

IOWA CONSERVATIONIST

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Peeping Tom and Vain Vera, Bluebirds Of Waubonsie

By MYRLE L. JONES
Conservation Officer
Waubonsie State Park

A week seldom passes during summer or winter that bluebirds may not be found in Waubonsie State Park in southwestern Iowa. It is quite likely that the numerous old orchards among the hills in this wind-blown loess bluff area play a part in making the region attractive to bluebirds. Flocks of from 15 to 30 individuals are not an uncommon sight even on the coldest winter days. Here the birds can always find shelter from the wind by maneuvering from one abrupt slope to another, and even during hard winters the sun soon removes patches of the snow from the exposed slopes.

Everyone loves bluebirds, for no other songster is so gentle-natured, warmly colored, and at the same time beneficial. In spite of this fact, few people actually try to attract them to their premises. This is easily done. My wife and I have lived in town, in the country, and in state parks, and in each case bluebirds have occupied the nesting houses provided for them. They will occupy your houses, too, if they are properly constructed and placed.

The antics of one pair of bluebirds in Waubonsie Park last season more than paid for the time and effort the writer expended in erecting four or five houses especially designed for bluebirds.

The house which this pair chose was located in my front yard about 50 feet from the custodian's residence.

The first evidence of this house being claimed was on May 21, when a handsome male bluebird served notice to the world of his

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Smallmouth Bass, Aristocrats of Fishdom, Choosey About Their Habitat



"Back to your highlands, you greedy despoilers of a river's bed! Give me back my lowlands! They are mine!"

The Mississippi's Hymn of Hate

By PHIL CARSPACKEN

"You have cramped me with levees, goaded me with dikes and harnessed me with dams. You have filched my beloved lowlands where, in the spring, when the sap flowed and I exulted in the surge of awakening power, I ranged at will, expending my surplus energy in the manner Nature provided. Your engineers, like vampires, have sucked dry my teeming swamplands and slumbrous sloughs, where my fish have spawned, my wild fowl have propagated and my fur-bearing animals disported themselves unmolested. Where my muskrats burrowed and my bullfrogs boomed, you have erected pumping stations which have thrust back my wandering waters. To add a few paltry acres to the thousands available, you have conspired to encroach upon my rightful domain and ravish me of my playground. 'Reclamation' you have called it. Fools! That which never was rightfully yours cannot and shall not be reclaimed.

"Now, damn you, suffer the penalty! Away with your plows and harrows and livestock, you bankrupt and tax-ridden tillers of stolen soil! Back to your highlands, you greedy despoilers of a river's bed! Run! you little men, who thought to restrain my swelling bosom with a band of earth! For I, the mighty Mississippi, augmented by the power of my tributary streams, have arisen like an angry giant to throw off your shackles, silence your puny pumps and crumble your hated levees. Harken to the sullen roar which arises from my onrushing waters. 'Reclamation!' is my cry, as I claw at your ramparts and thunder at your gates. Give back my lowlands! They are mine, damn you! MINE!"

Cousin Largemouth Not so Fussy

By E. T. ROSE

Fisheries Supervisor, Decorah

For bass anglers June 15 is the most anticipated date on the calendar, for from "opening day" to early November the dyed-in-the-wool bass fisherman can seldom be found at home or at work. The chances are you couldn't find him if he told you where he was going, for he does not intentionally divulge his comings and goings. For him elbow room is a prerequisite, and he doesn't like crowds. One bass fishing addict is quoted, "There are only two things I have to do on this earth. One is to fish, the other to make garden—and oh, boy! how I hate to make garden!"

The smallmouth black bass and his cousin, the largemouth, have long been considered the titleholders by the bass fishing fraternity. By and large, however, most experts rate the smallmouth superior, claiming for it better flesh and gamier fighting qualities. The smallmouth for years has been described as "inch for inch, pound for pound, the gamiest fish the world around".

This fine fish finds ideal environment in the clear, cool, fast-running streams and to a lesser degree in some of the cold water lakes. In contrast, the largemouth bass will tolerate more adverse water conditions and actually prefers the warmer, quieter

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Smallmouth Bass

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bodies of water, such as sloughs and shallow lakes.

Because the smallmouth is fussy about his environment, erosion and sewerage pollution greatly decreased his favorite waters, and in the biennial report of the State Game Warden in 1928 it was suggested that perhaps the smallmouth was becoming extinct in Iowa.

During the last decade tremendous forward strides have been made in stream pollution control, and bass have responded nobly to better environmental conditions. Silt from soil erosion is at the present time the greatest controlling factor in smallmouth bass populations.

Iowans the state over are be-



"There are only two things I have to do on this earth. One is fish, the other to make garden—and oh, boy, how I hate to make garden!" exclaimed the smallmouth bass fisherman landing a prize in this picture.

coming acutely aware of the need of erosion control, and soil conservation practices are certain to be of benefit to all our fishing waters.

There are streams in Iowa where the smallmouth still reigns supreme and where excellent catches can be made. The majority of Iowa's A-1 smallmouth waters are in northeast Iowa. This section of the state, however, does not have a monopoly on good smallmouth fishing.

One of the finest bass streams is the Upper Iowa, which flows in an easterly direction through Howard, Winneshiek, and Allamakee Counties. Its pre-eminence is due to several factors, of which the following are noteworthy: very fast water with an average fall of five feet per mile; many springs and many tributary cold water trout streams; timber areas in watershed and along bank streams. High limestone bluffs abound and form banks along many miles of the stream, affording cover and shade for the cool, clear waters. The upper reaches of the stream from the town of Lime Springs through Winneshiek County to the Allamakee County line are ideal for smallmouths. Many bass weighing five pounds and more were taken during the '43 season within the corporate limits of Decorah.

The Yellow River is a comparatively small stream and is similar in many respects to the Upper Iowa. Yellow River enthusiasts proclaim that per fishable mile of water this river does not take a back seat to any stream in the state. The best areas are from Volney to the Mississippi River. This stretch of river is in Linton and Fairview townships. Allamakee County, and its boost-

ers claim more and larger smallmouth bass are available than in any other given water area.

The Red Cedar River is again becoming popular as a game fishing stream. Practically all of its pollution has been eliminated, and with heavy restocking it has been transformed from an open sewer to a fisherman's paradise. Primary smallmouth areas are located at St. Ansgar and Osage in Mitchell County, Floyd and Charles City in Floyd County, the Waverly to Janesville area in Bremer County, and the Bear Creek regions north of Vinton in Benton County. The cities of Austin, Minnesota, Waterloo and Cedar Rapids are to be commended for their elimination of sewerage pollution from this stream.

The large and torturous river system of the Wapsipinicon has suffered from erosion; however, notable bass areas may be found at Frederika, Tripoli, and Readlyn in Bremer County; Littleton, Independence, and Quasqueton in Buchanan County; Troy Mills, Waubeek, Central City, and Stone City in Linn County; and Oxford Mills in Jones County.

The Turkey River in its upper branches has suffered consider-

ably from soil erosion. However, many splendid black bass fishing stretches may be found on this stream. Included in the recommended fishing spots are the following: On the Little Turkey from the town of Little Turkey to the backwater of the dam at Waucoma, and from Waucoma to the junction with the Turkey above Eldorado. On the main stream of the Turkey are the following notable fishing areas: From Cresco in Howard County to Eldorado, and to the backwater of the Clermont Dam in Fayette County, also from the Clermont Dam to the junction of the Volga River below Elkader in Clayton County.

The Des Moines River is the largest inland stream and is heavily silted. In spite of siltation, however, there are many fine smallmouth bass areas that are especially productive of fish during low water periods. Two favorite stretches of water on the upper Des Moines are from Humboldt to Fort Dodge and from Fraser Dam to a point about two miles below the C&NW railroad bridge. The rock bottom and swift water spell smallmouth bass in any angler's notebook.

