

IOWA CONSERVATIONIST

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FUR -- AN IMPORTANT WILDLIFE CROP

WHY LEAVES CHANGE COLOR

It requires no vivid imagination to picture Mother Nature going about on autumn days with a liberal supply of paint with which she colors the leaves of the trees and other plants and thereby produces the riot of red and yellow found in the woods. Every year at this time we revel in the beauty of the trees, knowing full well that it is only a fleeting pleasure. Before long the leaves will flutter away from their summer home and become a part of the rich carpet that covers the forest floor.

Many people suppose that Jack Frost is responsible for the color change, but he is not. Some of the leaves begin to turn before we have any frosts. The Indians had a fantastic idea that it was because celestial hunters had slain the Great Bear—his blood dripping on the forests changes many trees to red. Other trees were turned yellow by the fat that splattered out of the kettle as the hunters cooked the meat. In reality, however, change in coloring is the result of chemical processes which take place in the tree during its preparation for winter.

All during the spring and summer the leaves have served as factories, where the foods necessary for the trees' growth have been manufactured. This food-making takes place in numberless tiny cells of the leaf and is carried on by small green bodies which give the leaf its color. These chlorophyll bodies, as they are called, make the food for the tree by combining carbon taken from the air with hydrogen, oxygen, and various minerals supplied in the water which the roots gather. In the fall when the cool weather causes a slowing down of the vital processes, the work of the leaves comes to an end. The machinery of the leaf factory is dismantled, so to speak; the chlorophyll is broken

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The recreation value of Iowa's raw fur crop cannot be totaled, but its actual cash value for the past five years reaches the astonishing sum of \$10,658,000.

COON HUNTING FOR FUN AND FUR

By David H. Thompson

Raccoon are hunted at night with dogs and when the season opens November 10 Iowa devotees of this sport will find the wise little ringtails more numerous than ever before in modern times.

At dusk coon come down from their den trees to feed and play and the dogs trail them by scent. Warm, damp, quiet nights after a spell of freezing weather are ideal because the animals are more active, the scent holds better, and the dogs can be heard from long distances.

The best places to hunt raccoon are river bottoms and fringes and

patches of timber along creeks and ditches. Coon hunting can be an art, a sport, or a business, or it may be all three combined.

The art of coon hunting is a mixture of music and drama, a sort of animal opera with hounds singing the leading part. The hunters and the quarry are of secondary interest.

A coon hound is a big, gangling, lop-eared, shy beast, and a wag of his bony tail can hurt like a kick on the shin. He must be looked after like a child, costs as much as a horse, and is always hungry, but his voice is worth it. It is no more

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By Frank G. Ashbrook
U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service

The fur crop of the United States is a valuable natural resource, and the fur trade in all its branches is one of our important commercial industries. Few people outside the trade itself have any adequate conception of this. One realizes, of course, that it represents a large investment and a huge annual turnover in money, raw materials, and manufactured products. It furnishes gainful employment to many thousands and gives warmth and enjoyment to many more thousands.

The production and conservation of fur animals in the wild during the past ten years have not only kept some of our finer species from utter extinction but have insured a continuing supply.

It is difficult to understand the limited active interest on the part of the fur trade in matters pertaining to the protection and increase of fur animals. Here is an industry whose very existence depends upon a natural resource over which it cannot exercise any direct control. Yet trappers, country collectors, raw-fur receiving houses, and other branches of the fur trade year after year take as many furs as they can possibly get with only the profit motive in mind.

There is a science of fur-animal conservation, which is specialized and complex. That this has not been more effective and efficient in the United States is no reflection on the science or the scientists, but rather on the public's failure to demand action. True, fur-animal science when conducted properly is costly; but it more than pays for itself in increased value and security of wealth which it strives to protect.

However much the American public may treasure its fur animals for the garments and comfort they afford, it has shown little concern for the future of the supply. It traps without discretion; destroys

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M. E. Stempel Photo

DUCK BOOKS STILL AVAILABLE

The State Conservation Commission still has available for sale several hundred copies of Jack and Mary Musgrove's "Waterfowl in Iowa." This 130-page book, printed at cost for \$1.00, tells the story of all ducks, geese, and swans that occur or are known to have occurred in Iowa. It contains color illustrations by Maynard Reece of all the waterfowl, not only in their spring plumage, but in the plumages of fall that are so important to the duck hunter.

"Waterfowl in Iowa" will be mailed postage paid to any address in the United States for \$1.00. Send currency, check, or money order directly to the State Conservation Commission, 914 Grand Avenue, Des Moines 8, Iowa.



The bluegill is a good panfish, and those that escape hungry bass provide good fishing when grown. Jim Sherman Photo.

WHY THE BASS-BLUEGILL COMBINATION FOR FARM POND STOCKING?

By Kenneth D. Carlander
Iowa State College

Each fall, the State Conservation Commission stocks thousands of fish in small ponds to provide fishing in areas that would otherwise be lacking in this sport. If the pond is on private land, the owner agrees to permit reasonable public fishing without charging a fee. A request for fish may be made by writing the State Conservation Commission at Des Moines, and if the pond meets the requirements the request is approved and the fish are delivered free of charge.

In general, only largemouth black bass and bluegills are stocked in ponds by the commission. Occasionally bullheads or crappies may also be stocked on an experimental basis, but other species are usually not desirable.

The largemouth black bass and bluegill combination has proved most satisfactory for ponds in many parts of the country. This combination was arrived at after much research and experimentation. The two species are particularly adapted to pond life and seem to supplement each other.

Largemouth black bass alone might maintain a fair amount of fishing, but usually the fishing would not be as good as if bluegills were stocked also. Adult bass are predatory fish, and unless there is a supply of small fish the adults grow slowly.

Several species of fish have been tried with bass to serve as food for them. Golden shiners, gizzard shad, and even carp may serve as forage fish, but the young that are not eaten in the first few weeks are soon too large to be eaten by bass. Then they are no longer of value in the pond and compete with the bass for food and space.

The bluegill, however, is a good panfish and those that escape the

bass can provide good fishing when grown. When young, they feed the bass. When adult, they feed the fisherman.

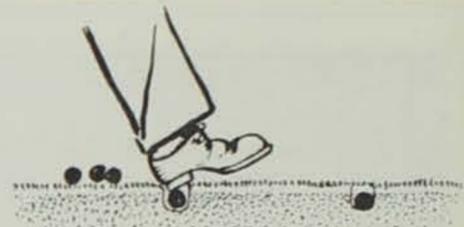
There is another advantage that makes the bluegill a better forage fish for bass than most other species. When bluegills are well fed and growing rapidly, they continue to spawn most of the summer. They thus produce a fairly constant supply of fish small enough to be eaten by growing bass.

