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BURT SCHUMAN

Hunting Is Safer

You are safer out hunting than in
the theatre, concert hall, or church

By Leo Smith, *National Shooting Sports Foundation*

While accidental deaths in 1964 reached the highest level since 1936, firearms fatalities decreased 11 percent in the same period.

Statistics recently released by the National Safety Council show that firearms ranked last in the eight major causes of accidental death in 1964.

Improper use of firearms accounted for 2,400 of the 105,000 accidental deaths in 1964.

This compares with 47,700 people who died in motor vehicle accidents, 19,000 in falls, 7,700 in fires, 6,700 in drownings, 3,600 of all types of poisonings, 2,600 in railroad accidents, and 16,800 in all other types of accidents.

In terms of population, firearms again ranked last, accounting for just over one death per 100,000 people, while automobiles accounted for 24.9; falls, 10; fires, 4; drownings, 3.5; railroad accidents 1.4; poisonings, 1.8; and all other types, 8.8.

Surprisingly enough, most firearms accidents occur in the home, not on the range or in the field. In fact, statistics show that, despite a 50% increase in the number of hunters and shooters since 1950, hunting and shooting accidents have decreased 13%.

Public accidents with firearms in 1964, which includes those for hunting and shooting, accounted for 1,000 deaths while 1,200 or 55 percent occurred in the home.

The National Shooting Sports Foundation states most home mishaps resulted from young children playing with firearms. These could be substantially reduced, the Foundation says, by closer supervision of children by parents and by storing firearms and ammunition separately and out of the reach of the curious youngster's hands.

In terms of injury claims, firearms have always ranked low compared with most other forms of recreation. A study by the Travelers Insurance Company claims over a five year period shows hunting ranked 16th on the list of "dangerous sports." In that period, there were 777 hunting claims and 4,318 from football. Hunting was also outnumbered by 824 accidents in theaters, concerts, and churches. In 1964 about 2,400 people were injured by dogbites, another 5,000 by fireworks, although 38 states now prohibit the sale of fireworks. #

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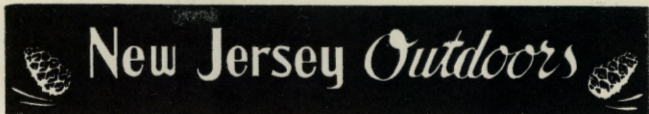
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Cover—"Whistling Wings"—Burt Schuman

The mallards coming in on whistling wings on our cover are typical of the thousands of waterfowl that drop in on New Jersey marshes every fall to provide top sport for that singular, but increasing, breed—the wildfowler.

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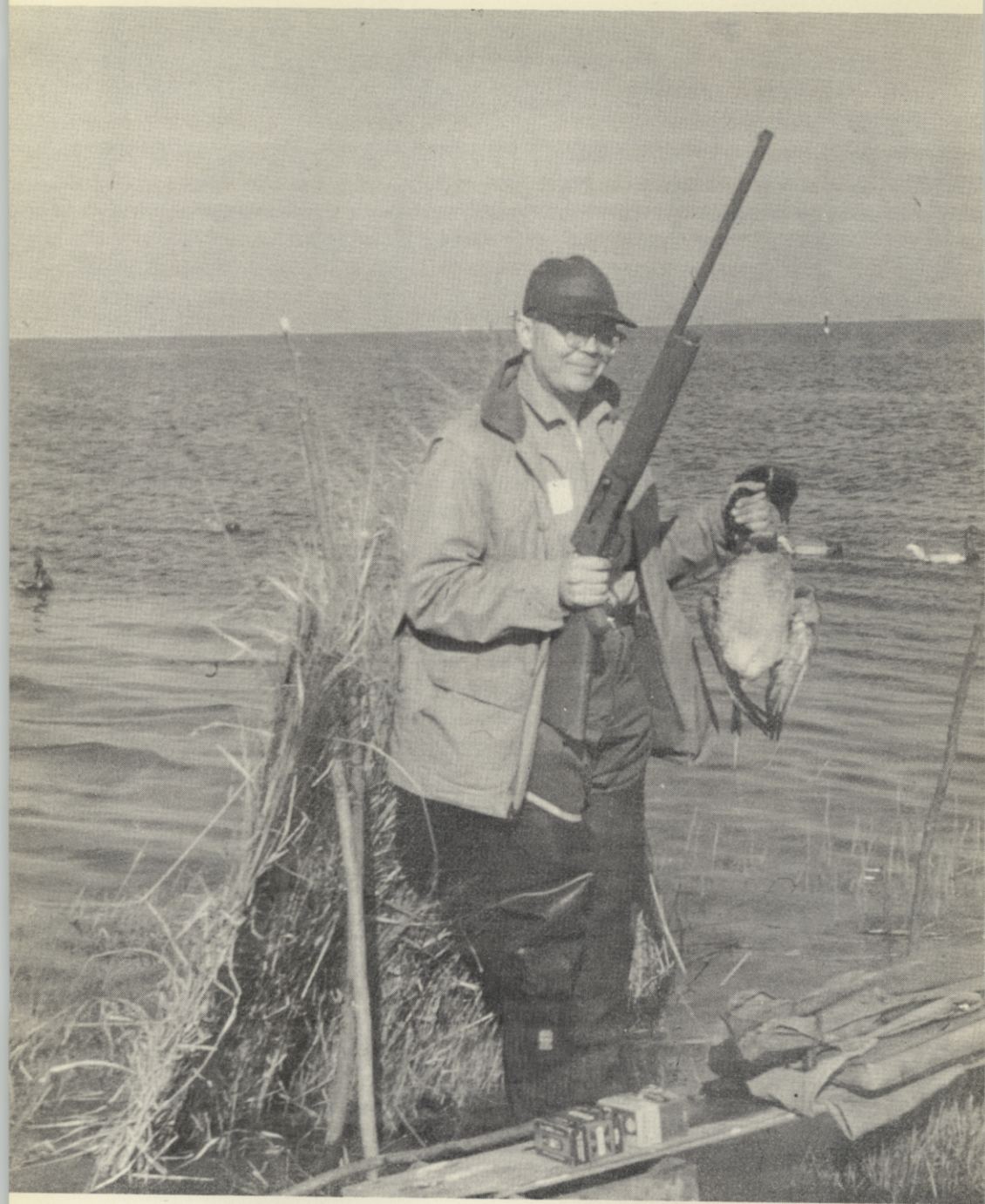
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The author happily displays his first brant

You Too Can Be a Brant Hunter

By Edgerton Grant

Photographs by Bill Shoemaker

"I'll never go hunting," I told them when I signed on as a writer for the Division of Fish and Game. "Fishing, I think I'll enjoy, and tramping through the woods, but hunting isn't for me."

It was the bang more than the blood to which I objected. I believed I could vicariously catch the pleasure of companions in the hunt without having to handle firearms, for which I felt a nervous respect. Most of my job consisted of translating facts and observations of experts into what would hopefully be potent prose. Beyond that, there were many activities that could be experienced without hunting.

My resolve held through two hunting seasons. Many experiences were enjoyed, including some that have been related in these pages. As time permitted, I sought more that would give me the "feel" of the great outdoor sports about which I was privileged to write. Thus, as last October advanced, I remarked to Wildlife Management Chief George N. Al-

paugh, "This season I've got to spend some time in a cold, clammy duck blind."

"Sure, we'll take you hunting, won't we, Bob," George said. Wildlife Manager Bob Mangold agreed emphatically. I explained that I just wanted to go along on the trip, but they insisted that I must hunt to get the full benefit of the trip. Their enthusiasm caught me at a weak moment, and before I had thought about it I had invested in a license.

A Date

This doomed me. Soon we were looking at tide tables, sunrise tables, and a calendar in order to set a date. Bob suggested that we hunt on the incoming tide. Low tide proved to be at about 7:30 a.m. on the day we picked, so I would have to meet George at 4:30 to drive down from north-central New Jersey. Assurance that I could sleep in the car and the recollection that I had bought the license overcame this shock, and we returned to laying plans. They

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would provide everything if I would dress in warm, drab clothing and bring boots and my license.

