

IOWA CONSERVATIONIST

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WHERE'S HOTFOOT NOW?

"PLANT IOWA": A SUCCESS STORY

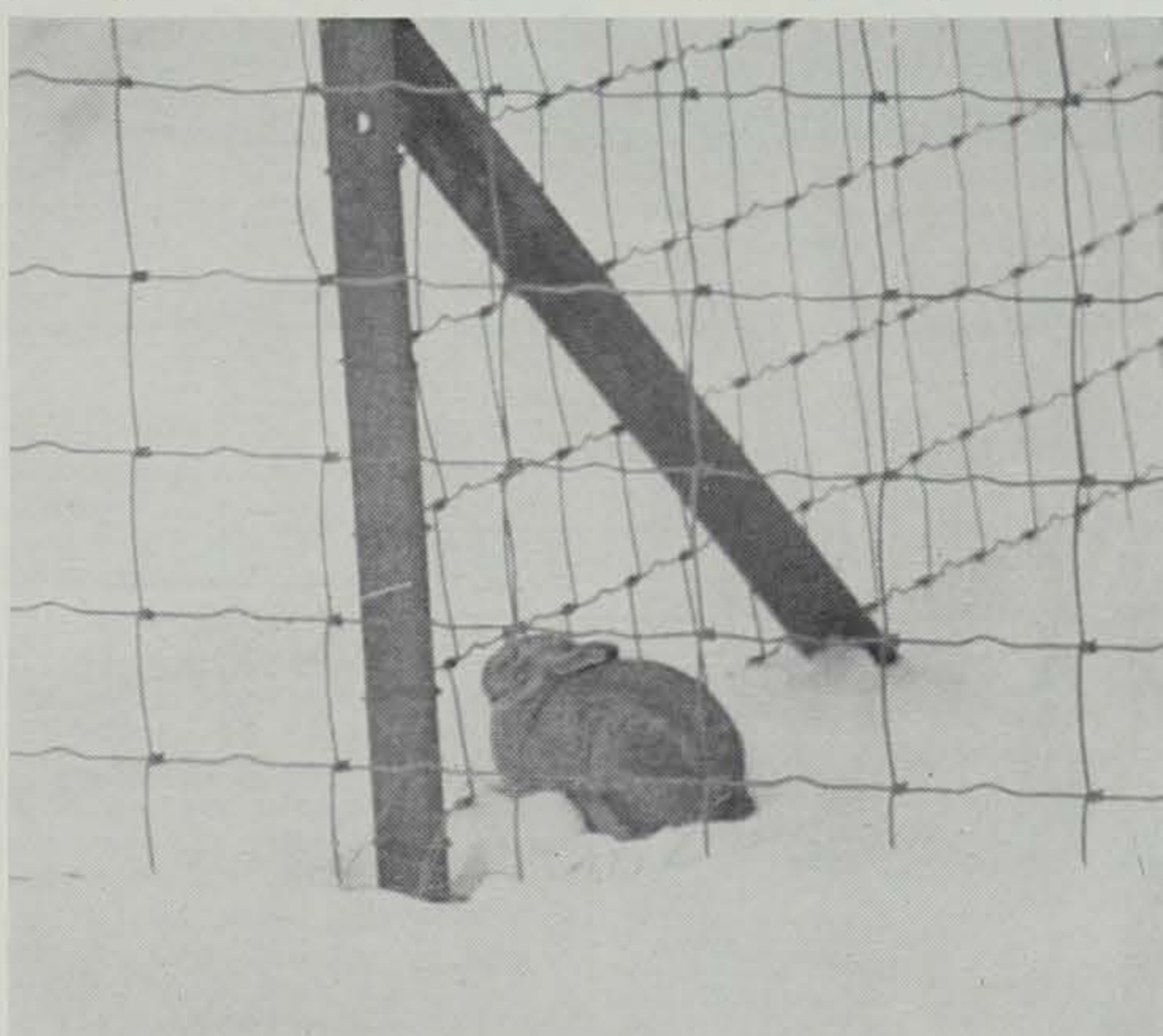
American Nurseryman

Planting promoters have big but workable dreams for a more beautiful and a more productive Iowa. . . . On a local basis these dreams include lilac drives, city-wide crab apple plantings, outstanding parks and golf courses, chrysanthemum trails, large tulip and rose beds, peony trails, tree-lined highway approaches. On a state-wide basis they include building roadside parks, establishing walnut groves, improving and enlarging state parks, controlling erosion with trees. Perhaps the most ambitious of the state-wide dreams is that of planting multiflora roses. State conservation officials visualize a future Iowa in which there will be few fences. A traveler of the future may be able to travel across the state of Iowa and find his entire route lined by multiflora rose hedges. They see an Iowa where the multiflora rose will be as the hedgerows of England and Normandy—beautifying the countryside as well as providing a practical fence.

With these words the Iowa magazine recently described the "Plant Iowa" program, which has been launched with outstanding success the past year. The program is remarkable for its breadth of scope and ambitiousness. It is a many-sided, multipurpose program encompassing soil conservation, industrial beautification, church planting, reforestation projects, home and farm planting, and many other types of landscaping. Its ultimate execution may effect a startling transformation in the appearance of the state of Iowa.

The "Plant Iowa" program has been successful because of a combination of qualities rare in civic and state planners—almost transcendental idealism coupled with realistic, down-to-earth promotional know-how. The idea of transforming a state, planting thousands and thousands of trees and shrubs in public areas, creat-

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Most of our rabbit hunting is after the first snow. But by that time, Hotfoot is gone. Where to?

Hunting Them Where They Ain't

By John Madson
Education Assistant

The three of us had hunted all afternoon, and hunted hard. Railroad rights-of-way, drainage ditches, cornfields—the works. No loafing or resting, but just beating through every patch of logical pheasant cover. It was the second week of the season, and we'd been in fields teeming with hens. But cock birds, no.

We were dragging up a long farm lane to where the car was parked and were shucking out our shells. In the lane beside the fence, without a spear of grass for fifty yards, stood a wagon half-full of picked corn. As we passed the wagon a big rooster pheasant got up from under the off hind wheel and, protected by the wagon box, cackled and thundered his way to safety.

So it is with ringnecks. Hunt a rooster pheasant for a couple of weeks and he gets just a little smarter than a nuclear physicist.

The birds are stirred up, wary, alert and scattered. They become wise, wild old thunderbolts who—but you know all that. Anyway, they start hiding out in places where any hunter knows there aren't any pheasants.

Take plowed ground. How many hunters work plowed ground for pheasants? But take plowed hayfields that haven't been disked, where there are big chunks of broken sod, some standing on end and the size of buckets. There's plenty of cover there.

Some hunters like to approach these fields from a distance, checking them carefully with binoculars. They find the birds and then throw a rough circle of hunters around the area where the birds were last seen. Someone is bound to get a shot. By the same token, don't overlook the thin, scrubby fence-rows between plowed fields. There's not much cover there but a cock

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By John Madson
Education Assistant

Out joyriding on a night last June, maybe you saw a congress of cottontails playing on a road in the headlights. Maybe you walked out after the cows at sundown last July, and kicked up some lively rabbits along a hayfield fence. When you walked through the bottom timber on the way to the catfish hole one Sunday afternoon, you counted five rabbits between the car and the riverbank.

Then you go out around Thanksgiving to put a few of these rabbits in the pot, but no rabbits. The more you look, the more they aren't there. Where's Hotfoot now that we want him?

A lot of hunters have worried about this autumn decline of rabbits, and so did Paul Kline, a young biologist, and Dr. George Hendrickson at Iowa State College. So Kline put on his heavy shoes one summer, loaded his car up with 37 box traps, and took off for Decatur County. With a few box traps, a bottle of yellow dye and some metal ear tags, he hoped to crack the mystery.

He chose a hilly, broken area of 186 acres for his laboratory. The bulk of it was in corn, pasture and woodland, with some brushland, grass and hayfields scattered through it. He began his study in August and kept at it through December, and here's what he found out:

He planned to live-trap the rabbits, mark them, retrap them and count them. By catching enough rabbits and by using a simple mathematical formula, he could get a good estimate of the total rabbit population on his 186 acres. He put out the box traps in areas most heavily used by Hotfoot and his clan: travel lanes and brushy protective cover. As he caught them he dyed their tails yellow so he could spot them on the fly when he saw them again, and tagged their ears so he could identify each rabbit if he recaptured him.