In a pond with a properly balanced bluegill and largemouth bass population, the bass get plenty to eat and grow rapidly. But it is not entirely a one-sided proposition. The bass are also needed for the well-being of the bluegills. Bluegills normally produce many more young than can survive and grow. Where bass or some other predatory fish do not reduce their numbers, the small bluegills become so abundant that each individual gets only a small amount of food. In ponds where there are no large predatory fishes, the bluegills are all small and stunted.

The number of bluegills and bass in a pond must be "in balance" if fishing is to be good. According to research studies, the bass and bluegills are "in balance" if there are about 5 pounds of bluegills for each pound of bass. If there are 10 pounds of bluegills for each pound of bass, the bluegills become over abundant and the bass cannot keep them under control.

In fishing a balanced pond, both bluegills and bass should be caught, and it is best if about 5 pounds of bluegills are taken for each pound of bass caught.

Every fisherman, of course, likes to catch three- or four-pound bass. The number of these large fish which a pond can support is limited however. The best production of fish, i. e. the most pounds of fish per acre, can be secured if the bass



SOFT GROUND

A walnut forest is easily started by tromping walnuts, hulls and all, into the soft ground in the fall.

FALL WALNUT PLANTING OKAY

The importance of walnut timber was impressed upon us by the efforts made to purchase native walnut during the war for gun stocks. American walnut is the outstanding gun stock wood. During peace-time walnut is unexcelled as cabinet wood and its many uses for interior woodwork, panels, furniture, sporting goods, and novelties guarantees its popularity.

Farmers and timber owners will find it profitable to grow walnut timber because the logs have brought consistently higher returns per thousand feet than any other native species. Marketable quantities can be grown on small areas. Even one truckload of walnut logs makes a salable volume.

While growing to timber size walnut trees produce crops of nuts valued for home use and in some areas for sale. Walnut trees grown in pastures produce excellent shade for livestock. On good ground walnut is one of the fastest growing native hardwoods. Walnut trees on a farm add importantly to its capital value, make the farm a more attractive place to live, and increase its salability.

Walnut grows best on deep, rich porous soil. The nuts should be planted in large openings within woods. They must be fully exposed to overhead light.

Walnuts for planting may be gathered after the first frost. If they are to be planted in the fall the hulls need not be removed. One of the quickest and easiest methods of planting walnut trees is by stomping the nuts, hulls and all, into soft ground with the heel.

PROGRAM ANNOUNCED FOR WILDLIFE CONFERENCE

Alarming effects of the increasing demands of a growing human population on the limited supply of natural resources will be stressed in the program of the 14th North American Wildlife Conference, according to the Wildlife Management Institute. Attention will be focused on the most urgent problems facing America today.

No phase of conservation and restoration of natural resources has been omitted from the broad program, which will include dis-

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are caught when they weigh about a pound and the bluegills when they weigh 3 to 4 ounces.



Are sportsmen systematically and unknowingly destroying rabbit hunting by gradually killing off or thinning out the lowly woodchuck? Jim Sherman Photo.

RABBITS OR CHUCKS?

By Lysle Burtch

Are we sportsmen systematically and unknowingly destroying our rabbit hunting by gradually killing off or thinning out the lowly woodchuck? I wonder. When you stop to think and reflect on the past, conditions ten or fifteen years ago might give rabbit hunters plenty of food for thought.

Go back in your memory a decade or two and recall how easy a matter it was to ride out through the back roads on a sunny afternoon and spot thirty or forty chucks on the gentle slopes and green meadows. Remember? Recall, too, how it was also an easy matter to go out with your dog (and he didn't have to be a first class rabbit dog either) and after a relatively short time, bag your limit of bunnies on a cool, crisp November day.

But most of that has been changed. Now ride along the back country roads and see if you can spot ten or twelve chucks where you used to see thirty or forty in the same length of time over the same route. Then go out this fall over the same ground and see how many times during the season you can find an over-abundance of rabbits.

Quite contrary to general belief, wild rabbits very seldom dig their own burrows. What few they do dig are not sufficient enough to enable them to withstand the rigors of a hard winter. Some time ago the Pennsylvania Game Commission made a thorough study of the woodchuck-rabbit relationship and unearthed many interesting facts, literally and figuratively. Research field men found that the woodchuck is really a benefactor of the cottontail rabbit in many ways. But, chiefly, the chucks provided bigger, better and warmer burrows than the rabbit could ever hope to dig. In fact, the two animals are known to share burrows occasionally. Too, these researchers found that the numerous woodchuck holes acted as havens when Br'er Rabbit was

being hard pressed by hunters and dogs. Thus, like Mutt and Jeff, the eastern cottontail and the woodchuck go along hand in hand.

Over a period of years I have probably shot as many chucks as the next fellow and probably would have continued doing so if it had not been for my recognition of this relationship between the chucks and rabbits. Now, in a small way, I have tried to introduce this theory to fellow hunters but without much success. They all look at me and shake their heads, no doubt thinking: "Poor fellow. Who ever heard

