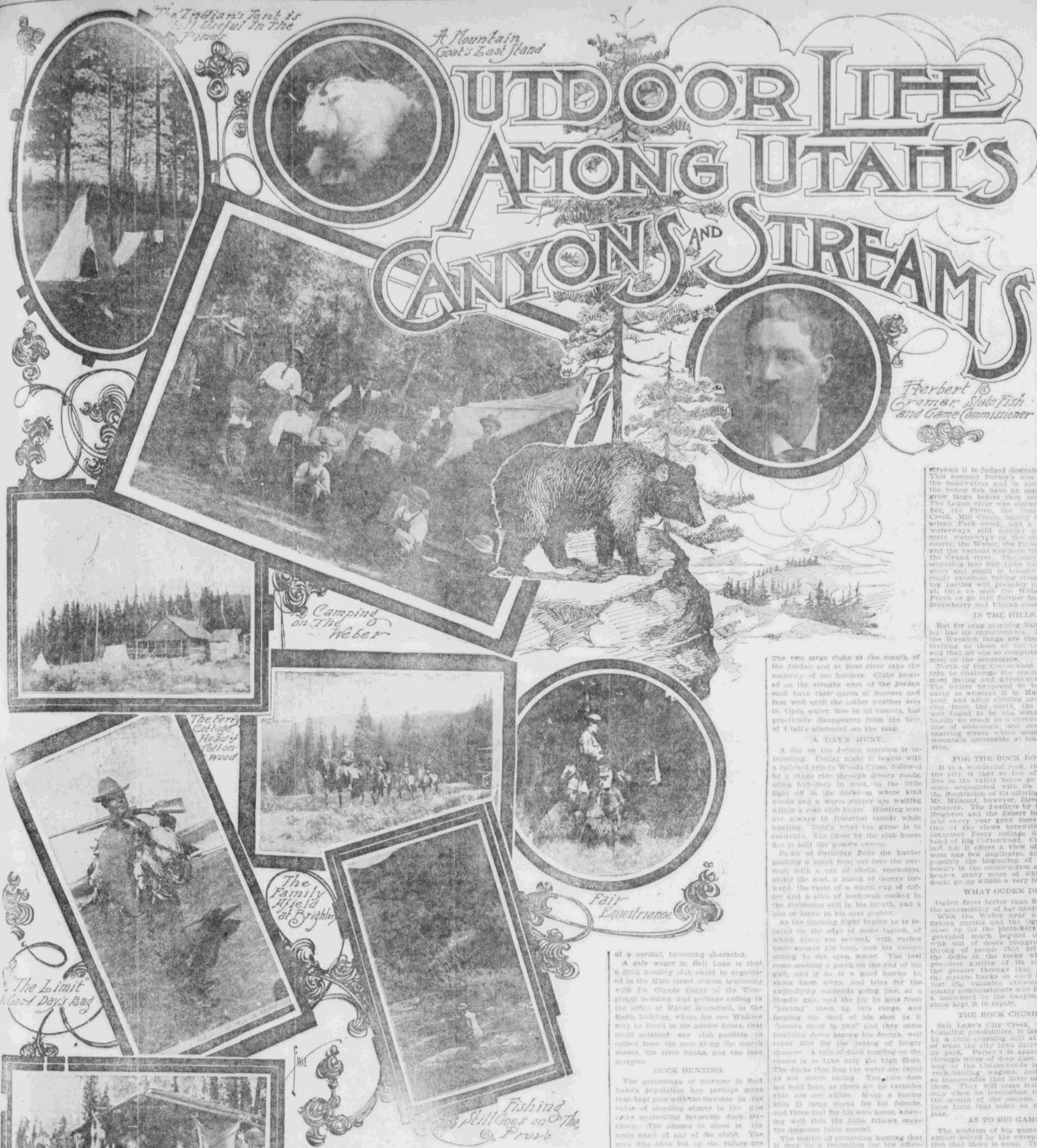




Herbert B. Cramer, State Fish and Game Commissioner

streams it is judged desirable to stock. This summer Parley's was stocked at the headwaters and in springs where the young fish have an opportunity to grow large before they are devoured. The Jordan river was stocked, the Weber, the Provo, the Wasatch, the Little Cottonwood, the Little Kanab, and the various southern tributaries of the Great Salt Lake. The number of fish supplied into Salt Lake valley are too short and small in volume to become really excellent fishing streams. Camp-fishing parties will probably continue for all time to seek the Weber and the Provo or go still further back into the Strawberry and Utah country.

IN THE HILLS

But for crag climbing Salt Lake valley has its opportunities. Nowhere in the Wasatch range are there crags so inviting as those of the Cottonwoods, and that all are so completely with the spirit of the mountains.

North of Big Cottonwood is a mountain to challenge the resources of the most daring and adventurous climber. The writer happened to be one of a party to attempt it in March of this year, and after circling around the base from the north, the great cliff was found to be one solid rock with hardly so much as a crevice above the line of shale-rock, and none of those shelving strata which usually make a mountain accessible at least from one side.

