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USE THE LAND AND SAVE THE SOIL

By Elmer Oberbroeckling

(Editor's Note: This essay by Elmer Oberbroeckling, a 12-year-old seventh grade student in Douglas school, was awarded first prize in a recent Dubuque County conservation essay contest.)

SOIL conservation should be every farmer's chief concern for very important reasons. Soil is our basic resource. Upon it our nation must depend for its life and its industries. The whole world, in fact, must today, during these terrible years of war and during the postwar period, largely rely upon the products of America's soil.

Wartime over-production and poor management of the land in the past have unfortunately greatly reduced the acreage of productive soil in our country and depleted many millions of acres. Unless farmers adopt intelligent conservation practices many more millions of acres will be destroyed or rendered useless for future generations.

Wind, sheet and gully erosion, over-cropping, up and down hill cultivation, deforestation, and over-production are largely responsible for the depletion of our soil. These practices must be checked and counteracted by proper farm management, terracing, contour farming, strip-cropping, range management, reforestation, proper drainage control, liming, crop rotation, and other conservation methods recommended by agencies interested in soil conservation.

America's soil must and can be conserved. It is the foremost necessity of our country today. We cannot allow soil wastage to ruin the future of our country as the foremost world power. Every farmer interested in his family and country should use his land wisely, or upon him falls the responsibility of a great and powerful United States of America.

PLAN MEMORIALS THAT LIVE

LAKES, FORESTS, PUBLIC SHOOTING GROUNDS

By Louis Bromfield



Would our war dead have chosen a monument of stone or metal, or would they have preferred to be remembered among their friends, relatives, and buddies who will come home by a memorial which is not merely a monument to death, but one which lives and contributes something to the life, health and happiness of the community of which they once were part?

IN PUBLIC squares and in parks in almost every part of the United States there stand monuments to the veterans of past wars. Among them there are standardized cast iron statues of soldiers holding guns in their hands, piles of stone bearing inscriptions and ornamented dubiously with chains and piles of cannon balls, pretentious columns and groups of soldiers life size in bronze.

Occasionally they are beautiful, some of them are impressive, but the greater part are dead piles of stone and metal, most of them of an antiquated ugliness of which a certain quaintness is their only attraction. In many towns and cities they obstruct traffic. In others their actual removal would benefit the general appearance of the community. They represent an expenditure of millions of dollars and contribute little to the communities in which they stand save as reminders to waning memories that there was once a war in which the lives of citizens of that community were lost.

The idea behind them was dignified and sound and worthy, but sometimes shortsighted. They are dead, inanimate objects, passed by often enough by living citizens who either turn away from their ugliness or from long habit do not notice them at all.

Today there is not a community, however small, which has not suffered tragic losses in this war. There is not a community which does not plan to raise some sort of memorial to its heroic dead. And all of them are asking what sort of memorial it should be.

What Kind of Memorial?

It seems to me that we should

(Continued on page 151)

Some Common Iowa Water Insects

By Harry H. Knight
Zoology Department
Iowa State College, Ames

DRAGON-FLIES, because of their large size and rapid flight, are among the first insects to attract attention in the vicinity of ponds, lakes and streams; they suggest miniature aeroplanes in a world of insects, having long narrow wings held at right angles to a slender body, both in flight and at rest. They are the dragons of the marsh, skimming about in rapid flight, snapping mosquitoes and midges at every sudden turn

in direction. While they are demons among insects, they are quite harmless to man and may be considered beneficial in their ceaseless activity of catching mosquitoes.

The eggs are laid in water and hatch in nymphs, which spend from nine to 12 months feeding and growing. The nymph has a remarkable lower lip, being elongated and jointed, having claws at the tip for grasping prey. While the nymphs feed mostly on other aquatic insects, the larger forms are known to capture small fish. When full grown the nymph crawls

(Continued from page 147)

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"For the fifth year in succession I have pored over the catalogue of dogs in the show at Madison Square Garden without finding a dog named Rover, Towser, Sport, Spot or Fido. "Who is the man who can call from his back door at night: 'Here, Champion Alexander of Clane o' Wind-Holme! Here, Champion Alexander of Clane o' Wind-Holme?'"
—Westbrook Pegler.

"There are times when only a dog will do
For a friend . . . when you're beaten, sick and blue
And the world's all wrong, for he won't care
If you break and cry, or grouch and swear,
For he'll let you know as he licks your hands
That he's downright sorry . . . and understands."
—Don Blanding.

"In the whole history of the world there is but one thing that money cannot buy—to-wit, the wag of a dog's tail."
—John Billings.

"Animals are such agreeable friends—they ask no questions; they pass no criticisms."
—George Elliot.



Laugh if you will at this barometer stuff and its effect on the appetite of the big ones, but maybe we need to take the barometer more into consideration even in the activities of our daily routine.

"PLEASE, DEAR, MAY—?"

Better Consult the Barometer Before You Ask

I'LL BET you are one of those people who snicker up their sleeves when they read or hear anything about the effect the barometer has on fishing. Well, listen to some of the following revelations about the effect of the weather on people.

The warden of a large penitentiary found that the inmates were always more restless and caused more trouble when the barometer was falling. A public transport company found that people were more apt to leave parcels and such on the cars and busses on days when the barometer was down. The Bank of England found that their clerks were more apt to make mistakes on muggy, depressive days, and so they keep certain of their books locked in the vault on those days.

A Chicago war plant executive found on such days that the workers in his plant were more careless. Movie-goers are strong for drama and spy thrillers on days when the atmospheric pressure is down, and are for comedies and musicals on days when the air is crisp and light. Even your old appendix is most likely to kick up when the barometer is falling, according to many physicians. And dog catchers report that they pick up many more restless, jittery pups when the glass is dropping.

Down in Kansas City a doctor has a dog that has reacted strangely to a low barometer ever since puppyhood. Shortly before a rain it becomes unruly and tries to bite its tail or any outstretched hand, but on days when the weather is normal it is a perfect com-

WHERE GOES THE FISHERMAN'S \$?

The insistent business of war has dammed up the greatest reservoir of unsatisfied recreational desires in the history of this—or any other—nation. Never have so many people been denied the enjoyment of leisure time activities to which they have been accustomed.

As we return to the ways of peace, these pent-up demands will represent a huge and stimulating force. Their satisfaction will help move the wheels of industry, stimulate the flow of trade and keep workers in gainful employment.

Let us look for a moment at the sports fisherman—free again to fish when and where he pleases. In pursuit of his favorite sport, he takes a train trip and there's revenue for the railroads. Or he drives the car, and a whole chain of benefits accrue . . . to the tire makers, the gasoline companies, the purveyors of food and drink along the way. Maybe he stays somewhere a few days; that means business to the hotel and resort operators; they, in turn, buy supplies and equipment which keep other businesses going. He may hire a guide, or rent a canoe, or take his place on a party boat; again he helps build purchasing power among others.

Before he goes, he buys some flannel shirts, or a pair of boots, or some socks. That means business for retail stores—for clothing manufacturers—for textile mills. And he stocks up with cigarettes or pipe tobacco and that reaches back to still other processors and producers.

The sports fisherman's dollar—and this is the dollar he wouldn't be spending if he weren't a sports fisherman—becomes a substantial influence on scores of businesses. Of his expenditures, only a small part goes to the business directly identified with his sport—the makers of fishing tackle and accessories.

—Ashaway Fishing News.

I like the joke on the bumble-bee . . . His wings are too small to hold him. He really can't fly—professors agree But no one ever has told him.
—R. Tousey.

"The behavior of men to the lower animals, and their behavior to each other, bear a constant relationship."
—Herbert Spencer.

panion. School teachers report that their pupils are most unruly and naughty on days preceding stormy weather.

So laugh if you will at this barometer stuff. Maybe we need to take it more into consideration in our fishing and in our daily lives as well. From the above accounts, I have come to the conclusion that they must have a lot of days in Germany and Japan when the atmospheric pressure is really down. How else could they ever hatch a breed of lice like they did when the Nasties came into power?

—Frank Powers, Cedar Rapids Gazette.

SOME VERSES TO SNAIX

Prodiggus reptile! long and skaly kuss!
Yu are the dadrattest biggest thing I ever
Seed that cud ty itself into a double bo-
Not, and cum all strate again in a Minnit or so, without winkin or seemin
To experience any particular pane In the diafram.

Stoopenjus inseek! marvelous animile!
Yu are no doubt seven thousand yeres
Old, and have a considerable of a Family sneekin round thru the tall Gras in Africa, a eetin up little greezy
Niggers, and wishin they was big-gir.

I wonder how big yu was when yu Was a inphant about 2 fete long. I Expec yu was a purty good size, and
Lived on phrogs, and lizzerds, and polly-
Wogs and sutch things.

Yu are havin' a nice time now, ennyhow—
Don't have nothing to do but lay oph.

And ete kats and rabbits, and stic Out yure tung and twist yure tale. I wonder if yu ever swollered a man
Without takin' oph his butes. If there was

Brass buttins on his kote, I spose Yu had ter swaller a lot of buttins Whole, and a shu-hamer to nock The soals oph of the boots and drive in

The tax, so that they wouldn't kut yure
Inside. I wunder if vittles taste Good all the way down. I expec so—

At least fur 6 or 7 fete.
You are so mighty long, I shud thynk

If yure tale was kold, yure hed Woodent no it till the next day, But it's hard tu tell: snaix is snaix.

—Anonymous.

"We drove the Indians out of the land,
But a dire revenge these redmen planned,
For they fastened a name to every nook,
And every boy with a spelling-book Will have to toil till his hair turns gray
Before he can spell them the proper way."
—Eva March Tappan.

