxygen they require, and fish production will be stepped up by the pond fertilization process.

The Association will finance this job (on public waters, mind you) and the Eastchester, New Rochelle and Greenheart clubs (affiliates) will do the work. Nice going, SNYFGA.

DIVIDENDS IN DUCKS

Establishment of the first cooperative mallard rearing station in the State by a sportsmen's group working with the Conservation Department advanced from blueprints to actual work this past month. Volunteers moved and set up the brooder houses on a rearing station site at the Thomas Perry farm near Black River, Jefferson County.

This is an operation of the Northeastern Waterfowl Association, a cooperative formed by New York duck hunters to assist the Conservation Department in providing better duck shooting throughout the State.

One thousand mallard ducklings are being raised to five weeks of age—when stocking is most effective—and the first year's "plant" will be made in recommended areas in the zone of the State's Ontario-St. Lawrence waterfowl survey. Primarily their release is designed to establish a larger native breeding stock of this species in the State's marsh areas, to provide a continuing

future supply. This is a good example of a sportsmen's group doing the kind of a job suggested by Dr. Gabrielson in his article in this issue.

Thanks to this local sportsman co-operation, the number of mallards in a single year's experimental stocking in the State will rise to a new high this year. All the birds will be banded before they are released.

TIOGA COUNTY SPORTSMEN

Members of this club elected the following officers at their annual banquet: C. H. Hathaway, president; James Crandall, vice-president; Lee Starr, Waverly, vice-president; John Duane, treasurer, and George Camin, secretary.

A. H. Underhill, Ithaca, District Wildlife Manager for the Conservation Department, was principal speaker, and several hunting and fishing films were part of the entertainment.

The Tioga County association is aiming at a membership of 500 sportsmen as a goal for 1947.

SARANAC LAKE

Plans for fall beagle trials and establishment of a training area were discussed by members of the Saranac Lake Fish and Game Club at their July meeting.

New officers elected by this organization are: Ed Worthington, Jr., president; Raymond McCasland, vice-president; Carl Smith, secretary, and Mott Chapin, treasurer.

The club has gone to bat for a veteran at Sunmount who is trying desperately to beg, borrow or buy a fishing reel. Holler if you have one to sell or spare.

FORESTRY IN FACT

As we go to press, word has been received that the first Forest Practice Standards to be set up by a District Forest Practice Board were adopted by the Sixth District at its recent meeting in Pulaski.

In passing on this word to us, Bill Howard, author of "Bringing Forestry to the Woods", and Director of the Division of Lands and Forests, observed:

"The economic and conservation value of putting into immediate operation the provisions of this new Forest Practice Standards Act, one of the most important pieces of legislation enacted by our State Legislature in recent years, cannot be over-emphasized. Congratulations to the Sixth District of Jefferson, Lewis and Oswego Counties."



When young men get off on the right foot with firearms, they don't get hurt. Here John Stookey, Niagara County sportsman, shows the "how" to 4-H Club camp leaders at the 4-H Camping Institute, Jefferson Park

The Board members at the meeting were: Howard Blount, Dennis Healy and Harry Bryant for Oswego County; Clarence Fisher and Seth Burdick for Lewis County; John D. Keib and Fred Gilbert for Jefferson County, and Robert Pollock of the Oswego Soil Conservation District, ex-officio member of the Board. The Conservation Department was represented by District Foresters Grant M. Powell and C. D. Kingsbury, Forester Charles F. Baar and Forest Ranger William McCarthy. Agents of the Farm Bureau from these counties were also present.

For the story about this new law and what it means to the future of New York State forests, turn to Page 8.

BILL McALEESE DEAD

A colorful figure is gone from the angling scene at Cranberry Lake. "Old Bill" McAleese, dean of the trout fishing guides there and known by countless sportsmen of this state, no longer will be seen over on Brandy Brook Flow. He's put his trout rod up on the wall for the last time.

McAleese, born in County Derry, Ireland, went to the Cranberry Lake section 54 years ago to purchase the Mountain House at Windfall. He operated it as a hunting and fishing hostelry until 1918, when he bought the Evergreen Hotel in Cranberry Lake Village. In this latter establishment many an angler whiled the hours away waiting the hour of midnight to open the trout season. "Old Bill" sold the place to his son, "Young Bill" ten years ago, but he continued to guide fishing parties until two weeks before he died.

CLUB HEARS DURYEA

Broome County sportsmen heard Conservation Commissioner Perry Duryea outline plans for an expanded program by the Division of Fish and Game under the new and greatly increased postwar conservation budget. The occasion was a dinner meeting May 1 held jointly with other local clubs.

OUT OF THE PAST

(First of a Series)

Posting lands is old-fashioned. If you don't believe it, take a gander at the following, copied from an original in the office of Supervisor Percival Barrett, Bedford Hills:

HUNTERS

TAKE NOTICE

Having suffered much annoyance and damage the undersigned respectfully give notice that from and after this date shooting and hunting on these premises are expressly prohibited. Violations of the law will be prosecuted.—Dated Oct. 25, 1866.—Bedford—

J. W. Tomkins	Harry Robertson
Jere A. Miller	A. F. Dickinson
John Miller	William Newman
Haskaliah Miller	J. D. Powell
Harry Westcott	Oliver Green
Mrs. L. Robertson	Jared H. Green
	Gilbert W. Miller

Scatter Shots

Notes of General Interest

FOXES IN PACKS

Reports of foxes preying on fawn deer have been coming to us from every corner of the State during the past few months, but nothing quite like the one dropped in our laps the other day by Chet Griffith, Assistant District Game Protector for the Otsego County area.

According to Chet the fox may be changing his habits to conform with those of his bigger cousins, the coyotes and wolves, by becoming a pack hunter. Sources which he believes to be strictly reliable relate the following incident from Otsego County:

A big red was seen stalking and then chasing a fawn on a side-hill cut-over in broad daylight. At the edge of the woods a second fox turned him and took up the chase in relay. A third joined the drive, again turning the deer, and finally a fourth. Hunters and hunted eventually disappeared and no trace was found of the fawn. Question is, were the foxes simply having fun, or did they mean business?

THE GOOD OLD DAYS?

Here's a note from 'way back that should prove mighty interesting to our angling friends in the Southern Tier.