He caught 140 individual rabbits. Some had been marked before, some hadn't. By careful logic and his proven formula, Kline made a

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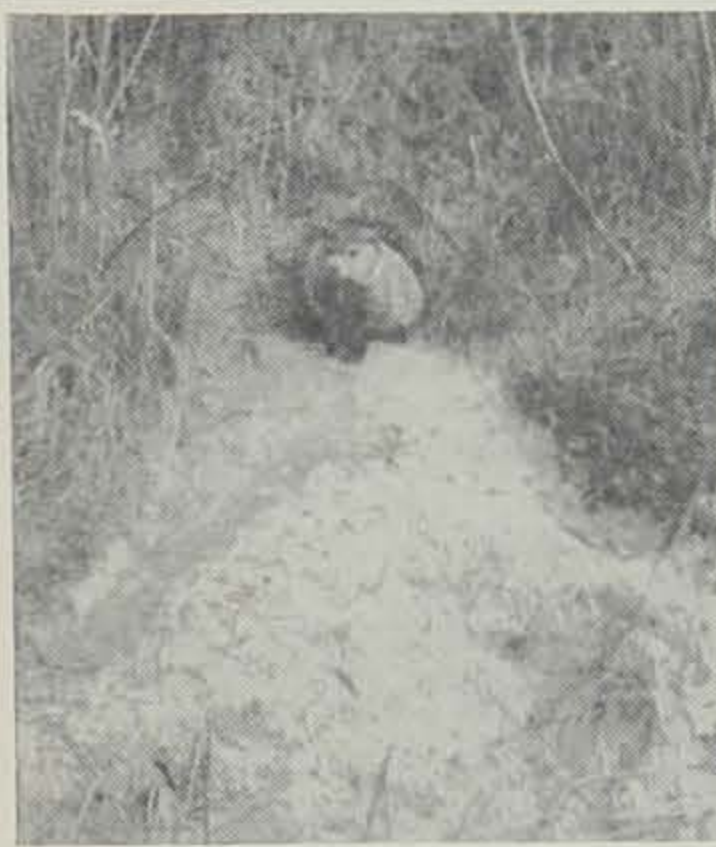
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ON KNOWING WHEN TO STOP L. J. Bridgman

The woodchuck told it all about
"I'm going to build a dwelling
Six stories high up in the sky!"
He never tired of telling.

He dug the cellar smooth and well
But made no more advances,
That lovely hole so pleased his soul
And satisfied his fancies.



DOG MUSIC

By John Madson
Education Assistant

From far down the valley came
the first sound of the hunting pack.
At first it was only faint hunting
cries, made deep in the throats of
the big Walker foxhounds as they
cast around the dark river bottom
for the scent of fox.

Then, as they doubled between
a bottom cornfield and the creek,
the big hound in the lead gave
voice—a ringing bawl that rang
across the dark valleys and ridges
of the night, up to the cold stars
and back, and to the hilltop where
three men sat by their fire.

"Listen!" said the tall man. He
stood stiffly, a long figure in a
sheepskin coat. "They've raised
him!" Another hound-bawl, faint
with distance, joined the first.
Then, from over the black ridges
that stretched below the men, rang
a chorus of bawls, some ending
with the catlike squall of a fox-
hound striking trail.

As the men listened, the sounds
changed to a steady, chopping cry.
A thin, frosty moon hung over the
men's heads, and a November wind
blew through the naked oaks
around them.

"That's my Drive," said the tall
man. "First tongue."

The men had halted with their
coffee cups half raised, each strain-
ing for the voice of a special
hound.

"If that's your Drive," said the
Missouri man, "I'm the fox he's
chasing, if he's on a fox at all...
that's Ed's Mose."

The third man said "It ain't
either one. It's one of the pups.
Did you hear his voice break?"

"Well, I knew it wasn't Mose,"
said the tall man.

"Hush... let the dogs do the
talking. They make more sense."

The tall man opened his mouth
to say a very bad word, and then
the cries of the dogs broke loose.

A mile away they ran in a loose
pack, their tails held like curved
swords and their heads pointed
down the hot scent that hung just
above the ground. It had been a
wet fall, and the scent held well to
the sodden leaves and grass. To
the hounds this scent was a solid
band of smell that led them down
to the creek, through it, through
the horseweeds beyond, and along
the oak-grown shoulders of the
valleys.

The young dog was leading, and
with every breath he sounded his
chopping bark. Behind him ran his
mother, the little Walker bitch
named Bugle, and in her steps ran
the other four hounds. They
spurned spring branch and fence,
flashed by patches of brush and
rock, through black islands of tim-
ber and out into the dim light of
the bare, frosty cornfields.

"I know that pup," said the tall
man. "It's Sidemeat and Runnin'
Gears. He's the one with that
funny break in his tongue."

The third man cocked his head
like a bird, and said "Are they
cutting back already?"

"No," said the tall man. "They're
still going away, sounds like from
here..."

"They ain't, either! There...
listen to that, now!"

"Man, you don't..."

"Shut up!" said the Missouri
man. "They've made a lose!"

Under a distant ridge, in a di-
rection where none of the men was
looking, the hunting cry of the
dogs had lost its rhythm. Old
Bugle, as she milled by the creek,
squalled in frustration. She was
joined in her sorrow by Blue, and
then by Sidemeat and Runnin'
Gears. It was the grizzled old vet-
eran Drive, on the far bend of the
creek, that gave the rallying call
to the pack. The dogs fought
through freezing mud to join him,
and by the time they had crossed
the creek Drive had begun his
hunting chop again.

A half-mile ahead, laughing to
himself and with his red-orange
brush flying like a flag, ran the fox.
An old male, he too was the vet-
eran of a hundred hunts. He knew
his trade well. He knew the shak-
ing of young, foolish dogs, and the
ways of the old hounds. He knew
that he could run all night and all
day and when he tired there was
always the home den behind him.

Full-coated and in splendid con-
dition, he had not eaten that night.
With his belly empty and his feet
light, he could run forever... run
beyond any hound or man or rab-
bit, running without weight or
weariness.

"Didn't your wife name that pup
Lucky? Why call him Sidemeat
and Runnin' Gears?"

"Man, did you ever look at him?
That's all he is... ribs, chest and
legs."

"And nose," said the tall man.
"He'll be a hound some day, that
one."

For three hours the Walkers had
coursed the fox. The scent still
hung hot and heavy before them,
but their first eager chopping had
settled down to a serious, business-
like tongueing. Like the fox, they
could run forever. Run until the
pads were off their feet, or until
the fox found his den. It was a
cold night, one for running, and
their breaths streamed in vapor
behind them.

Through the forests, along
ridges, in icy mud and over clay
bluffs, past the elms and under
the oaks, with whole sections of
land and entire farms passing un-
der their feet, ran the hounds.
With legs like steel and chests like
kegs, they held the hot fox smell
in their nostrils and drove down
it like a highroad.

Then there was a herd of big
dark shapes before them. Cows
rose up sleepily... wondering but
not alarmed. Like the fox, they
knew the curious ways of dogs and
men. The young hounds blundered
into the herd, confused and mill-
ing. Old Drive and Bugle, sensing
the trick, swung around the cows
and picked up the trail beyond,
hardly breaking their stride.

Four hours... five. The men
had not heard their dogs for a long
time, and were drinking scalding
coffee and lying to each other, as
dog men will.

The man from Missouri was tell-
ing about a field trial and a head
judge that was either blind or
crazy when the full-throated hunt-
ing cry burst in on him.

"They've swung him around.
They're almost below us!"

"There's Drive. There's that pup
again, and Bugle. Where's Blue?"
... "If he's gone crooked again, I'll
shoot that Blue dog!"

"No... hear him! That fox is
getting a bellyful tonight!"

The red flag of the fox was still
held high, still defiant. But some-
where, maybe the last time he had
circled around the state, the fun
had gone out of it. He had a

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Small, open creeks are often best for turtle pokin'—shallow, easy to wade, easy to hunt.

POKIN' THE TURTLES

November is the moon of the sleeping turtle. Every snapper worth his salt has buried himself in a warm mud riverbank where he will sleep until April. Or until he is waked up by a turtle rod—

The other day we watched two men wade along a small creek that flowed through open pasture. They were armed with steel rods about five feet long and a half-inch in diameter, sharpened at both ends and with one end bent into a hook. The men waded slowly, one along each bank, thrusting the steel rods into the mud around the water's edge. They poked and probed with great care and dedication, moving no more than fifteen feet a minute.

One of the men, Charley Allard of Ontario, straightened up with a grunt, cussed mildly, and said "When you really want to catch them, you never can. Like a man who brags on a coon dog. When he wants to show him off, nothing ever happens."

The other man, Roy Warner, said, "We'll do some good. We're not even up to the big cottonwood yet."

The big cottonwood stood at the head of a deep, quiet pool, where its heavy roots buttressed the stream bank and extended down into the pool to form a maze of tunnels and coves. Allard thrust the steel rod in among the roots above the water and probed downward into the muddy bank. There

was a muffled *slurp* and Allard yelled "I broke his seal! He's a good one . . . I can feel him!" He reversed the turtle rod, thrust in the hooked end, and reared back.