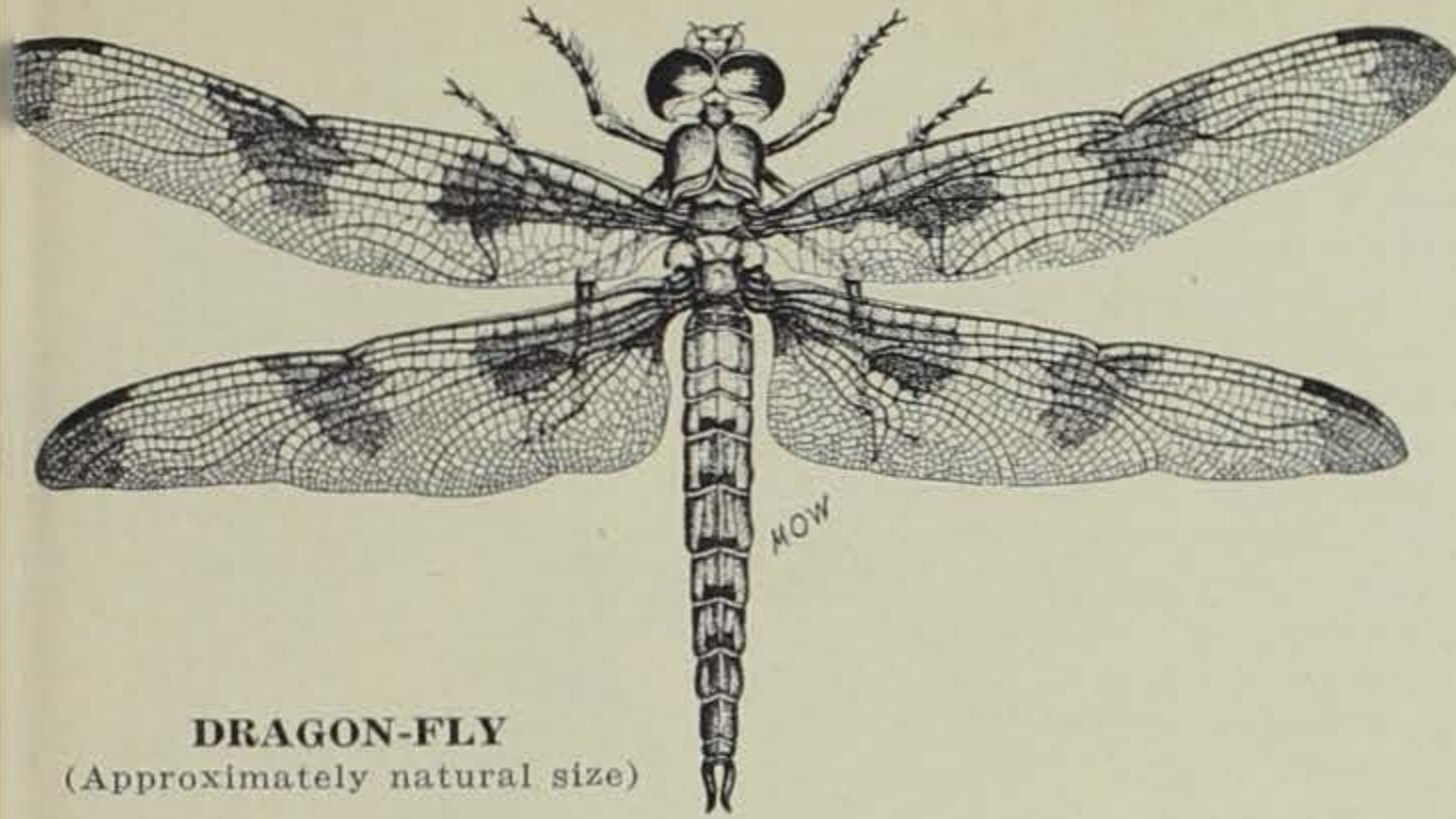
Almost \$2,000,000 worth of furs were trapped in Iowa during the past 60-day trapping season.

In 1942, 2,060,875 pounds of rough fish were removed from the inland waters of the state.

The spotted skunk has proved to be a very efficient ratter.

The State Conservation Commission maintains 91 wildlife refuges.

"I find that angling is a truly great sport that refreshes tired minds by taking man into the environment of nature and away from the artificialities of his own creation."
—Thomas H. Beck.



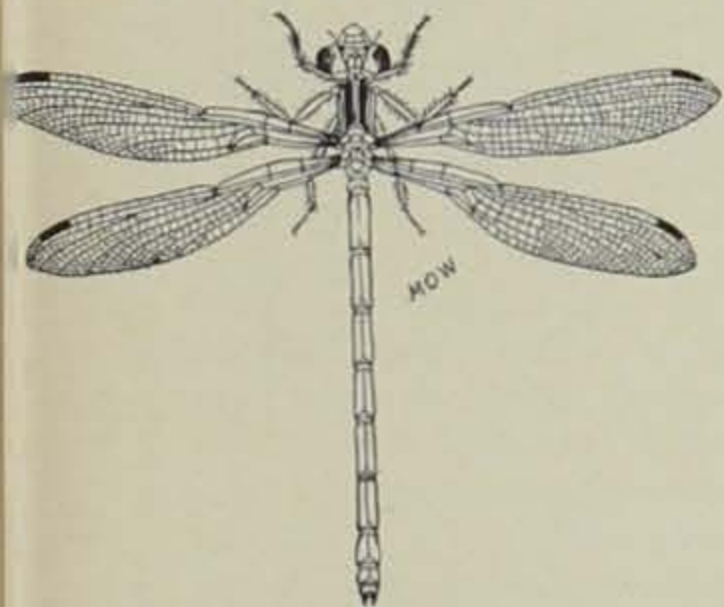
DRAGON-FLY
(Approximately natural size)

Water Insects . . .
(Continued from page 145)

out of the water upon emergent vegetation, sheds the nymphal skin and attains the adult form with wings.

Collectors of insects find it real sport trying to catch dragon-flies. Their flight is so swift they can easily dodge the strokes of an insect net, except on occasions when the stroke is made from the rear.

Damsel-flies are first cousins of the dragon-flies, both belonging to the same order, Odonata. In comparison, damsel-flies are weak fliers, usually found clinging to bushes and grasses around the edges of water and wet places. When disturbed they fly readily but soon alight, clinging to vegetation and closing their wings together over the back. There are



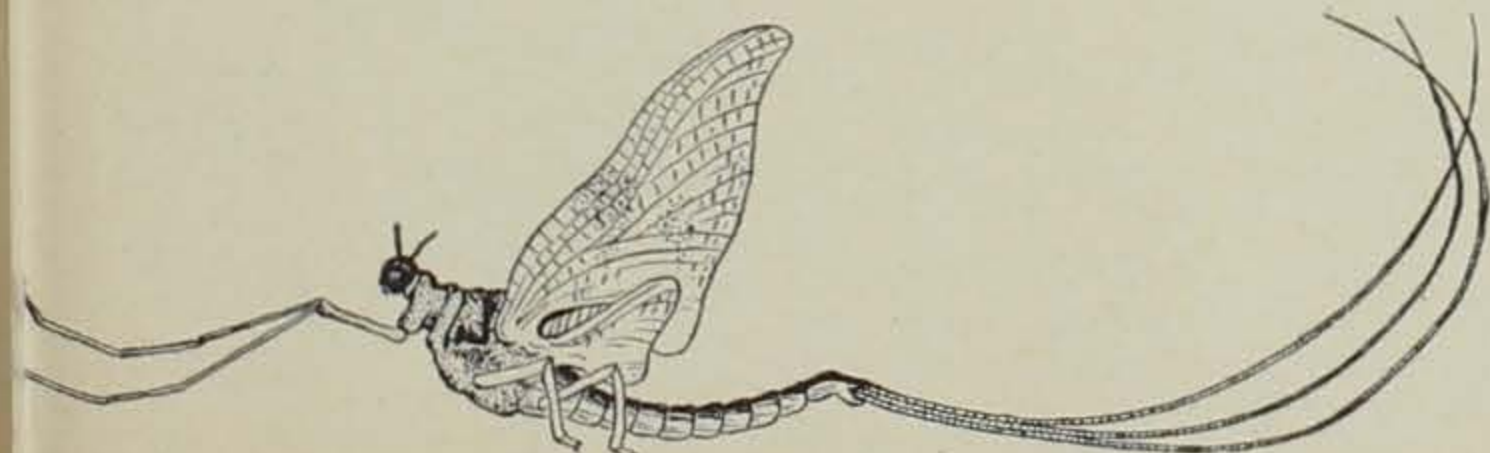
DAMSEL-FLY
(Approximately natural size)

many kinds of damsel-flies and some are beautifully colored. Fishermen may often see these insects, especially blue colored ones, alighting on floating bits of wood on the water surface. The nymphs of damsel-flies live in the water, usually spending several months developing, then come forth as adults during the warm season.

May-flies (Ephemera) are distinguished by the triangular shaped membranous wings which

are held upright over the back while at rest. The adults come forth from the water, and for a given kind all members of the brood come forth on the same day. Certain species may appear in countless numbers, swarming into the air about dusk, dancing up and down in their flight above the water, and if there is a gentle breeze, the swarm may drift along in a manner suggestive of a snow-storm. These adults may be attracted to bright lights and congregate in such numbers that people often retire behind screens or turn out the lights. Cities located on the Mississippi River and on the shores of the Great Lakes usually experience one great flight of May-flies each summer, and at favored street lights the insects may pile up a foot or more in depth as they die from exhaustion. Normally, the adult females should lay egg masses in the water, and after their energy is spent, fall upon the water and become choice morsels in the food supply of fishes. While May-fly adults live only a few hours, a day and a night, the nymphs spend a year of activity and growth in the water. These nymphs are much sought by many kinds of fish, and because of great numbers they are important in supporting the fish population. Artificial flies, imitating both nymph and adult May-flies, are much used by fly fishermen.

