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IOWA CONSERVATIONIST

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Statistics Show Shooting to Be A Safe Sport

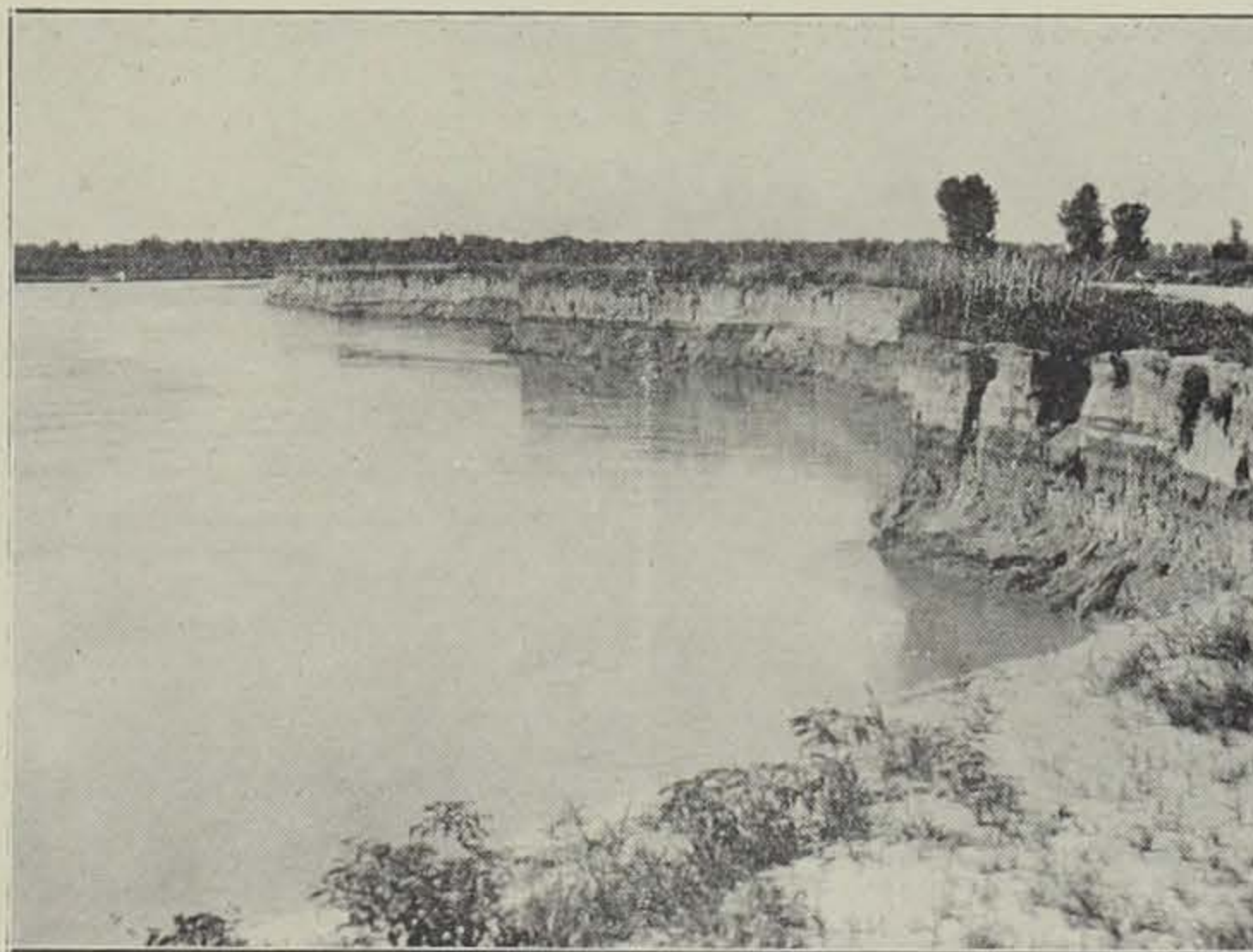
By C. S. BEDELL, Director
Sportsmen's Service Bureau
of the
Sporting Arms and Ammunition
Manufacturers' Institute

According to figures issued by the Fish and Wildlife Service of the United States Department of the Interior, more than eight million Americans purchased hunting licenses in the fiscal year ending June 30, 1943. This total is swelled by participants in trap, skeet and target shooting, sports for which no license is necessary. It is further increased by landowners and members of their families not required to purchase licenses in some states for hunting on their own lands, and by other gun users whose numbers are not reflected in the Fish and Wildlife Service's figures.

While this total is impressive, it does not tell the full story by any means. A survey made by Fortune Magazine a few years ago, in which 5,000 representatives of various economic groups from all parts of the country were asked to specify their favorite forms of recreation, revealed that hunting and fishing (two activities jointly followed by many sportsmen) stood first among all sports, both participating and non-participating. The only pastimes more popular than hunting and fishing were given as, (1) listening to the radio; (2) going to the movies; and (3) reading books and magazines. According to this survey, more people expressed preference for participation in hunting or fishing than for watching sporting events of all kinds combined—more than selected newspaper reading—more

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Poverty or Conservation Your National Problem, Says "Ding"



While we are thinking about how we are going to feed the undernourished world there is more beefsteak and potatoes, roast duck, ham and eggs, and bread and butter with jam on it being washed down our rivers each year in the form of good rich topsoil than all the food we export to our Allies and distressed populations in any current year. That is a lot of groceries. It may look like nothing but mud to you as it swirls down our silt-laden streams, but it is the very substance out of which our magnificent crops are produced.

WHERE ARE THEY NOW?

By RICHARD F. TRUMP
and GEORGE O. HENDRICKSON

The stillness of the midwinter snow-covered woods often prompts the question, "Where are they now?" Where are the myriads of insect singers whose horuses were the companion of summer? Where is the bright-colored frog, the serious woodchuck, the ground squirrel, and the host of other creatures whose midwinter absence gives a feeling

of emptiness in the fields and woodlands? Under the snow for the most part, in that deep sleep called "hibernation".

Hibernation, broadly used, means the more or less inactive condition of many animals in winter. This condition may be merely short or long resting and ordinary sleeping in sheltered places. More exactly, hibernation refers to the deep sleep

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Importance of Soil Conservation Told By Noted Authority

By JAY N. "Ding" DARLING
Honorary President,
National Wildlife Federation

Any nation is rich so long as its supply of resources is greater than the needs of its people. After that no nation is self-supporting. Somewhere between those two extremes lies America and its problem of a world free from want.

Since it seems practically decided that America is going to have company for dinner, it might be a good idea to have a look at our pantry shelves and count our food coupons. Any good housewife would do as much.

Feeding the war-starved world with the surpluses produced in a land of free men under Democratic Government would seem a reasonable method by which to create a favorable impression on the people who have starved under Fascism.

At any rate, the invitations are out and the hungry guests are arriving: India, China, Greece, Algeria, Tunisia, a portion of Russia, some of England, a little of Spain, Sicily, Southern Italy, and presumably all the rest of Europe as fast as portions of it are liberated, to say nothing of helping to feed the armies of our Allies.

It is a large order, but our agriculturists have reached a new record peak of production. Tech-

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Poverty or Conservation?

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nological advancements have greatly increased the crop yields, and victory gardens—in spite of the bean bugs, blisters and amateur efforts—have filled the new horn of plenty from a hitherto undeveloped source of food supply. Admittedly many thousands of acres still remain idle, or through neglect fall far below their maximum production. An International Food Conference has pooled the estimated resources of the world and made out a menu, which they declare holds promise of nutrition for all. We are proceeding to set the table on that assumption. Our objective is a world free from want, and for an unspecified length of time, at least, a large part of the food



Any nation is rich so long as its supply of resources is greater than the needs of its people. After that no nation is self-supporting. Somewhere between those two extremes lies America and its problem of a world free from want.

supplies are to be furnished by America.