Out of the bank came a struggling gob of mud that hissed and snapped at the steel rod. The 5-pound snapping turtle had been hooked under the edge of the shell, and he didn't like it a bit.

Allard washed off the mud, dumped the raging snapper into a sack, and threw it up on the bank. "Took one up on the bank one time and left him. I came back after awhile and he'd gotten out of the sack. That turtle chased me like a dog . . . he was sure mad!" We could see why. We like to sleep, too.

When the first brown leaves begin to fall on our rivers and ponds, the turtles begin to slow down. As autumn comes they grow sluggish and stiff, and by October they have dug down into the soft mud stream banks and pond bottoms where they will winter. Here they are safe from everything in nature except a few men with steel rods and appetites for roast turtle.

The turtle hunter wades slowly along, thrusting the sharp steel rod into the bank every six or eight inches. He can "feel" a turtle when he pokes one. He feels a round, smooth object that doesn't ring like stone or isn't soft and punky like rotten wood. The hunter scrapes around on the object to determine its shape and size. Sometimes the hunter breaks the

turtle's "seal." When a snapper settles down in wet mud and his entrance burrow collapses behind him, a small air pocket may be formed around him. When a probe breaks through this air pocket there is an audible *slurp*.

If the hunter thinks he has something, he pulls out his turtle rod, reverses it, and thrusts in the hooked end. Then the fun starts. If the turtle is under heavy tree roots deep in the bank he may latch onto them with jaw and claw, and it can take two men to pull out a two-pounder. Or, the turtle rod may be bent around a couple of corners with an angry, sleepy snapper on the other end. If the turtle has been well buried in mud, he will always show action, even in midwinter. Allard claims a buried turtle never becomes completely dormant.

Some turtle hunters like to work ponds, small lakes and large streams. Allard prefers small farm creeks with mud banks and bottoms and a constant water supply. Rocky streams are out. Even if turtles could burrow into them, the rocky banks hamper probing. Ponds and lakes are monotonous and unwieldy to work in, and the bigger streams are usually too deep close to the banks. So Allard hunts the little streams, especially the spring-fed portions that are open in winter.

Turtle poking is best in late fall. In summer, when they hide under drifts and in open muskrat burrows, the reptiles are active and

scattered and hard to hunt. In November they are sluggish and as many as a dozen may be found in the same pocket. They are often stacked in together like cookies, some even on edge. Allard once took 14 snappers in as many feet of stream bank.

His best day was two years ago, when he and a friend took 35 turtles. "And I was sitting on a stump one day," Allard said, "waiting for my buddy to catch up. I poked my probe into the mud beside the stump and hit a turtle. Without moving out of my tracks I caught four turtles in the same place."

We asked him about hand-fishing for snapping turtles. He gave a little shudder and looked fondly at his hands. "These are the only fingers I got, and they won't grow back. I'll hunt my snappers with a rod." His biggest turtle weighed over 20 pounds, a reptilian brute that could easily sever a man's finger.

Dangerous as handfishing turtles is (and don't let anyone tell you it isn't), some men seem to enjoy it. Every September a party of four Ohioans come to Anamosa and handfish for snapping turtles. They usually spend a week's vacation at it, and the grand finale is a big turtle feed at one of the local restaurants. They've done this for five years.

And why all the fuss about turtles? First, it's sport. Outdoor purists may sneer, but any sport

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"There's one here! I just felt him!"

Hotfoot . . .

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scientific estimate of the rabbits present on the area, and came up with the figure of 284 rabbits for September 1.

By the same methods, he estimated the total October 1 population at 238. By November 1 the figure had dropped to 184. On December 1 there were about 102 rabbits on the area, but by January 1 the total rabbit population was estimated at 41 animals! An 85 per cent decrease in four months.

Human hunters, waiting until the traditional first snow (November 26) to hunt rabbits, lost out. By December 1 the original September population had been cut in half. Only 10 rabbits were killed by man on the area, and wild hunters took most of the rest.

You can't find every dead rabbit on 186 acres of broken landscape. But by examining rabbit remains and the droppings of birds and animals, Kline accounted for 65.

Man killed 10; red fox killed 5; horned owls, 6; unknown mammals and birds killed 11; unknown predators (either birds or mammals) killed 11; predators robbed traps of 17; and disease, parasites, hay-mowing, mechanical injuries and other causes killed 5. The rest of the missing rabbits just dropped out of sight. Predators probably took most of them, since disease or parasites didn't seem too important in such a low population of animals.

You'll recall that 1952, the year of the study, was a drought year. A killing frost on October 6 finished what the drought had begun. Green ground cover was greatly reduced, and there was no alfalfa after the September cutting. Grassed waterways were flattened by farming operations and cornfields were picked. After mid-November the only available rabbit cover was a few acres of brush and woodland.

The drought and early frost cut into the mouse and small animal populations, and foxes, owls and some hawks turned to rabbits. With rabbit food and protective cover greatly reduced, the rabbits had to forage widely for food, often into the big bare cornfields, where there was usually something waiting to pounce on them. Kline believed that the rabbit collapse was "caused by a reduction in cover due to the 1952 drought in the area, thus exposing rabbits to predators."

Although Kline believed that the Number 1 predator on the area was the red fox, don't be too hasty to cuss the foxes. In August and September the foxes were feeding heavily on such wild fruits as dewberry and wild plum. These fruits were gone about October 1. Shortly after that the frost and drought exposed 284 fat rabbits, literally laying them on the foxes' table. The percentage of rabbit remains in fox feces increased from 28 per

cent in September to 50 per cent in October. As the fruit season ended, and as drought and frost and farming operations exposed the rabbits, the fox moved in.

Now all of this was in a drought year. Available cover was hard-hit by weather conditions in an abnormal situation. But even in a normal year, where is most of our cover?

We look back on the salad days of our rabbit hunting . . . back to 1936-38. We used to earn our spending money by market-hunting rabbits (cleaned and dressed

for two-bits apiece), in horseweed thickets along the river bottoms in midwinter. There were also weedy fencelines, and freshly cleared timbers with piles of brush and cordwood, and everywhere there were rabbits.

The horseweeds are gone now, and the saplings in them have grown to mature trees. The fencelines are sterile and neat, mostly replaced by steel posts and tight wire. Our boyhood hunting grounds have either been scalped of brushy cover by improved farm practices or have grown up to mature trees

that choke out undercover.

Many hunters say that there are more foxes each year, and that these foxes are holding down the rabbits, if not wiping them out. But foxes, like all predators, like to catch prey that is most numerous and easily available. If they are actually cutting down our rabbit crop, it can't be because the rabbits are so numerous that they are easiest to catch. It must be that they are easiest to catch because they have no place to hide. And because they have no place to hide, the foxes, owls, weasels,

