

New Jersey *Outdoors*

October, 1973

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NED SMITH

Facts For Deer Hunters

The cooperation of New Jersey deer hunters, during the first year of the mandatory checking station system last season, was most gratifying. On the whole, this system worked very well and excellent information on deer harvest and deer population was obtained.

However as with anything being attempted for the first time, some problems developed. Hopefully, the majority of these have been resolved and with the cooperation of the deer hunter, the check station system will be more efficient in future seasons.

Mandatory Check Station Regulations

All successful deer hunters are required by law to tag their deer immediately with the transportation tag attached to the license and then to transport the deer to a checking station listed in this sheet the same day it is killed. A possession seal will be attached at the check station. Bow hunters must check their deer by 9:00 p.m. while firearm hunters taking a deer during the firearm buck and/or either-sex season must check in by 7:00 p.m. on the day of the kill. Anyone possessing a deer after these hours without a metal possession tag will be prosecuted.

This change in deer reporting requirements is necessary to obtain accurate harvest information which will enable the Division of Fish, Game, and Shell Fisheries to better manage this valuable natural resource.

Look for Tags

As with most programs involving public resources, success is dependent to a large degree on public interest and support. In addition to compliance with the deer reporting regulations, another way that the hunter can help in the deer research and management program is to examine deer for ear tags and report any tagged deer to the Division. More than a thousand deer have been captured and tagged as part of an intensive research project. These tags are to be found at the base of the ears. The larger tags are obvious.

However, many deer have been captured and tagged as fawns and have much smaller ear tags which can only be found by feeling the edges of the ears. If a tagged deer is taken, please report it to the

Continued on page 24

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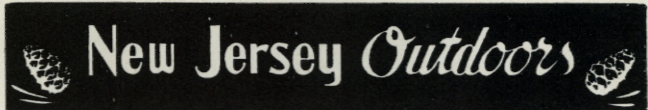
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Cover—"The Ring-horned Eight-pointer"—Ned Smith

The white-tailed buck deer depicted on our cover was a fine animal that was the central figure in an unusual outdoor encounter related in this issue, along with other deer information and articles.

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NED SMITH

the Ring-horned Eight-pointer

This is the factual narrative of my experience with a piney woods buck, that I got to know fairly well before the season, and what happened during the season when I felt sure I had him practically bagged.

By Leslie Coulter

Many times since early in the fall I had watched the fat, eight-point buck. I saw him regularly, several times a week on my pre-season scouting trips to the deer woods.

The first time that I had a close look at the eight-pointer I noticed an unusual thing about his left antler. The main beam, below the top fork, had a dark, fairly conspicuous band of color, a deep brown that could have been a stain. From then on I could recognize this buck, especially when I used my binoculars.

Regular Habits

Almost without fail the eight-pointer would cut through a certain brushy edge of the piney woods near where I had first come upon his tracks and observed his rubbing trees in late September. Daily he would make his way from

the scraggly, over-grown orchard of a long-abandoned farm where he would top off his nightly feeding with a few apples. His destination was the dark, dismal cedar swamp a quarter of a mile to the south where he would bed down in seclusion for the day.

The buck's territory was a little-hunted section of pine and brushland well up on the South Branch. It was a good stiff hike from the nearest passable road and didn't have enough deer to attract many hunters or regular deer club drives. But, it was a favorite area of mine.

On Schedule

At any rate, the buck's course of travel through the brushy edge of the pine woods never seemed to vary by more than a few yards. And, to make things even more interesting, his time of passage was dependable to within twenty min-

. . . Ring-horned

utes—between 7:20 and 7:40 a.m. Rain or shine, windy or still, from the days when the first color began to show a hint of fall in the sumac, the eight-pointer kept strict sched-

and ready for use a couple of weeks before the opening day. On six different mornings before the season opened I occupied my vantage point. And, on each of the six mornings little old “eight-point” (I was feeling on intimate terms



From the days when the first color began to show a hint of fall in the sumac

ule from feed to bed ground. Well did I get to know his habits and route. How I did look forward to deer season.

I revelled in anticipation of the opening day. I had a strong hunch—in fact an almost smug assurance—that I'd have my buck by eight o'clock of the morning the season would start. And, a plump, tender-looking chunk of venison at that, with a not half-bad rack.

Tree Stand

To make my expected success even more certain, I figured it would be wise to build a tree stand near the run. I selected a scraggly old scrub pine with a couple of convenient limbs for my platform. From my pine perch I had a clear view over most of the brushy edge as well as much of the nearby piney woods.

I had the tree stand completed

with him by now.) showed and passed through right on schedule. Oh, brother! This was going to be easy.

The Does

Earlier during the fall the buck had, now and then, the companionship of one or two does that seemed to enjoy his escort for a few days. Then they would desert him. Only one doe—a sleek, young thing—continued to keep even irregular company with him during the recent weeks. She would occasionally drift along with, or slightly ahead of, the buck on the way to the cedar swamp. I had not seen her even once, though, since I had finished my tree stand.

Opening Day

Opening day of deer season dawned cold and frosty, but still and clear. In the early morning chill I walked briskly from the end

of the old logging road to my chosen hunting spot. Without wasting any time I was up the ladder and in my tree stand at the appointed hour. As quietly as possible I slipped shells into my gun and settled back against the dry, crisp bark of the pine. I leaned my elbows on the arm supports of weathered wood and dangled my booted feet in the still air. It felt good just to sit, rest, and wait. Now and then I idly started to count the needles and cones on the pine.

The Interim

The woods were quiet and pleasant. By and by, a few small birds began to stir and rustle about for

his tail, and scampered off to places elsewhere. In the distance, far to the north, two quick shots boomed. To the west one—several—more shots.

I was commencing to feel the chill of the nippy air and fidgeted about a bit. Several times I glassed the terrain. No deer yet.

Sun Rise

The woods were now bright. Suddenly I was aware of the startling brilliance of the rising sun. Within minutes I felt its welcome warmth. A barely perceptible breeze wafted the dry oak leaves in the scrub. Ah, this was the life!

I knew that it must be about

The eight-pointer kept strict schedule from feed to bed ground



breakfast. The ever-present, deer-hunt squirrel looked me over, chattered his objections, sassily flicked

time for the—that is *my*—eight-pointer to show. A glance at my watch proved me to be right. Any

. . . Ring-horned

minute he should appear and slip through the brush toward me. I felt warm and expectant.

A Grouse

Down in the fallen hardwood leaves, near a frosted grape vine, a flicker of movement caught my eye. A grouse—there were not any too many in this part of the woods—was stepping along slowly, pecking here and there. It was a fine, brown bird, alert and wild.