Surely there is no one who would wish to destroy that fine hope and laudable intention, but it might as well be admitted that feeding the hitherto undernourished world cannot be accomplished simply by all joining hands and singing "God Bless America". It is going to demand some very serious thinking and even more serious doing. What must be done we must do in the interest of a better world of which we are an inseparable part. Such sacrifices as we may be called upon to make cannot possibly equal the cost of wars and the threat of future wars. If the free nations of the world will join in a cooperative union to accomplish that objective our contribution may be costly but compared to the wastage of war it will be cheap and may be set down as money and resources well spent.

So much for the compulsory needs now confronting us. If that is the price of world peace we must pay it. But what is the use of thus saving our precious lives if we are going to commit national suicide by wasting our resources faster than we eat them? For instance, while we are thinking about how we are going to feed the undernourished world

there is more beefsteak and potatoes, roast duck, ham and eggs, and bread and butter with jam being washed down our rivers each year in the form of good rich topsoil than all the food we export to our Allies and distressed populations in any current year. That is a lot of groceries. It may look like nothing but mud to you as it swirls down our silt-laden streams, but it is the very substance out of which our magnificent crops are produced. It is the cream off the top of our continent.

That tremendous loss by unchecked soil erosion has been going on for years and still con-

tinues in spite of all the noise and shouting about soil conservation. Even a Democratic form of government, with all its blessings, cannot replace lost topsoil. Only Mother Nature can do that, and it takes centuries of precious time.

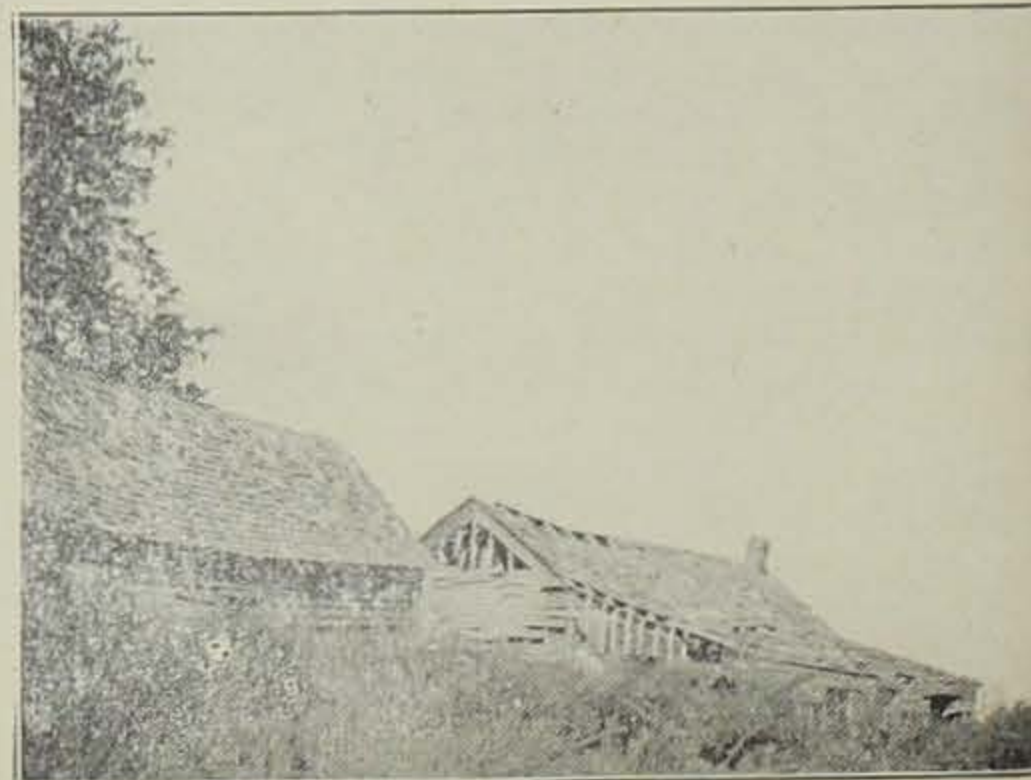
If an alien aggressor attempts to steal so much as a square inch of our sacred land the whole nation rushes to arms, but there are twenty-five million cubic feet of our richest land washing away each year—lost forever—and no one, well almost no one, gives it a thought. Peculiar, isn't it? But no more astonishing than the complete disregard with which the people of this nation have watched their forests, well stocked lakes, streams and other natural resources disappear with unparalleled rapidity. That is a simplified way of saying that while we are worrying our silly heads over our food ration coupons, we are allowing the substance of our human paradise to slip through our fingers without protest.

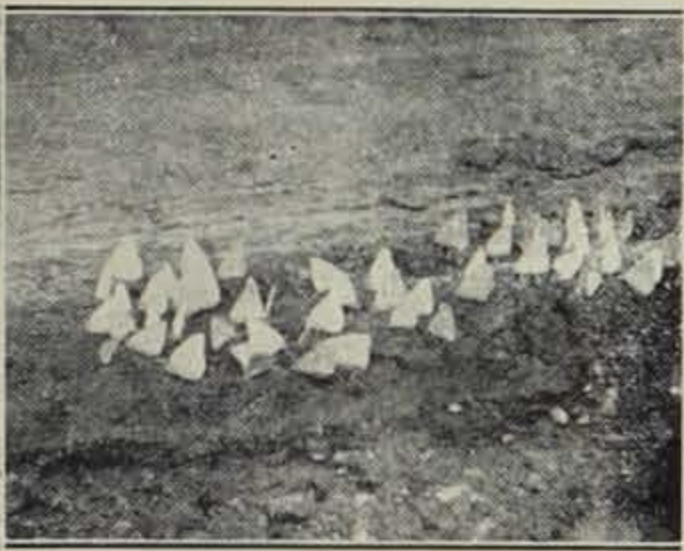
The trail of civilization is strewn with the wrecks of derelict races and nations which fell by the wayside when their natural resources played out. By the way, did you know that the fabled land of Canaan, once flowing with milk and honey, is now a desert? Canaan is now on relief and we are furnishing it. How and why a land once flowing with milk and honey should be reduced to starvation and rags is a fair object for study; and how to avoid it, the lesson which conservationists try to teach. The mystery is that so few people should care to learn it.

As long as we in America could pick up the telephone and get anything we wanted delivered to our door for the asking—whether it was fresh strawberries in mid-winter ripened in Texas sunshine or two-inch sirloin steaks from cornfed beef—it seemed almost impossible to get the people of the United States to think there was any limit to our natural resources or to take seriously the subject of guarding against rapid depletion. Since we seemed to have plenty of everything why worry about it? Were we not the

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We blamed our economic breakdown on Wall Street, on Herbert Hoover, the Republican Party, on Capitalism, on Industry. We blamed it on most anything except on depleted natural resources. To name the real cause would reflect on our own intelligence and scandalous waste of which every one of us in this country is more or less guilty.





Most of the butterflies die in late fall. However, the Monarchs migrate to southern climes to spend the winter. Mother Nature has made provisions, however, for the continuance of the life cycle of the "winged fairies" by providing a pupal stage from which a new generation of butterflies appears in the spring.

Where Are They Now?

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together with greatly lowered body temperature and pulse and breathing rates of a mammal, such as the ground hog.

Although tradition has it that there are "seven winter sleepers", a large majority of Iowa's animal forms are quite inactive in cold weather. Numerous kinds of worms, insects, and other low creatures survive the winter by finding sheltered retreats in which to rest, some sleeping more lightly than others. These animals are called cold-blooded because they need the warmth of the sun and the earth to warm the blood for their activity.

Between and under the green woolly leaves of mullein you may find many different bugs and beetles in winter. Under leaves and in hollows of trees in woods look for small creatures such as ladybird beetles often found huddled together in large numbers. Look under flakes of the outer bark of trees, turn over logs and stones, tear apart decaying wood and you will see other insects, moving slowly or not at all. Many kinds of flies and mosquitoes are resting in the cracks of buildings, in cellars, attics, haylofts and storage bins. Occasional warm periods in winter bring some of them out for short times. Other insects, such as some grasshoppers, carry life through the winter by means of eggs laid in the ground in autumn; the parents die shortly after the egg laying. The cecropia moth is now in the pupal stage changing from worm to winged adult inside a silken cocoon to be found hanging from branches of trees and other plants. Many May beetles, often called June bugs, are now white grubs of the worm stage, rolled up in hollows several feet beneath the grass on the roots of which they fed. A few insects, such as the monarch or milkweed butterfly, escape cold winter by migrating south to warm weather, and return in spring.

