

# IOWA CONSERVATIONIST

Volume 7

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Number 12

## MR. AND MRS. IOWA WENT FISHING

### MULTIFLORA ROSE IN THE COVER PROGRAM

By Paul E. Leaverton  
Superintendent of Game

Lack of suitable cover or shelter is a major factor limiting wildlife population of this state. Cover for wildlife is steadily decreasing. If wildlife is to increase or even be sustained at the present level, we must find some practical method of increasing the total amount of cover. Approximately 97 per cent of our land is privately owned. Any cover improvement program must fit into the landowner's needs.

Fortunately, most sound land use measures produce as by-products more and better wildlife habitat on Iowa farms. The recent discovery of the use of multiflora rose for a living fence for field borders in this better land use program is a great boon to wildlife on farmland.

Multiflora rose is an attractive, thick, thorny, blossoming shrub originating in Korea and Japan, growing six to eight feet tall with about the same spread. It is extremely hardy and easy to grow and does not spread.

Planted as a field border, this fence, after a period of four to six years, will turn any livestock. This living fence can be put in at less than two-thirds the cost of woven wire fence and requires no maintenance.

Other advantages are that it is valuable for soil erosion because its deep rooting system acts as a wind erosion control, conserves moisture, increases the pollination of clover because of its attractiveness to pollinating insects, harbors insect-eating birds, provides nesting sites for these birds, eliminates undesirable weeds along fence rows, and does not sap the ground as other hedges do. It is especially adapted to fencing around gullies, ponds, waste areas, and on contours, and along drainage ditch banks.

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Fifty-three per cent of Iowa's anglers prefer to fish in lakes and one of their favorite fishes is the crappie. Jim Sherman Photo.

### THE BEGINNING OF SPRING

It is Christmas Day, and it is the beginning of spring. It is not at all like a day in spring—no blossoms, no bird-chorus, no warmth—yet in it is the seed of springtime.

Now at Christmas, in midwinter, the sun at its furthest southern point in the sky turns back again to the north. This, the cold, low ebb of a year, is the true beginning of spring.

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By E. B. Speaker

Superintendent of Biology Section

While the faces of the national pollsters are still crimson it may seem a bit presumptuous to reveal the results of the 1947 Iowa Angler Survey at this time, but here goes.

In June of this year some 17,000 fishermen were invited to participate in a state-wide fisheries survey in cooperation with the Conservation Commission. In order that the results would not be biased or prejudiced, every 20th name was selected from the State Conservation Commission license files until the quota was filled and a census card sent to the licensee. This, we felt, would give us a true cross-section of the fraternity since it would include both the "one gallows" and the "purist" anglers.

About 1,800 of the 17,000 anglers returned their cards for tabulation. Nearly a quarter million fish were taken by these reporters, of which 56 per cent were caught in lakes and 44 per cent in the streams.

Although channel catfish was first choice of the anglers, bullheads lead the list in the number caught. Streams received a slight edge on the fishing pressure, but a small majority of anglers indicated they would prefer to fish in lakes if they had their choice and lakes were available nearby.

The reporters made from one to 100 trips to their favorite fishing haunts and spent 72,494 hours on the water. The average catch, therefore, was nearly three fish per hour.

This figure seems extremely high and is probably due to the large number of bullheads, perch, sunfish, and crappie which accounted for over 70 per cent of the total catch.

Bullheads topped the list of fish taken in both lakes and streams. These fish, together with perch, sunfish, and crappies, made up approximately 91 per cent of the lake catch, while bullheads, catfish and carp constituted nearly 75 per cent of the stream catch reported.

Nearly a third of the anglers

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## CARL'S JUNK . . .

This pheasant season opening always brings some amusing happenings. For instance, there's the man who drove almost all the way across Bremer County to his farm in the hope of landing a pheasant or two. He located his pheasant all right, drew a bead on it and pulled the trigger of his gun, but there was no explosion. Examination revealed that the firing pin of his gun had been lost.

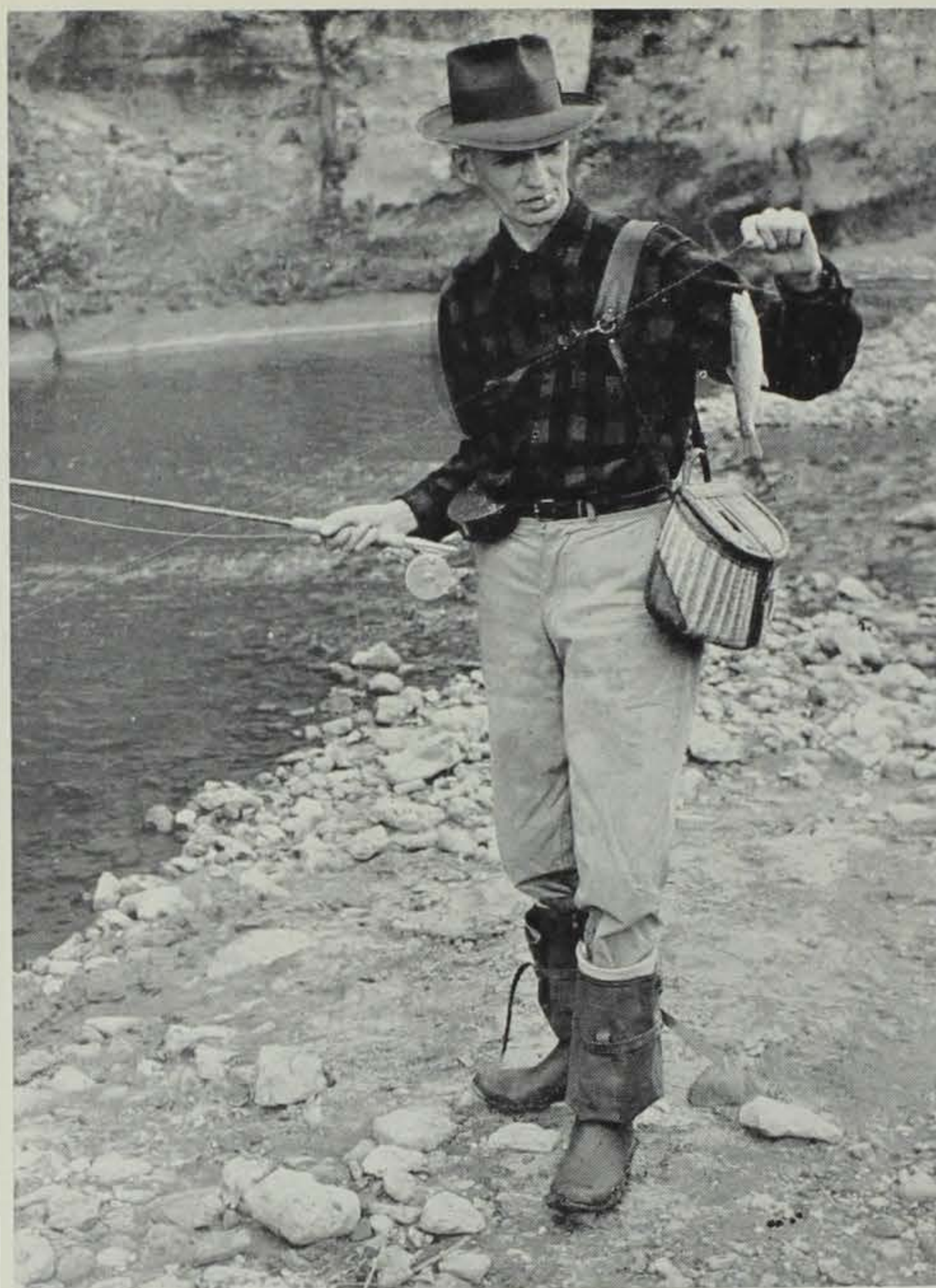
Then there was the Waverly business man who met up with a beautiful white pheasant rooster. He was afraid to shoot, thinking it was a white Leghorn hen. So there is still one white pheasant rooster abroad in the land unless he has met up with some hunter who is not so careful what he shoots.