Stone-flies (Plecoptera) are retiring, obscure-looking insects which hide away during the daytime under leaves, loose bark, and such shelters along the banks of streams. When at rest the adults fold the wings tightly over the back, giving the insect a slender, wrapped appearance. The nymphs live in water, crawling under and

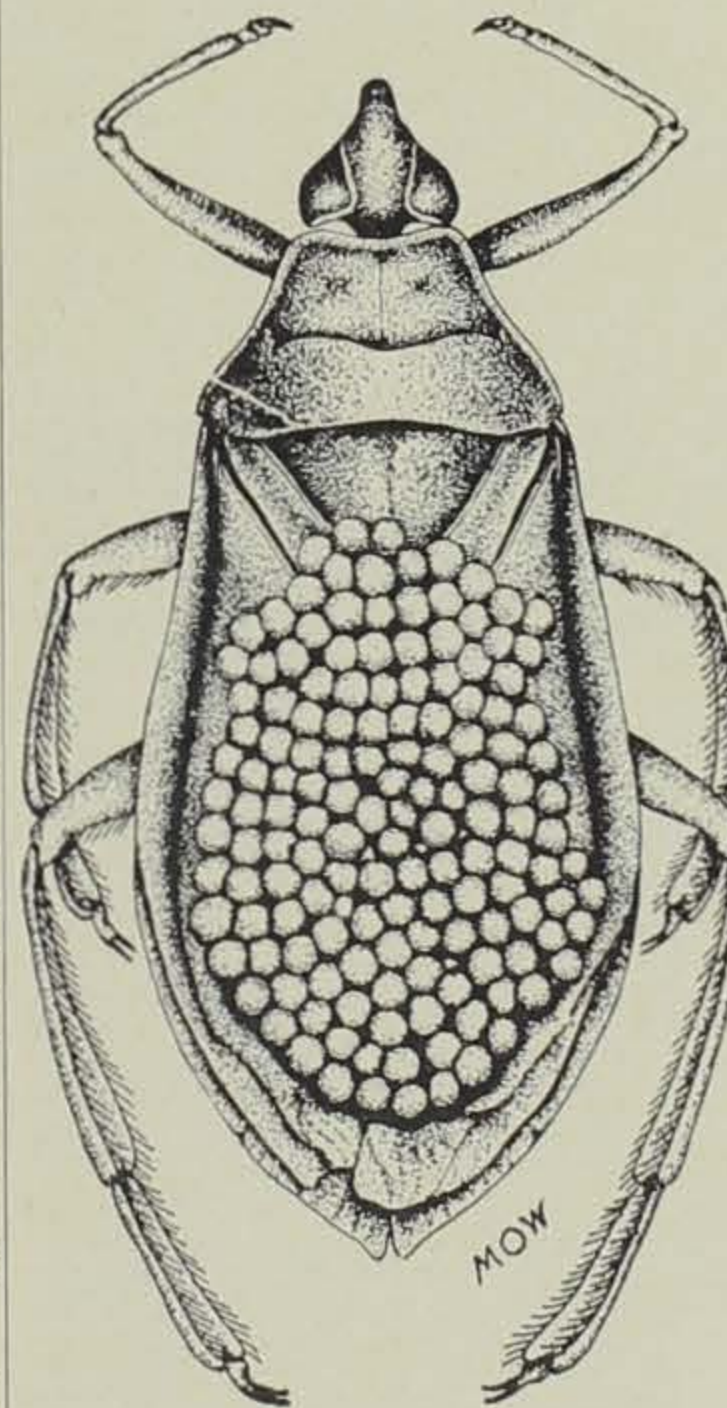


MAY-FLY
(2 times natural size)



STONE-FLY
(Approximately 2 times natural size)

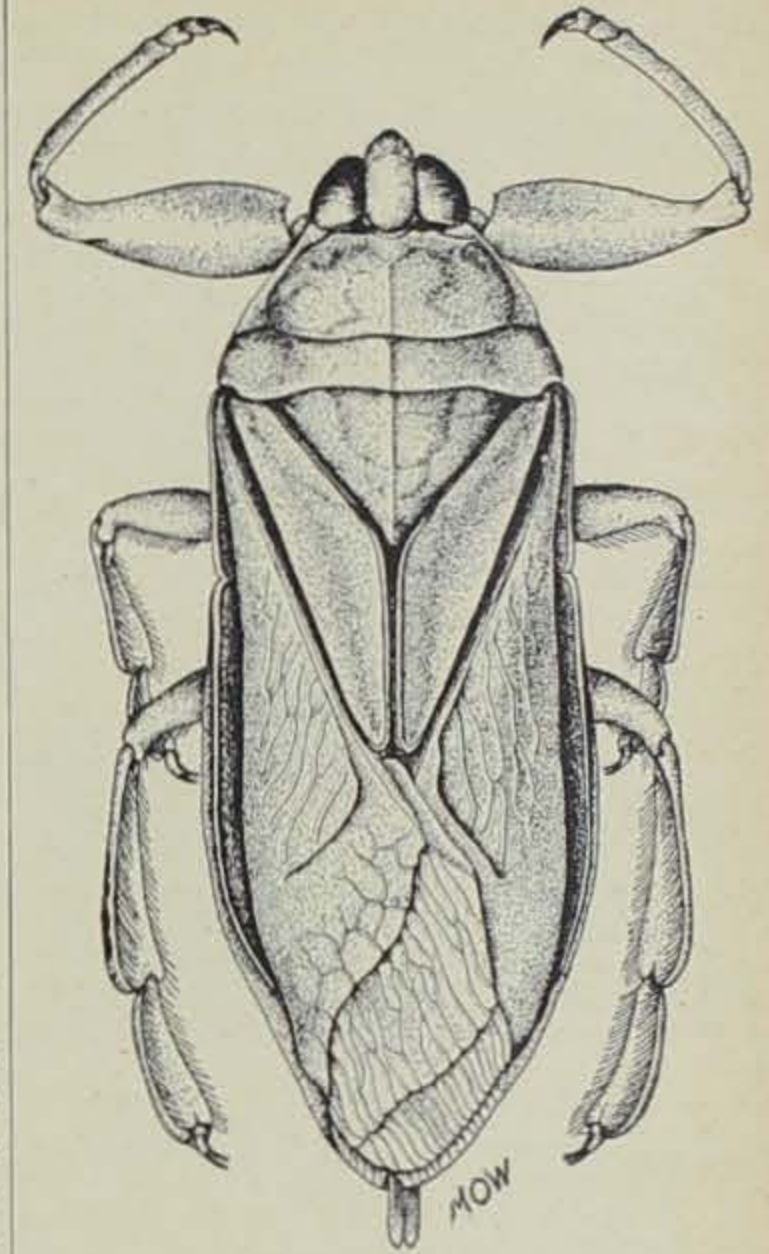
clinging to stones for the most part, although a few kinds cling to chunks of wood debris on the streambed. The nymphs are rather flat in appearance and cling to depressions on the under surface of stones. Trout are particularly fond of stone-fly nymphs and some of the best wet flies imitate these insects.



BELOSTOMA
(3 times natural size)

There are several families of aquatic bugs (Hemiptera) but we will call attention only to the more common and conspicuous members. The largest bugs belong to the family Belostomatidae, giant water bugs; they are predaceous in habits and are built powerfully, suitable for their mode of life. The larger species prey on various aquatic insects and even small fish. When catching them one should handle with care as they puncture the skin on one's hand easily with their beak-like mouthparts.

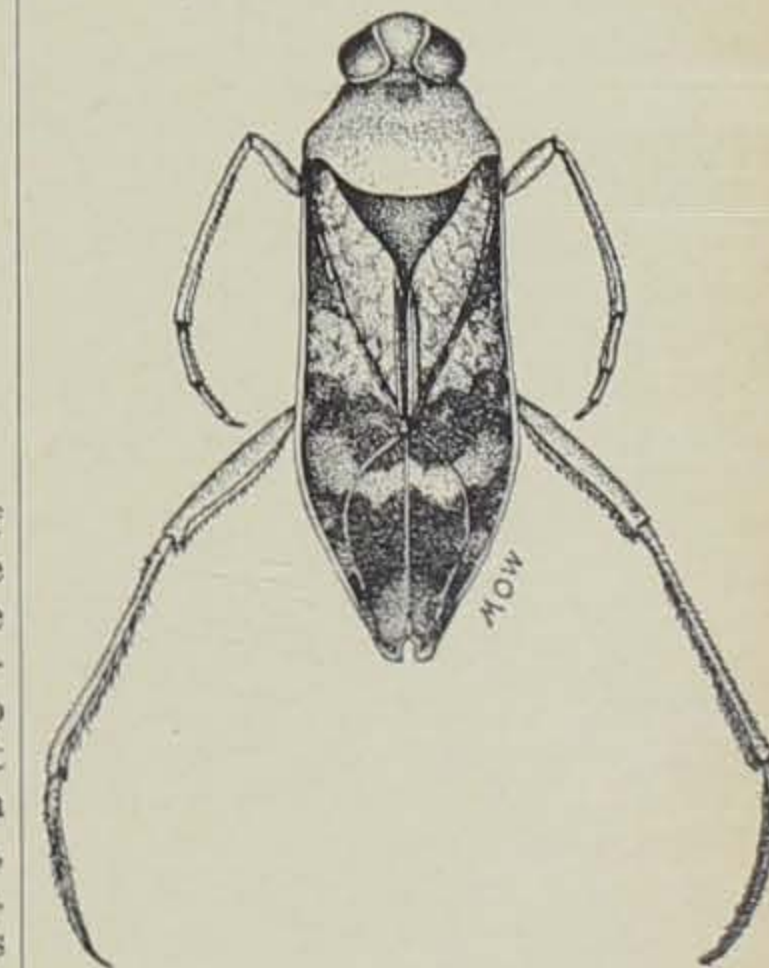
Members of one genus (Belostoma) have curious habits; the females lay their eggs on the back



GIANT WATER BUG
(Approximately natural size)

of males. Thus the bug insures transportation, safety and aeration for the eggs until hatched. The male in some instances appears to be an unwilling victim but is overpowered in the clutches of the female.

The back-swimmers (Notonectidae) have the curious habit of swimming on their backs, ventral surface up as they feed on the surface film of the water. Their food consists for the most part of the dead remains of insects which fall upon the water. Members of this family are usually common in ponds and lakes and on favored evenings leap from the water into flight, eventually coming down in different waters that attract their attention. Some usually get into swimming pools and at times make their presence known by painful bites when becoming tangled in



BACK SWIMMER
(3 times natural size)

bathing suits. Fewer reports of this kind are coming in of late due to the changing fashions for scanty attire.

(Continued on page 150)

America's Bird Dogs



Frank Mattes' Chesapeake, "Max"
RETRIEVERS ARE WATER EXPERTS

By Jack Hewins

The one really American bird dog, the Chesapeake Bay retriever, grew out of a true story that rivals mythology, springing from the chill Atlantic into the hearts of the men who find Utopia in a spray-swept, ice-fringed duck blind.

Aboard a ship wrecked off the Maryland coast just after the turn of the last century were two puppies from Newfoundland. A rescue ship took them aboard along with human survivors. From these dogs, after crosses with stock native to Chesapeake Bay, came today's breed—thick coated, heavy bodied dogs which seem impervious to cold.

