IOWA CONSERVATIONIST

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Schwob Makes Recommendation to Postwar Committee

By F. T. SCHWOB, Director

Iowa State Conservation Commission

The State Conservation Commission has been since 1933 and is at present following the long-time program recommended in the Iowa Twenty-five Year Conservation Plan to acquire and develop state parks and reserves, artificial lakes, access to lakes and streams, and to restore natural lakes and marshes, also to acquire and develop for forests and recreation, marginal and badly eroded lands that will no longer support their owners.

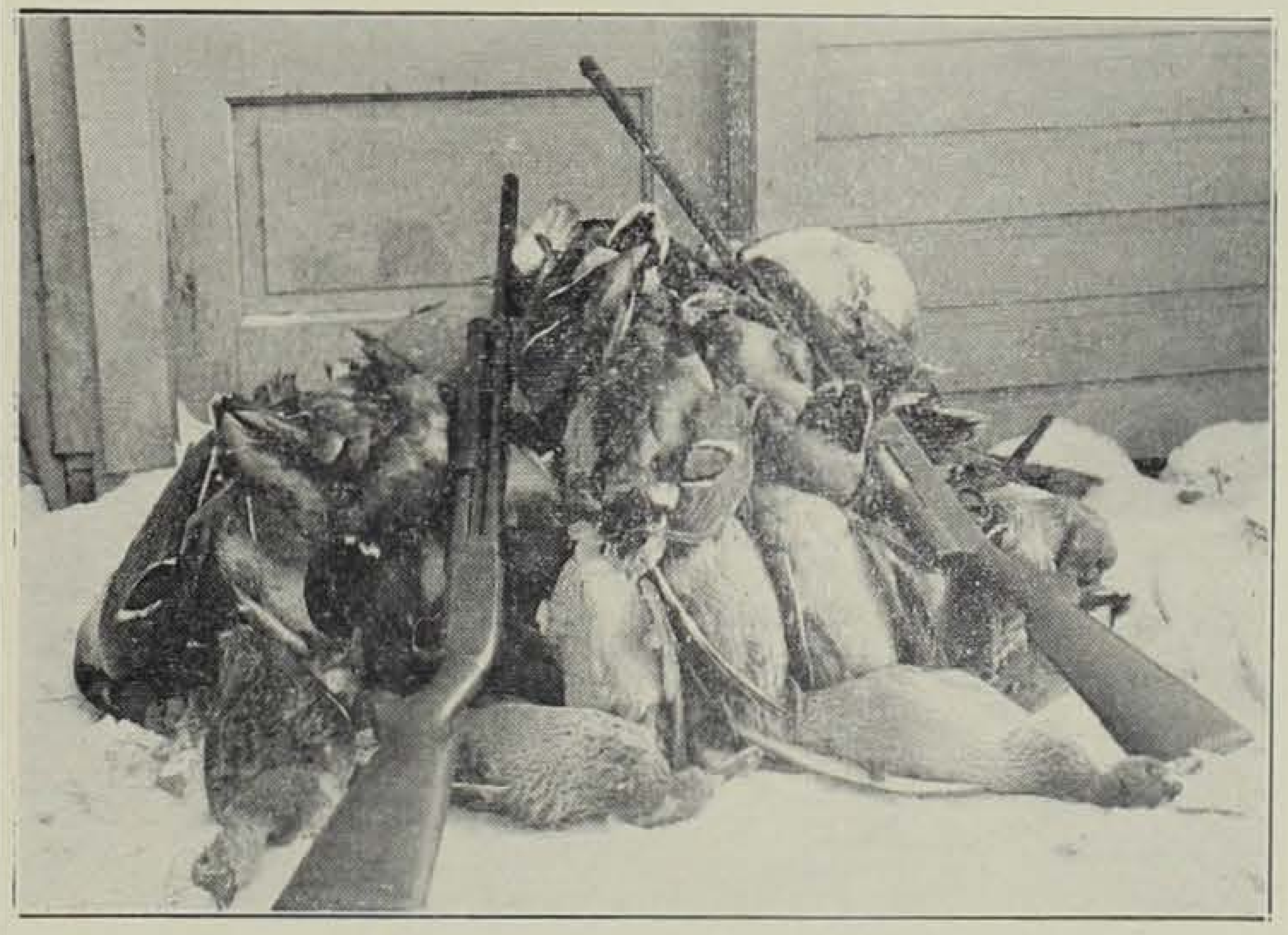
The Commission has been proceeding on its own initiative, selecting areas and sites that in its opinion are suitable for wildlife and recreation. All other land and water users have as independently been carrying out their respective developments. In all these programs there has been very little or no coordination.

The Commission believes very definitely that there should be an over-all comprehensive land and water use plan in this state, developed on the basis of watersheds, to give agriculture, forestry, public water supply, sewerage dilution and disposal, power, flood control, navigation, wildlife and recreation, industrial water, and all other phases of land and water use the attention they deserve in a well-balanced, long-time program.

Such a plan would determine the best use for each acre, pointing out land that should be farmed intensively, acres that should be left in permanent pasture and forest, land that should have additional drainage, etc. In addition, such a plan would classify marginal land, such as marshes, lake and stream banks,

(Continued to Page 82, Column 1)

Old-time Market Hunters Relate Stories of Early Iowa Duck Shooting



In the days before bag limits and other hunting restrictions, market hunters often shot a hundred ducks or more in a day. There was an abundance of all kinds of game, but gradually it diminished until duck shooting was prohibited entirely. Populations have again been built up to the point that a shooter may legally take 15 mallards in a single day. The possession limit of 60 mallards for two guns, as shown in this picture, reflects the liberalization in this year's duck hunting regulations.

Fred O. Thompson Furnishes Unique Collection of Yarns

Each year sees fewer of the old-time professional duck hunters on the marsh lands, and their yarns about market hunting as a profession are now seldom heard in the evening duck shack bull sessions. It is a pity that so many of these stories are lost forever. However, through the efforts of Mr. Fred O. Thompson of Des Moines, an enthusiastic sportsman and duck hunter, many of the market hunters' stories have been written down.

Fred knew many of these expert hunters personally and built an acquaintance with others, and in interviews in 1930 Mr. Thompson collected several hundred pages of duck stories of the past. All of these "case histories" were recorded in shorthand as they were told. They comprise a unique collection and one of the very few records of market hunting in Iowa.

From these duck stories we are led to believe that the market hunter was not interested alone in the price he could get for his birds, but also that the thrill of the chase had an important part in sending millions of game birds to market.

The following excerpts were taken from the Thompson manuscripts and are printed with his permission.

Notes from Billy Burnett, veteran Des Moines fire chief:

"I started shooting in 1871 or

(Continued to Page 82, Column 2)

Iowa Pheasant Production in 1943

By GEORGE O. HENDRICKSON

The rate of production for the ring-necked pheasant may be estimated by a seedstock and brood count survey. In that method tallies of cocks, hens without broods, and hens with broods, together with the number and ages of young with each, made over given areas periodically throughout the spring and summer furnish the basic data.

When auto travel is not limited and observers are numerous, the brood count method is readily employed to furnish desired production information throughout the growing season. With travel restrictions and fewer observers in 1943, a shortcut in estimating pheasant production was tried.

This method involved cock and hen counts in the spring and estimation of the ratio between young and old cocks by spur length comparison after the legs of the birds were obtained from hunters.

Many have observed that the length of the spur on a young male pheasant less than a year

(Continued to Page 85, Column 1)

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Recommendation Made

(Continued from Page 81)

rock outcrop, and depleted land that should be in state ownership for recreation and rehabilitation.

At present there is no one agency in the state that has authority to make such a complete survey, develop such a comprehensive plan or enforce compliance. And there is no one agency with authority to coordinate plans and developments by existing agencies and pattern them into a completed whole.