It comes from the journals of the military expedition of General John Sullivan against the Six Nations, and is diary-dated September 2, 1779. It reads: "... a large brook empties into Seneca Lake (near Catharine's Town). Capt. Reading caught a Salmon out of it two feet four inches long."

Our "Catharine's Town" is, of course, Montour Falls, and the "large brook" our old friend Catherine Creek. The fish undoubtedly was a salmon, possibly Atlantic but more probably a landlocked, both of which would then have had access from Lake Ontario to Seneca via the Oswego and Seneca Rivers.

But heck, General Sullivan. Your Capt. Reading was born too soon. We may get only rainbows there now, but they run three feet—and better!

Visitors to New York State Parks this summer are expected to exceed 2,000,000 persons, setting a new record.

MEDICAL SCIENCE HITS ALL-TIME LOW



When a porcupine is born, Mother Nature really rises to the occasion. Baby Porky's quills don't rise until later.

Early in June, Bill Severinghaus paused in his deer study work to destroy a female porky which had been particularly destructive around camp. He then noticed that she was "with pup." So Bill performed a successful Caesarean section. As near as could be determined, it was D-Day Minus 3—three days before normal delivery.

The youngster weighed approximately one pound at birth—several ounces heavier than a bear cub. Its inch-long quills were soft and flattened at the outset, but within five minutes they had hardened sufficiently to do a job on Bill's hands. The critter was covered with long, coal-black hair.

Almost immediately after birth this precocious quill-pig flipped its tail aggressively and wheeled actively to keep its business end always pointing at its deliverer's foot. It had to be picked up with leather gloves and fed milk from a medicine dropper. More than 500 quills were removed from the gloves during the first four days. From that point the youngster began to nibble vegetation and could climb with ease. The photo was taken on the fifth day.

EVEN THE HARES VARY

Most people consider it more or less unusual (though Nature planned it) that the varying hare should change from a rabbit brown in summer to snow white in winter. But what of a brown hare that turns black when he should turn white?

It's happened, and Jerome Darrow of Cold Brook, Oneida County, has the freak—now stuffed—to prove it. He shot the hare last January near Black Creek, and folks up that way said it was the first they'd ever seen. Game scientists label the hare a mutation—opposite of albino—and claim its failure to turn the right color might not happen again in 100,000 animals.

A MATTER OF SPITE

Offhand it would be a reasonable guess that the Conservation Department trail marker shown herewith had been literally blown to hell and gone by one of those so-called "sportsmen" who delight in riddling signs when they can hit nothing else.

But not this one. This time the job was done by a bear. Look closely and you'll see his teeth marks at the bottom edge, and the grooves cut into the wood at the right. It was a thorough job, and our guess is that bruin simply got a little put out with the Department for sticking up signs on his domain.

The ornery evidence was sent in to us by Mike Todd, veteran Catskill bear



hunter, guide and fire observer, who found it on the Balsam Lake trail in the wildest part of those mountains. On the back of the sign Mike had written, succinctly: "Mr. Bear is libel to get himself shot." And if we know Mike...

FOUR COUNTIES GET NEW DEER LAW

An open season on antlerless deer, in addition to the regular season on bucks, will be in effect from November 25th to 30th in parts of Wyoming, Niagara, Orleans and Monroe counties.

Applications for a limited number of special licenses will be available at the offices of all county clerks and Conservation Department district game protectors.

Only one application may be filed by an individual, and it must be filed with the county clerk in one of the four counties mentioned above. Applications must be filed in September. The special license granted permits the holder to hunt antlerless deer only in the county from which it was issued.

WITH THE AUTHORS

Here are the men who burned the midnight oil to bring you this first issue of the New York State Conservationist:

Perry B. Duryea (From Dreams to Reality), is our Commissioner of the Conservation Department, and really needs no introduction . . . **Bill Foss** (DDT Bombs Away), is superintendent of Forest Pest Control. . . **Earl Holm** (A Hare-Raising Experience), superintendent of State Game Farms. . . **Bill Howard** (Bringing Forestry to the Woods), director, Division of Lands & Forests.

Bill Mulholland (Cranberry Lake), superintendent of Camps & Trails. . . **Fred Everett** (Finny Salvage), Editor, Conservation Publications. . . **Ed Littlefield** (the Flora of Flora & Fauna), superintendent of Forest Investigation. . . **Bill Senning** (Fauna), superintendent, Bureau of Fish & Wildlife Investigations.

Kinne Williams (Putting Eyes in the Skies), superintendent of Forest Fire Control. . . **John Greeley** (Don't Dump 'Em), senior aquatic biologist, Bureau of Fish & Wildlife Investigations. . . **Clayt Seagears** (Inside on the Outdoors), director, Division of Conservation Education. . . **Bob Bush** (Micropterus Doldrums), editor, the Conservationist. . . **Dr. Ira N. Gabrielson**, president, Wildlife Management Institute, (Major Conservation Problems.)

21-POUND KEUKA LAKE RAINBOW SETS ALL-TIME RECORD EAST OF ROCKIES

Capping the climax of a New York State fishing season unprecedented for its unusual catches, a 21-pound rainbow trout has stepped into the angling picture to establish a new record for its species east of the Rockies.

The monster was taken from Keuka Lake, near Cold Brook inlet, Hammondsport, the night of July 19 by Earl G. Crane of Hornell. Crane was using a Seth Green rig baited with sawbellies when the big 'bow took hold.

The Hornell man's catch not only sets an all-time record for east coast and Great Lakes rainbow, but clinches the title in its class as far west as The Great Divide. A new national record was established in Idaho last year in the taking of a 32-pound rainbow stemming from an importation of British Columbia fish some years ago, but prior to that the record was 20 pounds, set in Montana in 1919.

Crane's rainbow, which was 36 inches long and 19 around, puts well down the list a former Finger Lakes' area record of 17-pounds 6 ounces set by William Toepke of Elmira in Catherine Creek in 1939, and, for the present at least, grabs the spotlight from that famous rainbow stream.

The new record buster is but one of many samples of New York catches which have already set '46 as a banner fishing year, not only for the Finger Lakes region, but for many other sections of the State. What other new records may be set before the curtain comes down this fall is anyone's guess. New York needn't doff its hat to any other fishing territory in the country.