The Chesapeake is 21 to 26 inches tall and weighs from 55 to 75 pounds. Where the upland game hunter likes white on his dogs for easy spotting, the retriever man dislikes it because of the need for concealment in the blinds. The Chesapeake is dull brown or tan.

Very like him and also coming from Newfoundland stock is the misnamed Labrador retriever, developed in England. He is usually black, occasionally yellow, with a very thick coat of short hair and weighing five to ten pounds less than the Chesapeake. The Labrador favors water work but is at times used in the field.

Some setter blood got into the Newfoundland stock to produce a third water expert, the flat-coated retriever, weighing up to 80 pounds, standing over two feet high at the shoulder and black or liver in color. Very similar in size, color and conformation is the curly-coated retriever, which is covered with coil springs of hair. But the curly-coat is an older breed than the others, probably springing from crosses of English and Irish water dogs.

The thing that keeps a duck hunter from freezing to death may be the inner warmth kindled by

YE ANGLER'S DICTIONARY

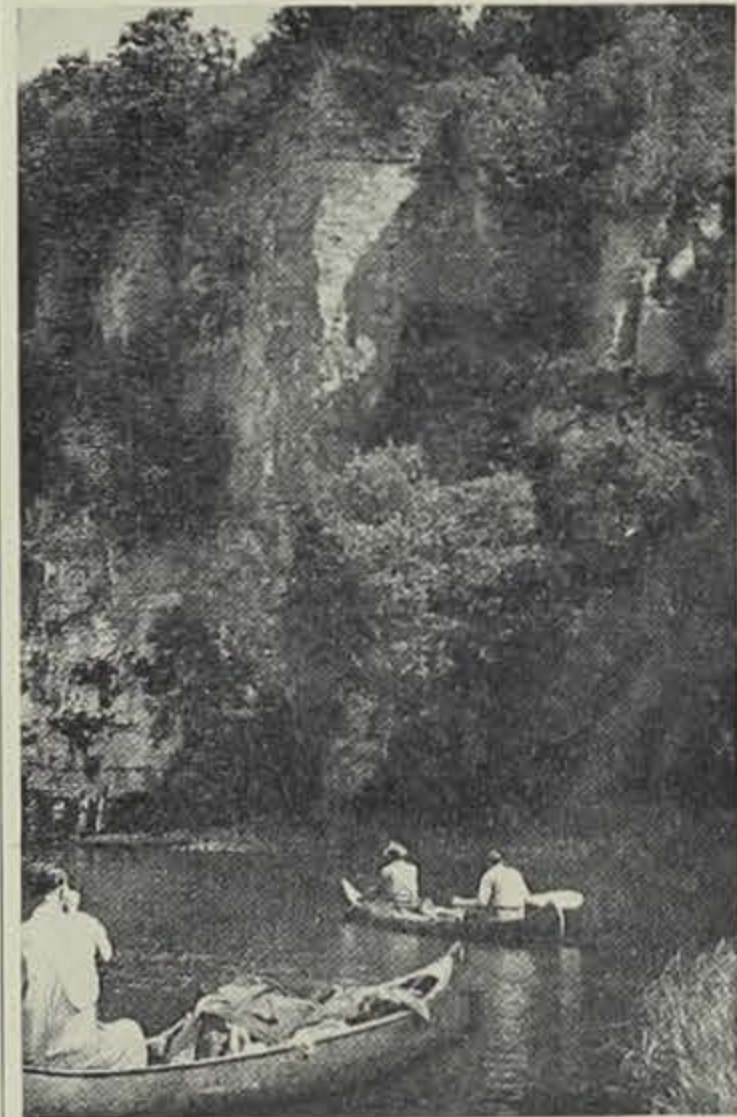
Revised Definitions of Fishing Terms

FISHING: A disease for which there is no cure; "catching" but not contagious. It formerly infected only savages, small boys, and village ne'er-do-wells; but it now attacks presidents, judges, ministers, doctors, and ten million others. In extreme cases, the fever can be reduced by placing the patient in the hot sun for several hours.

THE ORIGINAL PURPOSE OF FISHING: Of inflicting pain upon the worm, the minnow, the frog, and the fish, has been reversed. It is now an endurance test of the fishermen—trials by sunburn and moonshine—mosquitoes—poison ivy—lack of sleep—camp cooking and excessive confidence in "wild-deuces."

FISHING CAMP: A place to wear out old clothes, play "old maid," eat half-cooked food, fight insects, and act red-blooded. Liveliest hours are from midnight to daylight. Happy camping parties have been spoiled by erratic individuals who insisted on "going fishing." A favorite camp motto is "Fish and visitors smell after two days."

FISHING LIAR: A term used by every angler to describe all



The fishing guide is a true conservationist in disguise. His duty is to take you fishing "where they ain't" and to encourage you to come again "next week," when the water is lower or higher or clearer or wetter.

Jim Sherman Photo

the sight of his retriever breasting the ice of the marshes when a mallard falls. Like the waterfowl he loves to fetch, the retriever has webbed feet. He has the bird dog face, with domed forehead, generous chops, drooping ears. He is commonly heavier in body than the setter, as compared to length of leg.

—AP Newsfeatures, Reprinted by Permission of the Des Moines Register & Tribune.

OTHER brother anglers—a "piscatorial prevaricator." A vivid imagination is the outstanding characteristic of the real angler.

BAIT: A secret word of the fishing fraternity for an illegal but highly exhilarating beverage, which is carried "on the hip." It will remove varnish and counteract heat, cold, snakebite, bad luck, "that tired feeling," or what-have-you.

GUIDE: A true conservationist in disguise. His duty is to take you fishing "where they ain't," and to encourage you to come again "next week," when the water is lower, or higher, or clearer, or wetter.

WORMS: Greatly scorned in writings and in public, but used widely and secretly by most trout fishermen. A few hardened anglers, unmindful of public opinion, brazenly admit their use. Outstanding among them was a former President of the United States.

PLUGS: Imitations of bananas, dill pickles, darning needles, bugs, birds, bees, and animals. Now manufactured in many alleged "lifelike" shapes, and primarily designed to fool the fisherman and lure a dollar bill from his pocket. However, authentic records exist of many feeble-minded fish taken on these lures.

ROD: A sporty name for a "fish-pole" costing over \$5.00. Rods are sold by weight—the lighter the rod, the heavier the price. Like knights of old who splintered their lances in tournaments, all fishermen strive to have a fish break their rod—an event of great distinction to boast about.

REEL: A coffee-mill invented by Satan, and designed to come loose, get out of order, or snarl up at critical times, thereby inducing lurid and profuse profanity.

FISH-LINE: An expensive piece of string used on a reel. It snarls, gets snagged, and is guaranteed to break at the right time, thereby creating the necessary alibi for the "whopper" that always gets away.

"WHOPPER": A term used to describe all fish which get away. Associated words are "whale," "big'un," "grandpa," "sockdollar," and "long-as-your-arm."

CREEL: The distinctive item of a trout fisherman's uniform. A fragile wicker basket in which to hide a worm can, carry a fly book, lunch, slicker, etc. Occasionally used to hold small trout.

BOOTS OR WADERS: An effective means of carrying a large quantity of water from the stream to a convenient log. Guaranteed to keep the feet hot in summer and freezing in cold weather. "Waders" hold more water than "boots," and are therefore preferred in putting out camp fires.

FLIES: A feather imitation of nothing ever before seen, with very fanciful names, and the favorite food of house moths. Flies are principally used to decorate fishermen's hats, although some



HUMPY

By Allen Green

I'm just a fat and happy worm;
I crawl and twist and hump and squirm.

No need of ration points for me;
My vitamins are furnished free.

My home is the tomato vine.
The tender leaves are really fine.
I eat and sleep and hump and squirm.
Do you not wish you were a worm?

PENICILLIN-LIKE CHEMICAL MAY CURE TULAREMIA

Rabbit fever or tularemia may be the next "deadly" disease chalked up with a cure if the discovery of several Rutgers University scientists continues to hold up.

A serum was long ago developed which helped in some cases, but which likewise causes serious illness in a great number. Experiments have shown neither penicillin nor sulfa drugs to be effective as a remedy.

The new substance, streptomycin, however, when given daily to 30 tularemia-infected mice brought about 100 per cent recovery. The same number of untreated, tularemia-infected mice died within 96 hours after being infected.

Streptomycin comes from a living organism that is scientifically classified as partway between a fungus and a bacteria. Penicillin comes from a mold.

—Maryland Rally Sheet.

"My views on the subject in question, I think, are pretty well expressed in the following extract from an English book on fishing, which I read some time ago:

"The sport of fly-fishing is 'one that sets the highest premium on the power of observation. It is essentially the solving of an endless series of delightful and fascinating riddles.' Only those become weary of fly-fishing who bring nothing to it but the idea of catching fish."

—Walter C. Teagle.

are kept in a fly book. Made in two kinds, "Anti-Volstead" and "Prohibitionist." Wet flies are gaining in popularity, are now favorites along the Canadian border, and in Wisconsin and some other states.

—The Highway Traveler.

LET'S GO FISHING

HERE IS GRASS TO CUT, BUT THE FISH ARE BITIN'

FISHERMEN are a queer lot—perfectly human in some respects but plumb loco in many ways. If you have to live with one, we hope you can forgive him for his gooniness, and philosophically believe that he might be daft about something worse.

Many a fisherman has come home disgusted with his luck. He swears that he will quit wasting time in futile pursuit of uncooperative fish. He sincerely vows that he will henceforth stay away from lake or stream and properly tend to his neglected lawn, garden and business. And at the time he means every word of it.

They're Bitin'!

He goes along serenely, perfectly normal, for as long as one day, sometimes longer, depending upon how soon he hears that magic, electric and disturbing catch-line, "They're bitin'!" Upon hearing that short pungent sentence his pulses beat rapidly, his blood pressure rises, and his mind becomes demoralized. Goodbye resolutions and good intentions. The lawn really doesn't need cutting so badly after all and it is too wet to work in the garden. Both can wait until tomorrow.

Our hero henceforth and immediately becomes neurotic and irritable. This unbalanced state will continue until he goes out with his rod and reel and gets the virus out of his system.

