

*NJ Periodical*

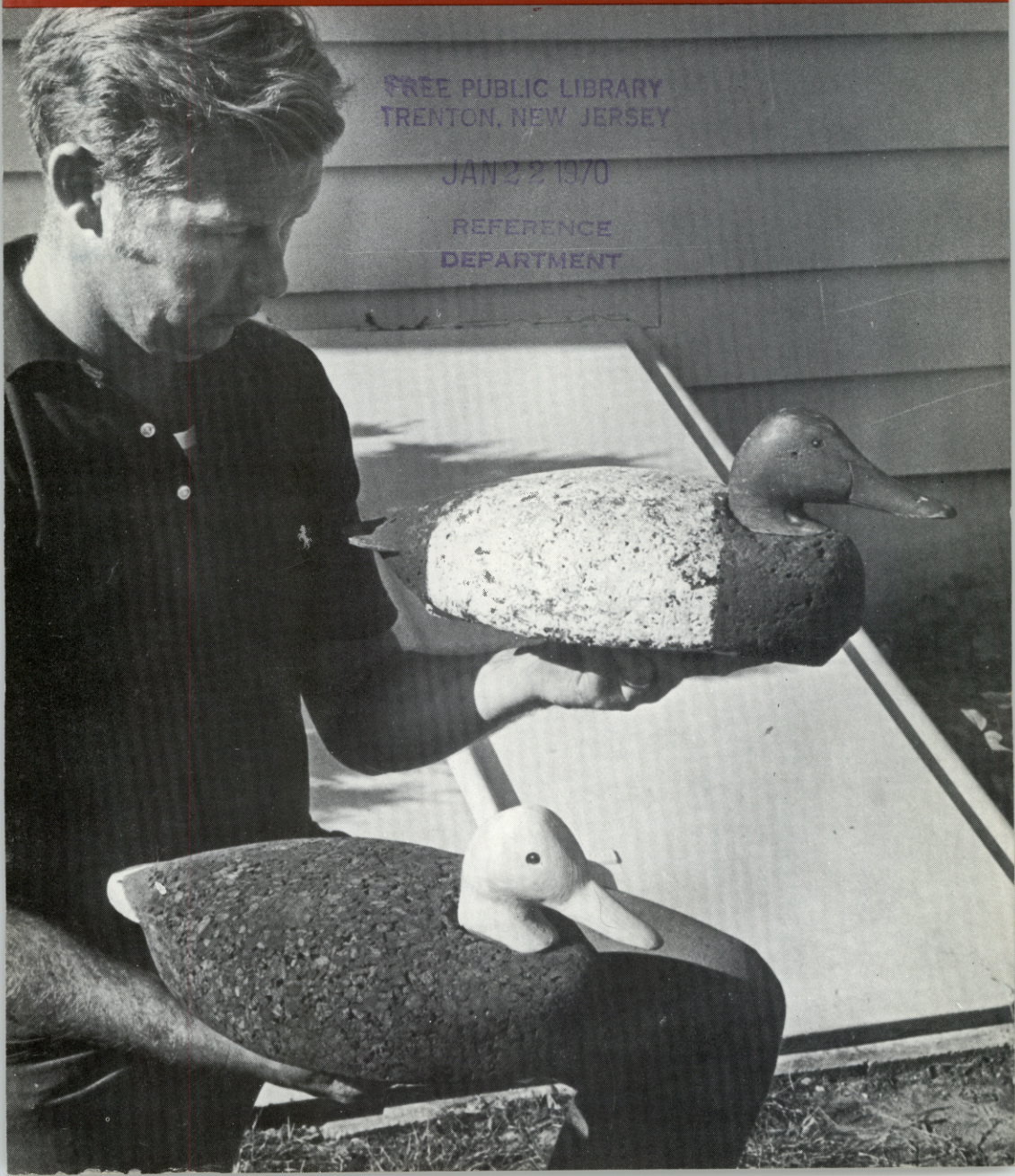
# New Jersey *Outdoors*

**JANUARY 1970**

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DEPARTMENT



# "I Resolve..."

To many of us good intentions and light resistance, annual resolutions to improve ourselves and conditions in general, are things to be avoided because we think we cannot, or will not, keep them. Too often we let the fact that we did not live up to the resolutions made last year dissuade us from making resolutions with the coming of the New Year.

Just because we failed once is no reason why we should not try again. There is every reason why all sportsmen should start 1970 with a definite set of sportsmen's resolutions and wind up this span with these determinations unmarred by periods of laxity.

There is only one way in which we can improve our own outdoor recreational opportunities. That is by **DOING SOMETHING** about them. Sure, it takes more than resolutions to get the job done, but if they serve no other purpose than to bring home a realization of our own responsibilities in the sporting scheme of things, they will have made a considerable contribution to the future pleasure of ourselves and others. Regardless of how we feel about making formal resolutions, here are a few suggestions that are worth adoption.

During 1970 I will:

1. Join a Sportsmen's Club and take an active part in its program to better hunting and fishing conditions in my own community.
2. Support and, to the extent of my ability, participate in the efforts of state and national organizations dedicated to wildlife restoration.
3. Know and obey the game and fish laws and encourage others to do the same.
4. Take no more than my fair share of game and fish regardless of bag and creel limits.
5. Make friends with a number of farmers, and try to bring about a better farmer-sportsman relationship by both precept and my own example.
6. Make occasional trips into the field during closed seasons and gain more first-hand knowledge about habitat conditions.
7. Try to apply this knowledge in constructive suggestions for my club's activity program.
8. Respect the rights and opinions of both the landowner and my fellow sportsmen.
9. Take a youngster hunting and fishing at least once during the year.
10. Help teach novice hunters the principles of safe gun handling and encourage, in every way I can, reduction of hunting and fishing accidents. #

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# New Jersey *Outdoors*

Published monthly by the State of New Jersey Division of Fish and Game  
in the interest of conservation and restoration of wildlife and  
the betterment of hunting and fishing in New Jersey.

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### Cover—"Duck Decoys"—Harry Grosch

"To a waterfowler, there's nothing more rewarding than to watch a pair of wily black ducks or 'cans' set their wings to drop into your stools! It's even more gratifying when the decoys were made by you!" For more on decoys see page 15.

Vol. 20, No. 7

January, 1970

Publication Office: The Division of Fish and Game  
P. O. Box 1809, Trenton, New Jersey 08625

Editor: R. Adams

Second class postage paid Trenton, N.J. 08608, and additional mailing office.

Subscription: \$2.00 a year, by check or money order, payable to Division of Fish and Game. Cash is forwarded at sender's risk. No stamps please.

Change of address: Should be reported directly to the Editor. Send both old and new address. The Post Office will not forward copies unless forwarding postage is provided by subscriber. Copies not delivered through failure to send change of address six weeks in advance cannot be replaced.

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*Bob Kitchen tries his duck calling technique*

# *Duck Luck in North Jersey*

## Wet and Wonderful

By Edgerton Grant,  
Public Relations Section

"Where are you going on opening day of duck season?", Fish and Game Councilman George McCloskey asked me late in the summer of 1968. I admitted I hadn't yet made my plans.

"Good!", he declared, "I'll show you what kind of shooting we have in North Jersey when we get an early season." George is a leading proponent of setting a small part of the season in October to enable northern wildfowlers to take advantage of early flights on inland waters. The Council followed his advice for 1968, setting eight days in October, with the bulk of the season held later, and George was anxious to prove his point.