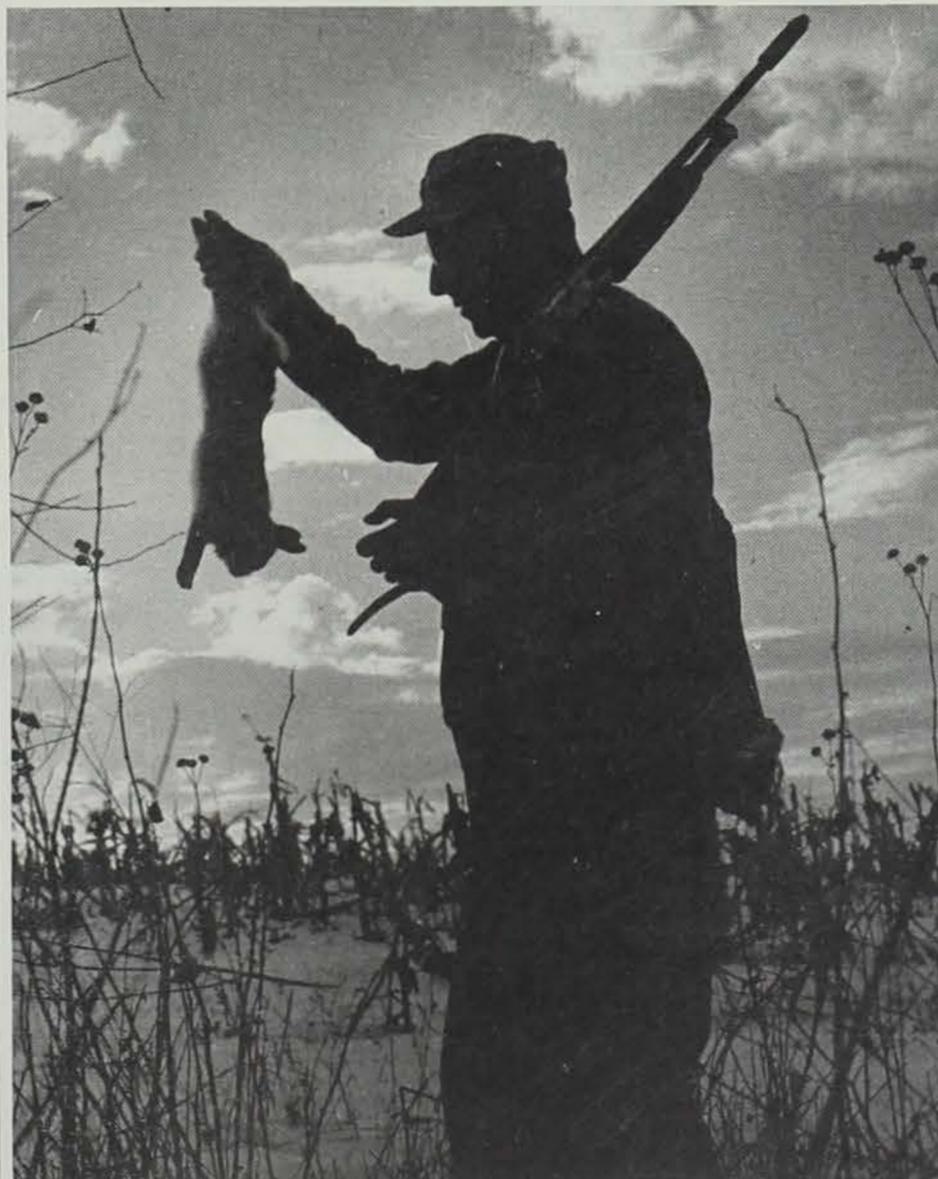
of the woodchuck being anything but a varmint, a nuisance, and a first rate live target." My small voice is lost in the gale.

Personally, I would like to see woodchuck shooting sharply curtailed for a period of three years except in a few places where they might be classified as a real nuisance. That would give wildlife managers and sportsmen an opportunity to see if there was any radical change in the rabbit population. I may be wrong but I think we might be in for a pleasant surprise.

In the meantime if we sportsmen must have a live target to shoot at, why not pick on that black tyrant, the crow? He is a much harder and more elusive target to hit than the chuck. Anyone that can score a hit on a crow at 75 or 100 yards with a .30-.30, .30-.06, or what have you, need have no worries about his shooting ability.

Let's give bunny a break and not "bump off" his one and only benefactor, "Woody Woodchuck!" Remember if you must shoot a chuck (because he is doubtless a much easier target to hit than the crow), you might just as well vision long ears on him since indiscriminate shooting of the lowly chuck may eventually mean a further dent in an already limited rabbit supply. Think it over!—

Pennsylvania Game News.



Quite contrary to general belief, wild rabbits very seldom dig their own burrows. Groundhogs dig dens that withstand the rigors of the hardest winters and have no objection to sharing them with the cottontails. Jim Sherman Photo.

SEPTEMBER COMMISSION ACTION

A meeting of the State Conservation Commission was held at the Des Moines offices on September 6 and 7.

Members present were E. G. Trost, E. B. Gaunitz, A. C. Ginge- rich, F. W. Mattes, Mrs. Addison Parker, F. J. Poyneer, and J. D. Reynolds.

The Commission:

Approved proposed extension budget as presented by Chief of Lands and Waters Division.

Accepted resignations as follows: H. W. Freed, Supervisor of Central Design Office, effective August 31; Ghloe Nordrum, Secretary, effective August 21; Jerry Kelley, Conservation Officer, effective September 8; Sam Hyde, Conservation Officer, effective September 15; Alice Runtsch, Stenographer, effective September 18.

Authorized publication of 5,000 copies of a book on Iowa fishes.

Authorized attendance of six staff members at Tenth Midwest Wildlife Conference at Ann Arbor, Michigan, December 9, 10, and 11, subject to Executive Council approval.

Rescinded Administrative Orders No. 6, 9, 15, 16, 26, 31, 35, and 45 which are no longer in operation.

Authorized rocking of road at Bussey Lake in Clayton County.

Authorized attendance of three staff members of Biology Section at a Grand River Basin Wildlife Studies meeting to be held at Jefferson City, Missouri, October 6, 7, and 8, subject to Executive Council approval.

Denied request of Eastern Light and Power Cooperative to build power line across Weise Slough in Muscatine County.

Authorized a minimum charge of 25c per yard be made for sand sold from the state-owned gravel pit at Lake View in Sac County.

Approved assignment of lease on "Gray Gables" cottage in Palisades-Keplar State Park from Wayne Donald Mochal to H. A. and Iva V. Smith as requested.

Authorized attendance of State Forester and Superintendent of Forestry at a meeting of Association of State Foresters at Blaney Park, Michigan, September 25-30, subject to Executive Council approval.

Authorized sale to highest bidder of salvage copper from dredges.

