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Big Brown Bats Hibernate In Maquoketa Cave

By E. B. SPEAKER

Each November the big, brown bats make their annual pilgrimage to the Maquoketa Caves in Jackson County, where they spend the winter months in quiet partial hibernation. The mystery of their sudden appearance has baffled the people of the community for years, since no one sees them arrive. Bats are nocturnal in habits and apparently enter the cave in hordes at night. Surprisingly enough, bats are rare in the vicinity of the park during the summer.

The fall migration into the cave is not sporadic, but occurs in a single night. Prior to that time there are no bats in the cave, and during the winter months there are no additions to the bat colony.

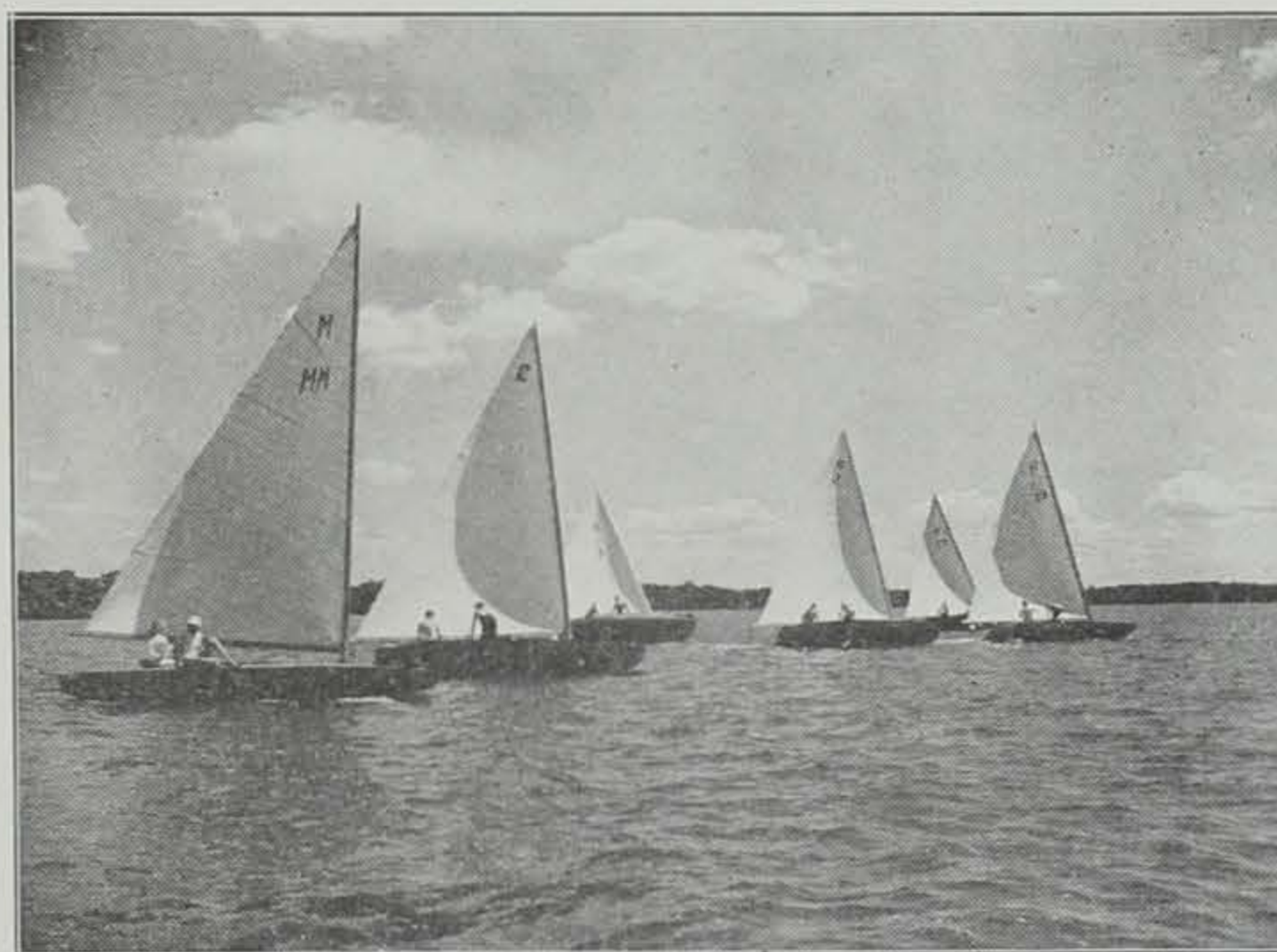
The departure of these queer, little creatures is equally phenomenal in the spring. Usually they all leave the cave during the same night early in March. This spring, however, old Mother Nature played a prank on her little colony of sleepy-heads. During an unusually warm period the middle of March, the majority of the estimated 3,000 bats left the roof of the cave where they had been hanging, heads down, since early last November.

When the bats enter the cave in the fall they congregate in large clusters on the roof of the cave near the center of the upper cavern. They do not fly during the winter months; however, their hibernation is only partial, for they chatter furiously like mice when disturbed, but do not leave the rocks to which they have attached themselves.

Some of the bats hang singly from the roof of the cave, but the vast majority cling to each other in clusters containing from 300 to 500 individuals. Where crevices

(Continued to Page 47, Column 2)

Landlocked Iowa Home of 300 Sailboats, Two Sailboat Yacht Clubs



A sight more beautiful is difficult to picture than a sailboat race on one of Iowa's Great Lakes, where water, sky and trim little sailing craft present a scene dear to the hearts of hundreds of enthusiasts.

Limit Catch of White Bass Simple If You Find 'Em Feeding

By WILLIAM F. SIGLER
Iowa Fisheries Research Unit

The average fisherman can easily get his limit of white, or silver, bass in Iowa, once he finds a feeding school. On several occasions I have seen five or six fishermen standing on shore casting into a school of white bass and every fisherman would be catching fish.

Let's look at a few of the traits peculiar to white bass. They feed in schools, generally of a uniform size group, which cruise along at a rather fast clip. When they find a school of young fish there is apt to be quite a commo-

tion. The bass send minnows skipping across the water in a vain effort to escape, only to find a mouth waiting for them when they are spent. They rush into water so shallow their backs are exposed, and not infrequently they cause small fish to leap out onto shore in their panic.

If there is a strong inshore wind the bass are often on that side of the lake. On Spirit Lake last year, eight to ten-inch white bass were almost invariably along the shore where the waves were coming in. On quiet days, schools

(Continued to Page 42, Column 3)

Four Classes of Boats Race on Summer Sundays

By VERNE PETERSEN
State Boat Inspector

Sailboat. The very word is romantic. In Iowa more than 300 sailboats are in use each year, enjoyed by spectators for their grace and beauty almost as much as they are by their owners for the thrills and relaxation they provide.

Iowa has two sailboat yacht clubs, the Okoboji Yacht Club and the Clear Lake Yacht Club. Also there are numerous unaffiliated sailors in this state. The clubs use boats of four different classes.

The smallest boat used in regattas is the "moth", a flat, pumpkinseed-shaped craft using one sail. The moth is not very fast but is extremely tricky to sail and is dangerous for the amateur to use.

The X class is a 16-foot craft using two sails, the mainsail and the jib, the jib being the small sail ahead of the spar. This boat is faster than the moth and is a very nice family boat, being used for sailing parties as well as racing.

The C boat is in a special class and is the most popular racing boat in the Middle West. It is 20 feet long and has but one sail. When heeled over the greatest racing speed is attained, and it is a real thrill to watch them maneuver. Great sailing skill is required of the operator, and spills

(Continued to Page 42, Column 1)

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Sailboating

(Continued from Page 41)

or capsizings occur at almost every meet.

The E class is of the same design as the C but is 28 feet long and has two sails, the mainsail, which is larger than the one used on the C, and the jib, or sail ahead of the spar. This boat is not very popular in Iowa because of its high cost. There are only a few used, and consequently they are not very important in racing competition in this state.

The queen of all is the A class, which is the largest sailing boat in Iowa. There are only three of this type in the state, and these are used commercially. This boat is 38 feet long, of the same type as the C and E, having two sails. The mainsail is much larger than the mainsail used on the E, and the jib is in proportionate size to the mainsail. These are the fastest sailing boats in the world, faster even than the racing sail-

"God's in His Heaven; All's Right With the World"



Outlined against a moonlit sky, the graceful lines of one of Iowa's 300 sailboats presents a picture of enchanting beauty.

boats of the ocean.

Races are held every Saturday and Sunday at Clear Lake and Okoboji throughout the season, the season ending on Labor Day. Cups are awarded to the winners in each class for the season, and cups for special races such as the Fourth of July and Labor Day are also awarded.