"And don't forget a Duck Stamp," George added. Earlier, this blow would have ended the trip, but I had gone too far. The next day I went to my friendly neighborhood Post Office and laid

three alarm clocks did their awful duty at 3:00 a.m. I dressed, gulped down two cups of coffee, and headed for our rendezvous. George was right on time, and we headed south. Bob Mangold was unable to make it, so we were to meet Bill Shoemaker, another Wildlife Manager who had a boat and the necessary paraphernalia. We had time for a cup of coffee before meeting



The boat, loaded with decoys, blind, and gear

out another \$3.00. I was buoyed by the thought that at least this money would be going toward the worthwhile cause of waterfowl conservation; the license fee had gone to the even more worthwhile cause of my salary. Besides, when I got out there, I wouldn't *have* to shoot.

The fateful day arrived. My

Bill at the Nacote Creek Research Center shortly after sunrise. He led the way, towing the boat, to the launching site at Leeds Point on the Brigantine National Wildlife Refuge.

We slid the boat into the water. Then Bill started loading it until I wondered if there would be room for three passengers. There were

four or five bulging canvas bags, some straw wrapped in chicken wire, a number of long sticks, a board, and some boxes, in addition to three guns and an extra gas tank. After parking Bill's truck and trailer we got in with a little room to spare. Bill gave a few tugs to start the motor, and we were off.

Bluebird Weather

It was a beautiful day, with blue skies, little breeze, and calm water. I remarked on this, and Bill growled something about "bluebird weather", a pleasant sounding thought.

George explained that this kind of day does not make for good waterfowl hunting. In fact, balmy weather drives duck hunters balmy. The birds tend to sit on the calm water out of reach of the sportsman; rough seas and wind keep them on the wing.

On the Way

Negotiating the channel at low tide was a tricky task for Bill. Somehow he knew which ditch through the marsh would be passable, though they all looked alike to me. Presently, after a few close calls, we were out in the main channel of the Inland Waterway heading south.

Here and there we saw a blind set up along the water's edge on the part of the refuge open to hunting. The blinds seemed pretty distinctive from the rest of the marsh, and I questioned whether

they really fooled the birds. Bill assured me that they made a real difference.

George's trained eye spotted large flocks of brant resting on the bay. He directed my attention to them, though they were sometimes difficult to pick out. A pair of field glasses made it easier, but I still wondered how hunters could distinguish between species. Gradually I learned to recognize a gull, but the art of telling apart ducks at a distance still seemed beyond comprehension.

Occasionally we came close enough to cause a flock of brant to rise, but they soon settled back in the same location. Bill stopped the motor long enough to let me hear the call of the brant.

An Assist

We passed several hunters standing on a mud flat. Just beyond them we found a brant lying on the water. Bill picked it up, turned the boat around, and threw it over to them. He had to admit that you *could* bag a bird without being in a blind.

Bill ascertained that the hunting spot he had in mind was inaccessible at low tide. We looked around, and he decided that one unoccupied point of marshland looked just right. They all looked alike to me. We beached the boat and began to unload the gear.

George proceeded to drive one of the long sticks into the ground. Then he took one of the bundles

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of straw wrapped in chicken wire, and I realized for the first time that it unrolled. He wired one end to the stick, unrolled it, and drove in another stick near the other end. He joined it to another roll of straw which he brought around for the back of our blind, driving in additional sticks for support.

of various waterfowl species, mostly brant. A wire joined each pair with some sort of weight which served, I guess, as an anchor. He proceeded to set these on the water in front of the blind.

"Hey! That one has lost its head," I cried, detecting an apparent flaw in the otherwise excellent craftsmanship. Bill explained that the brant in question was feeding.



The blind, constructed of grass and mesh wire

For a moment I thought he would make a complete circle with us on the outside, but once the blind had sufficient support he left a narrow opening at the south end for egress.

Meanwhile, Bill was unpacking the bulging canvas bags. They proved to contain wooden models

I doubted that this effect would fool any bird, but when I looked out later at the decoys sitting on the water, I was struck by the accuracy of the representation.

As the blind neared completion, George set a box and an orange crate inside, threw a board across them, and told me to sit. This I

did obediently while they completed the preliminaries. Finally they brought the guns up from the boat and dethroned me long enough to get shells out of the box.

George loaded my gun, an automatic, and cautioned me to be extremely careful where I pointed it, even with the safety on. He explained its operation and urged me to fire some practice shots. I picked out a spot on the marsh, clicked off the safety, and pulled the trigger. I thought my shoulder was broken from the impact.

Aching Shoulder

"Does it always feel like that?", I asked as I put the safety back on, forgetful that I had three shots. They laughed and told me that I had failed to hold the stock tight against me. "Try again," they urged. This time I made sure how I held the stock, released the safety, and fired.

It wasn't quite as bad, and this time I had the presence of mind to note that my aim had been reasonably accurate. Did I want to try another, they asked. Thinking of my poor, bruised shoulder, I declined, averring that I was as ready as I ever would be.

"You won't even feel it when you fire at a bird," George said. I had grave doubts on this point, but I saw it would be fruitless to argue. We ensconced ourselves inside the blind and turned to the serious business of waterfowling.

This proved to consist mostly of sitting and waiting. Had I known

beforehand that all we would do for several hours would be to sit behind some dried straw in the middle of a marsh, I doubt that I should have gone. Yet the warm, relaxed friendship in the pleasant outdoors, coupled with the expectation of action, made the experience thoroughly worthwhile.

Lunch

Bill made us stand for another moment while he got sardines, cookies, and a thermos of coffee from the seemingly bottomless box. Finally, he brought out liverwurst sandwiches without the sandwich—his wife was away, and, in his temporary bachelorhood, he had forgotten to buy bread.

Periodically he would take his glasses and look across the channel. A large flock of brant were placidly feeding. George predicted, "As the tide rises, they'll find it harder to get at the bay cabbage and start to move about."

Calling

Occasionally a few birds would rise. Bill would tell us to hold still, and he would lean to the edge of the blind and utter brant-like noises. "Do they really come when you call?", I asked. George replied that many brant hunters swear by the practice, though I suspect he shared my skepticism. In any event, no birds came our way, though the next blind north got a couple of shots.

We fell to predicting when the birds would fly. "Some are sure to rise by eleven," George said. At

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11:05, a couple of birds got up and settled right back down. "Well, there was the eleven o'clock flight," Bill joked.

The 11:30 flight and the noon flight went by in similar fashion. We decided to take a short boat ride for variety. As we put out, a pair of hunters came by to examine Bill's blind. To me, it looked just like a dozen others we had passed, but to these connoisseurs it was a real work of art. When we got back Bill explained the several species of grass of which it was made, which I promptly forgot.

The Flight

"Yesterday they started flying at about one," our visitors told us, "and they really got thick later in the afternoon." We timed our boat ride to be back in plenty of time for the one o'clock flight, and I expressed regret that we would have to leave shortly before two. I was getting anxious as the others not to miss anything.

We returned, re-loaded, and settled back to wait. "They'll be here at 1:10," Bill predicted with great assurance.

One o'clock passed, and we continued to chat. At about five after, Bill said, "Single bird coming this way." He started to call, but I remained relaxed. This had happened before.

"Get ready," Bill said, and George nudged me. I realized that with one bird, they planned to give

the novice the first shot. Still, I was sure there was plenty of time, and the brant would probably not come anyway.

"Stand up and take your safety off," George said. This was it! I did so, bewildered, but careful to keep the muzzle pointed out of the blind. In my certainty of a false alarm, I had not watched the bird come in.

"On your right," George indicated, and there it was, fluttering above our decoys. It was, they told me afterward, about to depart, frightened at my standing up.

My gun was making frantic zig zags at this point. Half realizing this, I became aware that I must train it on the brant. I brought the bird into the sight and remembered, in that split second that seemed like eternity, to give it a few feet of lead. I did so and pulled the trigger. "Bang!" "Kerplunk!" went the bird into the water with an emphatic but silent splash that stunned me.

Amazement

Despite my utter amazement that what was supposed to happen had occurred, I remembered to put the safety back on. I doubt that I could have collected myself for a second shot, even with an automatic. In the amazement and amusement that followed, it was several minutes before I remembered to think about whether my shoulder hurt. It didn't until then.

Bill went out and retrieved the bird. As I went over to greet his

return, I upset the box of shells into the water that had by now engulfed the "floor" of our blind. I felt chagrined, but George assured me that they were waterproof.

We sat down again and reviewed the brant recipes that I had asked about earlier in a fit of pseudo-optimism. We also argued about the time of the kill. I believed it was 1:08, but Bill insisted it was 1:10 on the nose, as he had predicted.