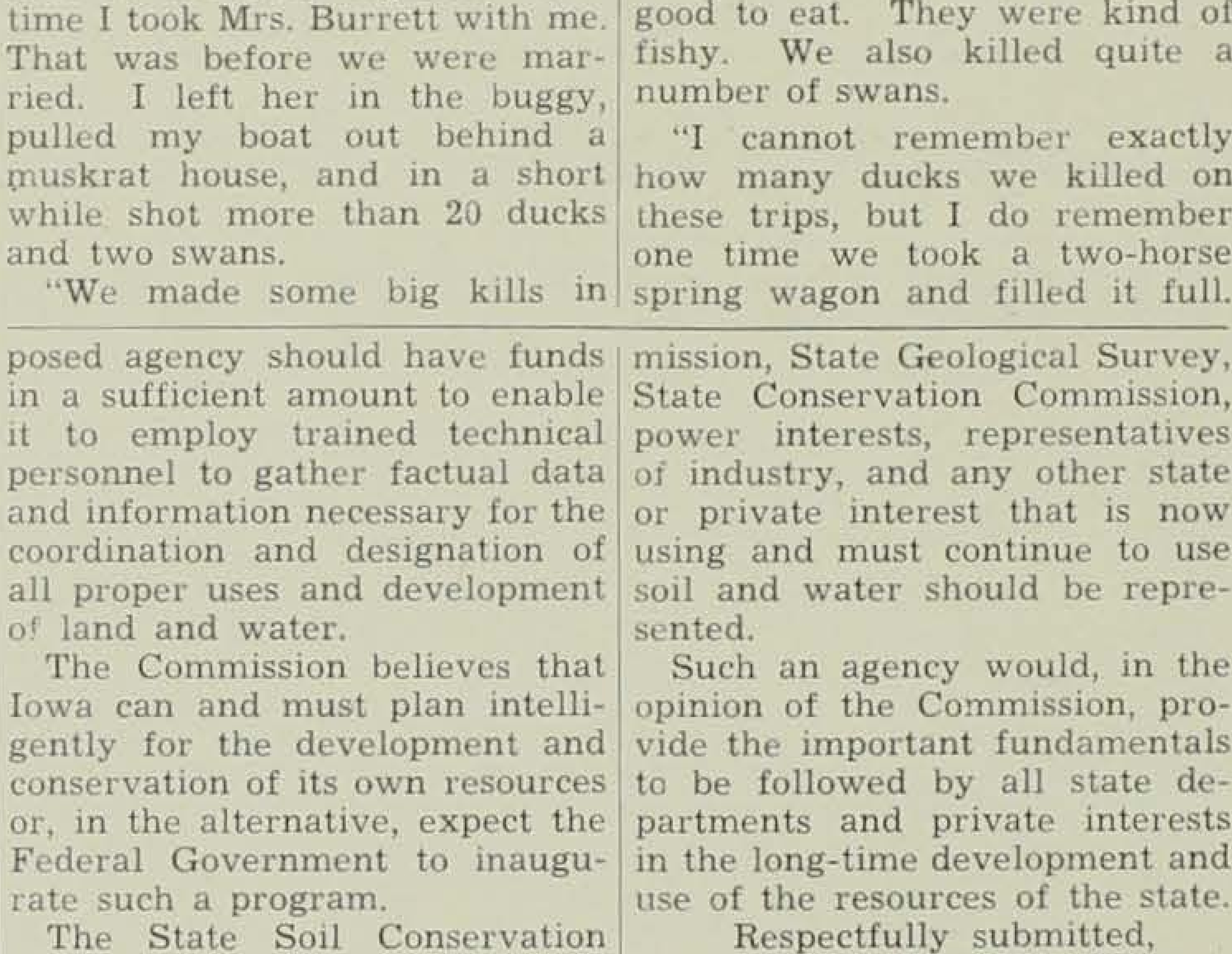
The Commission recommends that serious consideration be given this matter and that the legislature be requested to create such an agency, which could well be composed of representatives from existing agencies. This proposed agency should have funds in a sufficient amount to enable it to employ trained technical personnel to gather factual data and information necessary for the coordination and designation of all proper uses and development of land and water.

The Commission believes that Iowa can and must plan intelligently for the development and conservation of its own resources or, in the alternative, expect the Federal Government to inaugurate such a program.

The State Soil Conservation Committee (agricultural industries), State Department of Health, State Department of Agriculture, State Highway Commission, State Geological Survey, State Conservation Commission, power interests, representatives of industry, and any other state or private interest that is now using and must continue to use soil and water should be represented.

Such an agency would, in the opinion of the Commission, provide the important fundamentals to be followed by all state departments and private interests in the long-time development and use of the resources of the state.

Respectfully submitted,
STATE CONSERVATION COMMISSION
(Signed) F. T. Schwob,
Director.



The Conservation Commission has called to the attention of the Postwar Rehabilitation Commission the need for an over-all comprehensive land and water use program, developed on the basis of watersheds to give all land and water users the attention they deserve in a well-balanced, long-time program. It was recommended to the Rehabilitation Commission that this need be called to the attention of the state legislature.

Hunters' Stories

(Continued from Page 81)

'72 when I was 12 or 13 years old. Game was very plentiful, and there were no closed seasons or limits to the amount of game that could be taken. My first shooting was near town in Stewart Park at East 14th and Grand, just east of the State Capitol Building. There was quite a pond here, fed by springs. In those early days they hadn't begun to tile this country, and there were ponds and marshes all over Polk County.

"Another favorite pond was south and a little east of the Fairgrounds near where the Rock Island tracks cross Four Mile Creek. I remember shooting here in the early eighties. One time I took Mrs. Burrett with me. That was before we were married. I left her in the buggy, pulled my boat out behind a muskrat house, and in a short while shot more than 20 ducks and two swans.

"We made some big kills in those days, and as a boy I used to sell my game to have money to buy guns and ammunition. We used to get five cents apiece for quail at the butcher shops and hotels. Prairie chicken were cheap, about a dollar and a half a dozen. The farmers surrounding Des Moines trapped them in lath traps and brought them in in wagon loads. This kept the prices down.

"Later I hunted a great deal with Bill Reed, Dan Harris, and Gabe Howard. We used to go to Skunk River and spend the week. In those days we didn't have to use decoys. All we needed was a good retriever. We killed Canada geese, brant (white-fronted and snow geese), and sandhill cranes. There were a lot of sandhill cranes, but they weren't so good to eat. They were kind of fishy. We also killed quite a number of swans.

"I cannot remember exactly how many ducks we killed on these trips, but I do remember one time we took a two-horse spring wagon and filled it full. To lighten the load I came home on the narrow gauge railroad, which is now part of the Northwestern, after walking overland to Ankeny."

Notes from B. V. (Smoky) Palmer, Wallingford:

"I came to Lake Park in 1893 and shot for the freezer until they were legislated against in Iowa. Our game was shipped to New York City. Nye froze the game up and held it until prices suited him. Ducks were shipped to Chicago, principally to D. T. Randall of South Water Street. As near as I can remember there were 22 fellows shooting for Nye. One man by the name of Perry Bridge hunted for him by the month; the others sold him birds by the dozen. The freezer was 12 feet wide and 18 feet long. After the birds were frozen and the market was right, they were shipped in barrels.

"I have a loading machine that I bought second hand in 1888, and I still load my own shells. I can still out-shoot any factory load made by the best factory in the world. I use DuPont powder just because Fred Gilbert represented the DuPonts. Three and one-half drams of DuPont and one or two ounces of shot will kill birds as far as any living man knows how to lead them. I go to tournaments and pick up two or three barrels of used shells and run them through my machine. Shells that are selling for a dollar and a half a box I can load for 55 cents.

"Fred Gilbert and I used to shoot traps together quite a bit before he got to be a professional. Then the eastern shooters got to know more of him than we did because he was there most of the time. He named me 'Smoky'.

"Fred was a small guy, but he got heavier. He was 28, five years younger than I was, when we first met. He didn't know much about trap shooting until we started shooting tournaments. I didn't teach him anything. You didn't have to teach that fellow anything about shooting. During the last year of Gilbert's professional career we called him 'Noodle'.

"I remember one shoot Gilbert and I won at Mankato in 1894. I guess $25.00 would pay for all the clothes that Fred and I had on. We were pretty shabby. I was in my hunting clothes with bloodstains all over the pants from hunting that spring. On the first day of the shoot when the morning paper came out, it said there were two shooters from down around Spirit Lake—farmers—and that one of them looked like a Swede, the other a Bohemian. I don't know which of the two they thought I was. The next morning the paper came out and said, 'Mr. Gilbert and Mr. Palmer from Iowa were shooting well.'

(Continued to Page 86, Column 3)

Inside Outdoors

with JOHN MARTIN

The Best News

News, I was told in college classroom one day, is anything that interests people.

I have not found anything to disprove this succinct definition. Nor have I ever found anything to disprove the fact that the best news is the news that interests the greatest number of persons.

This leads to a pertinent subject, on which some facts and figures compiled by Frank G. Menke tell this story:

The prewar annual sports bill of this country was as follows:

Angling, $1,200,000,000; Firearms (hunting), $650,000,000; Motor boating, $600,000,000; Golf, $500,000,000; Bowling, $450,000,000; Attendance group (baseball, football, basketball, horse racing, etc.), $260,000,000; Miscellaneous, $190,000,000.

There are two species—the performers and those who watch, and of all the groups, fishermen outnumber and outspend by an astounding margin.

Hunting is a strong second. The money each hunter spends for ammunition (before Pearl Harbor) alone is more than the total the most rabid baseball fan hands into his home town baseball turnstiles. Throw the hot dog and pop in to boot.

Hunters and fishermen, who too seldom break into the sports pages, spend more money each year than would be needed to buy all the race tracks in America; all the race horses; all the football stadiums; all the baseball parks and all the players; all the hockey rinks and all the players; all the dog tracks and all the dogs; all the polo fields and all the horses; all the rodeos with their complete equipment; all the automobile speedways.

And there still would be enough balance to buy handsome state office buildings in wholesale quantities.