The anti-social beaver who built this lodge near Wilton, Saratoga County, was smart. He'd studied English as well as engineering—as you'll note



Hornell Tribune photo

Yessir, right here in New York!

FOUR TIMES IS OUT

A souvenir-collecting brook trout wound up in a frying pan at Stillwater Pond, Putnam County, this past month because he couldn't learn to keep his mouth shut. The hobbying Mr. Speckles, reported in a survey of Stillwater fishing by W. C. Greene, the Conservation Department's senior aquatic biologist, had three gut leaders stringing from his jaws when finally he was brought to grief by Number 4.

The fall fish (white chub) often reaches a weight of two pounds in New York streams. He'll hit a fly with as much gusto as a trout and is excellent sport in fast water.

Department Activities

THE ROUNDUP:

POLLUTION—Your Department's pollution unit and the Bureau of Law Enforcement have been making things tough for persons responsible for killing fish in the waters of New York State this past spring and early summer. Four pollution cases handled by the unit already have been settled by stipulation. Two of the kills resulted from ammonia escaping from refrigeration plants, one from acetic acid from a vinegar plant, and the other from slaughter house wastes. Fortunately, the kills were not extremely large in any of these cases, the top one being about 300 trout. But that's 300 too many.

RESEARCH—Research teams have been checking the results of brown trout stocking in an experiment over on the Wiscoy in western New York since 1940. The first phase of the experiment involved legal-size brown trout which were fin-tagged and released. Then it was decided to see what happened when fingerling brown trout were stocked in the same stream.

Fin-clipped fish of this class were first released in the fall of 1944. They began to appear in anglers' creels about the middle of last season and made up 15% of the total catch last year. Then, this past spring, Cecil Heacox took a weekend creel census on the Wiscoy and found that these fin-clipped fingerlings from the 1944 fall stocking made up about a third of the catch and that the fish now range up to 12 inches in length. Not bad!

REFORESTATION—The busy Division of Lands and Forests reports a plant of nearly two million seedling trees in this year's reforestation program. Some 1,835,000 trees, mostly conifers, were set out on eight reforestation districts extending from District 7 (including Franklin and St. Lawrence Counties) westward across the State to District 5, including Cattaraugus and Chautauqua Counties.

ENFORCEMENT—A lot of folks in the Catskills are starting to call Game Protector Donald Thorpe the "Dick Tracy" of Tannersville, and with pretty good reason. He has all the earmarks of an A-1 sleuth.

Some weeks ago it was reported to

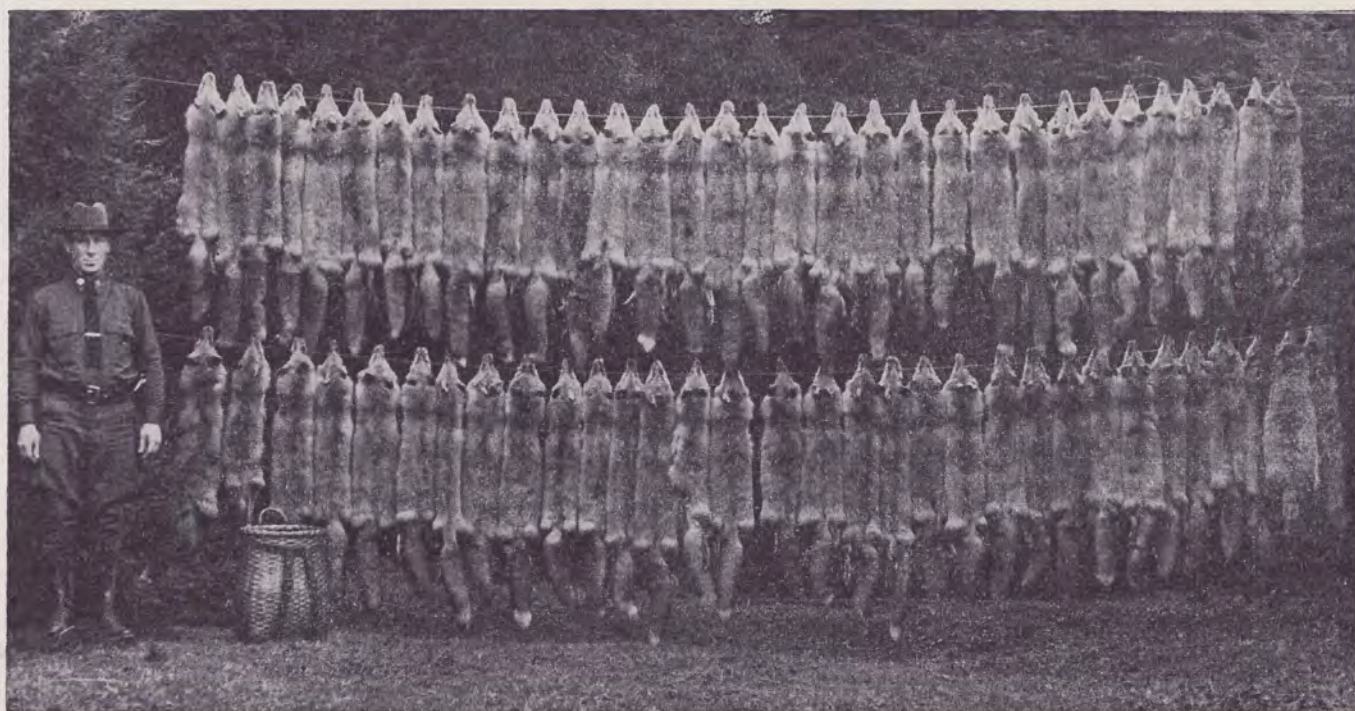
Thorpe that there were a number of dead suckers in a pool on the Eastkill, and that something looked "fishy" besides the suckers themselves. Thorpe investigated, suspected dynamiting, and began a search for caps—which he found along the bank.

Then he poked around until he discovered that a construction company had been working in the area, and, by a check of local hotels, ascertained the names of the crew. Step three was a county-wide canvass of those stores known to handle explosives and, at Athens, he found the store that matched the wire on the caps.