There was no sign of other birds, so we started to pack up. George and I unloaded and cased our guns, and George began to roll up the back of the blind. Bill went over to the boat to fetch the decoys. A minute later he was back with a camera, insisting that I pose with my bird. He handed me his gun, since the others were cased, and I stood, holding the gun and bird behind the half-dismantled blind.

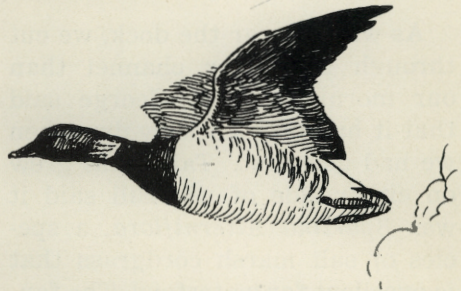
Bill's Aim

"Click," went the camera, and George exclaimed, "Look! over in our decoys!" Bill silently dashed over to me, took his gun, and loaded it as he moved to the shoreline. With all this, the brant remained sitting among our decoys, and Bill had to "shoo" at it before it rose. Fast as it went up, it came down faster, as there was no doubt about Bill's aim.

Before he retrieved it, he handed me back the gun for another picture. This time I recalled more

about the traditional pose of the mighty hunter, but I felt a little foolish in the light of Bill's shot. I did feel gladdened at the fact that someone else had gotten a chance.

We returned to our preparations for departure. This process, especially the picking up and packing



A single on the wing

up of the decoys, seemed even longer than setting up had been. Just before the last remnants of the blind came down, I saw a green shell case bobbing in the water. I picked it up with alacrity and asked George, "What color shell did Bill use?" "Red, I think," he replied, and I recalled that my two practice shells, unlike my ultimate load, had been red. When Bill returned with the decoys, he confirmed the color of his shell, and I had a souvenir of my hunting prowess to treasure.

Headed Back

Finally we headed back. By now the bay had risen, and Bill was able to abstain from steering long enough to do me the greatest kindness of all. He cleaned and de-feathered my brant, leaving one wing feathered and intact in keep-

. . . *Brant Hunter*

ing with federal law. George took care of Bill's bird in a simpler way—cutting out the breasts—again saving a fully feathered wing. Bill presented me with the breasts, and I reviewed cooking instructions for the third time.

As we got near the dock, we cut through a shorter channel than our morning route. George said that it had been entirely dry when we had gone out. Tall grass grew on either side of us. Bill said it was *Spartina Alterniflora*, a species of salt marsh cordgrass that is excellent for waterfowl. The fantastic ripples it made in our wake furnished a picturesque ending to a memorable day in the marshes.

For Home

After a bowl of chowder and a sandwich (with bread this time) we headed northward. Despite my eagerness to get home with the birds, I dozed in George's car, nursing fond memories and a sore shoulder.

We returned to my car, and I took off for home as fast as speed limits would permit. I rushed the birds into the kitchen, and proceeded to cut the wings, neck and feet off the whole bird, with considerable lack of expertise. These I discarded, together with the breastless remainder of Bill's bird. These breasts and the main body of my bird I put in salt water overnight.

In the morning I put the breasts

in a marinade of red wine with garlic powder. I refrigerated the other bird for the next day's consumption. That evening I broiled the breasts under a strip of bacon apiece for six minutes. I turned them, adding fresh bacon and mushrooms and broiled them another six minutes. The result was delicious.

The Roast

For the roast I followed Bill's directions quite explicitly. First I parboiled the brant for two and a half hours. The cooking water was redolent of what I suspected was the well-known bay cabbage. Bill had assured me, however, that once past the odor, the flavor would be good. Not having the pecan nuts recommended by Bill, I stuffed it with wild rice and mushrooms. I put it in a 350 degree oven and set the timer for half an hour. During this period I was to baste it periodically with frozen orange juice concentrate.

Fulfilled Destiny

I had also been instructed to consume a pitcher of refreshments while the bird roasted, an integral part of the recipe. This and the basting were accomplished, though my timing went slightly awry toward the end. For some reason, I remember this meal less than the breasts, though it was certainly not distasteful. In any event, my brant fulfilled its destiny. All that was left was one spent green shotgun shell to prove that I had actually shot a brant. And it was fun!

Game Bags

An Estimate of the Wildlife Harvest in New Jersey in 1964-65

By William M. Smith,
Bureau of Wildlife Management

This report pertains to the fourteenth annual survey of the small game harvest in New Jersey during the fiscal year 1964-65. It is based on a postcard survey in cooperation with the sportsmen of the state.

Type of Survey

The estimate of the harvest of seven small game species during the 1964-65 hunting season in New Jersey was obtained from response to questionnaires mailed by the Division of Fish and Game to a systematic sample (with a random start) of resident and non-resident licensed firearm hunters in the state.

Sample Frame

Hunters' names were obtained from the stubs of resident and non-resident firearm hunting licenses. These licenses were purchased during the calendar year of 1963. The frame can be used for two successive annual surveys, after which time sample size is reduced and randomness impaired, making it desirable to construct a new frame. This survey is the first to be conducted from the 1963 sample list.

The 1964-65 survey follows the form of past surveys and includes seven small game species, namely rabbit, squirrel, pheasant, quail, grouse, duck, and brant. The questionnaire recipient was asked to reply affirmatively or negatively as to whether he purchased a firearm hunting license in 1964 and whether he used the license. He was requested to state whether or not he hunted deer with a firearm. The recipient was also asked to state the number he bagged of each game species listed. A separate column was provided to allow for check-marking of species hunted in New Jersey, whether or not he actually bagged any game.

Sample Size

Questionnaires were mailed to 7,763 hunters selected as stated. The sample was approximately 5 percent of the total resident and non-resident firearm licenses purchased during 1964 (resident 152,741; non-resident 2,318; total 155,059).

A reply in some form was received from 3,929 of the 7,763 hunters and trappers with whom contact was attempted. Of the to-

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tal cards (7,763, one hundred or 1.28 percent of the cards were returned by postal authorities as undelivered for stated reasons. This percentage may be compared with 1.86 percent for the 1963-1964 survey.

Mailing Date and Response Acceptance Interval

The questionnaires were mailed to the sample hunters near the close of the extended seasons in early 1965. Responses were accepted until May 24, 1965, when work was begun on the survey. In the past, responses were accepted for about 30 days, after which time cards received were excluded from the calculations because of the probable presence of excessive memory bias. Because responses from the 1964-65 survey were accepted until May 24 (period of acceptance over 30 days), excessive memory bias may be present.

Non-purchasers of 1963 Hunting Licenses

The number of persons who did not purchase a 1964 license totaled 531, or 13.8 percent of the 3,829 hunters with whom contact was successful. This percentage may be compared with 20.8 percent in the 1963-64 survey (two-year old list), and 15.9 percent in the 1962-63 survey (one-year old list).

Response to the Sample

A response from 3,829 people of the 6,118 licenses contacted, provided the requested information or

53.9% of the sample (first-year list). In the 1963-64 survey (two-year old list of another sample) the response was 44.8 percent. In 1962-63 when the sample list was one-year old, the response was 54.8 percent.

Non-use of Licenses Purchased

Within the sample, 67 licenses purchased were not used. Therefore, approximately 2% of the 3,829 respondents who purchased licenses in 1964 failed to use them. Consequently, the participating respondents were 3,231 or 2.1 percent of the total licensed hunters. Projecting the percentages to the total population of 155,059 licensed hunters, leaves a working population of 151,881 active licensees. The active licensees are defined as all the individuals who engage in hunting with a firearm and/or trapping one or more species of game (Wright, 1964). In 1963-64 the respondents totaled 1.8 percent.

Hunting of Game Species Not Listed on Questionnaire

There were 120 or 3.71 percent of the 3,231 respondents who did not hunt any of the seven species of game listed. Projecting this number (120) to the total active hunters (151,881), it was estimated that 5,634 persons hunted non-listed species only or trapped furbearers.

Number of Deer Hunters

The number of firearm deer hunters in the state totaled 71.5 percent or 108,746 hunters. This

may be compared with 109,215 hunters in 1963-64. Of the 108,746 deer hunters 8,633 hunted exclusively for this species.

Trapping Furbearers

As in last year's survey no inquiry was made as to the harvest of furbearers. The only question asked was whether the licensee used this license for hunting, trapping or both. It was estimated that approximately one hundred thirty-six persons used their licenses exclusively for trapping. The persons who used their licenses for both were estimated to have numbered 3,751. Therefore, there were about 3,887 licensed trappers in New Jersey in 1964. In comparison, 5,700 trappers were estimated in 1963, 6,695 in 1962, 4,160 in 1961, and 3,500 in 1960.