Earthworms are several feet in the ground, many of them rolled

in balls singly or by groups. Leeches are mostly dormant, burrowed in the mud or under stones and other material in water. In streams and bodies of water, some insects, bristleworms, and crayfishes are as active as the temperature of the water permits. Some of those small cold-blooded animals can stand lower temperatures than others that burrow under vegetation or in mud to rest during winter.

The lower backboneed animals, which also are cold-blooded, likewise seek shelter for winter. Lizards and snakes crawl into holes made by other animals, under stones and numerous other objects where the temperature will not get low enough to freeze them to death. Garter snakes often roll up together in balls in natural ground cavities or those that were made by ground squirrels, woodchucks, and other burrowing animals. Tiger salamanders crawl under plant debris, burrow into loose soil or crawl into holes made by other animals to remain asleep during cold weather. The toad, active in summer in your garden, digs down into the soil two or more feet, generally below the frost line, to escape severe cold. Leopard, or spotted, frogs, that you see in the grassy fields in summer, hop to streams, ponds and lakes in autumn to bury themselves in the mud of the bottom, and under stones, vegetation and logs of the water. Turtles are in similar places. Many fishes seek the deeper water of streams and lakes in winter where they are much less active than in summer, but not in deep sleep as are some toads, frogs and snakes.

Most of the animals that remain active during cold weather produce heat inside their bodies to keep a fairly constant body temperature throughout the year and are called warm-blooded. Many of the birds avoid cold winter by migrating to warm places. We know now that some birds, such as swallows, which many years ago were thought to hibernate in mud as frogs do, spend their winters far south of us, and return in the spring.

A few of Iowa's some 50 kinds of mammals truly hibernate through the winter. The ground squirrels, woodchucks and jumping mice are the soundest sleepers in hibernation. Woodchucks, also called ground hogs and marmots, feed heavily on a variety of plants in autumn to accumulate a thick layer of fat under the skin. When the autumn daily temperatures drop and stay between freezing and 50 degrees F., woodchucks spend more hours a day in their burrows, and finally after some days go into a deep prolonged sleep. A pair of ground hogs kept in a court of the Ames Senior High School last year finished their fattening process on



Opossums are active off and on during the winter, not remaining dormant for very long periods. In very cold weather these somewhat stupid animals freeze their leather-like ears and prehensile tails.

dandelions and clover and checked in for the winter on November 23. If they had an alarm set for February 2, it failed to arouse them, for they did not come out until April 1, which fooled some of their watchers.

The woodchuck burrow is usually four feet below the ground surface and 20 or more feet in length. The animal hibernates in a chamber, sometimes grass-lined, at end of the burrow, usually alone and for four to six months. During the hibernation period the temperature of woodchucks studied by scientists went as low as 37.4 degrees C., nearly 60 degrees lower than the normal temperature when the animals are active. The observed woodchucks breathed as seldom as once in five minutes when in winter sleep, whereas normally they respire 25 to 30 times a minute out of hibernation. The hearts of the hibernating ground hogs beat as slow as four or five times a minute in contrast with the normal 80 beats a minute of an animal awake.

Likewise ground squirrels, after fattening on plant material and insects, retire to their burrows early in autumn and seldom are seen after October 20 until March 15 or later of the following year. The sleeping nests, heavily lined with grass, are about six inches in diameter, and about two feet below the ground surface at the ends of burrows often more than

20 feet long. Sometimes grain is stored in the nests, but probably it is not eaten until spring. The entrance to the burrow is plugged with soil by the ground squirrel before it rolls into a stiff ball and falls into its long winter sleep. The body temperature is lowered greatly and the pulse and breathing rates are lessened very much as in the woodchuck.

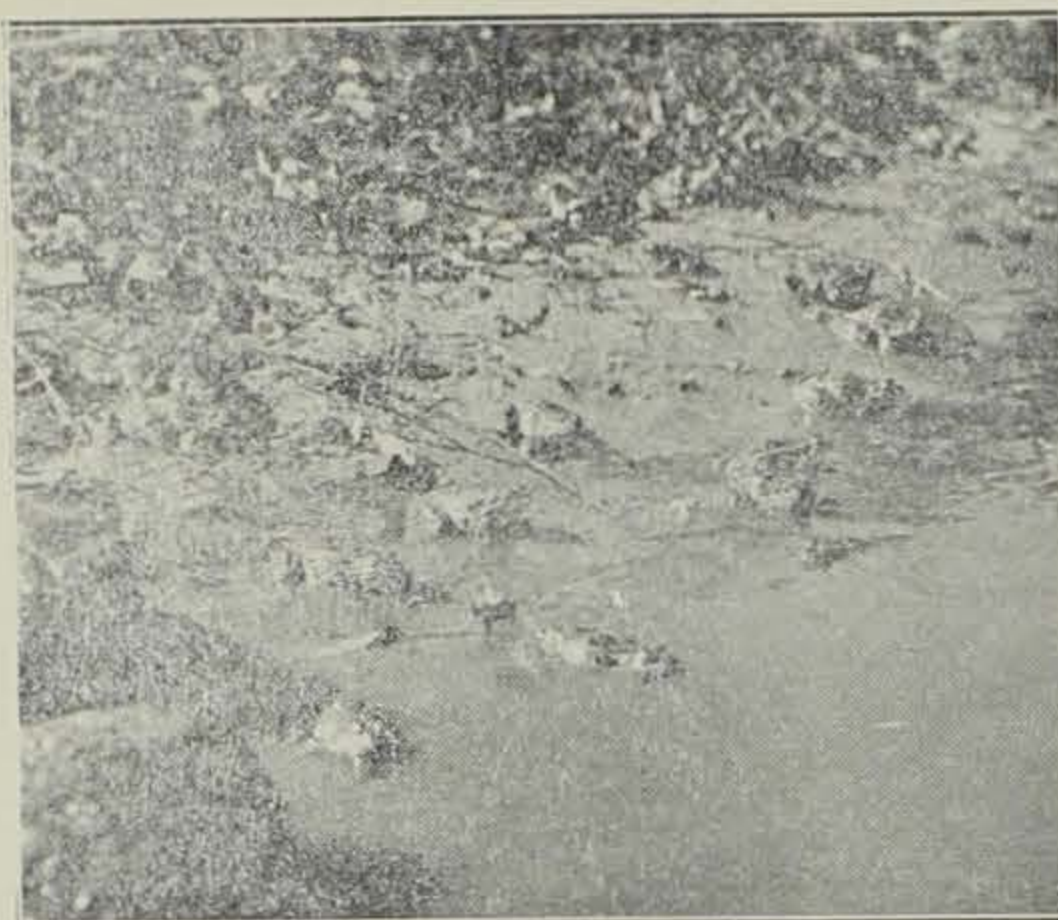
Scientists who have studied hibernating woodchucks and ground squirrels quite thoroughly have not yet determined the causes of hibernation. Low temperature, darkness, quiet, a sheltered site, and a store of body fat are conducive to hibernation, but are not causes. Several theories about the causes involve statements of changes in certain glands, the blood, and nerve action, but as none has been verified repeatedly in experiments or accepted widely, we shall not discuss them here. So there remains much mystery about deep hibernation to be explored by oncoming young scientists. A few other mammals such as little brown and big brown bats, striped skunks, and raccoons sleep quite soundly in colder periods of winter, sometimes for weeks; but their temperatures do not drop as low as those of the afore-mentioned heavy sleepers. Raccoons often crawl into the hollows of trees, and frequently into drain tiles, woodchuck burrows, and crevices between and under rocks of bluffs for their winter's rest. Striped skunks, more often than digging their own burrows, carry large amounts of grass, tree leaves and other plant material for their winter nests into chambers at the ends of woodchuck burrows. Some raccoons and striped skunks occasionally come out during warm spells early in winter, but usually sleep through similar periods in mid-winter. January and February are their most inactive months. Bats may occasionally be found hanging by their claws in belfries, attics, barn lofts, hollows of trees, and caves in winter. (In the June, 1943, number of the Iowa Conservationist see the article, Big Brown Bats Hibernate in Maquoketa Caves.)