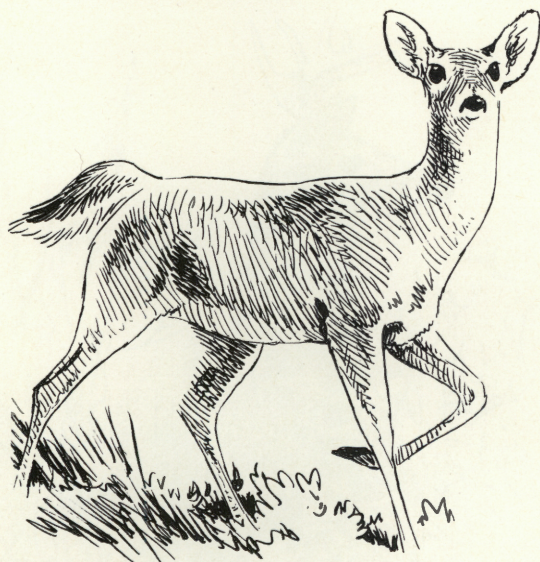
I was first conscious of the sleek, young doe daintily making her way toward me when she cracked one brittle twig. Next I made out my buck some distance behind her, but

My heart was letting me know that it was still with me. Maybe I don't get buck fever; but, I sure do get excited at the sight of a good buck.

Now the doe was close, very close, to the base of my tree-stand pine. The buck was nearly within range, yet still a little too far. I checked him with my binoculars. Yes, there was the ring on his left antler. I eased the safety off on my gun. Maybe I tensed up a little too much.

A Lull

Gradually I became aware of a foreboding lull—a suspension of all sound, movement, possibly time. Something caused me to shift my



The doe froze with one forefoot raised and her eyes fixed on me

following almost in her tracks. He was still in the piney woods, well out of buckshot range. I could see his antlers glint in the sharp sunlight.

gaze down toward the grouse. That pesky bird had its head cocked and one dark, penetrating eye focused up right at me. The wily thing had heard or spotted me, or

somehow felt my presence. The doe, frozen with one forefoot raised and her eyes fixed on me, must have sensed the suspicion of the grouse. Or had the canny bird clucked some woodland alarm?

I ever-so-slowly turned my eyes toward the eight-pointer. He was still approaching, slowly but unalarmed. I was getting ready.

The Blowup

Then it happened! The grouse exploded in flight from the brush, no doubt finally convinced that I

*The grouse exploded
in flight from
the brush*



was not part of that pine tree. The doe did not wait to investigate but wheeled and bounded back toward the buck. Compulsively I switched my attention to the rocketing grouse, perhaps even swinging my gun muzzle, by reflex, in its direction.

By the time I regained myself and tried to line up on the buck, I found that he had spun about and was racing the doe for distant parts. I had no chance at all for any kind of a decent shot.

The emptiness, the chagrin, the impossibility of the situation soaked into my stunned mind. All I could think of was the tragedy of the kingdom lost for the want of a nail in a horseshoe. Right then I pitied the king that had lost his kingdom.

Jinxed

Well, to summarize the rest of my deer season—. I spent every morning and every evening, and all day Saturday, of the season ensconced in my tree stand. I believe

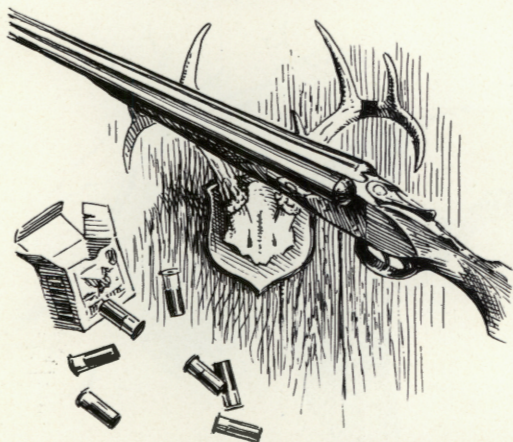
that I eventually counted every needle and every cone on that blessed tree. What did I see in the way of deer? Did I get my buck? No, sirree! I did not even see another deer that year. My sure-fire, ring-horned eight-pointer had just plain left this earth for all I knew. It was as though that jittery grouse had jinxed the whole area. Nary even a fresh deer track could I find, only old ones.

Now then, here is the climax to this tale of woe. That winter my

. . . Ring-horned

old buddy, Charlie Mench, with whom I seldom hunt but often fish, invited me over to his house to tie trout flies one evening. I had heard that Charlie had gotten a nice buck during the deer season but had not actually seen the deer. What I was to see when I entered his trophy-decorated den was a little rough on my nerve ends.

On the wall, attached to a carefully sanded and stained pine board



On the wall was a set of antlers that looked astonishingly familiar

shield, was a set of antlers that looked astonishingly familiar. No doubt about it. A closer squint and I could not deny that the left antler had the dark ring. In amazement I told Charlie of my interest in the buck.

How It Was

Quite simply Charlie revealed just how it was that he downed the eight-pointer shortly before eight-thirty in the morning of opening day. He said that he spent the first hour in his own tree stand.

Saw nothing. Decided to stalk about a bit. After less than a half hour of walking sat down on fallen tree trunk. Happened to look up to see the eight-pointer headed his way and casually bowled him over.

Uncanny

Now this place where Charlie was hunting was up on the North Branch, at least three miles from the buck's regular early morning haunts. And, I had seen the eight-pointer there in his usual stamping

grounds and recognized him at about seven thirty that morning.

Had Charlie bagged a remarkably similar ring-horned eight-pointer? Or, had my buck traveled the distance in an hour or so? Possible? Probable? Three miles an hour is not a very fast pace for a healthy buck. But, through the woods to an area that was very likely strange to him? I don't know.

Yet, I have the uncanny feeling that I was gazing at the antlers of *my* ring-horned eight-pointer. #

The Big Blue

A New State Record Bluefish

By Bill DiSanto

It was 5 o'clock in the morning, when we left the dock at Cold Spring in my father's boat, the *Sweet-Pea*. It was still dark, but you could sense that the sun would be rising shortly. Our course was set at 155° towards the Baltimore Canyon. The whole family was on board—my mother and father; sisters Yvonne, Ginny, Debby and Angie; and, of course my brother Mark.

There were some swells at the inlet and a gentle chop as we headed further out at sea. Dad was at the helm and I could see by his face that he was concerned about the weather. I was directing the spotlight ahead, watching for logs. We were discussing our previous trip to the Canyon yesterday, when the marlin were plentiful and we hooked into seven or eight. Everyone was anxious to join in the action again. When daylight arrived, I put out the light and, at Dad's encouragement, went downstairs to sack out, for it was a long ride to the Canyon, three hours at least.

It barely seemed that I had closed my eyes, when the sound of the decreasing engine speed prodded my senses. I got to my feet and ran to the cockpit, when I heard Dad shouting, "look over

there! Get out a rod!" The water was churning and boiling. I thought they were skippies, but Dad said they were bluefish.

I grabbed the nearest rod, which was a light one with 20 pound test line, and attached a feather. Dad made a circle on the outer edge of the commotion and I let out my line. I had a strike and it felt like the bottom of the ocean. Dad took the engines out of gear, and the other kids were grabbing rods and lures. I finally got the fish to the boat! What a monster! I thought it was at least 15 pounds.