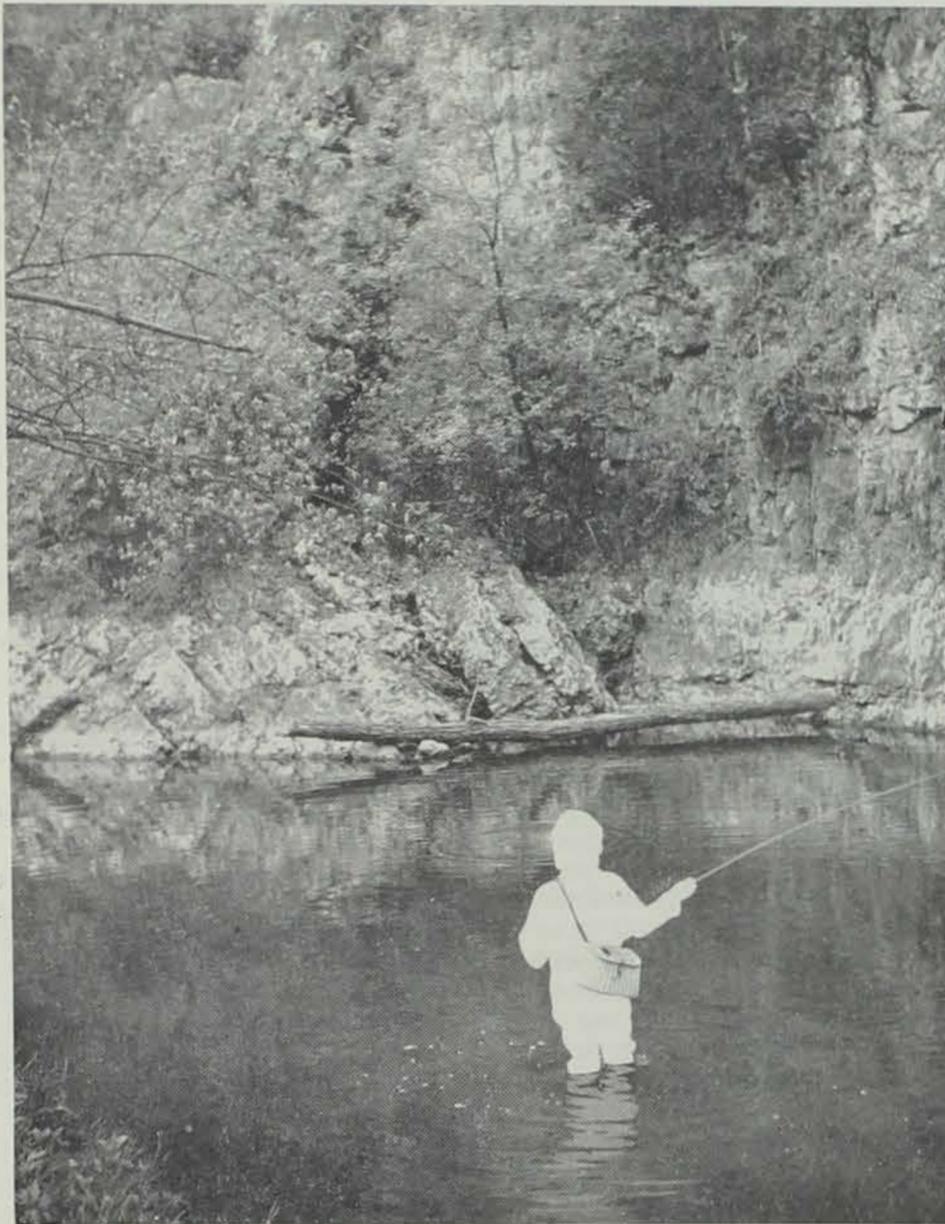
Adopted Administrative Order No. 116, establishing the 1948 pheasant season.

Granted request of Tama County Engineer to grade and backslope the road at the south edge of Union Grove Lake.

Authorized re-investigation of proposed lake site along South Lizard Creek two miles southwest of Fort Dodge in Webster County.

Rejected request by Town of Lewis to take over the Cold Spring area in Cass County.

Meeting adjourned.



If Izaak Walton, in ghostly raiment, were to return from Elysian fields to fish our waters he would find 300,000 Iowans in complete agreement with him that "God never did make a more calm, quiet, innocent recreation than angling." Jim Sherman Photo.

IZAAK WALTON LIVES IN HEARTS OF AMERICAN ANGLERS

His Students of Fishing Have Reached All Time High

America's legion of anglers will pay tribute to the memory of old Izaak Walton, genial philosopher of the rod and reel, on the occasion of his 355th birthday. This birthday is sure to be widely marked, for the fisherman is ardent in his loyalties and Walton, although he lived more than three centuries ago, still is very much alive to the millions who dearly love the sport and art of angling. And this summer the number of his disciples has reached an all-time high, writes Herbert Hollander in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Sage Izaak, whiling away the pleasant hours on the banks of some Elysian stream and perhaps re-reading, with modest satisfaction, the endearing pages of his own "The Compleat Angler" must enjoy observing his followers have grown in numbers and how here in the United States so much is being done to gladden the heart of every person who drops a line in sport or dips a net or seine for his livelihood.

League Bears Name

Not only does a great conservation organization—the Izaak Wal-

ton League—bear his name, but federal, state and municipal authorities are leaving no stone unturned to promote the cause of good fishing. There can be little doubt that if old Izaak Walton is looking down upon America's well-stocked streams—as he so surely is—he must feel that the little book he cast upon the waters of his native England has brought wonderfully rich returns.

Walton is one of the relatively few authors who have reached immortality through a single work. His book is a perfect mirror of the man. From "The Compleat Angler" one knows that Walton, fisherman extraordinary, was quiet, calm contemplative, full of deft humor a lover of life and of mankind.

All but forgotten, remembered only by scholars, are the biographies Walton wrote, good, sound, honest books, and really well worth reading, but completely overshadowed by his unique masterpiece.

This gentle, epicurean archetype of all the world's anglers was born on August 9, 1593, at Stafford, England. Most of Walton's life was spent in the company of a few

AUTUMN DAZE

"The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year, of wailing winds and naked woods, and meadows brown and sear." So Bryant expresses his opinion of the autumn season.

To us, autumn is next to spring in the rating of the seasons we enjoy. The multi-hued leaves planing in erratic fashion to earth to dance amongst themselves in the zephyr breezes of the woodlands is the sight we see and enjoy this time of year, as the winds cavort and play, giving forth blithe tunes in accompaniment. Nature's children skip and skelter hither and yon in sheer ecstasy of this enjoyable season.

To further enjoy this transform-

congenial companions, mainly noted clergymen of the time, whose biographies he wrote—and in the happy pursuit of his beloved avocation.

His Book

His book was the result of many years' work. Numerous editions were published and each succeeding one contained a few more chapters. Walton was constantly and modestly surprised at the popularity of his book; but he could not know how enduring a fame his work was to bring him.

The book is cherished by thousands today as it has been in the past. Lamb said that "it breathes the very spirit of innocence, purity and simplicity of heart."

Walton wrote: "We may say of angling as Dr. Botelar said of strawberries, 'Doubtless God could have made a better berry, but doubtless God never did'; and—if I might be a judge—God never did make a more calm, quiet, innocent recreation than angling."—**Fort Dodge Messenger.**