The rest was easy. The storekeeper acknowledged the sale of the caps to two men whom Thorpe had under suspicion and, after gathering other sufficient evidence, the pair was arrested.

EDUCATION—The Division of Education will operate two county fair schedules this fall, using new exhibits to fit the usual 10 or 12-foot booth. Schedules are so arranged that

No fox surplus? Here's a catch of 64 taken in 12 days by Game Protector Len Nichols in the Buffalo District during the State's control program



exhibits reach various parts of the State with sufficient time for delivery between the closing of one fair and the opening of another. One man handles each schedule.

There are eleven weeks in the Fair season, the bulk of the fairs occurring during the three or four middle weeks of the season, which makes it impossible to accommodate any more than those fairs already planned.

Forest Pest Control Agents will handle several fairs with an appropriate exhibit arranged for them, and game birds and fish have been scheduled for several other fairs. Altogether, from 18 to 20 County Fairs will have some kind of Conservation display this season.

FORESTRY—An outstanding example of the many benefits farm owners can gain from the free advice available from the Conservation Department's Farm Foresters, working cooperatively with the U. S. Forest Service, is reported from Westport, Essex County.

A farmer near that community was approached by the representative of a lumber company which offered him a lump sum of \$1,000 for a stand of pine, with the understanding that the tract would be cut clean. The farmer knew little of woodlot management, and might have settled for that amount had it not been for H. J. McCasland, Farm Forester at Westport.

Mr. McCasland advised the landowner to have his timber marked, selectively, and cut in such a manner that a good stand remained. The farmer followed the advice, the timber was marked by the foresters, and the result was a net of \$2,000 to the owner—double the original offer, with timber left for the future as well.

This is just the kind of help State Foresters hope to bring to thousands of woodlot owners throughout the State if they will cooperate under the terms of the new (1946) Forest Standards Practice Act actuated by Senator Hammond and Assemblyman Demo.

GROUSE—At long last, friend, there's a grouse book coming—the same one you've been hearing about for some time, only now it's bigger and better. It's the complete story of 13 years of grouse investigations by the Bureau of Game. Gardiner Bump, Superintendent of Game, is senior author, with Bob Darrow, Frank Edminster and Walt Crissey as co-authors. Nearly all those who were in charge of various parts of the investigation had a hand in the writing. There's about 950 pages and rafts of illustrations by Clayt Seagears and Fred Everett, including four full-page color plates. It won't be too long coming off the press.



The Commissioner's Advisory Committee (see text below) at its June meeting. Left to right: Bob Wells, Secretary of the Department; Deputy Commissioner Skiff; Herman Forster, Fred Streever, Dr. William Fruden, Commissioner Duryea, Arthur Flick, Karl Frederick and Donald Tobey

ADVISORY—Commissioner Duryea's Advisory Committee on Fish and Game is cooking again on current problems in connection with the expanded program of the Department. The weekend of June 21-23 it held a meeting in Fred Streever's picturesque camp overlooking Lake George.

All members of the committee were present except Oscar Lundell of Jamestown and Dr. Albert Beckary of Indian Lake. Other members of the advisory group are Herman Forster and Karl T. Frederick of New York, Arthur Flick of Westkill, Donald Tobey of Victor, and Dr. William Fruden of Buffalo.

The agenda covered Financing for 1946-47, Organizational Changes and Additions, Legislation, Open Seasons, the New Legislative Pollution Committee, and Miscellaneous Fish and Game Problems. A meeting is scheduled in the early fall for discussion of new legislative proposals.

WHY SHE'S LATE

Each year sportsmen ask us the same old question: Why is it the Fish and Game Law syllabus isn't published until long after the fishing season opens?

Well, chums, we know how you feel about that (rightly so, too) and here's the answer: The book can't be printed until laws are passed by the Legislature and signed by the Governor.

The Conservation Department can recommend laws, but not make them. There are only two ways by which the syllabus could reach you on time: one is by earlier passage of laws, the second by granting authority to the Conservation Department itself to set the sea-

sons and regulations. As things stand now, our hands are tied.

Game Surveys Begin

The Department's District Game Managers have started two campaigns to find out how much game exists in the State and have asked sportsmen's clubs to cooperate by setting up game-abundance committees which will make local surveys. They have also contacted all mail carriers, carline walkers and others who have daily routes to travel, for their reaction on game populations. Pheasants and grouse are receiving special attention as an aid in setting the seasons and bag limits this year.

Weather and Deer

Deer studies in critical areas in the Adirondacks have shown what an important factor weather is to deer populations. Deer mortality in the spring of 1944 was 21.9 per square mile. In 1945 it dropped to 7.7 and, in 1946, to 2.2 per square mile. This change was due, primarily, to better weather.

Damage by Game

District Game Managers have been receiving all kinds of requests for control of game which is doing damage. From deer and beaver, the offenders range all down the line to robins.

The New York State Fisheries, Game & Forest Commission, forerunner of your present Conservation Department, was organized back in April 25, 1895.



DON'T DUMP 'EM!

By
JOHN GREELEY

TOSSING BACK THOSE UNUSED "MINNOWS" IS BAD BUSINESS — WHEN THEY AREN'T MINNOWS

LOOKING at a lake or stream as an area for the production of desirable fish, it is obvious that the competition of undesirable fish holds down production. This is not mere theory, for time and again facts have demonstrated that as the population of one species goes up the numbers of another go down. Unfortunately, this principle was not recognized early enough to keep all our natural trout waters free of such conflicting species as yellow perch, rock bass, small-mouth bass and pickerel. The Adirondack region today has innumerable waters in which other fishes have replaced the native trout.

SPECIAL efforts are being made to keep Cranberry Lake free from undesirable species detrimental to trout. In particular, anglers fishing at the outlet dam are cautioned against tossing live fish other than brook trout into the lake itself.

This unfortunate mistake, made in the days when there was no special effort to control fish planting, will mean either doing without trout fishing in many areas or taking steps at some expense to remove or reduce the amount of undesirable fish previous to heavy trout stocking. This work will, perhaps, be slow to develop, but indications are that it will become an important method of practical fish conservation. The fact that success in removing undesirable fish from otherwise suitable trout waters may someday be expected, should not give a false feeling of security from the need for active steps to keep remaining trout water "pure."