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Sleeping in sheltered but open sites, foxes and coyotes seldom go underground in winter and are active particularly at night even in sub-zero weather.



Leopard frogs make overland migrations to their winter sleeping quarters in the bottoms of lakes and streams. Along some lake shores countless thousands of frogs collect prior to tucking themselves into the mud for their long winter nap.



Where Are They Now?

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Some of Iowa's summer bats migrate southward as birds do at the close of warm weather.

Probably the chipmunks of the woods are light sleepers in underground chambers in which they have stored such foods as acorns, hazelnuts, and basswood seeds, seldom coming out in winter in our state. Red, gray, and fox squirrels are prone to spend much time in their leaf-twig nests among the branches or in hollows of trees on cold days, and although they sleep long hours these squirrels are frequently seen out in the daytime. Flying squirrels sleep in tree hollows in daytime, but are usually out at night and are very hardy to low temperatures. Cottontail rabbits may spend much time in burrows made by woodchucks, in grass and brush shelters, in trash piles and under buildings during the coldest spells, whereas jack rabbits move around more despite the weather. Muskrats and beavers spend more time in their lodges during winter than in summer, and sometimes one may see them moving under clear ice to and from their feeding places.

Pocket gophers work in their tunnels more than one would expect in the winter and even make new tunnels in partly frozen soil. Moles are somewhat active in winter, probably for the most part in their deeper underground tunnels. Badgers often move around in winter, catching rabbits in old burrows and digging in sandy and gravelly soil for hibernating ground squirrels. Parts of some winters become too cold for such activities and then badgers hibernate lightly for short periods. Spotted skunks, foxes, coyotes, weasels, minks and shrews, all feeding largely on other animals, are active particularly at night, even sometimes in zero weather. Bedding down at sheltered but open sites, foxes and coyotes seldom go underground in winter, whereas spotted skunks, weasels, minks and shrews use burrows and tunnels

very much. Most of the wild mice are active all winter, and you may see the under-snow tunnels especially of field mice after some thawing. Opossums are active off and on, not remaining dormant for very long periods, and they may go out in weather which freezes their ears and toes.

References:

- (1) Field Book of Animals in Winter by Ann H. Morgan. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York (Popular).
- (2) Hibernation and Marmot Physiology by Francis G. Benedict and Robert C. Lee. Pub. No. 497, Carnegie Institution, Washington, D. C. (Scientific).

Game Laws Effective In England 150 Years Ago

(Editor's Note: A copy of a very rare "Cyclopedia and Encyclopedia, Complete, Modern, and Universal Dictionary of Arts and Sciences", printed in

London in 1790, is the source of the following brief of game laws in effect in England 150 years ago. The words in parentheses have been inserted by the editor to explain the little known English term directly preceding.)

GAME. All kinds of wild beasts and birds fit for eating, and which are sought after on that account are game. Some authors divide game into large, which include red and fallow deer; and small, to which belong hares, rabbits, pheasants, and partridges. There is a great number of laws made for the security and preservation of game.

The restrictive laws relating to forests and game were introduced into Europe at the same time, and by the same people, as gave birth to the feudal system: on the irruption of the northern barbarians, it behoved every conquering general, when he settled the economy of a vanquished country, and partitioned it among his soldiers and feudatories, on condition of military service, to keep the rustici, or natives of the country, who were not his military tenants, in as low a condition as possible, and especially to prohibit hunting and sporting, and that the conqueror should reserve this right to himself, and to such capital feudatories, or barons, on whom he should bestow it.

The ancient laws ordain that no person shall take pheasants or partridges with engines (nets, traps, etc.) in another's ground, without his license, on forfeiture of 10 l. and persons killing any pheasant, partridge, pigeon, duck, hare, or other game, forfeit 20s. for every fowl, hare, &c, 11 Hen. VII. 1 Jac. c. 17.

If any enter a coney-warren,

though not inclosed, and chace or kill conies (European rabbit), he shall forfeit treble damages, and be imprisoned three months: and they that shall kill conies in the night time upon the borders of warrens, or grounds used for keeping conies, shall be amerced at the discretion of the justice of peace, in any sum not exceeding 10s. Stat. 22 & 23 Car. II.

He who unlawfully hunts, takes in toils, kills, or takes away any deer, in any forest, chace, park, purlieu, or other inclosed ground, or shall be aiding or assisting therein, shall forfeit 20 l. for unlawfully coursing or hunting, though none shall be wounded or taken; and in case any be wounded, or killed, or taken, 30 l. for every such deer, one third to the poor, one third to the informer, and one third to the owner of the deer, to be levied by distress (force). 3 Will. and Mary. 5 Geo. I. cap. 15. 9 Geo. cap. 22. and 10 Geo. II. cap. 32. And if a keeper of a forest, &c, be an offender herein, or be aiding thereto, he shall forfeit 50 l. 5 Geo. I. to be levied as above.

In case any hare, partridge, pheasant, fish, fowl, or other game, shall be found in any offender's house, he shall forfeit a sum not less than 5s. nor more than 20s. to be levied by distress, half to the informer, and half to the poor; or, in want thereof, he shall be committed to the house of correction for a space of time not greater than a month, nor less than 10 days. And if any person, not qualified by law, shall keep or use any bows, greyhounds, setting-dogs, ferrets, tumbler (breed of rabbit dog), snares, &c. he shall be subject to the same penalties. 4 and 5 W. & M. cap. 23.

If any higher (peddler), chapman (peddler), carrier (messenger), inn-keeper, or victualler, shall have in his keeping any hare, pheasant, partridge, heath game, or growse, not put in his hands by a person qualified by law, he shall forfeit 5 l. for every such hare, &c. half to the informer, and half to the poor, to be levied by distress; or, for want thereof, he shall be sent to the house of correction for three months for the first offence, and for every other offence four months. 5 Anne, cap. 14.

If any person, whether he be qualified or not, shall sell, or expose to sale any hare, pheasant, partridge, heath game, or growse, he shall be liable to the same penalty. 28 Geo. II. cap. 12.

Persons not qualified, keeping greyhounds, lurchers (cross between greyhound and collie, used by English poachers), setting-dogs, or engines to destroy game; and game-keepers, who, under colour of office, kill and sell game, without their master's knowledge; are liable to the like

(Continued to Page 94, Column 2)



In early England laws prohibiting hunting and fishing for the great majority of people were strictly enforced. Long-time jail sentences were common, and upon conviction for certain offenses violators were subject to capital punishment.



Carrying loaded and assembled firearms in an automobile is one of the most common contributing factors to hunting accidents and is illegal in Iowa. During the present hunting season several hundred prosecutions for this dangerous practice have been made.

Shooting a Safe Sport

(Continued from Page 89)

han named card playing—more than specified visiting the legitimate theatre.

To those not familiar with the facts, such a widely patronized sport as hunting, in which an implement capable of inflicting serious accident or death is employed, may appear to constitute a serious safety hazard. What then are the actual facts?

The gun, like fire, the automobile and numerous other elements and devices useful to man, can be misused, and, like them, can cause injury or death when misused. As it can be a lethal weapon, the popular mind is likely to exaggerate the danger inherent in its use. But the danger of careless use of the gun is so obvious, and the user has had his danger impressed upon him so constantly, that shooting has become one of the safest of all sports, despite its wide popularity.

Recently the Travelers Insurance Company published several analytical tables covering claims made on the company in 1943 as the result of accidents. One table divided the causes into the broad general groups shown in Table "A":

TABLE "A"

Travelers Insurance Company Accident Claims

Accidents resulting from causes to which all men are exposed without regard to their employment for which the Travelers paid claims in 1943.

1. At Home (Inside)	25.79%
2. At Home (Outside)	18.56%
3. Pedestrians	17.32%
4. SPORTS AND RECREATION	17.05%
5. Automobiles	12.28%
6. Travel	3.52%
Miscellaneous	5.48%

100.00%

It will be noted that among the

accident claims, sports and recreation stood fourth in this group of seven with an accident percentage of 17.05%. Now let us examine information from the same source, which shows the position of hunting in comparison with other forms of recreation within the sports and recreation group, as shown in Table "B".