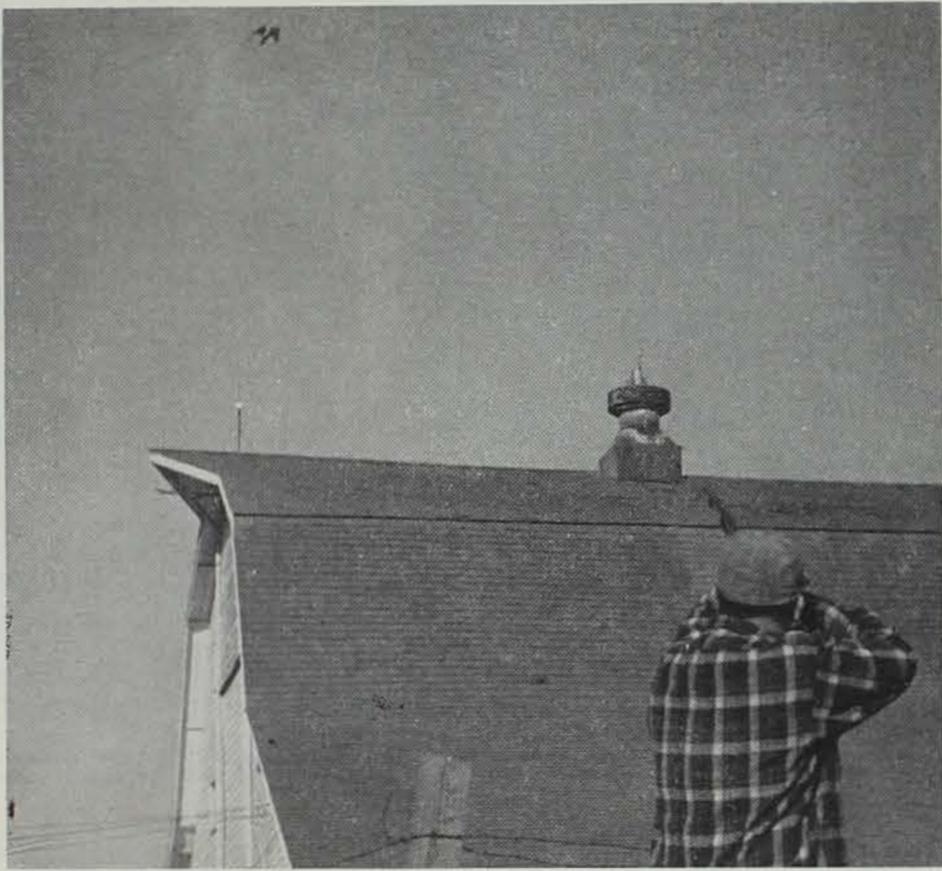
ation this writer and older twin son (Milton was still confined to the house), in company with Conservation Officer Dwight Morse, hied early Sunday morning to the woods along the Des Moines River south of Estherville. There for hours on end we drank in the silent beauty of the timber and hills in autumn; watched the red timber squirrels play hide and seek, the flickers flit from tree to tree, the bluejays scold in jocular fashion, the kingfisher swoop and dive in their ceaseless job of earning a living, the fish play in the shallows of the river as they bask in the bright October sunlight; the frequent plops of falling acorns, the rippling sounds of water momentarily playing amongst the rocks before continuing downstream to join the father of waters, the merry swish of ducks as they glide from one room of this great outdoor castle to another, the majestic blue herons silently winging to the eastward, even the lowly mudhens appear graceful and fun-loving as they play among the reeds and rushes.

Yes, if one will look and see, the autumn season is far from melancholy—even the wildlife seems to be in higher spirits at this time of year; their family cares are over, and they appear to enjoy the status of being foot-loose and fancy free. And as one strolls leisurely about, or sits relaxed and carefree under a mammoth tree or on the river bank, his spirit absorbs the peacefulness of God's great outdoors, and his being is reactivated in the tranquillity and serenity of the sublime.

Incidentally, the sprout proved to be ol' dead-eye in person, dropping his first two squirrels in two shots; Officer Morse bagged two; and they divided honors on the fifth. This writer secured one, (the first one), and thereafter was perfectly content to abet the dog in assisting the others in the sport.—**Lake Park News.**



"The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year, of wailing winds and naked woods and meadows brown and sear." Oh yeah! Jim Sherman Photo.



Candidates for the Art of Missing Society may easily qualify by repairing to the nearest barnlot for a pigeon shoot. Jim Sherman Photo.

WING SHOOTING IN REVERSE OR A MISS IS AS GOOD AS A MILE

By Bruce F. Stiles

State Conservation Director

(With apologies to H. L. Mencken)

It should be recognized that there are two sides to any subject. The published information on how to hit game in wing shooting has cluttered up the literature for generations. The reams of literature on this subject are exceeded in volume only by that of the now nearly extinct O. P. A. It is time to call a halt and present the other side—how to miss.

I am one of the greatest living experts on missing. I've devoted years to it. It is the most ego-deflating thing ever conjured by the mind of man. I have experience both acute and chronic paroxysms of heart-rending despondency and can produce authentic testimonials to that effect. The beauties of autumn, the zest of morning air, the whirl of wings, the glory of the sunset, I know them all. They have been my inspiration—Brulette's "Hints on Wing Shooting" my book of prayer.

By the same token I now propose a new cult, and believe I am qualified to shout down some of these immortals and say a few words, if it is only to discuss the fine points of missing. Though granting freely that folding up a brace of mallards is more spectacular, it in no way stirs our primitive instinct or affects our emotions so deeply and profoundly as to place three consecutive charges of number six's directly below a slim-necked pintail as he climbs for altitude, or

to unerringly pick the holes in a blanket of bob-white as they burst from underfoot. I am concerned over the present trend to open up patterns and the advent of the Nidar gunsight. Although they may serve to enhance the art of missing and add refinement to the technique, I am for the full-choke gun and the assurance of a clean miss.

Let's recognize missing as an art. Give due credit where it justly belongs, and share with those not so well endowed with this requisite the secrets of our success. While we are staring with round baby-eyes at the exploits of a Bernie Baker or a Paul Chandler, let's look to our own laurels. Let's devise emblems for our own shooting jackets, and show this haughty company that a clear miss is as much the result of skill and careful execution as to place the bird in the center of the target. Some think we have progressed—some think we are slipping. Anyway, things have become simpler and we no longer have to bag a pocketful of game to provide the wife and kiddies with their next meal. We can now miss with a clear conscience, knowing that we are both conserving game and furnishing a livelihood for those near bankrupt, struggling companies whose business it is to manufacture ammunition.

Let's band together, develop our technique and demand recognition for this skill in missing with which, by the grace of Mother Nature, we have been so generously endowed.

USE A DOG — GET THAT CRIPPLE

By H. P. Davis

The greatest single contribution that any individual hunter can make to the cause of wildlife conservation and the perpetuation of his favorite sport is to take a dog with him when he goes hunting this year.

The chief obligation a sportsman owes himself and his fellow nimrods, other than to take every precaution to endanger no human life, is to waste no game. If he lives up to the principles of sportsmanship, he will make every effort possible to secure every game bird or animal which falls to his gun, whether it be stone dead or crippled.