The Raccoon River is again gaining widespread prominence as a bass stream, although erosion has filled many of the deeper holes and covered the rocky bottom with sand and mud. Coon River fishermen claim for it the "finest fishing stream in Iowa". Favorite areas are above and below Sac City in Sac County, above Grant City and near Lake City in Calhoun County, Rainbow Bridge region near Lanesboro in Carroll County, and the Squirrel Hollow area below Jefferson in Greene County. Many Des Moines fishermen prefer the area in Dallas County above Adel.

The above are only a few of the smallmouth streams in the state. Others that may be mentioned are the Boone River through Wright and Hamilton counties, the Iowa River from Iowa Falls through Marshalltown, the Shellrock River from Nora Springs to its junction with the Red Cedar, the West Fork from Dumont in Butler County to the Red Cedar, the Maquoketa from

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The cities of Austin, Minnesota, Waterloo and Cedar Rapids, are to be commended for their elimination of sewerage pollution on the Red Cedar River. Loss of smallmouth bass such as this is a thing of the past, and this stream has been transformed from an open sewer to a fisherman's paradise.



Smallmouth Bass

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Manchester to Maquoketa. These and many others will produce fine strings of smallmouths.

Smallmouths are extremely gamy but, contrary to the tyro's opinion, are not hard to catch if they are fished for. Anyone with a general knowledge of fishing methods may catch bass.

Generally bass fishermen use either a fairly heavy trout fly-rod about 5½-ounce bass action, or a light casting rod. A comparatively light-weight line is used.

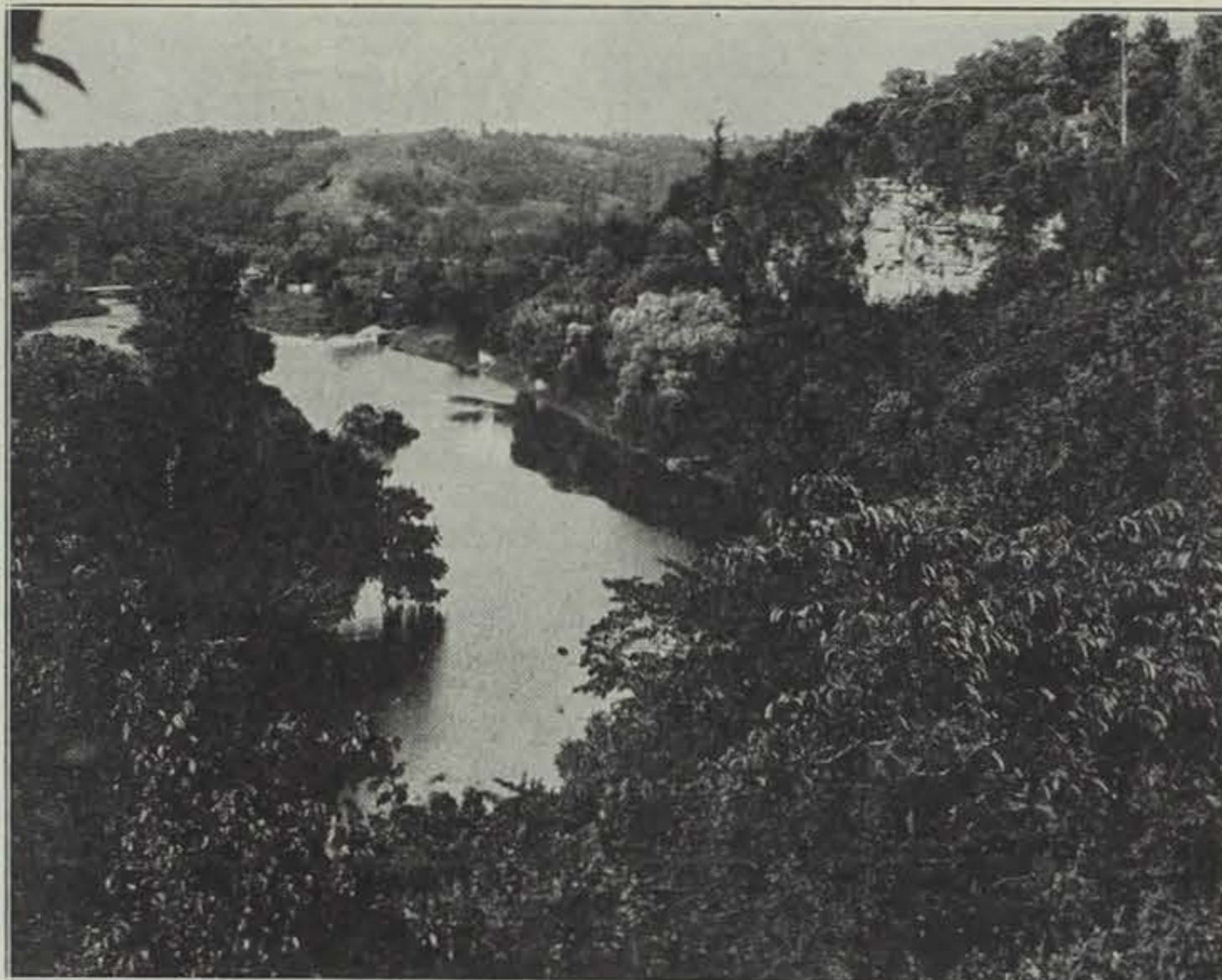
Baits and lures that may be used successfully are varied. For live bait the following are good and if properly used will reward the angler with as many bass as can be taken with artificials: Nightcrawlers, small leopard or pickerel frogs, crayfish (particularly soft-shelled), minnows, and Dobson fly larvae (hellgrammites).

In bait fishing live bait should be presented to the bass in as natural a manner as can be accomplished. If fishing a fast riffle area, the bait is cast upstream and across to a point not to exceed about a 45-degree angle from the fisherman. Long casts are unnecessary for smallmouths when feeding are not wary. Allow the bait to drift with the current with as little line pull as possible. If line pull or drag is permitted, the bait will not follow the current but will move downstream at an unnatural angle and speed and will not fool the dumbest or hungriest of fish.

Experience is necessary to know the exact time to set the hook after a strike. Generally speaking, however, when fishing fast water it is better to set the hook immediately upon feeling or seeing the strike.

If no strike occurs on the drift downstream, retrieve the bait and either lengthen the cast or move to another desirable point. As in fishing channel cat, the great majority of fish are taken by wading the stream. Some bait fishermen use a bobber to keep the bait off the bottom, as in blood-fishing catfish. If there are large jutting rocks, endeavor to swing the bait alongside the back eddy of the rock. This is a favorite hangout for smallmouths.

In fishing deep pools with natural bait, permit the bait to drift into the pool from the upstream end and swing through to the end of your line, keeping the bait rather close to the bottom. In deep water fishing invariably the bass will "mouth" the bait, turning it around so that it can be swallowed head-first. The time to strike is the moment the bait has been turned. This may be detected by the fact that after the fish has grabbed the bait, it swims for a few feet and either stops or slows up, at that time turning the bait in its mouth.



One of Iowa's finest bass streams is the Upper Iowa. Its very fast water, timbered watershed, clear cold water tributary streams, and high limestone bluffs make it ideal for smallmouths.

Of all the live baits, the author believes that the best is the hellgrammite, hooked through the hard collar region just behind the head. This bait is especially good in rocky streams where the fearsome-looking creature may be found under rocks. This bait may be secured by placing a minnow net in a riffle and over-turning the rocks upstream. The hellgrammites will wash down with the current and cling in the net.

Soft-shelled crayfish (that is, the crayfish after it has shed its old shell and before the new one becomes firm) are the favorite bait of many smallmouth bait fishermen. Soft-shells are soft only for short periods, and there is no way known by which hard shells may be softened chemically or in any other way except that provided by Mother Nature with periodic shedding.