TABLE "B"

Travelers Insurance Company Accident Claims

Sports and Recreation Accidents, 1943

Activity	Claims
1. In Country or Woods	361
2. Horseback Riding	270
3. Baseball	256
4. Football	248
5. Bicycle	246
6. Winter Sports	219
7. Bathing and Swimming	202
8. Golf	178
9. Basketball	157
10. Athletic Games	156
11. HUNTING	140
Other Classifications*	1,103

TOTAL

* Boating and Canoeing; Bowling; Tennis and Squash; Skating; Scuffling and Wrestling; Gymnasium; Fishing; at Theatres, Churches and Concerts; at Parks, Picnics and Outings; Dancing; Billiards and Pool; Boxing; Miscellaneous.

You will note that accidents in country or woods (exclusive of specifically named activities) were responsible for 361 accidents. Horseback riding was second with 270 accidents. Baseball was third with 256; football was fourth with 248; bicycling was fifth with 246; winter sports sixth with 219; bathing and swimming seventh with 202; golf eighth with 178; basketball ninth with 157; athletic games tenth with 156; and hunting eleventh with 140, or less than 4% of the 3,536 accident claims in the sports and recreational group.

Carrying this analysis a step farther, we find that hunting was responsible in 1943 for less than

Poverty or Conservation

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richest country in the world? Then, why all this bother about conservation?

Until this war we thought we had so much of everything that our resources would last forever. Within one short year, we have tumbled from this dreamy height in the clouds and landed, none too comfortably, in a bramble bush of painful shortages, which has scratched and jabbed us in a lot of places we never even suspected had feelings.

When Japan moved into Manchuria 10 years ago, we still closed our eyes and ears to the open threat to our safety. The majority of our people would not take this war seriously either until the attack on Pearl Harbor.

We realize now we were actually warned of the war that was to come, and the warnings to this nation that the depletion of our natural resources has already reached the danger point are written just as plainly across the face of this continent as were the threats made by Hitler, Mussolini and Hirohito. They are written in million-acre patches of **denuded forests, abandoned farms, dust bowls and dried-up rivers, springs and lakes.** Tens of thousands of so-called "Okies", refu-

0.68% of the Travelers' 1943 accident claims, as against 16.37% for other forms of sport and recreation.

The enviable safety record achieved by the users of firearms has not been accidental. It has been the result of careful planning, persistent education and intelligent cooperation by the National Safety Council, the Boy Scouts, state game departments, and numerous others, with whom the Sporting Arms and Ammunition Manufacturers' Institute has collaborated since it was organized in 1926.

gees from wrecked land, have paraded back and forth before our eyes on the public highways crying for relief within the last decade. The portent of these warnings has been interpreted and shouted from the housetops by the prophets of conservation, but the public turned a deaf ear. We blamed our economic breakdown on Wall Street, on Herbert Hoover, the Republican Party, on Capitalism, on Industry. We blamed it on most anything except depleted natural resources. To name the real cause would reflect on our own intelligence and scandalous waste of which every one of us in this country is more or less guilty. As a remedy we brought forth a great number of patent medicine tonics. We tried to spend ourselves rich. Redistribution of wealth and the 40-hour week were recommended as cure-alls. Made-work projects and plowing under surplus crops were applied liberally. There is no attempt to deny or affirm the minor virtues which were claimed for these various specifics, but none of them touched the seat of the disease, which lay, at least in part, in the rapidly shrinking agricultural lands, the denudation of rich forest areas, the pollution and overfishing of our lakes, streams and coastal areas, and the overgrazing of our western grasslands. The patent medicines had cost us forty billion dollars, but the major problem of checking the disease of dwindling resources had scarcely been touched. Then came the war. The new emergency put upon our natural resources the greatest burden that had ever been known. That burden will continue until long after the signing of peace. While the war-torn world is healing its wounds a large proportion of the sustenance will continue to come from our continent. That again raises the question of how long we can continue to **feed more and**

(Continued to Page 94, Column 1)



Shooting has become one of the safest of all sports, and in spite of the fact that hunting stands first in popularity among both participating and non-participating sports, fewer accidents occur while hunting than in baseball, football, bicycling, swimming, or golf.

Poverty or Conservation

(Continued from Page 93)

more people on less and less productive soil. That we are going to have to feed more and more people is a foregone conclusion. The only other alternative is to materially remedy the "less and less" soil situation by known methods of soil management and the application of scientific conservation principles. Since it is obvious that **more and more people** cannot live on **less and less**, forever and ever, world without end, we should face the problem frankly and either apply conservation seriously or resign ourselves to the inevitable consequences of a **greatly lowered standard of living.**

It took Pearl Harbor to awaken us to the dangers of a three-year-old war which threatened our Democratic way of life. With sufficient courage, determination and sacrifice of blood and national treasure we can recover from that blow and win this war against our human enemies but if we do not take warning and defend our natural resources from this headlong race of waste and depletion we will lose a battle from which our continent never will recover. The road back from Pearl Harbor is short and easy compared to the road back from a continent shorn of its natural resources. The Prodigal Son was lucky. He went back home to the fatted calf after he had squandered his all in riotous living. When we have spent our heritage of natural resources in riotous living there won't be any fatted calf or sympathetic father to go back to. Mother Nature is unforgiving. When we have spent our natural resources, we have spent everything, and we are jolly well doing just that right now.

It seems strange that we are not more concerned over this inevitable prospect, especially in this day of horrors when we see the cumulative results of world-wide surplus populations seeking to extricate themselves from the pinch of worn-out soils and shrunken resources by wholesale indulgence in mass murder and international burglary. Whatever the pretexts may be by which Japan, Italy and Germany attempt to justify the slaughter of their neighbors and the seizure of their territory, the undisputed facts are plain that Japan could no longer sustain her bulging population on the decreasing resources within her island boundaries. Italy had to have expansion of both territory and food supplies or suffer ever-increasing national poverty. Germany must have land, food and a place to send her surplus of people or accept a gradual decline in living standards and face eventual national disintegration. Each seeks

now to supply her own needs by forcibly taking them from the neighbors.

Germans, Italians and Japanese have learned by sad experience that a loaf, however large, can be cut into only so many slices. With all due reverence to the parables of Holy Writ, mere man has found no way to feed an ever-increasing multitude with fewer and fewer loaves and fishes.

That is the lesson which conservationists are trying to drive home to the people of this continent before it is too late. The rich topsoils, the sparkling waters and the rich growth of vegetation, together with its minerals and wildlife, which made this continent the richest prize in the history of civilization, are **not inexhaustible**, in spite of our common habit of thinking so. If intelligently cared for they can be made to last indefinitely and produce abundantly. But if any one of the three is depleted by wasteful practices and slothful mismanagement our American continent will be broken out with a rash which no sociological salve can cure. Then America will not only be unable to "feed the world" but by its own standards of living will be unable to feed itself. When that day comes, if it is not here already, **economic depressions, revolutionary uprisings and internal discontent** will follow as night follows day, just as these same symptoms have marked the decline of every center of civilization since the beginning of history. Many of the tragedies which have come upon portions of our population during the recent heart-breaking years of depression were the direct results of disregard or ignorance of the simplest conservation principles. In spite of all technological discoveries those same tragedies will be surely multiplied as we take on additional responsibilities resulting from the war.

(Continued next month)

English Game Laws

(Continued from Page 92)

penalty. 9 Anne, cap. 14.

No lord of a manor is to appoint more than one game-keeper, and his name to be entered with the clerk of the peace, who is to give a certificate thereof; otherwise he is liable to the penalties against higlers.

The penalties for destroying game are recoverable by action, as well as before justices of the peace, by 8 Geo. I. c. 19. If a person hunts any game on the land of another, such other cannot justify the killing of his dogs. Where one in hunting starts a hare upon his own land, and then follows and kills such hare on another person's ground, it is lawful, and the game is his own; but where a man starts a hare on



Since coming to Decorah I've measured time from one pheasant season to another. I've dreamed of ringnecks booming up out of the corn when I should have been concentrating on more remunerative things. I've imagined myself pulling them down at great distances with phenomenal shots from the hip, with single pistol shots, and under numerous impossible handicaps.

