

W. J. Woodward

New Jersey

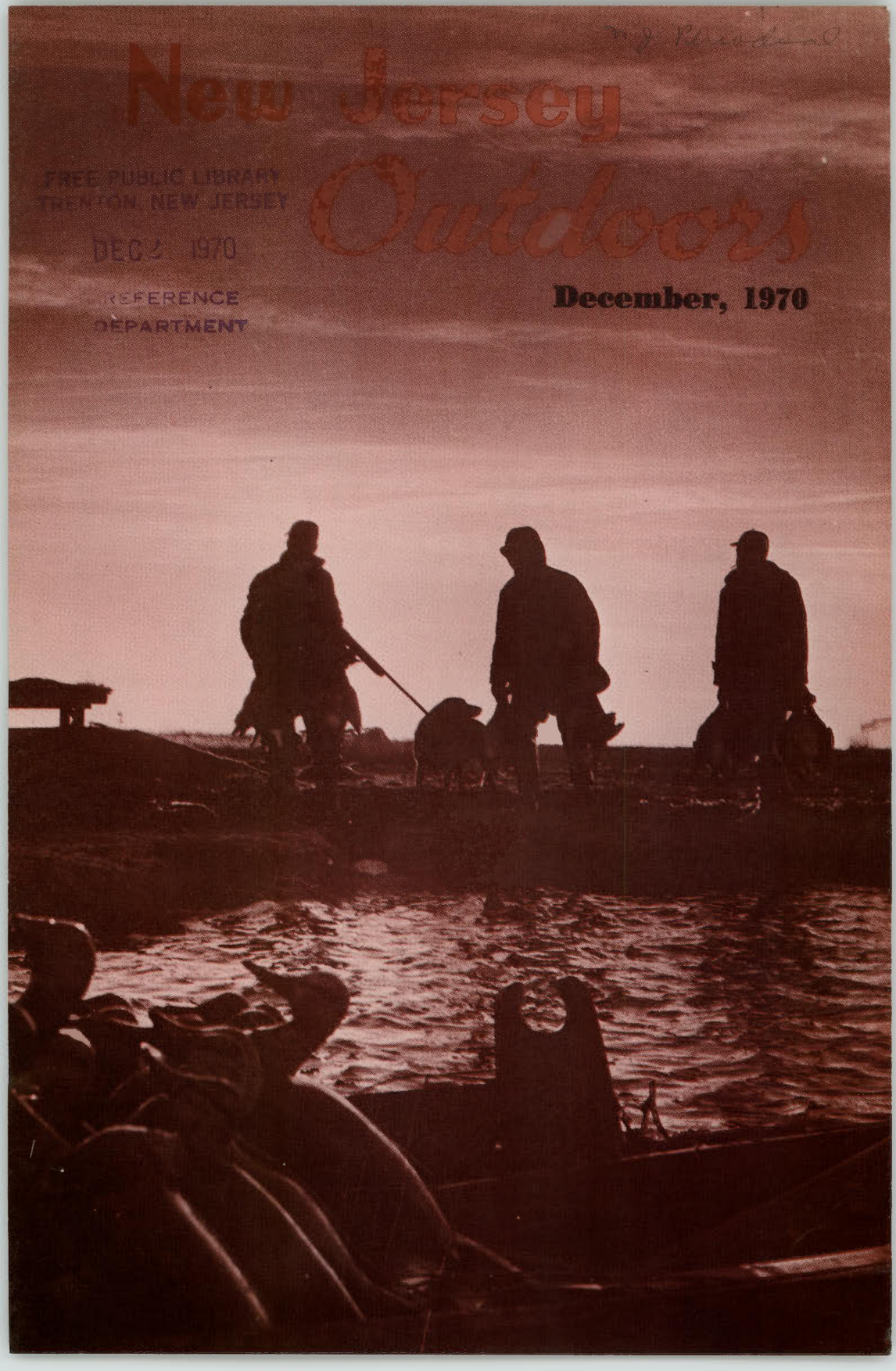
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Outdoors

December, 1970



Symbols

For some boys who are luckier than most, December means a special coming of age because it brings a long, flat box under the Christmas tree—and the first gun.

That first gun will signify many things in the years ahead—quiet places, rich days, and the intensely personal adventure of the field.

But for now, the gun is a recognition of coming manhood by those who know and respect the subject, and who honor its symbols. The new gun is one of these, a steel-and-walnut symbol of growing maturity and responsibility. Having that gun won't make you a man. But it is a sign, given to you by men, that you are no longer a boy.

The new men of a thousand generations have prized their symbols of new manhood. A symbol may have been a horse, a pair of sea boots, a lance, a plume, or even a new .22 at Christmastime. But such things fade as men and women become more indistinguishable, and highly-urbanized cultures seem to rob the young men of their coveted symbols. They lose their lances, their sea boots, and perhaps their .22's.

There are people in this country today who regard guns as symbols of violence and evil. They believe that firearms and hunting should be outlawed.

If this should happen, the stripling youth can always receive skis, or a football, or a motorbike for Christmas. These are very fine things, and he will enjoy them. But he knows that his sister also has skis, that his little brother has a football, and that the fat girl next door owns a motorbike. His coming manhood is unheralded by any real distinction. Where are the old tests, the old symbols?

A protective society will reassure the young men: "You cannot have guns because guns are bad, and you are incapable of deciding between good and evil. You must leave such moral decisions to society. But take society's word for it, you *are* becoming better men."

We wonder. And so will the young men.

#

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*December trails lead
to the warmth of*

Glowing Embers

By J. Day

The landscape was seized in the steel jaws of December. The morning air was bitter cold. Great ice columns glistened against the rock cliffs beyond the creek, and the knuckled twigs in the thickets behind the house were gloved with frost. The old woman up in the sky had shaken out her feather bed during the early part of the night, clothing the countryside in the childish innocence of snow.

The pressure of encroaching frost is such that earth is stilled, becoming but the frozen echo of the silent voice of God. The steady increasing cold puts all the woodlands into winter quarters. The ground freezes, as we say, meaning that the moisture in it has become ice to a depth of several inches,

. . . Glowing Embers

making an almost impenetrable ice blanket through which the most severe winter weather will work but slowly.

This same ice, which seems to menace all the tiny living things in its deep-freeze grip, is in fact their armor. Beneath it, or even in it, all burrowing roots, animals, and insects are as snug as the fabled bug in a rug. Groundhogs asleep in their burrows, and snakes torpid in their dens are as safe from frost-bite as if they had migrated to the shores of the Gulf of Mexico.

The tiny rootlets of small perennial herbs may be encased in ice to their tips, but they do not freeze. The heat which the surrounding moisture gives up in changing to ice, combined with their own self-generated warmth, keeps them just above the freezing temperature, and they come through safely. Lay these same rootlets bare to the frost of a single October night and they die.

A tiny wind whips up a spate of dry, driving snow, and the countryman, bundled to the ears, walks abroad to hear the sibilant whispering of the sudden storm. This whisper is somewhere between a pattering sound and a hiss as the flakes descend on the dead grass and the foilage. This storm-talk can be heard most clearly in the woods, or in fields where the dried weeds stand up stiffly.