I readily agreed, envisioning a balmy day on a green river bank or firm lakeshore, waiting for an occasional mallard or wood duck. George emphasized that you have to know where to go, and said he would let me know about arrangements. While I was skeptical about the number of ducks I would see, I figured it would be much easier than hunting on a coastal marsh.

The table in the Compendium of Game Laws said that sunrise on October 19 was at 6:14, so a half hour before would be 5:44. This struck me as uncomfortably early until I remembered to add an hour for Daylight Saving. I guessed we would meet about six in the Netcong area, which didn't seem bad.

George finally called on the day before the season. He would be hunting along the coast, he said (adding to my doubts about his claims), but he had made arrangements for some friends to guide me. I was to call Bob Kitchen at 10:30 p.m. I called the number he gave, and a sleepy voice answered to say that Bob was asleep, contrary to George's indication. I explained my message and was told to be at "Wally's" at 4:15 a.m. I managed to ascertain that "Wally's" was the Ledgewood Outdoorsman Store, but the voice was obviously too tired to argue about the horrible hour.

A soaking rain slicked the pavements as I searched Route 46 for the well-known sport shop. It was easy to find, as there aren't too many places open at 4 a.m. The cheerful clerk indicated it was a frequent rendezvous for sportsmen and offered a welcome cup of coffee.

Soon a battered Volkswagen pulled up, and two boisterous young men strolled in, leaving the motor running. They turned out to be Bob Kitchen and his brother, Dave, of the sleepy voice. The rain had changed their plans to get

## . . . Duck Luck

out early, and they proceeded to purchase shells and test some duck calls. They said we would be hunting along the Black River on the State Wildlife Management Area.

Presently, Bob asked Dave to check to see whether his license and duck stamp were there; "I might have left them in Pennsylvania yesterday," he said. Dave returned to report finding no license, adding, "You know you're out of gas." Bob remembered where he could get an extra duck stamp, and he set out with one of the clerks and a gallon can to find an open station.

While we waited, Dave explained that we would probably have to push the car, as the battery was dead. A hunter came in and sold the clerk an extra duck stamp for Bob or some other forgetful hunter. After much delay, Bob returned, having gone home for his extra stamp. He bought a new license, and I changed into my calf-high insulated boots. After transferring my gun and shells, we pushed the car into motion and were on our way.

"Aren't you going to get gas?", Dave asked, and Bob responded, "No, this gallon will take us 30 miles." At this point, I started to wonder whether Bob might not be a little too happy-go-lucky. However, as we talked it became apparent that Bob and Dave might be delightfully casual about such things as gas and batteries, but they were deadly serious about the important business of hunting. He also obviously knew just where we were going as we coursed over a bewildering series of turns and curves on the back roads of Chester Township.

We parked, making sure the car was in pushable position. As Dave handed out the guns and gear, Dave exclaimed, "Here's your old license, Bob." Bob shook his head in disgust. We hiked along a dirt road into the tract. I couldn't see two feet, but Dave seemed to find some familiar landmarks. Presently, he said, "We turn in about here, but we'd better wait until it gets lighter. By the way, you should be wearing waders or at least hip boots to go in there."

"Thanks for telling us," Bob and I chorused. There was nothing we could do about it, so we relaxed and waited to see by the dawn's early light. Visibility seemed no better at 20 minutes before shooting hour, but we decided to go ahead anyway, and plunged into the tangled woods between us and the river. If we could have seen what we were getting into, we probably would not have tried; as we climbed and tripped over logs and pushed through branches, we vigorously protested Dave's choice of an "easy way". Presently, the woods thinned, and we found ourselves sliding on mud instead of tripping on branches. Bob checked his watch and found there were five minutes to go. He suggested we spread out; "When you get near the river, get down in the grass," he recommended.

Each step was a new adventure. I would plant one foot on a grassy hummock, and find the other sliding into a muddy water course. I tried vainly to stick to the higher areas, panting to keep pace with the sounds of Bob and



*Dave Kitchen on the alert for flying ducks*



*Dave swinging on a fast, high-flying duck*

## . . . Duck Luck

Dave's progress. A little light became visible, as I ensconced myself behind a low bush. There seemed no practical way to get down, so I tried kind of a crouch.

Soon shots rang out upstream, and Bob, now visible about a hundred feet to my left, started using his new duck call. Soon he fired, and called, "look above you!" I saw nothing, but heard a shot from Dave, invisible on my right.

Get down, and I'll try calling," Bob said. I managed to sit on a hummock, with my feet in the mud. Shooting grew more frequent, both from upstream and Bob's quarter, with less from Dave and other hunters downstream. I spotted birds overhead and behind me, always too late to fire. Certainly the shooting was faster-paced than I had heard on my occasional trips to coastal marshes, whatever the success rate.

"You'll have better luck nearer the river," Bob called to me. I managed to get up and go forward, looking for the driest spot in the water weeds ahead. "Slosh", the water gurgled into my left boot, and the right followed too late to change direction. I moved another fifty feet until I saw the river ahead and found a hummock barely adequate to sit on. I heard more shots, and saw more birds fly overhead and behind. I undershot one duck from my sitting position, and decided to try standing again for greater maneuverability. Another duck came in range, and I fired. "Splash" the impact sent me sprawling off the slippery hummock, and I barely managed to keep my footing and held my gun above water after missing the bird.

Bob and Dave were more adept at spotting the ducks, and fired with much more frequency. Bob hit a duck, which splashed in the marsh behind me. Dave, with his waders, went in search of it, a difficult task in the morass of grass and weeds. He was waist deep, when he found it, and Bob had to literally pull him up to a drier area. Similar episodes followed the bagging of ducks by both, convincing them of the need to invest in a dog. Certainly, they left no weed unturned in search of the ducks.

A lull occurred, as the ducks flew by too high for shooting, scared by the continued firing upstream. I missed a couple more and began to notice the mosquitoes and my wet condition. This resulted not only from my soaked socks below and the renewed rain above, but from perspiration in the warm, damp air. Bob had said we must leave about 7:30, and there had been so much action that I wondered if we were past the time. Bob inquired, and Dave reported it was 7:25. Bob said, "we'll stay 'til quarter of; get down, I'll try calling some more". He lured in one more duck, which Dave and I both missed, and quacked vainly at a couple of flocks passing over head.

We started out, pausing for one last vain effort. As we met, Dave suggested I walk in the water courses instead of on the mounds. This was much easier, and I laughed at my foolishness. By daylight, the woods seemed impossible, and the size of the trunks we had scaled by night amazed us. On the road back to the car, I recalled my earlier visions of a lazy day and realized

## . . . Duck Luck

that North Jersey duck hunting is no easy sport. Despite my wetness, I felt an inner satisfaction that I wouldn't have wanted it otherwise.

We loaded the car, and once more had to push it into action. Bob remarked that he should have had me follow, so I could stay and hunt more. I doubted I could have followed him on the back roads at night. He offered directions to another spot on the Rockaway River. I declared I thought I was ready for a shower and nap, but silently resolved to offer to go out with Dave while Bob went to work.

"I'll just have time to change and be at work by 9", Bob said happily. At that moment, the car started to decelerate. He kicked at the emergency gas supply, which was already open, and maneuvered to a stop off the pavement. We seemed to be in the middle of nowhere, about halfway back to the sport shop. Fortunately, Bob had kept the gas can from his previous misadventure, and he set off, leaving us to stay with the car. We killed a half hour listening to shots, talking about the ducks we had seen, wiping leaves off the car, and trying to fix a mal-functioning wiper blade until renewed rain forced us inside. Bob returned, having gotten two rides part way to the gas station. As we pushed again, Dave muttered, "I wish he'd get a new car."