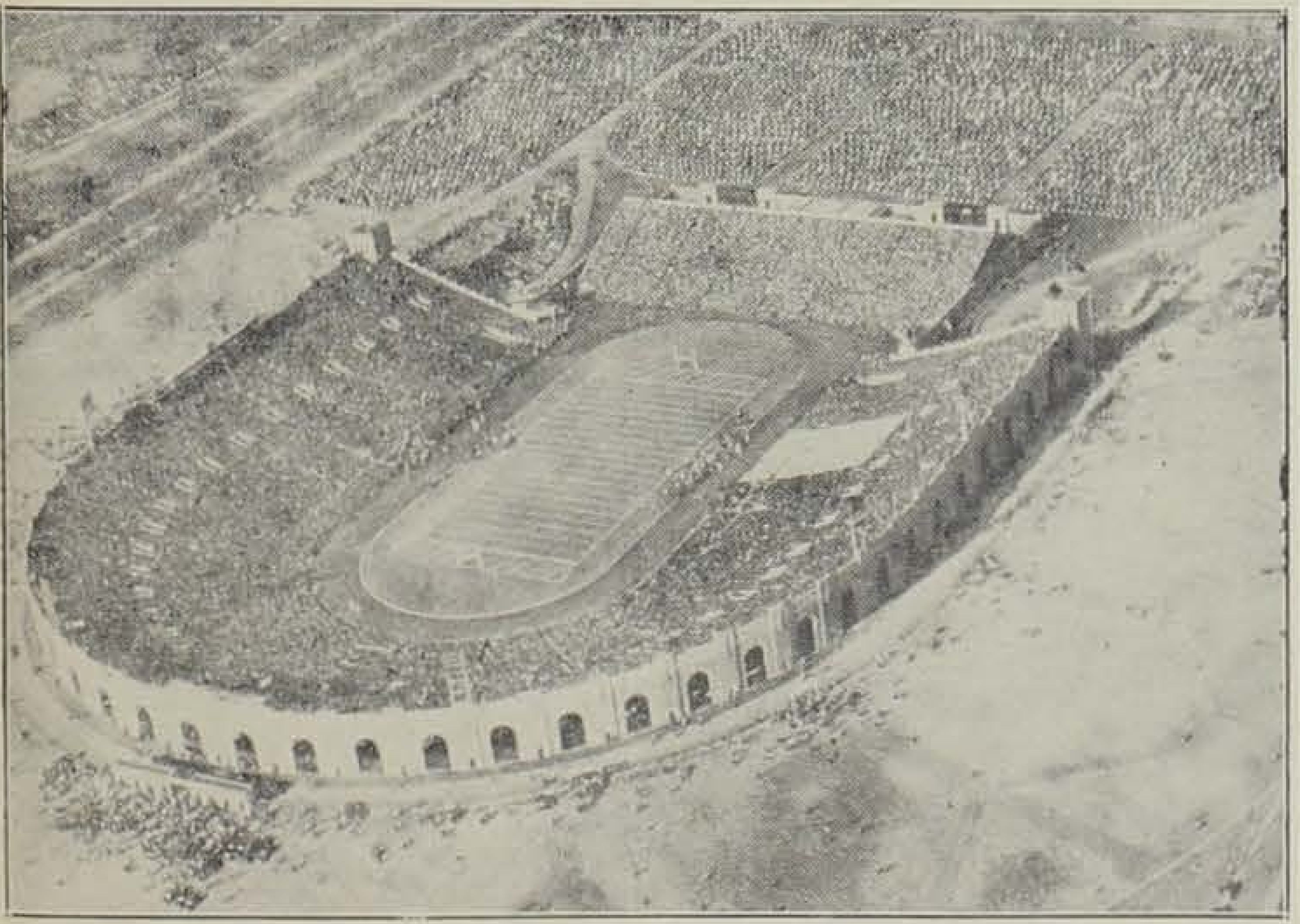
Publishing news about hunters and fishermen is why Outdoor Georgia believes it is performing a service for the state, as well as for the greatest number of people.—Outdoor Georgia.

What's in a Name?

There are no longer any muskrats in Louisiana. By the stroke of a pen, Gov. James H. Davis has metamorphosed them all into "marsh hares".

House Bill 675 of the Louisiana legislature, which has become the law of the land, bans the name muskrat and substitutes the more glamorous title.

The purpose of the bill was to woo the favor of gourmets who might be squeamish about eating anything called a rat, but who presumably would have no objection to eating a hare. (As a matter of fact, rats and hares are members of the same family, the Rodentia, which also includes mice, squirrels, beavers, and porcupines.)—Des Moines Tribune.



The hunters and fishermen, who too seldom break into the sports pages, spend more money each year on their sport than would be needed to buy all of the football stadiums, race tracks, hockey rinks, dog tracks, polo fields, automobile speedways, and rodeos in America, as well as the contracts of the players, all the horses, all the dogs, and all the other equipment connected with these sports.—Register and Tribune Photo.

Iowa Beaver Present Example Of Modern Game Management

Beaver in Iowa at the present time furnish a most interesting and successful example of modern game management, with the most romantic of all fur bearers.

Prior to 1929 beaver had been extinct in the Hawkeye State for many years, and our season had been closed on this historic fur bearer since 1872. By 1931 a colony of beaver had become naturally established on the Missouri River in northwest Iowa. It is believed that these animals came from far up in the Missouri River headwaters, where numerous protected colonies thrived even at a time when it appeared that beaver would soon be exterminated in most of the United States.

Within the next few years many family groups and individuals separated from the mother colony and moved up the stream valleys of several northwest Iowa streams, where they became established.

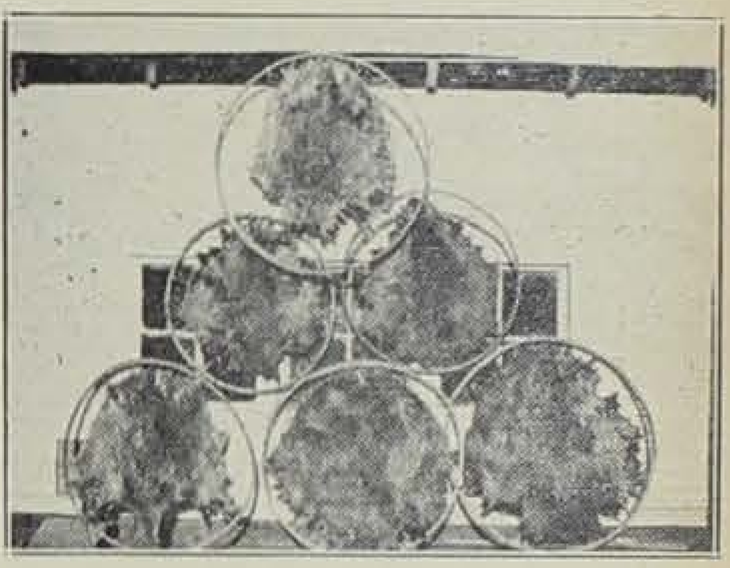
Until this time beaver had very little assistance from man in making their Iowa comeback, except that the colonies were closely watched and protected by fish and game enforcement officials. As the individuals spread and the colonies multiplied, game management principles of the American Game Policy were applied to them.

First a definite campaign was undertaken to familiarize the public with the habits, history, value, and progress of this fur bearer's re-establishment in the state.

Iowans, in short, became beaver-conscious, and requests for plantings came from responsible landowners, trappers, and sportsmen's groups from all over the state. Fortunately from the standpoint of granting these requests by 1937 in some areas of early re-occupancy some of the animals could be safely removed.

Upon investigation and after establishment of this fact, the State Conservation Commission began a program of live-trapping these surplus beavers and those in nuisance locations and transplanting them in hundreds of locations throughout the state where beaver in historic time had been native. The environment in almost every section was excellent, and the streams absorbed the plantings as completely as dry soil sucks up a July shower.

Beaver have now become firmly established in every major watershed in Iowa. They are a source of great public interest in each locality in which they establish new colonies, and aided by an almost unanimous public sentiment in their favor and strict enforcement of the laws protecting them, this wonderful animal is increasing beyond the fondest hopes of game technicians in suitable waters in all sections of the state.



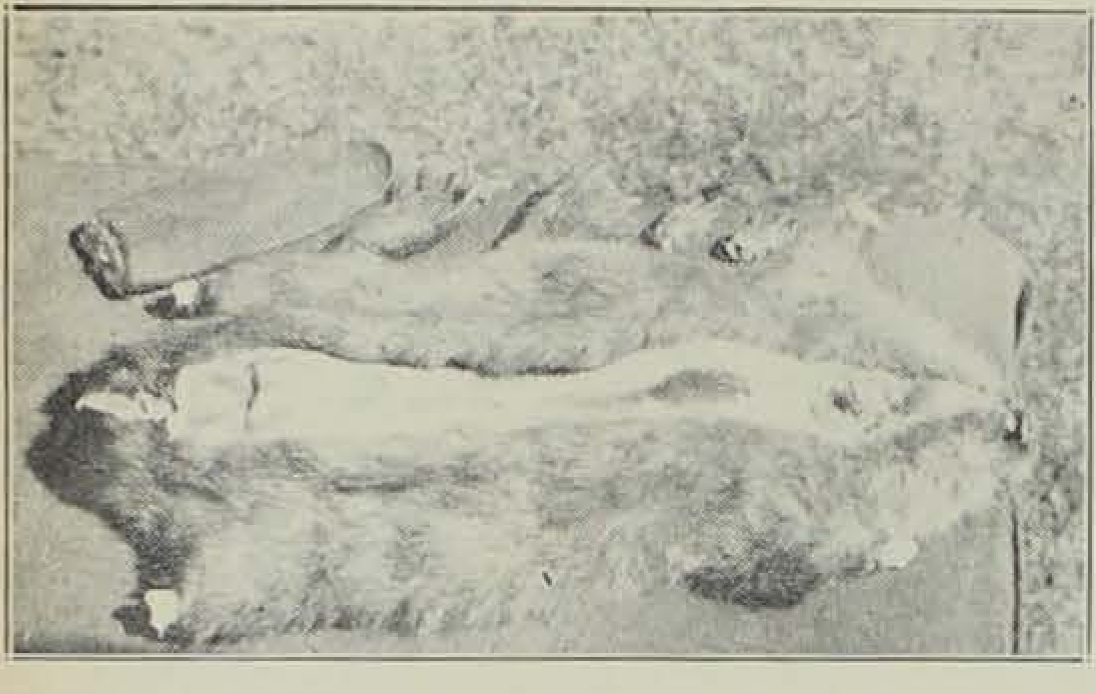
These legally taken but improperly skinned beaver pelts were sold for 50 percent less than the trappers would have received for properly skinned beaver. The pelts, when stretched without forcing, should have been round. This roundness is made possible by the method of skinning and cannot be accomplished by forcing or stretching.