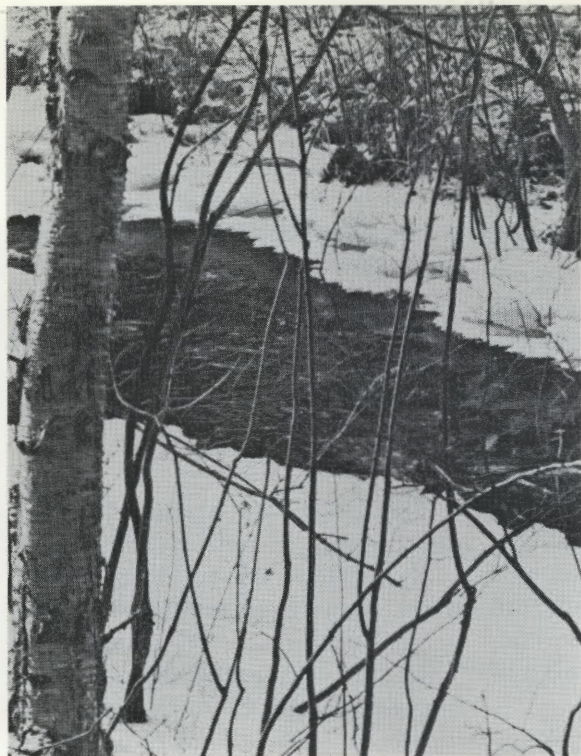
There is tremendous beauty in

the snowscapes of December. The countryman stops by a creek to admire the artistry where the gray and coffee-tan of a mottled old sycamore leans out over the dark ice or the black streaks of open water. The snow has built exquisite cornices over the creek bank, and the dead weed stalks rise above them with a delicate, stiff grace. Every line—the snow cornices, the edge of open water, the bare limbs of the tree, the distant hill—is a fluid curve, and every color is a tint, suffusing the black and white ground plan.

Along the wooded hillside the countryman pushes his way into the wind, joying in the clean cool sting of the driving pellets against his cheeks. He follows a line of outcrop boulders which have laid claim to this timbered slope, scrawling their craggy signature across the page of time. The surprising greenness of ferns and mosses, and of ground cedar and wintergreen refreshes the winter-jaded eye.

As the earth swings farther and farther in its orbit in the vast universe, and the heat of the sun seems to diminish, the cold days of December breathe an atmosphere crisper and clearer. Sunset and sunrise seem more brilliant, the sparkling stars during the longer nights seem drawn closer to earth. The countryman stands entranced, watching the stars through the mist of the breath from his own nostrils.

The winter night is full of



Sometimes the only sounds are the music of running water—and the muted chatter of birds

mystery. Queer, ghostly shadows and sounds linger everywhere and play merry little tricks on the countryman's imagination. The wind rushes over the shoulder of the hill and howls at him, and then speeds off across the bottomland, laughing in great gusts. The trees sigh and toss restlessly and their great branches droop over the road with long, writhing, grasping fingers.

In the eerie December night the reflection of the uncertain light upon the snow plays strange tricks with the sight, counterfeiting the pale gleam of some ghostly moonlight when the moon is still far below the horizon. The wind sweep-

ing along the road gathers up the snowflakes, and the countryman hears an elfish rustle in the filled-up ditches as if the winter fairies were playing there.

Silence is the first rule of the December woodlands. A sort of expectant, waiting silence, with nary a leaf stirring nor an acorn dropping. Except on those days when the December wind keens through the bottomlands and plucks crashing chords from the trees on the ridges, the only sounds are the music of running water and the muted chatter of winter birds foraging through the underwoods. This is the resting time, and the trees stand comfortably at

. . . Glowing Embers

ease, sealed off against the weather, their feet tucked comfortably under the warm brown blanket of fallen leaves.

Ashamed of the racket of his noisy blundering along the quiet forest aisles, the countryman halts for a breather, leaning on the sun-warmed bole of a tremendous oak. Once the rustle of his movements has subsided, he stands motionless, lost in the immensity of the timbered hills, and humbled by the very silence of his surroundings. Here is sure cure for any man who has let his jangled nerves disrupt his peace of mind. There is contagion in the peaceful calmness of the December countryside.

A lone bluejay had escorted the countryman along part of the journey into the hill country. Sort of a dingy, dirty blue—far cry from the azure coat he'll wear come spring—this fellow got up off a telephone wire and paced the car for some distance down the country roadway. Scarlet fruits of the wahoo glowed ruddily in the fencerows.

The countryman parked by the creekside and headed straight up the hill, aiming for the ridge which follows the meandering pattern laid out by the wide valley stream centuries ago. The footing was uncertain in the spongy loam, making every step an invitation to disaster. The remains of a paper hornet's nest hung in a small tree

in the edge of the woods. As usual a passing gunner had not been able to resist blasting the nest with a charge of No. 6 shot.

The rather rare walking fern is at home on this hillside, and the hiker marked down two new stations of this odd plant as he quartered up to the ridge. The calendar had its finger on December but the tiny woodland insects paid no heed. Midges were dancing in the sunlight, and a small moth was flying.

Far below, the stream lay open to the sun, gleaming like a wide silver ribbon. On reaching a drag trail, where loggers had hauled out some heavy loads, the countryman took this easy pathway back down across the hillside to the creek. He made a careful crossing at a shallow riffle, but shipped one boot full of water anyhow, and for the remainder of the day tramped about with one very cold and very wet foot.

Silence is surely the first rule of the December woodlands. However the motionless silence of the denuded trees is not the silence of death, but of sleep. The forest giants wait, they rest, biding their time. They do not murmur to one another as they do in summertime, yet in some mysterious way they seem more alive than ever. The countryman does not walk alone in the December woods. He has the feeling that the trees are aware of him, watching his every move.

It is not until the trees have be-



Silence is surely the first rule of the December woodlands

come skeletons that the country rambler can see the bare bones of the beautiful bough formations. The flowing lines of the smooth, clean beech branches are never seen in summer when the limbs are draped in the green cloak of the leaves. The majesty of an oak cannot be fully comprehended until the massive thing is stripped.

In the silence of the December woods the strength and character of the great trees become more fully evident. The countryman, leaning at ease against the huge oak, absorbs some of this inner strength. Trivial cares dwindle and housebred troubles vanish when contemplated in the outdoors

against the majestic calm and ageless serenity of the silent, brooding December woodlands.

The hearth fires of the old year are rapidly dying out. Countrymen everywhere gaze deep into the glowing embers, dreaming of good days now past and wondering what of the bright new year waiting to step on-stage. Whether it be a tiny camp fire deep in a wooded ravine, or a cheery blaze roaring into a wide chimney throat deep in the city's ravines, the true outdoorsman soon succumbs to the warming flames' hypnotic influence, and falls into dreamy reverie.

Fire is a fearful and a wonderful thing. Among all the discoveries

. . . Glowing Embers

and inventions made by men, only a few, such as speech, writing and agriculture, have borne such momentous fruit as has the discovery of how to make and use the type of combustion commonly known as fire.

The hearth fire is particularly close to the heart of the Twelve

Days of Christmas. Around the Yule logs of centuries the race has warmed its heart as well as its hands; its soul as well as its body, and the old gods of terror have become the saints of good will. In the light of twenty centuries of Christmas fires men have forgotten to be afraid and have made out of their weird dreams friendly fancies.