I didn't waste any time, as the boat was back in gear and we were headed back to the fish. Wow! We had three on at once! My sisters who had heavier equipment managed to hold onto theirs and landed them while I lost my feather when the line broke. In great haste, I quickly grabbed a swivel and the nearest lure, which was a mullet with a two ounce sinker, rigged last night for marlin bait. I dropped my line in the water; the mullet appeared to be swimming to the bottom. I couldn't help but think how beautiful it looked while I free-spoiled the line, letting out about 30 yards, when suddenly the speed increased. I threw on the brake! Dad took the engines out

. . . Big Blue

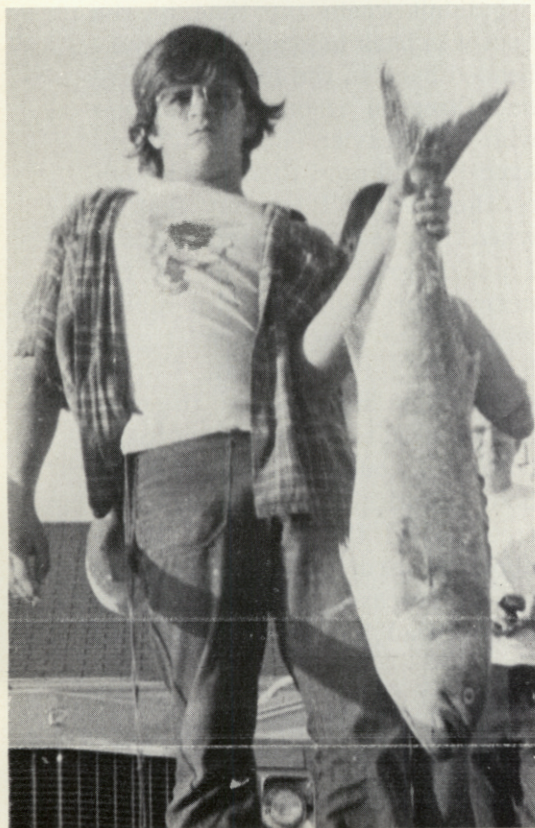
of gear. I felt every click of the reel as my heart was going to stop with each turn.

I was afraid I wouldn't be able to stop the run, so I yelled, "reverse! reverse!" Dad reversed both engines and my two sisters pulled their lines in so they wouldn't be caught in the props. The maneuver didn't seem to be doing much good, so he accelerated the throttle. The run became slower and slower, until the reel was quiet, so Dad pulled out of reverse and left it out of gear. I thought to myself that it might be a marlin! A tuna! Or a shark! After a ten-minute battle, I had him on the side of the boat. What a fight!

This was getting better all the time and I put on another mullet.

My sisters and brother had already rigged squid and ballyoo on their lines. All heck broke loose again! Again we yelled, but Dad didn't seem too concerned as he took the engines out of gear. Ginny yelled, "I can't even stop it with a Penn 80 international reel." She must have a tuna! But nobody had been catching tuna. So Dad repeated the past maneuver as Debby lost her fish and reeled in her line.

I had my fish on the side of the boat in 20 minutes. It must be a skipkie or albacore, I thought, no bluefish could fight that hard. Then we could see the silvery sheen about ten feet deep in the water. "It's a big blue! The biggest I've ever seen! Be careful and take your time!" Dad shouted from the bridge. I need not tell you how a cold shiver went up my spine. The



New Record Bluefish

William DiSanto, of Norristown, Pennsylvania left, with his new state record bluefish which weighed 23 pounds and 14 ounces. The fish was 40 inches in length and 28 inches in girth. Mr. DiSanto caught the prize while fishing with mullet off Cape May on August 8, 1971

pressure was on! Here I was with 20 pound test line and a big blue on the line! I gently raised the rod and was cranking the reel. The last ten feet were the longest in my life.

Dad came down to gaff the fish, but it wasn't ready to be taken. The pressure on the line sounded like a guitar string, so I gently held on for another ten minutes. Dad kept saying, "steady, steady." Just hearing him gave me confidence to hold on. Then as if the world came to an end, the fish made a sudden leap. My heart stopped and skipped a beat! I thought, I lost him. Dad yelled, "hold the rod up high!" Instinctively I raised the rod and in doing so I felt the weight of the fish again. I could breathe again.

Dad said to hold the tip of the rod high and if he goes to break again, pull towards the front of the boat. I thought the fish was going to leap and change direction. I didn't know whether to curse the fish or pray. I prayed the fish wouldn't break the line or spit the hook. I held on as the pull became less and less and the fish came to the surface. I knew we would only have one shot at gaffing the fish so I asked Dad to gaff it for me. He didn't seem too concerned as he grabbed the small gaff and sat on the gunwale. He told me to take it easy until the fish was ready. It was a foot under the water and then it broke the surface. He made one quick stab and got the fish.

It was surely the biggest blue

we had ever seen. I asked Dad why he just sat there when it was time to gaff the fish. He told me that he didn't want to get me excited and lose the fish. I guess this was a good thing, for it kept me calm.

In all the excitement, I forgot to tell you that Ginny still had her fish on. It neither gained nor lost any line during this time. Dad said, "this can't be a bluefish. Hold onto the line and get in the fighting chair." With one engine in gear, he started to make a circle, speeding up the engine. Ginny thought she would lose it! No bluefish, maybe a big tuna! Thirty minutes later we saw what it was. A ten foot blue shark!

We made a few more passes over "the spot" and then headed on offshore towards the canyon. I was tired, but too excited to rest, so I went up on the bridge with Dad. I told him how exciting it was to reel a large fish on such light tackle. The only thing Dad did was laugh as he said he didn't think they were that big.

An hour later, we were at the Canyon. What a day! It ended at 3:30 with a total of seven marlin, a mako shark, a blue shark, a dolphin, and six bluefish. We reeled in the lines and headed back home. We reached the dock about 7:30 to a major calamity. We hung the marlin, sharks, and dolphin, and weighed in the bluefish. The spectators at the dock were taking bets as to the probable weight of the big blue. It weighed in at 23 pounds 14 ounces. #



No other game bird can instill in the veteran hunter more desire to head for the upland coverts than the American woodcock, our friend the timberdoodle

Wonderful Woodcock

By Henry Schaefer,
Outdoor Writer

The woodcock has his eyes set on the back of his head. This may indicate that he isn't very much concerned about where he is going, but that he hates to leave where he has been.

The woodcock is a preyed-upon species. Actually, the uniquely set eyes are a perfect example of a creature's adaptation to a hostile world. The woodcock has learned to survive by looking backwards for danger.

He lives by probing the earth with his bill for worms. He doesn't need his eyes to find the worms. But while he is probing, something might be targeting on him from behind, like a hawk or an owl.

The woodcock doesn't really amount to much. A big one may weigh a half pound, but I have never weighed one quite that large. Female woodcocks weigh considerably more than the males. The males may weigh as little as three ounces, compared to almost a half pound for the hens. As a general rule, tiny woodcock with short bills

are males and big fat ones with long bills are females. As the season advances, large woodcock become increasingly scarce but the little "whistlers" remain plentiful.

The birds weigh just slightly less than bobwhite quail, but what they lack in weight they make up in edibility. Woodcock are excellent table fare.