Tackle Store First

Before he begins the piscatorial quest, he will first visit his favorite store, even though his tackle box is already overflowing with gear, and will there gaze enraptured at the long rows of appealing and brightly painted plugs, spinners, flies and other "sudden death" devices cunningly designed to catch fish, but actually much more effective in snaring coins from the pockets of fishermen. He makes his purchases and goes forth with



Fishermen are a queer lot, perfectly human in some respects but plumb loco in many ways. Those who are philosophical forgive them for their gooniness and believe that they might be daft about something worse.

renewed hope in his heart and a wild look in his eye.

There are two kinds of fishermen, the real sportsmen who unselfishly respect the rights of other fellows and observe the game laws, and the selfish, brassy bozos who elbow their way into the thick of the crowd and start casting in all directions. The true sport makes lasting friendships, but the beach buccaneer is deeply resented, and is denied the mellow fraternal spirit that marks the pastime.

Fish-eye for Strangers

When one or more fishermen have established a "beach-head" on a good fishing site, they are wary of strangers who appear to intrude. They give the new arrival a cold eye and leave him strictly alone until the stranger proves by various subtle ways that he is worthy of fellowship.

If he crowds in too close, begins to brag, crosses lines, or otherwise acts boorish, he is not accepted. But if he appears to be considerate of others' traditional rights, has a fair amount of humility, and is not too "duded up," he will soon be included in the camaraderie.

A newcomer approaching other fishermen in boats or on the shore needn't open the conversation by asking them how many they have caught. He is wasting breath because nine out of ten won't tell you the truth. They will minimize their success, if any, because they fear you might not only move in on them but might even yoo-hoo to your pals to do likewise. If you really want to know what luck the boys are having, observe whether there are any stringers in the water and whether they appear to be well loaded with fish.

Fisherman's Modesty Insincere

A veteran fisherman takes his fish quietly and without fanfare. He slips his victims on his stringer as inconspicuously as possible. Of course he is as proud of his catch as you would be, but he saves his strutting until he is ready to leave for home. Then he puts on a phony but carefully studied casualness as he carries his string of fish in full view of all, and glows as he hears the subdued "ohs" and "ahs" from less fortunate anglers. His modesty is as insincere as a Jap peace treaty.

The guy who really isn't catching anything won't hesitate to let the fact be known far and wide, but the old salt who is doing business with his hooks will lie and evade and make you like it.

If you want to get along with other fishermen, respect their priority rights, don't ask too many searching questions until your "newness" has worn off, and don't bore your casual acquaintances with tales of your fishing prowess other days and on other lakes. In other words, simply practice the Golden Rule.

—Pilot PUNCHES,
Storm Lake Pilot Tribune.

PERHAPS THIS IS THE ANSWER

By Johnny Mock

SOMETIMES you may wonder why the fisherman living next door never invites any of his neighbors to accompany him on his fishing trips. Perhaps you have been curious as to why the same chaps are always his constant companions.

Fishermen are choosy of their companions because of experience. They have long ago learned that only a few—a blessed few—make suitable pals.

As was once said: "The joy of fishing in far places is as bright and fragile as a soap bubble. In its perfection it attains ecstasy beyond the reproduction of the most gifted writer—which is why gen-



Fishermen are choosy of their companions because of experience. They have long ago learned that only a few—a blessed few—make suitable fishing pals.—Council Bluffs Nonpareil Photo.

uine poems of angling can be counted on a man's fingers; yes, perhaps only on his thumbs—and, like the bubble, when the delight is marred, it vanishes entirely."

It's amazing the number of individuals who can wear out a welcome, almost before the trip gets under way, and how they can put a damper on the days to come.

Among the first to reveal his true colors is the human chatterbox, who apparently doesn't realize that one does not go fishing to listen to a never-ending gabble-babble. Next in line comes the combination kidder and joker who has the impression that a stay in the woods must be a battle of wits. He sees humor in everything and thinks it funny indeed when the guide falls and breaks his leg.

Third is the chap who is constantly worrying about his health—the guy whose imagination gives him pneumonia the moment a few drops of rain hit him, then begins moaning about the distance he is from home and how far it is to the

nearest doctor. Symptoms of every sort make their appearance with the suddenness of a mule's kick.

Then there is the wise guy who is ever ready with his advice on how this or that should be done, criticizing every movement that is made, never forgetting to remind the others, "Remember what I told you."

Another of the group which seldom, if ever, gets an invitation is the gambler whose sole delight in a fishing trip is in the number of fish caught. The beauties of nature and the surroundings in which he finds himself mean nothing to him so long as he can take a number of fish sufficient to win the bet. He'll wager on the first fish, the biggest fish, that this plug or fly will take more fish than that plug or fly.

The "crepe-hanger" can't be overlooked—he who knew fishing would be better where he suggested going; how much more delicious the fish were fried by the guide he had last year; that the coffee is terrible and so on and on and on.

There's also the fellow who always insists on making just one more cast before going back to camp, but he never says with how many flies or plugs, while you and the guide burn up at the delay, while the threatening clouds come nearer and nearer.

Not to be forgotten, either, is that delightful person who develops a bossy complex and after the first portage takes full charge of the party, handing out orders with the precision of a machine gun. Probably among the most unwelcome of these unwelcome types is the chap who has "ants in his pants"—the restless gink who is always leading the others to a better place to fish or camp, "just around the next bend in the river."

A trip can always be made more pleasant—especially for himself—by that individual who is always on the lookout for a way by which he may be spared his share of the KP duties. Last, but not least, there is that other well-known character known as the alibi-artist with his ever-ready excuse.

With such members in the party and no way to leave the "bush," it is readily appreciated why the fisherman becomes choosy with his companions. Only the law prevents bloodshed, or many a chap who entered the woods would never leave it, for were it possible they would be buried where they fell—and justly so, for a wet blanket can surely dampen the pleasures and joys of a trip astream.—Pennsylvania Angler.

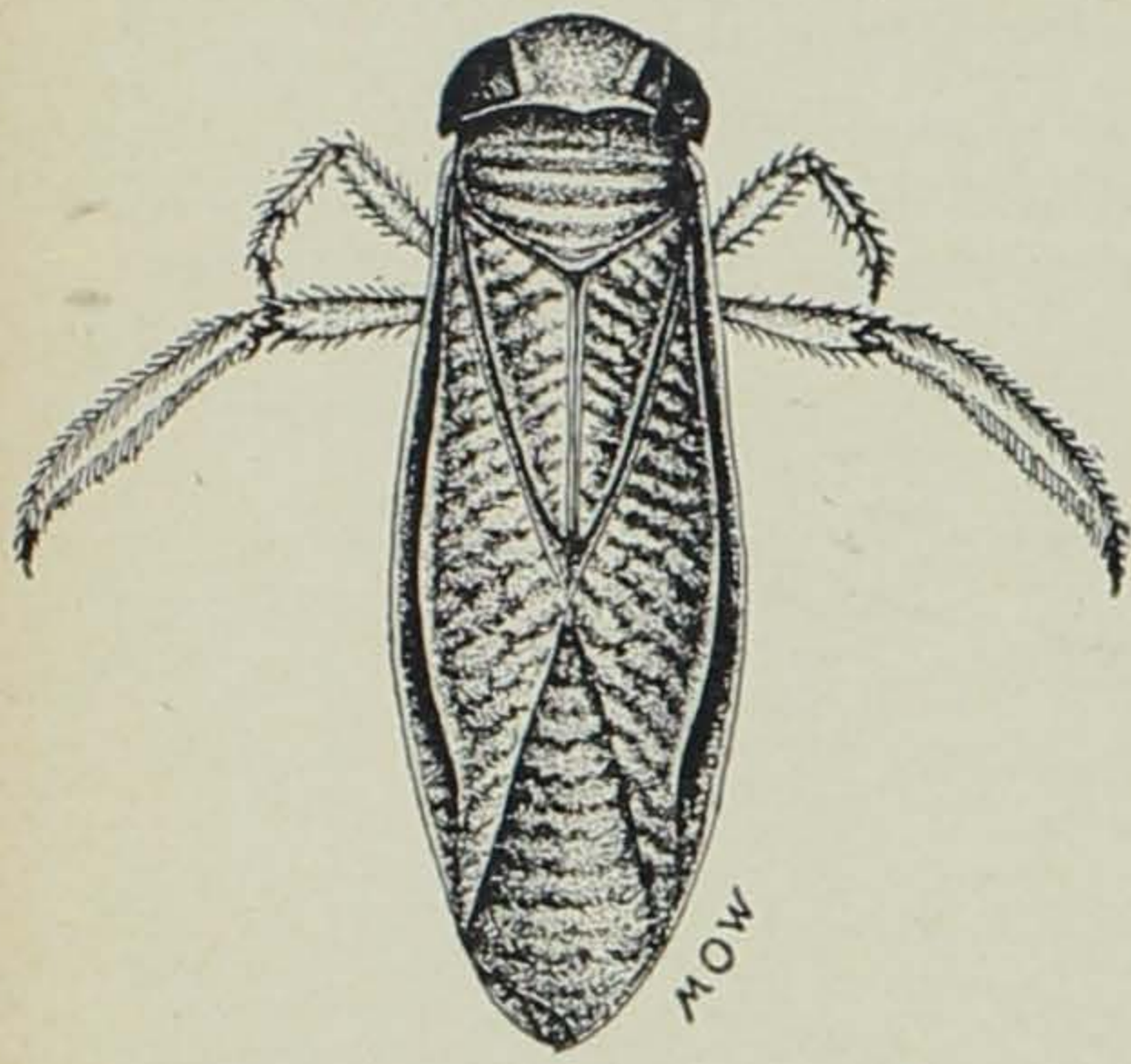
"I know of no more beneficial recreation than fishing.

"It embraces every element that a worthwhile leisure-time activity should offer—the need for skill, lest the creel go empty; the exhilaration that comes with a savage strike, the hopes and fears that crowd upon one another as the fish fights his battle, the sense of adventure that accompanies every expedition into the wilds, and above all, the soul-cleansing, mind-refreshing peace and rest to be found in a sky-roofed world of mountains, forests and water."

—Hon. Arthur B. Langlie.