Our State-Owned Hunting Grounds

County	Name of Area	Acres	Type	Direction from Nearest Town to Area
Allamakee	New Albin Big Lake	200	marsh	2 mi. S., 2 mi. E. New Albin
Allamakee	Kain's Lake	200	marsh	6 mi. N. Lansing
Allamakee	Lansing Big Lake	679	marsh	2 1/2 mi. N. Lansing
Allamakee	Mud Hen Lake	164	marsh	1 mi. S. Harpers Ferry
Allamakee	Yellow River Forest	4206	forest	4 1/2 mi. N. McGregor
Benton	Dudgeon Lake	709	marsh and upland	1 1/2 mi. N. Vinton
Boone	Holst Forest	334	forest	2 mi. N., 1 mi. E. Ogden
Boone	Pilot Mound	33	upland	Pilot Mound, Iowa
Bremer	Sweet's Marsh	1200	marsh	1 mi. E. Tripoli
Buena Vista	*Storm Lake	3341	lake	Storm Lake
Buena Vista	Little Storm Lake	276	marsh	South end of Storm Lake
Buena Vista	Pickrel Lake	176	marsh	3 mi. E., 4 mi. N. Marathon
Butler	Big Marsh	1818	marsh	6 mi. N. Parkersburg
Calhoun	*North Twin Lake	573	lake	5 mi. N. Rockwell City
Calhoun	South Twin Lake	400	marsh-lake	4 mi. N., 1/2 mi. W. Rockwell City
Calhoun	Rainbow Bend	19	forest	2 mi. S. Lake City
Calhoun	Tow Head Lake	194	upland	2 mi. S., 7 mi. W. Pomeroy
Carroll	Artesian Lake	42	lake	3 mi. S. Lanesboro
Cerro Gordo	*Clear Lake	3643	lake	Clear Lake, Iowa
Cerro Gordo	Ventura Marsh	630	marsh	1/2 mi. S. Ventura
Cerro Gordo	Clear Lake Pond	40	marsh	1 mi. N. Clear Lake
Chickasaw	Chickasaw Mill	16	forest	5 1/2 mi. N., 1 1/2 E. Nashua
Clay	Blue Wing Marsh	160	marsh	3 mi. N.E. Ruthven
Clay	Barringer Slough	1054	marsh	2 mi. W., 4 mi. N. Ruthven
Clay	Dewey's Pasture	402	upland-marsh	2 mi. W., 4 mi. N. Ruthven
Clay	Trumbull Lake	1229	lake	3 mi. W., 4 mi. N. Ruthven
Clay	Dan Green's Slough	340	marsh	4 mi. E. Langdon
Clay	Elk Lake	261	lake	3 mi. S., 6 mi. E. Dickens
Clay	Ocheyedan Game Area	100	upland	5 mi. W. Spencer
Clay	Mud Lake Bed	252	upland	1 mi. S., 4 mi. E. of Webb
Clinton	Goose Lake	433	marsh	1/2 mi. W. Goose Lake
Davis	Eldon Game Area	623	upland	8 mi. E., 10 mi. N. Bloomfield
Delaware	Backbone State Forest	120	forest	9 mi. N., 5 mi. W. Manchester
Des Moines	Tama Beach	3	fishing access	1 mi. N. Burlington on Mississippi
Des Moines	Skunk River Access	63	upland	Augusta, Iowa
Dickinson	Garlock Slough	92	marsh	1 mi. W. of W. Okoboji
Dickinson	Trapper's Bay	57	marsh	N. end of Lake Okoboji
Dickinson	Jemmerman Slough	270	marsh	1 1/2 mi. W. Spirit Lake
Dickinson	Prairie Lake	109	marsh-lake	3 mi. E. Arnolds Park
Dickinson	Pleasant Lake	84	marsh-lake	4 mi. E., 2 mi. S. Spirit Lake
Dickinson	*Silver Lake	1103	lake	Lake Park
Dickinson	Minnewashta	1876	lake	Arnolds Park
Dickinson	Marble Beach	63	forest	West side Spirit Lake
Dickinson	Sunken Lake	62	lake	West side Spirit Lake
Dickinson	*Swan Lake	371	lake	2 mi. S. Superior
Dickinson	Christopherson's Slough	196	marsh	3 mi. N., 1 mi. E. Superior
Dickinson	*Spirit Lake	5684	lake	Spirit Lake
Dickinson	Center Lake	329	marsh-lake	1 mi. W. Spirit Lake
Dickinson	*West Okoboji	3939	lake	Arnolds Park
Dickinson	Welch Lake	75	marsh-lake	3 mi. W., 3 1/2 mi. N. Spirit Lake
Dickinson	Little Spirit Lake	214	lake	Spirit Lake
Dickinson	Marble Lake	184	marsh-lake	1 mi. W., 3 mi. N. Spirit Lake
Dickinson	*East Okoboji, Minnewashta, and Upper and Lower Gar Lakes	1975	lake	Arnolds Park
Emmet	Birge Lake	137	upland	1 mi. N., 3 mi. W. Dolliver
Emmet	Ryan Lake	366	upland	5 mi. E., 3 mi. S. Estherville
Emmet	East Swan Lake	788	upland	1/2 mi. W., 1 mi. S. Maple Hill
Emmet	Grass Lake	171	upland	1 mi. N., 1 mi. W. Dolliver
Emmet	*Ingham-High Area	1367	marsh-lake-upland	5 mi. E. Wallingford
Emmet	*Tuttle Lake	981	marsh	1 mi. N., 2 mi. E. Dolliver
Emmet	*West Swan Lake	1046	marsh-lake	2 mi. E., 2 1/2 mi. S. Gruver
Emmet	Eagle Lake	260	marsh	1 1/2 mi. W. Huntington
Emmet	Cheever Lake	343	marsh	1 mi. W., 2 mi. S. Estherville
Emmet	Iowa Lake	308	lake	7 mi. N., 1 mi. E. Armstrong
Emmet	Twelve Mile Lake	290	marsh	2 mi. S., 4 mi. W. Wallingford
Emmet-Dickinson	Four Mile Lake	242	marsh	2 1/2 mi. W. Estherville
Fremont	Riverton Area	721	marsh	1 mi. W. Riverton
Fremont	Forney's Lake	1069	marsh	2 mi. N.W. Thurman
Greene	Goose Lake	456	marsh	1 mi. W., 5 mi. N. Jefferson
Greene	Dunbar Slough	371	marsh	1/2 mi. S., 3 mi. W. Scranton
Guthrie	Lakin Slough	300	marsh	2 mi. E. Yale
Hamilton	Little Wall Lake	273	lake-marsh	1 1/2 mi. S. Jewell
Hancock	Eagle Lake	914	lake-marsh	3 mi. E., 2 1/2 mi. N. Britt

weather, warbles and disease get them in October, and you get nothing in November.

Early hunting is your only choice. As long as Iowa is antiseptically plowed, cultivated, mowed, disked, burned, cleared and clean-farmed up to every fence corner and naked ditch, and the gullies run raw and livestock strips the creek bottoms, there just ain't going to be any important mid-winter rabbit hunting, foxes or no foxes. You wonder where Hotfoot is, now that you want him? He went where the cover went.

Dog Music . . .

(Continued from page 82)

year's running left in him in weather like this, but even the strongest fox in Iowa needs sleep. Fun is fun, but he had to hunt tomorrow.

The men stood now, spellbound by the hard, patient, tireless chopping of their iron dogs. Hour after hour; like a man chops down a tree, the dogs were chopping down the fox. The noise faded up the dark valley, was muffled by a hill, and then rang faint and bell-like

through the frost. Then, as the men stood and listened, the sounds stopped.

There was a single yelp, dim with distance, far up the ridge; there was a drawn-out bay from some hound with a coon-hunting ancestor, and then there was nothing.

"He's gone to ground," said the tall man, and poured himself a last cup of coffee with a shaking hand.

"I'll call them up," said the man from Missouri, and lifted his polished steerhorn trumpet.

Over the dark valley and the frosty fields floated the booming, hollow call of the old-time fox-hunter.

The dogs, milling happily around the mouth of a small black tunnel, heard. The old dogs drew away first, followed by the pups, and for the first time that night they left the hot, rank scent and turned back to the firelit hilltop.

After a short time the fox slept. The moon was down, and where the black valleys and hogbacks had rung with dog music there was now only the sound of the cold wind high in the oaks. The men, the dogs, and the fire were gone, and so was the coffee.

WOUNDED GOOSE CALLS AT DRUG STORE FOR FIRST AID

And so the wounded goose waddled up to the drug store Monday afternoon and said "Look, Sorensen, I need a little first aid, if you please."

Sounds like a fuzzy dog story, doesn't it, or at the best, something which Hans Christian Anderson might have authored. Actually, truth being stranger than fiction, the facts of this case are not far from being covered by the above.

R. E. Sorensen and son, Robert, who operate a drug and grocery store at 200 Sixteenth Avenue, were more than a little shocked and surprised Monday afternoon to observe a full-grown Hutchin's goose ambling sedately up the middle of Sixteenth Avenue.

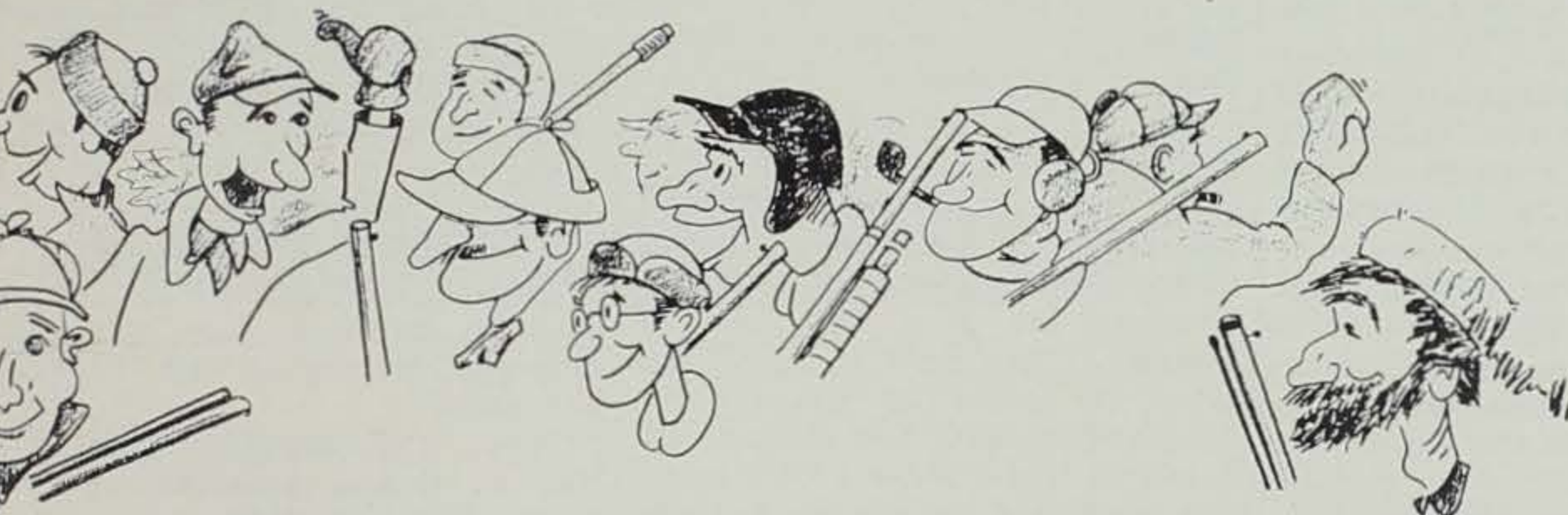
Both avid sportsmen and hunters, they instinctively ducked behind the prescription counter until they realized that this was an unusual situation. Here was a goose that appeared to be "coming to call" rather than "coming to the call."