*Boughten wood will not blaze in the same class
with the wood a man has himself cut and stacked*

Mankind loves warmth, but he worships flame. Let a colorful blaze occur in a city loft and the streets are jammed with eager spectators. The flicker of flame in the night will draw woodsmen far, and all the wild things of the woods will come as well to toss back its flare from eyes wide with wonder.

A wood fire is full of liquid pigments, fancy-fed, and it has gorgeous depths and recessions, like the sunset itself. There is always a beyond in its soft turmoil of pictures, as if fire alone opened the gates of fantasy. The countryman, lost in his hearthside dreaming, watches the little tongues of flame throwing lambent halos, and dancing over beds of roses that vanish and come again and then finally sink into still gray heaps of ashes with little recurrent throbs of heat pulsing through the dying embers.

The countryman knows that a house with no fireplace is a house without a heart. Here is the real center of family living. And so he makes sure his chimney draws well, that his kindling is as tinder, and his wood dry. He knows that of the hardwoods hickory is easily the king as a fire holder and that apple wood smells the sweetest, revealing the ghosts of apple blossoms in the old gnarled logs, giving the heat of past suns.

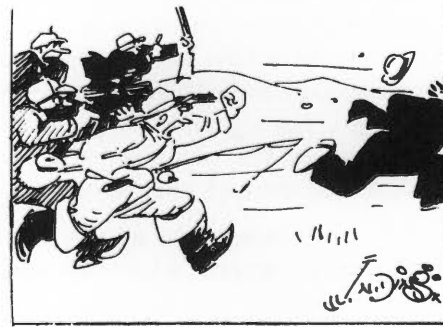
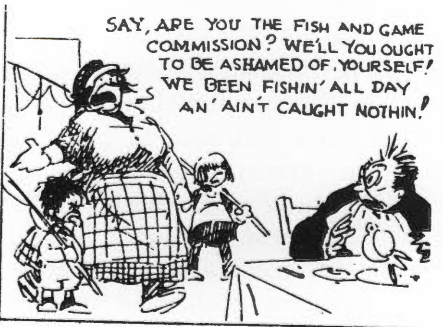
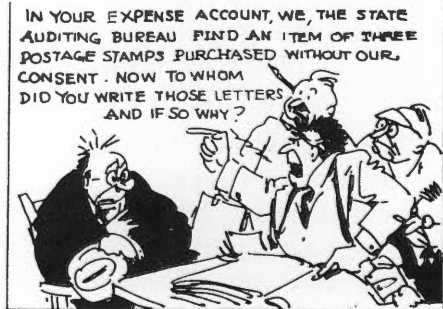
The man who gets up his own wood, who works with axe and splitting wedge and bucksaw, gets

double enjoyment from his firewood. He not only enjoys the friendly fellowship of the winter woodlands, but his firewood warms him twice, once when he cuts it and again when he burns it. A boughten cord will blaze nicely and throw heat, but not in the same class with the wood which he himself has cut and stacked and hauled.

The blaze from a burning log on an open hearth is the kindest welcome that a room can give to him who enters it. In its glow the rough rind of our materialism burns away and the ancient warmth within shines forth as we sit about this primal altar of our race, fire-worshipping. There is one figure that no statistician can calculate when he assays the heating power of firewood, and that is how much it warms the heart!

During these Twelve Days of Christmas all countrymen are aware that the peace of the gods which our Aryan forebears knew descended at Yuletide hovers near always as they watch the Yule logs burning, whether in the keen air under the stars or about the carefully tended hearth. Around the fire, whether without or within, all men are brothers. Surely that peace which men of good will now so earnestly are seeking, would come as a benediction to the heartsick world, if all men in high place could meet around a simple, heartwarming applewood fire. #

The Life of a Fish and Game Councilman



The Life of a Fish and Game Councilman

What have I done, I ask, that I deserve
such fate?
I'm just a common fellow, but now let
me relate
The trials and tribulations, the care
and worldly woes
The unkind salutations, that my Council knows.
"Say there," says one, "go kill those birds,
they're eatin' up my corn."
Another voice, "We want more birds."
Why was I ever born?
And if the fish ain't bitin', it's be-
cause there's none to bite.
Yet I know there's plenty of 'em. I
can't give 'em appetite.
And if the trees are buggy, and the
weather isn't good,
It's because the blamed Councilmen aren't
doin' all they could.
Says another brainy fellow, "Better set
the season soon."
Jumps up another yippin', "Set it late,
or it's your doom."
You'll catch it if you do it, and you'll
regret it if you don't.
You're a "bloomin' politician," if you
will or if you won't.
Even for all acts of Nature, the Council
is to blame.
I don't know why I do it, but I love it
just the same.
But we all keep workin', anyway, for our
birds and fish.
'Cause down at heart, we all have got a
common, eager wish.
To see our state a garden spot of beauty,
fish and game,
So tho' my job's a crazy quilt, I love
it just the same.
Our hopes and dreams, they're all the
same, no matter what your name
'Cause we all are aimin' upward, our
target is the same.
So get on board my fellow man, let's all go
fishing, till then.
But please, dear sir, if they don't bite,
don't blame the Councilmen.

from Paul T. Gilbert



Reviewing Fundamentals Can Increase Your Luck on Ducks

By Dick Dietz

Ducks in December is a rule followed by many of the state's waterfowlers. Nor is it hard to figure out why. This year all of the month of December is open season on ducks. And dedicated duck hunters often wait for December to blow in the type of

scuddy, gusty, chilling weather that puts both divers and dippers on the move during daylight hours.

If you've already had a few outings this season with only mediocre success, it may pay to go back and review the basic fundamentals. There's still plenty of legal season

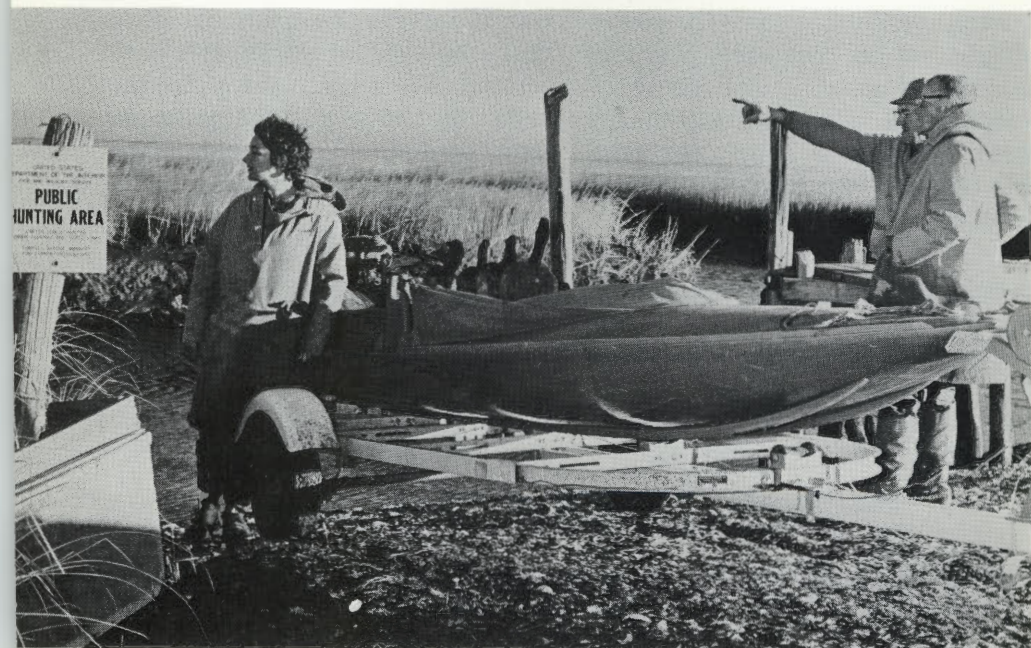
left and one or two minor oversights may be spoiling your luck.