Small frogs are especially good bass bait in fall during frog migration from shallow ponds to the streams. Here again, present the bait in the most natural manner.

Bass fishing with worms or nightcrawlers is sometimes very successful, especially when used in conjunction with a No. 3 June-bug spinner.

Artificial bait is, in the opinion of the writer, the best and most sporting method of taking smallmouths. Practically every lure in the catalogue can be used to good effect if used properly. The tandem type flyrod spinner with treble hooks is used extensively and is a "killer-diller". It is used similar to live bait on a riffle except that no drift is permitted. It is retrieved slowly, just clearing the bottom. This method applies to any spinner fly combination on the riffles, and it goes without saying, clip the fish the second he strikes. Set the hook hard, for the small mouth does considerable fighting in mid-air. I have had lures thrown clear onto the bank by an enraged

smallmouth.

Many of the tricks of black bass must be learned the hard way. Every sharp rock in the neighborhood is known to the big blacks, and they can use them to good advantage in shearing your leader. When "Old Red-eye" is hooked, put on all the pressure you dare when he heads for sharp rocks, or else go home with a memory not too nourishing.

In fishing the pools and deeper stretches, start at the lower end and cast your spinner or other lure in the region of the chute. You will find bass there because they know that all food passing downstream will pass this point confined in the water at the base of the pool. Gradually work upstream from this point by lengthening your casts and at the same time vary the level of lure travel.

A good variation in method is to cast downstream into the deep hole and retrieve the lure, preferably a spinner fly, up into the fast water. The writer prefers here a gold willow leaf spinner and a gaudy salmon fly.

If the water is clear and especially during bright sunlight, watch your leader. If there is a flashing glint to them, better change to tinted gut or nylon. A six-foot leader is none too long in water clear enough to permit you to see the bass in a pool while you are fishing it.

The best advice as to when to go bass fishing is to go whenever you can. Disregard barometric pressures, tidal affect, moon phase, sign of the zodiac, wind direction (watch out for east wind, though), and other hocus pocus.

Don't expect to catch bass when the water is so silt-laden as to prevent their seeing your bait. Iowa waters are never too clear for bass fishing, so the clearer your stream the better. Low river stages are best, since naturally the fish have fewer places

to be and are therefore concentrated.

After June 15 bass feed more actively just before darkness sets in. At this time they emerge from the deep pools and chase minnows into the shallows or feed on emerging shad and caddice flies. Riffle fishing is then at its best, for many move up into the fast waters searching for food. If you are cautious and observing, you may see them, maybe just a glimpse as they dash for some hapless insect nymph or wayward minnow.

The indescribable thrill the angler experiences on watching a large smallmouth smash up from the bottom of a clear deep pool to take a lure on the surface is reason for their confirmed addiction to surface fishing.

Some fishermen contend that after the fall of the leaves smallmouths can't be taken. It is more difficult then, but try the following:

During the warmest part of the day in October and early November, fish the deep pools with a small frog presented in a natural manner. Be super-cautious because the water is very clear. But, boys, a hooked bass during this season is some fun!

These hints to bass fishing beginners are that only. Many books have been written about bass, and any newcomer should read one or two of them. If, as a beginner, you are fortunate enough to cultivate the acquaintance of a real bass fisherman, invite him to go with you (in your car if you've saved enough coupons), and you will learn much by watching him. He won't know it all—no one does. But you will profit from the experience.

Take a Tip from a Dog

After he's through running and playing, have you noticed how your dog completely relaxes and falls asleep on the rug at your feet? He lets go, rests every nerve and muscle, builds up his strength for the next run.

You, too, need to relax. Take a tip from your dog and let go! In these high tension days it is vitally important to learn to relax. A prominent efficiency expert taught that we should use our "moments of unavoidable delay" to relax and store up energy for work.

Watch your dog when he wakes up. He stands up and stretches his entire body. That's tip No. 2. Stretching and deep breathing are the finest exercises. To the Hindu Yogi, breath is life and his entire philosophy of mental and physical poise is built around breathing exercises. Throw open the window. Reach for the ceiling! Try to reach the floor with the tips of your fingers, without bending your knees. Breathe! Stretch! Live! — The Forest Log, Salem, Oregon.

Peeping Tom

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intent by twittering from the rooftop and giving the house a thorough inspection.

Although the birdhouse seemed to please him, he at times appeared to be ambitious to take over my residence, and he flew from one window sill to another trying to get inside.

Tom, as he will be called in the rest of this story, did not appear to be fighting his reflection in the window glass as birds sometimes do, but no doubt his reflection had a part in the game he played. At any rate this fellow spent much of his time for the next several days on my window sills peeping in.

It was not until nearly a week had passed that he took time out to find a partner, and soon he succeeded in interesting a quiet little female in the house he had chosen. He then made a grave error and taught his new bride to peek in our windows and to admire her reflection.

He was a good teacher, too, for she learned the lesson well, and he sat back and thoroughly enjoyed her pleasure. Finally, however, he acted as though he knew the season was advancing, for he would warble to her and flutter to the birdhouse. She would come at his call, but instead of settling down to domesticity, she would return in a few minutes to the window.

Sometimes at his urgent call she would refuse to quit her window pane looking-glass and would leave the inspection of the new home to her bridegroom.

These antics continued for several days, the birds spending much time at the window nearest the birdhouse. During the heat of the day they often retired to the north side of the house, where Vain Vera (as we now called her) would cling to the screen and admire her pretty self.

A small branch had been fastened at their favorite window on the south so that they would not have to struggle to cling to the crossbar. Later, in an effort to discourage the vain little female in her self-adoration, the perch was removed. The farce, however, continued.

We decided to leg-band the birds for identification, and a small cage-like bird-bander's trap was placed inside the window and the window raised. A most unusual "bait" was used. A mirror was placed in the far end of the trap and, believe it or not, the bait worked—not for Vain Vera, but for Peeping Tom. Whether the proud gentleman thought he was challenging a rival for possession of his territory or just wanted a better look at himself is anyone's guess, but he almost immediately entered the trap and was given a small numbered aluminum leg



—Photo by M. L. Jones.

Peeping Tom made a grave error when he taught his new bride to peep in our windows and admire her reflection.

band used in bird studies and released.

Vain Vera was trap-shy and consequently was never banded. Several types of traps and baits were used for her but were not successful. She was not molested at her nesting site for fear she would not return.

It was not until almost a month after the selection of the house for a home site that Vera finally presented her husband with a full clutch of four eggs in the nest. Tom's pleadings for his spouse to settle down were to no avail, for the vain little housewife took her responsibilities lightly and none of the eggs hatched, she spending more time at the window than she did at the nest.

In midday, with Vera strutting at the shady north window, Tom occupied the sunny birdhouse roof. His soft cries to his wayward mate were depressing and moved my wife to take my hand and say, "I feel just like that when you are gone."

After nearly a month of indifferent brooding, Vera gave up the house and between preening sessions was observed carrying nesting material into a birch bark house on another portion of the lawn. But after a day or two of half-hearted nesting attempts at the new site, she conceived the idea of building a new nest on top of her first one.

Tom's songs took on a new and happy note when his spouse, as if to hide her past, completely covered the unhatched eggs with a fresh lining of soft dry grass, making what might be considered a two-story affair. At this time Tom's attentions to his little mate were a joy to behold, and one egg was laid in this addition before vanity overcame her maternal instincts and Vain Vera again returned to her window toilet.