Unless the present area of favorable trout water can be preserved from damage caused by changes in fish population conditions, the outlook for holding any new gains can never become very bright. It is not going to make sense to reclaim a trout lake from perch or other predominant fish, and then have no effective way to keep a seed stock of such fish from getting in again.

A number of years ago Section 214 of the Conservation Law was enacted for the purpose of preventing the spread of various fish into waters where they would be detrimental. This law requires a permit for stocking and has helped materially to prevent a large amount of hit-or-miss planting. Formerly many individuals, usually with the best of intentions, stocked any assortment of fish they could get, often putting a few cans of bass, trout, perch, wall-eyed pike and what-have-you in the same lake, irrespective of its potentialities.

The situation is now somewhat better, but far from perfect, as the continual spread of undesirable fish shows. Not a year goes by without several trout waters becoming newly contaminated with yellow perch, northern pike or other fish detrimental to trout.

If you know a nice trout lake you love to visit, or if you live on such a lake and know what it means as an asset to draw the fishing tourist, it is not a pleasant thought to realize that this marvelous water can at any time show up a crop of perch which, in a few years, will knock it down and out as a trout producer.

From speckled beauties to perch—not even good perch, but small, skinny and sometimes grubby ones—is not progress in the management of a natural resource. But it has happened, is happening and will happen, unless absolutely everyone is careful. Just as in forest fire prevention, nothing less than 100% is good enough. If only one person in a million is careless with fire he can do

plenty of damage. People, generally, are careful with fire; but fires do occur. As for careless distribution of undesirable fish, there is obviously plenty of chance for damage to occur.

The live bait brought in to trout lakes may be most anything. Even assuming that 999 pails out of a thousand dumped overboard may cause no damage, the one remaining pail may start a new culture of perch or rock bass and ruin many acres of trout water, even a whole chain of lakes.

The fish secured as an allotment for a specified body of water may be just the wrong variety for some other area. For example, a can of bass obtained to stock a bass lake may cause ruin if diverted to a nearby trout pond. Today, most sportsmen are careful not to deviate from prepared stocking plans, but if one in a thousand slips up that is still one too many for the best interests of the trout fishermen.

Just as in forest fire prevention, the protection of waters from damage caused by establishing wrong kinds of fish requires universal knowledge. So, please pass the word along. It will not be easy to induce every bait fisherman to refrain from the common practice of liberating unused bait at the end of a day of fishing. Perhaps it is impossible, and it may become necessary for sportsmen to get behind a law prohibiting the use or transportation of any bait fish in waters inhabited by speckled (brook) trout. So far, attempts to obtain such protective legislation for Adirondack trout waters has had little support.

One thing we can be sure of: 100% exclusion of any and all undesirable fish from trout waters still free of them is something worth shooting at. One way to reach that goal is by refraining—absolutely—from dumping the unused contents of minnow buckets into the drink when you are through with a day's fishing. It doesn't pay off.





MICROPTERUS Doldrums



By
BOB BUSH

THE black bass has often been referred to as the "grown-man's" sunfish, because he is, in truth, a member of that family. The only catch is that he doesn't bite like one, and certainly not during the doldrum dog-days of August and early September.

During this sweat-ridden period old *Micropterus*, particularly the small-mouth, contracts an awful disease, commonly known as thermometer-itis. Two of its prominent symptoms are sluggishness and lack of appetite, and most of the proven panaceas tucked away in your tackle box won't begin to cure it.

But, like all diseases, it has its limitations: it's a day-time affliction. The minute the sun goes down Old Mike takes a new lease on life and goes on the prod. The "why" is mostly simple arithmetic; extremes in water temperatures—particularly higher temperatures—put bass "down" and off their feed. Yet oddly enough a drop of only a few degrees in temperature will bring them back to the shallows and make them hungry to boot. And, since surface waters will cool off when the sun sets, all you need do is put two and two together and get bass.

I'm poor at mathematics so I learned the hard way. For many years, and in some of New York's best-producing bass waters (of which there are plenty), I was a day-time derelict. I waded streams and sat in boats for August days on end, throwing the book at bass and nursing broiled-lobster sunburns, and returning home with shameful accounts of having captured a few rockies and a couple of white chub.

Then, one day, a long-time fishing friend of mine down in Chemung County, Johnny Woodhull, put me right.

"Heck," said John. "Quit wasting your time out in the sun. Ever hear of trying it after dark, with flies?"

"Vaguely," I said. And, discounting the fact that John is in the fly business himself, I went to work—experimentally.

The results were such that I'm passing this two-bits worth of information along to all August smallmouth fishermen save those who frequent such spots as the St. Lawrence River and our cold-water northern lakes. Try it after dark.

Hot-weather bass are finicky fish, but you can fool 'em

Your selection of night lures will be rather limited—in wet flies at least. Your after-dark bass likes 'em black—and big. The largest Black Gnat you can buy, full dressed, is the ticket. A Red Ibis is your next best bet; lighter colored patterns run a poor third. Several anglers I know, and darned successful ones, simply tie a gob of crow feathers on a long-shank hook, streamer style, and let it go at that.

Naturally, when bass are flopping around after minnows inshore, lighter colored streamers will pay dividends. And so will bugs. But the black wet fly is as consistent as either of them and you don't lose many strikes with it.

IN LAKE or stream, fish this lure deep, and keep your retrieve rather slow. If you are a stream fisherman, your best bet is to fish the tails of rifts where they drop off into deeper water, or in eddies and pockets. Let your fly rest occasionally during the retrieve. Many a bass will pick it up when it's barely moving.

There is no need for much wading around. Once you find that "certain spot" where bass are moving in to feed, stay there. And besides, wading around after dark in waters with which you are unfamiliar is risky business. Because if you want to catch fish you'll want to pick those nights that are as black as your hat—and your flies. If your trip doesn't coincide with the dark of the moon, confine your efforts to those hours before the moon comes up and after it sets. And don't fool around with a flashlight—at least not in the water. Night-feeding bass like things dark all the way around.

Don't ask me how a black bass can see a black fly on a black night. It's all very euphonious, but it doesn't make sense, except maybe to ichthyologists. It could be that a bass sees the silhouette, rather than the fly itself, a contention upheld by the fact that in the Finger Lakes your night bass fisherman trolls with a three-fly rig—black, ibis and white—and they work in that order.