The junior member of the Sorensen firm stepped out to offer his assistance. After a few moments of indecision, the goose was induced to "come in" for an examination. The Hutchin's, a variety of the Canada goose family, appeared physically sound with both wings and feet in good working order. A slight bleeding at the beak indicated some internal disturbance, however. A disturbance which might well have been caused by a bit of lead poisoning.

The Sorensens will keep the hitch-hiking Canadian a few days while they administer the several proven remedies for "goose pimples", "goose flesh", and that "gone goose feeling".

As for the goose, his future is in the balance. Should he regain a full measure of good health and high spirits he might well become the first goose in history who "came to dinner" voluntarily.—*Council Bluffs Non-Parail.*

The carp is a member of the minnow family. The black bass is a member of the sunfishes, and the walleyed pike is really a perch.



County	Name of Area	Acres	Type	Direction from Nearest Town to Area
Hancock	Crystal Lake	238	lake	.9 mi. N. Britt
Hancock	East Twin Lake	496	marsh	.3 mi. E. Kanawha
Hancock	West Twin Lake	109	lake-marsh	.2 mi. E. Kanawha
Harrison-Pottawattamie	Nobles Lake	166	lake-marsh	.3 mi. S., .5 mi. W. Missouri Valley
Henry	Oakland Mills Access	27	fishing access	1 1/2 mi. E., 1/2 mi. S. Oakland Mills
Howard	Turkey River Access	87	fishing access	.1 mi. S. Cresco
Howard	Hayden Prairie Preserve	240	upland	.3 mi. S., 1/2 mi. W. Chester
Humboldt	Dakota City Fishing Access	.6	fishing access	1/2 mi. S. Dakota City
Humboldt	Bradgate Area	108	fishing access	.1 mi. E., 1 1/2 mi. S. Bradgate
Jackson	Dalton Lake	5	lake	2 1/2 mi. W. Miles
Jasper	Rock Creek Game Area (Adjacent to N. shore of Rock Creek Lake)	435	marsh	.3 mi. E., .3 mi. N. Kellogg
Jasper	Kellogg Game Area	65	marsh-upland	1 1/2 mi. E., 1 1/2 mi. S. Kellogg
Jefferson	McCoon Game Area	71	fishing access	.4 mi. N. Lockridge
Johnson	Swan Lake	164	marsh	.1 mi. N., .2 mi. W. North Liberty
Jones	Muskrat Slough	366	marsh	.2 mi. W. Olin
Jones	Picture Rock Area	302	upland	.3 mi. E., 1/2 mi. S. Monticello
Kossuth	Burt Lake	46	lake-marsh	.8 mi. N., .4 mi. W. Swea City
Kossuth	Goose Lake	224	marsh	.5 mi. W., 7 mi. N. Swea City
Lee	Green Bay	229	marsh	.1 mi. N., .3 mi. E. Ft. Madison
Lee-Van Buren	Shimek Forest	3721	forest	Farmington
Louisa	Lake Odessa	2800	marsh	4 1/2 mi. E. Wapello
Louisa	Klum Lake	1076	marsh-upland	2 1/2 mi. E., 1 mi. S. Grandview
Louisa-Muscatine	Muscataine Slough	1514	marsh	.2 mi. E. Grandview
Lucas	Brown's Slough	669	marsh	.3 mi. E., 4 1/2 mi. S. Russell
Lucas	Colyn Area	717	marsh-upland	.4 mi. S. Russell
Lucas	Williamson Pond	126	marsh	1 1/2 mi. E. Williamson
Lucas-Monroe	Stephen's Forest	4241	forest	10 mi. N.E. Chariton, 1 mi. S.W. Lucas
Mahaska	Hull Mine Area	365	pond-upland	.4 mi. W. Oskaloosa
Marion	Pella Area	274	Stripmine-marsh	1 1/2 mi. S. Pella
Monona	Blue Lake	983	marsh	.2 mi. W. Onawa
Monroe	La Hart Area	166	marsh	2 1/2 mi. S.W. Lovilia
Monroe	Cottonwood Pits	55	fishing access	2 1/2 mi. S. Albion
Monroe	Chariton Forest	804	forest	.2 mi. S., .9 mi. W. Lovilia
Muscatine	Keokuk Lake	429	marsh	.2 mi. S., 3 1/2 mi. W. Muscatine
Muscatine	Weise Slough	423	marsh	8 1/2 mi. N., .3 mi. W. Muscatine
Osceola	Rush Lake	337	marsh	.1 mi. N., .5 mi. E. Osceola
Osceola	Iowa Lake	1292	lake-marsh	3 1/2 mi. N., 1 mi. W. Iowa Lake
Palo Alto	*Lost Island Lake	1292	lake	.2 mi. N. Ruthven
Palo Alto	Rush Lake	522	marsh	.6 mi. N. Laurens
Palo Alto	*Five Island	1010	lake-marsh	Emmetsburg
Palo Alto	*Virgin Lake	200	lake	1 1/2 mi. S. Ruthven
Palo Alto	*Silver Lake	648	lake	.2 mi. W. Ayrshire
Palo Alto	Opedahl Tract	115	marsh	.5 mi. N. Ruthven
Pocahontas	Clear Lake	187	marsh	10 mi. W. Pocahontas
Pocahontas	Lizard Lake	268	marsh-upland	2 1/2 mi. W., .4 mi. S. Gilmore City
Pocahontas	Sunken Grove	371	marsh-upland	.2 mi. S. Varina
Polk	Flint Access	37	river-lowland	1/2 mi. N. Des Moines
Polk	Del Rio Fishing Access	22	fishing access	.2 mi. W. Polk City
Pottawattamie	*Lake Manawa	919	lake	1 1/2 mi. S. Council Bluffs
Pottawattamie	Petrus Memorial Forest	98	forest	.4 mi. N. Council Bluffs
Ringgold	Mt. Ayr Area	1118	upland	.4 mi. W. Council Bluffs
Sac	*Black Hawk Lake	957	lake	Lake View
Story	Soper Mills	18	fishing access	.4 mi. N., .2 mi. W. Ames
Warren	Hooper Area	323	upland	.6 mi. S., 1 mi. W. Indianola
Webster	Le High Area	40	fishing access	1 1/2 mi. S., .2 mi. E. Lake Mills
Webster	Lizard Creek Area	94	pond-lowland	.1 mi. E., .2 mi. N. of Moorland
Winnebago	Harmon Lake	483	marsh-upland	.4 mi. W., .5 mi. S. Scarville
Winnebago	Myre Slough	430	marsh	.5 mi. S. Thompson
Winnebago-Worth	Rice Lake	1740	marsh-upland	1 1/2 mi. S., 1 mi. E. Lake Mills
Winneshiek	Malanaphy Springs	51	fishing access	.2 mi. N., .2 mi. W. Decorah
Winneshiek	Cold Water Springs	61	fishing access	8 1/2 mi. N., 1 1/2 mi. E. Ridgeway
Winneshiek	Canoe Creek	224	fishing access	.8 mi. E., 4 1/2 mi. N. Decorah
Winneshiek	Bluffton Area	74	fishing access	Bluffton, Iowa
Woodbury	Brown's Lake	641	marsh-upland	1 1/2 mi. W. Salix
Worth	Silver Lake	318	lake-marsh	.3 mi. N., .9 mi. W. Northwood
Worth	Bright's Lake	123	upland	.1 mi. S. Emmons
Wright	Elm Lake	466	marsh	.2 mi. N., .3 mi. E. Clarion
Wright	Morse Lake	108	marsh	3 1/2 mi. W. Belmont
Wright	Big Wall Lake	951	marsh	.6 mi. S., .4 mi. E. Clarion

*Open water refuge, with no hunting permitted 50 yards beyond farthest emergent vegetation. Fish access areas are low wooded or marshy approaches to river banks or lake shores.