While in most of our streams beaver have occupied only a tiny fraction of the available environment, in some parts of their early re-occupancy they have reached the threshold of security and it has become necessary to remove more than state live-trappers could take care of or needed for restocking.

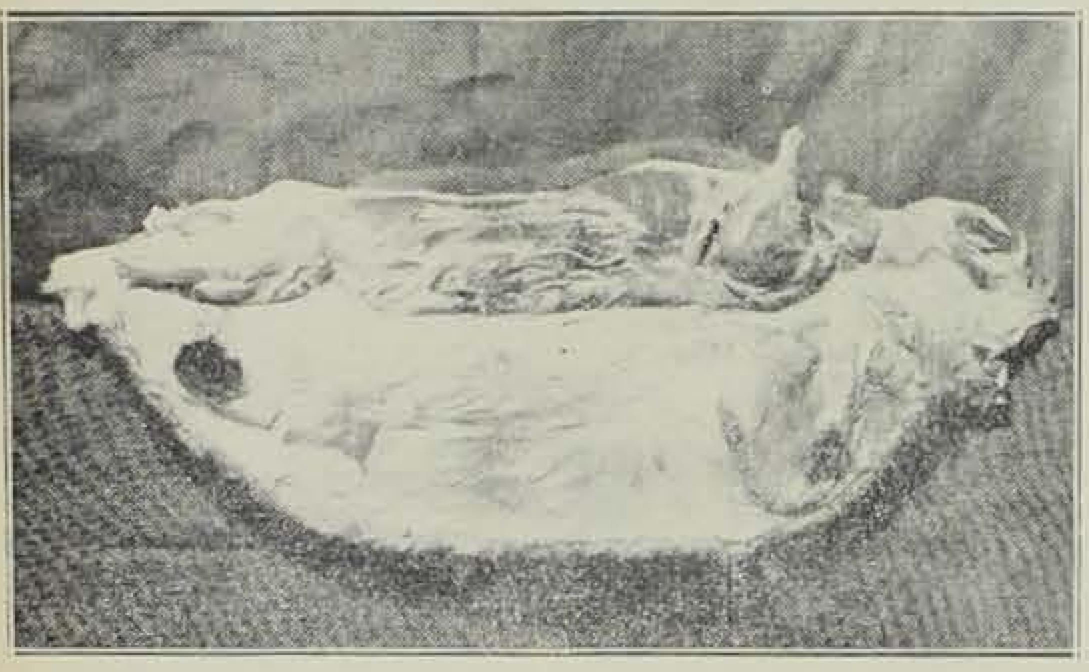
Foreseeing this condition in advance, the Conservation Commission discussed necessary remedial measures with groups and indi-

(Continued to Page 84, Column 1)

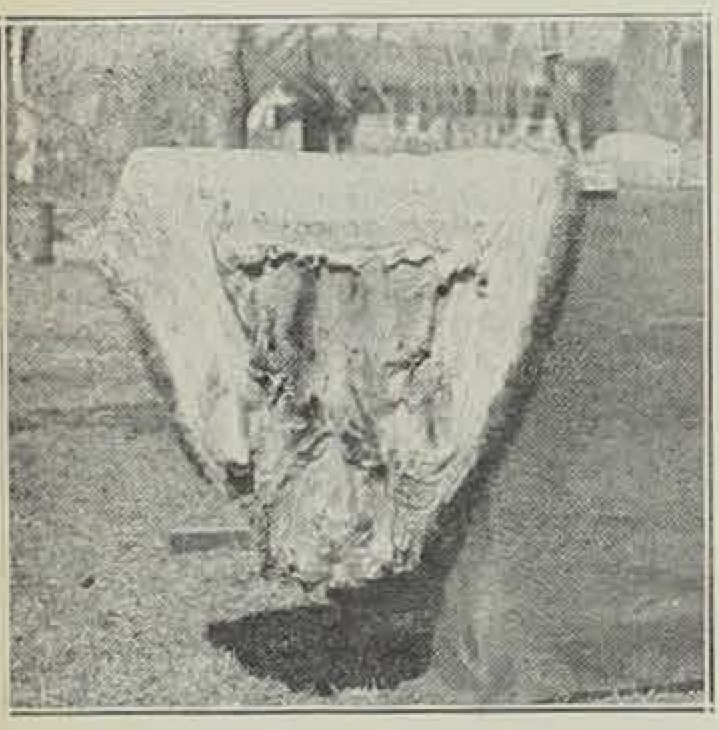
Beaver are heavy animals, often weighing more than 60 pounds, and after burrs and mud have been combed from the fur the animal, for convenient handling, should be placed back down on a bench or table. The first step in beaver skinning is to make a single lengthwise cut from the hairline at the base of the tail through the lip of the lower jaw.



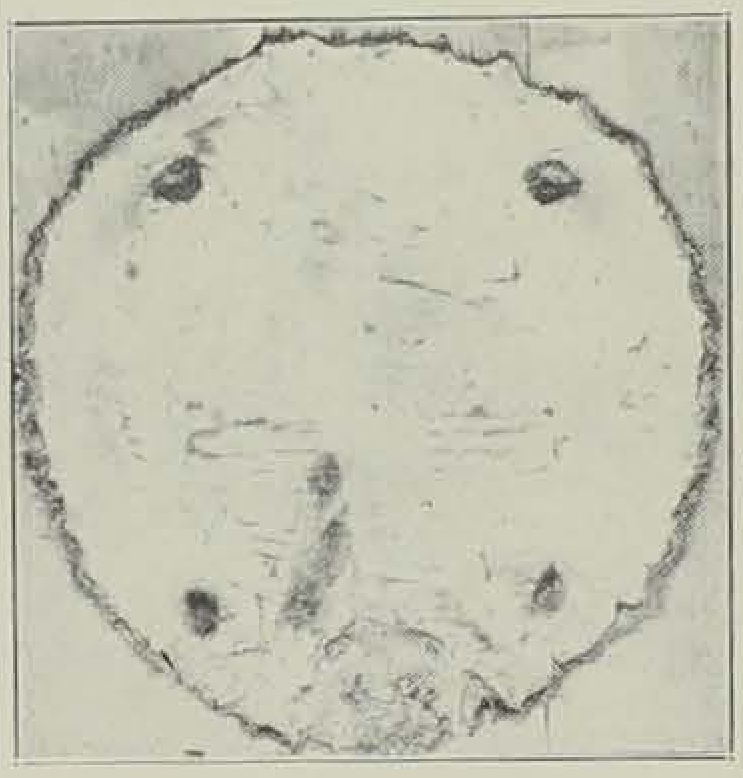
The second step in beaver skinning is to cut off the feet and tail at the hairline as shown in this photograph. Do not make any additional cuts through the skin.



The skin is then cut carefully away from the carcass. (Beaver are one of the most difficult of all fur animals to skin because of the necessity of cutting the skin from the flesh. Most animals may be skinned by merely pulling the skin loose.) Note the two round holes where the left fore and hind legs have been pulled through without cutting the skin, and also the tendency of the skin to roundness at this stage of the operation.



Beaver, like all other skins before they are stretched, must have the fatty tissue removed to prevent "burning" or hair-slipping. This is best accomplished by splitting an eight-inch fence post and attaching one half to the work bench with the smooth round surface up. The skin, hair down, is laid over the surface and the tissue carefully cut from the skin with a sharp knife. Extreme care must be taken in this operation, and the trapper must be certain that no burrs or other hard objects are in the fur which will cause an uneven surface and consequent cutting of the skin. Half of the pelt in this picture has been skived.



Beaver pelts may be sewn to a round wheel or, as in this picture, tacked on a flat surface. On the board mark out several circles, one inside the other, with string and a piece of chalk. Stretch the pelt by pulling the margin of the skin to the chalk mark of the circle most nearly the right size, and tack with lath nails. Note in this properly stretched beaver the four leg holes.

Beaver Presents Example

(Continued from Page 83)

viduals in these areas, and in 1943 a bill was introduced in the 50th General Assembly to allow limited trapping of surplus or nuisance beaver under special permit. The bill was passed with scarcely a single dissenting vote, primarily because of the fact that the legislature and the general public had a knowledge and understanding of this problem.

The first permits under the new law were issued in the winter of 1943-44, and 318 beaver were taken by trappers in 26 counties. The permits were issued to landowners upon their request after investigations by conservation officers determined the advisability of removal. The actual trapping was done when pelts were prime by the landowner or, as in many cases, on a share basis with a local trapper.

The winter of 1944-45 will see more of these valuable furs taken under permit, and each succeeding year will see the over-all number of animals in the state increase, and the number of pelts taken each year will increase proportionately. It has been estimated that beaver environment in this state could well acommodate over 60,000 individuals. Game technicians estimate that a normal annual surplus of 18,000 skins could be cropped each year from this population. Beaver within the last few seasons have sold as high as $50.00 per prime blanket. Simple mathematics show that this animal in Iowa can provide an annual income to trappers of almost a million dollars each year under optimum conditions.