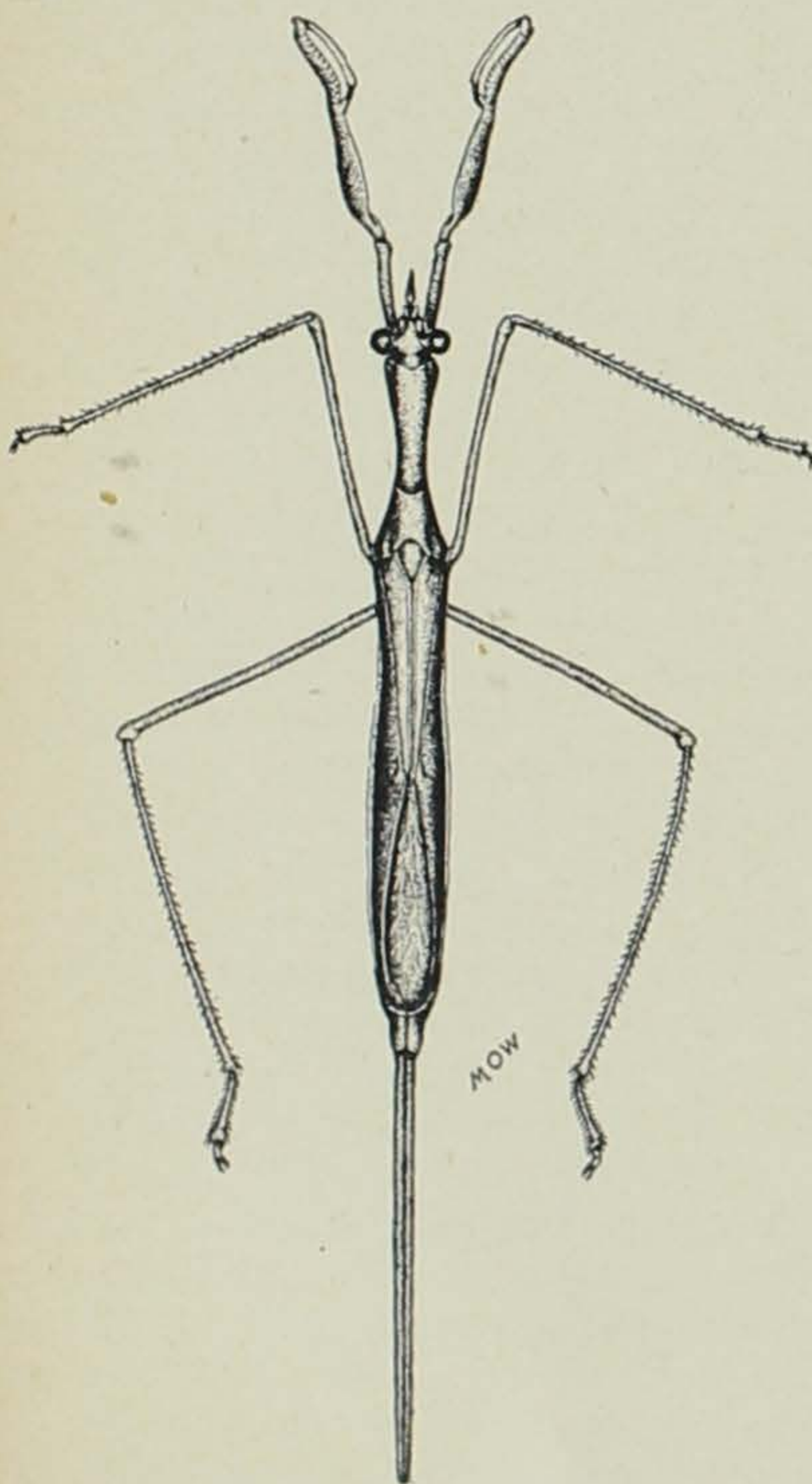
Water Insects . . .

(Continued on page 147)



WATER-BOATMAN
(4 times natural size)

The water-boatman (Corixidae) gets its name from the appearance it makes while swimming; the long hind legs reach out to make strokes suggestive of oars from a boat. Members of this family are very numerous in most bodies of water as their food, consisting of the smaller forms of plant life, is usually very abundant. These rather small insects do not bite when handled and may be easily collected by means of a fine mesh dip net. Corixidae serve a useful purpose in aquatic environments, and because of their abundance supply much food for various fishes.



WATER-SCORPION
(Approximately natural size)

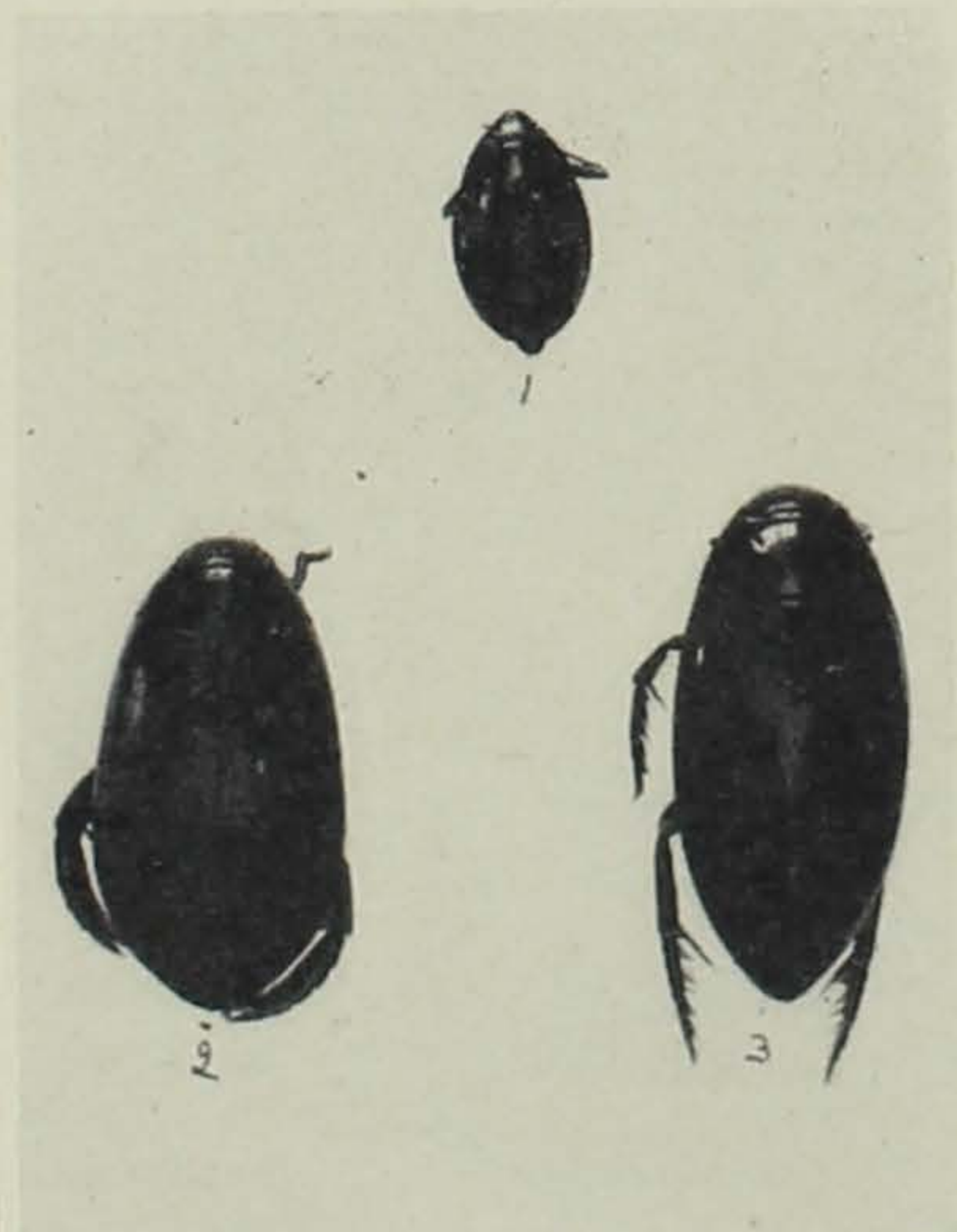
The water-scorpion (Nepidae) is a curious insect; they move slowly about in shallow waters, and to obtain a supply of air project the slender tube at the end of their abdomen into the air like a periscope. They feed on various insects, dead or alive. The other aquatic insects mentioned above carry a supply of air with them in a cavity beneath the wings; periodically they must come to the surface to obtain a fresh supply.

Water-striders (Gerridae) live on the surface bodies of water; their long slender legs have non-wettable feet which rest on the surface film and give ample support to their weight. They appear to skate over the surface film and with speed which makes them difficult to catch. Their food consists of all kinds of dead insects which happen to fall upon the water. Water-striders are so fast and expert at dodging that most fish soon learn it is useless to try and catch them.

Several families of beetles (Coleoptera) have taken to an aquatic environment, and the evidence is rather conclusive that beetles first developed on land; then some families invaded the water. They have legs and other structures similar to land forms, but by flattening the leg structures and adding fringes of hair, they have come by rather efficient swimming structures. We have space to mention only two or three family types, and first of all we will notice the whirligig beetles (Gyrinidae) (fig. 1). These streamlined, flat-legged forms move rapidly over the surface film, usually whirling in never ending circles as the name implies. They are black in color, oval shaped, and have the compound eyes divided by a flange at the water line; half of each eye views the atmosphere above while the lower half scans the marine depths below to watch for enemies such as fish.

Predaceous diving-beetles (Dytiscidae) (fig. 2) are a large family of both large and small species. The larvae of these beetles live in the water and because of their blood-thirsty, voracious habits have been called water-tigers. These grubs are elongated, spindle-shaped forms with prominent strong jaws. The beetles swim freely in the water but at rest hang beneath the surface film with the tip of their abdomen protruding into free air; when swimming a supply of air is carried beneath the thick wing covers.

Another family which includes large forms are known as water-



BEETLES
(Approximately natural size)



FISHERMAN'S DILEMMA

Either you are a fisherman or you are not. There is no middle ground. If you are not a fisherman, this epistle will interest you not a whit. If you are a fisherman you probably won't be interested, anyway, because you'll be thinking up ways to get even with us to tell a tale of your own. We fishermen are all built that way. The truth of the matter is, right now you are probably planning a fishing trip.