It is customary to hold inter-lakes regattas each year between the West Okoboji and Clear Lake clubs. There is an inter-lakes cup awarded each year to the winner, which keeps it until the next year, when competition again decides possession for the following year.

The clubs have adopted the rules of racing of the Inland Yachting Association, and they are strictly adhered to. Age limits of the operators are: X class, under 16 years of age; C, E, and moth classes, over 16 years of age. This is one sport where there is no "you first, Madam" insofar as racing is concerned. The best sailor, boy or girl, with the best boat wins.

Competition is keen between the operators before and during a scheduled race, and to the spectator it seems impossible that spills and collisions can be averted.

Just before the assembly gun is fired (two shots), the judges announce the triangular course to be sailed. The crews trim their craft so that everything is in readiness for the starting gun. The activity at the time before the starting gun is a thrilling sight, sailboats everywhere, crews calling to each other for buoy room or clearance. This is what is known as jockeying for position and is oftentimes as exciting as the race itself. Position is important because the boat nearest the starting line at the

time of the starting gun has a decided advantage over the other racers.

The first single gun shot begins the class C race. One minute later another shot starts the X and moth class races over the same course.

When all craft are under way, their white sails shining, waves sparkling, cloud-fleeced blue sky overhead, spectators and racers alike are taken away from the worries of war with the feeling "God's in his heaven; all's right with the world."

White Bass

(Continued from Page 41)

traveling just at the surface can be located by the wake they leave. It was not unusual to be able to count six to eight of these schools at one time along Crandall's Beach on Spirit Lake on a quiet evening last summer.

White bass frequent sand, gravel or rock more often than mud bottom. On calm, bright days the fish stay out in deep water. About 30 minutes before dark they usually move into shore and remain in until dark. After that they may move out again or stay in for several hours. They may also be close to shore just at daybreak. Sandy shores, rock reefs or the vicinity of vegetation grown up to or above the surface of the water, are the places to do night fishing.

White bass, like other predatory fish, congregate where there is an abundance of young fish. At night, look for young fish driven into the shallow water along shore if you want to know whether or not there are any large ones nearby. The junction of a stream flowing into a lake is a good place to catch white bass, particularly if the

stream has a population of minnows or other small fish. Some of the best white bass fishing on Spirit Lake last year was at the inlet. On several occasions, following a rain, thousands of them congregated at the footbridge to feed on the minnows and other small fish swept down in the current from Loon Lake, Minn.

During the first year of life white bass feed on small animals such as water fleas and aquatic insects. In their second year they continue feeding on these small animals along with larger ones such as crayfish and some of the small fish. Adults also feed on these small animals, but they may feed predominantly on small fish if these are abundant.

While white bass do not become large they are exceedingly gamey. The mature fish range in weight from two to three pounds. The largest ones will measure about 17 inches in length. The younger fish, more numerous and more likely to be taken in the daytime, range from seven to 12 inches in length and from one-half to three-fourths pounds in weight.

White bass are quite generally distributed throughout Iowa. They are not, however, abundant enough in many parts of the state to afford good fishing. The original habitat probably included the Mississippi and Missouri rivers and some of their adjacent drainage. At present, the best white bass fishing in Iowa is in the Great Lakes region, particularly Spirit Lake. This area was at one time connected to the Missouri drainage by way of the Little Sioux River. White bass are fairly abundant in Clear Lake, in Cerro Gordo County, along with their near relative, the yellow bass. Both Storm Lake in Buena Vista County and Blackhawk Lake in Sac County formerly had large populations. Pine Lake at Eldora and Delhi Lake near Manchester have good populations at present. Quite a number of artificial lakes and city reservoirs in southern Iowa have been stocked at one time or another. The chance of taking a few white bass along with other fish in some of these lakes is fairly good.

It is not necessary to have expensive or special equipment to catch white bass. They can be taken by still fishing with a live minnow, by fly fishing or with a bait casting outfit. The fishing may be done either along shore or from a boat. The best daytime fishing is the first two or three weeks after the season opens on May 15. Later in the season the better fishing is at night, particularly for the large ones.

Daytime fishing with a live minnow can be made more effective by a type of still fishing known as puddling. This can be

(Continued to Page 47, Column 1)

Conservation Officer Keeps Record of Family of Cardinals

By LOUIS A. STROHMAN

One of the satisfying things about the work of the conservation officer in the state parks is the constant presence of wildlife in its native state. The following notations are from Mrs. Strohmman's and my record of bird observations on a pair of cardinals that nested in the shrubbery beside the porch of the custodian's home at Pammel State Park:

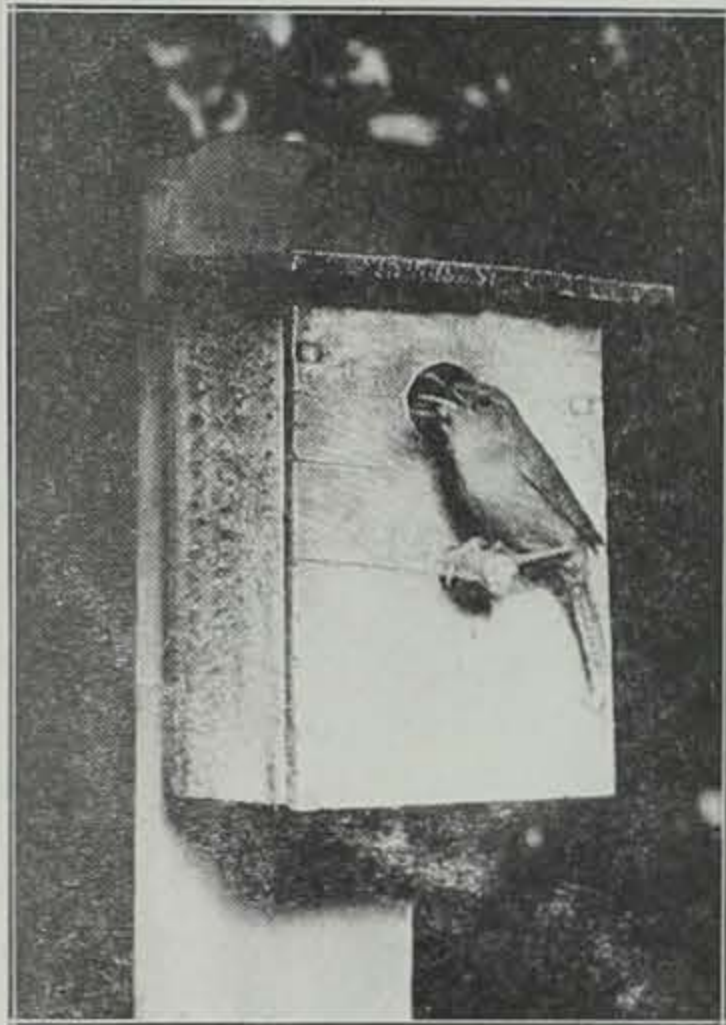
The birds started to build their nest Sunday morning, July 2, and continued to build early every morning for several hours. The presence of people possibly kept them from building at other times of the day. The nest was completed July 8.

The first egg was laid July 9, the second July 10, and there were two on the 11th and two on the 12th. Although I have raised poultry for many years, I have never yet observed a chicken lay two eggs in one day. It could be possible that some other cardinal laid the extra egg on the 11th and 12th, but I do not think that this was the case.

The female started setting on the six eggs July 14, and the first egg was hatched the morning of the 21st. Three other eggs hatched during the day, making four in all. Two did not hatch. The young birds developed rapidly. The mother bird stayed on the nest nights up to July 27. After that date the young were left to warm each other, even though it rained the night of the 28th.

Judging from the color of the feathers of the young there were three males and one female hatched.

The first fledgling left the nest



Mrs. Wren takes time out from her busy life to sit at the front door of her home and fill the air with music.

on the 29th and the rest on the 30th, although I thought them too immature. The old birds were anxious to get the young to leave the nest, probably because they believed its location too close to so many people who passed within three feet many times a day. The result was that a short time after the first fledgling left the nest on the 29th I found him sitting in the middle of the public road which runs past the house. I brought him back to the nest. They all left the nest on July 30, and I again found one in the road where it had been killed by the traffic during the day. The rest crossed the road to the bushes on the river bank about 120 feet from the nest.



"One of the satisfying things about the work of the conservation officer is the opportunity to study wildlife in its native state," writes Louis Strohmman. Here a mother sparrow feeds one of her fledglings, a spring sight common in Iowa's state parks.