In finding dead or crippled game, a dog is the greatest asset the hunter can have. A trained force-broken retriever is worth his weight in gold, particularly in these days of heavy hunting pressure when it is doubly important that every dead or wounded bird or animal become part of the gunner's game bag. The hunter can make a force-broken retriever hunt "dead" and bring the game in bag after he has found it. A dog trained in this manner can be caused to continue hunting long after a "natural" retriever would have given up the search. But next to a force-broken retriever, a "natural" retriever, or a dog which retrieves because he likes to, is best.

Regardless of the type or degree of training a dog has had, he can be extremely useful in locating fallen game. Even though he is not a member of the hunting breeds and seems to possess no interest in hunting, if he has any scenting ability at all and is not gun-shy, he is worth taking afield.

You may mark a falling bird down perfectly, thinking that it is

dead mid-air, only to find no trace of it when you reach that spot. The bird may have been badly crippled but with enough strength left to find a more desirable hiding place. You can't detect the scented trail left behind, but any sort of a dog can . . . and will.

In addition to salvaging game which otherwise would be wasted and easing to some extent the pressure on remaining wildlife resources, an efficient retriever can contribute a large measure of pleasure to his master's day afield. One must be a pretty unresponsive individual not to thrill at the manner in which a seasoned retriever handles himself, his display of hunting intelligence, the way he uses his nose, the manner in which he works the wind, and the determination with which he searches.

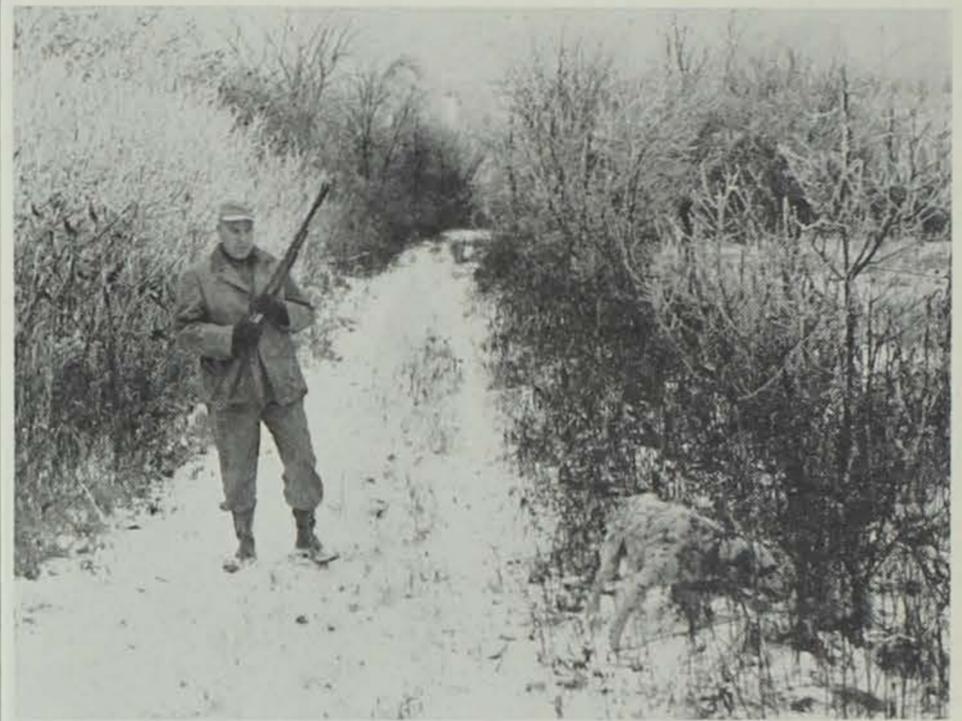
It has been frequently estimated that one out of every five ducks downed each season are not recovered by the hunter. This, in my opinion, is a conservative estimate, and the majority of these are left to rot or become victims of predators simply because the hunter will not make the necessary effort, sometimes quite irksome, to bag them. Figure this out in relation to the total kill and it is easy to see that this annual loss is enormous. Good dogs could and would retrieve almost all of these birds. The real sportsman is duty bound to do all he can to eliminate this unnecessary waste. The simplest, easiest and most effective measure he can take is to use a retrieving dog. One of these dogs will more than double your hunting pleasure. One trial will convince you. This may sound like a patent medicine ad, but it's the very best advice I can give any sportsman. Use a dog and get that cripple!



One must be a pretty unresponsive individual not to thrill at the manner in which a seasoned hunting dog handles himself and displays his hunting intelligence. Jim Sherman Photo.



Getting up at six bells to clean out the furnace is absolutely ridiculous. But it is different to be up, raring to go, at the crack of dawn for ducks. There's really some sense to that. Jim Sherman Photo.



Iowa's first open quail season in modern times was in 1933 when 14 game management areas were opened for experimental shooting in November and December. Jim Sherman Photo.

HUNTERS ARE THE FUNNIEST PEOPLE

Now that the hunting season is in full swing we think it is fitting that we print a column about the hunter, so here goes:

Hunters are the funniest people—and do the darndest things. To start with hunters are a species of man, who inhabit all parts of this country. There is no set size or color of this character—some are big, some small, some fat, some thin. Some are good, some are bad, and in some ways, and at times they resemble a human being, but that, of course, is very seldom, and especially during the pheasant and duck season when there is very little resemblance.

Here are a few ways to designate a hunter: When a man yelps and hollers about his taxes, kicks when he buys a car license, curses the sales and gas tax, but thinks nothing of buying his hunting license and duck stamp, pays two prices for shells—he is a hunter.

His best Sunday suit may be a little tight, but his hunting clothes, oh, they are the finest, the best he could get. They are just the right shade and fit him perfectly. Yep, he is a hunter. Five bucks for a dress shirt, why that's outrageous—but ten bucks for a hunting shirt, ah, that is something different again. Truly he is a hunter.

Getting up at six bells to work on the house, put on the storm windows or clean out the furnace is absolutely ridiculous, why only a fool would do something like that—but again it's different to be up and rarin' to go at the crack of dawn to go after ducks—why that is something worthwhile and there is some sense to that.

Then the hunter, of course, is a great humanitarian. He will go out of his way to be kind to a little bird with a broken wing, take care of it, and deplore any act that

might injure the innocent little thing—but the next moment, he takes his trusty 12, and goes out with murder in his eye, proceeds to slaughter pheasants and ducks (if he can hit them) and even shoots a few rabbits just to keep in practice all in one day. That's Mr. Hunter.

The little woman has been after him for weeks to buy a new stove or refrigerator, but a few bolts and a little repairing will keep the old ones running another year, and my goodness he wouldn't think of paying the prices they want for a new one anyway—but oh, when the old gun starts to wear, it's perfectly okay to kick loose with \$80 or \$100 for a new one. Why, of course, you can't hunt with a gun that isn't working just right.