It was noticeable that every group of five, six, eight, or ten hunters on the first day landed their two birds for each member of the party, while perhaps some of the group brought home as many shells as they carried out.

And, as is always the case, many hunters brought home birds that they positively refused to dress, and the job fell upon the luckless wife—or perhaps the hunter had a good friend to whom he gave his bird or birds, rather than tackle the job of cleaning them.

And then, of course, there was the fellow who, in his haste to get into the field and get to shooting, jumped down a steep embankment, sprained his ankle—and didn't hunt.

And, too, there was the farmer who stood in his door yard listen-  
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The rainbow is one of the most beautiful members of the trout family and also one of the most spectacular and satisfying of fish performers. Jim Sherman Photo.

## RAINBOW TROUT

By Lou Caine

The robust rainbow trout is not only one of the most beautiful members of this romantic family but also one of the most spectacular and satisfying performers. Its fast and powerful runs interspersed with breath-taking jumps make it a favored individual with veteran trout anglers.

For many years the rainbow trout has been confused with the steelhead trout and until recently the rainbow and steelhead were regarded as two separate species. Scientists now agree that these are one and the same fish—the steelhead merely being a rainbow that has migrated to sea.

In the past it has been a general custom to call any trout that has migrated to sea a "steelhead." This included cutthroat trout, Dolly Varden trout and even eastern brook trout. To remove confusion it is recommended that the term steelhead be reserved for rainbows, and rainbows alone, which have migrated to sea or larger bodies of water.

Rainbows that migrate from streams and rivers to large land-locked freshwater lakes are called

steelheads in some sections of the country. The rainbow, including the steelhead clan, is the most widely distributed member of the trout family.

Names—California trout, coaster, coast range trout, hardhead, Pacific trout, salmon trout, steelhead, and steelhead salmon.

Characteristics—The rainbow possesses the migrating instinct more than any other trout, and does not like to "stay put." This, coupled with the fact that it can survive in warmer water than many other trout, accounts to a large extent for its wide distribution.

The color of the rainbow trout found in freshwater streams and rivers varies greatly but is generally a bluish or olive green above the lateral line, shading into a silvery green on sides. Sides, tail and dorsal fins are profusely spotted with small dark spots. A wide lateral band of lavender red runs along the sides from head to tail. Lower fins are dusky or whitish.

When the rainbow migrates to sea and becomes a "steelhead," the vivid freshwater coloring fades, the entire fish assumes a light, steel-blue or silvery sheen and the dark spots become quite indistinct.

(Continued on page 96)

## CLINTON IKES GROW

Up at Clinton the Waltonians of that city staged the grand opening of their recently revamped clubhouse and grounds and it turned out to be quite an event.

We take off our hats to those fellows. From a small beginning four years ago, they have built a chapter of 1,067 members and more new ones coming in weekly. Of course, they had a bit of help from a friendly park board and city council which could probably occur nowhere else except in Clinton. But all of Clinton County is profiting from this co-operation and the efforts of the energetic group of Izaak Waltonians that comprise the chapter.

To take the story back to the beginning, the Clinton park board owned eight wooded acres on the west side of town situated high up on a bluff overlooking much of the city. On this tract were a number of buildings erected by the federal government back in the NYA days. They were barracks-type buildings. The Izaak Walton leaguers owned nothing and had trouble paying postage on their notices to members.

Along came Rod Fitch, Clinton business man, Waltonian, fisherman, hunter, and civic worker. Fitch rounded up nine fellows and each one was nicked for one hundred dollars which, together with Fitch's hundred, comprised the original one thousand dollars of capital. Then the park board was approached and the proposition was discussed of leasing the eight acres, lock, stock and barrel, which by now had become something of a headache to the park board, being cluttered with buildings that no one could use for park purposes and the land expensive of development. After a lot of legal monkey business and months of work the deal was finally made and the Waltonians went to work with their thousand dollars, hammer, saw, nails, and mop buckets.

It wasn't easy, but they persevered and today they have a clubhouse and facilities which are a credit to Clinton. And we do mean all of Clinton, for under the terms of the agreement worked out with the park board, the facilities of the clubhouse are available, without charge, to any civic group or organization on any night except the regular meeting night of the Ikes. Kiwanis, Rotary, Lions, Exchange, and other civic groups use the clubhouse. Industrial and employe groups meet there frequently. Almost every night finds the building being used.

The main meeting hall will seat 400. Just off this room is the spacious kitchen, and to the rear of the main hall is the recreation and game room. A caretaker has a modern apartment as a part of the structure and there is automatic heat to every part of the building. Now parking facilities

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Conservation club members have become fully aware of the relationship of fish and game to wise land use. Soil Conservation Committee Photo.

CONSERVATION CLUB DOING FINE WORK

The highlight of my experiences during this last week was the Oxford conservation dinner last Thursday, October 14.

I have been reading about this club for several years but, for some reason or other, paid it very little personal interest. When, however, I arrived at the auditorium and saw many of my own neighbors carrying in pies and supplies, I at once began wondering, "What's really going on here?"

Then after I entered the building and saw a huge crowd from all over Johnson and adjoining counties, I began to realize the magnitude of this affair. To me it was wonderful, and when I say "wonderful," I mean just what the word designates.

I enjoyed the fine fellowship of the people. This fellowship was motivated this time not because of a communion of folks with a very similar religious faith, not because of a unanimity of devotion to some educational project or civic improvement plan, but simply a devotion to good sportsmanship, the preservation of our wildlife, the love of the great out-of-doors, of hunting and fishing—in a word, the promotion of America's most popular recreation.

Even though this crowd represented a heterogeneity of occupations, of church affiliations, of social ideals, it was unusually orderly, friendly, and cooperative. I did not detect a sour note anywhere. When asked if I cared to join I said, "Sure, I'll join; I should have done so before."

A conception of the work done by organizations such as these, as well as the work of the conservation officers, is entirely different from what I thought. My first "eye-opener" came at the soil conservation meeting at the Anderson farm some time ago.

Here I saw for the first time an official display of the Iowa Conservation Commission. I also met for the first time my neighbor, Wes Ashby, who lives at Oxford and is our local conservation official.

Up to that time I thought his major responsibility was to see that the game laws were enforced, and that he represented the kind of a fellow we don't want around when we go fishing and hunting.

He soon informed me, however, that the major part of his time is occupied with the preservation of our wildlife, with the education of the people on the subject of wildlife, and the promulgation of good sportsmanship in general.

My experience at this year's soil conservation demonstration on the Anderson farm also opened up to me the importance of the correlation of wildlife preservation and soil conservation. I had not before realized how closely these two projects are integrated and how they supplement each other.

As I sat with that crowd last Thursday evening I was impressed with the great importance of conservation. One of the major problems before us today is the determination of what to do in our leisure time.

A great majority of people quite often spend that time in the most foolish ways—in ways detrimental to society and to their own welfare.

Now here is a suggestion that has tremendous possibilities. If we can interest the people at large in Nature and induce them to fall in love with wildlife, and teach them to hunt and fish as true sportsmen, we can thereby provide a very important solution to one of the most irritating of modern problems. Such a program will make better men and women out of all of us.

TIGHT SETTING CHINKS

Iowa pheasant hunting, as usual, brought varying reports, with birds "sitting tight" and difficult to flush as the open season progressed. Ringnecks soon learn the trick of making themselves inconspicuous and refusing to take to the air where hunters can get a shot. Opening day success was quite good for hunters who hit the right spots, with best luck going to those who had arrangements made in advance. Reports from all sections of the pheasant territory showed a heavy turnout of shooters on opening day. License sales were so brisk that many of the places authorized to sell the permits were sold out of necessary forms before the week-end. A new supply of blank forms was obtained by Conservation Officer Charles Adamson Monday for Scott County. Clarence Hagen, Scott County Recorder, took care of applicants at his home Sunday.