Many people like them better than quail. Some like quail better. In my house, Mrs. Schaefer likes quail better than woodcock. The children and grandchildren devour everything that comes on the table. And I like woodcock as well as quail. As a matter of fact, I like woodcock just about as well as anything I can think of.

For reasons which I do not pretend to understand, the large woodcock tend to migrate earlier than the little ones. The pattern has remained constant. Big woodcock are plentiful in the early flights and little ones predominate at the end.

Woodcock are native to New Jersey, meaning they breed here.

. . . Woodcock

They are found in woodlands throughout the state and a few, in Cape May County at least, are present throughout the year.

Most of the birds, of course, are transitory. The best shooting is for migrating birds, the largest

ever be. The weather, for the most part, is delightful, just cool enough to make exercise a pleasure.

While all upland game birds are fun to hunt and good to eat, no hunting is second to woodcock when it comes to hunting with pointed dog. To avoid being belted by a lot of my good friends, let



Woodcock hunting is just about the best shooting we have

flights occurring from late October through November. Many old timers look to the full moon in October for the first large woodcock flights.

Woodcock hunting, in my opinion, is just about the best shooting we have. It occurs at the finest time of the year, when the woodlands are as beautiful as they will

me say that the best woodcock dog is an English setter. However, I have been highly successful with springer spaniels, German shorthaired pointers, and other breeds as well. Currently, I'm hunting with a Brittany spaniel and she is as fine a performer as I have ever had.

The breed of dog isn't anywhere

near as important as the individual animals. I've seen very fine woodcock dogs in all breeds.

Now where do you find these woodcock? Because it is not normally seen in broad daylight, many people have never seen a live woodcock. Most will never see one.

If you want to hunt woodcock, as a general rule, hunt thickets close to streams and moist earth. Feeding woodcock leave distinctive bill probe marks in the soil and their white, splashy droppings are equally good signs.

However, the birds that left the signs may be a quarter of a mile away by the time you get to read them.

In other words, you hunt woodcock not on their feeding grounds but on their roosting grounds, al-

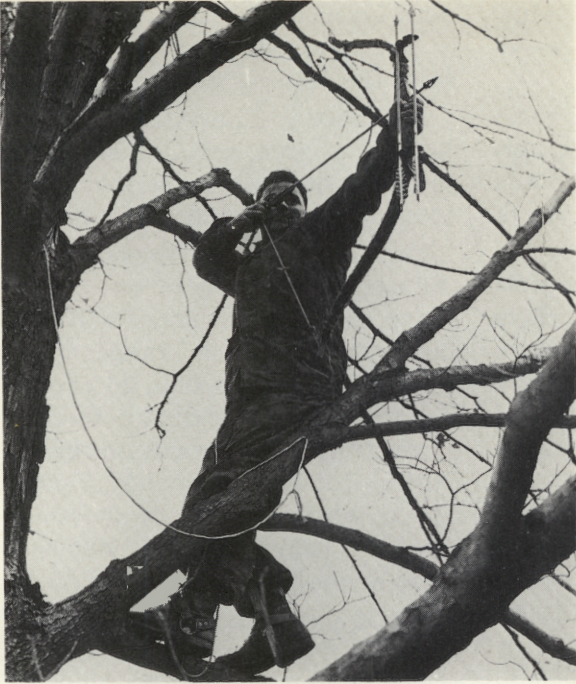
most invariably thickets and usually not more than an easy flight from the feeding grounds.

And once you have found woodcock in an area, rest assured that you will find others in the same area in the days and years ahead.

The best gun for woodcock is the one you happen to own. Any gauge, from 12 on down will do. However, woodcock ranges are short, meaning less than 20 yards. Recommended are cylinder barrels or skeet in all gauges and fine shot. During the first portion of the season, when you may be shooting through heavy foliage number seven-and-a-half shot is good.

But if you want to use number nine shot from the first day of the season and on through to the end, I won't tell you you are wrong. #

Choose Your Shot . . . The degree of choke is measured by the percentage of pellets in a shot charge that scores within a 30-inch circle at 40 yards. This means that with a Full Choke a shooter can expect about 65 to 75 percent of the pellets to fall within his target area. This choke is recommended for wild fowl shooting. Ducks over decoys are bagged with shot sizes 4, 5 or 6, and geese are brought home with 4's. Trapshooting calls for 7½'s or 8's. With a Modified Choke, a ½ choke, a shooter can look for 45 to 55 percent of the pellets to fall within his target area. This choke is recommended for upland game. Snipe, woodcock, and rail are grounded with 8's or 9's. Quail hunting and trap shooting are best done with 7½'s or 8's. Pheasant, grouse, rabbit, and squirrel call for 4's, 5's, or 6's; large furred animals are downed with 4's. With an Improved Cylinder, a ¼ choke, a shooter can expect about 35 to 45 percent of the pellets to zero in on his target. This is used for quail, pheasant, and thick brush game with 6's or 7½'s. With a Cylinder Bore (no choke) a shooter receives a 25 to 35 percent pellet pattern. This is used especially in riot guns, and for small game that is hunted at very close distances in very thick cover. Shot sizes vary from 7½ up to the buckshot. It gives shooters a pellet pattern of about 25 to 35 percent. This is used for skeet with No. 9 shot. #



Most New Jersey bow hunters, 88 out of every 100, also hunt with firearms

A Profile

of the New Jersey Bow Hunter

*By Steve Toth, Assistant Wildlife Biologist,
Bureau of Wildlife Management*

Photographs by Harry Grosch

The results of a postcard survey of bow and arrow hunters conducted by the New Jersey Division of Fish, Game and Shell Fisheries following a recent archery season indicates that 88 out of every 100 New Jersey archers also hunt with a gun. The survey also revealed that, while 13 percent of the bow and arrow license holders pursued their game with feathered missiles in the firearm deer season only 12 percent hunted for small game.

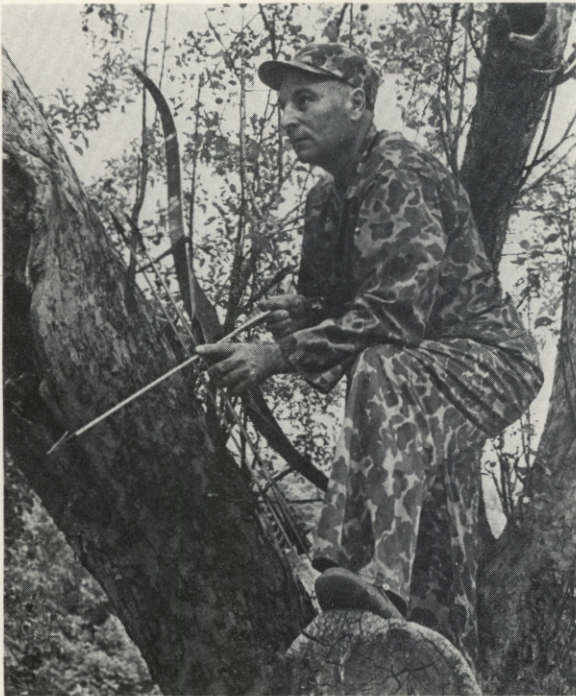
The most popular counties for archers were Hunterdon, Warren, Morris, Sussex, Ocean, Atlantic, and Burlington. These counties are also the most popular with firearm deer hunters, and by no coincidence also support the highest concentrations of deer. Although the average New Jersey bow hunter spent a total of four days afield, 41 percent of the archers devoted more than 10 days to the pursuit of the New Jersey whitetail.