WARDENS' TALES

SHOP TALK FROM THE FIELD

Quite often sportsmen forget to carry their licenses when hunting or fishing or use the excuse of having left them at home when apprehended for hunting and fishing without a license. It is the policy to require sportsmen to mail the license the next day with a self-addressed stamped envelope to the examining officer. If dates and serial numbers prove the license was purchased prior to the request for examination, everything is okay. Most often this is the case; however, the following letters are not unusual:

Dear Sir,

In regard to my fishing license, I haven't got no license and the reason why I lied to you was I had promised the boss that I would be home at a certain time and I knew if I went with you I couldn't keep my promise. If you will drop me a card and tell me what I have got to do.

Respectfully —

Dear Sir,

Enclosed please find hunting and fishing licenses which you requested me to send to you Friday evening. Am sorry that I misrepresented myself to you by deliberately lying. I was in town Saturday evening looking for you to try and square myself. So again I say I am very sorry and will make sure I have licenses from here on. Hoping you will be as lenient as possible,

As ever yours —

Dear Sir,

My fishing licenses is enclosed with a stamp and I am thanking you very much for not taking me in.

Yours truly —

—WT—

A conservation officer saw two young boys and their much smaller little brother, about six, out hunting. The officer saw them shooting at pheasants and, as the season was closed, he crossed in ahead of the two hunters. The little tyke had fallen quite some distance behind. Upon questioning the older boys, they declared they were hunting rabbits only and produced two that they had shot. At this point in the questioning little Johnny arrived on the scene, very much out of breath, exclaiming, "They can't hit the darned things. Every time they shoot they just keep on flying."

—WT—

Conservation Officers Milo Peterson and Harry Rector apprehended a hunter for shooting

pheasants out of a car his sister was driving. The sister became so excited when questioned that she couldn't think of her name. The hunter was prosecuted.

More than a year later the two officers came out of the hot river bottoms to a farm home to get a drink of water. Rector stopped in the yard to talk to an old gentleman who said that his boy was then in the service but surely liked to hunt and had shot 74 pheasants before he left, season or no season. The lady inside meantime was telling Peterson about her experience with a couple of game wardens more than a year before. When Harry stepped to the door for a drink, the lady immediately recognized him and said, "There is the dirty devil, and by heck, you are the other guy! Get out of here or I will throw this bucket of water on you!"

—WT—

Conservation Officers Charlie Adamson and Dan Nichols while sitting in their car, parked among a group of other automobiles along the river front at Davenport, were watching through binoculars two fishermen illegally dipping fish. The officers were aware of the close scrutiny of a couple in a nearby parked car. Soon the fishermen left the river with a well-filled sack, got in their own car, and rapidly drove away. They were overtaken by the conservation officers. The illegal fish, including 12 large wall-eyes, were seized, the violators given a summons to appear later in court.

While the game officers were still examining the fish, a city police car rolled to a stop. The uniformed officer queried, "Were you on the river front looking through binoculars?"

—WT—

"Yes," was the reply, "We are officers on official duty."

"Oh, yes, I see. You are game wardens. I was on the corner, and a man and a lady very much excited gave me your car license and said that you were looking at the government dam and locks in an area where cameras and binoculars are prohibited."

The complaining gentleman, Kurt M. Fischel (name used by consent), knows what sabotage can be. He is now an American citizen but has experienced the hell of a German concentration camp.

—WT—

Two conservation officers were working a stretch of river together, one in a boat, the second in an automobile. At a designated meeting place the officer in the car found one colored gentleman fishing, almost asleep in the shade of a large tree. A second colored gentleman was hurriedly hiding a sack. The officer asked

(Continued to Page 44, Column 1)



WILD LIFE RESEARCH

By GEORGE O. HENDRICKSON and
WARD E. STEVENS

Project No. 470, Pheasant Management

During the first week in February, 1943, a farmer-interview survey was made in Hamilton, Hardin and Story Counties of central Iowa. The chief objects were to get information regarding the 1942 pheasant hunting season and to obtain personal views on pheasant management.

As the weather was mostly fair, it was usually possible to speak with the farmers out of doors. At 120 farms someone in charge, in most cases the operator, was interviewed. Eighty-eight of the farmers owned their land and the remainder were renters. The average holding of each class was 165 acres and 156 acres, respectively.

During recent years one-third of the farmers intentionally had fed or provided special shelter for the birds once or oftener during periods of adverse weather. Many mentioned that the birds came to feed with the yarded livestock and roosted in the farmstead shelter groves in bad winter weather. The winter, 1942-43, had been so open that little feeding had been done up to the time of the inquiry. Only 7 of the 120 farms had both excellent shelter cover and adjacent standing field food, usually corn, available to pheasants in prolonged periods of the worst winter weather conditions.

It was concluded that 59 per cent of the 120 farms lacked satisfactory field supply of emergency winter food and 53 per cent lacked sufficient winter cover for adequate protection of birds in most severe weather. Only about 6 per cent of the farms were almost totally barren of food and shelter. At least one member of each of 57 farm families hunted pheasants in 1942. In previous years about one-fourth more of the farmers had shot pheasants but were not able to do so in 1942. As the hunting season came during corn picking

Wardens' Tales

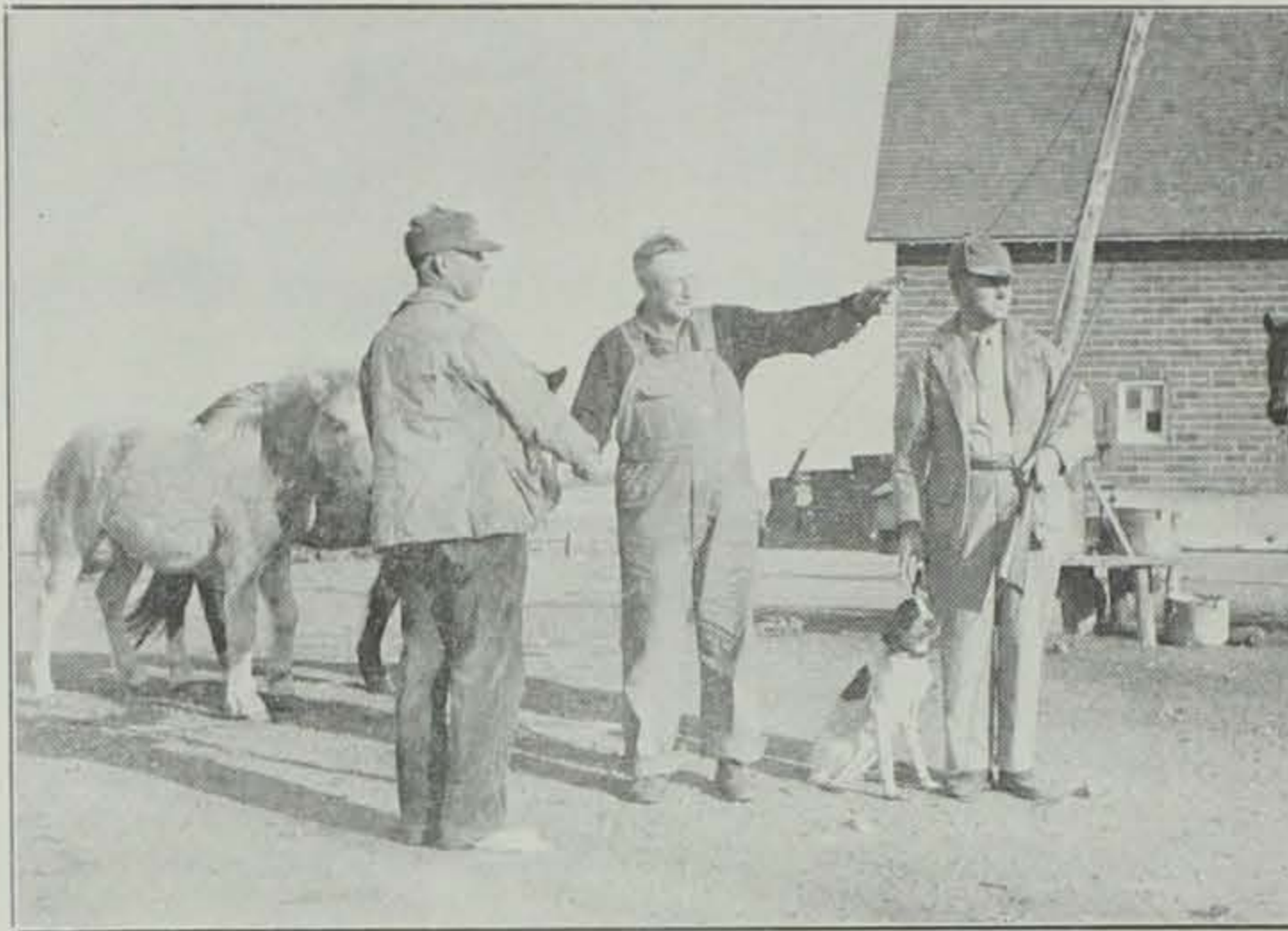
(Continued from Page 43)

the sleepy colored man, "What is your partner's big hurry on such a hot day?"