Planning a fishing trip is almost as much fun as actually fishing. In fact, most of us have planned and dreamed of more trips than we have ever made. First we get out the sport catalogs and check over the stuff we would like to buy. We assemble the rods and paw through the tangled gut leaders and miscellanea of the tackle box. We oil the reels and then go down to the store and buy three or four more lures that we will probably never use.

Then we must needs check the maps, for to be interesting, a fishing trip must entail a journey to some stream or lake far from the home base—the farther the better. Our wives treat the whole matter with a disgusted air as if they thought us a bit mad, but they finally tacitly assent as though they believed it a necessary evil.

We figure how much the trip will cost, divide it by two for the benefit of the minister of finance and then double it (privately) for our own estimate. Actually, every fish caught by the sportsman costs in the neighborhood of \$16.00 per pound.

The average sportsman's tackle box contains an assorted array of hardware, supposed to tempt bass, pike, trout or catfish, that would make the tools of the Inquisition look like toys. Ferocious barbed treble hooks dangle from the sides of a glassy-eyed Trojan sea horse. Elaborate frog harnesses intertwine their fine wires about hooks that are supposed to be weedless. And in at least one tackle box a

scavenger beetles (Hydrophilidae) (fig. 3). These beetles may be recognized by the sharp, spine-like keel which projects between and behind the bases of the hind legs. The air supply of these beetles is carried as a film on the lower side of the body, and in a jar or aquarium one may see this air space shining like liquid silver.

snarl of pale leader winds through the whole entanglement, stringing the lures together like baubles on a Christmas tree.

The gentle breeze that ruffles the surface of good fishing water soothes the soul. Troubles drown in the quiet depths of a pool. Piscatorial pastime peacefully placates personalities.

"I never lost a little fish—
Yes, I am free to say
It always was the biggest fish
I caught that got away."

The other day Jim Gregory northwest Iowa conservation officer, came into this office. He wore a checkered wool shirt and talked the universal language of field and stream: "They're catching lots of trout over in the eastern part of the state," he said carelessly. We pretended to be busy with our editorials. "I said that they were catching lots of trout over around Waukon and Decorah," he grinned as we squirmed on the hook. "I'm going to be working in that part of the state next week," he said hopefully.

After he had gone, we looked up train connections to that part of the state. Let's see, if we were to leave on Thursday, we could be back in Sheldon on Sunday. SHE would have to be approached carefully. And after all, we haven't been trout fishing in over two years.

Izaak Walton said, "You will find angling to be like the virtue humility, which has a calmness of spirit and a world of other blessings." Okay, okay, Ike, but how did YOUR wife feel about all those fishing trips you used to take? Maybe you had some special way of handling that situation and, if you had, we wish that you might have been thoughtful enough to write it down in your book.

—Sheldon Sun.

"As civilization, cement pavements, office buildings, radios have overwhelmed us, the need for regeneration has increased.

"When all the routines and details and the human bores get on our nerves, we just yearn to go away from here to somewhere else. To go fishing is a sound, valid and accepted reason for such an escape.

"It is the chance to wash one's soul with pure air, with the rush of the brook, or with the shimmer of the sun on blue water. It brings meekness and inspiration from the decency of nature, charity toward tackle-makers, patience toward fish, a mockery of profits and egos, a quieting of hate, a rejoicing that you do not have to decide a darned thing until next week. And is discipline in the equality of men—for all men are equal before fish."

—Hon. Herbert Hoover.

"From my own experience I have found fishing to be the most relaxing of sports. After half a day, or after only a few hours of angling, a man can return to his work completely refreshed and rested—proudly playing the part of good provided by bringing home fresh fish for his table—and ready to turn his attention to the cares and problems of a wartime world with new vigor."

—Hon. Dwight H. Green.



The answer to why the unusual fitness of the tough, healthy young German people one saw before the war lies in the basic principle of a national plan for outdoor sports.

Plan Memorials . . .

(Continued from page 145)

ask, more directly, what sort of monument would the boys have wanted if the choice had been left to them? Would they want a pile of stone or metal or would they prefer to be remembered among their friends and relatives at home by a memorial which was not merely a monument to death but one which lived and contributed something to the life and health and happiness of the community of which they were once a part? Would they want a pile of stone or would they prefer a living forest, a stadium, a swimming pool, a lake, or a wildlife sanctuary—something which in a way represented the things they loved while they were alive? The great majority of them liked the out-of-doors life, swimming, fishing, hunting, games. That was part of being young and strong and healthy as all of them had to be who lost their lives.

Raise Living Monuments

I think our hearts and our memories of these boys tell us the answer. Indeed, the answer has been heard already from thousands of communities and clubs and organizations all over the United States. It is, "This time let us raise living monuments to our dead!" It is a spontaneous cry. It has arisen from all parts of the nation.

In response to that demand the American Commission for Living War Memorials came into being with headquarters in Columbus, Ohio. The Commission is an adjunct of the National Committee on Physical Fitness of the Federal Security Agency. It is made up of a group of public-spirited citizens and is supported by voluntary contributions. It is more than simply a propaganda organization. It is prepared with plans

and practical advice for communities of all sizes from the smallest village to the largest city. It has issued a brochure with information concerning camps, reservations, trails, ponds, playgrounds, open playing fields and stadiums, indoor sports centers, community physical fitness centers — other projects which are considered living memorials.

The implications of the living war memorials are vast indeed. They include civic improvements, better bodies, better health, as well as a daily and even hourly reminder to the young and the middle-aged and the old who will use them of the sacrifices made for the community and the nation by those who died. Instead of being inanimate piles of stone, they will contribute vastly to the health and welfare of the nation.

Our People Fit?

Statistics compiled by Selective Service concerning the physical fitness of our young men came as a shock to the average American, who took it for granted that Americans were a nationally healthy people and that our young people had the highest possible record for fitness. Something under fifty per cent of volunteers and draftees proved fit for military service. In one state the percentage fell to thirty per cent and in others it was but little better.

To find a higher level of national physical fitness, indeed the highest, one is forced to turn, however reluctantly and resentfully, to Germany. Enemy or not, one was forced to admire the superb physical health and strength of the great proportion of Nazi young people. Undoubtedly that physical health and toughness has made it possible for Germany to resist many months longer than she could otherwise have done.

This is so not because Germans are a master race or because of any special diet. The first point is ludicrous. Her native stock is no better than the biologically mixed American stock. The answer to the fitness of these tough, healthy young people one saw everywhere in Germany before the war lay in deliberate planning for health and strength, and the basic principle of the plan was founded upon out-of-door life and sports.

Borrow From the Enemy

There is no harm in borrowing wisely from an enemy or a conquered nation. We are, economically and physically, approaching the status Europe has known for 500 years. We need to do something about health and recreation. We need to consider planned programs and facilities. What better way to begin than with memorials that will mould the future health and strength of the nation as a whole? It is not only a question of physical but of mental and even sexual health.

What Better, Wiser Memorial?

What better memorial could the men who have died for their country desire than one which would contribute to its health, strength and greatness? They would not be interested in inanimate heaps of stone and bronze.

There is, in the case of forests and lakes and game preserves, another side to the question besides that of pleasure and health. Each new forest, each new pond and lake, each new game sanctuary adds to the strength of the nation. Since the beginning of the nation we have been cutting down our forests more rapidly than they can restore themselves.

A memorial forest can provide the most beautiful of recreation areas for the people of the community, but it can be much more than simply a park. It can be a scientifically managed tract of timber.

It can become an open textbook for children and grown-ups on nature, wildlife and conservation. It can start the rebuilding of natural resources at home and in itself become a symbol of fruitful living and of eternal peace.

—The American Legion Magazine.

"Wherever men get together the conversation eventually gets around to the subject of fishing.

"There is probably no recreation that is so universal in its appeal, and it isn't just the fish or the catching of the fish, it's the rippling stream, the smell of the outdoors and the pleasant relaxed feeling that comes with a day in the open. All of this and more is part of the thrill of fishing.

"It is a great sport. It is democratic. It is universal and fascinating and a part of our American way of living. May this sport continue to grow."

—Hon. John J. Dempsey.

Just read the columnist's item concerning the man who paid a psychologist \$50.00 to cure him of his inferiority complex—and later was fined \$25.00 and costs for talking back to a cop.

—Bellevue Leader.

Famous Iowa Trees

From Local Legend and Historical Fact



THE FERRY TREE

The sands of time have almost run their course for the famous Ferry Tree, and now, an old and weather-beaten snag, it stands pitifully alone as it watches the encroachment of seedling cottonwoods as they reach with hungry, youthful branches toward the sky. The Ferry Tree, an ancient hard maple, stands beside the Des Moines River in Van Buren County, a quarter of a mile west of Bonaparte on the dirt river road.

This old tree's claim to fame lies in the fact that it was an anchorage for the ferry cable that carried thousands of emigrants across the stream in their westward trek to new lands long before the days of bridges. The ferry boats were pulled back and forth across the river carrying passengers, livestock, and other cargoes. To prevent these awkward craft from being swept downstream, a rope was used to connect them with wheels that traveled along the stout cable stretched from one river bank to the opposite shore.

Among the many noteworthy crossings made at this site was that of the Mormon migration. This famous exodus from Nauvoo in 1846, after spending the winter encamped nearby, crossed at this site. Those of this religious group who died in the winter camp were buried in a small cemetery nearby, and many of the grave markings are still standing.