The survey results would indicate that during the surveyed archery season 11 percent of the bow and arrow license holders were successful in harvesting a deer. This data contradicts the official deer tag report returns for the season which produced a kill of 1,387 animals with a success ratio of approximately 4.9 percent. It seems to support the opinion held by some Division biologists who feel that the official reporting system in effect in past years tended to produce a rather low estimate of the number of deer killed. It will be interesting to compare these survey results with the data obtained under the new mandatory checking station system which was

instrumented for the first time last year.

Archers who hunted two counties enjoyed the highest success ratio-14 percent, while those who hunted in 3 or more counties produced a much lower success rate-4.2 percent.

In short most New Jersey bow hunters also hunt with firearms and few people hunt small game with a bow and arrow in New Jersey. While many archers, 41 percent, hunt more than 10 days annually, a good many hunt only a few days each season. The most successful archers hunt in more than one county and those who hunt in more than two counties are less successful. #



*However, few people
hunt small game with
bow and arrow in
New Jersey*

Owl Pellets

By Thedora Schubert,
Wildlife Biologist

All birds of prey regurgitate compact pellets of fur and bone several hours after consuming their prey. Hawks, owls, vultures, ospreys, eagles, and falcons all eat meat in various forms, whether it is the fish taken from the water by the osprey, roadside carrion feasted upon by vultures, a shorebird struck from mid-air by a falcon, or simply a rat some red-tail hawk has seized. Indigestible parts such as claws, some bones, fur, teeth, scales, or insect shells are compacted neatly into a pellet in the stomach of the bird of prey and regurgitated, thus acting as a scouring agent for the lining of the stomach in removing excess digestive acids.

Pellets are usually found near a preferred roost of a raptor or in spring near the nest site. Often a raptor can be identified by the character of the pellet and the type of roost site the bird frequents. Pellets found on barn floors or ledges which are elongated and black in color most likely are those of a barn owl, whereas short, almost rounded grey pellets found in red cedar stands may be long-eared owl pellets.

Dissection of pellets can give the observer clues as to the recent food of a raptor. The picture shows skulls and legbones of small mice,



probably meadow voles or white-footed mice. In great horned owl pellets skulls of small mammals such as weasels or rats can sometimes be found.

All birds of prey are protected by law in New Jersey and should never be destroyed. These birds serve as a check on small rodent populations and are an integral part of New Jersey's wildlife scene. #

A Confusion of Words

The English language is a confusing tongue at best. When it comes to the words used to describe the various birds, fish and animals of the world, however, the confusion turns to dismay. Even the same species are sometimes called by different names under various conditions.

For example, a group of geese on the water is called a plump. When airborne, however, these same birds become a skein. Put them on the ground and they are called a gaggle.

Ducks are just as much of a problem. It's proper to call a number of them a flock—sometimes. On water they are called a paddling except for teal which come in a spring, coil, knob, or bunch except on Thursdays when they are a - - but where was I? Oh, yes—in flight you see a team of ducks except for widgeons, and it's proper to call a group of them a bunch, flight, or company.

Sometimes the collective nouns are very descriptive—a clamor of rooks, a murder of crows, a mutation of thrushes, or a murmuration of starlings.

Mammals have their descriptive terms, too. Several camels are known as a rag. A group of mules is a barren, while a number of sheep are called a hurtle or flock.

The business goes on and on. In the fish world, perch come in packs, smelt in quantities, and herring in shoals.

Some years ago a story appeared in the Richmond (Va.) *TIMES-DISPATCH* which sums up this mumbo-jumbo pretty well. Here it is:

'A flock of ships is called a fleet; a fleet of sheep is called a flock; a flock of girls is called a bevy; a bevy of wolves is called a pack; a pack of thieves is called a gang; a gang of angels is called a host; a host of porpoise is called a shoal; a shoal of fish is called a school; a school of buffalo is called a herd; a herd of seals is called a pod; a pod of whales is called a game; a game of lions is called a pride; a pride of children is called a troop; a troop of partridges is called a covey; a covey of beauties is called a galaxy; a galaxy of ruffians is called a horde; a horde of rubbish is called a heap; a heap of oxen is called a drove; a drove of blackguards is called a mob; a mob of worshipers is called a congregation; a congregation of theater-goers is called an audience; an audience of peacocks is called a muster; a muster of doves is called a flight; a flight of larks is called an exaltation and if they are starlings, it's murmuration; a murmuration of bees is called a swarm; a swarm of foxes is called a skulk; a skulk of pigs is called a stye; a stye of dogs is called a kennel; a kennel of cats is often called a nuisance.' #



The Bow Hunter's Edge

By Robert McDowell,

Public Relations Section

Photographs by Harry Grosch

Anyone interested in becoming a bow hunter should be prepared to spend a considerable amount of time practicing, scouting the hunting area, and preparing the archery equipment for the hunt.

Most experienced bow hunters will agree that having razor sharp broadheads is the most important part of preparing equipment. A sharp broadhead assures a quick and humane kill; this should be the goal of every bow hunter.

Anyone Can Sharpen Arrow Heads

In conducting bow hunter education courses I have found few people who can sharpen a broadhead to paper cutting sharpness, let alone to razor cutting sharpness. However, I have also found that with a few pieces of equipment and some simple instruction anyone can produce sharp arrow heads.

Equipment Needed

A good file, an Arkansas stone, and a butchers steel are the pieces of equipment needed to make up the sharpening kit. We also need a high quality broadhead to work on, one with steel soft enough to file yet hard enough to hold an edge. There are many on the market that fill these requirements. The head pictured in this article is the Magnum 11 by Mohawk Archery Products.

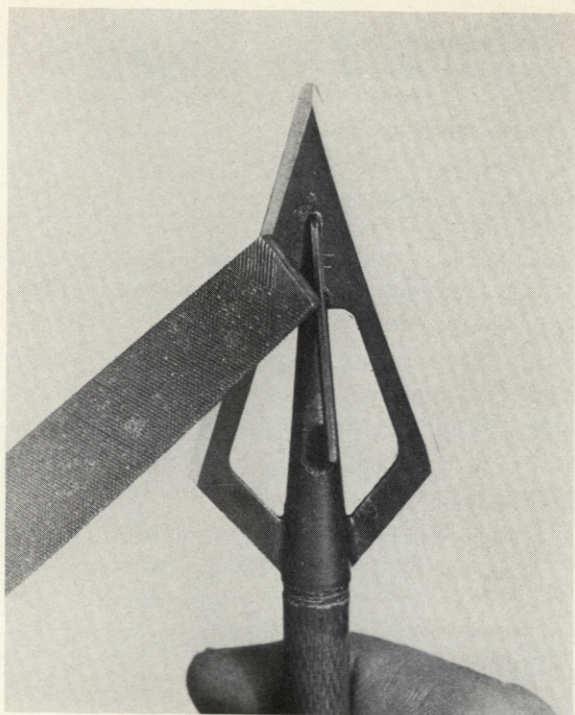
Method of Sharpening

The method of obtaining sharp edges pictured here is a simple three step procedure as shown in the accompanying photos. If this system is followed I will guarantee sharp edges. Filing all edges till the factory grinding marks are gone, stoning each edge (with plenty of oil) 15-20 times, and finally lightly stroking each edge 15-20 times with the butchers steel will take about 10 to 15 minutes. The results will be worth the time. #

Photos showing how to sharpen arrows are on the following pages.