Perhaps the first time I struck out with a murderous pheasant-hunting crew, I had beginner's luck. At any rate that was the best season I ever had. The bloomin' sport has become more arduous every year.

Last Saturday Superintendent

another's land, and kills it there, he is subject to an action of trespass.

Game-keepers are those who have the care of keeping and preserving the game, and are appointed to that office by lords of manors, &c. who, not being under the degree of esquire, may, by a writing under their hands and seals, authorize one or more game-keepers, who may seize guns, dogs, or nets used by unqualified persons for destroying the game.

Game-keepers are also to be persons either qualified by law to kill the game, or to be truly and properly the servants of the lords or ladies of manors appointing them; and no game-keeper can qualify any persons to such end, or to keep dogs, &c, 5 Ann. c. 14. 9 Ann. c. 25. 3 Geo. I. c. 11.

The persons qualified to keep guns, dogs, &c. are those who have a free warren, or 100 l. a year by inheritance, or for life, or a lease for ninety-nine years of 150 l. per annum, also the eldest sons of esquires, &c. 22 & 23 Car. II. c. 25.

A lord of a manor may appoint a game-keeper within his manor and royalty to kill hares, pheasants, partridges, &c. for his own use, the name of whom is to be entered with the clerk of the peace of the county; and if any other game-keeper, or one legally authorized, under colour of his authority, kills game, and afterwards sells it, without the consent of the person that impowers him, **he is on conviction to suffer corporal punishment.**

T. R. Roberts, Thomas Roberts, Jr., and E. T. Haugen were my buddies in homefront warfare. We hied to favorite hunting grounds and were jittery with excitement and ready to open fire at the moment nine o'clock ticked in. All along the way that morning, we saw pheasants. In one field an entire covey including at least six or eight roosters sat sunning themselves, so near to us we could have reached out and stroked their feathers.

After the fateful opening hour, however, it was different. It was as if those birds had been mirages. They simply melted into the earth. I was tempted, as the day wore on and I wore out, to send a telegram in quest of just one old rooster that might be tired of living and wish the luxury of sudden death.

I waited so long between glimpses of anything resembling a pheasant that when one real live cock bird zoomed up out of a wilderness of corn, he was perfectly safe. Taken too completely off guard by so much futile waiting, I fired before I had time to get aim.

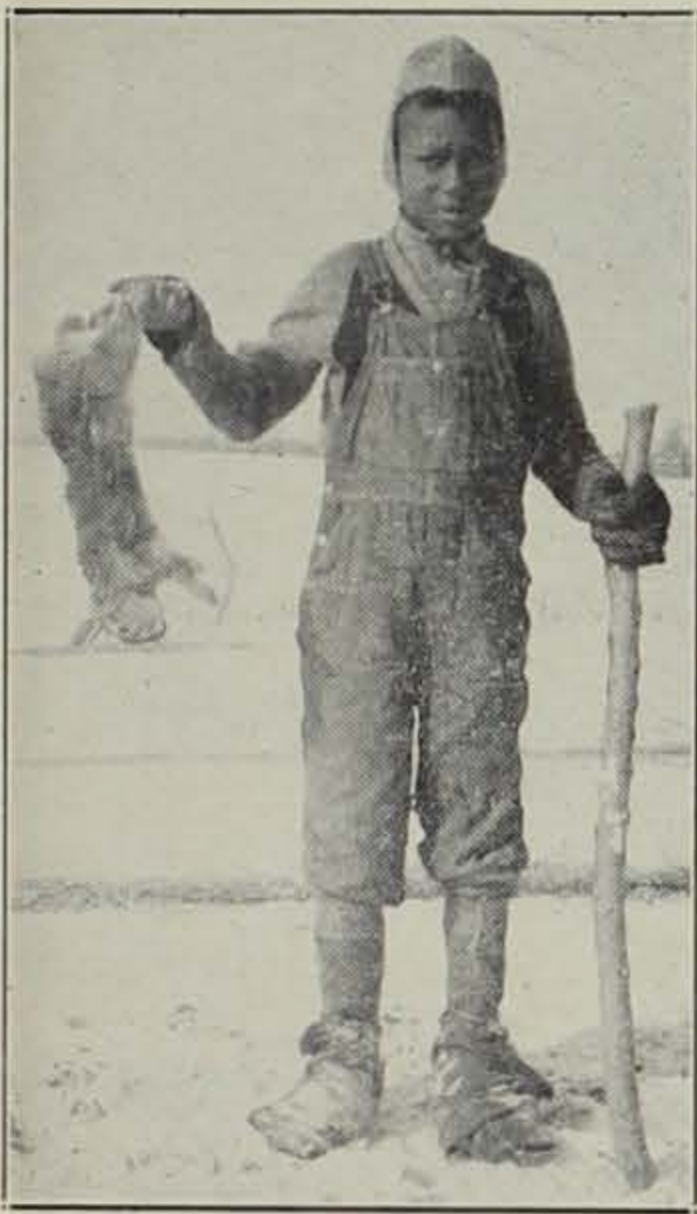
Then there were times when I became lost in this year's redwood forests of corn. On such occasions I would have climbed one of those tree-like stalks in order to see out where the birds were coasting listlessly through the blazing sky, but I worried about how foolish I would look to my fellow hunters.

At first I carried my gun in the traditional upright position known to all good pheasant hunters. After covering the first 100 acres of cornfields, the gun began to weigh heavily. I dropped it into the crook of one arm, and from then on whiled away the hours by shifting the old thunder stick from one arm to the other.

As the unseasonably hot sun sank toward the western horizon, my spirits sank with it. By this time I was gulping for breath in the dust-filled air hanging over our happy hunting grounds. My chin began to wear a hole in the hunting coat over my chest. After that I did well to drag my gun down the corn rows behind me, and only the groaning and gasping of my weary companions kept me from going to sleep on my feet. Another pheasant season come and GONE for me.—Decorah Public Opinion.

Famous Iowa Trees

Do you have a famous tree in your vicinity? Each month during the coming year the "Iowa Conservationist" will carry a photograph and brief history of trees that have figured in Iowa's history. If you have a tree in your neighborhood that can qualify for this series, write briefly the facts concerning the tree and its location to the "Iowa Conservationist".



Rabbits are the most popular game animals in Iowa, and this year with rabbit populations continuing their upward trend after a "low cycle" in 1939 more cottontails will find a place on the table than for several years.

When Not to Discard Rabbits

Many perfectly good rabbits are discarded each year because two harmless conditions are not understood. This is an unnecessary waste of valuable meat, as well as a useless depletion of the rabbit population. The opening of a rabbit will often disclose a great number of small, whitish, bladder-like bodies. These may be scattered over and among all the body contents, but are most common around the end region of the body cavity. They may be found on the liver, where they are mistaken by some people as evidence of tularemia. These bodies represent the immature or cyst stage of a very common tapeworm. The adult worm is found in the small intestine of the dog, but it does not live in humans. Since this is the case, and since they are killed by cooking, anyway, their presence is no indication that the rabbit is not fit for food. Practically all rabbits are infected to some extent, but if the infection is light, it is often overlooked.

It is far safer for humans to eat the rabbits than it is for dogs. It is a mistake for hunters to reward their dogs with the viscera of rabbits. When this is done, they may unknowingly infect the animal with tapeworms. If these are very numerous they may have a detrimental effect on the animal's health. Rabbits become infected from the tapeworm eggs disseminated by infected dogs.