WARDENS' TALES

SHOP TALK FROM THE FIELD

Conservation Officer Dan Nichols, on spring duck patrol along the muddy bottoms of the Mississippi River, came upon a car containing two men that was deeply mired on the road. The officer stopped to give assistance, and after considerable jockeying the car was safe on high ground. The two men, deeply appreciative of the aid rendered, offered to pay for the assistance. The game warden declined politely and said that he was glad to help. The driver of the car insisted that Dan have something for his efforts and said, "We've been hunting and killed more ducks than we can use. Will you take some?"

The officer quickly replied, "I sure will. I'll take them all—and I'm afraid I'll have to take you boys, too."

Taken they were.

—WT—

During the winter Conservation Officer Ray Beckman, on fish patrol, came upon a spearing party. One spearer was at an ice hole kneeling underneath a form covered with a blanket, a device commonly used so that the spearer may see the fish better, and only his legs and the "gig" handle were visible outside. The rest of the party were

Her attraction for the window and her reflection continued through July. By August her frayed moulting feathers had lost their fascination for her, and she never again appeared at our windows. Vera and Tom made frequent inspections to the old homestead, she silent and he crying plaintively. They made their last visit at their childless home November 8.

Peeping Tom and Vain Vera were not seen during the winter months, but Tom, proudly wearing his aluminum leg band, returned with the first warm days this spring alone. He has paid little attention to the old home place, and it is now occupied by a pair of chickadees. Tom does not seem to mind, and we hear his seductive warbling from the top of the birch bark house. He is calling for another mate.

What became of Vain Vera? We do not know, but we will wager that Tom is successful with a new romance and that he will think twice before teaching her to window-peep.

There may be a moral in this true bird tale. If not, it at least bears out the axiom, "There is something decidedly human about birds."

upstream pounding the ice to make the fish "run".

The officer approached the form and started to chat, finally asking, "Any luck?"

The violator, without coming from under the blanket, replied, "I can't see the blankety-blanks quick enough. I just can't see them."

The officer inquired, "Could you see a game warden if he came along?"

The spearer replied, intent on his quarry, "I guess so."

Ray touched the protruding spear handle and said, "Look up this way and see if you can see him."

The man's head came out from under the blanket to see. And was his face red!

—WT—

Conservation Officer Harry Rector, on a similar fishing patrol, came around a sharp river bend and caught a spearing party flat-footed. Approaching one of the older and more dignified members of the group the game warden asked, "Are you the president of this outfit?"

The man shamefacedly replied, "There ain't no officers for this club."

The Eternal Triangle

My lady fair—a worthy dame,
Was dear to me—that's flat!
Too soon I learned, with secret shame,
My lady loved—a cat!

But I, too, had another love,
Earth's pilgrimage to bless;
I loved a quail all things above—
This brought me but distress—

For morning, noon and eve, I heard
Her "Bob White!" clear and strong,
And when I heard, it gently stirred
My thought, like hers, to song.

She cheered me through the Winter snows;
Came Springtime's flooding green,
She reared her nest where grasses rose,
To hide her eggs—sixteen!

I saw her fledglings follow her,
The weed-edged fields along;
I saw a springing ball of fur
Crush out both life and song.

I heard no more her cheery call,
Nor saw the crickets flee
As eager feet pursued them all;
She had been dear to me—

And was I sad and sore?—by heck!
My lady mourned — that's that!
Then tied a ribbon 'round its neck,
And glorified the cat.

—Ed C. Volkert.

There is nothing new about "streamlining". The osprey (fish hawk) advocated the idea years ago. He always carries his captured fish head-first in the direction of flight to avoid wind resistance.



Lacey - Keosauqua State Park lies in the "big bend" of the Des Moines River, and in this area grew the bee trees from which the Honey War received its name.

Boundary Line and Bees Cause Honey War

The Hawkeyes And "Show-Me's" Bare Teeth in 1837

The Lacey - Keosauqua State Park area, containing some 2,200 acres situated in the "big bend" in the Des Moines River, has been the scene of many notable historic and prehistoric events, but probably none that can compare in humor with the historical comic opera known as the "Honey War."

High on one of the bluffs in the park overlooking the river is a bronze tablet that in simple and dignified language states, "To commemorate the amicable settlement of the Honey War and the Iowa-Missouri boundary dispute, which involved the ownership of bee trees in this bend of the Des Moines River".

Although the Honey War took place more than a hundred years ago and the action now appears ludicrous to us, it must be remembered that in those days "state's rights" meant more than at present, and every state was extremely jealous of its sovereignty. Let no one misunderstand—our "war" with Missouri was a serious crisis. However, it fortunately ended without major bloodshed by either side.

The origin of the dispute may be found in the ambiguous language by which the northern boundary of Missouri was defined. However, no serious question was raised about the boundary until 1837. By that time many settlers were moving into northeast Missouri and what is now southeast Iowa. It was natural that the Missourians would covet the rich land to the north, and this was especially true because of the large numbers of bee trees in the area.

As friction increased, attempts to determine the true boundary were made, but Missouri refused to cooperate, and when Missouri attempted to officially extend

jurisdiction northward, Van Buren County, Iowa, citizens complained to Territorial Governor Lucas, who immediately issued a proclamation calling for every official to uphold the territorial integrity and to resist every encroachment from the south.

Missourians read the governor's proclamation with great rage. Meetings were held, resolutions were adopted and pledges made to "maintain unsullied the dignity and honor of Missouri". The Missouri governor then issued a counter-proclamation and ordered officials to use their full power to enforce jurisdiction in the border area claimed by that state.

Shortly thereafter a Missouri sheriff entered into the disputed area to collect taxes. He was unsuccessful and warned not to return.

The situation on the border became more tense and is reflected in the following poem, sung by the Missouri "army" to the tune of "Yankee Doodle":

Ye freemen of the happy land,
Which flows with milk and honey,
Arise! To arms! Your ponies mount!
Regard not blood or money.
Old Governor Lucas, tiger-like,
Is prowling 'round our borders.
Eut Governor Boggs is wide awake—
Just listen to his orders.

Three bee-trees stand about the line
Between our State and Lucas,
Be ready all these trees to fall,
And bring things to a focus.
We'll show old Lucas how to brag,
And seize our precious honey!
He also claims, I understand,
Of us three bits in money.

Now, if the Governors want to fight,
Just let them meet in person
And when noble Boggs old Lucas flogs,
'Twill teach the scamp a lesson.
Then let the victor cut the trees,
And have three bits in money,

The Old Hokum of Flood Control Again

Press reports of the past several weeks bring the story of the fight the folks at Beardstown, Ill., are waging to prevent the digging of a new stream bed for the Sangamon river where it flows into the Illinois river just above Beardstown.

The old hokum of flood control and land reclamation has been trotted out and dusted off for use with this project.

Since 1900 the Middle West has been ditched and dug by

And wear a crown from town to town,
Anointed with pure honey.

The war received its name when the Iowa bee trees were destroyed in what is now the Lacey-Keosauqua State Park. This act "occasioned great excitement in Iowa, for it seemed to be an act of wanton malice".

Shortly after the bee trees were cut the climax was reached when a Missouri sheriff was arrested by the sheriff of Van Buren County when the former attempted to collect taxes in the disputed area. The arrest was the signal for activity south of the border, and a regiment of Missourians, without tents or blankets and inadequately supplied with arms and ammunition, was formed to begin the march toward the seat of "war".

Upon confirmation that the Missourians were preparing for war, Territorial Governor Lucas issued orders to commanders of the Iowa militia to muster their men and "maintain the territorial integrity of Iowa".

The armies were motley crews. Each man followed his own taste in the matter of uniform and weapons. They were armed with flintlocks, blunder - busses, scythes, and other implements of war, and one Iowa militia captain carried an Indian spear. One company of proud Iowans was equipped with a train of six wagons to carry supplies, and the commander determined to "keep up the spirits" of his men and loaded five of the six wagons with whiskey.