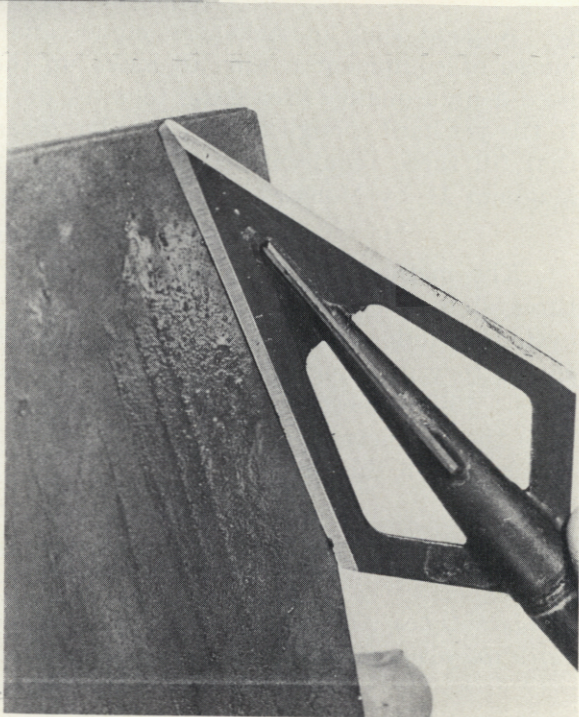
← *Jack O'Leary of Long Valley is an example of a bow hunter who uses razor sharp broadheads. This Morris County spike buck is Jack's 36th deer taken with bow and arrow*

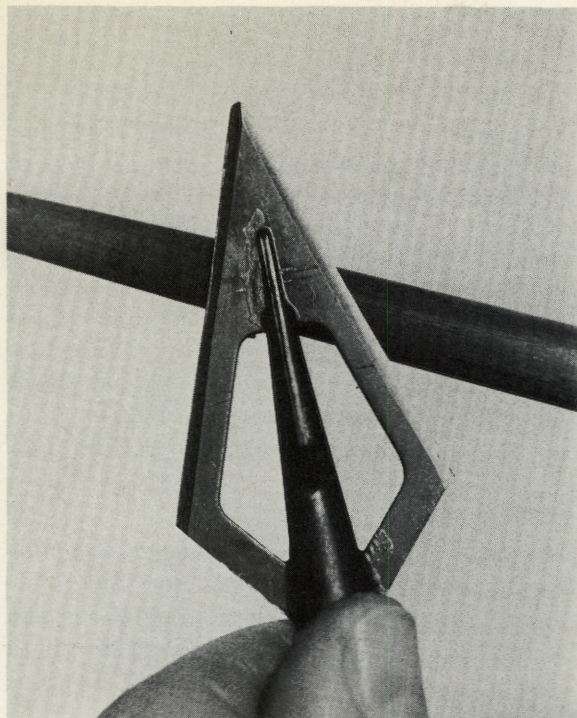
. . . Bow
Hunter's
Edge



Step 1. All edges should be filed till they are smooth and free of factory grinding marks. Caution should be used to prevent cutting the hand

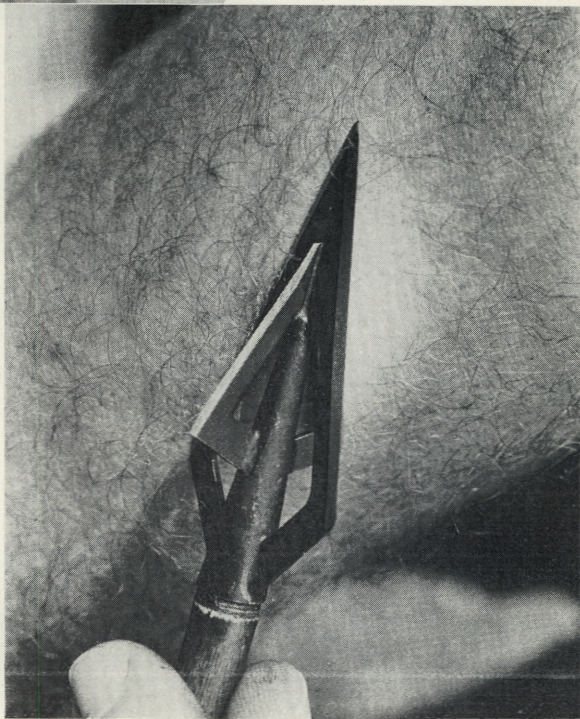
Step 2. After filing, the edge should be stroked 15 to 20 times on a well-oiled, smooth Arkansas stone. The passes on the stone should be made toward the edge as if to cut a thin slice off the stone





Step 3. After honing on the stone, the edge should be stroked lightly 15 to 20 times with the butcher steel —again toward the edge

Sharp enough to shave with? If it is, then it is sharp enough to hunt with



. . . Facts for Deer Hunters

(Continued from Inside Front Cover)

Division Office, P.O. Box 1809, Trenton, together with the tag numbers, sex, age, location, date, and name and address of the hunter. Where possible, also send one side of the lower jaw for aging purposes.

Reproductive Tracts to be Taken

Hunters receiving a special deer permit will be requested again this year to remove the reproductive tracts from all female deer. A set of illustrated instructions will be sent to successful permit applicants. The tracts will be collected by a biologist at the check stations. These organs will be labeled and preserved for later examination. This information will help determine the condition and growth potential of our deer herds.

Deer Management Goals

The principal deer management goals of the Division are to maintain deer numbers in balance with the natural available food and cover supplies, and to provide maximum numbers of antlered bucks for the recreation of the New Jersey sportsmen. With your cooperation these goals will be realized.