By way of diversion, it might be told here that this same trolling rig is a killer in most New York bass lakes late in the season. In fact, it doesn't really come into its own until after the first good frosts, and it will produce right up to the close of the season in November. Bass by that time have schooled up and moved into deep water and your flies should be fished there.

This rig is a simple hand line, with the flies spaced some three feet apart on three or four-foot leaders. A light sinker is dropped about 15 inches from a small trolling triangle or a three-way swivel which also carries your bottom leader (with the black fly). The most satisfactory lead to use is a thin strip of telephone cable; pliable, it can be bent into an arc, and will ride over obstructions and not into them.

But to get back to our hot weather: Don't make the mistake of starting to fish too early in the evening. Wait until it is good and dark and the bass have had time to work up out of deeper water. Until then, stick to your standard bass patterns—the Brown Hackle, the Coachman, the Montreal and the Colonel Fuller.

The night bass fisherman must be prepared to contend with pests—mainly mosquitoes and rock bass. There are a good many antidotes for the former; you can lick the latter only with patience. But in compensation for the small trouble they will give you, it can be said that you'll catch darned few undersized black bass along with them.

By necessity this piece has been angled to the smallmouth fisherman. If your choice in bass runs to bigmouths, stick to your plugs and your bugs, and save your flies for the *dolomieu* side of the family. And use them after dark.

When smallmouths come like this, a smile comes easy, too



NEW YORK STATE CONSERVATIONIST

PUTTING EYES IN THE SKIES

(From Page 16)

rangers were obliged to manhandle each item to the top.

Because rock outcroppings were on the surface, concrete foundations were restricted merely to leveling up the four corner foundations. Holes were drilled deep into the granite outcropping and anchor bolts cemented into them. Our tower started going up, and the actual job of putting that steel into the air was pleasant relaxation.

But it didn't last. As our baby grew it became painfully apparent that the pieces were too long to fit—thanks to incorrectly placed anchor holes. Still, knowing that it was far easier to make the materials at hand into a tower than to get new parts atop our mountain, our ingenious rangers decided on a new stunt. By loosening all bolts, and prizing with bars and distorting with block and tackle, each piece and each hole was eventually fitted into a complete tower.

When it was finished, however, we found to our amazement that we had constructed not a tower whose legs went straight into the air to be surmounted by a seven-by-seven enclosure, but a tower whose legs actually spiralled! It was literally screwy! Yet time has proved ranger judgment: the Mount Adams "eye" has been successfully defying the elements and looking for fires for 29 full years.



Spiteful beavers did their best to stop us

Now, that is the story behind the building of one tower. Multiply it by 94, and by 21 more scheduled to be built under a greatly expanded fire control program, and you'll get an idea of what the job is all about. Remember, too, that these towers are only the "eyes" of a far-flung fire-fighting force with all manner of equipment for its job.

Next issue we return with a story of our big postwar project (\$335,000) to repair, expand and modernize our entire forest fire-fighting system. Until then: DON'T keep the campfires burning! Give them the water treatment before you leave.

DID YOU SAY RABIES?

A few weeks ago one of our District Game Protectors (name withheld by request) received a telephone call from a farmer in his bailiwick stating that he (the farmer) had caught a fox which was believed to have rabies.

"Well," said the protector, after mulling things over, "if you don't know what else to do with 'em, kill 'em. We don't want 'em."

There was a long silence on the other end of the line.

"But we want you to come out and make sure this fox has 'em," continued the farmer. "Don't you fellows do those things?"

"Not by a damn sight," said the man of the law. "If you don't know if she's had 'em or not, how am I supposed to know?"

"But you don't understand. . . ."

"I understand I don't want my leg pulled," said the protector, and hung up, thinking that the end of it. But next day the farmer showed up with a crate.

"I've got that fox outside," he began, timidly. "I really got scared. She's got 'em sure."

"Well isn't that just ducky," the protector growled. "Okay, bring 'em in!"

"But there's only one," replied the farmer. "The one with the rabies."

"The one with the WHAT?"

"The rabies. Hydrophoby."

"My God," said the protector, falling into a chair. "I thought you said babies!"

FROM DREAMS TO REALITY

(From Page 3)

which trained personnel is so important, we have relied heavily on a new and significant addition to the Albany staff in the form of a trained personnel officer.

And finally, I mention with considerable pride our new Division of Conservation Education and the highly important job it has undertaken—that of bringing conservation to all our people and bringing all our people together for conservation. This magazine itself tells a part of the story.

Thus, through our construction program, our increased conservation services and our work in education, we feel that at last we are making real progress in bringing some of our conservation dreams into reality. Although I have no hesitancy in saying that an excellent start has been made, all of us who know conservation know that it is a long and an up-hill haul. In getting up and over the hill we need the help of each of you and of every influence which can be enlisted in this vitally important cause.

DO YOU KNOW YOUR LAWS?

No matter what Congress says, if you're 16 or over you can still be drafted in New York State—not to fight wars, but forest fires. It's the law, and one you may have missed.

By its authority, district forest rangers, wardens and protectors can impress into service any male over that age to assist in any fire emergency. They can request, also, that you bring along your team of horses, if you own one.

Persons so "inducted" for battling forest fires are paid at the rate of 35 cents an hour; those selected as foremen receive 50. This Conservation law made its first appearance in the books in 1885.

CONSERVATION PROBLEMS

(From Page 5)

to the land can increase the quantity of small farm game and the fishes enumerated without interfering appreciably with farming operations.

As a matter of fact, good farmers who follow a good soil conservation program do most of the things necessary to increase the crop of small game. The farm pond—an essential feature of the proper management of water run-off on many farms—can be both a source of fish and contribute to better production of game at the same time. Good soil conservation practices have already created thousands of such ponds with all their practical wildlife and fish values in a good many states.

Many farmers have been able to increase their crop of quail threefold, with little or no addition to their regular soil erosion program. Others have needed to plant extra food or cover, or both, to insure themselves maximum results. Similar results have been obtained with ring-necked pheasants. Whenever conditions are made good for these two game birds they are also favorable to rabbits and a host of small song and insectivorous birds.