What conservationist would have dreamed 15 years ago that it would be necessary to explain to Iowa trappers how to skin and stretch legally taken Iowa beaver so that maximum prices would be received for their skins? The series of photographs accompanying this article are designed to do just that.

In beaver management game officials encouraged local citizens to realize that their part in the beaver stocking program was an essential part of the management plan. This sign at a beaver stocking point reflects this endeavor.

Remember 40 Years Ago?

Game Warden George A. Lincoln was in the city last evening after making a long cold drive from Fertile where his imperative duties as an officer of the law called him to bring action against a man there for shooting a deer. The man will be assessed the usual fine and costs. This is the third fine imposed for a similar offense in the state the past two years. The deer are supposed to have come from Minnesota.—Mason City Globe Gazette.

"Let's get this business cleaned up so we can go home and go fishing."—General Eisenhower.

"Nor is it the fish you get that count, for they can be had in the market for mere silver. It is the break of the waves in the sun, the joyous rush of the brook, the contemplation of the eternal flow of the stream, the stretch of the forest and mountain in their manifestation of the Maker, that soothe our troubles, shame our wickedness, and inspire us to esteem our fellow men, especially other fishermen."—Herbert Hoover.

Fit Clothes For Neither Man Nor Beast

There's one army that observes no uniformity of dress and that's the army of hunters that have begun infiltration tactics in the Brookings territory this week.

They are distinguishable, not by their similarity of dress, but by the rugged individualism of nondescript costumes they assume for the field and swamp.

From natty tan duck cloth outfits to dress that would win first prize in any Brookings Hobo Day competition, these nimrods parade the streets waiting for the zero hour when they can take to the fields and start banging away at the game birds, scare-crows, farmers and other hunters.

The well-dressed hunter can be distinguished by the nearly creased "store clothes" he has donned. Innumerable pockets, bullet holders, game holders and frills are common to this hunter's coat and trousers (matched at that).

Then, we have the outdoor man. He dresses in leather boots, a lumberjack shirt, red suspenders, whiskers, and tops the whole thing off by jumping on his hat before he puts it on his head. The more rugged he looks, the better he feels.

The hunter-worker is an interesting study. He is the businessman who has to take his hunting on the run and at odd moments. If you will look very closely, you will see that, with his business pants, he wears boots, and with his business coat he wears a woolen shirt By the simple expedient of shedding the coat and slipping on a jacket he is ready for the hunt at lunch hour, coffee hour or closing time. Usually he wears his hunting cap in the store to avoid catching cold in the sudden undue cold weather.

The farmer-hunter can be distinguished from the farmer and hunter by the costume again. Usually it is overalls plus a hunting cap, or a hunting suit plus an overall cap—or maybe just a gun and a license. A farmer can be distinguished by the agitated manner in which he runs through his cornfield chasing out the hunters. A hunter can be distinguished by the way he stops to explain to the farmer why he thought he could hunt in the field plainly marked "NO HUNTING".

Now we come to the "fair sex", a necessary evil on hunting trips. Boots, britches, a jacket and an absurd hat, plus a compact and a gun, make up the "little woman's" outfit. It's not only sensible, but it looks nice. The fact that the "little woman" gets her limit almost every time is purely coincidental and has no bearing on hunting lore or dress.—South Dakota Conservation Digest.

Iowa Pheasant Production

(Continued from Page 81)

old is about one-half inch or less and conical in shape, but not sharply pointed. Also, the outer covering of the spur is so soft that it is easily scratched with a thumb-nail.

On an old cock, more than a year old, a spur is usually longer than one-half inch, conical toward the base but drawn out to a sharp point, and the outer surface of the spur is not easily scratched.

Infrequently a hen pheasant has spurs which are somewhat shorter than those of a cock. Clyde Updegraff, Superintendent of the Iowa State Conservation Commission Game Farm, has noted that about one hen out of 500 has spurs. Consequently when the age estimates of cocks are made from severed legs the possibility of error resulting from sex confusion is very slight.

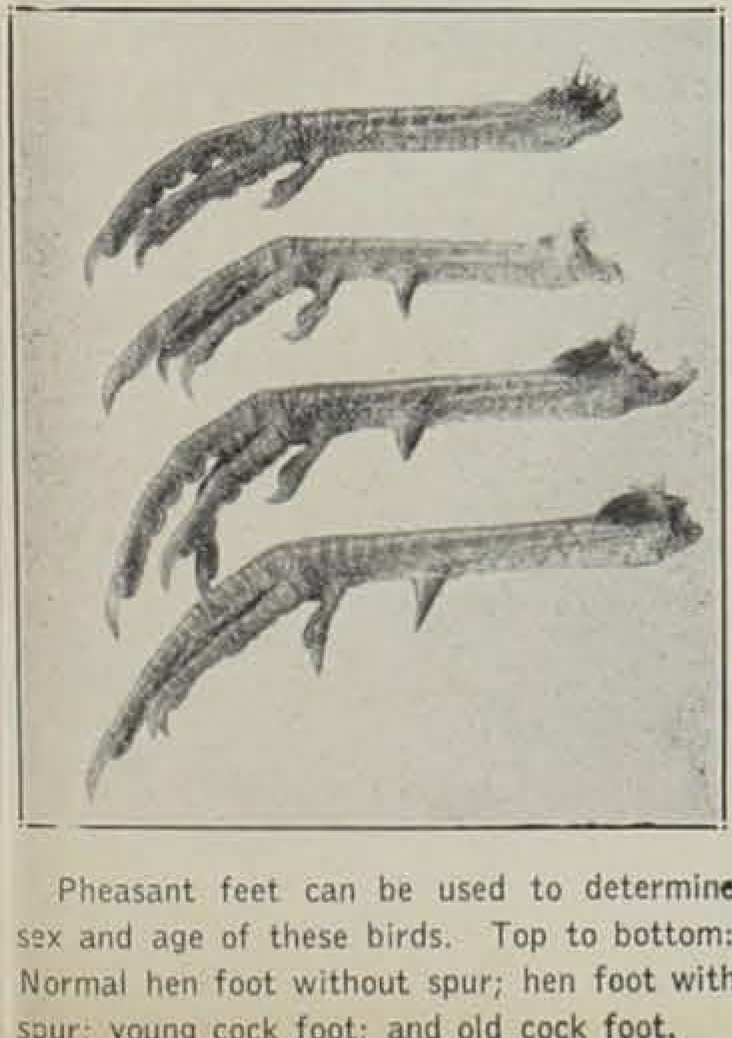
In the fall open season, 1943, each conservation officer was instructed to obtain from hunters at least 50 male pheasant right feet, and the collection of hen feet was optional. Story County sportsmen furnished 69 cock and five hen feet directly to the writer. A total of 1,424 cock right feet and 397 hen right feet was received. In finding the ratio of cocks to hens only 843 cocks were considered to the 397 hens because 541 cock feet came without hen feet in the packages and hens could not be taken in 27 counties. **The ratio of cocks to hens in the take in 38 counties was 2.1 to 1 as represented by the feet.** Although the 1943 daily bag limit of five cocks and one hen furnishes a ratio of 5 to 1, evidently the actual take was nearer to a hen to between two and three cocks. A spurred foot from one known female was received.

An additional 71 left feet sent in were not used in the calculations because it was not clear that they represented additional birds.

Of the cock feet 1,042 were determined to be from young birds and 382 from old birds. These figures give a ratio of 2.7 young cocks to 1 old cock. The ratio of old to young cocks was approximately the same throughout the several sections of the open pheasant territory, although the population densities varied.

In estimating the production, on the basis of reasonably accurate field counts in good pheasant territory, it is assumed that **in the spring seedstock there were two hens to a cock. Also the number of young hens approximately equalled the number of young cocks in the fall. Consequently, 5.4 young birds may be considered as the fall issue of three adults, a cock and two hens.** The fall pheasant population then was approximately 280 per cent of the spring seedstock, which had increased about 180 per cent as indicated by the spring seedstock count and spur length comparison estimate, except for summer loss of some parent stock.

Higher rates of increase in pheasants have been noted. Because the 1943 spring seedstock was numerous and at or near the carrying capacity a large production of young birds was not expected.



Pheasant feet can be used to determine sex and age of these birds. Top to bottom: Normal hen foot without spur; hen foot with spur; young cock foot; and old cock foot.

How Do You Dress a Duck?--or Do You?

Harry Simpson gave us two ducks the other morning. He had been hunting. In the back of his car were many ducks—the limit, Harry said, whatever the limit is. The pile of birds sorta pyramided to a peak, with their heads fastened in a metal ring. Harry extricated two ducks from the pyramid and handed them to us. We thanked him profusely, remembering about the shortage of ration points at our house. The ducks had been in the pyramid, evidently, for some time and rigor mortis had set in. Their necks stuck straight out as though the birds were reaching for something. It was rather disconcerting just to see them in that shape. But we got them home, and that evening we dressed them.

Seeing our preparations the better half left home. She said she had a meeting or something. We never could understand why, when you take all the feathers off a bird, you call it "dressing". But we know now that by the time you take all the feathers off a duck it doesn't make any difference what you call the process.