List of Checking Stations Operating During the Bow and Arrow Season October 6, 1973—November 8, 1973, and Firearm Buck Season December 10, 1973—December 15, 1973

Atlantic County

Buena Point Getty Station, Routes 54 and 40 (Junction), Buena
Sam's Arco & Country Store, Route 50, Tuckahoe
Bud's Gulf, Main and Linwood Avenue, Mays Landing (just east
of Route 50 on Main Street)
The Sportsmen's Den, 1317 Tilton Road, Northfield (east of
Route 9 on Tilton Road)
Valley's Pike Service (Getty), Route 30 and Middle Road,
Hammonton

Burlington County

W. McPeak Sale and Service (Freeway Save Gas Station), Route
38 (east of Route 206), Pemberton
Priest's Country Store, Route 542 (just west of Green Bank),
Green Bank
Buzby's General Store, Routes 532 and 563 (Junction), Chatsworth
Ernies Outdoor Center, Carranza Road (just north of Route 532),
Tabernacle

The Outdoor Trader, Stokes Road (Route 541), Medford (between Medford and Medford Lakes)

Sportsmen's Center, U. S. Highway 130, Bordentown (east side of Route 130, 1 mile south of Yardville or 1 mile north of Route 206 and 130 intersection)

Camden County

Atco Sports and Shoe Equipment 177A Atco Avenue, Atco

Cape May County

Lloyd's Sunoco Station, Route 9, Swainton (just south of town)

Cumberland County

Busnardo's Sport Center, 886 North Pearl Street (Route 77), Bridgeton (north of Bridgeton on Route 77)

Riggin's Market (Mobil Station), Delsea Drive (Route 47) and Maurice Road, Mauricetown (just south of Bricksboro on Route 47)

King's Seafood Market, Main Road (Route 553), Dividing Creek

Essex County

Anglers Cove (Caldwell Bait Shop), 104 Bloomfield Avenue, Pine Brook

Butts and Bows, 468 Washington Avenue, Belleville

Gloucester County

Clayton Shell Service, South Delsea Drive (Route 47) and Hickory Lane, Clayton

Oscar C. Jenkins Company, Route 45 at Jefferson, Mullica Hill

Hunterdon County

Milford Atlantic, Route 519 (Holland Township), Milford

Art's Sport Shop, 40 Bridge Street, Frenchtown

George's Garage, Route 202 and 31, Ringoes

Kertesz Brothers, Route 12, Croton

Sabo Bait Shop, R. R. #2, Route 22, West Lane, Whitehouse

Clinton Wildlife Management Area (Office), Van Syckles Road (3½ miles from Route 31 traffic light—west), Clinton

Mercer County

Warren Stevens Pennington Circle Exxon, Route 31, Pennington

Middlesex County

Sportsman's Den, Highway 287 and Stelton Road, Piscataway (opposite Middlesex Mall)

Domino's Sport Center, 421 Ryders Lane, East Brunswick

George Alsheimer (private home), 54 Englishtown Road, Jamesburg

. . . Facts for Deer Hunters

Monmouth County

Manny and Mary's Sport Shop, Route 36, E. Keansburg
Capt. Eddie's Sports Center, Route 9, Freehold (4 miles north
of race track)
Guy's Sport Shop, Highway 35, Wall

Morris County

Stirling Shell Service, 1312 Valley Road, Stirling
Long Valley Sunoco, Route 24 and Mt. View Road, Long Valley
Ledgewood Outdoorsman, Inc., Route 46, Ledgewood (¼ mile west
of Ledgewood Circle)
Denville Boat, Ski and Sport Shop, 314 Route 46, Denville
Great Swamp National Wildlife Refuge, Refuge Office, Pleasant
Plains Road, Harding Township

Ocean County

New Egypt Exxon, 55 Main Street (Route 528), New Egypt
(center of town)
Krug's 11A, Route 37, Lakehurst (1 mile east of Lakehurst on
Route 37)
Tuckerton Chevron, Route 9 and Great Bay Boulevard, Tuckerton
(on Route 9 across from lake)
Marini's Arco, Route 72 and Jennings Road, Manahawkin
Henecker's Garage, Route 72, Barnegat (1.5 miles west of Route
539)
Don's Gulf, Route 9 at Beachwood Shopping Center, Bayville
Bill's Getty, Route 571, Jackson (¼ mile north of 528)

Passaic County

Wanaque Sporting Center, 1438 Ringwood Avenue, Haskell
Newfoundland Exxon, Center Island, Route 23, Newfoundland
Greenwood Lake Sport Shop, Greenwood Lake Turnpike, West
Milford

Salem County

Quinton Shell Service, 572 Quinton Rd., (Route 49), Quinton

Somerset County

Larry's, 152 Amwell Road, Neshanic (west side of Amwell Road,
Neshanic Route 514)
Greenbrook Sport Shop, 222 Route 22, Greenbrook
Snyder's 206 Sunoco, Route 206 and Princeton Avenue, Princeton
Waddells Texaco, Route 206 and Lamington Road, Bedminster
Joe's Sunoco Service, Route 202 and Church Street, Bernardsville

Sussex County

- Layton Country Store, Route 521, Layton
- Joe's Highway Service (Mobil), Route 206, Branchville (approximately 3 miles north of Branchville)
- Cole's Exxon, Route 521, Montague
- Vernon Valley Citgo, Route 94 and 515, Vernon
- Lakeview Exxon, Route 23, Franklin
- Sparta Shell Service, Intersection of Sparta Road and Route 15, Sparta
- Don's Sport Shop, Route 206, Newton (approximately 1.5 miles north of Newton)
- Fairview Store, Fairview Lake, Stillwater
- Springdale Park Restaurant, Route 206, Springdale
- High Point State Park (office), Route 23, Wantage Township (8 miles northwest of Sussex)

Warren County

- Nykun's Store, Route 46, Great Meadows
- Walker's Sporting Goods, Route 519, Hope-Bridgeville Road, Hope
- Robinson's Sunoco, Route 57 (west of Washington, 1 mile west of #31) Washington
- Blair Tackle Shop, Bridge Street, Blairstown (turn at blinker light)
- Stanley Marine and Sport Shop, Route 46 (intersection of 519 & 46), Belvidere
- Calno Ranger Station, Delaware Water Gap National Recreation Area, Old Mine Road, Millbrook (5 miles south of Millbrook—8 miles north of Interstate 80), Pahaquarry Township
- Rich's Texaco, 1510 Third Avenue (Route 519), Alpha

List of Checking Stations Operating During the Either-Sex Permit Season (December 19, 1973)

Hunterdon County

- Milford Atlantic, Route 519 (Holland Township), Milford
- Clinton Wildlife Management Area (office), Van Syckles Road (3½ miles from Route 31 traffic light—west), Clinton
- Fairgrounds, Route 31, Flemington

Mercer County

- Warren Stevens Pennington Circle Exxon, Route 31, Pennington

Middlesex County

- George Alsheimer (private home), 54 Englishtown Road, Jamesburg

. . . Facts for Deer Hunters

Monmouth County

Guy's Sport Shop, Highway 35, Wall

Morris County

Long Valley Sunoco, Route 24 and Mt. View Rd., Long Valley
Ledgewood Outdoorsman, Inc., Route 46, Ledgewood (1/4 mile
west of Ledgewood Circle)

Great Swamp National Wildlife Refuge, Refuge Office, Pleasant
Plains Road, Harding Township

Ocean County

Krug's 11A Route 37, Lakehurst (1 mile east of Lakehurst on
Route 37)

Marini's Arco, Route 72 and Jennings Road, Manahawkin

Bill's Getty, Route 571, Jackson (1/4 mile north of 528)