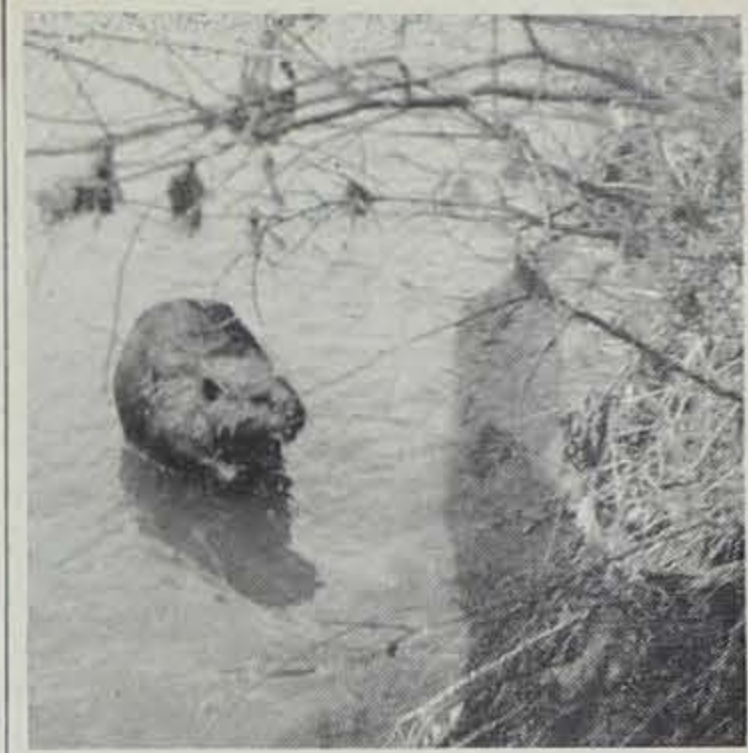
Weather was good for the first days of the ringneck season. Most hunters who visited the so-called "pheasant hunting headquarters" of northwest Iowa counties found good shooting opening day with fairly good success continuing over the week-end. Cedar County, rated as one of the best in the southeast area, was heavily hunted. A check by conservation officers in Buchanan County, one of the first on the



After the opening day it was a fool-hardy rooster that took to wing. Apparently word had gotten around among the Chinks that "He who hid or ran away would live to see another day."—"North Carolina Wildlife" illustration.

edge of the northern range, showed an average take of one and one-half birds per hunter on opening day with a legal limit of two cocks. A trip across Scott County Sunday showed the number of nimrods had dropped far below the opening day turnout. West of the Brady Street road, in the area that contains much of the best ringneck territory in Scott County, very few hunters were in the fields at mid-afternoon. Most of the hunters were finding it difficult to flush the wary birds.—**Davenport Times.**

So here's power to the Oxford Conservation Club.—G. M. Ludwig, Iowa City Press Citizen.



The Idaho Fish and Game Department live traps beaver in agricultural areas, transports them to wilderness environment by plane, and parachutes them into new homes.

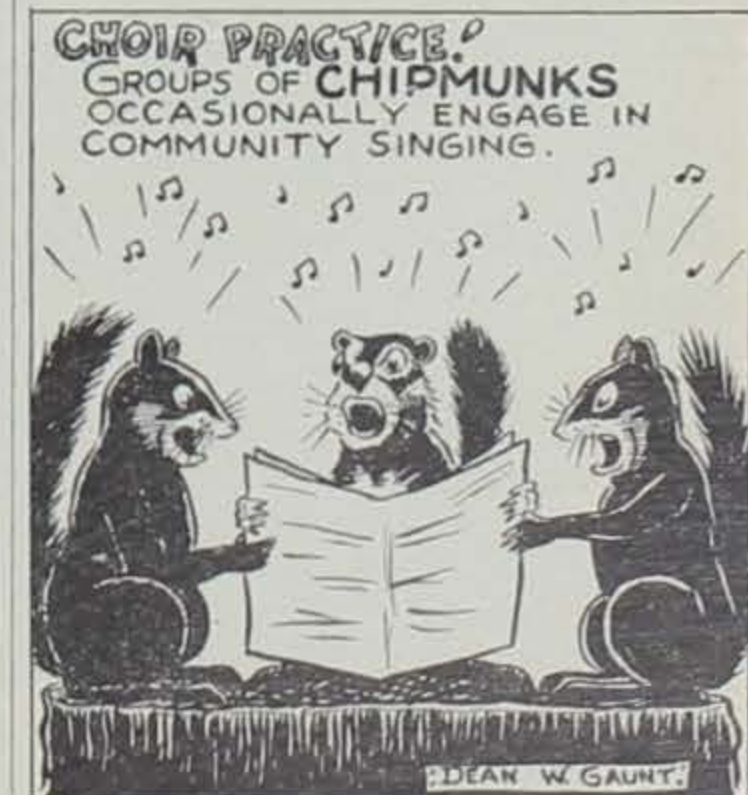
IDAHO PARACHUTES BEAVER INTO WILDERNESS AREAS

The beaver, depending upon the locality in which it is found, may be one of the most important assets of a particular area or one of its worst liabilities, according to the Wildlife Management Institute. To make certain that these large rodents remain a benefit to the state, the Idaho Fish and Game Department is transporting animals by air from agricultural areas, where they have been causing damage by building dams across irrigation ditches, into wilderness areas where their activities do not conflict with those of man.

Since the old method of moving beaver by pack horse was slow, the Gem State developed a method of flying the industrious rodents into the forests by plane where they are dropped by parachute into lakes that would be virtually inaccessible to ground crews. The beaver is dropped from a height of 200 feet in a "clam-shell" box which opens as soon as it strikes the surface of a lake, permitting the animal to escape.

When putting flies away for the winter, a good closed tin box with a few mothballs or moth flakes will assure their usefulness for the next season.

OUTDOOR ODDITIES BY WALT HARVEY







Beginning with this issue, "Wing Shots" will answer your questions on all phases of conservation. Questions of statewide interest will be answered in this column each month. Unless otherwise requested, the name of the person asking the question will follow the question. The name of the staff member answering the question will follow the answer. Duplicate questions or those of local interest only will be answered by mail. Send your questions to "Wing Shots," Care of State Conservation Commission, 914 Grand Ave., Des Moines 8, Iowa.

**Question:** During the latter part of the pheasant season we flushed dozens of hens and very few cocks. Would it not have been the proper thing to have closed the season while there were still plenty of roosters in the field?

**Answer:** Each year this question comes up. First, there are not many more hens than there are cocks as the season closes. Hens flush easily, especially the dumb hens. The dumb cocks, or those that flush in close, are usually killed early in the season. Those that remain run and hide and are very difficult to get into the air without the aid of a dog.

Late in the winter the cocks and hens have a tendency to separate into groups. When these hens are located the uninformed observer is inclined to say, "Look at all those hens and no cocks."

The spring census after the hard season of 1947 revealed that statewide approximately one cock survived the winter to each hen. One cock to ten hens is sufficient for egg fertility.

**Question:** Are there any bobcats wild in Iowa?

**Answer:** The bobcat for many years was considered extinct. In the last several years many reports have been received by the Conservation Commission, some of which have been substantiated by records of skins sold to fur buyers. In the 1947 season fur buyers' records showed that a total of eight bobcat skins were purchased. Because of the low pelt value it is probable that many were killed and not sold but kept as trophies. Several bobcats have been killed to date in Iowa this year.

**Question:** My hunting partner claims that the white ringnecked pheasant he shot during the open season was crossed with a Leghorn chicken. Is this the proper explanation for this unusual bird?

**Answer:** Each year several dozen white or part white pheasants are reported by hunters. Contrary to the belief of many sportsmen they are not pheasant-chicken crosses but are albino or partially albino ringnecks. Albinism is caused by a lack of pigment in the feathers of the bird. Albinism occurs in all forms of wildlife, even white blackbirds and crows have been recorded. Game technicians doubt the story of pheasant-chicken crosses. However, many reports of pheasant-chicken fights and of mating displays between chickens and pheasants have been reported and substantiated.