We began in the kitchen. Two hours later we were out on the porch and eventually in the back yard. There are several schools of thought in the matter of dressing ducks, and we attended 'em all. There is the "up" school, which says the feathers should be plucked against the grain. Then there is the "down" school, which says the plucking should be done with the grain. We picked down, because that seemed to be about all there was to pick. In fact, our kitchen when we had finished looked like the interior of an eider's nest. We had down in our hair and in our nostrils.

We remembered Rev. George Kerr had said once that he always removed the feathers by skinning the bird. We gathered from what he said that by using a pair of pruning shears you could swish the skin and feathers off with one fell swoop. But for us the system neither swished nor swooped. We succeeded only, it seemed, in making our first incision too deep. From that on we had to work with blood on our hands and blood on the feathers.

Several grains of corn showed up in the melee somewhere and we wondered how in heck that could happen. Then we discovered that we had inadvertently punctured a part of the duck's digestive apparatus and large grains of corn were spilling into the debris. We felt a certain reassurance, however, with that development. If we couldn't finish the job of dressing the ducks, we could at least have partially predigested corn fritters or something.

But the dressing details were finally brought to a messy close. By the time Fibber McGee and Mollie came on the air we were about ready to hook up the vacuum cleaner and begin collecting duck down. We think we got most of it off the floors. What stuck in the wallpaper and back of the picture frames can be removed later, perhaps, and we didn't seem to mind a couple of small feathers in our cereal next morning. What's a little duck down among friends, anyway! Thanks, Harry! — Washington Journal.

"Waterfowl In Iowa"

Duck hunting regulations change almost every year, and it has become necessary for every duck hunter to be able to identify the ducks occurring in Iowa. To enable waterfowlers to know which is which, the State Conservation Commission has published a book by Jack and Mary Musgrove titled "Waterfowl in Iowa". This 130-page, clothbound book contains colored illustrations by Maynard F. Reece showing the various plumages of all ducks, geese, and swans that occur in Iowa. The Commission still has a few of these valuable books for sale at a dollar each postpaid. The book will not be reprinted this year, and hunters wishing a copy should write to the State Conservation Commission, 10th & Mulberry, Des Moines 8, Iowa, before the small remaining supply is exhausted.

The poor duck hunter in his blind
Is chilled in front and wet behind.
It's seven hours since he fed,
And twenty since he's been to bed.

It cost him near a hundred bucks
To hide himself from silly ducks,
Which presently, ere day dawns dim,
Will rise and hide themselves from him.
—Anon. From Ducks Unlimited.

Gun-Shy Dogs Neurotic, Says Cornell Scientist

The gun-shy dog is really a neurotic, displaying symptoms resembling those of persons suffering from nervous breakdowns and war neuroses. This information comes as a result of research conducted by Dr. Arthur J. Jensen at Cornell University to seek causes for, and help in the relief of war neuroses in humans.

The research involved direct observation of 13 gun-shy and two normal animals at Cornell Behavior Farm, plus study of data on more than 50 gun-shy hunting dogs accumulated through response to questionnaires sent dog owners. The gun-shy animals showed lack of nervous and emotional control, and were excessively shy, fearful and irritable. They also lacked the natural curiosity displayed by normal dogs in strange environments. Their pulses were far more rapid than those of normal dogs.

No definite conclusions as to causes of gun - shyness were drawn. Dr. Jensen believes, however, that the abnormality may be due to any of several causes, such as hereditary characteristics, faulty training, and abnormal functioning of the glands of internal secretion. A large proportion of the gun-shy animals were spayed females, which Dr. Jensen believes may have some significance.

"If I had my way, every employee of mine would spend his day off in the outdoors, fishing and hunting preferably, but at any rate in the outdoors where he could build up both body and mind for the following week's work."—Glenn Martin.

After chasing all over a couple of sections after pheasants, we are definitely of the opinion that as a game bird they can't be beat. There is no thrill greater than having one flush out right under your feet—and it isn't too much of a disappointment when, in spite of your best shooting, they refuse to be hit. Pheasants give people in this section of the country an opportunity for a lot of sport and some good feeds, and they provide an interesting attraction for the country the year around.—Rock Rapids Reporter.

A Hunter's Letter To His Son

Mr. Jack Wolf
Lincoln, Nebraska
Dear Jack,

Today you have reached that coveted age of 16 and you have entered a new period in your life. Things you do and the habits you now form will have an influence for good or otherwise on your future life, and although in forming good habits the way may seem a little hard to you in the beginning, eventually they will become automatic, so to speak, and you will do the right thing without effort.

You know life is a game and if you use the right tactics and play the game according to rules you will win.

There are rules and regulations to follow in playing all games, and the hunting and fishing game is no different from any other, and according to the rules of the game, a hunting and fishing permit is required when you reach the age of 16. I am enclosing herewith this permit for you so that you can start the game according to rules.

I hope you will play the game square with our furry, finny and feathered friends, as well as all other games you play in life; and if you do you will be the winner and the satisfaction you will experience in the effort put forth will be well worth while.

Now that you have reached the age of 16 and are a licensed hunter and fisher, and although I am away from you most of the time, I sincerely hope that you will not feel that you are too old to tell your troubles or share your joys with —YOUR DAD.

—Outdoor Nebraska.

Sound Advice From the Fish and Game Warden

Let me repeat what I said two years ago—that more pounds of fish can be raised in an acre of water than it is possible to raise pounds of beef on the best land Iowa affords. These fish are worth more per pound than beef, and this does not take into consideration the recreation, which is more valuable than either fish or beef and cannot be figured in dollars and cents. Let us not forget in our mad rush for land to raise corn that there are other things that count besides the almighty dollar. Let us preserve our lakes. Let us improve them. Let us provide parks around each where the people can go for picnics without trespassing. Let us provide such places in that part of the state where there are no natural lakes by building dams and creating small lakes.—Report of the State Fish and Game Warden, 1916.

Hunters' Stories

(Continued from Page 82)

The next morning the paper said, 'Palmer and Gilbert are showing the boys how to break targets'."

Notes of Mayor E. C. Hinshaw, Spirit Lake, former Iowa Fish and Game Warden:

"My first remembrance of hunting was in O'Brien County, where I lived as a small boy. We were on a quarter section farm. The rest around us was all prairie. In those days hunting prairie chicken was just a matter of walking outdoors and shooting.

"I came to Arnolds Park in 1884. At that time market hunting was in its infancy. It was not being done on a big scale. A few fellows market - hunted and shipped east. Then in a few years there was built in this territory a number of freezers. Hunters brought game in quantities here, and it was shipped to eastern markets in carload lots. There were two freezers at Spirit Lake and one in Arnolds Park.

"I would say that 80 percent of the farmers in this whole territory supported themselves and their families partly from market hunting.

"A brother of mine and I put in an entire year hunting for the market. I remember one instance when we left Arnolds Park with a span of ponies and started west. We started out with plenty of blankets, a grub box, and ammunition, and paid no attention to where we were going to be when night came. I owned a small English pointer dog and that was the only dog we had. He had a broken tail, and when his tail was supposed to be straightened out on point, the lower half of it would stick straight up. He had a habit of going to the ground on point, and many times I have found him by seeing his broken tail sticking up through the grass. I could see the tail when I couldn't see the dog.

"One day we found several coveys of prairie chicken. Along about noon we found seven or eight hundred mallards in a large slough. The driver of our buggy that day was a small boy. He had a discarded gun that I had blown two inches off the muzzle. My brother and I located at opposite ends of the slough. The boy circled the other side and crawled on his hands and knees down to the edge without the ducks hearing or noticing him. He shot two barrels into the birds rafted on the water and killed 47 with his two shots. That day we killed 107 prairie chickens and 58 mallards.

"In the biennial report of the Fish and Game Warden of Iowa in 1918 I stated that a prairie chicken was a prairie chicken, and when you destroyed the prairie you had driven the prairie chicken away, never to come back."

Notes from Robert S. Miller, Spirit Lake:

"Fred 'Dude' Gilbert and I lived with Billy Wiggins. Billy Wiggins owned the Wiggins Mississippi River ferry at St. Louis. He got $70 a day from the company and spent it all at Spirit Lake. He came here about 1875. Fred's father ran a stage coach and my father ran a hotel. There were 11 in my family and only two in Fred's, but we were very poor.

"I was nine years old and Fred Gilbert was 11 when we went to live with Mr. Wiggins. He had a

(Continued to Page 87, Column 1)

The Monkey's Viewpoint

By RICHMOND ROTOR

Three monkeys sat in a coconut tree,
Discussing things as they're said to be.
Said one to the others, "Now listen, you two,
There's a certain rumor that can't be true—
That man descended from our noble race;
The very idea is a disgrace.
No monkey ever deserted his wife,
Starved her babies and ruined her life.
And you've never known a mother monk
To leave her babies with others to bunk
Or pass them on from one to another,
Till they scarcely know who is their mother.
And another thing, you'll never see
A monk build a fence 'round a coconut tree
And let the coconuts go to waste,
Forbidding all other monks a taste.
Why, if I'd put a fence around the tree,
Starvation would force you to steal from me!
Here's another thing a monk won't do—
Go out at night and get on a stew,
Or use a gun or club or knife
To take some other monkey's life.
Yes, man descended, the ornery cuss.
But. brother, he didn't descend from us!"

—South Dakota Conservation Digest.

Hunters' Stories

(Continued from Page 86)

wife and a Negro servant, but he didn't have any children.