Passaic County

Newfoundland Exxon, Center Island, Route 23, Newfoundland
Greenwood Lake Sport Shop, Greenwood Lake Turnpike, West
Milford

Somerset County

Greenbrook Sport Shop, 222 Route 22, Greenbrook

Snyder's 206 Sunoco, Route 206 and Princeton Avenue, Princeton

Waddells Texaco, Route 206 and Lamington Road, Bedminster

Sussex County

Joe's Highway Service (Mobil), Route 206, Branchville (approx-
imately 3 miles north of Branchville)

Vernon Valley Citgo, Route 94 and 515, Vernon

Don's Sport Shop, Route 206, Newton (approximately 1.5 miles
north of Newton)

Fairview Store, Fairview Lake, Stillwater

Warren County

Nykun's Store, Route 46, Great Meadows

Robinson's Sunoco, Route 57 (west of Washington, 1 mile west of
#31) Washington

Blair Tackle Shop, Bridge Street, Blairstown (turn at blinker light)

Calno Ranger Station, Delaware Water Gap National Recreation
Area, Old Mine Rd., Millbrook (5 miles south of Millbrook—8
miles north of Interstate 80) Pahaquarry Township

Gun Safety Is No Accident—It's Just Common Sense

1973 State Wildlife Management Area Controlled Hunting Program

By George Howard, *Assistant Chief*
Bureau of Wildlife Management

The Division of Fish, Game, and Shell Fisheries is concerned with over-crowding on its wildlife management areas during the upland game season. Hunter use in recent years has exceeded hunter capacity on all wildlife management areas which receive pheasant or quail liberations. The utilization of many areas continues to increase annually. Assunpink Wildlife Management Area, for example, has increased from 726 hunters on opening day in 1967 to 2,176 on opening day in 1972, an increase of 200 percent in six years. Similar increases are occurring on Saturdays and holidays on other wildlife management areas throughout the state.

In an effort to relieve this situation and give hunters an opportunity to enjoy better quality hunting, the Bureau of Wildlife Management will institute an experimental controlled hunting program on three wildlife management areas during 1973.

Management Areas Selected

The wildlife management areas selected for limited hunter density are Black River in Morris County, Assunpink in Monmouth County, and Port Republic in Atlantic County. Hunter numbers will be controlled on four Saturdays - November 17, November 24, December 1, and December 8, and on Thanksgiving Day.

The 3,000-acre Black River Area will be limited to 375 hunters at one time on the above dates. The 3,800-acre Assunpink Area limit is 400 hunters. The quota is 100 hunters for the 750-acre Port Republic Area. Additional hunters will be accommodated as registrants complete hunting and check out for the day. Hunters will be admitted on a first-come, first-serve basis at the three tracts. Registration will begin at 5:00 a.m. No reservations will be accepted and hunters must register

. . . Controlled Hunting

in person. Registration booths for the Black River Area will be located at each of four parking lots. The Assunpink registration station will be at the field trial clubhouse on East Branch Road. Location directions will be posted on the area. The Port Republic registration station will be located at the main entrance to the area.

Procedure for Registration

The procedure for registration will be to present your hunting



The controlled hunting program on the three wildlife management areas is an effort to provide better quality hunting

license at the registration station in order to obtain a special arm band and vehicle registration tag. The special arm band is good only for hunting on the associated wildlife management area and must be displayed in addition to the regular hunting license. The check-in procedure is reversed at the conclusion of the day's hunt. Bag checks and other pertinent information will be collected during the check-out procedure.

Special patrol officers will be on duty to insure that the registration process is adhered to. The three areas will be stocked with pheasants every day of the week up to the deer season in an effort to distribute hunting pressure throughout the week. #

**Number of Legal Deer Harvested in Each Season in New Jersey
in 1972, by County:**

County	Bow and Arrow	6-Day Firearm Buck	Permit	Total
Atlantic	63	494		557
Bergen	3	11		14
Burlington	110	543		653
Camden	15	70		85
Cape May	15	118		133
Cumberland	73	403		476
Essex		7		7
Gloucester	12	77		89
Hunterdon	371	1330	797	2498
Mercer	74	243	104	421
Middlesex	29	107	59	195
Monmouth	38	132	43	213
Morris	149	540	351	1040
Ocean	80	456		536
Passaic	19	158	63	240
Salem	52	184		236
Somerset	72	349	220	641
Sussex	97	792	285	1174
Warren	187	963	649	1799
Unknown		10		10
Totals	1459	6987	2571	11,017

Trophy Deer Programs

Any deer taken with a dressed weight of 200 pounds or more is eligible to receive an award in the weight division of the annual trophy deer program. Deer with well-developed antlers may be entered in the annual antler division competition. These programs are sponsored jointly by the New Jersey Division of Fish, Game, and Shell Fisheries and the New Jersey State Federation of Sportsmen's Clubs. Entry forms can be obtained by writing the Division of Fish, Game, and Shell Fisheries, P.O. Box 1809, Trenton, New Jersey 08625.

More Deer Information

Information concerning New Jersey's deer research and management programs is published periodically in *NEW JERSEY OUTDOORS* magazine. Reprints of these articles concerning deer are available at the Division's Trenton Office. #

Port Republic

Atlantic County

The Port Republic Fish and Wildlife Management Area, located north of Port Republic and west of the Garden State Parkway in Atlantic County, is one of the newer areas acquired under the Green Acres Program.

This tract was acquired in 1962 and assigned to the Division for management. The area contains 755 acres. Three quarters of this tract is salt-marsh; the remaining area is upland-field habitat. The tract is primarily managed for upland game species.

Upland Game

The upland game program on the tract consists of food patches, hedgerows and cover crop plantings. The principal native species are rabbit, quail, and squirrel. Woodcock provide excellent hunting opportunities during the fall migration. Pheasants are available through the Division's program of pre-season and in-season stocking.

Deer

The area offers a limited amount of deer hunting for both the shotgun and bow enthusiast.

Waterfowl

Waterfowl hunting is good on the salt marsh area. Black ducks and teal are the most abundant species of waterfowl found in the area.

Fishing

Salt water fishing is excellent in the Mullica River, which is adjacent to the tract. Striped bass and white perch are the two species of fish most sought after by fishermen in the area. In the winter months, ice fishing for white perch in Collins Cove is very popular. Launching ramps and rental boats are available in the surrounding area.

The area is being maintained and supported by the license money of the sportsmen of the State. Anyone interested in outdoor recreation is invited to make use of the area. #

—William M. Smith
Bureau of Wildlife Management

When you purchase a fishing or hunting license be sure to obtain a copy of the compendium of fish or game laws.

SYMBOLS

- ROAD (IMPROVED)
- ROAD (UNIMPROVED)
- TRACT BOUNDARY
- RIVER
- FRESH WATER SWAMP
- SALT MARSH
- STREAM
- FIELD-WOODLAND EDGE
- MARSH-WOODLAND EDGE



Atlantic County

**PORT REPUBLIC
FISH & WILDLIFE
MANAGEMENT AREA**

SCALE: MILE



**Division of Fish, Game, and
Shell Fisheries**

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