He replied, "See dat boat comin' down de ribber? Well, dat am de law!"

He was right, and his partner had reason to hurry, for investigation proved the sack contained numerous undersized catfish.

It Pays to Ask the Farmer Before You Hunt



Generally, farmer-hunter relationships were on a co-operative basis, although some complaint was made that hunters failed to get permission to hunt on farms.

time there was too much work to be done to permit their hunting for there was a shortage of harvest labor, those farmers stated. Also some had difficulty in obtaining ammunition.

About 30 per cent of the land operators posted their farms against hunting. But about one-half of the farmers on posted land said they allowed their friends to hunt or extended the privilege to strangers who asked permission and looked responsible. The reasons for allowing no hunting by anyone were several. Some had highly valuable livestock which they did not want disturbed and others had standing corn or soybeans which might be shattered by bands of hunters. Only two farmers reported the unfortunate experience of livestock shooting by hunters in recent years, and none was willing to estimate shattering loss in crops traversed by sportsmen. Several farms were refuges on which pheasants had been stocked in the past year by the Conservation Commission and a local club and hence they could not be hunted. A few farmers were opposed to hunting of any kind.

Pheasants were shot on 101 out of the 120 farms in the fall season, 1942, when only three cocks were permitted in the daily bag and the possession limit was six cocks. It was reported that 299 town and farm folk took 570 birds, an average of 1.9 birds per hunter-day. At that rate an additional 120 hunters, for whom daily bags were not reported, took about 228 birds. The total take on 120 farms then was approximately 798 cock pheasants, probably a low estimate.

That portion of Story County south of highway 30 was open to hunting for the first time in 1942. At the north 80 farms, in a region which was hunted in the past, data were collected concern-

ing increase or decrease of hunting pressure. Forty-seven, or 59 per cent, of the farmers reported less hunting in 1942 than in 1941, 19 per cent more hunting and 22 per cent no appreciable change. The season was seven days long in Story County and three weeks in Hardin, Hamilton and other north counties. The interviews did not indicate that the longer season increased hunting pressure in 1942, but admittedly conditions were not normal. Most of the farmers ascribed the decrease in hunting to tire and gasoline shortages.

For the most part the farmer-hunter relationships were on a friendly and cooperative basis. The most common complaints were that hunters did not ask permission to hunt and that they walked through ripe corn and soybean fields thereby knocking off ears of corn and shelling out the beans. Hunters often failed to thank the farmers for their part in the rearing of the pheasants. A few farmers deplored the poaching and other infractions of game laws by a small number of hunters.

No farmer thought he had sustained any damage from the birds though a number expected noticeable damage to young corn plants in spring, 1943. Most of the farm operators thought the pheasants beneficial to their interests and liked to see the birds around the place. None wanted the pheasant exterminated. About one-half of the farmers in the area north of Ames thought that there were at present too many birds and some suggested that they be allowed to take a few to decrease the population before spring. South of Ames the land operators were generally satisfied with present numbers of pheasants, a few wanting more.

Stevens made observations in the open pheasant season, March

15-22, inclusive, in Palo Alto County. A daily bag limit of five birds, of which two might be hens, a 10-bird possession limit, and shooting from 9 a. m. to 5 p. m., were the chief regulations of the spring season in 11 north-central counties. The season was opened particularly to decrease the surplus of pheasants in the hope of avoiding later damage to young corn plants.

Briefly the result of the eight-day Palo Alto County season may be summarized as follows: The 84 hunters contacted had 202 birds, an average of 2.4 birds per hunter. The sex ratio of the birds taken was approximately three hens to two roosters. The last day saw by far the heaviest hunter concentration and proportionally higher hunting successes. The fore part of the season was cold, with strong winds, rain and snow flurries. It is believed that the hunt this spring just about made up for the lack of hunting last fall, so that the over-all take was about normal or a little heavier than normal in that county. The remaining breeding stock is still sufficient to provide a good fall population of birds.

At the Winnebago County pheasant research area, 10 farmers reported to Hendrickson that 20 hunters took 31 pheasants during the spring, 1943, season. At that rate an estimated 80 sportsmen took 124 pheasants on the entire area of 12 sections, probably five per cent of the population. None of the farmers of this area had requested a spring season and none encouraged hunters to come to the area.

The Winnebago research area is six miles north of Thompson and the concrete highway. The area has no open drainage ditches and most of the fields are relatively large. The operators of this area are of the opinion that the pheasant does no appreciable damage to the new corn plants. After the season from 7 a. m. to 9 a. m., March 30, pheasants flushed ahead of the observer in hayfields, sloughs, lightly grazed pastures and cornfields at the rate of 45 an hour, which indicates an abundant breeding stock.

Within a mile of each side of Thompson is a drainage ditch and additional environment highly favorable to the pheasant. Ten farmers tilling 1,920 acres within two miles of the town, and whose farms border the concrete highway, reported that 62 hunters took 84 birds in the spring season, probably 10 per cent of the population. Several of these operators were firm in the opinion that pheasants had pulled corn in past years, but little or none in 1942, when the corn came up rapidly in favorable weather.

Was the 1943 spring pheasant shooting season successful? A

(Continued to Page 45, Column 1)

Research

(Continued from Page 44)

trip in the open air is healthfully relaxing to the man at the counter, the desk or the bench at any time of the year. The more frequently the townsman and the farmer get together, the better they understand and develop their mutual interests. The addition of roughly estimated 100,000 pounds of dressed meat to the civilian food supply is considerable, when every little helps. The spring breeding stock is sufficient, even abundant in the 11 open counties. Harvesting the surplus is compatible with the tenets of the Iowa 25-year Conservation Plan and the principles of wildlife management which guide the State Conservation Commission acting under authority granted to them by the people.

Buy A License Anyway

Your local hardware or sporting goods dealer has plenty of troubles these days, what with priorities, shortages of merchandise, lack of help, and tax reports. If he sells hunting and fishing licenses, and what good dealer doesn't, he begs you not to wait until the last moment to procure your license. The dealer is your best friend, so why not stop in and pick up that license now?

While we're on this subject of licenses, a very neat movement is gaining popularity throughout the nation, the "buy a license even if you don't use it" idea. Almost everyone knows about the remarkable progress made in restoration of our wildlife by national, state, and local organizations. Today many sportsmen are serving in our armed forces, and war work will prevent many others from hunting or fishing. But restoration activities must continue, if fishing and hunting are to be preserved, and this takes money. Licenses help to carry the load. Buy a license, and urge your friends to do so. It will help to take up the shortage in revenue caused by our lads being absent on the important business of taking care of Hitler, Hirohito and their playmates.—The Nomad, Davenport Democrat.

Write to the State Conservation Commission for a map showing the location of all trout streams. The information has been carefully prepared for your benefit.

In 1941 there was a phenomenal hatch of yellow bass in Clear Lake. These fish will be large enough to catch in three years.

Outdoors

with G. K. Jr.



The columnist and "Trigger," the English setter pup, relax after a day's tramp in the woods.

This department "Conservation Columnists", is to give each month a little sketch of one of the columnists who write outdoor columns regularly for newspapers. These writers are widely known for what they write, and we know that you will enjoy these briefs of what and who they are.

By GIB KNUDSON, Jr.
Fort Dodge Messenger

The fishermen and hunters of Iowa who read the rod and gun columns in their daily newspapers may never have suspected it, but the men who write those columns are a queer breed of birds, this one in particular.

We who write on fishing and hunting are the luckiest guys working for the newspapers, especially when we get paid for it, which, unhappily, isn't always the case. Our bosses, like all bosses, have their sour days when it is painful for them to let us go on some hunting or fishing jaunt on office time while they themselves must remain at a desk.

That kind of mood can be pretty awful, my friend, if you find your boss in one of them a day or two before the bass or duck season opens and you are twitching to get away.

The outdoor writer is a queer duck, partly because the very nature of his job helps make him that way. There's something about the printed word that carries authority, no matter who the author is or what he writes about. Which means the very day one of our columns shows up

in the paper it may be accepted as authentic by many people whose brain capacity and experience in fishing and hunting greatly exceeds our own.

