

IOWA CONSERVATIONIST

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WINTER WALLEYES BELOW IOWA'S "POLAR CAP"

HOW FAST DO FISH SWIM?

Most anglers fall into the error of over-estimating the speeds of fish. The reel screams out its line, the catch struggles mightily and plays cunningly, and all the time appears to swim faster than is actually the case. Nevertheless, there are many kinds of fish which can put up a good speed, even when not hooked, and the whole subject of how fast fish can swim is a fascinating one.

To begin with, no creatures are such masters of their natural element as fish, not even birds, with their apparently effortless soaring and gliding. A fish can remain motionless for as long as it likes, it can move forwards or backwards an imperceptible degree, it can spurt forward from scratch at high speed, it can rise or descend with supreme grace and ease. Furthermore, the shape of a fish is ideal for swift sinuous movement, and its underwater streamlining is perfect, as man recognizes when he designs submarines and torpedoes. The simple "jet-propulsion" with streams of water ejected swiftly through the gills, the moulded body shape with its bullet-like head and jaws tightly sealed to allow no water to enter, the smooth-surfaced, inset eyes, the overlapping scales and the tapering rear quarters are all admirably suited to speedy progress through the water.

The resistance of water, by the way, is something like 700 times that of air, so the really high speeds achieved by some fish are little short of miraculous. It was

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Iowa's 1958 deer season Dec. 13-14 turned out to be a cold venture for the hunter, what with sub-zero cold and raw, stinging winds. But, judging from the expression on this hunter's face, it would take a lot more adversity to dampen his spirits. The photo was taken opening day in the Lansing area.

Photo by George Tovey

Deer Hunters Score Despite Weather

Gun hunters afield during Iowa's two-day deer season Dec. 13 and 14 encountered some mighty raw weather in the form of sub-zero cold and knifing winds. While field conditions probably lowered the expected kill, hunters apparently didn't fare too badly considering the kind of weather that prevailed.

A check of hunter report cards received by the Commission's biology section to press time showed gun kills totaling 1,933 whitetails

during the two-day gun season. The report is on the basis of 4,808 cards received out of a total of 6,000 issued. Bucks outnumbered does nearly two to one with 1,237 males and 606 females reported up to the time of this writing.

Opening day on Dec. 13 dawned clear but bitter cold. The Commission deer checking station at Cherokee in northwest Iowa reported 22 below zero. At the Lansing check point in northeast Iowa, the

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Keith C. Sutherland
Editor

A good eight inches of ice, smooth and thick as a slab of gray-white stone from the pre-Christmas cold wave, rimmed the open hole where I knelt for a look into the soft green waters of West Okoboji lake.

In the darkened shanty, the eye penetrated the seven or eight feet to the enchanted world below as easily as looking through tap water to the base of a dinner tumbler. Bottom vegetation was a maze of darker green that had pattern but little continuity. Misty stems and leaves jutted out and interlaced like filmy fingers pointing in a thousand different directions. If you watched closely, you could detect some moving rhythmically in the bottom current.

While I studied the bottom, a slender northern pike that looked to be about three or four pounds, slipped into view like some kind of phantom. Apparently just on the prowl and in no particular hurry.

Ice Fishing In Pictures: Page 103

he glided along near bottom. For a moment he was directly under the open hole, his gill covers bellowing, his fins waving like tiny fans. In a moment he moved on, meandering out of view as stealthily as he came.

The sights in the green depths were of intriguing, compelling beauty—one of the valid reasons for much of the glamour surrounding shelter fishing. A bit later, we surveyed the lake. Everywhere we looked, a drama was unfolding. From Little Emerson bay on up along the west shore, jutting out from Gull and Fort Dodge points, clustered near the north end, and on east near the pass between West and East Okoboji lakes, the eye recorded communities of little square shanties against the mantled shoreline. Here and there a puff or a column of smoke from a shanty chimney announced fishing activity inside. Here and there a car was parked near a shelter, and here and there a bundled fisherman, back to the wind and parka

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WINTER CARE FOR FLYLINES

The investment of a good flyline being what it is—up to \$15 or \$20 or more—makes just about everyone interested in taking care of one in order to give better service and longer life.

Thank goodness the old flyline coatings that used to soften and get tacky like the old-fashioned raincoats have been displaced by processes that eliminate this old headache! But even so, today's flylines need some looking after to prevent kinking during long lay-ups.

Most important to remember is to get the flyline off the reel during storage such as through the winter months. One suitable method of storage is to place the line in rather large, loose coils inside a plastic bag that has been perforated to permit good circulation of air. If you neglected to clean and dress the line when last used, you may want to take care of that little chore before storing.

A little better method is to wrap the flyline around some object. I've seen about everything used—from nail kegs to large, square pasteboard boxes—but a round, oatmeal box works about as good as anything. It does the job and yet takes up little space. Tack down one end of the line with a piece of masking tape and wrap, avoiding overlapping. Tack the other end down with another piece of masking tape and the job is finished.

It's a good idea to check your line for peeling or cracking while you're in the process of storing it. This will tell you whether or not it is wearing and if it can be depended on for another fishing season.

The starling is known as the demon-bird in India and coolies are employed to drive it away, for the starling dearly loves rice, the Indian's staple food.