He raises the roof about the grocery bill. Think of the money to be saved during the hunting season by eating pheasants and ducks, he expounds, never thinking about the fact those birds probably cost him five smackers apiece.

His wife will go on a shopping trip, bring home a new hat that cost \$5, and show it to him, hoping he will adore it, but what does he do—gives her the dickens for buying it at that price, especially when she didn't need it. Yet, Mr. Hunter will spend ten to fifteen bucks on a hunting trip and bring home two wet, shot-up teal, lay them on the table and expect little wifey to ah and oh, and praise him.

Then his kids ask him to go out and play a little football or to throw a few passes and he can't find the time or energy to do it, and anyway, that would be a waste of time.

But five minutes later his pal drives up and has spotted some geese, and he goes out, crawls on

HISTORY OF IOWA'S OPEN QUAIL SEASONS

By Lester F. Faber
Game Biologist

Every so often a group of hunters gathered around a pot-bellied stove or by the fireplace will get into an argument about various matters pertaining to fish and game. Some of the points that come up regularly, judging from the number of letters received by the Conservation Commission, are how many pheasants were allowed

in possession in 1942, when was the first Iowa pheasant season, or how many counties were open to quail shooting in '39.

To help settle some arguments and to make this information available for future discussions, the following table, showing the history of quail seasons in Iowa, has been compiled. The November "Conservationist" will carry a similar table on pheasant seasons.

Year	Number of Counties Open	Period	Bag and Possession Limit
1933	14 game management areas for experimental shooting	November and December	6
1934	104 Class "A" game management areas in 24 counties	October 15—November 15 (Shooting not allowed on any two consecutive days) (Shooting allowed from 8:00 A.M.—4:00 P.M.)	6
1935	Game management areas and farms in 38 counties	November 16—December 10 6:00 A.M.—4:00 P.M.	8
1936	20	November 15—December 15 8:00 A.M.—5:00 P.M.	8
1937	12	November 15—December 15 8:00 A.M.—5:00 P.M.	8
1938	19	November 15—December 15 8:00 A.M.—5:00 P.M.	8
1939	18	November 15—December 15 8:00 A.M.—5:00 P.M.	8
1940	26	November 15—December 15 8:00 A.M.—5:00 P.M.	8
1941	26	November 15—December 15 8:00 A.M.—5:00 P.M.	8
1942	30	November 15—December 15 8:00 A.M.—5:00 P.M.	8
1943	35	November 1—November 30 8:30 A.M.—5:30 P.M. (Extended to December 15)	8
1944	34	November 1—December 15	8
	2	November 1—November 30 8:30 A.M.—5:30 P.M.	8
1945	36	November 1—December 15	8
	13	November 1—November 30 8:30 A.M.—5:30 P.M.	8
1946	34	November 1—December 15	8
	9	November 1—November 15 8:30 A.M.—4:30 P.M.	8
1947	34	November 1—December 15	8
	11	November 1—November 15 8:30 A.M.—4:30 P.M.	8

(Prior to 1933 the season was closed on quail for 17 years)

his belly for a half mile to get a shot at them without a minute's hesitation.

How do I know all these things? Because I'm one of those hunters.

So, you see what I mean, it's like we said at the start . . . and they do the darndest things!—God bless 'em!—Sid Davidson, Miner County (S. D.) Pioneer.



Fur animals fail to pay their way in contributing funds to finance restoration and management work. A severance tax for trappers and dealers who ship fur out of state provides some \$75,000 annually for fur management in Louisiana.

Fur . . .

(Continued from page 73)

and pollutes habitats; considers the animals "vermin," predacious, and too competitive with other forms of wildlife. There is no reason why the production and conservation of fur animals should be inimical to maintaining other wildlife resources.

Fur animals fail to pay their way in contributing funds to finance restoration and management work in practically all the states. Our trapper population is about 2,000,000. Of this number 750,000 purchase licenses and pay less than \$2,000,000 for the trapping privilege. Hunters outnumber trappers six to one—12,000,000 of them purchased licenses last year. Hunters contribute more than \$28,000,000—more than 14 times the amount received from trapping licenses in the 48 states.

In the leading fur producing states fees received from trapping licenses are less than \$100,000 per state. Revenue received from hunting license sales in the five leading states returns from \$1,260,000 to \$1,800,000 to the state fish and game departments.

How can more revenue be obtained by states to increase and better manage the fur resources? Louisiana, the largest fur producing state, has an annual raw fur crop of \$5,000,000. Yearly revenue received from licenses sold to trappers and fur buyers was only \$26,000. From what source does this state obtain necessary funds to administer fur resources?

Louisiana has excise tax on furs and collects annually \$65,000 to \$75,000 from trappers and fur dealers who ship furs out of the state. In addition the Department of Wildlife and Fisheries has an annual income of \$300,000 from furs taken on state game preserves. It also receives \$100,000 from share trapping fur animals on state game preserves. Additional reve-

nue comes to the state from sale of alligator skins and grazing rights on these state lands. From these figures it may be seen that the Department of Wildlife and Fisheries receives important sums from fur for financing restoration and management of the business.

Other state fish and game departments would do well to study methods used in Louisiana. Not all of this state's policies and methods are applicable to other states but some could be adopted to advantage. A severance tax for trappers and fur dealers who ship furs out of the state is well worth considering. This is Louisiana's major source of income. Graduated license fees for resident and non-resident fur buyers or dealers is another source of obtaining funds to develop fur resources. If neither suggestion is practical, then it is necessary to appeal to the state legislature for a direct appropriation to finance the fur resources work.

Revenue coming to citizens of the state from fur animals contributes materially to the state's economy, therefore an investment of funds out of general state revenues to increase and perpetuate the fur crop on a high plane of productivity is good business.

PROGRAM—(Cont. from page 74) discussions by international leaders and qualified experts on subjects ranging from the basic resources of soil and water to the management of their ultimate living products. Wise utilization of all resources will be emphasized in the ten sessions of the three-day meeting to be staged in the nation's capitol next March. Never before in history has a greater need existed for a definite evaluation of our present and future policies toward these natural assets.

The entire Conference is being formulated around the central theme: "Today's Problems—Tomorrow's Tragedies?"

THIRTY DAY DUCK SEASON SET

The 1948 duck season has been set by the U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service and concurred in by the State Conservation Commission. The 30-day season will begin at noon October 29 and close one hour before sunset November 27. Each day following the season opens one-half hour before sunrise and closes one hour before sunset.

The daily bag limit of ducks is four per day with eight in possession after the opening day. Only one bird in bag or possession may be wood duck. Bag and possession limit on geese has been set at four per day with four in possession. Two of the four geese may be Canada geese of any species or white-fronted geese, or one of each.