Statistical Treatment of the Response Data

Treatment of the response data was conducted by methods described by Charles W. Wright in the 1960-61 "Estimate of Wildlife Harvest", Statistical Report No. 25.

Distribution of 1964-65 Small Game Harvest by Species

Rabbit

The estimated rabbit harvest in 1964 totaled 340,210 (plus or minus 16,524 at the 95 percent probability level) rabbits, or 14,335 less than in 1963. This is a 4% decrease over 1963.

The mean seasonal take per hunter was 3.56 ± 0.17 , as compared with 3.49 ± 0.09 in 1963.

A total of 97,199 licensed individuals hunted rabbits. This number was 4,461 less than in 1963 when 101,660 rabbit hunters were present in New Jersey. Of the total number of hunters in the state 64% were rabbit hunters; in comparison, 68 percent of participating licensees hunted rabbits in 1963. In 1964 rabbits were the second most popular game species, being exceeded only by deer.

The distribution of harvest among rabbit hunters in 1964 is compared with that of 1963 as follows:

Season Bag Per Hunter	1964		1963	
	No. of Rabbit Hunters	Percent of All Rabbit Hunters	No. of Rabbit Hunters	Percent of All Rabbit Hunters
0	26,030	26.78	25,933	25.5
1-4	43,556	44.81	46,916	46.2
5-9	17,661	18.17	20,606	20.3
10-24	9,749	10.03	8,072	7.9
25-50	194	0.20	132	0.1
Over 50	9	0.01	1	—
	<hr/> 97,199	<hr/> 100.00	<hr/> 101,660	<hr/> 100.0

. . . Game Bags

Pheasant

The survey indicates that the pheasant harvest in 1964 was 176,560 plus or minus 9,440.

The data shows that these were 56,730 less pheasants taken than during the previous year. This decline in the total number of birds harvested may be partially due to the decrease in pheasant hunters.

The total number of pheasant hunters in the state was 94,925, as compared with 104,125 in 1963. Sixty-two percent of all licensed hunters sought pheasants in 1964, 70 percent in 1963, 76 percent in 1962, 69 percent in 1961, and 58 percent in 1960.

The distribution of the harvest among pheasant hunters in 1964 compared with that of the previous year is as follows:

Season Bag Per Hunter	1964		1963	
	No. of Pheasant Hunters	Percent of All Pheasant Hunters	No. of Pheasant Hunters	Percent of All Pheasant Hunters
0	40,542	42.71	36,946	35.5
1-4	42,213	44.47	50,831	48.8
5-9	9,193	9.58	13,016	12.5
10-19	2,847	3.10	2,916	2.8
20-30	130	0.14	416	0.4
	94,925	100.00	104,125	100.0

Squirrels

An estimated 168,425 squirrels were harvested in the 1964-65 season (plus or minus 8,426 at the 95 percent probability level). This was an increase of 22,060 over the previous year.

The estimated total number of squirrel hunters in the state was

56,178, as compared with 59,840 in 1963-64. Thirty-seven percent used their licenses for squirrels. In 1963, approximately 40 percent were found to be squirrel hunters.

The distribution of the harvest among squirrel hunters in 1964-65 is compared with that of 1963-64 as follows:

Season Bag Per Hunter	1964-65		1963-64	
	No of Squirrel Hunters	Percent of All Squirrel Hunters	No of Squirrel Hunters	Percent of All Squirrel Hunters
0	15,138	26.94	24,175	40.4
1-4	25,829	46.01	24,534	41.0
5-9	9,873	17.56	8,138	13.6
10-19	5,080	9.03	2,693	4.5
20-29	230	0.41	293	0.4
30+	28	0.05	61	0.1
	56,178	100.00	59,840	100.0

Quail

The quail harvest in 1964-65 was estimated to have been 94,166 birds, plus or minus, 6,120 at the 95 percent probability level or an increase of 8,721 (10.2%) over 1963. The mean seasonal take per hunter was 2.07 ± 0.13 , as compared with 2.29 ± 0.22 in 1963-64.

The total number of quail hunters in the state was estimated to

have been 47,080, as compared with 37,375 the previous year. Approximately 31% of all those who purchased licenses and hunted sought quail, as compared to 25% the previous year.

The distribution of the harvest among quail hunters in 1964-65 is compared with that of the previous year as follows:

Season Bag Per Hunter	1964-65		1963-64	
	No. of Quail Hunters	Percent of All Quail Hunters	No. of Quail Hunters	Percent of All Quail Hunters
0	20,730	44.03	14,427	38.6
1-4	18,649	39.61	16,557	44.3
5-9	5,941	12.62	5,195	13.9
10-24	1,746	3.71	1,159	3.1
25+	14	0.03	37	0.1
	<u>47,080</u>	<u>100.00</u>	<u>37,375</u>	<u>100.0</u>

Ducks

The survey shows the duck harvest to have increased by 17.3% or 8,066 birds. The total estimated harvest was 54,676 ducks, plus or minus 5,695 at the 95 percent probability level. In 1963, the total harvest was 46,610 birds.

The total number of duck hunt-

ers was estimated to have been 22,779, an increase of 5,339 over 1963. Approximately 16% of all those individuals who purchased and used their firearm hunting licenses, hunted ducks.

The distribution of the harvest among duck hunters in 1964-65 is compared with 1963, as follows:

Season Bag Per Hunter	1964-65		1963-64	
	No of Duck Hunters	Percent of Duck Hunters	No of Duck Hunters	Percent of Duck Hunters
0	7,534	33.07	8,650	49.6
1-4	10,192	44.74	4,936	28.3
5-9	3,699	16.24	2,476	14.2
10-14	929	4.08	907	5.2
15-24	398	1.75	436	2.5
25+	27	0.12	35	0.2
	<u>22,779</u>	<u>100.00</u>	<u>17,440</u>	<u>100.0</u>

. . . Game Bags

Grouse

The 1964-65 estimated harvest of grouse totaled 36,754 (plus or minus 3,675 at the 95 percent probability level). This was an increase of 8.3% over 1963.

It was estimated that about 23%

of the hunters used their licenses for hunting grouse in 1964-65, compared with 15% in 1963. The total number of grouse hunters was about 33,414.

The distribution of the harvest among grouse hunters in 1964-65 is compared with that of 1963-64, as follows:

Season Bag Per Hunter	1964-65		1963-64	
	No. of Grouse Hunters	Percent of Grouse Hunters	No. of Grouse Hunters	Percent of Grouse Hunters
0	18,717	56.02	9,230	41.8
1-4	12,072	36.12	11,327	51.3
5-9	2,245	6.72	1,170	5.3
10-14	374	1.12	221	1.0
15+	6	0.02	132	0.6
	<u>33,414</u>	<u>100.00</u>	<u>22,080</u>	<u>100.0</u>

Brant

The survey data showed that the number of brant harvested in New Jersey in 1964-65 was approximately 27,369 birds (plus or minus 2,095 at the 95 percent probability level). This was an increase of 6,009 birds over the 1963 estimated brant harvest.

The mean seasonal bag per hunter was 3.61 ± 0.23 , as compared

with 2.63 ± 0.34 in 1963. It was estimated that the total number of brant hunters was 9,112 or 987 more than the previous year. Approximately 7 percent of the 1964 hunters used their licenses for hunting brant.

The distribution of the harvest among brant hunters in 1964 is compared with that of 1963 as follows:

Season Bag Per Hunter	1964-65		1963-64	
	No. of Brant Hunters	Percent of Brant Hunters	No. of Brant Hunters	Percent of Brant Hunters
0	2,994	32.86	3,388	41.7
1-4	3,378	37.08	3,145	38.7
5-9	1,539	16.90	1,040	12.8
10-14	727	7.98	366	4.5
15-19	298	3.28	81	1.0
20-29	170	1.87	89	1.1
30+	6	.03	16	0.2
	<u>9,112</u>	<u>100.00</u>	<u>8,125</u>	<u>100.0</u>

The estimated amount of game bagged by hunters in New Jersey, the number of hunters, and the seasonal bag per hunter are represented in Tables 1, 2 and 3, respectively.