Unsuccessful duck hunting can usually be traced to two basic problems. Either you aren't getting any birds to shoot at or you're missing those that do come within range.

Assuming that you've been setting up in an area normally travelled by ducks, what could be

direction long before they're in range.

Check for other bright or reflective spots, too. 'Old Betsy' may have served you true for years, but if her metal has gotten shiny, it's time to treat her to a rebluing job. One duck hunter I know runs a strip of dull, black tape along the entire top of his barrel and receiver. This not only deadens any re-



Basically you must go where the ducks are

spooking them away? Well, clothing is as good a place to start as any. Is your gear relatively dark in color and does it blend in well with your surroundings? Bright colors are fine for deer hunting, but not for waterfowl. One flashy little spot can cause them to turn on the afterburners in the opposite

flection but prevents that area from getting scratched or worn. Be sure to collect and hide any fired shells. Glittering brass heads telegraph just one message—'stay away.'

If you're using a boat to get to a waterway blind, use canvas or burlap bags to cover up the

. . . Luck on Ducks

engine or gas cans and to break up the boat's outline. Another smart practice is to wear a long-billed, fisherman's cap to shield your face from the sky. Otherwise, a couple of white faces peering upward can look like a pair of disembodied beacons to an incoming flock.

And the final, cardinal rule, of course, is 'don't move!' If you're caught in an awkward position, stay in it until you're ready to shoot. The slightest movement down below can make 'em grab for altitude and head for distant places.

If you're shooting over decoys, remember that ducks come in to land upwind. So, whatever type of rig you're setting up, question mark, enclosed triangle, V-shape or the like, be sure the top or point of the rig is facing the wind, and the

inside space for visitors is directly in front of the blind within decoy-shooting range.

Making your rig as natural-looking as possible is also helpful. This means some decoys should be in the heads-down, feeding position, and some in the heads-back sleeping position. Admittedly, decoys like this are often hard come by unless you make your own. But if you can beg, borrow or steal a few, it's worth the effort. Another ruse employed by the experts is to set out a sea gull decoy in the midst of the stool. Sea gulls do light near live ducks but never among decoys. A single gull in your rig can allay the suspicions of a wary flock. On inland ponds, a few Canada geese decoys will serve the same purpose.

If missing is your problem, you may be doing one or both of two things: shooting too soon at too great range, or under-leading. For

Blind building material, burlap to cover the engine, and proper decoys are essential to success in the hunt





Don't shoot until the ducks actually come in and cup their wings

pass shooting, don't let go unless you can distinguish specific, body-color markings. This is a good practice anyway, to prevent overshooting of restricted-limit species. And there's no question that good-patterning, magnum loads with the shot containers will increase your chances on the high passers.

Patience

Over decoys, the trick is patience. Let 'em circle. Don't shoot until they actually come in and cup their wings to land. That's the time to start the action. Remember, that ducks crossing your decoys downwind aren't going to land and are really travelling. Your chances are much better if you wait until they turn and come back. Then, swing with them, get out in front, and keep your barrel moving. If you miss a few, increase your lead.

Of course, no sportsman should lose a wounded or crippled duck if he can prevent it. In cornfield shooting, mark the spot where the bird falls carefully and retrieve it as quickly as possible. On water, a downed bird with his head still up will often swim out of range or dive for the bottom. Finish the job with another, quick shot before you give your retriever the 'go' signal. Since it's tougher to get good shot penetration on ducks sitting in the water, many gunners carry extra rounds of dense patterning No. 7½ or 8 shot for cripples to increase the possibility of head hits.

So, if your luck hasn't been what you'd like it to be, go back and check the fundamentals. Chances are, you'll improve your score in a hurry. #



Tracking an

KNOWLEDGE OF THE ANIMALS THEMSELVES IS AND HOW TO STALK TO GET CLOSE ENOUGH. NEW JERSEY SINCE WE MUST USE SHOTGUN DEER... THUS YOU SHOULD TRY TO CONFINE



1 KEEN OBSERVATION IS IMPORTANT.

2 A SKILLED OBSERVER'S EYES MOVE IN SEMI-CIRCULAR RINGS FROM LEFT TO RIGHT AS HE SEARCHES FOR SIGNS AND TRACKS, UP AS WELL AS DOWN, OCCASIONALLY BEHIND.



6 ON GRASS OR LEAVES..

THE HEEL FIRST THEN TOE SLOWLY AND EASILY.



7 ON ROCKY GROUND..TOE FIRST.

8 NEVER APPROACH DOWN WIND.

AN ANIMAL CAN HEAR AND SMELL BETTER WITH THE WIND COMING TO HIM.



10 BE SURE YOU BLEND WITH BACKGROUND.



11 AVOID BEING SILHOUETTED AGAINST THE SKY LINE.



12 WATCH YOUR SHADOW IT MAY GIVE YOU AWAY

d Stalking = = =

ESSENTIAL. KNOW HOW TO FOLLOW TRACKS
STALKING IS ESPECIALLY IMPORTANT IN
AND BUCKSHOT OR BOW AND ARROW FOR
YOUR SHOTS TO NOT OVER 35-45 YARDS.

TRACKS
ARE
ASIER
FOLLOW
KING
THE
THEIR
OWS
ONGER
ACKS
EEPER.



④ REMEMBER TO STALK
SLOWLY AND SILENTLY.



⑤ LIFT FEET HIGH
SO GRASS WON'T
BE RUSTLED NOR
STONES KICKED.

⑨ MAKE GOOD USE OF COVER



IN WOODS
WALK UPRIGHT.



IN LOW SHRUBBERY
... CROUCH.



IN GRASS,
CREEP OR CRAWL.

⑬ WATCH YOUR QUARRY
CONSTANTLY. AT
SLIGHTEST SIGN OF
ALARM...FREEZE.



Remember an animal's life de-
pends upon his alertness, his
sense of smell, sight and hearing.
To bag your game you must
match wits with your quarry.
Early American pioneers' and
Indians' very existence de-
pended upon their cleverness
afield in tracking and stalk-
ing the food they ate.
How clever are you?