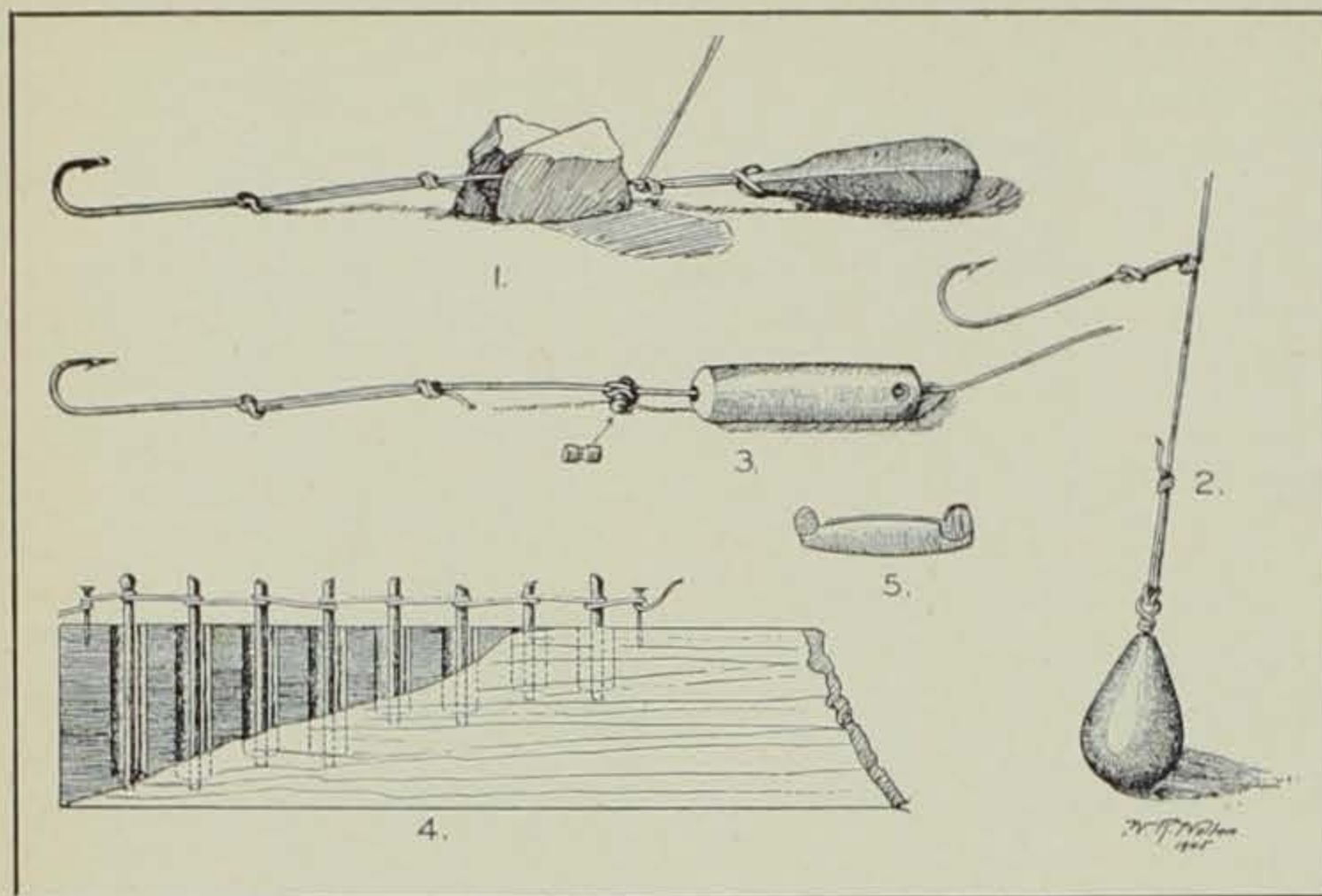
The old Ferry Tree is marked with a tablet reading "Ferry Tree Memorial."

"Fishing is one of the oldest sports, as well as one of the earth's great commercial enterprises. It has solaced millions by lifting the burden of care from tired bodies and has supplied the daily needs of countless homes and countries.

"Fishing not only stimulates the imagination but delivers the fisherman from the nerve-racking and tedium of toil. It sharpens wits and develops philosophic instincts; it develops the spirit of patience and perseverance and is a tonic soothing to the worn and bedraggled citizen in a dizzy world.

"The comradeships of fishermen are the most natural, satisfying and understanding comradeships developed by the relationships between men."

—Hon Thomas L. Bailey.



SINKERS—AN EASY METHOD OF MOLDING THEM

By W. R. Walton

SINKERS, and I do not mean doughnuts, though their specific gravity may be similar, are one of the essentials of the bait fisherman's tackle. These of necessity are of various shapes and sizes to fit the conditions under which one is to fish.

My personal preference in summer, while the fish are active and feeding in all sorts of places, is to eliminate the use of the sinker entirely and keep the bait moving. However, when the water is high and turbid or its temperature remains low and consequently the fish are sluggish, the use of a sinker may become imperative.

Position Important

In such circumstances, the position of the sinker on the line, relative to the hook, becomes important. For instance, when the sinker is tied in a stationary position above the hook, as in figure 1, this is likely to reduce both in speed and force the transmittal of the bite to the hand of the angler, this because the resistance offered by the sinker must first be overcome before the contact with the fish can be felt.

Consequently, and especially if the sinker lies behind a rock, the hook may be stripped without the fisherman's becoming aware of the loss. Old-timers, cognizant of this defect, overcome such possible theft by attaching the sinker to the line end, with the hook located well above it, as in figure 2. This also illustrates the dipsey sinker popular with many anglers. This last arrangement is good if the line be kept taut so as to readily telegraph news of the bite to the hand or rod tip.

Tracing Sinkers

A still better sinker and arrangement, in my opinion, is the one shown in figure 3, in which the line is threaded lengthwise through the sinker, above the hook. In

this arrangement a stop, consisting of a small section of twig, is tied below the sinker to prevent it from jamming over the hook knot.

This type of sinker, having a hole through its long axis for the free passage of the line, is called in British parlance a "tracing sinker." It is familiar to American fishermen in the form of the egg-sinker, obtainable in many tackle shops but not very widely used. However, these sinkers are available only in certain arbitrary sizes which may or may not be just the weight appropriate to one's purpose.

For this reason, as well as economy, I make my own tracing sinkers in a style that is quite easy to mold. This may be used either as a tracing sinker or in the ordinary way, viz., tied to the end of the line. Having used this type of sinker for some years with satisfaction I present herewith directions and illustrations which should render its production by home manufacture an easy matter.

Soft Wood Mold

The mold, as illustrated in figure 4, consists of a soft wood (pine, cypress or poplar) strip, $\frac{3}{4}$ x 2x, say, 18 inches. Along the center line of this, a row of holes are bored with a $\frac{3}{8}$ -inch bit. Where a heavy sinker is desired, the hole may be from $1\frac{1}{4}$ to $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches deep. Lighter holes are provided for by sinking shallower holes as indicated in the figure.

To provide the passage-way, running through the long axis of the sinker, ordinary wooden match sticks are inserted in the center of each mold cavity. To render these stable, a fine copper or soft iron wire is given a single turn around their upper or free end. This is then fastened at each end by winding it around small wire nails, driven into the wood as shown in the figure. The molten lead is then poured into the molds, and when solidified, the match sticks are withdrawn by means of a pair of

pliers. Since their wood becomes somewhat charred and shrunken by the heated metal this readily is accomplished.

In order to remove the sinkers from the molds we simply split the wooden strip edgewise. In case straight grained wood has been used, and the splitting is carefully done, the molds may be used repeatedly by tying or wiring the halves together again.

It may be seen from the illustration of the finished sinker, figure 3, that a hole has been made in it near one end. This is done with a hand drill and facilitates its attachment to the line end when so desired. In case you wish to be fancy, the tips of the sinkers may be tapered most easily by the use of a wood rasp, but this is quite unnecessary so far as results are concerned.

Line Runs Freely

The material advantage gained by the employment of the tracing sinker is that this allows the line to run freely through it when the fish bites and flees with the baited hook. Most game fishes, as you doubtless know, will run for some distance with a natural bait before gorging it. Just why this action occurs we know not, but perhaps it is due to instinct similar to that displayed by an old hen which has found a big worm in a well populated chicken yard. She promptly seeks solitude, where there ain't none, to the end that she might gulp the prize unmolested.

In passing, may I adumbrate that man frequently handles his mazuma in much the same manner. Seeking craftily to secrete it, lest another more powerful than he, mayhap the Collector of *Infernal* Revenue, wrest it from him. But returning to that more decent animal, the fish, it is well known that such fishes as the smallmouth bass and the chain pickerel always run with the bait. Should the former species feel any considerable resistance to his pull, he is most likely to drop it, like the proverbial hot potato, and refuse further to touch it. In these circumstances the tracing sinker becomes an asset, for it allows the fish to run untrammelled if the fisherman is alert and ready to give him line.

—Pennsylvania Angler.

Seems this country is reverting to the wild. Deer, beaver, and foxes that were so plentiful in the early days, and then disappeared, are returning in sizeable numbers.

Several deer were reported last week by a number of farmers. A buck and doe frolicked at the Gilbert Ahrenstorff farm last Tuesday evening; he sighted a beaver swimming in the creek that flows across his place, and foxes were cavorting in his pasture across the creek! For this thickly settled country, 'tis a lot of wildlife to see on one farm in one day.

—Lake Park News.

"Second wind" has now been defined as that which a public speaker acquires when he says, "Now in conclusion . . ."

Outdoor Oddities

BY WALT HARVEY

MUSKRATS HAVE A "BIRTH CHAMBER" IN THE TOP OF THEIR HOUSE ABOVE WATER LEVEL.



THAT OLD SPOONBILL

The 1945 migratory bird hunting stamp, commonly known as the duck stamp, was placed on sale at all post offices July 1.

We will admit that from a collector's point of view, the subject matter used on a duck stamp means very little, but a hunter's viewpoint is something different. We had been informed which member of the duck family would be engraved and, shall we say, enthroned by the reproduction of its image and likeness on our official receipt. The identity of the culprit is none other than the *Spatula clypeata* to the collector, but the members of the hunting gentry call them spoonbills or just plain spoony. We can think of several other good names for him, too, but we won't bother with that now. We have always regarded the spoonbill as an "also ran" in the duck kingdom, one who is not worthy of our lead in these days of ammunition shortages and one whose flavor at the table is more or less dubious as this fellow's diet runs to most anything that grows or swims. The artist shows a trio of spoonies in flight. We believe it would have been more appropriate had he shown one of them swimming around in shallow water and the other two in the process of devouring some fish.

We realize that the Interior Department has used likenesses of most all the more popular varieties such as mallard, pintail, teal, etc., and that finally comes a time when they must use those of lesser prominence and favor, but by all that is holy, if this department doesn't enjoy a good duck season this year we will swear that it is due to us being forced to carry around a picture of a spoonbill in our hip pocket.

Louis J. Dehner,
Burlington Hawkeye Gazette.

"There is no sport that appeals to me as much as that one which was splendidly promoted by Izaak Walton. For pure recreation, give me a lazy southern river teeming with black bass, and my assortment of plugs. That is the life."

Hon. Chauncey Sparks.