As these motley armies marched toward one another, the Honey War abruptly ended in a compromise, while the combatants were still safe distances apart. The boundary dispute was finally decided in the United States Supreme Court with Iowa territory the winner, retaining custody of the land and bee trees.

The motley Honey War armies were equipped with an odd assortment of weapons, including blunderbusses such as this. One Iowa militia captain actually carried an Indian spear for a weapon.



smart promoters anxious to feather their own nest, so that now every time we have a heavy dew a flood occurs some place. The very wise engineers are now leaning toward the theory (it took a long time) that maybe Nature intended a few swamps, marshes, ponds, and lakes to be just where she put them, and that maybe sound flood control begins by leaving a few storage basins for water scattered around the watershed.

If the Sangamon project is authorized, and we surely hope that it is not, it will ruin some of the finest duck shooting reserves around Beardstown, and some of the best commercial fishing waters of the state. The economic value of these items, when weighed against the doubtful agricultural value of the project, is in itself sufficient reason to flatly reject this drainage scheme.—The Nomad, Davenport, Democrat.

July and August Best Time to Prune Locusts

July and August are the proper months for pruning young black locust trees to insure maximum production of straight, sound posts and poles. If pruned at other seasons the trees are apt to sprout heavily and undo all the good work.

If the plantation is in its second or third summer, the trees should be inspected and all forks, double trunks or excess sprouts eliminated. Trees planted last spring should not be pruned until next year.

A sharp knife makes a satisfactory pruning instrument for small trees; on larger trees a saw may be needed. The cut should be clean and as close to the trunk as possible to permit rapid healing of the scar.

If the young tree is forked, the straightest, healthiest branch should be left. It is also a good idea to remove any unusually large lateral branches that are likely to compete with the main stem. Over-pruning, however, is a mistake. Do not cut off too many branches that will never compete with the central stem; they help furnish food for growth of the tree.

If a tree is diseased or stunted, it should be cut off at the ground sometime during winter or early spring. The result will be a colony of sprouts which later can be reduced to a single tree.—Missouri Conservation Commission.

Know Your Outboard Motor

Choosing A Type Of Outboard Motor

As has been said, no one type of outboard motor is "best", at least not outstandingly so, for all conditions of operation. It may be hard to sift and judge the claims and counter-claims of manufacturers, dealers and salesmen. Yet, to a certain extent that is the only way to know what to choose. Bear in mind that as in most other mechanical fields, practically all outboard motors, of any type, are "good buys"—they give a reasonable value for the price. The fastidious and far-seeing buyer will, however, do several things: First, he will ride with and operate the motor (get a demonstration) to make sure that it satisfies his individual needs. Second, he will make sure that service (parts and expert workmanship) are available wherever he may go. Third, he will buy from a reputable dealer. And fourth, he will question as many friends and acquaintances as convenient and average up their recommendations. If he will do those things, he won't go far wrong in choosing the type of his outboard motor.

While most outboards are used for sport and pleasure, they are likewise most efficient in commercial work where adaptability, portability, low cost and dependability count most.

The wartime story of outboard motors will have to wait until all the important and sometimes startling facts are no longer of benefit to the enemy.

The old adage "A little learning is a dangerous thing" applies to outboard motors importantly. Service stations that repair motors and instruct owners report that owners may be divided into five classes.

1. The man who has no mechanical ability and doesn't care to learn even the simple fundamentals of motor operation.

2. The man who has practically no mechanical ability but thinks he has. He is the "tinkerer".

3. The "expert". This class may have a high degree of knowledge and skill in certain kinds of machinery—even in automobile engines. You "can't tell them anything" because they already know all that's to be known—they think.

4. The non-mechanical sensible class of owner is the man who listens attentively to instruction, follows directions, doesn't tinker, and takes good care of his motor, including a periodical check-up by a service station.

5. The man who really knows outboard motors, how to operate them safely and efficiently, how to take care of them, how to diagnose any trouble that may arise, and how to make repairs when necessary.

Few motor owners can or should try to put themselves into class five. But certainly there would be far less criticism of outboards in general, much less trouble, many less headaches, if all would make an honest effort to get into class four. Fortunately, it isn't difficult.

In the operation of any gasoline engine there are Three Fundamentals. Keep them in mind constantly. Know what they mean. Learn how to find out whether and how well these Three Fundamentals are fulfilled. Then you'll get the kind of satisfying performance your motor was built to give you.

The Three Fundamentals are these:

First, a proper mixture of gasoline vapor and air in the cylinder. This is the "food" that a motor "eats" to develop power. The carburetor is the device which mixes the gasoline and air in the right proportions.

Second, the compression of this mixture by the moving piston, first in the crankcase (your outboard motor is probably a two-cycle motor) and then in the cylinder. The mechanical condition of cylinder, piston, rings, has a great deal to do with good compression.

Third, a hot electric spark across the electrodes of the spark plug, at the right time. While a dirty or burned out spark plug or a leaky high tension lead from the magneto to the spark plug may interfere, the magneto is the principal part of the motor that is involved in this fundamental.

Given a proper mixture, good compression, a hot spark properly



Given a proper mixture, good compression, a hot spark properly timed, and your outboard motor will run and deliver power.

The June-Berry

By ADA HAYDEN

The June-berry (*Amelanchier canadensis*), which derives its local name from the month in which its fruits ripen in Iowa, is also called shad-bush, shad-blow, sugar-pear, Indian-pear, and service-berry. It is widespread throughout the woodlands of Iowa, and when it blooms spring is here, though its season varies in April and May. In New England it flowers when the shad move up the streams, and hence the name shad-bush.

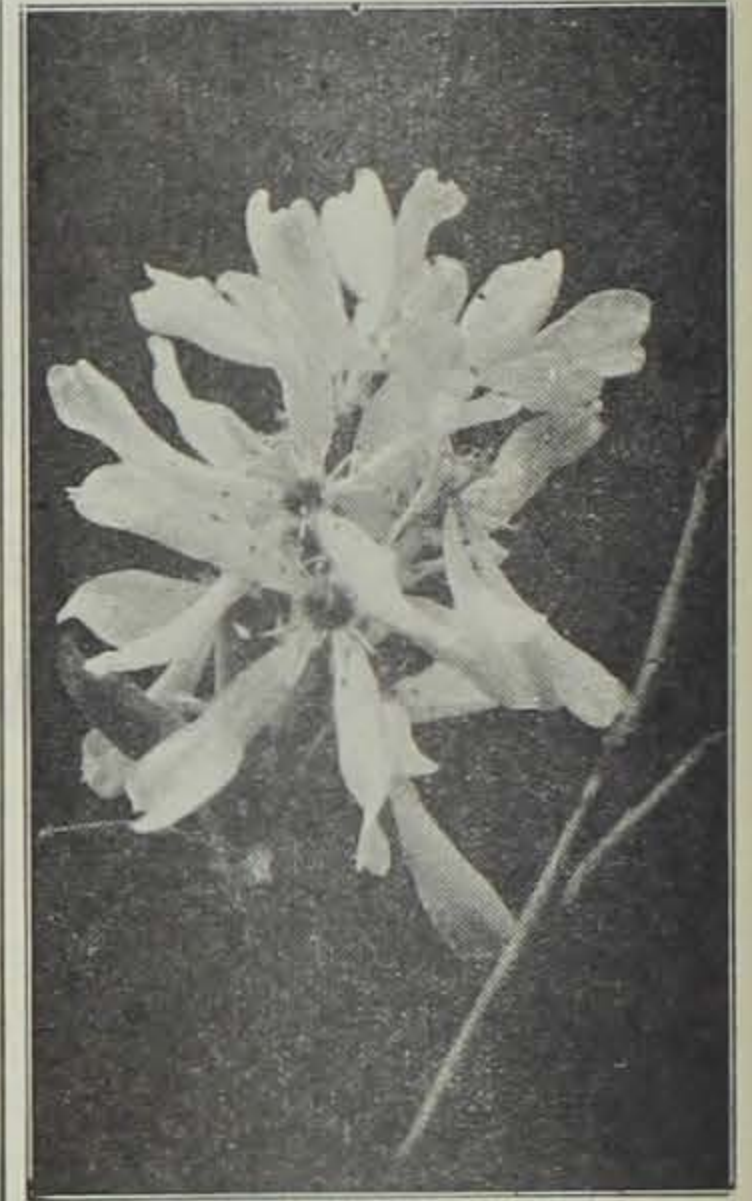
Its period of attractiveness is the year around. Among bare treetops on stream banks and cliffs, the feathery white of the shad-bush flowers stands out in April. Its folded leaves, at first pale gray or reddish-purple and densely woolly, lose their hairy appearance as they unfold. By the time they have fully expanded, the oval to heart-shaped leaves with their finely toothed margins have become smooth and are gray-green in color. When the green leaves have reached their full size, the white floral leaves are falling like showers of snowflakes on the breeze. Replacing the flowers, green pear-shaped fruits hang in drooping clusters. By the end of June or perhaps in July, the fruit is crimson in color. When ripe, it varies from magenta to purple or black. The pulp is juicy and mildly sweet. Each fruit has 10 seeds.