So it is natural for the rod and gun editor to begin thinking of himself as an authority. He may even become a pompous chit and pose as a big shot among the home town sportsmen. But he knows he isn't. Like you, he has the usual leveling influences, a wife, a creditor, or possibly a crony from boyhood who greets any unseemly aspirations with maddening guffaws.

Or it may be one of his readers who tells him off and puts him in his place. For instance, the time 12 years or so ago when we printed in our column a letter we received from a farmer who had his hackles up. He called us an "insignificant pup" and all of our friends read it in the paper. Do you think they have forgotten it after more than a decade? They have not!

This farmer's wrath is only a sample of what an outdoor editor can get himself into, and innocently. Our reader was hot under the collar because we had advised farmers to scatter a little corn around for pheasants during a hard winter. He argued it was our turn, not his, to dish out the corn, and maybe he was right. Later he relented, but not in print.

A bout or two like this will put anybody who writes for a living on the defensive, as well as teach him he had better keep his dukes up.

Almost before he is aware of

it, the outdoor writer begins concealing the common clay of his life. He may not know half as much about where to catch a smallmouth black bass in the Des Moines River as Charley Kehm or the little colored boy living down by the dam, but that isn't the impression you get from his column.

On occasions the telephone will ring at his home and it will be a loyal reader inquiring where he can catch a catfish, borrow a boot for his left foot, or buy a dog which has a square muzzle, back-sloping hocks and a round brown spot the size of a dollar where the tail joins the hindquarters.

How the columnist may bluff his way through these flattering ordeals is beside the point. More illuminating is the fact that the man of letters usually is not closeted in his library, up to his ears in research, as might be presumed, but rather stretched out on the davenport, snoozing through the Tuesday night radio programs when he should have been shaving.

With all of their faults, however, the handful of men who write on conservation and fishing and hunting in Iowa serve a good purpose and are real friends of the outdoor fans in this state.

Not one of them is writing about fishing and hunting because he has to. He is doing it because he loves it, and as a rule his outdoor column is in addition to manifold other chores he has to do for his newspaper. If Iowa had 10,000 lakes, like Minnesota, or half of its area were in forest lands, loaded with game, like Pennsylvania's, there would be many more of us.

We have had an inordinate fondness for hunting and gun dogs ever since a doting but stern grandfather took us along on a duck trip with his rat-tailed spaniel, Spike, to old Cairo Lake nearly 30 years ago. As for fishing, who doesn't like fishing?

Our incurable weakness for these things has spoiled us, as it probably has you, too, for all other pursuits. We find ourselves scheming, incessantly, for a chance to hunt or fish, regardless of our financial reserve at the moment, the wishes of the family or the reason of common horse sense.

We will bust a tug to spend a week on West Okoboji in August when we like to take a boat and drift along the northwest shoreline, tossing a fly into the shadows under the banks. If we're lucky, there will be no wind and the sun will be going down, a blaze of red and orange, flooding the thin strip of hardwoods along the beach and spouting yellow streamers all over the western sky.

It is then the calicos and the bluegills feed on top, making ex-

(Continued to Page 46, Column 1)

Columnist

(Continued from Page 45)

citing dimples all around the boat, and you can catch them on your flyrod, sometimes as many as you want, even with the busy resort life buzzing all about you.

From the corner of your eye, as you lay out a cast, you will see a garwood plowing a white furrow from Egralharve to Hayward's bay, and out of sight around the bend you will hear some youngsters in for a late plunge, somebody else shouting over the song of an outboard. A pair of kingbirds is usually quarreling in the crown of a wide-branching elm over on shore, and as far away as the blacktop road we have heard the tinkle of a bell and a farmer calling his milkers home.

A little later, after the sun has gone down and the first stars are breaking through in the east, an evening coolness will drift over the lake. Far to the southeast the lights will begin blinking on the Arnolds Park waterfront and, if it is the right week in August, the first thin slice of the harvest moon will be cradled over the oats field beyond the beach grocery.

Then we will remember we are hungry and we will swing the boat around and head for the cottage on Manhattan where a batch of golden bantam should be on the fire and probably already coming to a boil.

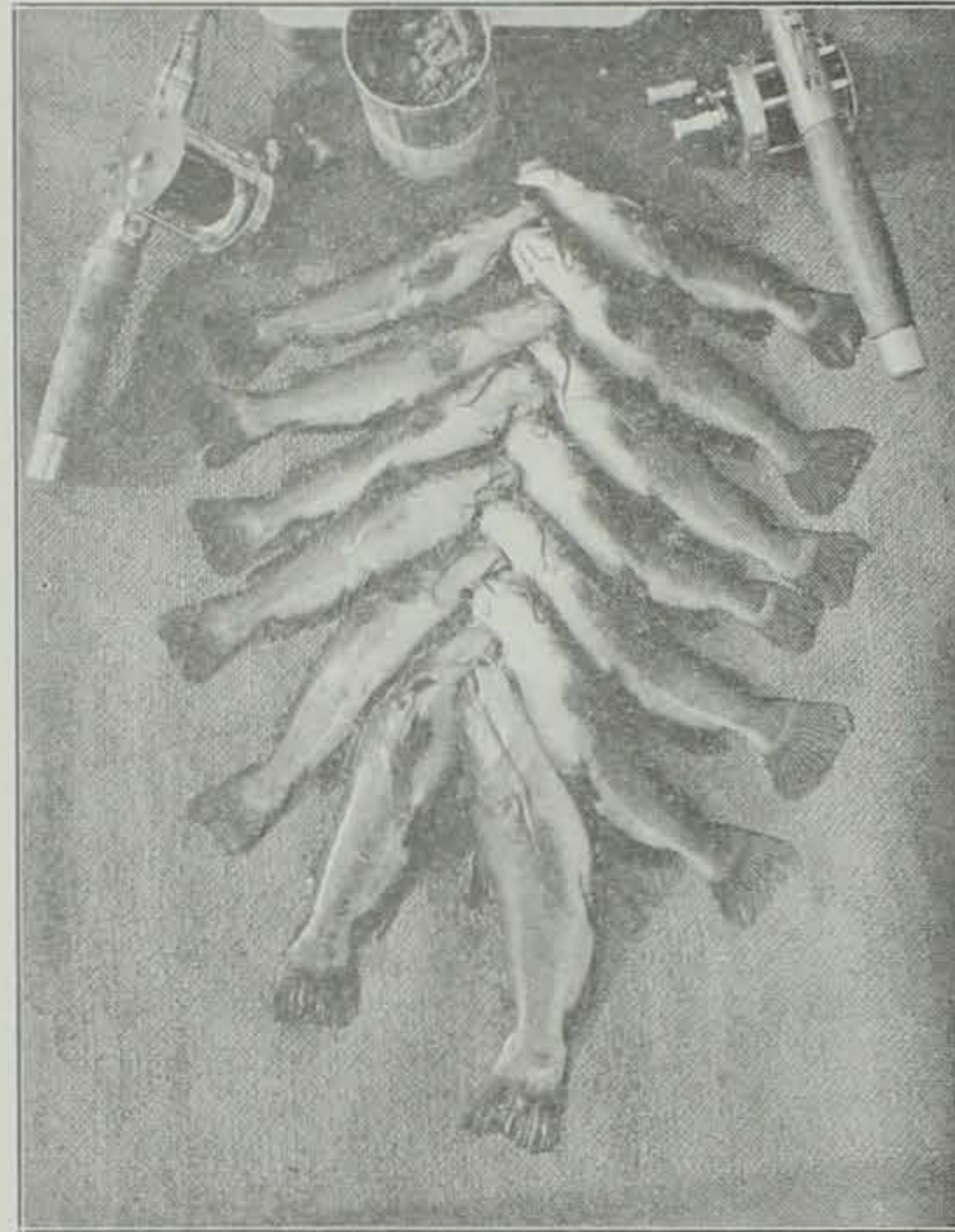
Trigger, the English setter pup, will be getting hungry, too. Coming out of her nap on the ribs of the boat, she will go into an elegant stretch, carefully examine the fish or two she may find laid away, and then perch on a dime in the bow, stretch her neck out over the lake and sniff the fragrant night air.

Likewise, we will go to any length for an evening's fishing for smallmouth bass on the upper Des Moines during the hot months, and we will not be denied our annual mallard and blue-bill shoot with Frank Marnette at Spirit Lake. Furthermore, the point Trig made and held on a rooster pheasant last fall is only a starter, according to our plans.

Every fisherman and every hunter has his cache of memories, a scarlet sunrise on Kakagi Lake, the day the storm flattened your tent, the night when the bigmouth were going crazy, the afternoon when you doubled twice on greenheads, the long retrieve by the Chesapeake, Rusty, or a thousand and one other little slices of life from your hours spent afield.