Another rather common condition is the presence of warts or "horns" on rabbits. These may be found on the head, feet, or

The Gals Go, Too, This Time

Plenty of stiff joints, sore feet and lots of grumbling around this week after the first three days of the pheasant season. Quite a number of Madison county citizens made the trip to the northern part of the state on Saturday to hunt the birds and many of them came home with only a few. Seems like most of the reports were that birds were not as plentiful as in past years and that undergrowth in the grain fields was much heavier, affording the birds a place to hide. We made the trip in company with L. J. White, C. O. Hess and our wives and did manage to bag 40 cock birds by using the respective spouses as game retrievers and to flush the birds. We drove early Saturday morning to the Virgil Moore farm in north of Algona where a number of Winterset hunters have gone in past years. Arthur Goshorn and R. J. Jones hunted the same territory for many years, and more recently Mr. Moore has become acquainted with many hunters from here and always inquires as to the health of each person. He is one of the many fine farmers in that area and always takes time to line up several farms for the hunters and often will go right out and hunt with the parties. Generally speaking, most northern Iowa farmers are fine hosts to the hunters of this section when they go up for the annual hunt.

Our first day in the field was very tiresome, although we did come within one bird of getting our limit. We must have walked 25 miles through cornfields and drainage ditches and missed a lot of shots. We found the birds were scattered mostly in cornfields and would rather hide than fly. After hunting from nine a. m. until five p. m. this year the hunters are plenty ready to call it a day, and those who went north without reservations for a place to stay were sleeping in cars or any other place that could be used for sleeping purposes.

Worst thing about taking the members of the fairer sex on a hunting trip is feeding them. Never did see how in the world they can eat so much and still wear the size 16's. Things got so bad on the second day that we could only make two rounds in the cornfield and then would have to wait while the girls ate a couple of sandwiches, a piece of pie, two or three apples, and polish

other parts of the body. Although they are unattractive, they peel off with the skin, and in no way harm the meat. The factor causing these warts is transmitted by the bite of the rabbit tick. Only rabbits are affected.—Ohio Conservation Bulletin.

that off with a few candy bars. That would take place about 10:30 a. m., and they would be ready to knock off for lunch about 12:00. Went in to Swea City on Sunday noon and ate a chicken dinner, and we just couldn't keep them in the field until the close of shooting time without more apples and oranges. Another bad thing about the girls on a hunting trip is obtaining sufficient room in a hotel. Only thing we could get was two rooms with an adjoining bath with a double and single bed in each room. Didja ever try to live only two days in two rooms and expect there to be some place to rest your weary bones, what with all of the junk those girls can take along. It just can't be done. However, there are some nice angles to taking your wives along. They will carry the birds for you, tramp through cornfields if you feed them and, too, they find out that you really have been hunting all of those years when you have gone without them. They also find out that you can't shoot a gun worth two cents, but they are kind enough not to say anything about it. They act like every time a bird is shot that you are the one that shot it. That helps a lot, especially when you know darn well you didn't. All in all, it is swell sport and we'll be looking forward to next year and will even take the girls again if they want to go.—Winterset News.

Parable of the Foolish Hunter

By WALTER J. POLK
Supt., Excelsior School

And it came to pass that a terrible war came upon the land, and as men and materials were drained from the country, lo! it was decreed by the W. P. B. that no more shotgun shells would be made for civilian use.

And many a prudent man when he didst read such things swiftly betook himself to his nearest hardware store and did buy of the shells the merchant had. And it came to pass that some hunters had one box of shells but others had one and 20 boxes, whilst others, getting in ahead of the hoarders, didst accumulate several cases of the precious shells. And men did vie with one another, because no one wanted to be without shells. And they didst lie one to another, and the truth was not in them. And some men did even buy a gun that they might get the shells that were sold with the gun, even though they already had a gun.

And as the terrible war scorched the earth there came a cry from the rulers of the lands to save the brass of which the shells were made.

And one hunter when the sea-

son opened betook himself to his favorite pond which he had leased and around which he had placed great signs "No Trespassing" and "Leased". And as he shot the ducks did fly and became the more frightened because of his shooting, and the more they flew the more he shot, but his aim was bad as he didst seek vengeance upon the fast flying teal.

And remembering the government decree to waste not the brass of the shells, the hunter saved the empty shells, and didst take them home and deposit them, and lo! as the season progressed, so the pile of empty shells didst grow until the hunter had filled a 63-gallon barrel with the empty carcasses.

And it came to pass that the hunter didst run quite low on the precious ammunition because he had shot so much at the flying teal, and the coot, and the gull, but he did not bring home many pounds of duck. And one night after he had pulled the blinds of his windows, and had barred the doors of his house so that no one might enter, he didst count his shells, and he was very wrong because he now had but one and 20 boxes of ammunition. And he wailed and gnashed his teeth when he did see the folly of his way. And he did start a campaign to solicit shells for the shell-less and placed a large box on the public square that all who wished might contribute "Shotgun Shells for Shotless Hunters."

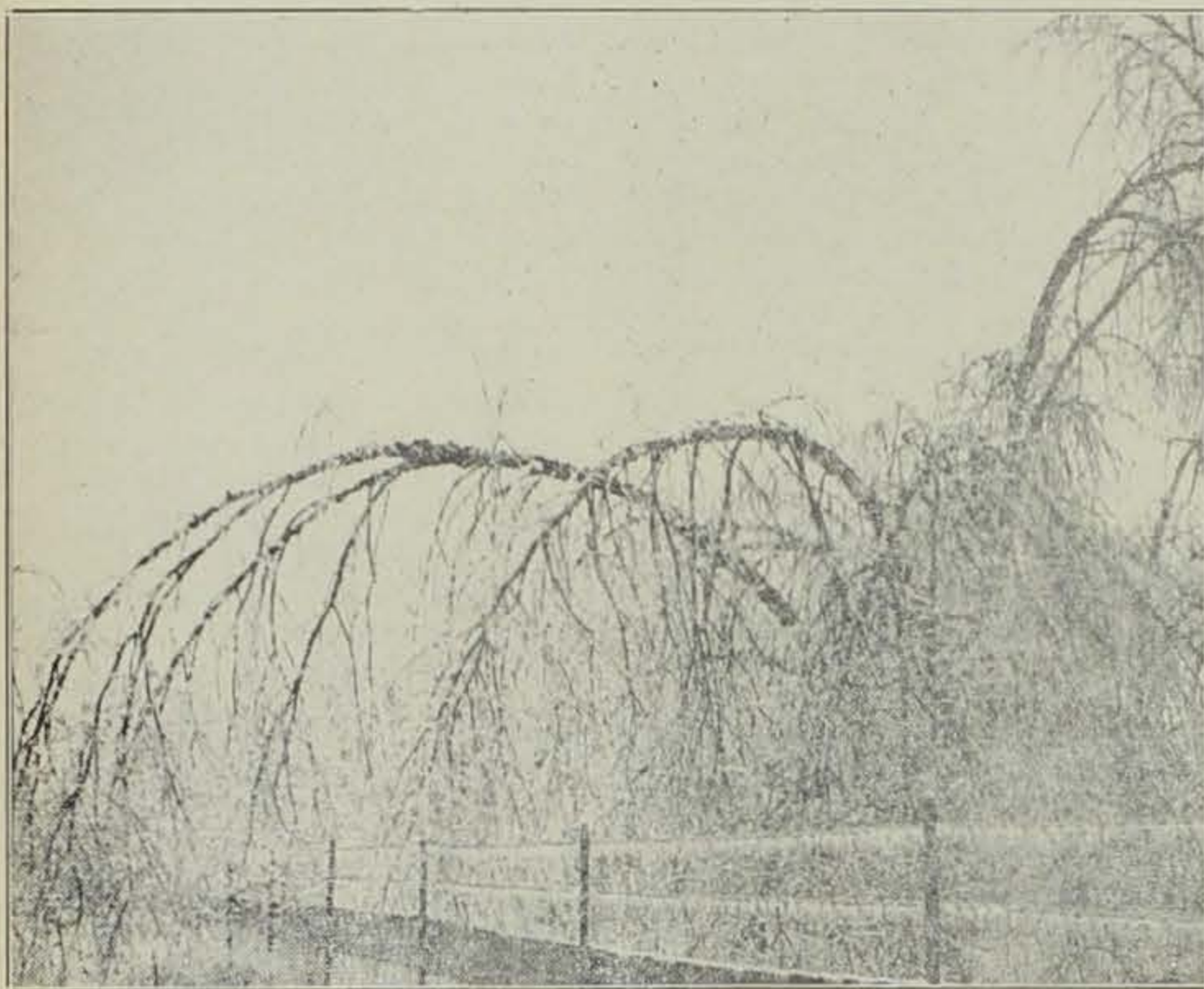
But the prudent hunter when he heard all these things only laughed and went on his way. For he was careful with his shells and did not waste them on the fast-flying teal, or the coot, or the gull, or the hawk, or the rail, or the snipe, but saved them for the meatier and more toothsome game such as the mallard, the canvas-back, and the redhead. And if the ducks did not come nigh unto him he did not shoot, but held and waited for another time when they would come in range. And lo! his table and the tables of his friends and neighbors were graced by the presence of much duck, and all who didst eat rejoiced and were filled.—Spirit Lake Beacon.