**Question:** A friend of mine was arrested during the pheasant season and the conservation officer took his gun. Will he get his gun back?

**Answer:** Yes, the firearm will be returned after he has been tried in court. It is customary for the arresting officer to pick up equipment used in the violation to be used as evidence in court, including the fish or game involved. The statutes specifically require that, whether the defendant has been found guilty or not guilty, all guns, fishing tackle, and automobiles shall be returned to the defendant after the trial. If the defendant is found guilty, fish, or game, or fur involved is seized as contraband. The fish or game is given to some charitable organization or hospital, the fur sent to the Des Moines offices and sold at a public sale.

**MRS. HENRY FRANKEL DIES IN CALIFORNIA**

Mrs. Henry S. Frankel, prominent Des Moines conservation leader, died November 20 in Los Angeles, California, after a brief illness. Mrs. Frankel and her husband, former president and board chairman of Younkers of Iowa, had been on a vacation on the west coast.

Mrs. Frankel for many years had been identified with conservation in Iowa. She was a member of the State Board of Conservation and later of the State Conservation Commission. She had served as chairman of both state agencies. Mrs. Frankel was first appointed to the State Board of Conservation by Governor John Hammill in 1927. She was the only board member appointed to the reorganized Conservation Commission in 1934. She resigned in 1937.

Mrs. Frankel received numerous national citations for her work in conservation.

Mrs. Frankel was a member of the First Church of Christ, Scientist, and was prominent as a reader in the church. She maintained her interest in Iowa conservation affairs up to the time of her death.

**Clinton Ikes . . .**

(Continued from page 90)  
are being finished and next year the roads will be black-topped. We asked Walt Teich, the president of the Ikes, "How did you do it?" "Everybody works," said Walt, and we can well believe him because there was no shortage of help at the grand opening.

The club program? A very extensive one. It centers around the farm boys and girls, 4-H clubs, pheasant and quail rearing, essay contests, cover and shelter projects, and cooperation with the state and national conservation groups. These Clinton Ikes are really on the ball and we wish there were a hundred chapters just like them in Iowa.—Davenport Democrat.



"Did he quote Voltaire or Robespierre or a brand new philosophy?"

**THE OWL'S PHILOSOPHY**

By Stanley Orr

*Aloof as could be, in an old oak tree,  
Sagely blinking his eyes,  
Sat that wondrous fowl, a wise old owl,  
Nodding his own replies.*

*What thoughts occurred to that wise old  
bird  
That he nodded so knowingly?  
Did he quote Voltaire or Robespierre  
Or a brand new philosophy.*

*I had to know, so I stepped below  
His august, judicial limb.  
He was unafraid, though he blinked and  
swayed  
As I started to question him.*

*"Pray tell me, owl, with your thoughtful  
scowl  
Of your devious cogitations.  
What things profound in your mind abound  
In your silent celebrations?"*

*Beneath the tree, it was dark, you see,  
And I cannot swear it's true,  
But he seemed to sneer as I heard, quite  
clear,  
His quietly muttered, "Who?"*

*"Why, you, old bird—and I'm sure you  
heard."  
I replied with a bow polite.  
But he never told—just loosed his hold  
And soared into the night.*

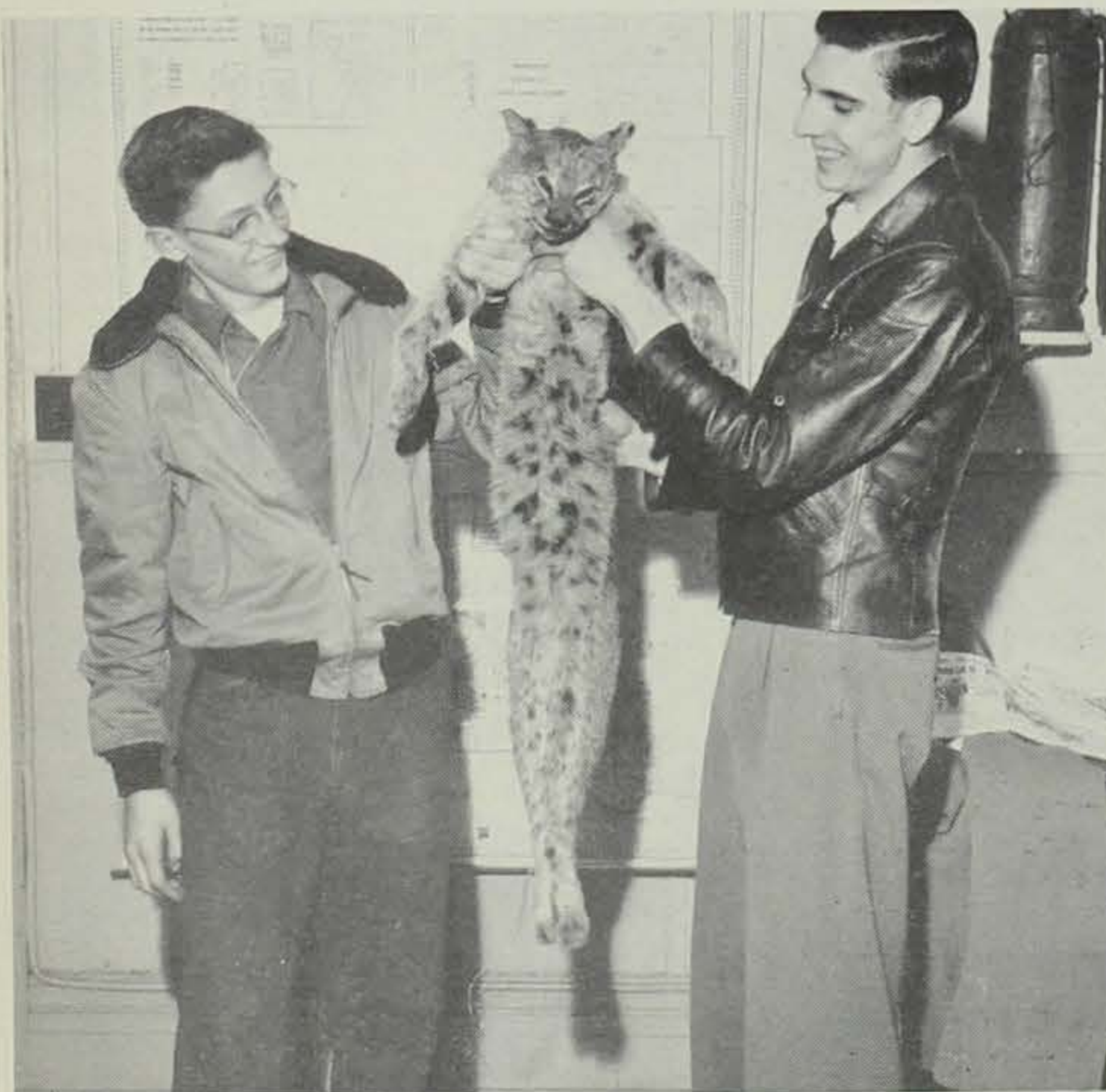
*Yet I felt the brush of the big bird's rush  
And I heard a hoarse voice say,  
"Oh, a rat is fat and mice are nice  
And I must be on my way."*

*Can you surmise my vast surprise—  
My most profound confusion?  
That "wise" old fraud the poets laud  
Is an optical illusion.*  
—Pennsylvania Game News

**THINGS YOU MAY NOT KNOW**

Several species of plant aphids are known as "ant cows." The ants carry them about and protect them, consuming a secretion of fluid which they yield.

Snakes and fish have ears but these ears have no outside openings. They "hear" mostly through vibrations in the ground or water.



Bobcat killed by two pheasant hunters northeast of Waterloo, Richard Ackerman and Robert Gruver. For the past few years bobcats, in limited numbers, have been taken by hunters and trappers. Waterloo Courier Photo.





Here's to old John Ringneck, one of Iowa's most popular residents during the month of November. Jim Sherman Photo.