"Mr. Wiggins never had less than 14 dogs. He didn't hunt them all, of course. He was a dog fancier. He also had all kinds of wild geese and ducks, wolves and foxes that were tamed. The wolves followed Dude and I around like dogs.

"I remember the second year we lived with Mr. Wiggins he went to St. Louis and brought us back two old muzzle-loaders. They were sawed-off shotguns, and we killed lots of ducks with them. At first Dude and I didn't shoot any. We drove the team, took care of the lunches, and dressed the game. Once Mr. Wiggins broke a big Canada goose's wing and sent me after it. Of all the whippings I ever got as a boy, that was the worst, and the goose beat me with his wing and I was in bed for a week. We brought in 52 geese one evening, and Mr. Wiggins was the only one that shot.

"In those days we called Dude 'Cherry-Bite' and I was called 'Hump-Pump'. How Gilbert came to be called Dude I do not know.

"In these early days there were very few hunters here. There wasn't such a thing known as a market hunter. Ammunition was high and hard to get, and unless you had lots of money you couldn't be a game hunter. The settlers didn't have time to hunt. They would go out and get a mess to eat and then come back and work their fields.

"We did our prairie chicken shooting with dogs, and we'd go out in a wagon. This was when Dude and I were also shooting. There would be three of us, and there would be no place in the wagon for us to put our feet. When we got back in from hunting, it was Dude's and my job to give the game away to people in town. We could never stop until we had given it all away, and sometimes it took us until midnight. Mr. Wiggins would allow none of the game to go to waste.

"Mr. Wiggins was a sportsman. Every duck was shot on the wing. One day we killed so many that he sent me uptown to get a man who had a double-box wagon. We filled that wagon full and came into town. Everybody took all the ducks they wanted, but there were many left, and we sent to Estherville to have people come up after them. It took about a thousand ducks to fill the wagon.

"Afterwards Billy Shears and I made a partnership and shot for the market. During the four years we sold to the freezers, we averaged 50 chickens a day, and I can remember many days when we killed 250 blue-bills, but the general average on ducks was about the same as the chicken average.

"In the last 20 years I have been the strictest crank on observing the game laws, but before that I couldn't appreciate the law. You see, I was born with a gun in my hand and couldn't believe that there should be any game laws passed. In the early days game was about all the meat people had to eat, and we didn't think it was wrong to shoot all the time."

Notes from Fred Carlson, Des Moines:

"I started shooting when I was 12 years old, around 1890. My first gun was a 14-gauge double-barrelled muzzle-loader. As a boy I hunted in what is now part of Des Moines, around Hickman and Beaver avenue. There were good ponds all through that country, and we had plenty of good spring duck shooting. I shot ducks for the market and sold them to Chase Brothers in Des Moines, who shipped them to Chicago. I was given $2.00 a dozen for mixed ducks and as high as $4.80 for mallards. Lots of years we turned in a thousand birds.

"'I started market hunting on the Skunk River bottoms. I always went the middle of March and stayed until the season closed the 15th of April. The Skunk was one of Iowa's main flyways. In the spring they would be driven back several times by storms farther north. Between 1897 and 1906 we killed lots of birds there. I think my best day was 94 mallards and one teal.

"In later years I went farther north and shot until spring shooting was stopped by law, then shot in the fall. For six or seven years I shot on Rush Lake west of Mallard, and Rush Lake was good for fall shooting. I shot a couple of seasons at Goose Lake, near Jefferson and one season at Swan Lake north of Emmetsburg. This was a wonderful lake, but drainage ruined the shooting.

"I became acquainted with George Schlosser when I was shooting at Lost Island Lake and at Green Slough. Schlosser would just drift into the rafts of ducks on Lost Island in his little boat. He shot with a rifle because of the fact that there were lots of geese there.

"I think the main thing about duck shooting now is a good caller. Herb Reinhart is the best duck caller I have ever heard. He is really wonderful with a call. George and Judd Brownlee at Mallard are good callers, too, and excellent shots.

"It is unbelievable the distance you have to point ahead of ducks flying with a strong wind, which reminds me of a story they used to tell about Fred Gilbert. One day none of the boys at Spirit Lake were killing any ducks except Fred, and the old master was asked, 'Fred, how much do you lead those ducks?' He replied, 'Do you see that point up there about two miles? As soon as they pass it I shoot.' "

Notes from Dick Harker, Spirit Lake:

"We came to Spirit Lake in 1881 when I was 18 years old.

"The first year I market hunted was for a man named Winter, who had a freezer. He hired about six other men besides myself. Dude Gilbert was the best man Winter had. From the 15th of August until it froze up, Dude used to kill about 3,000 ducks. We all kept records of how many we got. When night came we checked so many redheads, so many mallards, etc., and kept a book account of every bird we killed. I used to kill about 2,000 birds in the season. This is the estimate of the average number of birds per year we killed when hunting for Winter:

"Dude Gilbert, 3,000; Joe Winter, 2,000; Fred Winter 2,000; Jim Flaherty, 2,000; Dick Harker, 2,000; Russ Klein, 1,500; Cornell, 1,500.

"We used to get all the way from $8.00 to $10.00 a dozen for red-heads, $12.00 to $15.00 for canvas-backs, mallards, $6.00 or $7.00 a dozen. That was the price at the cooler.

"I could sit here for a week and tell about the different kinds of birds I killed for the market. We killed more golden plover than anything else. In about one month in the spring I killed over 2,000 golden plover, grass plover, curlew, jacksnipe, and yellow-legs. We used No. 9 and 10 shot to kill plover.

"We loaded our own shells. Generally it didn't cost us over a half-cent for a light load and a cent for a heavy load. We had brass shells almost altogether. The last year I hunted for the market we began to buy the loaded shells with black powder. We used to pay 35 cents for a box of 25 black powder shells.

"My brothers and I studied the ducks, and we never used a duck call. We all used our voices to bring them in, and to this day I can call a mallard to a fare-thee-well. We never used any dogs to retrieve; I could beat any dog in retrieving. We didn't let our ducks lay long, and we didn't let them get water-soaked. We fellows used to be able to drop a mallard and let it go for a quarter of a mile and go straight to it. I could beat the world today retrieving ducks. We just learned that by shooting. The first thing I do is look for a mark ahead of me and back of me. Just judge the distance the bird fell and keep going till you find it.

"It seemed that every year when we were market hunting ducks were a little harder to get. Also market hunters were beginning to get unpopular. My brothers and I were hunting at Long Lake in Minnesota, and the boys up there were mad at us and kept tab to see how many ducks we shot. Then they'd talk among themselves about how many ducks 'these Harker fellows' had killed. One night when we were through hunting we hid our boats. They found them and ruined them with an axe. They didn't want us there at all because we could shoot and they couldn't hit anything.

"I was shooting at Long Lake north of Wilmer and killing quite a few, and all at once I heard a racket and looked around, and there was a farmer. They were all Swedes and Norwegians up there, and he had a four-tine pitchfork and was sure mad at me. He told me to get out of the lake. I said, 'You poor old fish, what's the matter with you? You don't own this lake. I've got a perfect right to be here.' He was going to have me arrested, and I told him to hop to it. He called me everything he could think of, and I laughed and made him all the more mad. He couldn't get at me because I was out in the water.

"We have all been chased, particularly when we were in the fields prairie chicken shooting. Farmers would chase us with pitchforks and monkey-wrenches, and anything they could get hold of. We were all like greyhounds, and by the time anybody could get to where we were shooting, we would be far away."

Notes from Judd Brownlee, of Mallard:

"Rush Lake used to be about half rushes and half water and contained rush bogs, some of them as large as an acre. You could get out of a boat and walk around on them. It was one of the best duck shooting places in Iowa. The carp came in and they destroyed the rushes. Now there is nothing there but water, the mud and carp. (Rush Lake was drained by the Conservation Commission in 1940 and the carp removed. The rushes came back, and it is again one of the best duck shooting marshes in the north central part of the state.)

"We came to Mallard in about 1898 and used to shoot a lot on the Des Moines River. That was before it was dredged. The river was then so crooked that it would almost always overflow in the spring, and in one bend the river travelled a mile and a half and came back to within 50 feet of itself.

"Here in the fall of 1905 the river overflowed and was from one to three miles wide. It was a big sheet of water, and all the crops were drowned out and the land went to marsh grass. My brother John, Willis, and I went over here about the first of Sep-

(Continued to Page 88, Column 1)

Hunters' Stories

(Continued from Page 87)

tember, and the first day we brought home 107 birds.

"That season the ducks kept getting thicker and thicker. We had a large flat-bottomed boat, and we noticed an old timothy field of about 50 acres that was just filled with ducks as thick as they could get in. We drove them out, set out decoys, and they started coming back. It wasn't just a flock or two—it was a steady stream. In less than two hours we picked up 214, and shot at nothing but mallard drakes, because we were shooting for the market and they brought a good price.

"If we had had enough shells and shot everything that came along, we could have killed about 5,000. Even the old settlers who were here when the country was new said they had never seen anything like it before.

"Hunters came in on the Rock Island Railroad to Rodman, which is close to the river bottom where the ducks were thickest. Every day there would be 50 to 100 hunters get off the train, and they would scatter along the river bottom. It was awful the way they killed ducks—not only the people here, but from all over the state. The way they slaughtered them was a shame.