FOR THE ROCK ROVERS.

It is a wonderful rock, this cliff, and the city is that so few of those who live in the valley below go up and become acquainted with its glories and the inspiration of its offerings of views. Mt. Midgton, however, fares more fortunately. The dwellers by the lake of Brighton and the Fishers in the Silver Lake every year grow more numerous. One of the views here with is of the luxurious Perry cottage at the very head of the Cottonwoods. Crowding the foot hill it offers a view of which the west has few duplicates, and it marks possibly the beginning of a sense of beauty in the construction of mountain houses, many more of which will no doubt go up within a very few years.

WHAT OGDEN DID.

Ogden faces better than Salt Lake in the accessibility of her canyon. With the Weber near at hand for fishing parties and the Ogden canyon close by for the pleasure of the city is provided much beyond the average with out of doors playgrounds. The throng of people that drive through the delta in the rocks which is the grandest portion of its scenery, and the greater throng that walk along the stream banks on each holiday, attest the valuable assistance of the county commissioners who first planned a highway to the canyon, and have since kept it in repair.

THE ROCK CRUSHER.

Salt Lake's City Creek, with all its beautiful possibilities, is largely ruined by a rock crushing mill at the mouth of the city. Parley's is approached only through miles of deep dust. The roadway to the Cottonwoods is ruined by rock-hauling wagons, and they are so numerous that little use is had of them. They will come into their own only when an interurban road runs to the mouth of the canyon, with stage lines from that point on up to Silver Lake.

AS TO BIG GAME.

The problem of big game in Utah is almost solved by the sweeping declaration that there is none. The mountain goat shown above is about as rare a kill as any mountain lover may make in America. It was not shot in Utah, but by a party of Salt Lake in the Rockies farther north. They followed side rock cliffs for days, and penetrated country where their pack horses were lost and went reeling over precipices to be dashed to pieces many hundreds of feet below. W. E. Ware, a well known architect here, was one of the party. And L. E. Ritter, Jr., was another. The goat shown was shot by Mr. Ritter, and another shot by Mr. Ware, rolled so far down the slickrock from the shivering ledge on which he shot it that it could not be photographed until he had skinned it, and brought the head up the steep mountain side.

The Buckskin mountains and the Grand River country are about as well known to Utah's sportsmen. It is probable that their hunting possibilities will be exhausted within a few years. The automobile offers possibilities to reach heretofore inaccessible country that promise well for long hunting trips next year.

THE DEADLY RIFLE.

Before passing from consideration of recreations held in Utah there is one thing that public feeling could well be concerned as to the future of big game. It is the matter of the small boy with his .22-rifle and his shotgun. State Fish and Game Commissioner Cramer declares that one of the most serious dangers to the game is the small boy with his .22-rifle. Birds on the hills of all kinds, and birds in the valleys suffer tremendously with the small boys and their guns. A recommendation to the legislature will be that the small boy be prohibited from carrying arms, with or without a guardian.

The two large clubs at the mouth of the Jordan and at Bear river take the majority of the hunters. Clubs located on the sloughs west of the Jordan each have their quota of hunters and fare well until the colder weather sets in. Open water, free to all comers, has practically disappeared from the face of Utah's stream on the map.

A DAY'S HUNT.

A day on the Jordan marshes is interesting. Friday night it begins with a railroad trip to Woods Cross, followed by a stage ride through dreary roads, often half-deep in mud, to the little light off in the darkness where kind words and a warm supper are waiting within a cozy club house. Hunting men are always in fraternal moods while hunting. That's what the game is to cultivate. The cheer by the club house has to be half the game's charm.

Dean of Saturday finds the hunter pushing a small boat out into the current, with a can of shells, smokeless, under the seat, a bunch of decoys forward, the taste of a warm cup of coffee and a slice of beefsteak cooked in the clubhouse still in his mouth, and a bit of lunch in his coat pocket.

As the morning light begins he is located on the edge of some lagoon, of which there are several, with rushes built around the boat, and his decoys sitting in the open water. The teal come seeking a perch on the end of his gun, and if he is a good hunter he shows them away, and tries for the swift-flying mallards being put at a 50-mile gait, and the joy he gets from "beating" them up into range, and hearing the thud of his shot as it "breaks them in two" and they come tumbling down among his decoys, well repaid him for the taking of longer chances. A rule of duck hunting on the Jordan is to take only the high fliers. The ducks that hug the water are rated as not worth eating. The rule does not hold here, as there are no varieties that are not edible. Many a hunter kills 25 large ducks for his friends, and three for his own home, knowing well that the little fellows make the delectable table morsel.

The matter of protecting hunting that it may be a recreation for the officers, worn rather than a means of securing a livelihood for a few poor hunters who use guns so large that to kill with them is simply murder, and who stay at it so long that the extinction of all surviving duck would only be a matter of a few years, was a thing undertaken here too soon.

INCREASING PROTECTION.