## HERE'S TO OLD JOHN RINGNECK!

One of the most popular residents of Iowa during the month of November is old John Ringneck, the gaudy, multi-colored pheasant. Beautiful to look at, delicious on the dinner table, he is also a sportsman's delight from start to finish. Whoever gets his bag limit of pheasants can well be proud, for in most cases he probably earned them in a battle of wits and perseverance.

The ringnecked pheasant, actually a hybrid between English and Asiatic types, first came to Iowa about 35 years ago, largely as a result of an accident. About 2,000 of the birds were released when a windstorm blew down their breeding pens on a farm near Cedar Falls. Today, thanks to regulated breeding and conservation measures, the supply of pheasants provides yearly upland game shooting for thousands of Iowa nimrods.

For all his bright colors and large size, Old John is no pushover in his native element. Taking full advantage of his protective coloration, which blends in closely with the russet shades of cornfields and weed patches, he can be a wary and elusive opponent. Hunters generally find best results are obtained by teaming up in small groups and systematically combing the fields. It nevertheless requires

quick shooting and a keen eye to bring a speeding cock pheasant down when he breaks into the air above the corn stalks.

Game officials, sportsmen, and farmers in Iowa are to be congratulated on the cooperative work which makes possible a large enough supply of these birds. No true sportsman will shoot a hen when the ban is on (as it is this year), nor will he leave a crippled bird in the field until all efforts to find it have been exhausted. The average Iowa farmer ordinarily will not refuse hunters the privilege of hunting on his land, so long as his rights are observed.

With the proper observance of the game laws, and with consistent support of state-directed conservation commission measures, Iowa's pheasant population will continue to provide autumn sport for those who like to hunt. So here's to John Ringneck, a real sport, and an honored resident of our state.—*Des Moines Register*.

A red salmon, marked by the U. S. Bureau of Fisheries in Alaskan waters in May and caught 44 days later in a Siberian stream, was found to have traveled 1,300 miles in that time.

When locating food patches for quail put them as near the center of the farm as possible. The birds will be less likely to drift away or migrate off the property on which it is desired they should remain.

## Wardens Tales

Shop Talk From the Field

### FIT TO BE TIED

One thing I can assure you, never will I inflict a lot of "Bright Sayings of Children" upon you. That is, not until "Little Mike" begins to talk. I do have a contribution that kinda got under my skin and I think you will get a bang out of same.

It seems young Robert, age six, came tearing into the house after school one afternoon wild eyed and all out of puff. Mrs. R. grabbed her offspring on the second bounce and wanted to know what in the world was the matter. Bobby gasps, "A great big bear chased me all the way home from school!"

Mamma puts on the stern look and answers, "Now, Bob, what did I tell you about making things up?"

"Honest, Mom," says the wild-eyed kid, "it was a big bear. Look out the window, he's still there!"

Mrs. R. clucked impatiently and headed for the sash. There, right outside the door, wagging his tail and knocking hunks out of the hedge, was a great big brown dog.

"Bobby," says the family arbiter, "you ought to be ashamed of yourself. There's nothing outside but a big, friendly dog. Now you go right to your room and ask God to forgive you."

The crestfallen kid began the long walk. In about two minutes back he came all smiles and rarin' to go. "Did you ask God to forgive you?" said his maternal ancestor.

"You bet," answers the hope of the R.'s, "and God says, 'Never mind about that, Bob. I thought that big dog was a bear, myself, until I got another good look at him!'"

It's no use, you can't beat kids. In fact, you can't even tie 'em, although sometimes it would be a good idea.—*LeRoy Pistorious* in *Burlington Sports Herald*.

Once he gets up and straightens away, the pheasant flies faster than the grouse.

## WHY JOIN A SPORTSMEN'S CLUB?

Many times we hear the question: "Why should I join a sportsmen's club; what good do they do?" To the outside observer and to many members within the clubs themselves it often appears that the club is doing nothing. Perhaps they buy a few rabbits, raise ringneck pheasants, stock fish, etc., but major accomplishments in the conservation field appear to be entirely lacking.

The real good that a sportsmen's club does is not measured by material accomplishments. It is in the banding together of a group of

outdoor lovers who, through the strength of their union, their members and their will to be heard, bring about changes of conservation laws, establish wildlife refuges, eliminate pollution hazards, protect natural resources, broaden conservation education. This then, is the real measuring stick of the good done by a sportsmen's club.

If you pay \$1.00 into a sportsmen's club and expect to receive \$100 worth of fish and game, released for your enjoyment, you will be greatly disappointed. However, your support, moral and financial even to the small extent of a \$1.00 membership, will, in the long run, be one of the best investments you ever made.—*Pennsylvania Angler*.



The real good of a sportsmen's club is not measured by material accomplishments. It is the banding together of a group of outdoor lovers who, through the strength of their union, bring about the evolution of conservation laws and policies.



### Mr. and Mrs. Iowa . . .

(Continued from page 89)

fished less than 10 times during the season. As was to be expected, there was a sharp drop in anglers that fished more than 30 times except for the group which said "50"—a figure commonly used when indicating numerous times.

The following tables represent the breakdown of the questionnaire:

**TABLE I**

**Kinds of Water Usually Fished**

940 anglers (53%) indicated they usually fished in streams  
 723 anglers (41%) indicated they usually fished in lakes  
 105 anglers (6%) did not indicate where they fished

**TABLE II**

**Where Anglers Would Prefer to Fish if They Had a Choice**

926 anglers (53%) indicated they preferred to fish in lakes  
 712 anglers (40%) indicated they preferred to fish in streams  
 130 anglers (7%) stated they had no preference

**TABLE III**

**Anglers Choice of Fish by Species**

Species	First	Second	Third	Fourth
Catfish	468	183	232	84
Bullheads	402	175	169	101
Walleye	197	132	156	77
Largemouth Bass	129	198	214	114
Crappie	119	231	211	116
Trout	78	39	33	31
Perch and Sunfish	68	134	132	118
Carp	28	55	43	38
Smallmouth Bass	26	19	23	14
Yellow or Silver Bass	4	22	14	20
No Preference	249			

**TABLE IV**

**Total Catch of Fish by Species by 1,782 Anglers in 1947**

Species	Total Numbers	Approximate Per Cent of Total Catch
Bullheads	98,826	46.5
Perch and Sunfish	29,162	13.5
Crappie	24,075	11.2
Channel Catfish	22,992	10.7
Carp	19,580	9.1
Walleye	4,982	2.2
Trout	4,974	2.3
White and Yellow Bass	4,833	2.3
Largemouth Bass	2,810	1.3
Smallmouth Bass	1,960	0.9
<b>TOTAL</b>	<b>214,194</b>	<b>100.0</b>

**TABLE V**

**Percentage of Fish Caught in Lakes and Streams by Species. The Per Cent of Species Indicates the Per Cent Taken in Lakes or Streams of the Total Catch of Each Kind**

LAKES			RIVERS		
Species	Number	Per Cent of Species	Species	Number	Per Cent of Species
Bullheads	71,221	72.1	Bullheads	27,605	27.9
Perch and Sunfish	21,123	72.0	Perch and Sunfish	8,039	27.0
Crappie	18,536	77.0	Crappie	5,539	23.0
Catfish	252	2.0	Catfish	22,740	98.0
Carp	906	4.6	Carp	18,674	95.4
Walleye	3,370	67.7	Walleye	1,612	32.3
Trout			Trout	4,974	100.0
Yellow Bass	4,200	87.0	Yellow Bass	633	13.0
Largemouth Bass	2,423	86.2	Largemouth Bass	387	13.8
Smallmouth Bass			Smallmouth Bass	1,960	100.0
<b>TOTAL</b>	<b>122,031</b>	<b>55.7</b>	<b>TOTAL</b>	<b>92,163</b>	<b>44.3</b>

**TABLE VI**

**Number of Times Fished and Total Time in Man-Hours**

Number Times Fished	Number Reporting	Per Cent of Time	Total Time in Hours
1-10	502	31.1	21,705
10-20	477	29.5	21,735
20-30	271	16.8	12,405
30-40	83	5.1	4,280
40-50	134	8.3	5,720
50-60	36	2.2	1,750
60-70	11	.9	500
70-80	27	1.7	1,330
80-90	7	.4	264
90-100	38	2.3	1,640
Over 100	28	1.7	1,165
	<b>1,614</b>	<b>100.0</b>	<b>72,494</b>



Carp fishing was the first choice of only 28 of the 1,800 anglers polled. Nevertheless, it was fifth in total number of fish taken. Jim Sherman Photo.