Realizing this, the Wildlife Management Institute has planned to have four men available to assist in definite projects designed to produce more game by encouraging and teaching sportsmen and landowners to work together, using established and proved practices. These men will be available on request to the limit of their time and ability. Naturally, the Institute would like to help start scattered projects in order that these demonstrations of the value of creating additional habitat suitable for game may reach as many people as possible. It does not expect to do the job or take the place of an organized extension program by state or federal governments, but it does hope to give impetus to such programs and help spread the application of sound management to more and more land throughout the country.

THIS will be one of the big jobs of this new organization. All other activities as well as this demonstration program will be dedicated to the restoration and maintenance of wildlife populations in the country. Naturally, small upland game and waterfowl offer the greatest possibilities for effective efforts, and in the beginning the Institute will center its attention on those groups.

There also will be two men devoting their efforts to developing new methods of producing small game, or to adapting methods developed by others to the stage where practical applications of these methods are available.



This is the Valley of the Chemung, May 1946. On the day this photo was taken it was also a Valley of Death—for man and beast, soil, crops and property, all caught up in one of the most disastrous floods in State history. Timber-stripped hillsides helped it along. Today we must rectify, by sane conservation practices, the mistakes of former generations who forgot one truism: "Protect the hills and they will protect you."

The Wildlife Management Institute will offer fellowships and research grants to individuals or institutions which have promising projects that may lead to new and better wildlife restoration and maintenance practices. In this way it hopes to promote better management, and at the same time help develop men capable of carrying on future research on the many problems which constantly confront those attempting to do a good wildlife job.

Last, but not least, it will sponsor each year the North American Wildlife Conference, the annual event that has grown to be the meeting place for those interested in all phases of wildlife work. At this meeting those in attendance hear the results of the latest research, have an opportunity to hear from administrative and operations men the results of the applications of research in the field, and to exchange views and experiences with those having similar problems.

In short, the Wildlife Management Institute will continue to carry on certain programs that have already demonstrated their value in promoting wildlife, and add new projects that seem needed to help the same program. It hopes to work cooperatively with all organizations having similar objectives in order that the living resources, on which a huge outdoor recreational value is based, may be held at the highest levels in our generation and those to follow.

WORTH HIS SALT?

In ye goode old days, when people were lost in the wilds of the State without food or gun, the porcupine could easily be killed with a stick and your wayfarer saved from starvation. So a legend grew up around the prickly rodent and it was held safe from harm. If there had been a slogan in those days, it probably would have been "Spare a porkie and save a life!"

But, with hot dogs sizzling at every roadside stand, and pop bottles cooling in every springhole, this slogan, like gas coupons, is out of date. Of late, the perambulating pincushions have been seeking their salt rations in aluminum dishes, canoe paddles, cabins, ornamental shrubs, and wherever, however and whenever they can chew their way to any saline tidbit. Their greatest damage, however, is to timber trees, usually near their winter dens.

Each year the problem of porkie control has increased, until now the Bureau of Game is experimenting on ways and means of reducing his ranks. It is not sure but what this saline-seeking rodent should be classed as vermin. Its salt costs much too much.

The Old Squaw, one of Nature's best performing submarines in the duck world, has been found caught in gill nets in over 75 feet of water.

What's Bitin' Ya?



YOUR LETTER BOX

The opportunity for the reader to express his opinions—either in criticism or commendation—is something every publication must today provide. Particularly is this true of a State conservation magazine; a letter section becomes a clearing house for ironing out mutual problems and putting all the cards on the table for a look-see.

So, "What's Bitin' Ya" starts off in diapers with this magazine itself. It is your special department, and we want you to use it. Just address your letters—gripes, orchids, or just plain question-asking—to "What's Bitin' Ya?" New York Conservationist, Conservation Department, Albany 7, New York. And please keep them as concise as you can so they can be more easily published.—Editor.

Unavoidably Detained

Dear Mr. Skif:

— and I'd like to know when the pheasant and duck seasons is and why can't we be told earlier so we fellows who only have a few days vacation which I save for opening of the hunting season, can get in our bids for vacation time and make our plans before it's too late.

J. E., Hudson

Editor—Each year a thorough survey of pheasant populations is made to determine what the shooting season should be. The surveys cannot be completed before September, after which the season and bag limits are set and announced immediately by the Department. As for the duck and other migratory game bird seasons, they are set by the U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service and our State law says we must set the same seasons in this State. The Department can't tell what or when the seasons will be until the federal guys make them and pass out the news.

All Is Forgiven

Dear Sirs:

While I resided at Vestal, N. Y. in 1925 I obtained a hunting license and being a young inexperienced hunter made mistakes that causes me to write this letter of confession.

On the first day of small game, that season I came upon a flock of pheasants with one single shot got or shot 3 birds, but to my sorrow were all hen's and not legal. Later shot a racoon, one (1) day before season not realizing it for in the State where I had been racoon season came in before other small game.

Since I have been converted I have been prompted of the Lord to make my wrongs right as far as it is possible to do so. I do, being a working man with a family to support, beg leniency in this case.

W. F., New Kensington, Pa.

Plea for a Tree

Gentlemen:

I've bought a 200 acre farm and want to plant most of it to trees. Can you send a forester to tell me what kind of trees to plant and where each kind should be placed? Also, how much do the trees cost?

T. K., Olean

Editor:—Your letter has been forwarded to the District Forester in your area. He will get in touch with you at an early date. Under separate cover we are sending you Bulletin No. 2, "Forest Planting in New York". The cost for two-year old seedlings is \$2 a thousand and for three-year olds, \$3.50 per thousand trees.

Season Unchanged

Dear Sirs:

I trout fish in the Catskills and stay there until after Labor Day. Why can't we fish for trout until after Labor Day, the same as in the Adirondacks?

E. M., New York City

Editor:—You can trout fish in the Catskills until the end of the Sunday following Labor Day. That season was set last year and again this year.

Gratefully Received

Dear Sirs,

Much obliged for your recent letter. It is interesting to me to learn that the Department is really going to put out a magazine in line with its general education program and I wish you all the success in the world.

We've been needing such a thing in this state for a long time. I'm enclosing my dollar for a year's subscription and hope it will help you buy some ink.