Each legislative session ending with the last, has become a little more rigid in its amendments to the fish and game laws. State Fish and Game Commissioner Cramer has this summer planted in the streams of Utah 2,500,000 fish spawn from the state fish hatchery. Heretofore the young fish have been largely sold to private ponds, and the revenue thus secured has made the department self-sustaining. Fishermen, however, objected to the policy as they found their streams becoming useless to the fisher and robbed of their attractiveness as a play ground for those needing recreation.

HERDING STREAMS.

At the Commercial club a series of meetings was held, and a movement launched to change the order of things. Mr. Cramer became a candidate for his present position as a result of these meetings and his entrance into office was followed by a rigid enforcement of the law. One hundred heads have been the rounding up of idle hunters in the sloughs. Another has been the putting in of fish carcasses in the lateral streams from main creeks, thus preventing the escape of trout, many of which have died in unwholesome places in years past.

REPAIRING TROUT.

The young fish are taken on Ryeing Creek where the trout hatchery is located, and they are taken from there in pairs by Mr. Cramer and his assistants to the head waters of the various

of a cordial, trusting character.

A safe wager in Salt Lake is that a good hunting club could be organized in the Main street stadium, beginning with Mr. Claude Carter in the Tompkins building, and perhaps ending in the office of Mayor Hunsford, in the Keith building, where his son Wallace may be found in his leisure hours, that could outshoot any club composed of expert from the men along the marsh shores, the river banks, and the lake margins.

DUCK HUNTING.

The percentage of increase in Salt Lake's population has perhaps more than kept pace with the increase in the value of shooting shares in the gun-club controlling favorable duck territory. The chance to shoot is the main asset of any of the clubs. Those who have bid up the values are from the decks. Men who looked upon duck shooting as more of a business than a neutral recreation are those who have been bought out.

Today it is harder to shoot a duck than at any previous time in Utah's history. Laws have been tightened around shooting privileges each year, and this year State Fish and Game Commissioner Cramer is giving them to rigid enforcement that they be made to be effective.

The Bear river club, which it is reported, has always laughed at the law, has this year taken careful note of its privileges to shoot only the limit. The New State-Gun club, at the mouth of the Jordan, anxious to protect the fluffy birds, imposes fines upon its members for shooting too long, that are more severe than any penalty of the state itself. And in addition to that it imposes a stigma on such a person, hard for the good hunter to bear. It is the extraneous characterization of "bad sport."

HUNTING PRIVILEGES.

Duck hunting is now confined to the period between Oct. 15 and Dec. 30. There is no night shooting, and no spring shooting. The larger clubs close a portion of the week days, so that the duck has a chance to perpetuate his kind and grow unappetizing to the men with guns who come down on certain days to massacre them, 25 ducks to each gunner.

"On dizzy ledge of mountain wall, above the timber-line I hear the riven slide-rock fall toward the stunted pine. Upon the paths I tread secure no foot-darers follow me, For I am master of the crags, and march above the snow."

—The Cragsmaster.

hunted and fished out, and his quest was not after a winter and spring at his desk. He met up with an old native of the country. The man was a guide, trapper, cowboy, and scout. He had killed buffalo for the railroad graders in the '60s. He had spent his boyhood in an Indian camp after running away from home. He knew all about trapping for the commercial value of the fur secured. He knew how to live with a fisher and a can of grasshoppers. Like his kind, he was full of the unswerving spirit of the mountaineer.

A BET AND A TEST.

A fishing discussion brought out his real opinion of "city fellows," and it was an opinion that could never be repeated with safety in print. When a challenge and a bet were made, Jackson, like people come to stake their faith on the mountaineer against the companions of the "city fellow." A beautiful stretch of stream was picked out on the Hoback river, emptying from the mountains in the southeast corner of

THE discovery of new ways for recreation is a matter of growing importance in Utah with the passing of each year. No New York could ever exist without its Coney Island, and as Salt Lake grows larger in its population of desk weary men, so grows the demand for playgrounds, for cozy retreats, for salubrious and briny shores, for the marshes where the ducks fly low, and for the crags where hunting is worth while, even if it is only the tracks of some wandering bear or deer that are discovered.

Spontaneous community existence and the demand for healthful sports are together. It was in the hey-day of Greek civilization that the most of people journeyed out to see the Olympic games, and shout the name of the winner of the Marathon race, and from

one high in authority in America, we learn that it is a good wholesome for presidential sentences yet unwritten to shoot for a few weeks in a canchrae infested with rumors of bear.

PLAY AGAINST WORK.

There is a good fishing story that comes from Jackson's hole to the northward, illustrating the principle that the brain-weary make the best devotees of the field and stream. A very tall man who is now a bank cashier in Salt Lake learned through whispering the over-fished streams of the Salt Lake valley canyons how difficult it is to land a trout, and how easy it is to lose a fish through too much eagerness in landing him, or overanxiety to break up his fight before he is worn out and ready to swim for the landing net or the waiting basket.

ON THE HOBACK.

The Salt Lake found himself in the Jackson hole country before it was