Creel census and other surveys have been carried on by the Commission on individual lakes and streams for some time, but this was the first attempt to get a cross-sectional view of the angler activity as a whole. The information gained in this questionnaire is extremely valuable. It is believed,

however, the returns are too small to give a conclusive picture. It is hoped that in the future more Iowa sportsmen will actively cooperate in surveys of this nature so that the Conservation Commission can carry out programs needed in the future as well as determine trends of the day.

Storms that clear the air of insects frequently bring starvation to chimney swifts as the bird feeds only on the wing.

### A STRONG STORY

Here's a little story that smells to high Heaven.

On Armistice day, which was opening day for the pheasant season, Conservation Officer Frank Starr took Butch Steig of Storm Lake and Grienke of Rembrandt with him on a patrol of the eastern border of Buena Vista County.

Combining business with pleasure, they fanned out to do a little hunting, too.

Butch, who is not too tall, suddenly increased in stature when he stepped on something soft but unyielding. Butch didn't have to look to know he had stepped on a black and white striped animal of no kin to the pheasant.

That brother (or sister) skunk resented Butch's intrusion can be attested by the fact that he "gave him the works."

Frank happened to have a change of clothing in the car and Butch stripped to his underwear and boots to get rid of that skunk smell and into some other clothes. Butch's clothes were then stored in a handy culvert, while the hunting party continued on its way.

When it came time to call it a day, the obnoxious clothing was



Malodorous *Mephitis mephitis* presented Butch Steig with a large supply of perfume he had been reserving for just such an occasion.

... \* \* \* \* \*

tied to the car bumpers, as far away from people as possible.

Even at that, Frank says it was only his kind heart that kept him from making Butch walk home. Whew!—Storm Lake Register.

In its original unbroken, unmelted form, every snowflake has its structure and shape built in units of six. These take on an almost endless variation of design.

Enough timber to make 5,700,000 tons of newsprint was destroyed annually by forest and woods fires during prewar years. Yet nine out of ten of these fires were preventable because they were man caused.



Although 53 per cent of the anglers polled preferred to fish in lakes, 53 per cent actually fished in the streams, where the channel catfish was their first choice. Jim Sherman Photo.





"At Christmas time, the sun at its furthest southern point in the sky turns back again to the north. This, the cold, low ebb of a year, is the true beginning of spring."

Spring . . .

(Continued from page 89)

orgies of the Roman Saturnalia, long before the Christian Era with its own midwinter feast of Christmas.

It has been said that among men this season has been a holiday for so many thousands of years that the early Christian church placed Christ's birth date and its celebration on December 25 to take the place of heathen festivals which were so much a part of people's lives.

This is the beginning of spring—this bright, short, winter day with its sparkling, cold blue sky, where on set wings the gulls soar. This is both spring and Christmas—this cardinal that suddenly in the snow bursts forth with the first song he has uttered in many a month. The starlings, sitting about in bare trees to soak the winter morning sunshine into their bones, whistle in tentative arrangements of spring melodies that belong to other birds.

And far away to the south—far in the jungles along the Amazon and in the banana plantations of Honduras, in the cloud forests of the Andes and the grasslands of the Argentine, hordes of birds wintering there feel an inexplicable call to the north. Gradual enlargement of the reproductive organs may only partly explain this urge to move northward toward the nesting grounds in the United States and Canada; it may be an

even deeper and less understandable reason.

At any rate the migration north has all but imperceptibly begun to move from the southern vacation grounds.

Today it is midwinter in Illinois. Ahead lie the harsh storms and blizzards and bitter nights of January and February, the uncertainty of March, the setbacks of early April. It is a long time until spring is really here. It will be a long time before there will be enough heat from the sun to warm the frigid atmosphere to make possible a growing and a flowering again.

It is indeed difficult to visualize in the lowest ebb of winter the beginning of a new season, yet this is so. This sparkling Christmas day with its crisp air and its joyousness indoors and out is the true beginning of spring.—The Living Museum.

"LIGHT LOADS" WON'T HELP

Many persons are under the impression that they are safe if they use the "light loads" in their shotguns having twist steel or Damascus barrels. They are only kidding themselves because the breech pressure developed in the light loads and the heavy loads is the same. Here's why: Light loads use fast burning powder and heavy loads are slow burning. No ammunition made today is safe in those old guns because they were made for black powder and no company uses black powder.

Rainbow Trout . . .

(Continued from page 90)

The sides take on a pinkish cast and the bright coloration of the lateral band is not so conspicuous. Upon returning to fresh waters the "rainbow" markings again appear.

While the rainbow trout originally was a westerner, found only on the Pacific slope of the Sierras, from California to Alaska, it now has been successfully introduced into nearly all states except the southern part of those bordering the Gulf of Mexico.

Due to the fact that its eggs stand shipping unusually well, it has been successfully transplanted in Europe, Asia, Africa, Australia, New Zealand and South America. The sizes and numbers of rainbows taken in New Zealand and Chile are astounding.

Although the rainbow prefers the larger swift-flowing streams of the west, it does nicely in the smaller streams of the east, provided they have fast water and are not too small. The rainbow loves swift water and will be found in the fast stretches rather than the slow moving currents.

Fish for them at the edge of strong currents and at the head of rapids or under overhanging banks where the current is swiftest.

The world's record rainbow, caught on rod and reel, was taken by Wes Hamlet in Pend d'Orielle Lake, Idaho, November 25, 1947. It weighed 37 pounds.

The size of the rainbow depends almost entirely upon the waters from which it is caught. On small streams the average will approximate one pound. In larger streams and rivers, or fair-size lakes, the average weight will be two to four pounds, and five to six pounders are not rare.

Sea-run rainbow, or steelhead,

NEVER SHRINK WOOLENS

Your winter woolen sports togs won't shrink if you follow the same method the old-time lumberjacks and northwoods trappers used. When washing all-wool or part-wool underwear, socks, shirts, sweaters or other garments, hang them up to dry just as they come from the rinse water, without wringing. Let them drip dry and they will never shrink.—Texas Game and Fish.

Boy: My Dad's an Elk, a Lion, and a Moose.

Girl: What does it cost to see him?

that migrated to sea or to large inland lakes are much larger than those that have not migrated. They will average six to ten pounds, and while 15 to 20 pounders are scarce, they are not unusual.