Table 1. Wildlife Harvest By Licensed Hunters in New Jersey, As Estimated By Mail Questionnaire Sample Survey

Species	Estimated Harvest		Change From 1963-64		
	1964-65	1963-64	Increase	Decrease	Percent
Rabbit	340,210	354,545		14,335	4.0
Pheasant	176,560	233,290		56,730	24.3
Squirrel	168,425	146,365	22,060		15.0
Quail	94,166	85,445	8,721		10.2
Duck	54,676	46,610	8,066		17.3
Grouse	36,754	33,920	2,834		8.3
Brant	27,369	21,360	6,009		28.1

Table 2. Estimated Total Number of Licensed Hunters in New Jersey By Game Species for Three Years

Species	1964-65	1963-64	1962-63
Deer	108,746	109,215	112,595
Pheasants	94,925	104,125	109,855
Rabbit	97,199	101,660	107,685
Squirrel	56,178	59,840	64,805
Quail	47,080	37,375	35,510
Grouse	33,414	22,080	21,640
Duck	22,779	17,440	15,000
Brant	9,112	8,125	9,025

Table 3. Estimated Mean Seasonal Bag Per Licensed Hunter in New Jersey

Species	1964-65	1963-64	1962-63
Brant	3.61 ± 0.23	2.63 ± 0.34	2.02 ± 0.24
Rabbit	3.56 ± 0.17	3.49 ± 0.09	3.04 ± 0.08
Squirrel	3.35 ± 0.15	2.45 ± 0.11	2.18 ± 0.06
Duck	2.76 ± 0.25	2.69 ± 0.24	2.45 ± 0.26
Quail	2.07 ± 0.13	2.29 ± 0.12	2.27 ± 0.13
Pheasant	1.86 ± 0.09	2.24 ± 0.07	2.25 ± 0.05
Grouse	1.18 ± 0.01	1.49 ± 0.11	1.50 ± 0.10

References Cited

Wright, Charles W., 1961. "An Estimate of the Wildlife Harvest in New Jersey in 1960-61." N. J. Div. of Fish and Game, Trenton, N. J. Mimeo, pp. 11.

1964. "An Estimate of the Wildlife Harvest in New Jersey in 1963-64." N. J. Div. Fish and Game, Trenton, N. J. Mimeo, pp. 10.

Storm Warnings were up!

By Vincent Giannini

IT WAS A bleak day in November with the forecast advising of abnormal high tides and gale force winds, but the three men you are about to meet in this true life adventure welcomed the bad weather because it was the opening day of the ducking season in New Jersey. Their day was to start at Landing Creek, the entrance to a public shooting area, however the high tides prevented anyone from going out. So rather than wait around the duck hunters motored inland to Swan Bay where they launched their small 12-foot aluminum boat loaded with its motor, supplies, and decoys.

The Hunt

We left the truck parked beside Cherry Creek where we dropped the boat and headed for our blind $\frac{1}{2}$ mile away. Although the tide was unusually high in the creek, it was reasonably calm. But, once we hit the open water my small boat bounced like a cork scooping water each time the bow hit a wave. So with no choice I headed the rig for the closest shore while Ferdie Rotellini and George Wilkens my two companions bailed the boat.

The duck season that year

started at 12 Noon in New Jersey on opening day, so with only a few short hours left in the day we decided to take advantage of our unselected site and build a makeshift blind from reeds and some burlap we had along. We placed the decoys along the bank which had about two feet of water over it. The bottom was nice and firm so in no time at all we were in the blind and ready for action.

Ducks were all over the place but the ever rising tide and increasing wind forced us to gather our decoys and drift further into the meadows toward a visibly high patch of reeds. Beyond it lay what appeared to be a large lake which was created by this storm tide. Perfect! we all thought with the wind now to our backs the ducks would surely light into the decoys.

We quickly set-up and before the decoys were half out two ducks barreled into the spread, getting up just as fast only to be dropped before they could make any headway. Ferd and I took the boat and went after the fallen ducks. Returning was a bit difficult and Ferdie jumped out into the shallow water and pulled the boat against the high wind by the anchor rope while I rowed.



As this was going on a muskrat crawled up the burlap and into the boat. Although I noticed it, I was too busy trying to get back to the blind to pay any attention. That is until we decided on some hot coffee and a sandwich. The rat was attempting to get into the food. But, I grabbed him by the neck with my gloved hand and threw him overboard.

After our encounter with the muskrat three beautiful black ducks approached from our right flying about 10 feet above the water. Instinctively we each picked a duck. All down, 1 a cripple. George suggested walking out after the birds rather than disturb the blind by taking the boat as the water didn't appear too deep.

But there must have been a creek camouflaged by the high tide, because before he could get half way

to the ducks the water was over his hip boots. The wind was floating the ducks further away with the cripple trying to escape. Ferdie and I thought fast, deciding to send the boat with me aboard after George, then pick up the ducks.

As I started to drift toward George I stood up and shot the crippled duck. Once away from the protection of the reeds I started to drift fast. I was only within two feet of George, when he turned and headed back toward the reeds.

Ferdie and I hadn't realized that George didn't know what we had in mind and would automatically assume that I would retrieve the ducks and either row back or use the motor, unaware of the fact that the gale force winds could carry me far into the meadows. Everything happened fast now and

. . . Storm Warnings

as I approached the fallen duck I jammed an oar into the mud to slow me down. I held the boat back with my left hand on the oar and threw the duck into the boat with the right.

Now I tried to get the oar out of the mud, but with all my weight on one side plus trying to pull the oar out of the mud and the wind behind me, I started to capsize. I moved to the center of the boat and held just the very top of the oar with all my strength. The boat flopped back down and pivoted around the oar as it pulled free.

I quickly stripped the burlap from around the boat and motor and pulled on the starter rope. It kicked off only to stall as the storm-gathered reeds tangled around the prop. Oars proved useless against the wind in this light boat. So I tried the motor again after freeing the prop of tangled reeds, but the same thing happened. I looked behind me and could see my two companions stranded and getting smaller as I drifted further away until I couldn't see them anymore.

I finally came to a stop against a pile of reeds. My first inclination was to get out of the boat and pull it toward a distant shore, walk along this route, and eventually back to my companions. But a quick test with the oar changed my mind, as this proved the water to be nearly five feet deep. "I must be near a creek," I thought. So I

cleared the area of reeds around the stern of the boat and lifted the motor to clear the prop.

After starting the engine, I tried to back off the pile of debris. But, between the wind and prop drawing reeds toward it and cutting its power I was unsuccessful. So I jammed it into forward taking full advantage of the wind behind me and pushed through to a small clear spot where I could point the bow into the wind.

I couldn't make much headway into the wind because the motor kept losing power from the tangling reeds. Twice I got within sight of Ferdie and George, but each time I got close enough to see them I had to cross a large open area and when I hit this spot the wind would swing my bow around drifting me all the way back to the pile of debris. It was just impossible to turn the boat back on course once it was turned by the wind.

The wind continued to get stronger and the tide higher. This deeper water was good for the motor as the prop got less tangled, but very bad for my friends who now were in real danger. However, they could use the large goose decoys as life preservers to help them drift across that creek onto higher ground if necessary. Unfortunately, all of the regular life preservers were in the boat with me.

I learned from my two previous tries that an easy way to clear the prop was to lift the motor out of the water while it was running and let it clear itself. I felt prepared

to attempt it a third time. When I reached that open area, I headed the boat toward a creek that I saw winding behind a wide patch of high reeds.

I cut the engine and jumped into the reasonably shallow water holding on to the boat with both hands. The water was just above my hip boots and I felt a chill as they filled with water. Getting along side the boat I worked my way toward the creek until the water got too deep. The boat stood put behind the protection of the high reeds.

Now I discovered the difficulty of getting back into the boat with water filled hip boots and had to place both my hands under my thigh to lift my leg into the boat. Once one leg was in I was able to roll aboard. I was exhausted.

While I caught my breath, the realization of early darkness from the stormy weather hit me. I unbuckled my boots from my belt and emptied them of water. As I stood up in the boat I could see over the reeds.

Almost simultaneously Ferdie and I saw each other. He was about 50 yards away on the other side of the reeds. No longer hearing the sound of the motor, he had decided to chance investigating.

I backed the boat up the creek until I could swing the bow around. Then I headed for Ferdie, who waved me on fearing a pause in the high wind might set me adrift again. George had already gathered the decoys and we had everything aboard by the time Ferdie

walked back. They both sat in the bow to keep the motor up high.