We reached the store and related our adventures. The clerks were evidently used to the amount of water I dripped in changing socks, and urged me to return. I was wet enough to forget asking Dave if he wanted more hunting. Bob looked at the clock and groaned, "This is the worst day of my life," then added with a smile, "but we sure had plenty of shooting for one hour."

Certainly the hour of hunting had been one of the fullest in my brief recollection; the misadventures surrounding it had seemed frustrating at the time, but in retrospect the hardships were overbalanced by the joyous spirit of my two companions. To feel exhilarated after such a dampening experience is, I guess, a real symptom of the mallard malady, a disease usually acquired only by true sportsmen. North Jersey duck hunting is no lazy man's recreation, but in answer to the one question of the real wildfowler, I can attest that the ducks are there. #

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The New Jersey Division of Fish and Game and the Fish and Game Council note with regret the passing of former fish and game copywriter Edgerton Grant on November 1, 1969. Edgerton prepared the Division news releases and was a frequent contributor to *New Jersey Outdoors*.



*The Kitchen brothers and Edgerton with bag*



# As It Was

## for the Passenger Pigeon

### Part III

This glance back into history gives us some insight on the now-extinct passenger pigeon that existed in almost unbelievable numbers in New Jersey about 100 years ago. The notes are based on a manuscript edited by Jacob H. Studer in the late 1800's and loaned to us by Arthur Downer.

"It is universally asserted in the Western countries, that the Pigeons, though they have only one young at a time, breed thrice, and sometimes four times, in the same season; the circumstances already mentioned render this highly probable. It is also worthy of observation, that this takes place during the period when acorns, beech-nuts, etc., are scattered about in the greatest abundance, and mellowed by the frost. But they are not confined to these alone—buckwheat, hempseed, Indian corn, hollyberries, blackberries, huckleberries, and many others, furnish them with abundance at almost all seasons. The acorns of the live-oak are also eagerly sought after by these birds, and rice has been frequently found in individuals killed

many hundred miles to the northward of the nearest plantation. The vast quantity of mast which these multitudes consume is a serious loss to the bears, pigs, squirrels, and other dependents of the fruits of the forest. I have taken from the crop of a single Wild Pigeon a good handful of the kernels of beech-nuts, intermixed with acorns and chestnuts. To form a rough estimate of the daily consumption of one of these immense flocks, let us first attempt to calculate the numbers of that above mentioned, as seen in passing between Frankfort and the Indian Territory: If we suppose this column to have been one mile in breadth (and I believe it to have been much more), and that it moved at the rate of one mile in a minute, four

hours, the time it continued passing, would make its whole length two hundred and forty miles. Again, supposing that each square yard of this moving body comprehended three Pigeons, the square yards in two hundred and thirty million two hundred and seventy-two thousand Pigeons—an almost inconceivable multitude, and yet probably far below the actual account. Computing each of these to consume half a pint of mast daily, the whole quantity at this rate would equal seventeen million four hundred and twenty-four thousand bushels per day! Heaven has wisely and graciously given to these birds rapidity of flight and a disposition to range over vast uncultivated tracts of the earth; otherwise they must have perished in the districts where they resided, or devoured the whole productions of agriculture, as well as those of the forests.

“A few observations on the mode of the flight of these birds must not be omitted. The appearance of large detached bodies of them in the air, and the various evolutions they display, are strikingly picturesque and interesting. In descending the Ohio by myself, in the month of February, I often rested on my oars to contemplate their aerial maneuvers. A column, eight or ten miles in length, would appear from Kentucky, high in the air, steering across to Indiana. The leaders of this great body would sometimes gradually vary their course until it formed a large bend more than a mile in diameter, those behind tracing the exact route of their predecessors. This would continue sometimes long after both extremities were be-

yond the reach of sight; so that the whole, with its glittering undulations, marked a span on the face of the heavens resembling the windings of a vast and majestic river. When this bend became very great, the birds, as if sensible of the unnecessary circuitous course they were taking, suddenly changed their direction, so that what was in column before became an immense front, straightening all its indentures until it swept the heavens in one vast and infinitely extended line. Other lesser bodies also united with each other, as they happened to approach, with such ease and elegance of evolution forming new figures, and varying them as they united or separated, that I never was tired of contemplating them. Sometimes a Hawk would make a sweep on a particular part of the column from a great height, when, almost as quick as lightning, that part shot downward out of the common track; but, soon rising again, continued advancing at the same height as before. This inflection was continued by those behind, who, on arriving at this point, dived down almost perpendicularly to a great depth, and, rising, followed the exact path of those that went before. As these vast bodies passed over the river near me, the surface of the water, which was before smooth as glass, appeared marked with innumerable dimples, occasioned by the dropping of their dung, resembling the commencement of a shower of large drops of rain or hail.

Happening to go ashore one charming afternoon to purchase some milk at a house that stood near the river, and while talking with the people

### . . . Passenger Pigeon

within doors, I was suddenly struck with astonishment at a loud rushing roar, succeeded by instant darkness, which, on the first moment, I took for a tornado about to overwhelm the house and everything around in destruction. The people, observing my surprise, coolly said, "It is only the Pigeons;" and on running out, I beheld a flock, thirty or forty yards in width, sweeping along very low between the house and the mountain, or height, that formed the second bank of the river. These continued passing for more than a quarter of an hour and at length varied their bearing so as to pass over the mountain, behind which they disappeared before the rear came up.

"In the Atlantic States, though they never appear in such unparalleled numbers, they are sometimes very numerous, and great havoc is then made among them with the gun, the clap-net, and various other implements of destruction. As soon as it is ascertained in a town that the Pigeons are flying numerously in the neighborhood, the gunners rise en masse; the clap-nets are spread out on suitable situations, commonly on an open height in an old buckwheat-field; four or five live Pigeons, with their eyelids sewed up, are fastened on a movable stick; a small hut of branches is fitted up for the fowler at the distance of forty or fifty yards. By the pulling of a string, the stick on which the Pigeon rests, is alternately elevated and depressed, which produces a fluttering of their wings similar to that of birds just alighting. This being per-

ceived by the passing flocks, they descend with great rapidity, and, finding corn, buckwheat, etc., strewed about, begin to feed, and are instantly, by the pulling of a cord, covered by the net. In this manner ten, twenty, and even thirty dozen, have been caught at one sweep. Meantime the air is darkened with large bodies of them moving in various directions; the woods also swarm with them in search of acorns; and the thundering of musketry is perpetual on all sides from morning to night. Wagon-loads of them are poured into market, and Pigeons become the order of the day at dinner, breakfast, and supper, until the very name becomes sickening. When they have been kept alive and fed for some time on corn and buckwheat, their flesh acquires great superiority; but in their common state they are dry and blackish, and far inferior to the full-grown young ones, or squabs.