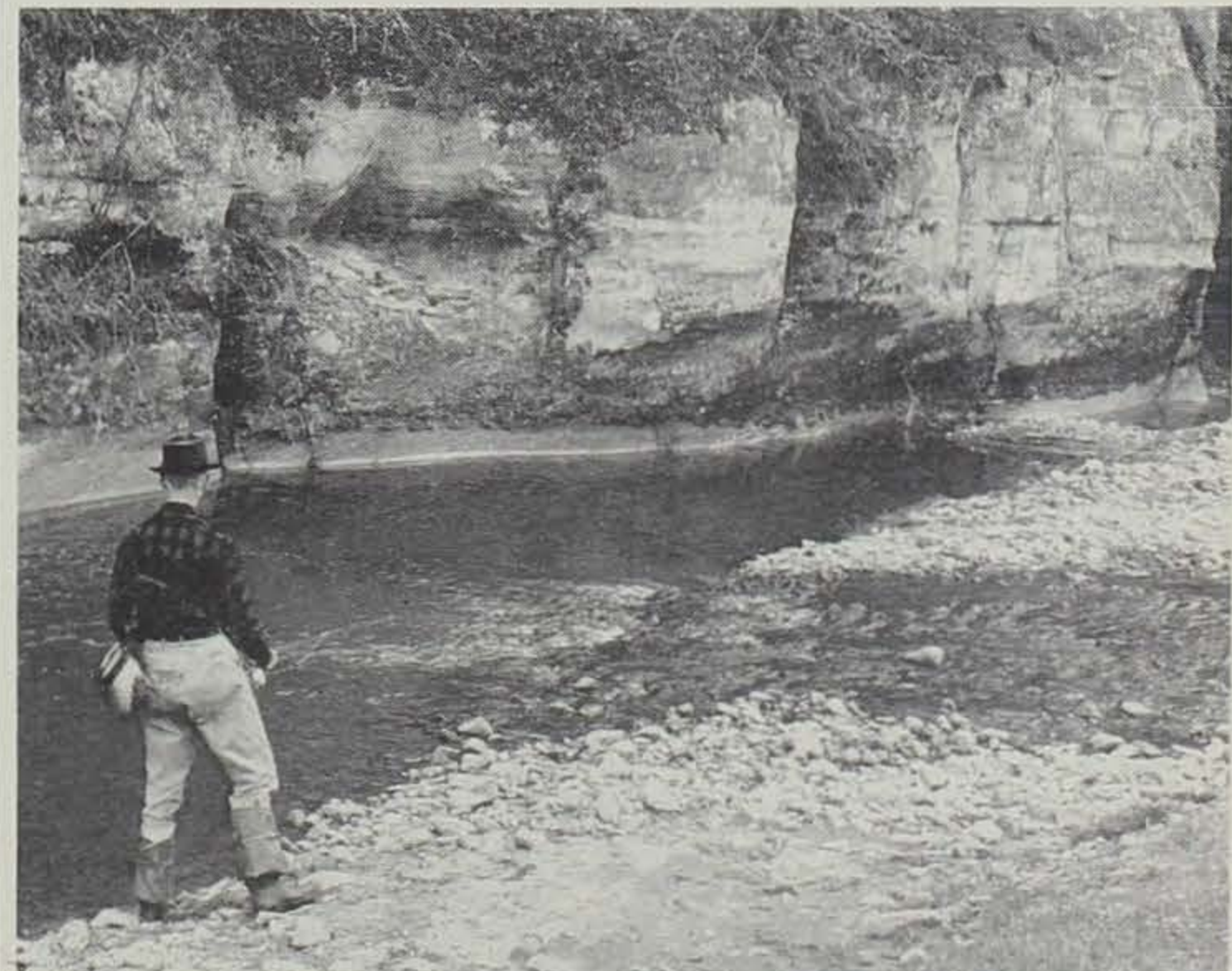
Foods include insects in the larvae and mature stages, worms, flies, minnows, crustaceans, and salmon eggs.

Fly fishermen find rainbows will yield to the temptation of wet and dry flies in tiny 18 and 20 sizes as well as the larger 6, 8, and 10 sizes; also, streamers, salmon flies, bucktails, salmon eggs, spoons, and spinner and fly combinations.

Plug casters take them on small lures in the 3/8 ounce and under class; in large bodies of water where the rainbow reaches giant proportions, large wobbling plugs and spoons produce.

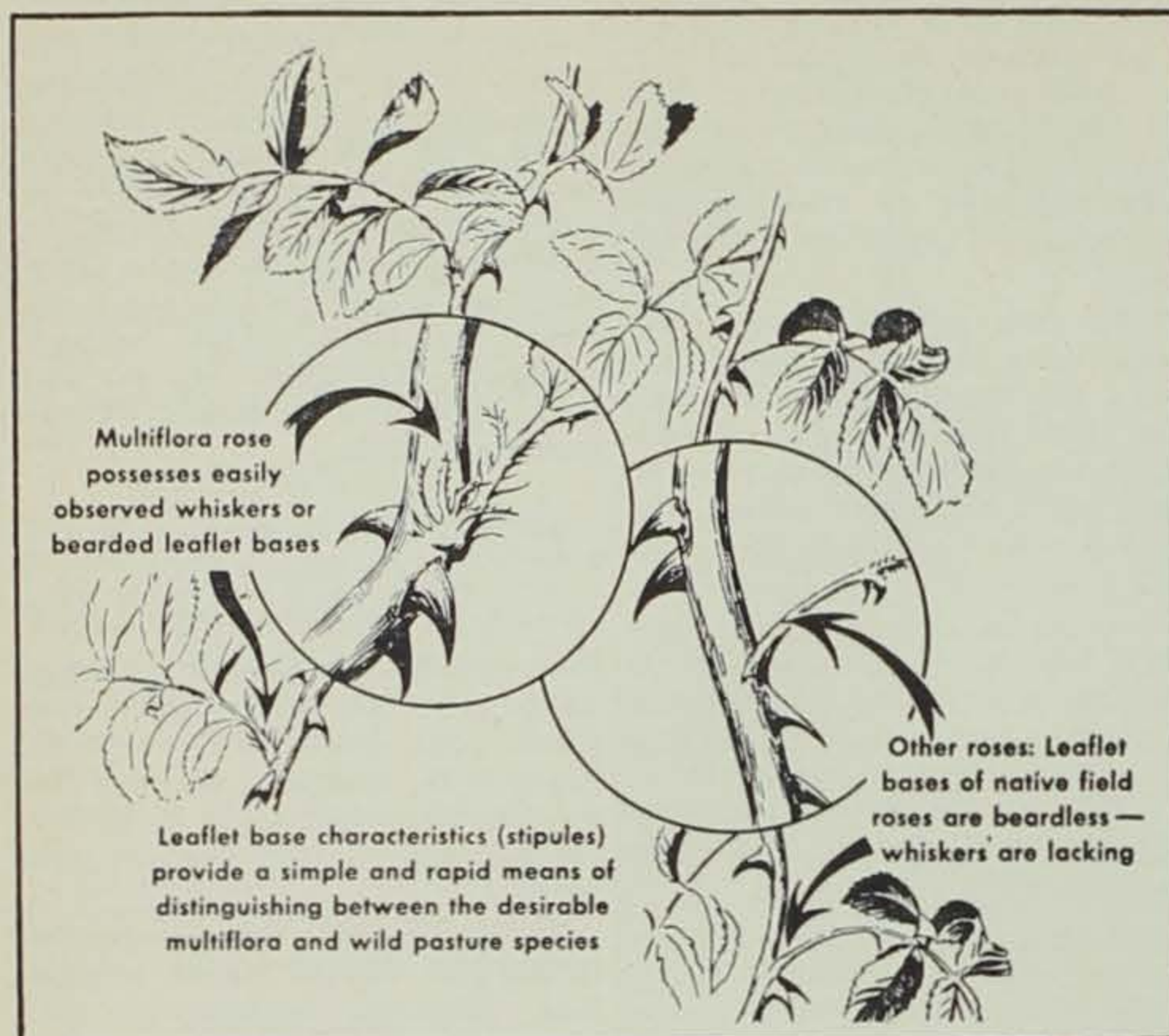
For ordinary rainbows, fly rod fishing with either live or artificial bait produces the majority of catches.

Still fishermen with casting rods take a fair share and spinning rod enthusiasts find this fish ideal. However, for steelhead in large lakes the popular method is unquestionably trolling.—Heddon Fish Flashes.



A fishing trip for rainbows along the rocky, crystal clear trout streams of northeast Iowa is truly an adventure in living. Jim Sherman Photo.





Detail of Multiflora rose

## Multiflora Rose . . .

(Continued from page 89)

Landowners and sportsmen who hunt will be interested in the game-producing possibilities of this development of fence rows. In parts of the state where pheasant populations are found, fence rows serve to increase the number of pheasants on the farm by providing winter cover and emergency food. In the quail country, the fence rows provide cover for many coveys that would not be able to survive otherwise. Cover development also assists in increasing the population of rabbits, fur-bearers, and other forms of wildlife.