C. L., Rome

Dear Sirs,

Please put me on your subscription list and bill me for same along with first issue of your new magazine. Hope you will have lots of fishing stuff in it—that's my main sport. Do a lot of ice-fishing winters, but that's a long ways off right now and would like any and all dope on fishing in New York outside of this county (Erie) as I have a new job this Fall which will keep me traveling.

E. P. J., Buffalo

Dear Clayt Seagears:

Banzai, brother, and hail the millenium! That little squirt you sent me about the proposed new mag was right nicely received. You've been laboring under difficulties so far as this very type of educational program is concerned—I know—and a regular, full-fledged publication should do a great deal to spread the gospel of conservation as we know it. I think the boys will eat it up, wrapper and all. I'll eat my share, anyway, and here's a buck tip.

J. H., New York City

Ungilding the Trout

Sirs:

Being a dyed-in-the-wool trout fisherman, here is something that has me boiling: A friend of mine was willing to bet me the other day that trout were

WHAT'S BITIN' YA?

scavengers, and that bass were a whole lot more gentlemanly in their feeding habits. I call him a ding-dang liar. Will you back me up with a reply?

P. L., Skaneateles

Editor:—Here's the reply, but you may not like it. Lake trout can be taken on bottom set-lines baited with long defunct chub, and brooks and browns may be even a little less finicky in their feeding habits. I know of one brookie which, when caught, contained a man-sized helping of boiled potatoes that had been tossed into his stream the night before. Bass will take a tremendous variety of foods, but they generally like it alive, and moving.

Getting It Straight

Gentlemen:

I saw in a recent newspaper clipping about the bass season that the size limit in the Chemung River and its tributaries west of Corning is only eight inches. What I don't understand is, does that mean eight inches all the way below Corning too? I'm not a law breaker and I want to be right.

G. K. V., Elmira

Editor:—Let's put it this way: 8 inches in the Chemung River west of Corning; 8 inches in its tributaries west of Corning. Elsewhere on the Chemung, 10 inches. Oke?

Train Yourself in the Law

Dear Sirs:

We fellows have been arguing about dog training. One said we can't train our dogs until September but I claim we can do it any time so long as we don't carry a gun. Who's right?

M. J., Middletown

Editor:—The law says that no owner of a dog shall take it afield for training except from September 1 to April 1, and that neither the owner or anyone in his company shall possess afield a firearm loaded with ammunition other than blank shells or blank cartridges during closed seasons on game.

Infiltration of Snowy Owls into New York this past winter brought some unusual specimens into taxidermy shops. Bill Dievendorf, Montgomery County game protector, reports one weighing six pounds, with a 61-inch wingspread.

CHAOS IN THE MATERNITY WARD

The following letter poses both a moral and a mystery. The moral is clear—that in the writer of this letter we have the makings of a real conservationist. The mystery is of the tabloid type, replete with foster mammas and forgotten papas.

"N. Y. Wild Life Commission
Albany, New York
Sir:

I, a resident of Herkimer County, N. Y., would like to secure a license so as to enable me to keep a young fawn for at least a short period of time. I live in rather open country, and the way that I happen to have this fawn is that a sixteen month old heifer of ours has just freshened without our knowing about it, and the day before yesterday she came walking up to our barn with this deer walking right behind her. When I approached the deer, it did not take fright and was at ease while close to our heifer.

The heifer looked as if she had been fresh for about a day or so, and the deer received her milk and both seemed quite used to this. As to how the deer came to be there, there are several possible solutions. One may be that the heifer has switched calves with a deer,

she might have lost her own calf and mothered a stray deer separated from her mother, or she might have been bred by a male deer. We have no record of her being bred by a bull, and I have wondered if I should have a blood test made upon the fawn. At any rate, no trace has been found of a calf.

The deer seems to be of tender age, for it is not adapted too well to its legs yet, and does not eat or drink anything except milk from our heifer. It is much too young to let loose, for it would starve or be killed by dogs. At the present time I have a small pen for it outdoors during the day, but at night I keep it in our barn.

I am a boy of fourteen years and am a member of a 4-H club. I would also like to secure a license to permit me to raise 13 pheasants which I have hatched from eggs received from the government. As I do not know how much these licenses would cost, please send them COD, or in some way in which I might readily pay for them. If these licenses are sent COD by mail, you may be assured of receiving prompt payment.

Sincerely yours,
John Wozny
New Hartford, N. Y."

GOT A TALE TO TELL?

The Conservationist welcomes any and all contributions from its readers. If you have a story tucked away in your noodle which you think would be valuable to the cause of conservation in this state, send it in. Photos are equally acceptable. We regret that, being a State publication, we have no budget permitting us to pay for such material, but you'll receive certain credit. We can best use copy from 400 to 1,200 words.—Editor.

The New Duck Stamp

The 1946 Migratory Bird Stamp, necessary for the taking of waterfowl, has been on sale at all first and second-class post-offices since July 1. The subject this year is the redhead duck—three drakes and a female—from a painting by Robert Hines, artist for the Ohio Conservation Department. The price of the stamp, which must be obtained by duck hunters in addition to a regular State hunting license, is still \$1.00.

Report forest fires IMMEDIATELY!
And DON'T START ONE yourself!

STREAM REPAIRS

(From Page 19)

it cut to size, lay the log in position so that it rests on the stream bed.

The rest is easy. Cut a large notch in the log to serve as a spillway, then fill in with rocks and gravel on the upstream side. The water will come up over your log and the small waterfall you have created will dig a permanent pool below your dam.

Don't worry if your dam "leaks" at first. The first freshet will close it up and level it off with rocks and gravel, and at the same time dig out the pool below. And soon, you will catch more and bigger trout.

THE SETH GREEN

(From Page 19)

four-mantle gasoline lantern, the light from which is reflected into the water to attract bait and—subsequently—trout.

The Seth Green can be fished only from a shallow, open box, screened on the bottom and compartmented to hold line, spoons and sinker separately. It must be let out and retrieved slowly and with care to prevent snarling.



BROOK TROUT WATER

Calling it a day on a typical Adirondack stream
From the digital collections of the New York State Library.



ON THE RAQUETTE RIVER

Big fish and still waters