"The nest of the Wild Pigeon is formed of a few dry, slender twigs, carelessly put together, and with so little concavity that the young one, when half-grown, can easily be seen from below. The eggs are pure white. Great numbers of Hawks, and sometimes the Bald Eagle himself, hover about these breeding-places, and seize the old or the young from the nest amid the rising multitudes, and with the most daring effrontery. The young, when beginning to fly, confine themselves to the under part of the tall woods, where there is no bush, and where nuts and acorns are abundant, searching among the leaves for mast, and appear like a prodigious torrent rolling along through the woods, every

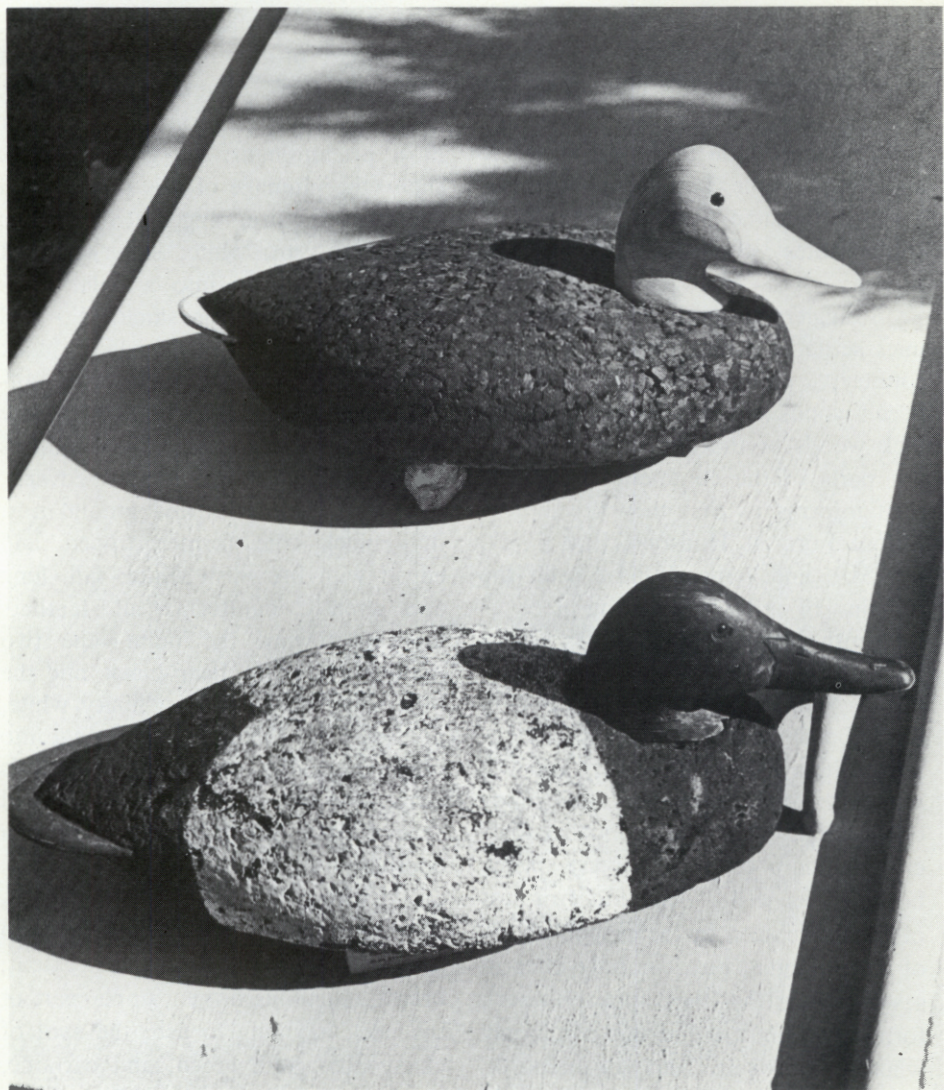
one striving to be in the front. Vast numbers of them are shot while in this situation. A person told me that he once rode furiously into one of these rolling multitudes, and picked up thirteen Pigeons which had been trampled to death by his horse's feet. In a few minutes they will beat the whole nuts from a tree with their wings, while all is a scramble, both above and below, for the same. They have the same cooing-notes common to domestic pigeons.

"Stragglers from these immense armies settle in almost every part of the country, particularly among the beech-woods and in the pine and hemlock woods of the eastern and northern parts of the continent. Mr. Penant informs us that they breed near Moose Fort, at Hudson's Bay, in N. lat. 51°; and I myself have seen the remains of a large breeding-place as far south as the country of the Choc-taws, in lat. 32 degrees. In the former of these places they are said to remain until December, from which circumstance it is evident that they are not regular in their migrations, like many other species, but rove about as scarcity of food urges them. Every spring, however, as well as fall, more or less of them are seen in the neighborhood of Philadelphia; but it is only once in several years that they appear in such formidable bodies, and this commonly when the snows are heavy to the north, the winter here more than usually mild, and acorns, etc., abundant.

"The Passenger Pigeon is sixteen inches long and twenty-four inches in extent; bill black; nostril covered by a high rounding protuberance; eye, brilliant fiery orange; orbit, or space

surrounding it, purplish flesh-colored skin; head, upper part of the neck, and chin, a fine slate-blue, highest on the chin; throat, breast, and sides, as far as the thighs, a reddish-hazel; lower part of the neck and sides of the same, resplendent changeable gold, green, and purplish crimson, the latter most predominant; the ground color, slate (the plumage of this part is of a peculiar structure, ragged at the ends); belly and vent, white; lower part of the breast, fading into a pale, vivacious red; thighs, the same; legs and feet, lake, seamed with white; black rump and tail-coverts, dark slate, spotted on the shoulders with a few scattered marks of black; the scapulars tinged with brown; greater coverts, light slate, primaries and secondaries, dull black, the former tipped and edged with brownish white; tail, long and greatly cuniform, all feathers tapering toward the point—the two middle ones plain, deep black, and the other five, on each side, hoary white, lightest near the tips, deepening into bluish near the bases, when each is crossed on the inner vane with a broad spot of black, and nearer the root with another of ferruginous; primaries, edged with white; bastard wing, black.

"The female is about half an inch shorter, and an inch less in extent; breast, cinereous brown; upper part of the neck inclining to ash; the spot of changeable gold, green, and carmine, much less, and not so brilliant; tail-coverts, brownish slate; naked orbits, slate-colored; in all other respects like the male in color, but less vivid, and more tinged with brown; the eye not so brilliant an orange. In both, the tail has only twelve feathers." #



*Canvasback decoys, unpainted and painted, by the author*

—Photographs by Harry Grosch

## How to make your own

# Duck Decoys

By Mel Carlough, Outdoor Editor  
Ocean County Leader

TO A WATERFOWLER, there's nothing more rewarding than to watch a pair of wiley black ducks or 'cans' set their wings to drop into your stools! It's even more gratifying when the decoys were made by you!

Yet, many duck hunters deprive themselves of this thrill; they think decoy making too difficult. For years decoys were made by native carvers, baymen, who made their living market hunting or guiding gunning parties. Slowly, but surely, the handmade hollow cedar Jersey decoy has become a part of our heritage. Modern day duck hunters for the most part, buy their decoys from commercial manufacturers. For years I've been one of you, though I began waterfowling since I've been old enough to hunt. Then a few years ago I met an old-timer who showed me how simple it is to make my own decoys.

You need little talent to make a good spread. You do need to have a knowledge of waterfowl and their habits; with this knowledge, and a little practice you can make decoys you can be proud of!

I make decoys out of cork. Cork has long been used for making stools especially in Long Island. Cork is durable, lifelike, and very easy to work

with! The heads are made of cedar. I buy cedar in rough cut planks. If you don't feel up to making your own heads you can buy them. Herter's, L. L. Bean, or Wildfowlers Decoys will make good heads. Wildfowler are probably the best. (Wildfowler Decoys, Bay Avenue, Point Pleasant) Be sure to order oversized heads.