Bob Cypher

Reported Legal Deer Kill

Bow Season

October 4 - November 6, 1969

All counties; both sexes

Total harvested - 1,356

Firearm Buck Season

December 8 - 13, 1969

All counties; antlered deer only

Total harvested - 4,795

Hunter's Choice

December 8 - 13, 1969

Counties of Bergen, Union, Essex, and parts of Middlesex and Passaic; both sexes

Total harvested - 84

Special Permit

December 20, 1969

Restricted to 9 northern counties; both sexes

Total harvested - 2,242

Total Harvest (both sexes).....8,477

Table 1. Number of Legal Deer Harvested in Each Season in New Jersey in 1969, by county:

County	6-Day	Choice		Bow			Permit		Total
	Buck	M	F	M	F	Unk.	M	F	
Atlantic	356	—	—	62	57	—	—	—	475
Bergen	—	37	20	3	1	1	—	—	62
Burlington	330	—	—	54	60	—	—	—	444
Camden	42	—	—	9	9	—	—	—	60
Cape May	77	—	—	18	22	—	—	—	117
Cumberland	213	—	—	41	28	1	—	—	283
Essex	—	4	10	—	—	—	—	—	14
Gloucester	51	—	—	5	4	—	—	—	60
Hunterdon	883	—	—	137	160	1	204	467	1,852
Mercer	156	—	—	39	16	—	37	76	324
Middlesex	73	2	4	11	10	—	14	29	143
Monmouth	108	—	—	20	9	—	32	44	213
Morris	435	—	—	91	55	—	58	113	752
Ocean	323	—	—	40	37	—	—	—	400
Passaic	99	4	3	5	15	—	26	52	204
Salem	93	—	—	22	13	—	—	—	128
Somerset	268	—	—	37	23	—	48	98	474
Sussex	552	—	—	39	40	—	70	167	868
Union	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Warren	736	—	—	81	80	—	199	508	1,604
Totals	4,795	47	37	714	639	3	688	1,554	8,477
Grand Totals	4,795	84			1,356		2,242		8,477

Table 2. Comparative data relative to the number of legal male deer reported harvested during the regular six-day firearm seasons of 1968 and 1969 (includes Hunter's Choice Area)

County	No. Legal Bucks Harvested		Percentage of Change	
	1968	1969	Increase	Decrease
Atlantic	401	356		11.2
Bergen	34	37	8.8	
Burlington	355	330		7.0
Camden	42	42		
Cape May	126	77		38.9
Cumberland	245	213		13.1
Essex	7	4		42.8
Gloucester	39	51	30.8	
Hunterdon	848	883	4.1	
Mercer	166	156		6.0
Middlesex	71	75	5.6	
Monmouth	100	108	8.0	
Morris	419	435	3.8	
Ocean	320	323	0.9	
Passaic	113	103		8.9
Salem	103	93		9.7
Somerset	260	268	3.1	
Sussex	638	552		13.5
Union	1	0		100.0
Warren	745	736		1.2
Totals	5,033	4,842		3.8

Deer Management

A total of 137 deer damage complaints were received from farmers, nurserymen, and individual landowners throughout the state during the past fiscal year. Some 480 gallons of repellents, 337 rolls of mesh wire, and 54 rolls of barb wire were supplied by the Division in an effort to minimize damage. The Division also distributed 302 bushels of soybeans, 262 bushels of rye seed, 30 pounds of New Jersey food patch mixtures, and 6 tons of fertilizer to thirty-eight sportsmens clubs, farmers, and individual landowners who participated in a program of planting supplemental and diversionary food areas for deer on private lands. Unit personnel and equipment planted an additional 214 acres of deer food consisting of 55 acres of soybeans, 111 acres of rye, and 48 acres of New Jersey food patch mixtures.

Thirty-seven acres of permanent plantings were mowed and eighty acres were fertilized during the year. A total of 40 tons of fertilizer were expended on these plantings. #

One Old Turtle

The coastal storehouse of New Jersey has again yielded an interesting specimen of prehistoric life—a 75 million year old turtle.

The turtle, a specimen of the genus *Taphrosphys*, was found by two Woodbury Heights residents, a student at Rutgers, Jim Maddox, and a Woodbury High School student, Keith Madden.

Looking for Fossils

The two were looking for fossils when Jim stumbled onto the find while digging in the sandy soil of New Jersey that preserves fossils so well.

With the help of friends they dug out an unusually large quantity of bones.

The bones were carried to Keith's house where they were dried and partially glued.

Since positive identification posed a problem, they contacted Mark Lamarra (Keith's 9th grade earth science teacher) and later through him consulted Dr. H. G. Richards, chairman of the geology department of the Academy of Natural Science, Philadelphia.

Keenly interested, Dr. Richards, an invertebrate specialist, contacted Dr. Eugene Gafney, a vertebrate specialist at the American Museum of Natural History, in New York, who had been writing a paper on the same genus.

This particular specimen is of special interest because it indicates

that New Jersey was once covered by the shallow sea habitat of such a creature.

Although this specimen is ancient, there are related turtles alive in Africa, Australia, and South America.

Skull Intact

In New Jersey, 114 years ago the first specimen of this turtle was found, but the skull was crushed. "The skull of this recent specimen is surprisingly intact," Dr. Richards said.

This area is not the only plot in the Garden State that has yielded fossils. When the New Jersey Turnpike was being constructed there were many finds, some of which can be seen at the Academy, Dr. Richards explained.

Sharks Teeth

While working on weekends for just 3 months, Jim and Keith have unearthed sharks teeth, the jaw of a fish, and parts of a prehistoric crocodile. "Most people work for years and find nothing, we just got lucky", Keith said.

Unlike Jim, who is interested in the field mainly as a hobby, Keith plans to make it a career. Keith intends to follow up the find with more digging and working part time at the Academy.

Dr. Richards said that plans are underway to display the fossil specimen at the Academy later this year. #

Deer Population in New Jersey

The white-tailed deer, New Jersey's most important big game animal, had a fall population of 41,277 last year and a winter population of 32,728 animals this past winter after a kill of 8,549 deer.

The present deer management program strives to provide the maximum deer herd which is compatible agriculturally and sociologically in a state which is rapidly losing deer range due to urbanization. #

Calculated Minimum Fall Deer Population with Total Legal Deer Kill, and Resulting January 1, 1970 Population by Region and County, N. J.

County	October 1, 1969 Population	Total Kill	January 1, 1970 Population
Region I			
Sussex	4,094	868	3,226
Warren	5,100	1,604	3,496
Passaic	879	204	675
Bergen	256	62	194
N. Morris	707	167	540
Totals	11,036	2,905	8,131
Region II			
Hunterdon	8,818	1,852	6,966
Mercer	1,398	324	1,074
Somerset	3,136	474	2,662
S. Morris	1,884	585	1,299
Totals	15,236	3,235	12,001
Region III			
Monmouth	1,305	213	1,092
Middlesex	1,285	143	1,142
Essex	40	14	26
NAD Earle	334	72	262
Totals	2,964	442	2,522
Region IV			
Burlington	3,034	444	2,590
Atlantic	2,755	475	2,200
Ocean	2,476	400	2,076
Camden	393	60	333
Cumberland	1,642	283	1,359
Totals	10,300	1,662	8,638
Region V			
Cape May	676	117	559
Gloucester	363	60	303
Salem	702	128	574
Totals	1,741	305	1,436
State-wide Totals	41,277	8,549	32,728

DDT'd Brookies

Recent studies conducted by scientists with the Fisheries Research Board of Canada suggest fish exposed to sub-lethal amounts of DDT may be experiencing adaptability problems. When brook trout were subjected to such minute DDT doses as .005 to .05 parts per million, the fishes' ability to learn decreased sharply. The learning potential loss was demonstrated clearly with what biologists call the propeller-tail reflex.