Fernald and Kinsey in "Edible Wild Plants of Northwestern North America" state, "Few wild fruits of such excellent quality as the service-berries are less known to the modern Americans although by the Indians and the Early European explorers of the continent the berries were among the most esteemed of our native fruits. To the European taste the berries are best when made into puddings and pies, the thoroughly cooked seeds giving a flavor suggesting sweet cherry pie. The berries, especially if cooked first, are splendid for berry muffins, yielding a rich almond flavor. By the Indians the fruit was much used in the making of bread, being gathered in large quantities, beaten into a paste and then dried in cakes."

The June-berry furnishes food for birds. McAtee lists the flicker, catbird, robin, hermit thrush, veery, cedar waxwing, and Baltimore oriole, which consume the berries.

In autumn the leaves range from gold to shades of purple and Indian red. When the leaves have fallen, the smooth gray bark and many-twiggged somewhat zig-zag branches bearing long, slen-

timed, and your motor will run and deliver power, barring minor mechanical difficulties.—Johnson Motors.



—Photo by Ada Hayden.

The June-berry (*Amelanchier canadensis*) blooms when spring is here, and its feathery white flowers stand out against the bare background of Iowa's woodlands.

der-pointed buds somewhat purplish-brown in color, distinguish the June-berry from other woodland trees. Its height varies from eight to 25 feet in the Midwest. In open woodland or pastures its trunk attains a diameter of six to 12 inches. However, trees which have been cut or which die to the ground send up a cluster of stems.

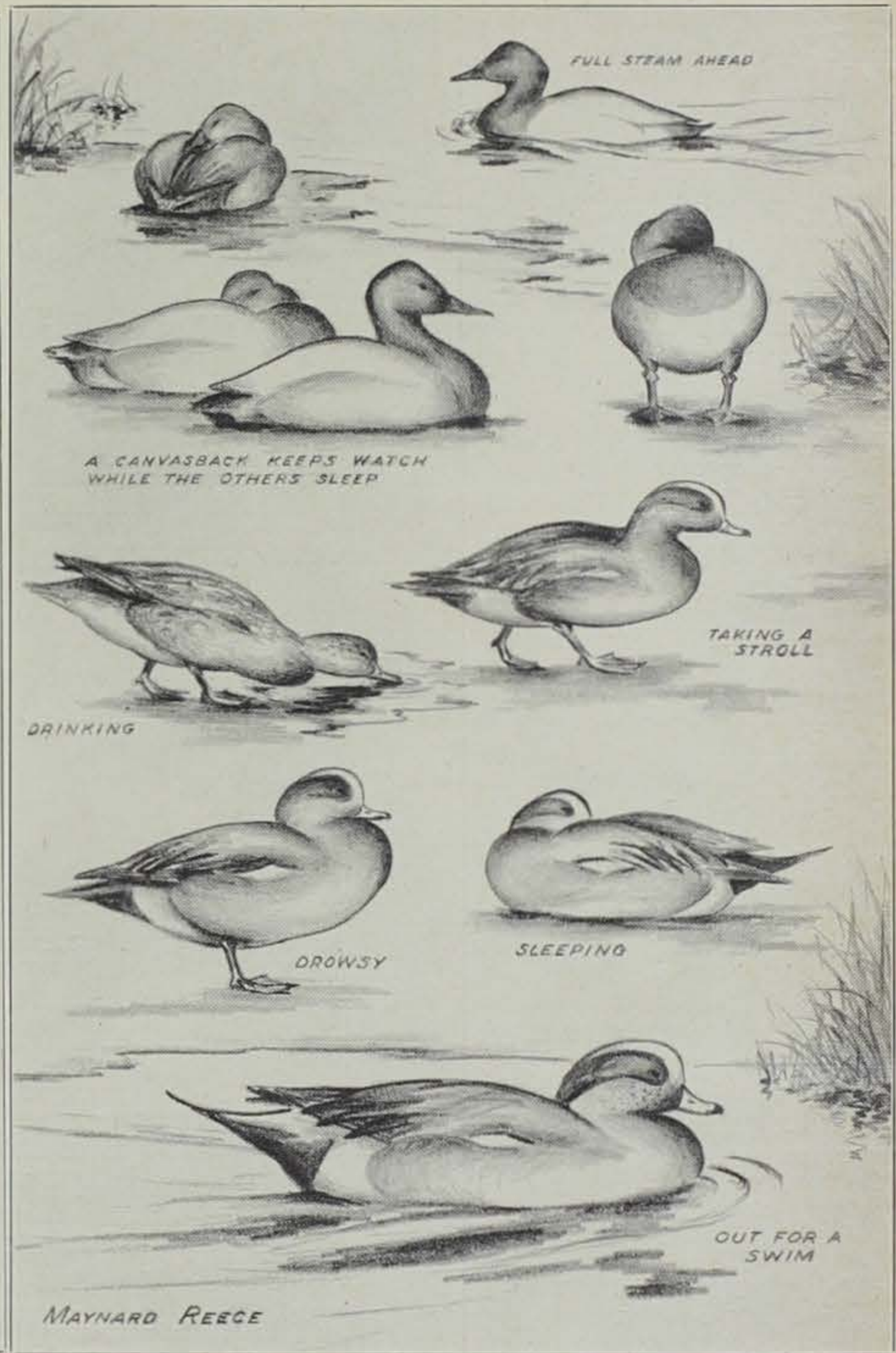
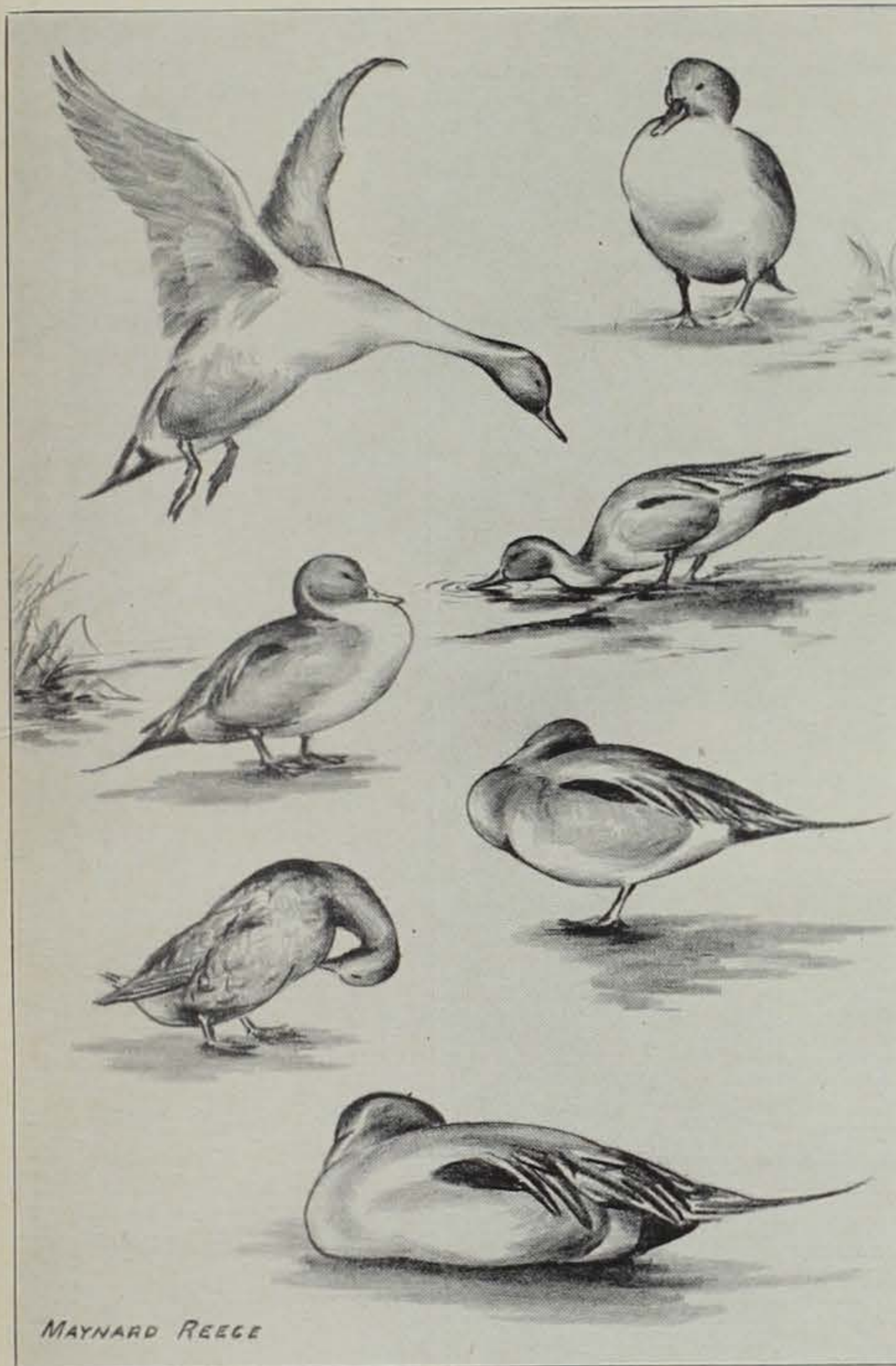
The wood of the June-berry is commercially known as lance-wood. It is hard, heavy and strong, close-grained and dark brown, often tinged with red. Its sapwood is thick and paler. Fishing rods, umbrella handles, and tool handles have been manufactured from it. The June-berry has been used as a stock upon which to graft the pear and the quince.