We skimmed along the meadows toward Cherry Creek with me lifting the motor over the high spots. We were all pretty wet, but once inside felt safe. We still had one more surprise coming, however. The tide had risen so high that it was over the running board of Ferdie's truck flooding the engine.

It was getting dark now and we could see headlights up by the woods, which were about a 1,000 yards away. When we got there we were met by two local farmers by the name of Kiensle who came down to see the flood tide and seeing our heads bobbing around as we came across the meadows, decided to wait and offer assistance.

We loaded our boat and equipment on their truck and they were kind enough to drive three very wet and cold duck hunters home. We returned for the truck later that night when the tide receded. It was necessary to drain the truck's crank case and put fresh oil in the motor. After towing the truck a short distance it started and we headed for home.

I remember looking up into the now star lit sky hardly being able to imagine a storm raged here only a few hours ago. The three of us have since gone duck hunting and still contend that foul weather is still the best time for ducking. However, we offer this advice from our experience. "Think twice, no make that three times before going out in a Northëaster." #

The Pheasant

Species:

The Pheasant

Phasianus colchicus torquatus

General Characteristics:

The ring-necked pheasant male needs little description since this distinctive bird is a favorite of New Jersey hunters. The black-necked male has no white collar and is darker in color. Males total length about 30 to 40 inches; females about 20 to 24 inches; males weigh about 3 to 4 pounds; females 2½ to 3 pounds.

Range:

Found principally in the better soil regions, especially from Monmouth and Mercer counties northward, but also scattered along coastal marshes. Stocked throughout the state by the Division of Fish and Game.

Life History:

The pheasant is not a native bird, but was imported into New Jersey by Richard Bache, Benjamin Franklin's son-in-law. It was first successfully introduced in the wild in 1887 by Rutherford Stuyvesant at Allamuchy. In the wild, the nesting season begins in April or May after the hen has been fertilized by her polygamous "husband." The clutch ranges from 8 to 13 eggs, averaging about 11. The period of incubation is between 23 and 25 days. Nests are often made in alfalfa and other crop fields, and if the hay is cut early, many nests are lost, as well as some hens. Young pheasants develop rapidly and can fly short distances when about a week old; they are fully feathered at about 5 weeks and nearly full grown by 20 weeks. Pheasants are birds of the fields and hedgerows, seldom found in the woods unless chased there. "Ring-necks" are individual birds and while often found in flocks, do not "covey-up" as do quail.

Environmental Resistance:

Weather—Cold weather has little effect on pheasants except when extended periods of ice storms encase seeds and other food in heavy ice.

Precipitation—Little effect.

Predators—Great horned owls, foxes, house cats, crows, rats, skunks, and weasels.

Parasites—Lice, louse flies, caecal worms, tape worms, gape worms, and other round worms.

Diseases—Fairly resistant to disease in the wild. Game farm birds subject to many poultry diseases. Pheasants may be killed by ingesting insects or seeds sprayed with insecticides or herbicides.

Hunting—Only males are legal game, but in good pheasant cover, many males live through the hunting season. Hunting pressure is heavy on this prize bird. Regular open season is in November and December.

Management:

Pheasants are most often found in areas where field corn is planted as a farm crop. Artificial plantings of corn or food patch mix will help to encourage pheasants when planted in conjunction with good escape cover such as hay fields, marshes, or brushy swales.

Because the best pheasant ground in New Jersey is not extensive, and much of the state is not even fair pheasant ground, only male



A pair of pheasants—female on the left, male on the right

or cock pheasants should be hunted (except on regularly stocked pheasant-hunting preserves). Extensive blocks of woodlands contain few or no pheasants. The food of pheasant chicks is composed of insects. As the pheasants get older, a larger proportion of the diet consists of seeds, grain (such as corn), fruits, insects, and even an occasional small rodent. #

Fur, Fin ^{and} Campfire

By JACK SHERIDAN

THE COTTONTAIL RABBIT,

HUNTED MORE THAN ANY OTHER ANIMAL OVER THE U.S., IS THE TRUE RABBIT, AVERAGING 2 TO 5 LBS. IN WEIGHT, WITH DARK EYES, SHORT LEGS.



SELDOM FOUND IN DEEP WOODS, THEY TAKE OVER WOOD-CHUCK BURROWS OR SHELTER IN BRUSH HEAPS.

THE JACKRABBIT IS THE LONG-EARED, LONG-LEGGED WESTERN HARE. WEIGHS 5 TO 8 LBS., CAN RUN ABOUT 40 M.P.H. AND LEAP 20 FT. OR MORE.



A **BEAGLE** HOUND IS IDEAL IN RABBIT HUNTING. A RABBIT WILL MAKE ABOUT A 100 YD. CIRCLE BACK TO WHERE HE WAS, UNLESS THE HOUND IS ON HIM.



Cottontail and jack rabbit seasons — Nov. 6—Dec. 4 and Dec. 13—31.

Daily bag limits—4 rabbits; 1 jack rabbit or hare

Hitting Flying Targets

If you're having scatter gun trouble and can't seem to connect with fast moving flying targets, the chances are you're stopping the muzzle of your gun. To hit consistently, you've got to keep the gun moving, swing past the target, pulling the trigger as you do so, and continue swinging in a follow through motion after you've touched off the shot.

Many hunters worry about the distance they should lead a target. But, the fact is that lead, without swing and follow through, is doing it the hard way. There are some successful gunners who "spot shoot," picking a predetermined point ahead of the bird, and consciously firing at it before the target arrives; but these people are the exception rather than the rule, and they only learn their technique with years of practice.

Perhaps the best way to visualize the problem is to remember that a shotgun, in effect, throws out a string of lead shot much as a hose throws out a stream of water. So get that curtain of lead pellets out in front where the bird can fly into it. Another good analogy is to consider the problem of a football player throwing a pass to an end running down the field. If the pass receiver is going to catch the ball, the passer has to toss it to a point where the receiver is going to be—not where he is at the moment of throwing.

However, conscious computation of leads with a shotgun while helpful, should not overshadow the swing and follow through rule. By swinging your gun through the target, you actually compute the rate at which it is moving automatically. You must swing faster for a quartering or right angle target than for a straight away shot. This varying rate of swing, if it is continued after pulling the trigger, will help you to keep the muzzle pointed sufficiently ahead of the target to insure consistent hits.

Of course there are other problems. Most people who miss rising birds do so because they shoot under them. Another common mistake, which causes many lost targets, is failure to keep your head down on the stock. Just as a golfer tops the ball (or misses it completely) by looking up before he hits it, so many a shooter fails to connect by pulling his head up before he shoots.

Above all, though, successful wing shooting requires a smooth swing and a follow through. While it is true that you must lead a target, just as the football passer must throw the ball ahead of the receiver, remember that swinging through the target and pulling the trigger as you pass it is 90 percent of the battle. Chances are a little practice with this technique with a hand trap and some clay targets before the hunting season will result in a fuller bag for you this season. #

Patterning Shotguns

Modern shotguns are made to very precise standards. However, there may still be some small differences in shooting characteristics of various guns, even when they are of the same gauge and model. Because of this, it's a good idea to find out where your gun shoots, particularly when you have just acquired a new one. Known as patterning, this is an easy thing to do. Find a safe backstop and tack a large sheet of paper against it. Mark an X in the center of the sheet and then draw a 30 inch circle around it. Move back 40 yards, aim your shotgun at the X and fire. Follow the same procedure with several sheets of paper and then check the results. By looking at the dispersion of shot around the marks, you will be able to determine if your gun is shooting high, low, to the right, to the left, or right on. Based on the results, you will be able to tell where you should hold on various targets. Of course, if your average patterns are consistently wide of the mark to any great degree, you'll probably want to have your shotgun checked over by a gunsmith. #