The bag limit on coots has been reduced from 25 to 15 birds per day with a possession limit of 15. The season on jacksnipe, woodcock and doves remains closed in Iowa.

The regulation which prohibits the use of automatic loading or repeating shotguns capable of holding more than three shells still continues in effect.

The post season period for holding of migratory game birds remains the same as last year, 90 days after the close.

The use of live ducks or geese decoys in taking waterfowl or the

use of bait remains illegal. The new regulations also require that migratory waterfowl when transported interstate must have the head and feet attached for identification purposes.

The seasons this year have been set on a flyway basis with more liberal restrictions on flyways where waterfowl were considered more abundant and gunning pressure light. In pre-season investigations the Fish and Wildlife Service has determined a slight increase in North American waterfowl populations over last year.

"Oh, leaf, that
yesterday was
green
But now is
blushing rosy
red;
What happened
to you over-
night—"

Leaves . . .

(Continued from page 73)

up into the various substances of which it is composed, and whatever food there is on hand is sent to the body of the tree to be stored for use in the spring. All that remains in the cell cavities of the leaf is a watery substance in which a few oil globules and crystals, and a small number of hollow, strongly refractive bodies can be seen. These give the leaves the yellow coloring so familiar in the autumnal foliage.

It often happens that there is more sugar in the leaf than can readily be transferred back to the tree. When this is the case, the chemical combination with other substances produces many color

shades, varying from the brilliant red of the dogwood to the more austere red-browns of the oaks. In cone-bearing trees which do not lose their foliage in the fall, the green coloring matter takes on a slightly brownish tinge which gives way to the lighter color in the spring.

When the leaf is changing, other preparations are being made. At the point where the stem of the leaf is attached to the tree, a special layer of cells develops and gradually severs the tissues that support the leaf. At the same time nature heals the cut, so that when the leaf is finally blown off by the wind or falls from its own weight, the place where it grew on the twig is marked by a scar.—West Virginia Conservation.



The Indians believed that the masses of red in the autumn trees was from the blood of the Great Bear slain by celestial hunters.

Coon Hunting . . .

(Continued from page 73)

like the yapping of a house dog than the bleating of a crooner is like the full-throated magic of a Metropolitan tenor.

A lantern is lit and there is a sniffing and a hushed rustle of damp leaves as the dogs fan out. Then a faint splashing as one drinks in the nearby stream. Once in a while the lantern dancing in the darkness stops as the men, open-mouthed, strain their ears for the first sound. A long, hollow moan comes sifting through the trees and a boy whispers, "There's old Bess." It is repeated and someone mumbles, "A cold one."

The music settles into a measured cadence and is joined by the bell-clear baritone that swells and fades in a continuous flow of sound. A pup, whimpering and slobbering with excitement, chases nervously in and out of the light cast by the lantern. Off to the right a sobbing "chop" starts up and grows faint in the distance. A man confides to his neighbor, "That rabbit will bring your blue tick bitch back in about an hour."

Out of the inky black, surprisingly near, a great, unbelievable roar rolls up through the trees and rebounds from the wet, low-hang-



A coon puts up a good fight and does his own thinking. Many a hound has been drowned because a coon sat on top of his head until he quit bubbling.

ing clouds. A fat man chuckles, "Bugler is on the back trail." And then in the distance a sharp commanding bark. The dogs hush. Bugler wheels in his tracks. A boy yells, "Treed." A tramping of the underbrush and the lantern goes bobbing through the mist.

The entire pack is raising deafening clamour around a big leaning elm. A huge, slavering, redbone hound rears up and lunges backward, tearing off strips of the living bark. A shout into an ear between cupped hands, "The same old he coon. Put him up in Ed Snead's fork last week. I seen his tracks in the corn yesterday." A young fellow, arms held high, struggles to the tree, bawls "Down!" and strikes right and left with a pair of long leather gauntlets. The opera is over.

The sport of coon hunting is run the same way, except that the idea is to catch the coon before it dens. Now a coon puts up a good fight and does his own thinking. Traveling from tree to tree he can go across a patch of timber and leave the hounds howling at the first tree. Or he gains an hour's lead by leaving tangled pieces of trail along a stream bank. He is fairly fast on his feet, but if caught on the ground he can whip between five and ten times his weight in dogs.

The coon is a fine swimmer and, like a monkey, he has four hands instead of feet. Many a good hound has been drowned because a coon sat on top of his head until he quit bubbling.

As food and printed matter are important items in a drug store, so opossum and skunks are a main by-product of the business of coon hunting. Since the idea is to make money, it is usually done by one man and one dog. The fur dog may be only part hound, but he is always brisk and business-like. He does not bay on trail because it is a waste of breath and because advertising does not help some businesses. A sharp yelp or two will bring the man to an opossum or coon killed on the ground, or he will bark "Treed" a few times for those he cannot reach.

The pelts bring from about 50c to \$2.50 and the carcasses of coon and opossum are worth from a quarter to a dollar. When baked with dressing, sweet potatoes, and

plenty of fat gravy it will make your mouth water or not, depending on your background.

A dog, old at the fur game, will raise a rumpus when he finds a skunk, but he steers shy of the business end until he gets help or an order, "Take him." A whiff from a distance is all right, but when skunk juice gets into your eyes it burns like fire.

Some day you may overhear this, "Week before last I was over and saw Panhead Strover. Wanted to see one of his young dogs work. Know what he's up to? Got an ad in the paper and takes city people out coon hunting. Gives them a bite to eat afterwards. There were nine out with him the other night. Women, too. Nice folks, just as common as you please. Must be makin' plenty money at two dollars a head. His boy, Jed's home now and I guess he got the idea when he was out west. Just like those dude ranches you read about."

Dude ranch coon hunting may be okay. We won't say until we try. But to get the most music from the rolling tongue of the long-ears, you have to say with

proprietary nonchalance, "There's old Blue opening up on a hot one way over back of big spring." Says who? Just ask the man who owns one.

By eating the soil beneath stone objects and ejecting the castings on the surface of the ground, earth-worms have actually buried intact ancient villas, abbeys, and pavements, later rediscovered by archeologists.

OUTDOOR ODDITIES BY WALT HARVEY

GOOD PROVIDER!
THE COTTON TAIL RABBIT PROVIDES MORE MEAT FOR THE AMERICAN TABLE THAN ANY OTHER GAME ANIMAL.

DEAN W. GAUNT



The voice of a coon hound is no more like the yapping of a house dog than the bleating of a crooner like the full throated magic of a metropolitan tenor.

Seven Hundred and Fifty Million Dollars A Year For The Harvest —



BUT Not A Darned Cent For SEED!

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