We on the papers are lucky because we get to write about these things. And when we do, we are trying to give fishing, hunting and conservation the importance they deserve in a state more widely known for its pork and corn. When we succeed, even in

A Lot of Good Eating In This String



Plenty of fine sport and lots of good food is represented in this beautiful catch of bullheads from one of Iowa's many well stocked streams. Bullheads and catfish are important to the anglers and are becoming more of a factor in the food picture this year.

Carp a Food Source Often Overlooked

Pointing out that every source of food must be carefully counted in the war against the Axis, the Conservation Commission today called the attention of Missouri anglers to the carp, which, next to the ubiquitous catfish, is the most widely distributed food fish in the Middle West.

The carp, a native of China, was introduced into American waters by way of Europe in 1877. Finding conditions to its liking in the New World, the carp spread rapidly, particularly in the muddy streams, lakes, sloughs and bayous of the Mississippi Valley.

A vegetarian in food habits and preferring sluggish streams and bottoms, the carp has been accused of many crimes, including the despoliation of water for better species and destruction of the spawn of other fishes. Whether guilty or not, the fact remains that the carp is present in large numbers, is an inexpensive market fish, is relatively easy to take on hook and line, and is highly prized by many as food.

Although scorning live baits and artificial lures, carp bite readily on such baits as worms, dough-balls, and soaked corn kernels. Some rod and line fishermen successfully take carp on whole-grain sweet corn, either

a small way, we feel we may have been of some service to our fellow sportsmen. As for being queer, we were born that way. You'll just have to bear along with us, that's all.

fresh from the garden or canned, stringing a row of kernels on the hook.

As the carp has a small mouth, a relatively small hook is recommended—size six to eight for most fishing. The baited hook should be permitted to lie on the bottom of the stream or lake, as carp are bottom feeders.

E. P. Wise, of Kansas City, has caught several large carp weighing from 18 to 30 pounds this season from Lake Lotawana in Jackson County, using dough-balls on a size 17 Cincinnati bass hook with steel leader, a long cane pole, and 100-pound test line. A No. 17 Cincinnati bass hook corresponds in size to a No. 2/0 hook in other makes.

Wise describes his dough-ball bait recipe as follows: "One cup white flour, two teaspoons vanilla extract, two to four saccharine tablets, and white, long-fiber cotton. The cotton is worked into the dough, and the mixture is kneaded until very tough. Balls are then made about one-inch in diameter. These are dropped into boiling water and left there until they float, usually about 10 minutes. They are removed and allowed to dry in the sun. When these are placed on the hook the point should be slightly exposed." —Missouri Conservation Commission.

The Federal Fisheries Coordinator has asked Iowa to produce as many commercial species of fish as possible for the duration of the war. This serves the two-fold purpose of supplying much needed food and improving the waters for the more desirable game species.

Tiny Chigger Can Be Mighty Unpleasant Guest

Chigger mites or chiggers are the larval forms of various species of mites commonly known as harvest mites. Only two chiggers are known to attack men in the United States, the common North American chigger and a closely related form found in the northern part of the Mississippi Valley.

The chigger or larvae of the common North American species is oval, bright red, and possesses three pairs of legs. It is scarcely visible to the naked eye. The legs and surface of the body are covered with numerous feathered hairs. The mouth parts consist of a pair of hooked, finger-like mandibles and two five-jointed palpi, each of which is provided with a two-pronged claw.

The adult is a large, red, hairy mite and, unlike the larval form, it is not parasitic but is a scavenger, living largely on fecal matter of arthropods and on decaying woody substances.

The eggs are laid in the ground, and chiggers hatch in the spring soon after warm weather begins, and they may be encountered from the latter part of April till the last of October, depending upon conditions of temperature and moisture. In Iowa they seldom appear before the early part of June.

Chiggers attach themselves to the surface of the skin by means of their mouth part and feed much as do ticks. It is believed they feed upon the epidermal tissues, liquified by a secretion which they themselves inject into the skin. When they become fully engorged, they drop off.

Because of their size, chiggers are unable to enter the pores of the skin, but they frequently attach at the mouth of hair follicles. Contrary to popular belief, chiggers do not burrow into the skin and imbed their entire body.

If it is known that there has been an exposure to chiggers, it is advantageous to apply as soon as possible a thick lather of soap, allowing it to remain for 10 minutes or more before washing off. Even though the larva may be removed or killed soon after attachment, usually enough secretion has been introduced into the skin to cause characteristic itching, and for this there is no known specific remedy. The itching may be temporarily relieved however by strong salt water, ammonia, or a calomel phenol lotion.

There are 17 state fish hatcheries in Iowa, five leased rearing ponds, eight co-operative sportsmen's ponds, and two Mississippi River rescue and collection stations.

White Bass

(Continued from Page 42)

done from a boat by rowing slowly, or allowing the boat to drift. The bait may be allowed to sink to within six inches of the bottom and then slowly pulled up two or three feet. The still fishing rig is improved by using a gut leader and a small spinner, or a gut snelled hook. For bait casting in deep water, where the fish are more likely to be in the daytime, use a heavy sinker. When trolling in rough water for white bass use no sinker at all.

Four of the more popular casting rod baits used in taking white bass will be discussed. By far the most effective of these baits is the white bucktail fly and nickel spinner using a 10-inch gut leader, and a one-fourth to three-eighths ounce weight attached to the upper end of the leader. The spinner may be either the Idaho or willow leaf shape in the No. 3 size. A fly rod size strip of pork rind hung on the bucktail hook improves the bait. This bait can be converted to a minnow casting rig by substituting a No. 2/0 or 3/0 snack (square head) hook for the bucktail.

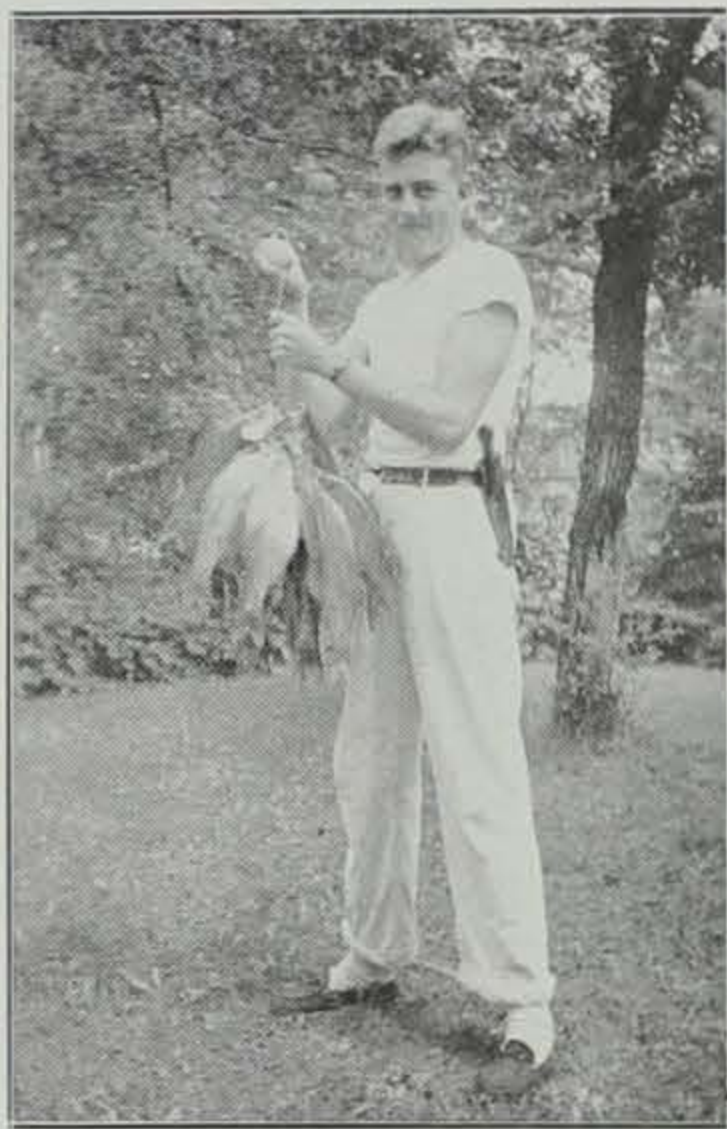
Two good plugs (or types similar to them) are the midget size pikie minnow and the midgenoreno, either in the redhead-white or pikie finish. The daredevil type metal spoon, in the smallest casting rod size, may be used in the all copper finish, all nickel finish, red with white stripes, or black with white stripes. For best results attach a No. 2 single hook white bucktail to the spoon. These four baits are also quite effective for taking some of the other game fish, particularly walleyed pike.