"Iowa Conservationist" A Christmas Present

Do you know a boy or a man who likes the outdoors, who would enjoy reading stories of Iowa's wildlife, hunting and fishing? Then buy him a Christmas gift subscription to the "Iowa Conservationist". Subscriptions to this popular wildlife monthly magazine may be secured from the State Conservation Commission, 10th & Mulberry, Des Moines, for 40 cents per year, or 30 months for one dollar.

THE ICE OCTOPUS

By ALLEN GREEN



Trees—tall birches bending under their weight of ice. Slowly, slowly, day after day the added weight forced them down until their very tops rested upon the ground. Half-a-hundred feet high, they seemed to have lost their battle with the elements and were now apparently handcuffed in defeat. Trees that had withstood flood waters of the Mighty Mississippi, tornadoes, the ravages of insects—now bowing under the wrestling tentacles of the ice octopus.



The strain was terrific—every fibre was tense. They snapped, popped, cracked, but did not give up. Something told them that aid was coming. Then suddenly an ally appeared. The sun in all its glory with its warming rays reached down from Heaven and tore loose the ice tentacles. Slowly the glistening fingers released their hold, and slowly the trees lifted their heads toward their Creator. The winds sighed; the trees shook themselves free from the monster; once again they stood erect.

TREES! GOD MADE THEM —GOD SAVED THEM!

Bird Banding Reveals Unusual Flights

Some most unusual flights have been recorded through bird banding. For instance, the long-eared owl is not supposed to be much of a migrant, isn't supposed to travel very far. Yet, a long-eared owl banded at Escondido, California, was shot at Corbell, On-

tario—having traveled a distance of more than 3,000 miles—across the country from south to north and almost across the country from west to east.

Perhaps without banding records, ornithologists would not know that the redhead duck migrates east and west, and vice versa, not north and south, as do most migrants.—From The American Wildlife Institute.

Hunting In India--How Different

By CONSERVATION OFFICER
PVT. M. E. STEMPEL,

c/o Postmaster, New York City, New York

So well we know the setting for a hunt in Iowa that we come to associate hunting with the fall season—brown leaves, marshy smells, the call of the crow. Not so in India.

I have become well acquainted with a British captain of 23 years Indian service. Today we are hunting. The transportation is the bicycle. A bearer accompanies us to carry the double 12-gauge and the deer rifle.

A moment ago the sun was boiling down. Now the rain is like ice on our skin. Toads the size of a housefly have appeared with the first drops. Tiny toads, so numerous that the sands of the pathway seem to be moving.

Most creatures take shelter when the thunder rolls. Monkeys that sat near the path, leering evilly, have gone up into the nim trees. The quick little striped squirrel no longer whips across the path a bare inch in front of the wheel. The big quick-hawk sits hump-shouldered on the nearest rock. An Indian herdsman squats under the scant shelter of a small thorn bush. His white muslin wrap is held over his head.

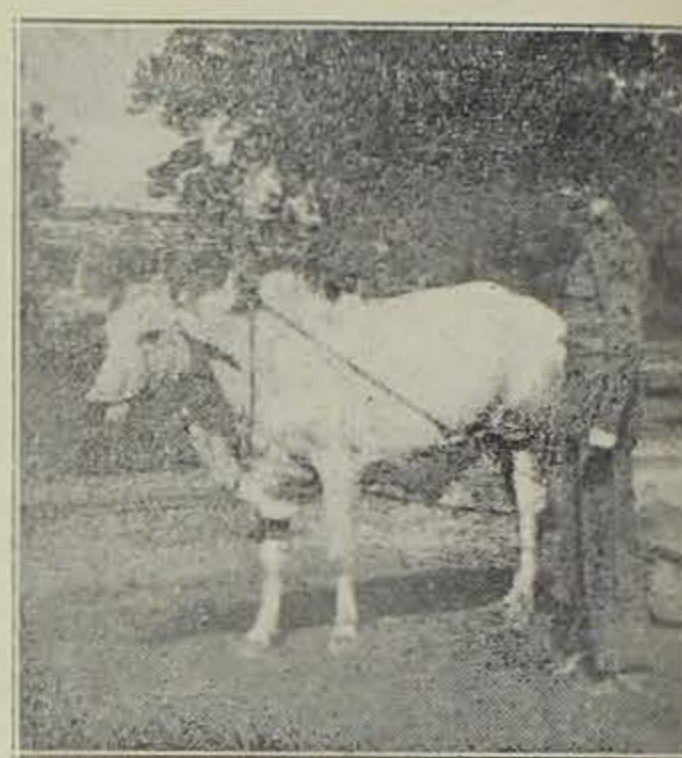
Far to the east, a line of trees marks the course of the holy Jumna river. Tiny fields of growing corn are a crazy quilt pattern upon the lowland.

Here is the marsh, home of the red-headed crane, the egret, and the speckled kingfisher. Yonder, the patches of thorn and bush. Some distance below, the jungle of palm trees and saw grass. Always the rank odor of damp ground and cow-dung.

Beside us in the canal are black buffalo; only their noses are above the water. Boys are bathing in the canal, below the cattle, where they have built a mud slide. Farther down near a village, two women are bathing. They wrap their flowing garments about their bodies when we get too close.

Clouds drift apart; the quick-hawk and the white-backed vulture appear. Occasionally we see the high-flying Pharaoh's chicken. The grey-necked crow is scarce except near villages. The jungle babbler complains of being disturbed at his business of hunting insects in the bush near the pathway.

It's in the jungle that one sees and hears the ring-necked doves—thousands of them! And it's at dusk the shy creatures come out of the thickets and out of the bush. The peacock comes to the lone nim tree to roost. His long neck cranes against the evening sky. The tame, brown-winged



Conservation Officer Elden Stempel has found that lovers of the outdoors speak a universal language. Even in far-off India hunting is an excuse for a trip to the wilds, where Mother Nature's shy creatures entertain with their symphonies.

jungle crow feeds along the edge of the corn patch.

The clay-colored snake that struck from his clump of grass is more interested in escaping than in attacking again. A charge of shot from the 12-gauge tears him in two. There are black square patches over his eyes. His head is diamond shaped.

Almost dark. Peafowl have ceased to squall. A huge wild pig crosses the clearing. His eyesight is extremely poor—at the edge of the forest he turns and with head held high and nostrils aflame he comes to within 40 yards of us. An easy shot, but the weather is too hot for the killing of pig.

Brown rabbits are in the fields. Light-colored does feed in a nearby corn patch. Suddenly jackals take up their yelling.

Nighttime brings the crescent moon. The big flying fox takes over in the lightening sky. Beetles strike you in the face as you ride up the path. Jackals prowl in the shadows.

From the big nim tree at the verge of the swamp an unknown creature screams. Then, save for the crunch of your bike tires in the gravel of the roadway, there is only the silence and the vague shadow of creatures that move quietly in the dusk.

Wooden Ark Gets Blamed for Everything

Near the end of the fortieth day, Noah's ark hit against the top of an electric light pole, which poked a hole in the bow. Noah sent his pet dog down, and the dog, to stop the leak, poked his nose in the hole, which is the reason why dogs' noses are always cold. But the dog soon became tired, so Mrs. Noah went down and put her foot in the hole, which is the reason women always have cold feet. The water kept coming in, so finally Noah himself went down and sat on the hole, which is the reason that men always stand with their backs to the fire.—Timber Topics.