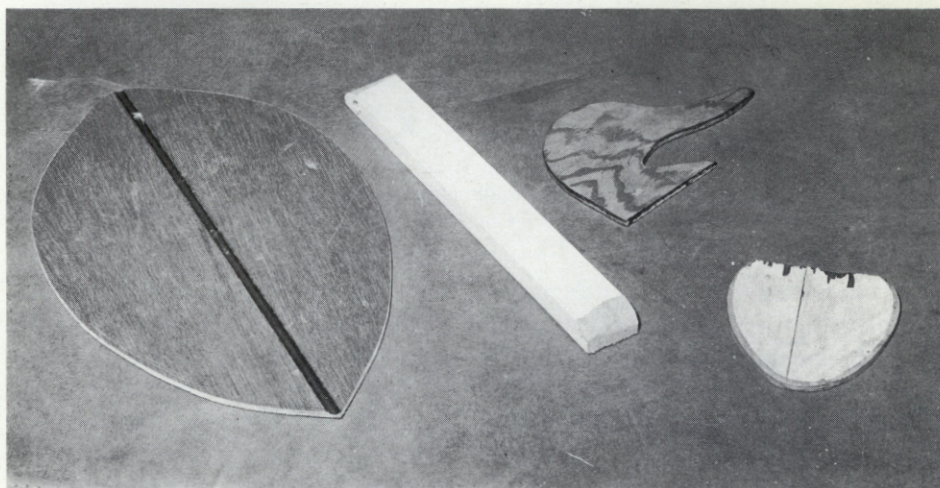
The cork is sold by the case. It comes in sheets from one to six inches thick, and various lengths and widths. The only company I've found to purchase corkboard from is National Cork, P.O. Box 35, Keyport, N.J. The rest of the material can be purchased from the local hardware and hobby stores.

You don't need an elaborate workshop to make decoys. All that's necessary is a saber saw and power drill with bits. (Naturally more power tools the better). Hand tools are hammer, saw, file, or wood rasp.

The material: corkboard, quarter-inch exterior plywood, one-half-inch to one-inch boards for keels, two-inch finishing nails, waterproof and ambroid glue, one-half inch hardwood dowels, and sandpaper. If you make your own heads, two- to three-inch thick, rough cut cedar.

I make all my decoys oversize. The corkboard is 4 x 18 inches for all

*. . . Duck Decoys*



*Patterns for body, keel, head, and tail*

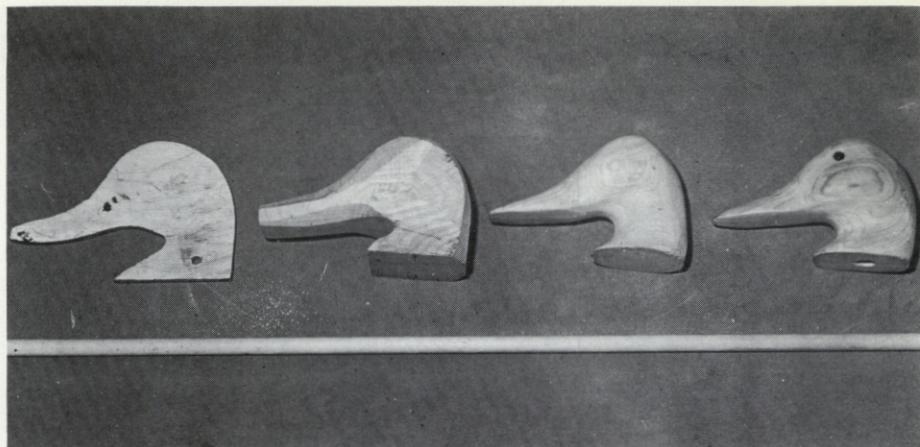


*Tracing body outline on cork block*



*Above, setting tail in  
the body*

*Left, the tail properly set*



*Above, making head,  
step by step*

*Left, carving the head  
Below, finished head*



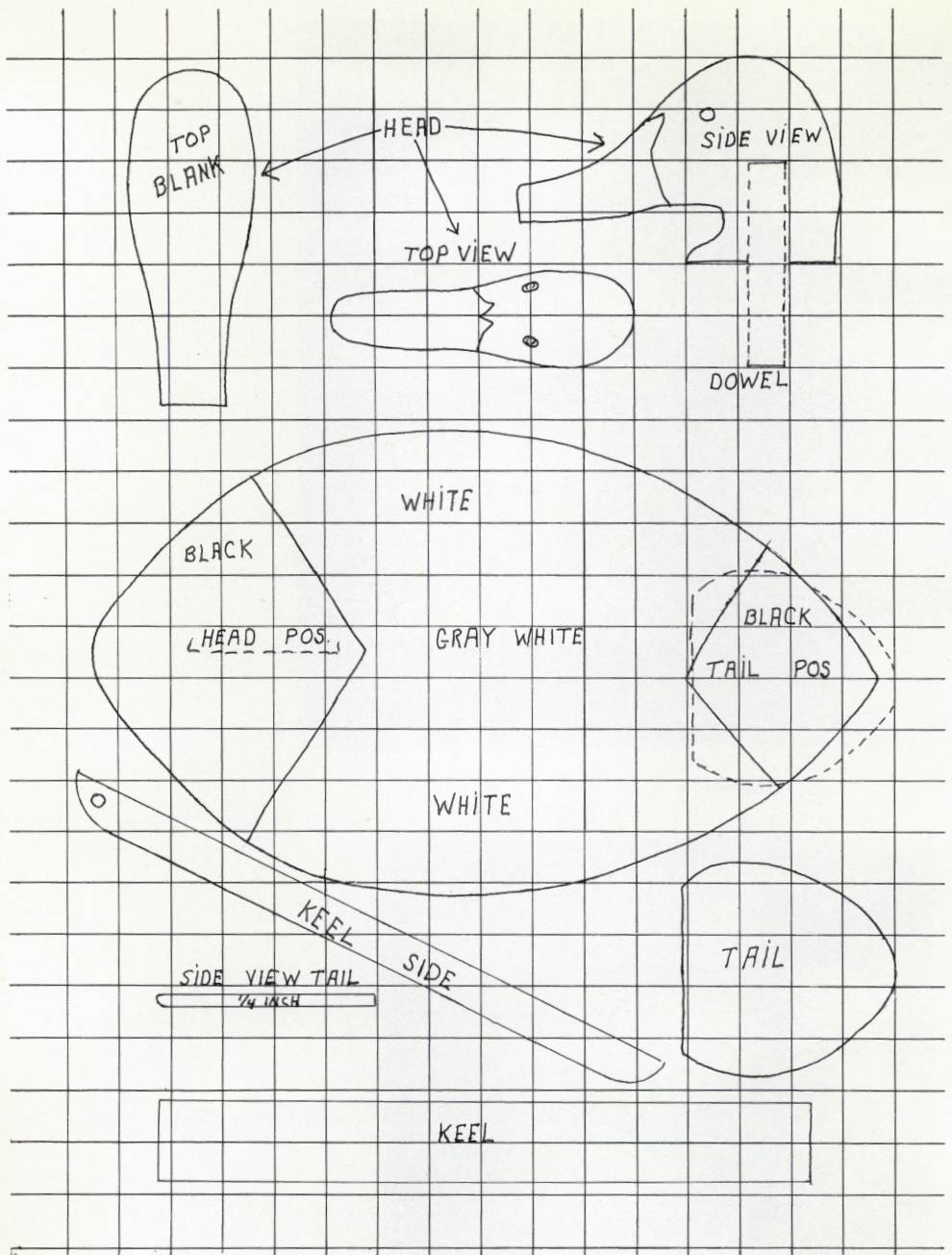
**. . . Duck Decoys**



*Shaping a cork block*



*Applying filler to block*



*Patterns for making duck decoys*

## . . . Duck Decoys

ducks and brant. Geese and giant size blacks are made from six-inch thick corkboard.