Fish respond normally to mild electric shock stimulation of the stomach region beneath the gills with a whirling, propeller-like tail motion. The reaction is a conditioned reflex like a knee-jerk caused by the tap from a doctor's hammer. Canadian scientists trained non-DDT exposed fish to associate the shock with a light suddenly turned on in a dark room. After some 35 trials, tails whirled into motion without shock stimulus when the light was turned on.

Not so, however, with the DDT bunch, which in the words of one scientist, "were pretty dumb." Most proved unable to associate the light with the shock and the propeller movement was consequently non-existent. Those few which managed to catch on required 70-80 trials.

Just how critical a retarded learning potential is was proved in predator-prey relationships using trout (as predators) and Atlantic salmon parr. Parr not exposed to insecticide compounds had little difficulty learning the location of a sanctuary in the middle of a pool. But according to Dr. J. M. Anderson (who conducted the experiment) parr treated specifically with organophosphates proved "very much more susceptible to a predator."

Exactly how much DDT fish in U. S. waters are forced to live with is not known. In the opinion of one Federal Water Quality Administration official we are in bad need of an effective DDT monitoring system. What little we do have to look to is a 1969 BSFW pesticide study revealing DDT in 584 of 590 samples of fish taken from 45 rivers and lakes across the U. S. Just how many fish in these and other areas are not making it because of a DDT sapped-IQ is something we're not likely to discover soon. #

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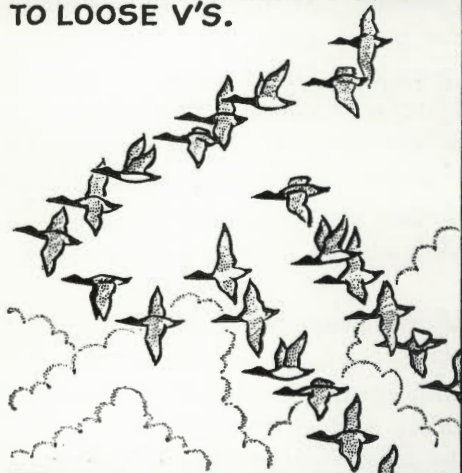
Fur, Fin ^{and} Campfire

By BILL BERO

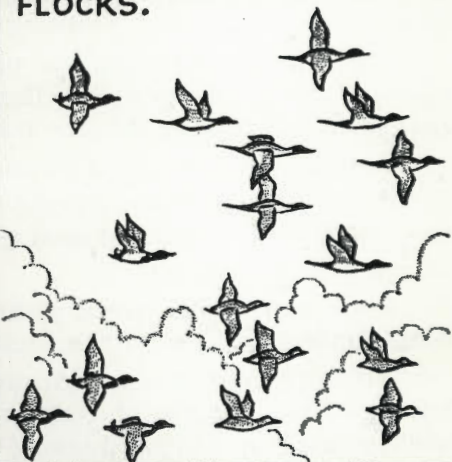
FLOCK FORMATIONS

THE FLIGHT PATTERNS OF DUCKS CAN HELP INDICATE THE SPECIES.

CANVASBACKS SHIFT THEIR FLIGHT FROM WAVING LINES TO LOOSE V'S.



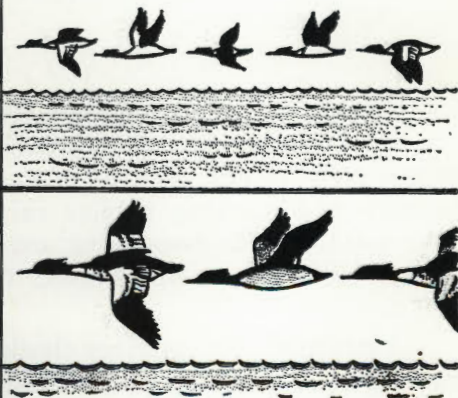
MALLARDS, PINTAILS, AND WIDGEONS FORM LOOSE FLOCKS.



TEALS AND SHOVELERS FLASH BY IN SMALL BUNCHES IN LOW, TWISTING FLIGHT.



MERGANERS: THEIR FLIGHT IS SWIFT AND DIRECT, LOW OVER WATER, OFTEN IN A SINGLE FILE LINE.



Duck identification is a must with the point system.

Christmas for Fishermen

Everybody worries about Christmas gifts for the anglers who most probably have been chunkin' bait more than they care to admit, and have accumulated more gear than they can use, anyway.

The needs of the upcoming fishing generation are usually more pressing, and, in this vein, they relate the following ideas:

Rod and reels that reflect graduation from one class of tackle quality to the one above are always welcome. At any age or experience level, there's a common yearning for better gear.

Tackle boxes, fly-tying and plug-making kits, tapered fly lines or spools of special mono weight lines are appreciated. Then, there's the fish knife, the landing net, the flashlight, the creel, and the lunch kit.

Another area worth exploring is that of wearing apparel.

Since most accepted fishing clothes are as equally practical as they are stylish, they fill a need that is almost universal—particularly among the growing set.

Caps, hats, shirts, vests, jackets, raingear, pants, boat shoes, hip boots, waders—all can be considered.

Any youngster who's been around boats for several seasons and has developed a sense of responsibility and enthusiasm for angling will find a 3.9-hp. outboard one of the most desirable stocking-stuffers ever. Even the elder statesman of the family fishing tribe will accede to this.

If the prize fishing item ends up with Junior's name on it, Pop always figures out a sly way to borrow it.

Christmas fishing gifts know no age.

#

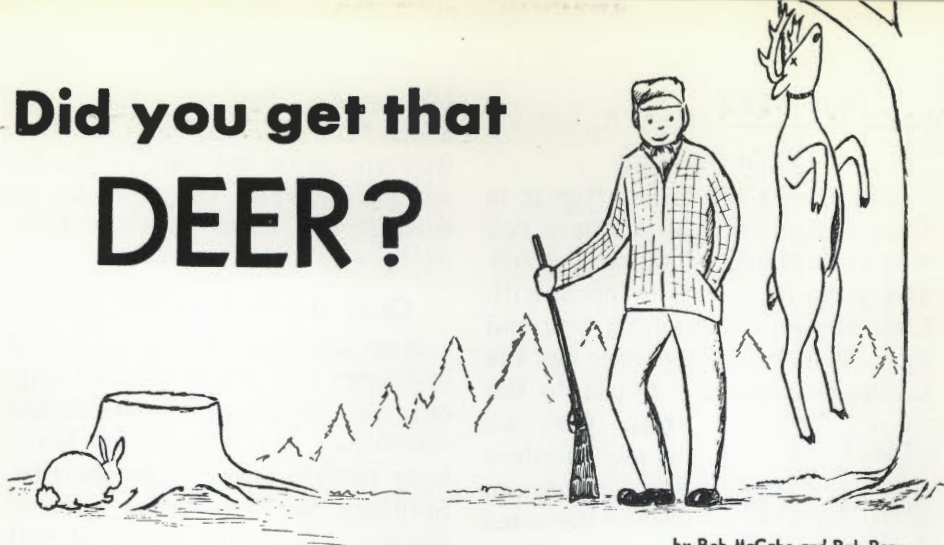
Deer Research

The collection of data relative to the range, biology, and behavior of the New Jersey deer herd was continued during the past year. Capture and marking studies carried out during the year resulted in a total of 282 deer being captured, marked with ear tags and plastic streamers, and released in selected areas of Regions #1, #2, and #4.