Plant Iowa . . .

(Continued from page 81)

ing entirely new parks and forests, benefiting cemeteries, churches, golf courses, libraries, housing projects and schools by improved landscaping in literally hundreds of cities across the state—and to put a part of the planting activity on a permanent basis—this indeed sounds like a dream, almost fantastic. Intelligent and sensible planning and hard-driving promotion are making this dream a reality.

Part of "Plant America"

The Iowa program is a part of the "Plant America" program sponsored by the American Association of Nurserymen to encourage whole communities, groups and individuals to plant more nursery stock, to conserve the soil and make their surroundings more livable and beautiful. In Iowa, 22 major organizations have organized as the "Plant Iowa" committee to further this purpose within the state. Among the participating organizations are the state soil conservation service and conservation commission, the Izaak Walton League, the Iowa Rose Society, the Iowa Nurserymen's Association, the Iowa Grange, the Iowa Council for Community Improvement, the Future Farmers of America, the Iowa 4-H Clubs, the Girl Scouts and Boy Scouts of America, the Rural Young People and Federated Garden Clubs of America.

Key participants in the organization are nurserymen. Not only is the Iowa Nurserymen's Association one of the participating organizations, but the chairman of the executive committee is also a nurseryman, Robert Bauge, Earl May Seed & Nursery Company, Shenandoah, Iowa. Nurserymen throughout the state have proved to be among the program's most ardent boosters.

Figures Tell the Story

The success of the program can be well gauged by a study of statistics on the plantings to date. The following figures vividly detail the "Plant Iowa" program:

Shade and flowering crap apple trees	130,500
Multiflora rosebushes	610,300
Roses in lawns, parks, parkways	2,400
Flowering shrubs	8,300
Trees in farm wood lots	650,000
Trees in public parks	3,000
Trees in state park areas	406,400
Tree-planting ceremonies held	97
Persons participating in ceremonies	1,910
Planting meetings held	56
Persons participating in meetings	973

Behind these accomplishments lie hours of work, thousands of promotional letters, leaflets, booklets. A booklet published and financed by the state nurserymen's association has proved to be one of the campaign's most effective and constructive promotion pieces. This booklet, entitled, "Plant Iowa Today . . . for Tomorrow", consists of 16 pages of carefully chosen advice and facts, ranging from articles on planting the farm wood lot to the importance of the rose



Until all areas like this are healed, the "Plant Iowa" program won't be a complete success.

in the Iowa landscape. An open letter from Governor William S. Beardsley, of Iowa, to the people of the state, urging the support of the program, prefaces the booklet. Among the most helpful planting recommendations in the book are lists of trees, shrubs, evergreens, hedges and perennials suitable for growing in the state. The book concludes with advice on how to form an action committee to effect community improvement, a list of members of the Iowa Nurserymen's Association and a list of suggested reference books available from state and federal agencies.

"Plant Iowa" Week

The "Plant Iowa" week serves as an excellent example of the type of cooperative endeavor that is needed to implement state-wide plantings. Proclaimed the past April by Governor Beardsley, "Plant Iowa" week was heartily endorsed by numerous civic and state groups, which joined forces to plant thousands of trees and shrubs. Governor Beardsley symbolized the project and brought it wide publicity by personally setting out a Moraine locust tree on the grounds of the statehouse.

Among the many industrious groups contributing their efforts to the program were the boy scouts, who, in many areas of the state, went to work with shovels and buckets planting various kinds of trees supplied to them by the state conservation commission. In Jasper County, scouts planted 9,500 trees; at Brown's Lake, Sioux City, 7,000; in Washington County, 3,500; in Lucas County, 2,000; in Union County, 10,000. These are but a few of the plantings made by the scouts.

During "Plant Iowa" week, the United States forest service planted approximately 9,000 trees in western Iowa. The Iowa State College forestry group took on as a project the operation of a school forest, supervised by faculty members, and planted 200 trees. Members of a 4-H Club, near Boone, planted 4,000 trees on their campgrounds. Cedar Rapids residents set out 3,000 trees in a city park. Woodward citizens planted a new town park. The many accomplishments of the week are too numerous to list.

In towns and cities, beautification is the primary object of the "Plant Iowa" campaign. The facts that beautiful city parks attract visitors (potential shoppers) and that city beautification proves a lure to new industry give ornamental plantings a practical aspect.

In the country, the state planting program must depend largely on individual effort guided by an over-all goal of soil conservation and farm beautification. Full and economic use of lands, trees and shrubs—windbreaks sheltering farm buildings; eroded areas planted with appropriate materials; borders devoted to wildlife plantings—is encouraged.

One of the aims of the campaign is to stimulate plantings of school or community forests. This calls attention to the woodland problem in the state. Most of the state's woodlots are in a bad state of forestry. They need to be rejuvenated by restoring the present trees and planting new ones. In addition to the acreage of the state now classified as woodland, there are at least 650,000 acres which could be profitably planted to trees.

This year the state conservation commission and boy scouts are co-operating to plant 400 acres in black walnut trees. The work is divided into 63 projects, scattered throughout the state. This is only the beginning of what Iowa planners hope to accomplish in the field of extensive tree planting.

The "Plant Iowa" program has achieved much in its first year. But beyond the concrete achievements already enumerated is another achievement, less tangible, though vital to the continuing success of the program—the latent interest of the people of the state in beautifying and improving their surroundings has been aroused. Iowa planners anticipate that this newly aroused interest will pay dividends in the form of continued state beautification throughout the years. The project has certainly been well begun.



The reason for it all. A snapping turtle; ugly, vicious, but delicious.

ARCHER WOUNDS SELF

It had to happen some time. On October 15 the first report of a casualty caused by a bow and arrow hunter was received in the offices of the Pennsylvania Game Commission.

A 31-year old Pennsylvania hunter with 18 years of hunting experience injured himself with an arrow while hunting deer in a forested part of his home county on October 11. That was the first day of the 1954 special bowmen's season on deer.

In the man's own words: "I was climbing over a brush pile when I tripped and the arrow that I was carrying in my bow was driven into the calf of my leg."—*Pennsylvania Game Commission Newsletter*.

BOUDOIR BLINDNESS

Unless the human race turns back to more outdoor living, it may soon be plagued with "boudoir blindness."

That's the warning from Dr. Ned P. Hobbs, president of the South Carolina Optometric Association, who says the human eye was not made for modern living. "Nature intended man to use his eyes to stalk game and look off into the horizon," says Dr. Hobbs, "not for intricate tasks within arm's length."—*Associated Press Release*.

Turtles . . .

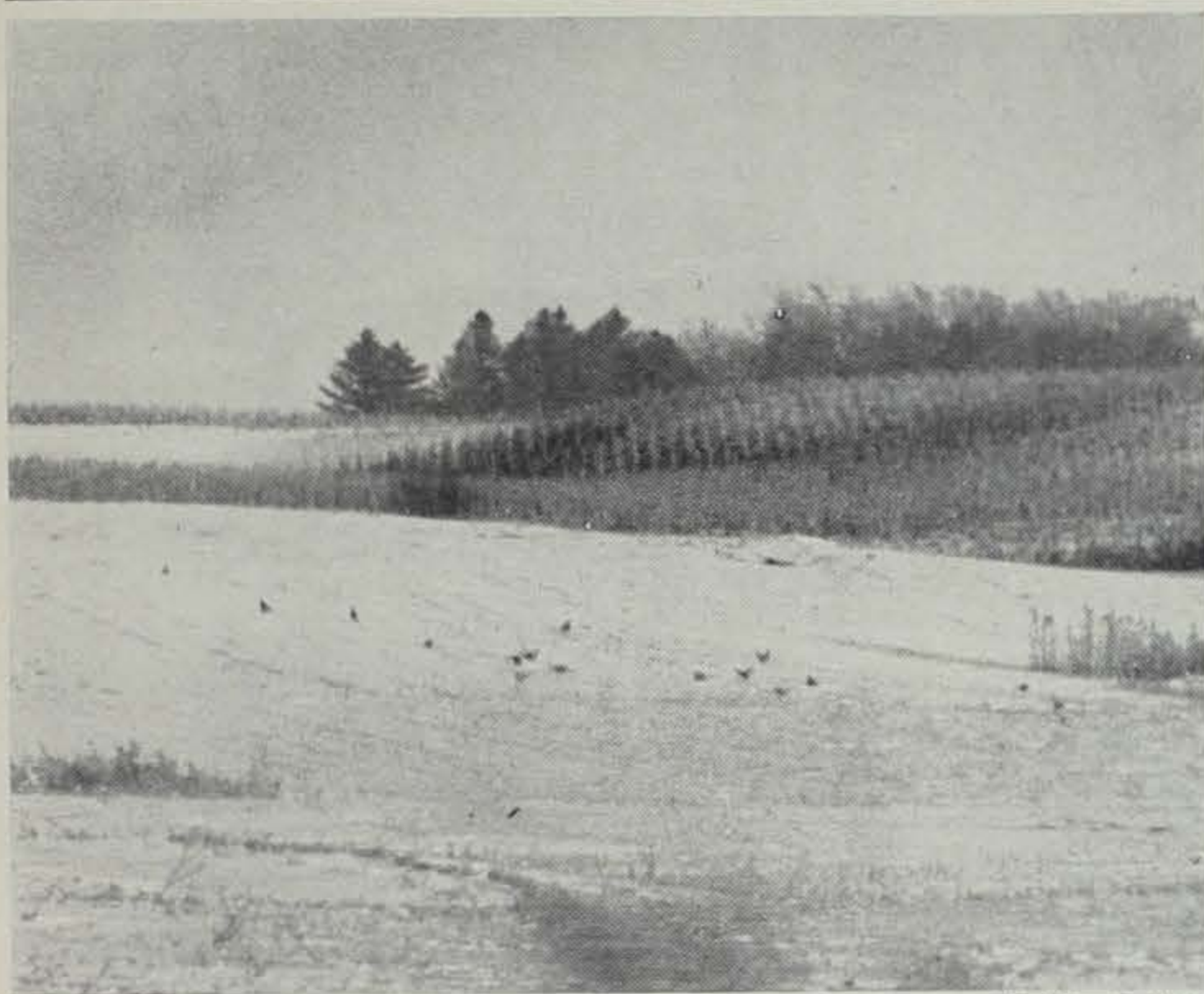
(Continued from page 83)