Here is the step by step procedure for making decoy bodies out of cork. First trace out the body pattern on the cork. I use a sharpened piece of chalk. Experiment so that you get the most bodies out of the board. With a saber saw cut out the bodies. Don't throw out the corkdust! Sweep it up and put it in a bag, you'll need it later.

Trace the tail pattern on plywood and cut out, round off the edges. Next cut out the keels. Make them at least two to three inches shorter than the bodies, round off the ends, drill a hole on one end for the anchor line.

Then cut in the tails. On the sides of the cork bodies chalk in a line half way up the body. (A slight upward tilt is good). With the hand saw following the chalk line, cut two grooves in the body, just wide enough to fit the plywood tails. Make it deep so only one-third to one-half inch of the plywood protrudes. Be careful to follow the chalk lines or the tail may be crooked.

The plywood tails are coated with waterproof glue and inserted into the body. After the tails are dried, start to rough out the bodies, using a file or the grinding bit on your drill. Be careful you'll be surprised how easy the cork is to work with!

Take the cork dust and mix with the ambroid glue. Make it the consistency of putty or plastic wood. Don't mix too much at one time! Fill in around the tail and any large holes in the cork.

Once the cork putty has dried start the final shaping. The area where you're going to mount the head leave slightly larger than needed.

Now you can put on the keels. Care should be taken to make sure the keels are exactly on center. This is important because the head dowels will be drilled through the keel. Once centered, coat both the keel and body with waterproof glue; put a finishing nail at each end. The nail acts as an anchor until the glue dries.

Heads, well that's a story in itself, but simplified it goes like this. Trace your pattern on a cedar plank, and cut out with a saber saw.

If you have a grinder bit for your drill you can save a lot of carving by roughing out the heads with the drill. If not, take your knife or exacto knife, and start whittling. Final step is sanding. Eyes if you want them are available at your local taxidermy shop or through Herter's catalog.

Now you're ready to mount the heads. First drill a one-half inch hole down through the body and keel. Make sure the hole is straight! Now with the help of a friend, center the head over the hole. Have your pal hold the head firmly in place, then put the drill up through the keel and body into the head. Probably the drill will not go far enough into the head, but now you can place the drill in the hole started.

The one-half-inch dowel must be sanded a little to fit. Coat the dowel, head, and cork with waterproof glue, put the dowel up through the body into the head. Cut the dowel even with the keel and let dry. Now you're ready for final sanding, you can fill in any mis-

## . . . Duck Decoys

takes with ambroid and cork dust.

The decoys pictured are canvas-backs, but with little variation, it can be applied to all species.

Painting, I spray my decoys and use oil cloth for tin plates. Other friends of mine who make their own decoys hand paint them. If you have ever

touched up or repainted your decoys, you'll have no trouble with painting.

This may sound like a lot of work, but it isn't actually, it's fun. I can make a dozen decoys a week working two to three hours a night. I'm no carpenter, and my workshop is simple.

You find it rewarding when the first duck comes into your stools. #

*The author, and partner, with handmade decoys*



## Firearms Bluing

. . . In the manufacture of sporting firearms, the highly polished metal parts are protected with a special process called *bluing*. Treating the metal in this manner also serves to enhance the product. The least desirable method of bluing is by "cold-treatment," which is a bottled liquid that one simply brushes on. (Often, sportsmen apply this liquid to touch-up sights and other scratched surfaces.) However, in quality manufacture, bluing is completed in a special heat process.

Bluing, or coloring the metal parts of firearms, was done as early as the 16th century. There have been several bluing procedures. Charcoal bluing was one of the original methods employed. An iron covered furnace was used to keep a large bank of pit charcoal at a high temperature. Polished metal parts were immersed into this charcoal mixture. Attached on rods, they were withdrawn at intervals and wiped with an oily waste (called sperm oil) until the desired color was attained — anywhere from blue to almost black.

Later, machine bluing was developed. Parts were arranged on slowly revolving cylinders, which were heated to about 600 degrees F. The cylinders were packed with ground burned bone and an oil known as carbonia. This process was used primarily for firearm receivers and other large parts. Niter-bluing, a cheaper method, was used on smaller parts, such as screws and pins. In this method, a niter solution was heated to about 700 degrees F. and the metal parts were brought up to a like temperature..

Browning is another, though more complicated, method in the evolution of the bluing process. It is a controlled chemical way of bluing that imparts a more brownish-black lustre. It is excellent for bluing components that are "soft-soldered." Today's best known bluing technique is a basic oxide black, which is a heated liquid preparation. Basically, bluing involves: a series of baths in cleaner solution, hot and cold water rinses, the first alkaline dip, more hot and cold rinses, the second alkaline dip, still more hot and cold rinses and oil.

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### Wilson's Observations on Bird Flocks

In some bird flocks you will find nothing but young ones, which are easily distinguishable by their motley dress. In others, they will be mostly females; and again, great multitudes of males, with few or no females. I can not account for this in any other way than that, during the time of incubation, the males are exclusively engaged in procuring food,

both for themselves and their mates; and the young, being unable yet to undertake these extensive excursions, associate together accordingly. But, even in winter, I know of several species of birds who separate in this manner, particularly the red-winged black bird, among whom thousands of old males may be found, with few or no young or females along with them.

## Winter Fishing

What fresh water fish can you expect to catch during winter? To those who actually get out and try, the answer usually is, "the same species you caught last summer."

While certain fish are considered prime fare on the cold weather menu, there are hardly any game fish that fail to show up in the catches of devoted winter fishermen.

You can run down the list of summertime favorites—pike, trout, walleye, perch, bass, pickerel, and whatever else is legal—and suddenly realize that fishing really knows no season.

The big difference is in the method used and in the fish themselves.

Techniques and equipment used in ice fishing bear little kinship with those employed during fairer weather, except for the hook. Artificial lures take a back seat to natural baits, and elaborate tip-up set-ups lure the quarry.

However, the big difference is noticed in the response of fish. Spectacular fighters under summer conditions often become quite sluggish in frigid waters. Bass, in particular, exist in such a state of semi-hibernation that they are reluctant to seize the bait. Pickerel, on the other hand, manage to retain a lively appetite.

Winter is hardly a time to stop fishing. In fact, there are a lot of folks throughout the state who sincerely feel it's the time to start. #

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# The Bobcat

## Species:

*Lynx rufus*

## General Characteristics:

A short-tailed cat, larger than a big house cat, with long legs and broad feet. The pelage is brownish and spotted or lined with blackish. The males are larger than the females, and attain a length of 36-38 inches, tail about 6-7 inches, and hind foot about 7 inches, with a weight of about 18-20 pounds. The ears are somewhat tufted.

## Dentition:

$$\begin{array}{r} 3121 \\ \hline 3121 \end{array} = 28$$

## Range:

Eastern North America; in New Jersey, is occasionally found in the more heavily wooded, hilly areas of the state.