A program of mandatory checking stations for all New Jersey deer hunting seasons was prepared and information was collected regarding the non-reporting of deer harvested during the 1969 firearm buck season. Work continued on the formulation of a deer management plan for New Jersey.

#

Did you get that DEER?



by Bob McCabe and Bob Bray

DEER HUNTING is only half over when a buck drops to the crack of your gun. Before the echoes are lost in the swamp you should be forming a plan of action to handle him. There is a lot to be done before the first roast goes into the oven.

Hunters have an extra measure of confidence and optimism. But, in this seasonal peak of enthusiasm, don't forget to equip yourself to get the "prize" home in good condition. (After all, you may get one.)

Take along:

10 to 15 feet of one-fourth inch hemp rope to pull the deer from the woods.

A sharp hunting knife (5 to 6-inch blade) to field dress the deer.

A plastic or cloth bag to hold the edible innards.

A square yard of toweling to clean the body cavity of excess blood or other matter.

Also you will find that a piece of toweling to wipe your own hands after cleaning the deer is an unparalleled luxury for cold wet fingers.

Be Sure the Deer is Dead

The downed deer isn't always a dead deer. Approach it with caution. Many a hunter has been caught off guard when the deer he thought dead jumped up and ran away. Never try to kill a deer with a hunting knife. Leave that to Tarzan. A second shot behind the head will save you time and trouble.

Bleed the deer while it's still warm. To do this, (1) place it so the head is downhill, (2) cut into the slight cavity in the chest where the neck joins the body, and (3) sever the main blood vessels by a crosswise cut deep into the neck. Be careful not to make the opening too large, which would, to say the least, look messy.

... that DEER

Field Dressing

Field dress the deer after it is bled. Drag it to a spot where you will have plenty of working space and prop it up on its back with logs, stones, or anything you can find. Then open the deer on the underside from the breast to the



tail. Or, as some hunters prefer, you can make the same cut aft to fore.

Make the first opening through the skin and thin muscles of the upper abdomen just back of the breast

bone. Lift the skin around the cut enough to insert two fingers of your free hand into the body cavity.

Then, keeping the cutting edge of the knife up and between the fingers, slit the skin down to and around the anal opening. The two-finger guide assures that the stomach and intestines are not cut.

When this is done, cut the upper leg muscles between the hind legs down to the soft bone of the pelvis. Then use a resharpened knife to cut through this aitchbone, as it is called, and spread the two rounds. This exposes the canal through which the large intestine passes.

Some hunters prefer not to cut the aitchbone until the deer is

butchered. Instead, they cut around the anus and tie it off. This way you draw the part of the intestine between the rounds up through the canal into the body cavity and out to remove it.

Clean the Body Cavity Well

Now that the abdominal cavity is opened and ready for cleaning, cut the diaphragm (membrane separating the upper and lower body cavity) away from the ribs. Splitting the breastbone part of the way toward the neck makes it easier to cut the ligaments, blood vessels, esophagus (tube from the mouth to the stomach) and windpipe.

However, if you have to drag the deer very far, or over snowless ground, it's best not to cut the breastbone. Thus, with the smaller body opening, you will collect less dirt and debris as the deer is pulled along on the ground.

Next, cut the liver and heart from their attachments and put them in a sack to take back to camp. Pull the remaining innards down and backward — and the deer is cleaned!!!

Be sure you don't rupture the bladder in pulling the innards free from the body. The deer doesn't have a gall bladder, however, so you can handle the liver without fear of contamination.

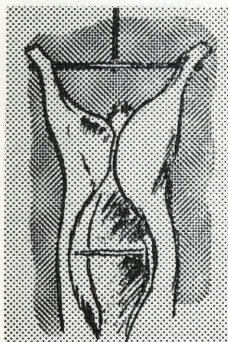
The kidneys usually adhere to the upper body wall and may be removed during field dressing or left until the animal is butchered. To finish field dressing, wipe the inside of the body to get rid of

excess blood or loose tissue. Do NOT wash or flush with water.

The deer is now ready to be taken to camp or to your car for transporting home. If you want to mount the head be careful not to injure it as the carcass is dragged from the woods.

Hang the Deer Head Up or Down

Once you get the deer to the camp or home it should be hung. This can be done head up or head down — it's a matter of which



way you like best. To hang him head up use a rope around the neck or antlers. The best device for hanging with the head down

is a gambrel or stout stick between the tendon and the hocks with the legs spread well apart.

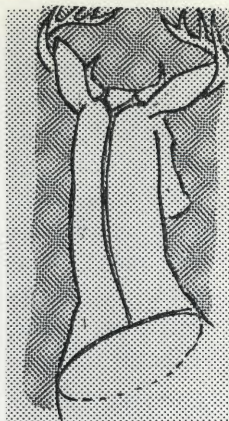
Tie the rope to the center of the stick to suspend the animal. A short stick placed cross-wise in the body cavity will keep it open and help keep it aired to prevent spoiling.

A deer in this condition is "hog dressed". If you like aged venison leave the skin on and store the animal up to three weeks at just above freezing temperatures. The hide prevents excessive moisture loss during this period.

Skin Trophy Head Carefully

If you want the head mounted for your trophy room, special care

is needed. Start skinning with a cut



along the back of the neck (not the underside) from the shoulders to between the ears.

Remove the hide by working forward until the skull is exposed.

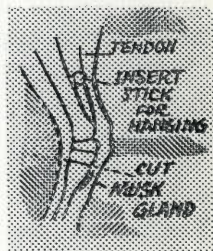
Then cut the flesh where the skull joins the neck and twist the head off.

At this point take the tongue out. It's edible, so don't throw it away. Now give the hide and exposed part of the skull a generous salting and take it to a taxidermist immediately.

Remove Feet

Remove the feet by cutting around the leg below the knee. Once the tendon of the front leg is cut the leg can be snapped off by twisting or bending it against the natural bend in the leg.

In cutting around the hind legs be sure to cut through the flat joint below the hock so the opening between the tendon and the hock itself will be left intact.

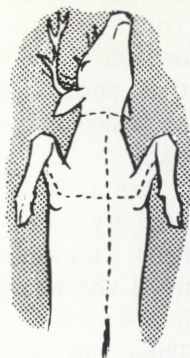


If you cut the main tendon there is virtually no way to hang the deer head down for skinning.

Be careful not to touch the musk

... that DEER

gland, which is on the outside of each hind leg below the hock. In so doing you are likely to get the musk on the meat. The odor is pungent and quite disagreeable.



After removing the lower legs, cut through the skin down the inside of each leg. Cut along the underside of the brisket (chest), and continue up the underside of the neck to the base of the skull. (This is not a trophy head.)

Next work the skin away from each of the hind legs. A sharp knife and strong fingers are your best implements for this job. When the hind legs are free, the tail can be freed from the tail-bones.

Skinning

Remove the hide from the body proper by strong downward pulling on those portions freed from the hind legs and tail region. Two persons can do this all right.