"The ducks were here September, October, and November, and my brother John and I hunted pretty nearly all fall. We camped in a tent and generally had a team there to take the birds into town. Sometimes we would shoot nearly a case of shells a day apiece. I think probably we must have shipped around 75,000 birds that fall. We were shipping for everybody in the community. All the kids and all the farmers were shooting. Nobody thought anything about it. They thought the supply was endless. John and I averaged pretty close to a hundred birds a day apiece.

"We sold 250,000 shells that fall from our store in Mallard."

Notes taken from John E. Brownlee, of Mallard:

"The northern flight the year of the big slaughter was the first year that the Browning Automatic came into use. It was imported from Belgium, and I got gun No. 750 and am still shooting it. They started shooting on the bottoms in the morning, and you couldn't count the shots. It was a continuous rumble of guns all day for 20 miles up and down the river. After the water went down the bottom-lands or overflow lands were literally covered with ducks—ducks that had been wounded and had gotten away to die, or that had been killed and not found.

"During the six or eight years that we shot for the market, my brother Judd and I would kill about 3,000 ducks apiece during the spring shoot."

Notes taken from George Schlosser, of Ruthven:

"In 1894 in the spring the bulk of the ducks went north early and were driven back by a very cold storm from the northwest. They lit in the center of Lost Island, but the water was too rough for them so they came on shore. I put out decoys and, shooting a double-barrelled Parker, killed ducks so fast my spaniel couldn't bring them all in. During this storm on Saturday afternoon and Sunday I killed 539 ducks. I had 115 red-heads, 21 canvas-backs, and 23 mallards. The balance was mostly blue-bills and small mixed ducks of all kinds. I shipped the birds to Chicago in barrels, and they netted me about 10 cents apiece, and I had all the fun besides. During those days it was no trick to go out and kill 75 or 100 ducks a day, providing one pointed the 'gas-pipe' right.

"We owned a mile of lake front on Lost Island and used to keep hunters. We could accommodate 33 at one time, and I surely have had lots of fun with some of them. One day a new man dropped in and wanted to shoot over decoys. We had to walk about three-quarters of a mile to the blind, and on the way I tried to sound him out to see what he knew about hunting. Finally I got him started, and he said, 'There's nothing to duck hunting. When a pair of mallards come over the decoys, this baby goes "pop, pop", the ducks go "splash, splash".' His 'baby' was a double-barrelled Parker. I told him I had hunted all my life and been out with some cracking good shots. I said I noticed they all go 'pop, pop' but the ducks didn't always go 'splash, splash', so he'd have to show me. He did. Time after time he would empty both barrels and then I would cut down the ducks. 'Pop, pop, splash, splash' is still used as a by-word up here."

Why Ants Help Win The War

By RADIEN STORBECK

Age 12, Grade 7

EDITOR'S NOTE: This essay was entered in a recent Clayton County soil conservation essay contest. The contest was promoted by the Clayton County soil district commissioners and was sponsored by the Clayton County Farm Bureau, Elkader Commercial Club, Garnavillo Commercial Club, and the Strawberry Point Lions Club.

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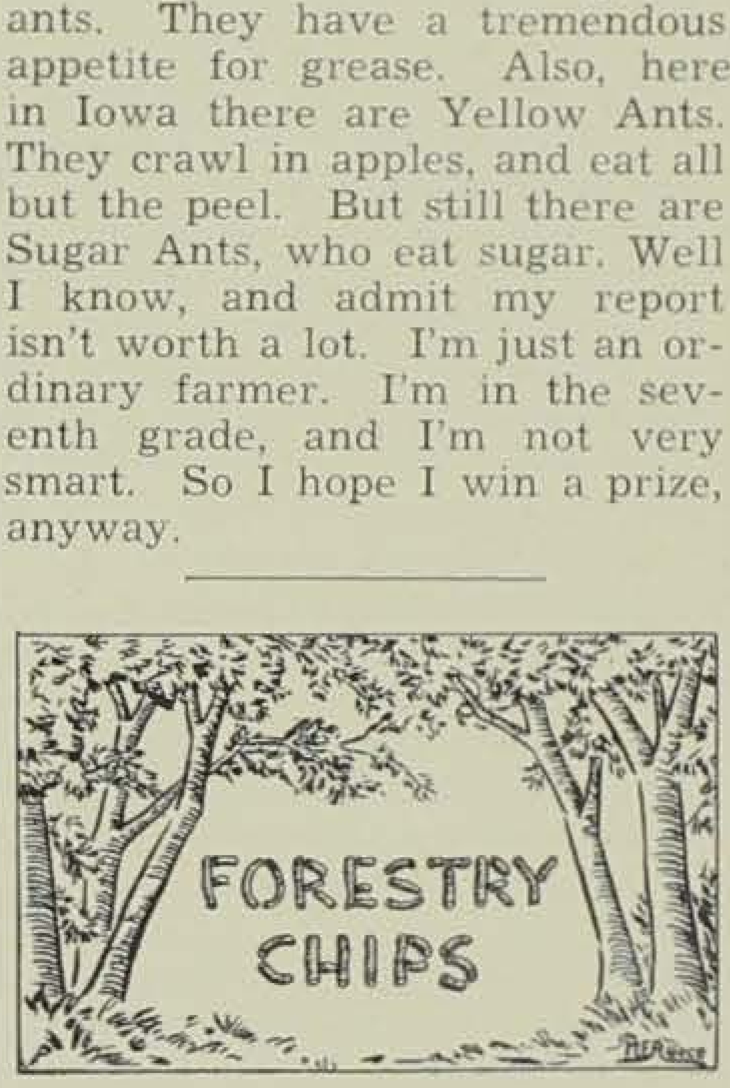
As I think you know by now, I have drawn the picture of ants helping to win this war. Maybe, you do not like ants in your house, I know I don't. In the summer ants get in our house and are a regular nuisance. But that is no sign I have to kill them, I merely put screens on now and they do not bother us.

Well I suppose I am a mystery. I mean about how ants win this war. To get to the points of what I mean I'll spill the beans. Maybe, I'm just another country boy who thinks he can win a prize. Well, I don't care about the prize so much as my story. I want people to read this story and see my picture of how ants help win the war. When it rains, you see little pores like in your own skin. These are in the ground. These are our fighters, they are our allies. They are unarmed creatures. But still they win the war with our help.

I know now you think I'm pretty dumb but if you own a farm, you'll understand what this title means. There are Red Ants, Brown Ants, Black Ants, and White Ants. Here in Iowa there are ants that are called grease ants. They have a tremendous appetite for grease. Also, here in Iowa there are Yellow Ants. They crawl in apples, and eat all but the peel. But still there are Sugar Ants, who eat sugar. Well I know, and admit my report isn't worth a lot. I'm just an ordinary farmer. I'm in the seventh grade, and I'm not very smart. So I hope I win a prize, anyway.



Our Mightiest Weapon

By E. W. FOBES

Acting Area Forester

Iowa's wood is in this war in more important ways than most of us realize. Trees grown, harvested, and processed in Iowa have been sent to every theater of battle in the present global conflict. Most important is the king of all trees in peace or war, our own black walnut. It has been truthfully said many times that a soldier's best friend is his rifle. The stock of that rifle is made from walnut, perhaps even the same tree which protected the soldier in his boyhood days as he swung by his knees from its stout branches or rested in its shade on hot summer days. Perhaps he shot squirrels from its branches with a sporting rifle whose stock carried memories of the boys and wildlife of earlier days.

Production of Iowa walnut gunstocks surpassed all states except Missouri, and we can be justly proud that our soldiers have the best materials available in the most important weapon in the army, the rifle of the infantry. Actual production is, of course, a military secret, but it can be safely stated that out of every hundred rifles several have stocks from Iowa's most valuable and beloved tree.

Our fighting men will return to enjoy the peace and freedom for which they have fought, and it is up to us to see that they and their sons have these greatest of all privileges. Those of us who were left behind must plan and act now to plant and protect young trees from grazing, fire, and other man-made hazards so that these gallant sons of freedom will not have fought in vain.

The One Intelligence In Action

One day last week we saw a large red butterfly come from the north and fly in a southern course as straight as though it followed a compass. Within ten minutes, another butterfly of the same species followed the same course, and a few minutes later, a third butterfly went overhead in the same direction. The southern migration of the Monarch butterfly was on, and they were going a long way south to escape the winter weather of this part of the country. The instinct that tells a butterfly that it must go south at this season of the year, and which tells these small creatures the direction they must go to escape winter weather is really a wonderful thing.

Like people starting out on a long journey, blue-winged teal must also make preparations for their long southern migration, and it's wing training that the young birds that were reared in our locality this year, and farther north, must get before these flocks start on a journey across our continent. — Ruthven Free Press.

The people of Clinton will be pleased to know that we have an excellent marksman in the city—a boy with a B-B gun who with two shots is able to kill nine birds.

There were brought to our Animal Haven last Sunday evening seven baby wrens who had been orphaned by a boy's carelessness. Some boy in the vicinity of South Ninth Street and Eleventh Avenue, South, had shot both parents of these birds. Had he spared but one parent the surviving parent would have fed them. As it was, although we tried to feed them worms and did our best to keep them alive, all seven of the babies died.

We hope the boy who did it is proud of his work, but the songs of seven of birdland's sweetest singers are stilled and many bird lovers who would have rejoiced at the sight of the creatures will be denied that pleasure.—Clinton Humane Society, Clinton Herald.