The ability of the tree to grow on eroding stream banks and gullies makes it a valuable type of vegetation to plant for erosion control. Its propagation is not difficult, for according to Bailey it may be grown from seed by planting soon after its fruit has ripened.

At least two other species occur in Iowa, the bronze-leaved June-berry (*Amelanchier laevis*) whose leaves have a bronze cast at blossom time, and the low June-berry (*Amelanchier humilis*), a low shrub three to six feet in height which may be propagated by its stolons.

These handsome native shrubs merit the name service-berry, for they serve as stocks for grafting, are useful to man and birds for food, employed in the manufac-

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NOTES FROM AN ARTIST'S SKETCH BOOK

By CORPORAL MAYNARD F. REECE

ABOUT as near as a hunter need get to a game bird is within range of his favorite firearm. But an artist or photographer must continually strive to get closer and closer, until he can study the number of joints on the bird's toes or just how an eyelid closes.

Naturally binoculars, telescopes, and telescopic lenses are invaluable aids to lessen the gap between the competitors, but patience, ability to crawl, lie in cramped positions, absolute silence, and minimum of movement are necessary to secure good sketches or photos. The artist must become intimate with the birds, study their habits, the way they walk, swim, fly, and sleep. He finds that each is an individual.

Take, for instance, the baldpate duck sketches. We know that we can recog-

nize and distinguish a human being from other animals as far away as we can see him, yet there is a vast difference in the physical characteristics of each individual. The same is true of baldpates. Yes, they all look like baldpates, but each individual bird looks different from the one beside him. They can be fat, skinny, sleek, oddly proportioned, or fine physical specimens.

The artist sits and mentally makes notes of each bird as it goes about its normal life. It assumes a pose. Is it a characteristic position or is this bird taking a few reducing exercises? A few lines are sketched on the sketch pad. Later another bird stands in the same position. That must be a common pose, so a more complete sketch is made. Dozens of hasty sketches are drawn of birds taking that same stance. As other birds take similar positions, the sketches are checked to find

flaws in the construction of the drawings. From these hasty impressions and mental notes, an action pose is finished. "Taken from life", they say. But is it a drawing of one bird in a particular instantaneous pose as in a photo? No, it is a composite impression of a posture that baldpates commonly assume in their daily life.

If a drawing were made of all poses, some would be grotesque, and the sportsman would say, "That doesn't look like a baldpate." He would be right. You can quite often see a baldpate take a pose similar to an old fat sow in the middle of a mud hole.

In short, the artist's job is to learn his subject well enough to put down on paper not only the subject's general outline and contour, but its emotions and characteristics. He must glamorize them, accentuate their good points and set them in a natural atmosphere.

Omen of Things to Come--The Cicada

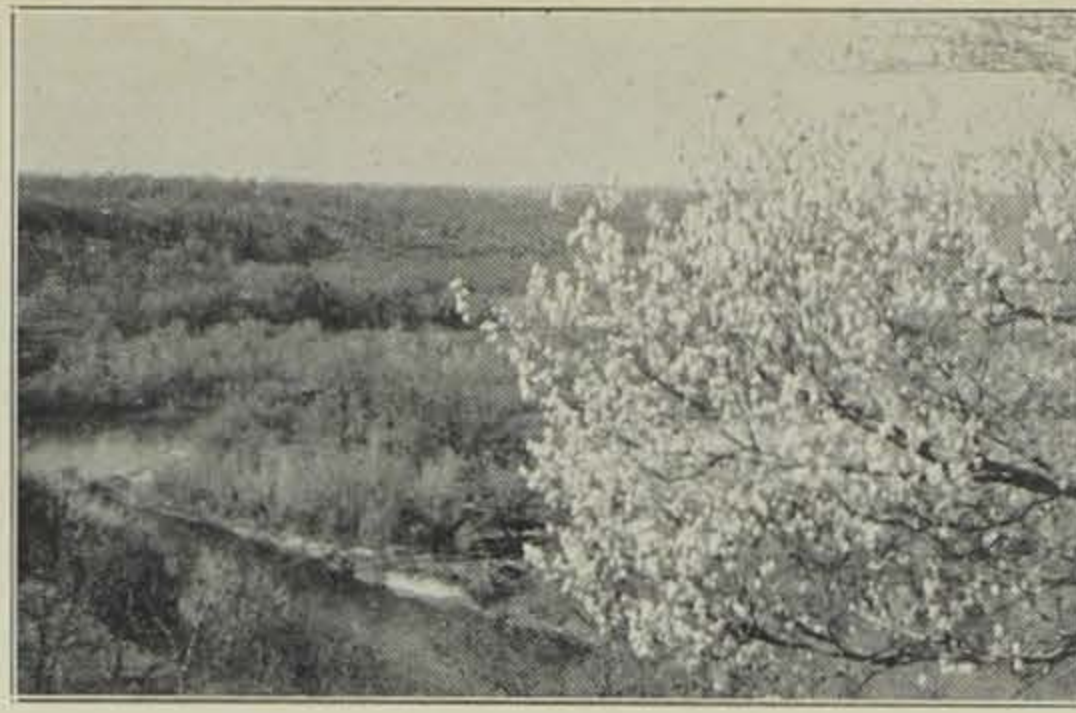
Voice of the hot days, summer-time insect, omen of things to come—this is the cicada. When it is heard for the first time in the summer, it marks the completion of the middle of the year, height of the growing season, and when it sings at night, says an old legend, there will be frost within six weeks. The singing is produced by the male, not with the mouthparts, but in the body cavity which is divided into chambers with tight filmy walls. Muscles set up a vibration of the films which is carried finally to two shields on the outside of the body. Then comes the loud, fluctuating song which may be heard almost a mile away.