Guide to

The Millville Tract

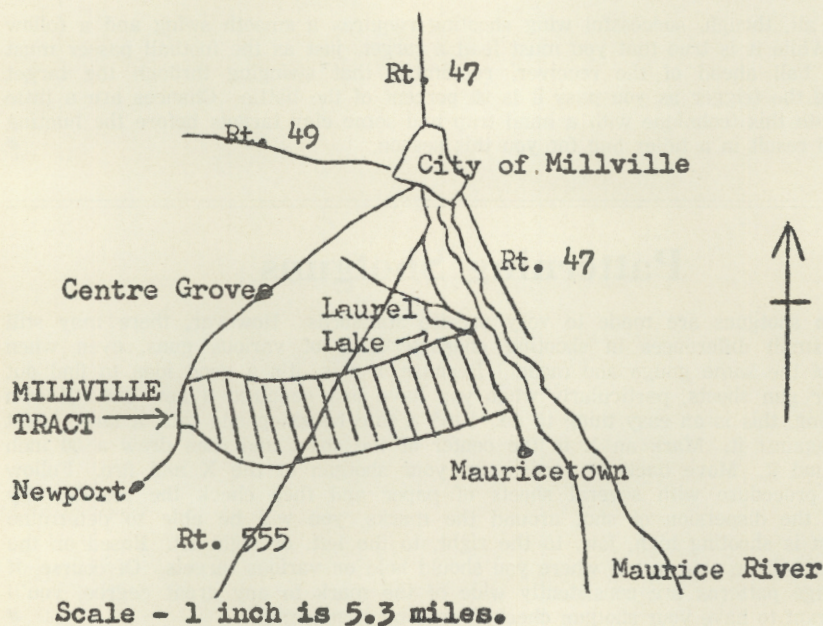
The Millville Public Shooting Grounds in Cumberland County is one of the largest public shooting and fishing grounds in the state. It totals almost 12,000 acres of woodland and fields. The tract is located within the following roads: On the west side, the Millville-Newport Road; on the north side the Millville-Mauricetown Road; on the south side the Haleyville-Dividing Creek Road; and on the east side by the Haleyville-Mauricetown Road.

This tract offers excellent quail and rabbit hunting. Pheasants and quail are stocked during the hunting season. The deer hunting is very good on this tract and ruffed grouse are common in the woodlands.

This tract is managed primarily for upland game through annual food patch and cover crop plantings and cooperative farming with local farmers. This tract is ideal for the bird dog men who like to see their dogs spread out and cover ground.

To reach the Millville Tract, take Route 555 out of the city of Millville, and after passing the Laurel Lake-Bridgeton Road about 4 miles, the first road on the right will proceed to the western side of the tract. The first, second, and third roads on the left lead to the east side of this tract.

#



Council Highlights

August Meeting

The regular monthly meeting of the Fish and Game Council was held in Trenton on August 10. The open session, held in the afternoon, was attended by the following Councilmen: Chairman Hart, Alampi, Cane, Godown, McCloskey, Reid, Richardson, and Space. In addition to the members of the Council and staff, the following persons were present: Al Toth, Edmond Shuler, Roy Williams, John Russack, Bill Backus, Ralph Allocca, and F. Adrian Heffern.

Raritan Bay Operations

The Council discussed recent incidents involving illegal dragging operations in the Raritan Bay area. This activity has continued despite every effort on the part of the Division to control it with the manpower and equipment at its disposal.

Recently, the activities of the illegal fishermen have gone beyond the realm of fish and game laws and involve the laws of navigation and the protection of citizens and property. Employees have been threatened with bodily harm and the boat of a private citizen who voluntarily made it available for patrol was doused with creosote, resulting in approximately a thousand dollars in damages.

Further than this, at the trial of a violator, who had been successfully apprehended, the judge fined him \$50 for fishing without a license and suspended the sentence, and fined him \$1000 for fishing inside the 2-mile limit and gave him ten days in jail in lieu of paying the fine. It was felt that this action on the part of the court would certainly not strengthen the enforcement efforts of the Division and would not deter the violators from their illegal activities.

Stepped-up Campaign

Director MacNamara advised that the matter had been referred to Commissioner Roe who would take action with all means available to him, including the State Police and the Marine Police.

Chairman Hart stated that, unfortunately, the reputation of the entire legitimate commercial fishing industry suffers from these illegal activities of a few lawless operators, and they sincerely hope the situation can be brought under control.

Director MacNamara reiterated that, through the office of Commissioner Roe, a stepped-up campaign against these violators will be vigorously carried out, utilizing assistance from the Marine Police, Navigation, possibly Shell Fisheries, and the State Police. In all proba-

. . . Council Highlights

bility our boats will be supplemented by rented boats. This enforcement effort will involve increased expenditures which cannot be avoided.

Mr. Edmond Shuler offered the assistance of the State Federation of Sportsmen's Club in any way possible in combating this problem.

Future Meetings

Chairman Hart advised that in the future the Council will convene at 10:00 a.m. and recess for lunch at 12 noon. The open session will commence at 1:00 p.m., thus allowing more time for the consideration of topics of interest to the public.

Resolution on Deer Laws

A resolution sponsored by the Hunterdon County Federation of Sportsmen's Clubs and endorsed by the State Federation was read. This resolution proposed that legislation be enacted to increase the penalties for illegal deer violations and to provide for confiscation of equipment in such cases, similar to the laws in effect in Pennsylvania.

While it was recognized that in the past the Division has not been too successful in securing the passage of legislation to increase fines, the Council was in sympathy with the suggestion. By motion of Mr. Alampi, seconded by Mr. Reid, and passed, the Council recommended that action be taken to endeavor to have the law enacted to provide for fines ranging from \$100 to \$1000, at the discretion of the magistrate.

License Revocation Appeal

James McElvarr appeared before the Council and appealed for the restoration of his hunting license privileges which had been revoked following two offenses of the fish and game laws. Mr. McElvarr had been arrested in 1964 for fishing without a license and for having a loaded gun with illegal missile in his car.

Mr. McElvarr's appeal was to be considered by the Council and action taken at the September meeting. Chief Coffin is to advise him.

Fishing Contest Policy

By motion of Mr. McCloskey, seconded by Mr. Alampi, and passed, the Council adopted the following policy regarding fishing contests:

1. Arrangements will be made for a Division fisheries biologist to check the pond or stream where the program will be held. He will investigate water conditions and existing fish populations. Stocking by the state will be undertaken only if he believes it is warranted and fish are available, and we will follow his recommendations as to the number of fish to be stocked. The state definitely will not stock trout specifically for these programs.

2. Time should be provided prior to the main fishing period for

the local conservation officer (or a Division-assigned alternate) to explain briefly the basis of fishing regulations and state stocking and management policies to the youngsters.

3. Instruction should be provided in proper fishing methods. Whenever possible, this should be given by respected local sportsmen, but the conservation officer or other Division personnel will participate where necessary. Instruction should include:

- a. Explanation of successful fishing techniques to enhance enjoyment of the sport.
- b. Emphasis on sportsman-like practices and the desirability of fishing for fun rather than "meat fishing."
- c. Instruction in proper cleaning of fish. Youngsters should be urged to release any fish they do not intend to clean and eat. If it is possible to arrange for youngsters to cook and eat the fish they have caught and cleaned, it would probably enhance this aspect of the program.

Contact Mr. Wm. Peterman, N. J. Division of Fish and Game, P. O. Box 1809, Trenton, N. J. 08625, phone 609-292-2965.

Skin Diving

Edmond Shuler submitted three ordinances passed by several municipalities in Monmouth County prohibiting skin diving and goggle or spear fishing. He stated that the participants in this sport fear this may be the beginning of a wave of further restrictions on their sport and they would like to be licensed or registered to skin dive and to make it compulsory for anyone securing a license to pass a safety test similar to the bow and arrow and gun safety tests.

The matter was referred to the Salt Water Committee for their consideration and recommendations.

Wildlife Management

Chief Alpaugh reported that the Rockport Game Farm had 25,528 pheasants on hand. Several thousand spent breeders were liberated during the month and approximately 20,000 birds would be available for liberation in the fall. At the Forked River Game Farm approximately 32,000 young pheasants were on hand and approximately 25,000 of these would be liberated this fall for the hunting season. Between 13,500 and 14,000 quail were on hand at the State Quail Farm, and of these birds, approximately 7,000 would be liberated on the public hunting and fishing grounds, 2,000 will be retained for breeders, 1,000 will be held for field trials, 2,000 will be held for spring liberation, and the remainder will be liberated during the fall.

Mr. Alpaugh welcomed the opportunity to meet with the com-

. . . Council Highlights

mittees of the Council to discuss and explain the programs of the Bureau of Wildlife Management and to take the members of the Council on a tour of our various installations.

Mr. Alampi inquired concerning the feasibility of inaugurating a study to try to determine why rabbits seem to decline in late summer. Mr. Alpaugh advised that this is a problem facing all the states in the Northeast and New Jersey had cooperated in a rabbit committee of the Northeast which was to meet in Connecticut early in September and answers to some of the questions concerning rabbits may result from the work of the committee.