that combines hunting and fishing is something to think about.

The other reason is meat . . . good, solid meat. Some turtle hunters hold that snappers won't make the best soup, and prefer to bake or roast the meat. A favorite Iowa recipe is to brown the turtle cutlets in a frying pan and then bake them in a hot oven for about three hours. If you want to try something deliciously different, try turtle meat.

After all, that snapper tried to bite you when you caught him. Bite him back.—J.M.

* * * * *



Some hunters use binoculars for birds like these—spotting them from a distance and then hunting them down. Jim Sherman Photo.

Hunting Them . . .

(Continued from page 81)

pheasant doesn't need much cover when the chips are down. These fencelines may serve as travel lanes for the birds, as well as being unmolested by hunters.

Sometimes old hayfields are good, even if the stubble is only a few inches high. A cock pheasant can squat in this and be very scarce. If you have such a field in mind, put binoculars on it in the early morning or evening. If there are any birds staying in it they will show themselves then, and you can line them up for the next afternoon's shooting.

As the season rolls along try hunting the timber, especially woods adjoining big corn fields. Hunt back from the fence for fifty yards or so, stirring up thickets and patches of grass and weeds. Small, weedy waterways in woods near fields are also fine. Some farmers discard old fencing wire at the edge of their timbers. There's often some heavy grass around such piles of old wire, and it might pay off to work the area over.

An excellent cover type late in the season is a big slough. It's usually hard, if not impossible, to get a late bird to fly in such an area, but some hunters kick through the cover thoroughly, driving the pheasants before them. Then the hunters slip quietly out and hunt the neighboring fence-lines and the small fingers of the drainage ditches that lead into the main slough area.

Before the freeze-up, try hunting pheasants right down to the water's edge in these sloughs and marshes. A mat of bent-over cattails will easily support a heavy bird, and will furnish a war-weary ringneck a safe, dry platform that the normal hunter wouldn't dream of checking. Hunt to the water's edge, and just a little beyond. It almost ruins a man to hunt such cover, but if you want to kill pheasants you've got to hunt them.

After the freeze-up, work out on the marsh a short distance. If there is snow you'll probably see pheasant tracks leading out of the heavy grass on the ice. Walk out (being careful of that ice) and look over any heavy stands of bulrush and the sunny sides of muskrat houses.

Speaking of snow, many veteran pheasant hunters get a big kick out of tracking birds. In late November, say, the snow usually thaws a little in midday. At night it freezes. For this reason today's pheasant tracks can be easily told from tracks made yesterday. Pheasants will usually go out for food and water in early morning and evening, and these hunters watch for tracks that were made that day. Then the hunter just injuns along until he gets to the end of the track. Sometimes there's meat there, but more often there isn't.

On occasions there is still good hunting in the big cornfields that have been "burned out" since opening day. However, the cock birds that are there either freeze solidly as the hunter walks by or run a half-mile ahead. In this case, try

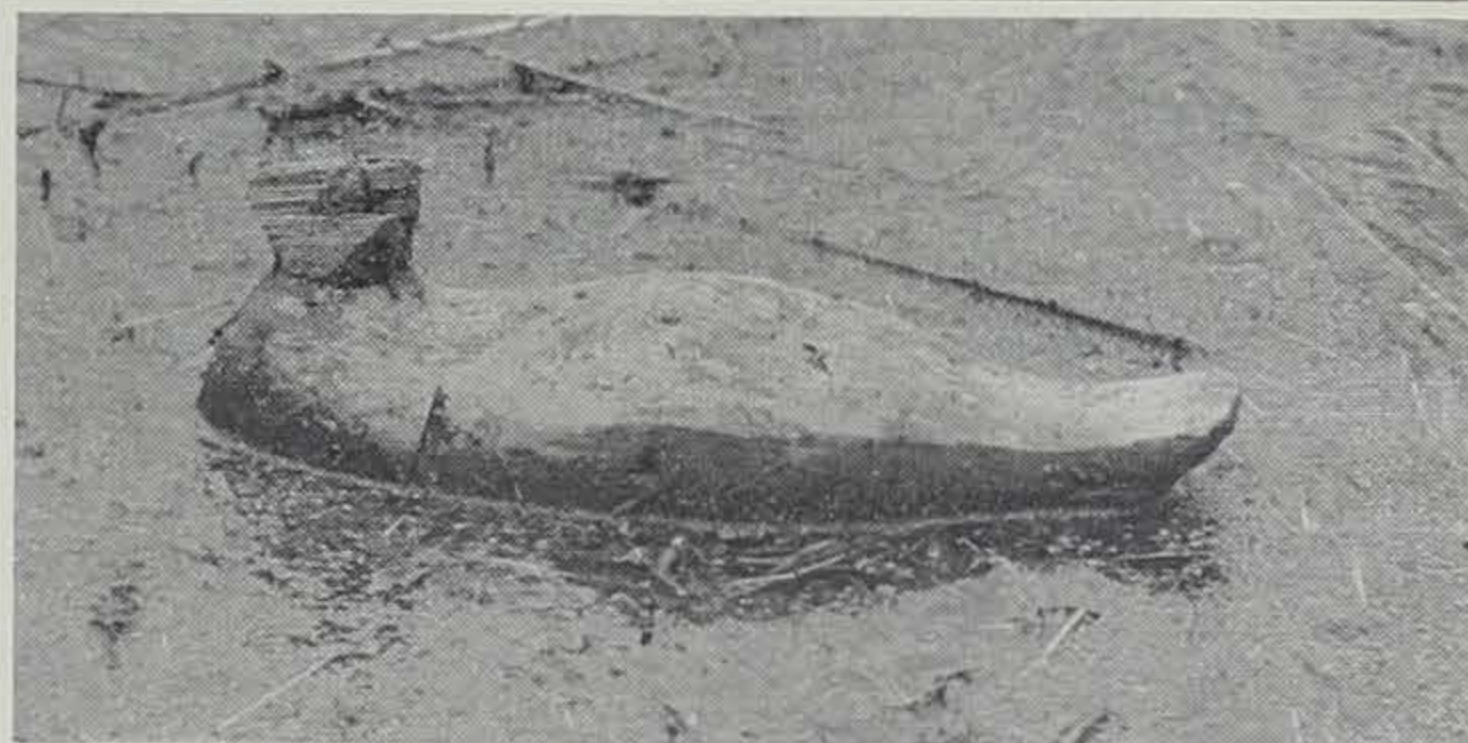


Sometimes there's meat at the end of a trail, sometimes there isn't. Jim Sherman Photo.

walking four or five steps, slowly, and then stopping for a moment. If there is a cock bird nearby, chances are he will get all shaken up when you pause, and lose his head and fly. Clobber him!

Generally speaking, it's late in the season that a good bird dog comes into his own. He may have had trouble early in the season, trying to tie down the scent of running pheasants in the big cornfields. Later on, when the birds are lying tight and are scattered to the four winds, a wide-ranging, durable bird dog is priceless.