Generally in fly fishing for white bass, a rather thinly tied white bucktail on a No. 2 hook, used on a six to nine-foot gut leader, gives the best results. There are times, though, when one of the small cork body floating bugs, a metal fly rod wobbler, or one of the smallest fly rig spinners seem to be preferred by the fish.

Choose a spot to fish and try it for 15 or 20 minutes. If the fish are not striking there move to another place. Observe other fishermen; if they are catching fish there are probably more in the vicinity. Talking does not frighten fish, but disturbances in the water do. If the fish are within casting distance of shore it is better to stay out of the water. In night fishing care should be taken not to flash lights directly on the water, unless it happens to be a place where the fish have become accustomed to a light.

In general as small a casting plug as can effectively be cast should be used. If there is a school in casting range, the cast should be made into the midst of it. The bait can be reeled in

Gamey and Tasty



A catch of white bass to be proud of taken from one of our Iowa lakes.

faster than while fishing for most fish, but if it is moved too fast only those fish that make side passes at the bait will be given the opportunity to hook themselves. Gulls are sometimes attracted by the feeding of a school of fish. This helps to locate a place to fish.

There are times when it is quite easy to catch a white bass on every cast, but remember if you average one fish per hour for the entire season, you can be classed with the better fishermen.

Brown Bats

(Continued from Page 41)

in the rock are available, the bats pack themselves in like the proverbial sardines in a can.

Bats are among the most unique mammals of the world, belonging to a distinct order (Chiroptera), upon which no other order or even kingdom encroaches. They are divided into two sub-orders which include the Old World fruit-eating bats, Megachiroptera, and the valuable insect-eating bats, Microchiroptera, commonly found throughout the world.

The bats are the only mammals in the world equipped with a true flying mechanism. The wings are in reality enormously elongated fingers, covered with a leathery membrane which somewhat resembles the wings of a bird. Bats have the true power of flight, which distinguishes them from all other mammals. Flying squirrels and other so-called flying mammals are gliders and do not fly at all.

A surprisingly large number of people are afraid of bats and relate gruesome tales which are interesting to say the least. Certain legends and terrifying motion pictures are partially responsible for the fear which has been in-

stilled in many youngsters. It is true that blood-sucking bats, often called vampire bats, do exist in certain of the South American countries and are considered dangerous. Our native bats, however, can inflict no more harm than an ordinary mouse and will only bite with their tiny, sharp teeth when handled.

Some of the tropical fruit bats, particularly the Malay fox bat, often measure as much as five feet from tip to tip of wing. The big, brown bat, which is the largest in Iowa, rarely exceeds 12 inches in wingspread, and most of our bats are considerably smaller.

Bats are common in many sections but are usually not noticed by the casual observer because of their nocturnal habits. The old adage "blind as a bat" is poorly founded and not true. On the contrary, they have highly developed vision which enables them to see

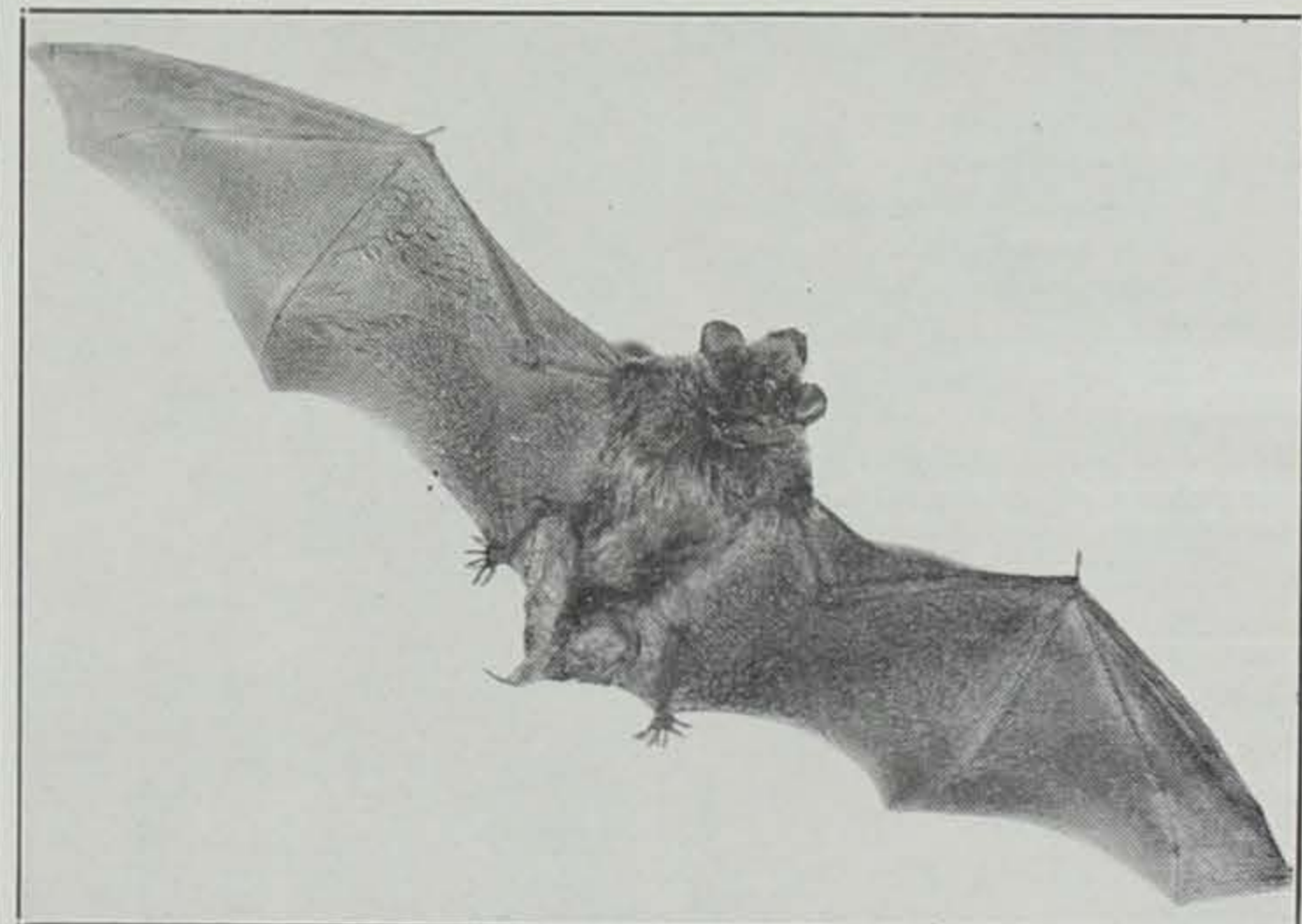
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Up Side Downsy