Fisheries Management

Chief Hayford reported that the propagation of fish at the hatchery is progressing well despite low oxygen and low water conditions.

Public Relations

William Peterman, Supervisor of Public Relations, reported that the Fair season had started and exhibits were installed in Cumberland and Burlington counties. These exhibits were manned by I. and E. personnel and the conservation officers. Many favorable comments have been received regarding them. Mr. Alampi said the exhibits were excellent; they were well staffed and very impressive.

Conservation Awards

Ralph Allocca advised that the State Federation has started a program of granting annual awards to various conservationists in the fields of soil, water, wildlife, and so forth. They are establishing committees to work on these different aspects of the program and requested several Councilmen to work with the committees. They plan eventually to present an award to the Conservationist of the Year at a dinner. The matter was referred to the Public Relations Committee.

Ordinances Regulating Fishing

Mr. Allocca submitted an ordinance, No. 457, passed by the Township Committee of Ocean in the County of Monmouth regulating fishing in the waters owned by the Township of Ocean and restricting such fishing privilege to residents of the Township or their guests upon being issued a permit by said Township.

Chairman Hart assured Mr. Allocca that the Division of Fish and Game is vitally concerned with such attempts to regulate fishing or hunting, which could seriously affect the very existence of hunting and fishing as a sport in New Jersey, and will investigate the legality of the ordinance.

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Violators Roundup

<i>Defendant</i>	<i>Offense</i>	<i>Penalty</i>
Leward Marlowe, 330 Old Wolfe Rd., Budd Lake	Uncased weapon	100
Robert Dallas, Mill Rd., Whitehouse	Fish no license	20
Frank Yerkes, Box 206 Tuckahoe Rd., Franklinville	Fish no license	20
Robert Wright, 27 New Hampton Rd., Newton	Fish no license	20
Robert Wright, 27 New Hampton Rd., Newton	Angle in closed waters	20
Gerald Ridgeway, Lacey Rd., Bomber Lake, R. D. No. 1, Forked River	Offer parts of deer for sale	20
Gerald Ridgeway, Lacey Rd., Bomber Lake, R. D. No. 1, Forked River	Poss. untaged parts of deer closed season	100
Steven A. Wells, 1635 Old Farm Rd., Pt. Pleasant	Hunt with rifle	20
Food Fair Stores, Inc. Bricktown Shopping Center, Bricktown	Poss. short striped bass	20
August Schutt, Old Brookside Rd., Mt. Freedom	Angle in stream stocked w/trout	20
Frank Lena, 21-A Mariott St., Jamesburg	Hunt deer closed season	100
Frank Lena, 21-A Mariott St., Jamesburg	Illegal missile	100
Frank Lena, 21-A Mariott St., Jamesburg	Loaded firearm in vehicle	20
Frank Lena, 21-A Mariott St., Jamesburg	Dis. firearm across twp. road	20
Frank Lena, 21-A Mariott St., Jamesburg	Illegal firearm	20
Stanley Czap, 3165 Cedar St., Philadelphia, Pa.	Fish no license	20
Edward Damkos, 145 Braidwood Dr., Berkley Hgts.	Fish no license	20
Edward Damkos, 145 Braidwood Dr., Berkley Hgts.	Poss. trout closed season	20
Edward Damkos, 145 Braidwood Dr., Berkley Hgts.	Take trout w/out stamp	20
George Kendall, Rt. No. 2, Box 27 Woodbine	Uncased weapon	100
William Roberts, 815 Summer St., Elizabeth	Hunt no license	20
Richard J. Wieland, 33 Highview Rd., E. Brunswick	Fish no license	20
Arthur E. Morris, 1240 Livingston Ave., No. Brunswick	Fish no license	20
Terance McKee, 500-A Bloomfield Ave., Caldwell	Procure license wrongfully	100
Douglas P. Pitchell, 704 Sheridan Ave., Roselle	Hunt on Sunday	20
Michael J. Macik Jr., 117 Indian Run Pk., Union	Hunt on Sunday	20
Amplly Hyson, 12th Ave., Dorothy	Uncased weapon	100
Roy Brown, Beach Ave., Estelle Manor	Uncased weapon	2 days in jail 100
Roy Brown, Beach Ave., Estelle Manor	Hunt no license	21 days in jail 20
Roy Brown, Beach Ave., Estelle Manor	Loaded firearm in vehicle	5 days in jail 20
George A. Brennen, 126 E. Vernon Ave., Northfield	Fish no license	5 days in jail 20
Louis R. Sorrentino, Weymouth Rd., Vineland	Fish no license	20
Wayne C. Pollock, 622 Thomas Ave., Riverton	Fish no license	20
Arthur Roney, 138 Forest Dr., Bellmawr	Angle closed waters	20
Nicholas T. Maura, Box 164, Pittstown	Fish closed waters	20
Horace Williams, 620 S. 9th St., Philadelphia Pa.	Fish no license	20
Ronald Collins, 1515 Catherine St., Philadelphia, Pa.	Fish no license	20
Dirk G. Prague, 21 W. Windsor Ave., Pleasantville	Fish in closed waters	20
Dirk G. Prague, 21 W. Windsor Ave., Pleasantville	Trout fish with no stamp	20
John Cosenza, 21 Princeton Dr., Jackson	Fish no license	20
Donald C. Clovis, Tip's Trailer Pk., Bridgeton	Fish no license	20
Frank Crisci, 42 Albin Ave., Paterson	Fish no license	20
James Doriety, 2630 Nottingham Way, Trenton	Angle closed waters	20
James Doriety, 2630 Nottingham Way, Trenton	Kill & possess 1 brook trout	20
Frank Fidanza, 76 E. Paul Ave., Trenton	Angle closed waters	20
Joseph J. Nucaso, Jr., 224 Miller St. Trenton	Fish no license	20
Emil Fenske, 19 Jonquil Circle, Fords	Fish no license	20

. . . Violators Roundup

<i>Defendant</i>	<i>Offense</i>	<i>Penalty</i>
Craig Simanelli, 4 Lily St., Parlin	Fish closed waters	20
Roy Thompson, Waterloo Rd., Allamuchy Twp.	Fish closed waters	20
Roy Thompson, Waterloo Rd., Allamuchy Twp.	Fish no license	20
Edward Danielson, 30 Hillside Ave., Mine Hill	Fish closed waters	20
William Morrow, Little Lane Rd., Wharton	Fish closed waters	20
Raymond Floriano, R.D. No. 1, Elmer	Hunt w/void license	100
George A. Ayres, 403 No. Albert Ave., Northfield	Fish no license	20
Stanley Weidenbaum, 99 Lewies St., Perth Amboy	Fish closed waters	20
Alfred Patterson, Jr., Hartford Rd., R.D. Medford	Hunt no license	20
James S. Wagg, Jr., 1 Bittersweet Rd., Trenton	Fish trout closed season	20
George De Thomas, 9 Hawthorne Ave. Jersey City	Angle no license	20
Raymond D. Thornton, 2807 W. 14th St., Chester, Pa.	Hunt no license	20
Edward J. Namowicz, Jr., Prospect St., South River	Fish no license	20
Fred Savodny, Jr., 168 Chrystal St., Dover	Poss. 1 trout over limit	20
A & P Food Stores, Rt. 38, Lumberton Twp., Mt. Holly	Poss./sale illegal striped bass	20
A & P Food Stores, Rt. 38, Lumberton Twp., Mt. Holly	Poss./sale illegal striped bass	20
A & P Food Stores, Rt. 38, Lumberton Twp., Mt. Holly	Poss./sale illegal striped bass	20
A & P Food Stores, Rt. 38, Lumberton Twp., Mt. Holly	Poss./sale illegal striped bass	20
Barbara Luckowski, 428 N. Church St., Westchester, Pa.	Fish no license	20
Walter Burt, 294 Dividing Crk. Rd., New Port	Firearm on Sunday	20
John M. Vasilik, Jr., 72 Polsa Ave., E. Paterson	Fish no license	20
Ronald Hughes, 212 Amber St., Highland Park	Fish before hours	20
John Walaitis, 128 Anderson St., Pottsville, Pa.	Non-Res. fishing w/out license	25
Ralph La Sasso, 401 Bellevue Ave., Hammonton	Fish before hours	20
Jeffrey A. Aaronson, Valley Rd., W. Millington	Angle in stream, stocked w/trout wrong time	20
Bruce Goldie, 125 Hinchmans Ave., Wayne	Fish no license	20

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