## Life History:

The bobcat, or bay lynx, is said to be monogamous, reaching a breeding age at about one year. The breeding season begins in March, and the young have a gestation period of 60-65 days, being born in May or June in a cave or hollow tree. The litter size is usually one to four, and these cats have a life expectancy of 10-15 years. Bobcats are very shy animals, and because they are forest creatures and mainly nocturnal in habit, are difficult to observe. They remain active all winter and do not hibernate. Their food is nearly all animal, preying on rabbits, mice, and other small mammals, birds, poultry, and even deer at times. Where plentiful, are sometimes hunted for sport, using hounds, but in New Jersey, are too rare to be consistently sought. #



*The bobcat is brownish and spotted or lined with blackish fur. Its ears are somewhat tufted*



—National Wildlife Federation

*Common, or Canada, lynx. Compare with bobcat on next page*



*Bay lynx, or bobcat, killed in Passaic County, New Jersey*

# White Ash

(*Juglans cinera*)

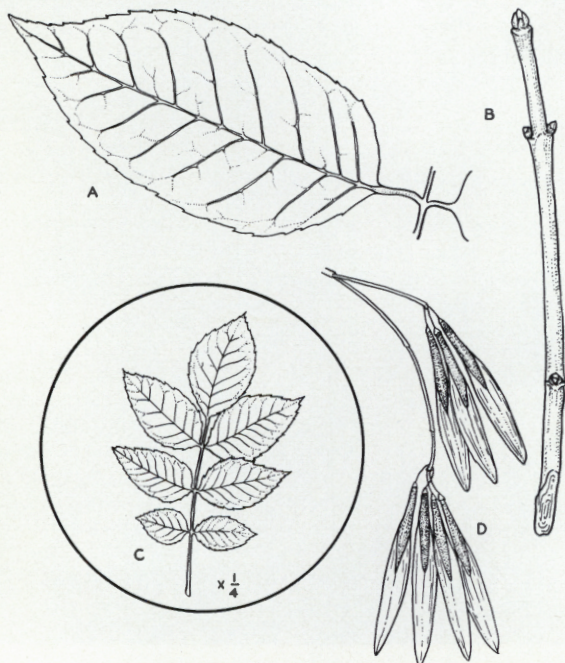
The white or Biltmore ash is common among the northern hardwoods. It grows on fertile, moist soils in woods and along streams and lakes. Occasionally, it is found on dry hillsides.

## Range:

Cape Breton Island, Nova Scotia, southern Quebec and Ontario to eastern Minnesota thence south to eastern Texas and east to northern Florida.

## Leaves:

Opposite, compound, 8 to 12 inches long. The leaves contain 5 to 9 leaflets that are 3 to 5 inches long and about 1½ inches wide. (See figure C.) The leaves are slightly serrated on the margin, acute at the point, and wedge-shaped to rounded at the base. (See figure A.) White ash leaflets are stalked, whereas black ash leaflets are sessile. The leaf is dark green and smooth on top and pale green and sometimes slightly hairy on the bottom.



*White Ash*

- A. Leaflet
- B. Twig, with buds
- C. Leaf, compound
- D. Fruit

**Twigs:**

Opposite, smooth, stout, flattened at the nodes, and grayish-green with large pale lenticels. They have a blunt-pointed, large, brown terminal bud with two smaller buds at the base. Leaf scars are large with many bundle scars arranged in a U shape. (See figure B.)

The grayish-brown bark on the older trees help identify the white ash. It is marked with diamond-shaped furrows. On old trees the bark is often slightly scaly.

**Flowers:**

Male and female flowers occur on different trees just before or about the time the leaves come out. The flowers are small, the male in clusters and the female in panicles.

**Fruit:**

A winged seed, 1 to 2 inches long and about one-fourth of an inch wide. The seed is shaped like a canoe paddle, and the hanging clusters of seed often remain on the tree into the winter. The seeds are easily carried by wind and water. They ripen in mid-August. (See figure D.)

**Uses:**

The white ash is an important American timber tree that normally reaches 70 to 80 feet in height and 2 to 3 feet in diameter. It is a fast grower.

The wood is used for handles, furniture, baseball bats, cooperage, wagons, pulpwood, fuel, and lumber. It is regarded as a good ornamental tree. #

—Austin N. Lentz, *Extension Specialist in Farm Forestry*  
*Rutgers—The State University*  
*Drawings by Aline Hansens*

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# Council Highlights

## October Meeting

The open session of the regular monthly meeting of the Fish and Game Council was held in Trenton on October 14.

## Unit Reports

Chief Hayford and District Conservation Officer O'Dowd reported on the activities of their units, and Principal Wildlife Biologist Paul McLain reported on the activities of the Bureau of Wildlife Management in the absence of Chief Alpaugh. He advised that the Tuckahoe Fish and Wildlife Management Area was carrying good populations of waterfowl, including 4,000 ducks plus 1,000 pintail, which should provide good hunting. Liberation lists for pheasants and quail had been prepared.

Captain Willet Noon reported on the activities of the Coastal Patrol in the absence of Captain Mathis, and William Peterman, Supervisor of Public Relations, gave an account of the work carried out by his section. He advised that he had received an invitation to exhibit at the Philadelphia Sport and Travel Show. While the offer to exhibit states is without charge, the agreement makes reference to charges for electric outlets and various other items, and to this would have to be added the cost of approximately \$15 a day for an employee to man the show. In addition, Mr. Peterman advised that the dates for the Philadelphia Show are about two weeks after a show at Cherry Hill in which we will participate and which can be considered as drawing its attendance from the same immediate area.

The matter was discussed and Councilman Alampi made a motion that participation in the Philadelphia Show be left to the discretion of Director MacNamara and Mr. Peterman, and if it is found that costs are not too high, that we plan to exhibit at this show. Councilman Faunce seconded the motion, which passed. Mr. Peterman is to decide the theme of the show.

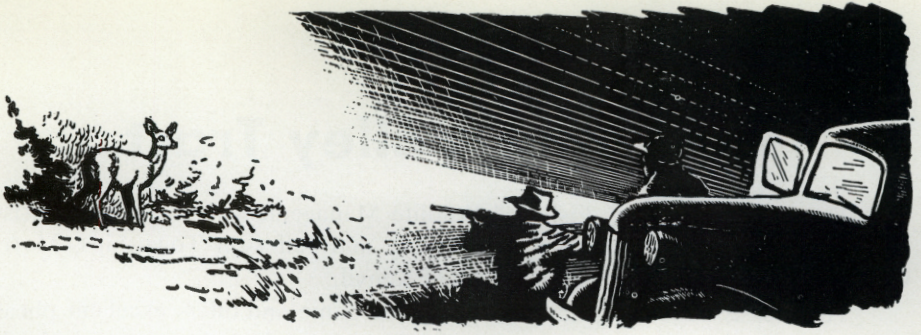
## Division Budgets

The Council reviewed the budgets for the General Fund and the Public Shooting and Fishing Grounds Fund. Miss Kathleen Dorsey and Mrs. Helen Musick answered questions of the Council concerning various items and explained procedures followed under state fiscal operations. The Council noted the large decrease in cash balances that can be expected at the end of fiscal 1970-71 if there is no major increase in income by that time, and they recognized that this situation requires some action. #

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*The woods and fields don't need a carpet of litter left by inconsiderate sportsmen. Hunting, fishing, or camping, keep the countryside clean and green.*



## **Violators Roundup**

### **Fishing Violations \$20.00**

John Ducate, Jr., Wayne; Joseph Cappucio, Vineland; Stephen Brandimarte, Cinnaminson; Juan Logana, Newfield; Thomas Bayer, Glassboro.