When multiflora rose is used as a fence, the plants should be spaced from one foot to eighteen inches apart. The Soil Conservation Service recommends twelve inches. This spacing will turn all kinds of livestock. The strip to be planted should be plowed six to eight feet wide and worked into a good seedbed. One furrow is then plowed and the seedling is set next to the vertical edge furrow by hand with dirt placed over the root to hold the plant in place and also to keep it from drying out. By reversing the plow, the dirt is turned back in, covering the roots, and finally the tractor is driven back along the row as close as possible to the seedling, the tractor wheel packing the dirt around the roots to force out all possible air pockets and to assure moisture attraction. By this method, large numbers of plants can be transplanted successfully in a very short time.

If not mulched, the new fence row plants should be cultivated two or three times the first year to eliminate weed competition. When used to replace an old fence, they should be planted as close as pos-

sible to the existing line. After about five years, the wire and post fence may be abandoned.

Livestock should be kept from the plantings until they become established. No trimming or maintenance is necessary. Multiflora rose does not spread or sap the ground adjacent to it, thence when established in rows take up an estimated space of about eight feet wide.

Many states are adopting this multiflora rose to their game program and are setting up programs to supply the demand for multiflora rose seedlings.

This state has such a plan in operation through the State Forest Nursery at Ames. We will have approximately 150,000 multiflora rose seedlings for distribution in 1949. In 1950 we plan to have a minimum of 2,000,000 multiflora rose seedlings for distribution.

The Conservation Commission set up a program for habitat improvement in 1948, setting aside \$10,000 for this planting project. This is called the Farmer-Sportsman Cooperative Program. Any organized group wishing to sponsor a planting program on privately owned land must select a farm that is in the Soil Conservation plan. The group, in cooperation with the Soil Conservation Service and the State Conservation Commission, plans this project and upon completion the state will reimburse them for one-half of the cost of the project.

This year the Conservation Commission increased the budget to \$20,000 for this planting project. With the state supplying \$20,000 and the sportsman's group another \$20,000, \$40,000 will be available for these projects on privately owned land.

## Carl's Junk . . .

(Continued from page 90)

ing to the bombardment going on all around him in his own and his neighbor's fields, but when the hunters got up a fox which trotted out into the road directly in front of him and sat up on its haunches—a perfect shot for the farmer—he didn't shoot at it because, as he explained, he had no hunter's license. A Waverly implement dealer told me this one, so you can take it for what you think it's worth.

Perhaps you have noticed that this column is absolutely lacking blackface type and other embellishments. If some of the columnists had to set type along with their columnizing, they would soon learn why printers don't care for embellishments of any kind—even down to the plain blackface lines.

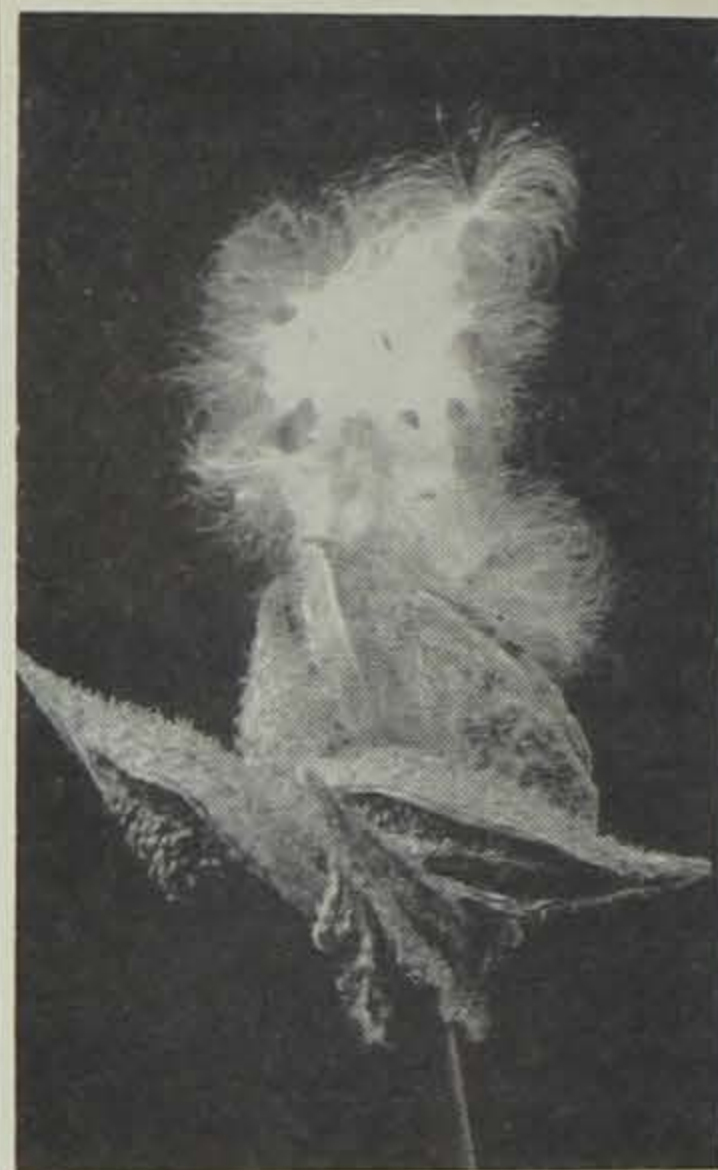
Besides that, there was the teenager who brought down his first pheasant and when the bird started to run the boy ran after it. About the time he was ready to grab it, the bird took to the air and the boy's father brought it to earth with an accurate shot—yes, the mother had to dress that one. I feel that the coming session of the legislature should pass a law making it compulsory for every hunter or fisherman to dress his own game or fish. I feel that would be a great step forward in the conservation of game and fish.

Of course there were the four men who lost a day's wages, spent several hard earned pennies for ammunition, drove 55 miles, hired a fellow for \$2.00 to dress their eight birds, all at a cost of approximately \$47.00. Eight nice fat chickens at \$2.00 per head would have furnished more and better meat at a cost of \$16.00. But gosh, hunting is fun.

And then there's the farmer who called at our office Monday forenoon to get some "No Hunting" signs. He said he had never posted his farm before but Sunday's experience had convinced him that for his own safety and for the safety of his livestock he should post the place. He said his farm was literally run over by hunters Thursday, Friday and Saturday but that the big climax came Sunday, when the place was so covered with hunters that he and his family were almost afraid to venture out of their home—can you blame the man?—**Waverly Independent.**

In the bee family, the worker has 3,000 to 4,000 lenses in its eyes, the drone 7,000 to 8,000, a queen about 5,000.

Honey bees weigh about 5,000 individuals to the pound. The average weight of a honey bee is less than three-hundredths of an ounce.



Ada Hayden Photo

## THE MILKWEED

The milkweed is a curious plant. It gets its name from the thick white juice that oozes out wherever the plant is broken or cut. This "milk" is not the sap of the plant but a special secretion. Very bitter, it serves as a protection against most nibbling animals. It also quickly seals any wound on the plant because as it dries it becomes very sticky and turns into a kind of crude rubber.

The common milkweed, so often seen in fields and waste places, grows to be from two to five feet tall and has large oval dark-green leaves with velvety undersides. These leaves are arranged on the stalk in pairs so that if one pair points east and west, the pair above and the pair below point north and south. When it first comes up in spring, the tender shoots can be boiled and eaten like asparagus.

This milkweed has a cluster of dull-purple flowers. These flowers are among the most complicated known. Among other things, each flower has an ingenious trap to catch the legs of certain bees and butterflies and remove any pollen which the insect may carry. Only the orchids have a more elaborate device to insure insect pollination.

The flowers are followed by large green warty pods each resembling a cucumber, with a seam along one side which pops open when the pod becomes ripe and dry. Inside is a closely-packed roll of several hundred flat brown seeds, each with its own parachute of fine silky threads. The milkweed grows from long creeping rootstocks in the soil but also by the seeds carried by these parachutes on the fall winds.

During the war, hundreds of tons of milkweed pods were gathered and the silky skeins of fluff processed as a substitute for kapok, used to pad life jackets and flying suits.—**Nature Bulletin.**