The female cicada is a voiceless creature; she lays her eggs in a slit in the bark of a tree-twig, usually a number of them in a row, and when the young hatch they fall to earth and immediately burrow into the ground, eventually to a point below frost line. There for two years in the darkness the white grubs suck root juices and grow fat. In the spring of the second year the creature, now plump and covered with a hard shell, climbs up through the ground and out into the sunshine, onto a tree-trunk or bush. There is a cracking along the humped back and the shell splits open to the head. Inside is a pale green-white insect that with great effort pushes out of the enclosing shell and at last hangs weakly on the tree. The cicada is still pale and soft, but the sunshine and warm air rapidly dry it and harden the skin to an armor-plate. The wings move as they dry out, and when the cicada is complete and perfect, it is ready to fly off and begin to sing.

This is the two-year cicada, whose overlapping broods provide for cicadas each year. The 17-year cicada appears in great numbers each 17 years in the north, 13 in the south, though overlapping broods also provide for other batches at more frequent intervals.—The Living Museum.

Marksmanship Guidebook Available free of Charge

I recently received a copy of "The Guidebook to Rifle Marksmanship" from O. F. Mossberg and Sons, Inc., 131 St. John Street, New Haven, Conn. This book has been used extensively by rifle clubs, guard units and by various branches of the armed forces in their training, and it has been appraised as being the best ever published. They will be happy to supply these books free of charge where they can be used to advantage.—Frank Powers, Cedar Rapids Gazette.



The beautiful June-berry is commonly found along the bluffs of Ledges State Park overlooking the Des Moines River.

—Photo by
Ada Hayden

The June-Berry

(Continued from Page 46)

ture of small articles, utilizable for erosion control, and decorative throughout the year.—Botany Department, Iowa State College, Ames, Iowa.

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Fernald, M. L. and Kinsey, A. C. Edible wild plants of eastern North America. Idle Wild Press. Cornwall-on-Hudson, New York, 1943.
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"MY RIFLE"

I have received a copy of "My Rifle", which is the creed of the United States Marine Corps. It was written by Maj. Gen. William H. Rupertus, U. S. M. C. We think you would enjoy it:

"My Rifle"

This is my rifle. There are many like it, but this one is mine. My rifle is my best friend. It is my life. I must master it as I must master my life. My rifle, without me, is useless. Without my rifle I am useless. I must fire my rifle true. I must shoot straighter than my enemy who is trying to kill me. I must shoot him before he shoots me. I will . . . My rifle and myself know what counts in this war is not the rounds we fire, the noise of our burst, nor the smoke we make. We know that it is the hits that count. We will hit. . . My rifle is human, even as I, because it is my life. Thus, I will learn it as a brother. I will learn its weaknesses, its strength, its parts, its accessories, its sights, and its barrel. I will ever guard it against the ravages of weather and damage as I will ever guard my legs, my arms, my eyes, and my heart against damage. I will keep my rifle clean and ready. We will become a part of each other. We will. . . Before God I swear this creed. My rifle and myself are the defenders of my country. We are the masters of our enemy. We are the saviors of my life. So be it until victory is America's and there is no enemy, but peace! —Frank Powers, Cedar Rapids Gazette.

The Sport of Fishing Enjoyed by the Ancients

When the men and boys go out with fish-lines and hooks to gather in the wary denizens of deep lakes and shallow brooks, they can reflect that fishing is perhaps the most ancient sport in the world.

Izaak Walton, the Englishman who about 300 years ago wrote a very famous book on fishing called "The Complete Angler", refers to the belief of some that the art of fishing was originated by Bel, who was a god of the Babylonians in the days before recorded history. Some had the idea that Seth, one of the sons of Adam of the Bible, taught fishing to his sons. Mr. Walton says in this book that a person who would be a good fisherman should have an inquiring, searching, and observing wit.

The searching, inquiring, and observant mind seems characteristic of a good fisherman. He watches the ways of fish. He studies the kind of water they like best, the conditions of weather, clouds, sunshine, and food supply that induce them to bite or refrain from biting.

The habits of fish are something of a mystery. The beginner is often unable to see why sometimes they bite and sometimes they do not. The experienced fisherman discovers the kind of bait that is attractive to them, and how that bait should be handled. He has observed the ways of fish hundreds of times, and has reached some conclusions as to why they do thus and so, and how they can be induced to take the bait.

Many famous men have been noted fishermen. They found that getting out along the brooks and lakes and on the sea in pursuit of these finny creatures took their minds away from their heavy problems. While they struggled to outwit these wily creatures, their minds clarified on the great issues they had to meet. They returned to their mighty labors better able to meet their problems. It has proved so to countless numbers who follow the fishy trail.—Maquoketa Community Press.

Webster Doesn't Know All the Answers

New York Times: Webster aptly defines fishing as "to attempt to catch" and "to seek to obtain by artifice". But Webster does not go into the intangibles, and the true fisherman is concerned with more than frying pan evidence. There are those who forthrightly say that a man goes fishing for the same reason he plays golf, that is, to get away from the work which supports his family.

Men from eight to 80 enjoy fishing. One can't logically claim that it is the spirit of spring, for there is a group that chops holes through the ice in midwinter and seeks to obtain by artifice the denizens of pond and lake. Fishing is more than a seasonal urge; it has little to do with age; it is highly self-centered and introvert in character.

There's the deep peace and satisfaction of getting out-of-doors. It's good to feel the raw wind or the warm sun. It's good to be in old clothes and to wear a hat that has been a boon companion for years. It's good for a man to smell the earth and water and lift his eyes to stretching fields and wooded hills.

Naturally, anything as important as fishing is divided into camps of opinion. There are those who recoil in horror from using an earthworm and a willow pole. Some stand adamant for wet flies and some believe the piscatorial bill of rights means a dry fly. There are men who delight in scrambling along a brook's edge; some prefer to wade in shallow, swift water. Others get a rowboat from which they cast plugs among the lily pads and water grasses. One group believes in trolling slowly and comfortably.

This is the way it should be. Fishing is too important for any governmental bureau to regiment unduly methods, equipment and philosophies. Within a broad reasonable framework of reference, fishermen should have the privilege of regarding highly their own ideas and scoffing heartily at others.—Spirit Lake Beacon.

One Scent Reward

Trapper Parsons of West Virginia hasn't soured on wildlife, which proves he has a real sense of humor. Parsons found a small broad stripe skunk in one of his traps. He didn't want to kill it, so he released the spring and let the animal out.

"Then," said Parsons, "he walked off about six feet, stopped, looked over his shoulder and let me have it, a regular barrage, and went rambling off through the pines with a satisfied appearance. At any rate," chuckled Parsons, "he gave me a scent for my trouble."