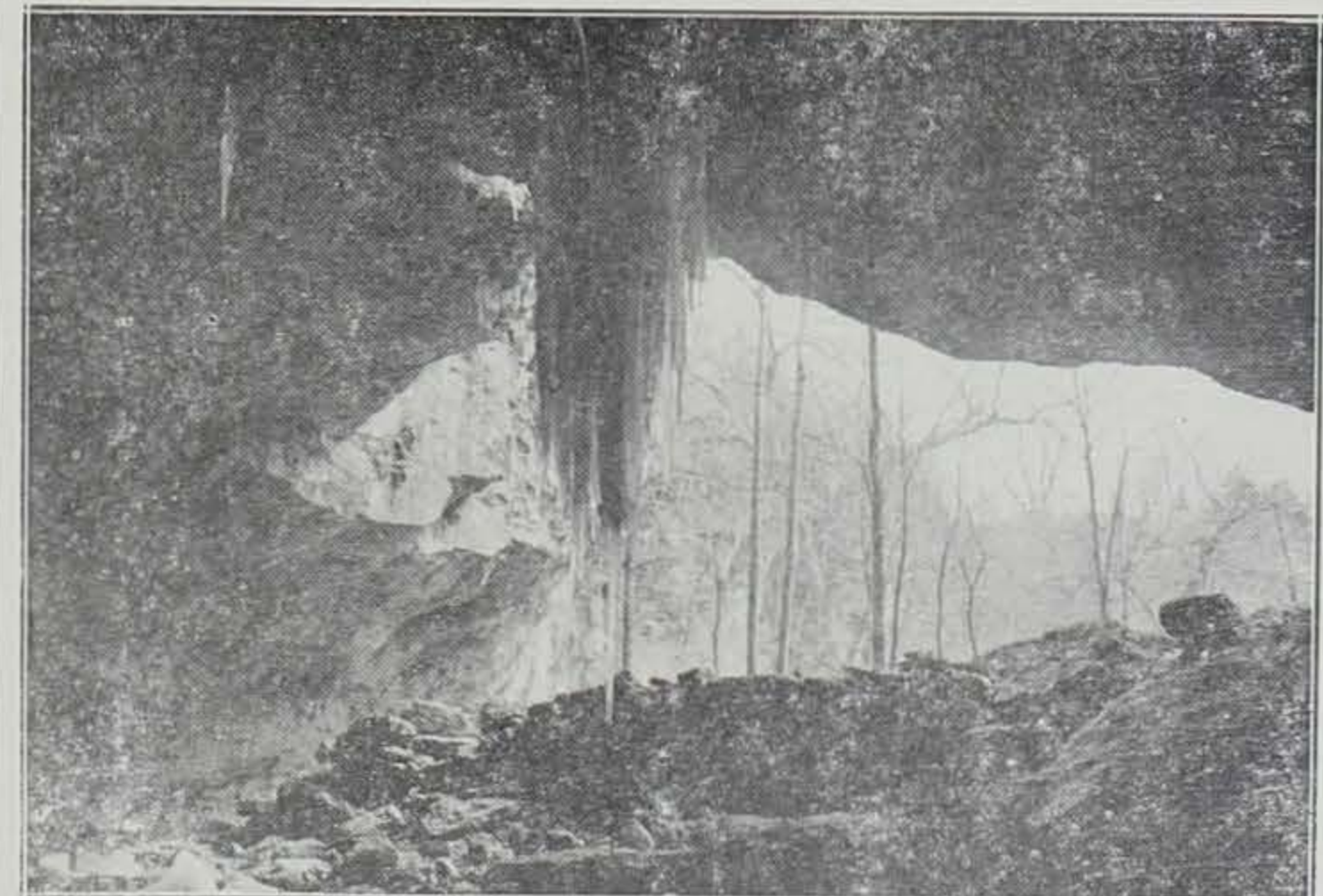


Hung up for the winter

Big Brown Bats Hibernate In Maquoketa Caves



Bats are among the most unique mammals in the world, belonging to a distinct order upon which no other order or even kingdom encroaches. They have the true power of flight, which distinguishes them from all other mammals.



This beautiful Maquoketa cave is one of the hibernating places of the big brown bats. They hang from the ceilings in clusters containing from 300 to 500 individuals.

Concessionaire Posts Unique "No Drinking" Sign

One of the problems of the Conservation Commission has been the amusement structures at the entrance to state parks. These structures and the use thereof are of course beyond the control of the Commission. For the most part the operators of these private concessions have co-operated with the Commission in keeping good order.

As an example, at the entrance to the roller skating rink near Preparation Canyon in Monona County, the following notice is posted:

NOTICE

Stop, look, and listen, and if you can't read that's your misfortune as this means

Just what it reads.

Any person caught drinking or having liquor on these premises will be prosecuted. And don't bring it with you on your insides for that is just where it shows the plainest.

Now get this straight Booze lusers stay away Or talk to a judge.

We are running a clean place
For clean people.

No profane or vulgar language is allowed. We hope this meets with your approval, but if it don't, well, that's too bad.

Old Jim and the three small boys.
And we don't mean perhaps.

To help anglers enjoy their sport and get full use of their catch, the Conservation Commission has offered the following suggestions for the handling of fresh fish:

First, get your recreation and sport without feeling that you have to take all you can get. Perhaps your food requirements don't demand that you take your full limit every time you go fishing.

Second, keep your fish alive and fresh by use of a live-stringer, live-bucket or sack, until you are ready to clean them. A fish should not be left in the water after it is dead.

Third, clean your fish as soon as possible. Many experienced fishermen clean fish as soon as they are caught and pack each fish between layers of moss, wet grass or fresh aquatic vegetation such as watercress. Fish packed this way will keep in good condition for several hours.

Fourth, if fish are to be shipped or transported for some distance, clean and dry them thoroughly, salt well on inside, wrap each fish separately in waxed paper or cheesecloth and pack in ice.—Missouri Conservation Commission.



Careful study of natural colonies of wild flowers have indicated that only a very small percentage of the seeds ever develop into plants.

Raising Wild Flowers From Seed Takes A Good Gardener

By ARTHUR E. RAPP

There seems to be a very general impression that all that is necessary to establish wild flowers is to scatter seeds indiscriminately. This is a very erroneous impression, and very careful studies of natural colonies of wild flowers have indicated that only a very small percentage of the seeds that are borne by the plants ever develop into plants. This is especially true here in the Midwest, where we have a heavy population of birds and rodents depending largely upon seeds for food. We also have soil conditions that cause many seeds to rot before the period of germination arrives, and constant soil erosion by both wind and water carry away many seeds or else cover them so deeply that they cannot germinate. During the proper period for germination there is often the lack of the continuous and adequate supply of the moisture that is absolutely necessary.

In carrying on experimental plantings of wild flowers, the best results were obtained from seed collected from large natural colonies in areas where particular varieties had evidently been long established. This was particularly true when the seed was obtained directly from the collector shortly after being collected. Almost as good results were obtained from smaller colonies or from a few plants grown in gardens, but this supply is apt to be very irregular. Seed obtained from dealers specializing in wild flower seed but who did not do their own collecting was not as good as that obtained directly from collectors; and wild

flower seed obtained from general seed dealers was as a rule of little value. Seed which had become very dry or which had been held in dry storage until the following spring had little value.

The best results with wild flower seeds was obtained through sowing in clay pots sunk in a cold frame from eight to ten inches deep, placed where it was protected from direct or intense sunshine and drying winds. The soil used was a very fine, compact soil free from all humus, weed seeds, or sand, which was obtained from excavations from two to three feet deep. Such soil is quite apt to be somewhat sterile, but it provides a more constant supply of moisture by capillary attraction, reduces the chance of the seed's rotting or the seedling dampening off, and permits a closer contact between the seed and the soil. All interstices between the pots should be filled with compact soil of the same type. As rather long periods sometimes elapse between the time of sowing and the time of germination, the pots should not be disturbed until all possibility of germination is past.

Seeds can be sown at intervals commencing several weeks after the seed is shattered by the parent plant until late fall and again in very early spring as soon as the ground becomes drier. Seed should be sown to a depth depending upon its size, and many varieties should only be pressed into the soil. Where seed was sown in beds, the same type of fine sterile soil free from humus gave the best results, especially when sown in a narrow rut in which the soil is compacted by the use of a small, narrow wheel which is rolled back and forth until the desired depression is obtained. After the seed is dropped into the rut, it should be pressed into the soil by the use of the wheel.

Seed beds should not be placed

in a position where they will be subject to intense sun in strong, hot winds, and it is advisable to place them in the lee of a hedge or other dense vegetative growth, but not too close to either. Seeds can also be placed on areas sloping sharply to the northeast or just below a rotting log or heavy stones. Any condition which will contribute toward a fairly constant supply of moisture is desirable, but simply providing overhead shade is insufficient.

Seedlings should not be transplanted until they are well developed, and then only under very favorable soil and atmospheric conditions. A large percentage of the seedlings of wild flowers grow very slowly, and apparently crowding is less objectionable than disturbance.

After a stand of seedlings is obtained or placed in a permanent position, a mulch of humus can be provided. A heavy mulch of coarse litter and rough leaves does no damage, but smooth leaves like those of poplars and maples have a tendency to smother weak seedlings.

Occasionally a good stand of seedlings can be obtained by treading or tamping the soil in the vicinity of a seed plant. The area should first be carefully cleaned of all litter so that a close contact can be obtained between the seed and the soil. After the seed is all shattered, a light cover of very fine sand or very coarse gravel or small stones will help to protect the seeds. Both birds and rodents have a tendency to avoid open clean spots in their search for food. When seeds are sown in open beds in the fall, the ground should be rolled with a light roller and again in very early spring as soon as the soil becomes drier. While brush can be placed over the bed for protection, any mulching is of doubtful value. If, however, mulch is used, let it be coarse sawdust having no food value.

The claws of a bat's wings are very short and correspond to our fingernails. The most of that part which looks like a claw is in reality covered with soft skin.

Superstition that the bat will immediately fly into a lady's hair is wrong and a relic of the Dark Ages. It would be entirely by accident that a bat would light in the hair of a lady.

Brown Bats

(Continued from Page 47)

tiny insects in flight at night. Bats often appear clumsy in flight, but this is because they are constantly darting in pursuit of insects, which they catch on the wing and devour in enormous quantities.