Barring weather, the best late-season pheasant hunting is just about anyplace where you wouldn't have hunted on opening day. HOWEVER, if there is a quick, violent weather change and it turns cold and blustery, go back to the opening day cover. In such a case the birds will probably return to railroad rights-of-way, drainage ditches, patches of weeds, and weedy cornfields where there is shelter and food.



"I'd rather die like this than live with a lamp in my back!" Jim Sherman Photo.

DUCK DECOY DECOR

Katharine Piper

Not long ago I read an article about displaying in your house some of your husband's treasures—something about "turning the weirdest of your husband's cherished possessions into a smart decorating conversational piece."

It said something about large decoys may be used as lamp bases. Shades of Nimrod, isn't anything safe from the lamp base craze? I'm wondering if the author ever saw a decoy closeup? They become a trifle beat up after being toted around from car to boat to pond, and they're somewhat weather beaten after floating in marshy water several seasons.

In the second place, what man would let a decoy suffer such ignominy? And consider the poor duck. Born and bred to ride the waves in the wide open spaces, he'd feel pretty silly with a lamp stuck in his back.

Another suggestion for the sportsman's wife, the piece says, is to float small decoys in water to make an attractive centerpiece for company. At the moment, I can't think of anything smaller than a dishpan that would hold a

Every year you'll hear hunters say, with feeling, that all the birds have been shot off by the third week of the season. Well, they haven't been. Or if they were, there is a marvelous resurrection when the season is over. Winter pheasant counts by state conservation officers always show a good sex ratio of cocks and hens. The cocks will never be shot off in a normal year—their native toughness, wisdom and strength take care of them well. In a normal year there will never be enough cock pheasants harvested to harm the breeding population.

If there is a formula for successful hunting late in the pheasant season, it is probably this: hunt your birds where you know pheasants shouldn't be, and hunt them with painstaking care. Just one thing more. Don't bother to hunt around farm wagons standing in lanes like the one we mentioned in the lead paragraph. We've hunted that lane a dozen times since then, and have never seen that rooster pheasant again.

decoy and since dining room tables have shrunk to almost nothing (another of my pet gripes) I'm afraid the guests would be nicking the wooden canvasback every time they speared a string bean.

Even though I am inclined to make fun of such strained efforts to make a man feel it is his home as well as a woman's, there is a point.

Often a woman speaks disparagingly of "that old gun" as though it were something of no consequence. There are some beautiful guns and a man's gun is often his most prized possession. It seems a woman's prerogative to have as much bric-a-brac as she chooses about the house and no one disputes her right to beautiful dishes. But too often there is no room for the things a man loves.—Eldora Herald-Ledger.

Mount Tom in Massachusetts was named for an elusive old wild turkey gobbler that lived there for many years. He may have been the last of his species in that state.

VITAL STATISTIC

The air was cold and the east sky red.
He looked at me and in whispers said:
"The ducks are flying, we'll have some fun,
Just wait until I load my gun."
He loaded up—no safety on—
And now another hunter's gone.
—Porter Wittich

PETE, THE PELICAN, LIVES THE LIFE OF RILEY AT LAKE MANAWA



Hold it! The season's not open on hen pheasants!

Jim Sherman Photo.

HUNTING SEASONS NOW OPEN

Pheasant—Open season, long zone: November 11–December 5, 1954, both dates inclusive. Shooting hours from 12 o'clock noon to 4:30 p.m. daily. Bag and possession limit 3 cock birds. Open counties: Lyon, Osceola, Dickinson, Emmet, Kossuth, Winnebago, Worth, Mitchell, Howard, Winneke, Buena Vista, Pocahontas, Humboldt, Wright, Franklin, Butler, Bremer, Woodbury, Ida, Sac, Calhoun, Webster, Hamilton, Hardin, Grundy, Black Hawk, Buchanan, Delaware, Dubuque, Jackson, Clinton, Scott, Jones, Linn, Benton, Tama, Marshall, Story, Boone, Greene, Carroll, Crawford, Monona, Shelby, Audubon, Guthrie, Jasper, Poweshiek, Iowa, Johnson, Cedar, Muscatine, Cass, Adair, Adams, Union, and Taylor. Open season, short zone: November 11–November 22, 1954, both dates inclusive. Shooting hours from 12 o'clock noon to 4:30 p.m. daily. Bag and possession limit 3 cock birds. Open counties: Harrison, Pottawattamie, Madison, Clarke, Lucas, Ringgold, Decatur, Wayne, Louisa, Washington, Keokuk, Mahaska, Dallas, Mills, Montgomery, Fremont, Page, Monroe, Appanoose, Polk, Warren, and Marion.

Quail—Open season, long zone: November 1–December 15, 1954, both dates inclusive. Shooting hours 8:30 a.m. to 4:30 p.m. daily. Bag limit and possession limit 6 birds. Open counties: Tama, Benton, Linn, Jones, Jackson, Jasper, Poweshiek, Iowa, Johnson, Cedar, Clinton, Scott, Madison, Warren, Marion, Mahaska, Keokuk, Washington, Muscatine, Louisa, Adair, Union, Clarke, Lucas, Monroe, Wapello, Jefferson, Henry, Des Moines, Taylor, Ringgold, Decatur, Wayne, Appanoose, Davis, Van Buren, Lee, Buchanan, Delaware, Dubuque, Guthrie, Dallas, Polk, and Adams.

Rabbit—September 15–January 31, 1955. Shooting hours from 6 a.m. to 6 p.m. daily. Bag limit 10 per day. No possession limit.

Ducks—Open season, October 15–December 8, 1954. Daily shooting hours from one-half hour before sunrise to one hour before sunset except on that Iowa portion of the Missouri River where shooting will extend until sunset. Bag limit 4, possession limit 8.

Geese—Open season, October 15–December 8, 1954. Daily shooting

and possession limit 5 geese. Not more than 2 of the goose limit may be Canada geese, their subspecies, or white-fronted geese. The entire bag may be blue or snow geese or any combination of them.

Wilson's snipe—Open season and shooting time the same as for ducks and geese. Bag and possession limit is 8. hours the same as for ducks. Bag

1954-55 TRAPPING SEASONS SET

This fall's trapping picture is a gloomy one. Iowa muskrat populations have taken a nosedive, and in some areas mink numbers aren't much better. As a result, the Iowa Conservation Commission has cut the mink-muskrat trapping season in half from last year.

The 1954 mink and muskrat season will open over the entire state at 12 o'clock noon, November 20, and will close at midnight, December 4.



Jim Sherman Photo.

Muskrat season will be short, but not sweet. 'Rat populations are very low this year.

For nearly two weeks now Pete, a wild pelican that has become quite tame, has been living the life of Riley on the swimming beach at Lake Manawa.

Evidently the bird dropped out of a migrating flock of pelicans which have been quite numerous on the lake this fall, State Con-

servation Officer Harold Borwick said Friday.

"Pete seems to be in good health, is able to fly, and his feeding habits appear quite normal," Borwick said.

During the past couple weeks, Pete has been strutting up and down the sandy beach, fishing at times, showing off for persons using the state park, and sunning



Council Bluffs Nonpareil Photo.

Pete must have known that a rough fish removal crew was coming to Manawa. Neil Nelson gives him some dessert—a small buffalo.

The trapping season for raccoon, skunk, civet cat, badger, opossum and beaver opened at 12 o'clock noon, November 1, and will extend to midnight, January 10, 1955. There is a continuous statewide open season on weasel, red and gray fox, groundhog and coyote. There is a continuous closed season on otter.

Nearly all Iowa conservation officers reported a sharp decline in muskrat numbers, and some old trappers attribute the decrease to the spring floods and high water that wiped out young animals.

himself when things are quiet.

But the past four days, Pete has gotten lazy. He has been meeting the state's rough fish removal crew that have been seining at Manawa, waiting for a handout from the crew men.

The pelican doesn't seem to pay any attention to boats other than those of the seining gang, said Neil Nelson, foreman of the crew.

"He must be able to smell those fish," Nelson said, "and after about four good buffalo about 12 inches long, old Pete is happy to swim off and be by himself and let the fish digest."

The pelican likes whole fish, but must have water to help flush the food down.

Borwick only has one complaint about the bird. The officer scarcely has time to eat his lunch without a stranger knocking at the door to let him know there is a big wild bird out on the beach.

So Borwick explains that Pete is just becoming tame and only wants to be left alone, except for those with a fresh fish to offer.

The pelicans are protected by law.—Council Bluffs Nonpareil.

GAD, WHAT A MISTAKE!

Last deer season a fellow in Wisconsin hit the dirt when a high-powered slug whined over his head. He lay tight until a red-coated female rushed up and asked breathlessly if he was hurt.

"Really, I'm awfully sorry," she admitted. "I thought you were my husband!"—Outdoor Notes