### **Fishing Violations \$50.00**

John T. Morrisson, Belford.

### **Pollution \$500.00**

Smith Weikman Co., Inc., Somerville.

### **Pollution \$2000.00**

Allegheny Industrial Chemical, Butler.

### **Hunting Violations \$20.00**

David E. Moyer, Mobile City, Hightstown; Ronald K. Hoilman, Hightstown; Edward Miller, Berlin; Steven Downs, Martinsville; Joseph Skordinski, Jersey City; Mike Kissell, Vineland; Thomas Bayer, Glassboro; Egheer J. Pennison, Fort Dix; James Palmer, Avalon; Francis Ditzler, Avalon; Richard Kramm, Bethlehem, Pa.

### **Hunting Violations \$5.00**

Paul Dugrath, Rahway; Raymond Schuter, Woodbridge.

### **Hunting Violations \$25.00**

Harry Hazel, Glassboro.

### **Hunting Violations \$50.00**

Gregory McGraw, Pedricktown; Eldon Lenz, Bethlehem, Pa.

### **Hunting Violations \$100.00**

Anthony Battoglio, Tuckahoe; Franklin Chattin, Tuckahoe; Stephen Cashing, Cordona, Alaska; Thomas Bayer, Glassboro; James Palmer, Avalon; Francis Ditzler, Avalon; Eldon Lenz, Bethlehem, Pa.

### **Hunting Violations \$200.00**

John Kirzik, Great Meadows; John Dawhanik, Hackettstown.

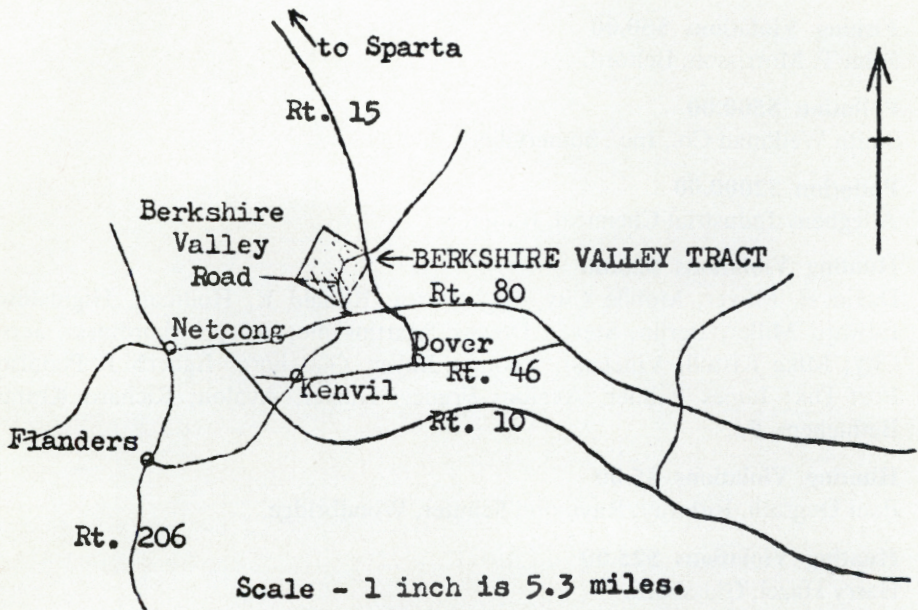
## Guide to the

# Berkshire Valley Tract

The Berkshire Valley Fish and Wildlife Management Area, which consists of about 1,200 acres, is located in Roxbury and Jefferson Townships, Morris County, approximately three miles north of Kenvil.

The area is managed primarily for upland game and offers excellent pheasant and rabbit hunting. Other wildlife species present include grouse, squirrels, deer, and some waterfowl.

To reach the Berkshire Valley Tract from the east, take Route 46 to Dover. Turn north on Route 15 and proceed approximately four miles to the Berkshire Valley Road. Turn left on the Berkshire Valley Road which runs through the tract. The boundaries of the tract are posted with signs. #



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## Hunt With a Dog

There is no greater sin, in the eyes of true sportsmen, than downing game and failing to pick it up. Whether you are after upland game, waterfowl, or big game, be sure you retrieve and use what you bag. In the case of birds and small animals such as rabbits, a good dog is a tremendous asset. He will find, flush, and pick up game that you might otherwise never even see. The breed isn't too important as long as it's a hunting species. It's the mark of a real conservationist and a good sportsman to hunt with a dog. Now's the time to buy your dog for next fall. #

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# Fur, Fin <sup>and</sup> Campfire

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By BILL BERO

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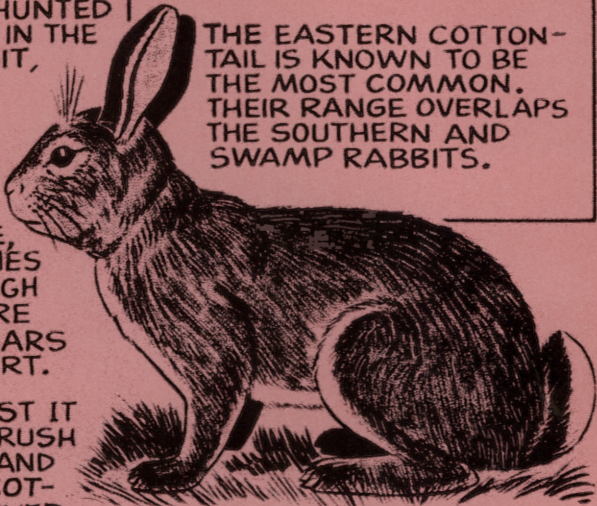
## The COTTONTAILS

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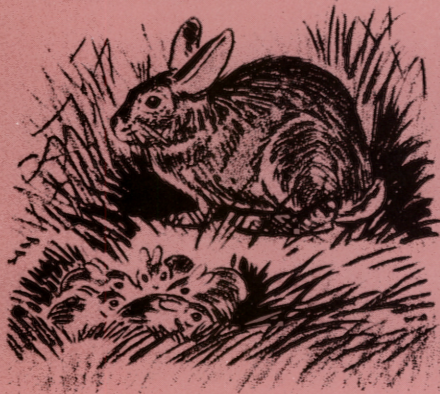
— SMALL IN SIZE, ABOUT 11 TO 17 INCHES LONG, IT WILL WEIGH 2 TO 4 LBS. EYES ARE DARK AND SHINY. EARS AND LEGS ARE SHORT.

ON THE PACIFIC COAST IT IS KNOWN AS THE BRUSH RABBIT. THE PALER AND GRAYER LOOKING COTTONTAIL IS FOUND IN RIVER VALLEYS OF THE SOUTHWEST; HE IS THE DESERT COTTONTAIL.

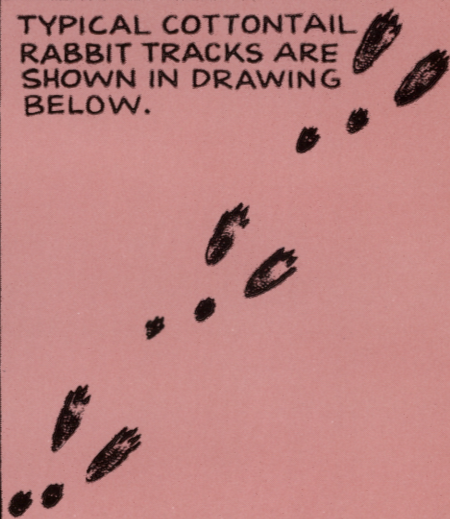
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