The heel of the skinning knife and your fist will help in places where the hide is difficult to loosen.



If flesh pulls off with the skin, stop pulling and try again after cutting the flesh back with the skinning knife. When the deer is skinned head up there is less likelihood that the thin muscles of the abdomen will pull off with the hide.

Look Out For Hairs

One of the most annoying aspects of poorly skinned venison is to find a roast or stew garnished with coarse deer hair.



You can avoid this unwelcome experience by taking plenty of time when cutting the hide. It helps, too, if

the cuts are made by inserting the knife under the skin with the cutting edge up.

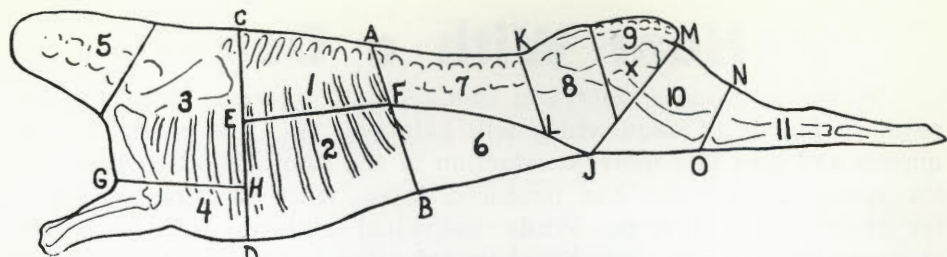
Use a stiff brush to remove any hair on the meat — you don't need any water.

Now you are ready for the butchering operation.

Cutting the Carcass

Equip yourself with a good sharp knife and keep the whetstone handy. Also you will need a saw. A small meat saw is best, but a carpenter's saw may do in an emergency.

First, split the carcass through the center of the backbone so as to have two "sides." Then with the skin side down and looking at the cavity, divide each side into quarters by cutting from A to B (as shown in diagram). Leave one rib on each hindquarter.



A. Forequarter

1. Cut through the forequarter between the fifth and sixth ribs (from C to D) and remove the rack (or back) (1) and a portion of the breast (2).

2. Separate the rack from the breast by cutting about 3 inches below the inner edge of the backbone (E to F) and parallel to the line of the back. Use the rack for chops or roasts. Bone and grind the breast.

3. Separate the chuck (3) from the shank and remainder of the breast (4), making your cut (G to H) parallel to the top of the chuck and about an inch above the elbow joint. Bone and grind the shank and breast. Use the chuck for pot roasts. Cut one roast parallel to the back (next to line G to H). Starting at the top of the back, cut two or more roasts parallel to the line from C to H.

4. Remove and bone the neck (5).

B. Hindquarter

1. Remove the flank (6), cutting from F to J. Bone and grind the flank.

2. Separate the loin (7) from the haunch or leg, making your cut (K to J) just in front of the hip bone and parallel to line AF.

Cut the loin into loin chops.

3. Separate the rump (9) and sirloin (8) from the leg, making your cut just below the aitchbone (x) (M to J). The rump is used as a roast and the sirloin may be used for roasts or for sirloin steaks.

4. Venison round steaks are usually cut from the round (10), separated from the shank (11) along the line NO just above the stifle joint between the two long leg bones. Bone and grind the shank.

If you are wondering what to do with the ground portions, how about deerburgers? You can improve the flavor somewhat by mixing about 40 per cent pork with the ground venison. If you like, this mixture may be seasoned and made into summer sausage.

Preserving Venison

Venison may be preserved by curing, drying, smoking (dried venison), corning, and canning. Probably the most widely used method of preservation is by freezing and storing at a temperature of 0 degrees Fahrenheit, or lower.

For successful storage of frozen venison, wrap it in a good quality locker paper, eliminating as much air as possible. #

Hunt With a Dog

Whatever game species you find of main interest, there are one or more breeds of dogs which will help you find and retrieve your quarry and give you more satisfaction in the hunt. Selective breeding for many generations has produced types with amazing aptitudes for their assigned work. While individual abilities will vary, the characteristics of any given breed are inherited and appear with greater or lesser intensity in practically all individuals.

If you are an upland bird hunter—pheasants, quail, grouse, etc.,—you have a great variety of breeds from which to choose. English setters and pointers are the old standbys and continue first in popularity but there are a number of other pointing dogs of equal capability.

For the serious hunter of waterfowl, a good retriever is a must. Labradors lead the popularity parade here but Chesapeakes, Golden Retrievers, and the various spaniels are also good. All of them will save you many a weary step plodding through mud and marsh to pick up downed birds and they have the added advantage of being able to find the bird when you probably couldn't by yourself.

For rabbits, the man who hasn't hunted behind a pack of beagles just hasn't lived. Unlike pointers, setters and retrievers, their mission is not to find, mark and retrieve game for the hunter, but to chase it. The rabbit, by nature, circles to come back where the hunter can get a shot. While his specialty is rabbits, the beagle will put up upland birds for hunters as well.

It's the mark of a good hunter and a good conservationist to hunt with a dog. #

Deer Suki Yaki If you've been wondering what to do with the venison in the freezer, uncorrugate your troubled brow and get set to enjoy something as tasty as it is different: Deer Suki Yaki, a pleasant change from deer burgers, venison sausage, and all the other variations you've probably tried in eating your way through that 175 pound buck you bagged. Along with two pounds of venison tenderloin (other cuts can be substituted), the ingredients needed are 10 mushrooms, 3 bunches of green onions, 3 stems of broccoli, 1 can of Chinese vegetables, 4 teaspoons of sugar, one-half cup of soy bean sauce and 1 can of dried noodles. Cut meat in paper thin slices about two inches square. Slice mushrooms thin. Cut onions in thin rounds. Slice broccoli in thin rounds. Render a piece of deer suet in very hot skillet. When rendered, put in vegetables. Cook several minutes. Then add tenderloin, mushrooms, sugar and soy bean sauce. Cook 10 minutes. Serve on rice and cover with onion rounds and dried noodles. #

Winter "Angling"

Even though lakes and rivers are frozen and snow covered fishermen having an urge to flex their casting arms can still do so and have fun in the process.

For the angler who received a new rod or reel for Christmas, here is a suggestion for getting the feel of the new equipment before that first spring outing.

Place a bushel basket in the yard or driveway approximately 50 feet away. Using a rubber practice plug, try casting it into the basket. When you can "plop" the plug in the basket consistently, reduce the size of the target by substituting a pail. The target can continue to be made smaller by substituting a gallon can, quart can, etc.

If the entire family happen to be anglers, here's another winter activity that is guaranteed to delight one and all.

Have the kids trace outlines of fish in the snow in various sections of the back yard, making sure the outlines are as close to actual size as possible.

Each member of the family then take turns to see who can come closest to casting the plug right in front of these outlined "lunkers."

Non-fishing neighbors may peer quizzically out their windows, but in addition to being a fine winter pastime, these activities are also great practice, and practice is the one sure way of developing casting skills.

Not only does the skillful fisherman get more strikes and catch more fish, but he also gains a certain amount of pleasure in making accurate casts.

Instead of bemoaning the fact that the favorite fishing waters are frozen and snow covered, use the time to get ready for that first "ice out" day. #

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