Editorially Speaking

THE EXTRA MILE

Bruce F. Stiles
Director

The acts of trespass committed by hunters are neither as bad or as good as the extremists on either side of the argument claim. I have hunted and fished all my life and can bear witness on both sides of the case. The truth lies somewhere in the middle ground.

Let's examine some of the facts. First, who is this hunter we hear so much about? This Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde who is variously painted as being lily white or black as coal. In 1956 a survey was made in Iowa by Crossley S-D Surveys, Inc., of New York City to determine that fact among a great many other things. According to this fact-finding corporation, 32 per cent of hunters and fishermen in Iowa lived in cities, 37 per cent lived in small towns and 31 per cent lived on the farm. As to age groups, 28 per cent were between 12 and 17 years, 25 per cent were 18 to 24, 29 per cent were 25 to 44 and 18 per cent were over 45 years of age.

Now that we know who the hunter really is let's see if trespassing is confined to hunting. The fifth edition of Webster's Collegiate Dictionary says in defining "trespass"—"to exceed the bounds of what is lawful, right or just; to sin, to offend. Hence to encroach on another's privileges, rights, privacy, etc.; to intrude."

I am told that here in Des Moines it costs the railroad companies thousands of dollars a year in damages from those who trespass on their property. Building contractors report the same experiences.

A friend of mine in Des Moines takes pride in the beautiful flowers and landscaping of her yard. Last year at my house she almost burst into tears while telling me of the damage caused to her flower beds by dogs and little children. I sympathize with her, but I love both dogs and little children.

There is one thing that this lady does not understand. If she were not living in a democracy she would not be troubled by trespass. She probably would not be allowed to have the beautiful flowers and yard in which she takes so much pride.

Is it not that this act of trespass committed against us is the result of our ownership; of personal privileges; of our inherent right to own and control land? Can one have all of the privileges without shouldering some of the inconveniences? I don't know. I do know of the so-called Divine Right of Kings that was in vogue for centuries. I know of the "rights" of the cattle barons on the western plains that were gradually obviated by the press of immigrants. I know that ownership is a transient thing and I know that rights are arbitrary and exist only so long as the majority of the people continue to believe in their justice. Rights are only that which the greatest existing power of arbitration believes them to be.

Malicious trespass is not the act of a hunter or a dog or a child as such. It is the act of a socially maladjusted individual. We have some of them in every occupation, every age group, nationality and geographic location. Hunters generally are thoughtful and considerate. Most farmers are generous and friendly. There is much common ground and there is honesty and truth on both sides of the fence. In the last thirty years farmer-sportsman relations have improved in the face of greatly increased hunting pressure.

I am a hunter, but if I were required to choose sides I would in all honesty have to take sides with the farmer. While hunting I have found the average farmer hospitable, friendly and helpful. In asking permission to hunt, I do not think I have been turned down once in twenty times. Granted that all good sportsmen ask permission before entering private land to hunt, let the hunter now go the extra mile and help to ride herd on the socially maladjusted individual who we know to be causing most of the hunter trespass trouble.

The farmer at the same time might go the extra mile by explaining to his neighbor who allows no hunting that the number of irresponsible hunters is relatively small.

Of the three thousand kinds of lizards that are to be found in the world, only two are known to have poisonous glands. Both are residents of the North American continent.

Pennsylvania's laws provide for confiscation of vehicles used in committing game and fish law violations. The cars are then sold at public auction.

Rock chucks make beds of dry grass in their dens. During periods of prolonged wet weather, they have been seen removing damp bedding and searching diligently for dry material to replace it.

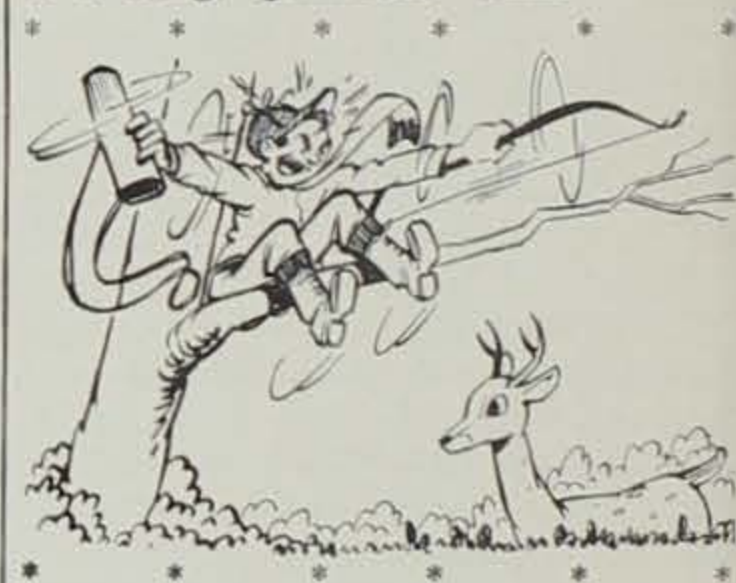
Generally speaking, coyotes don't run in packs. The usual "pack of coyotes" consists of one family—a pair of adults and their nearly-grown offspring.

Wardens Tales

Harlan Frankl, Conservation Officer in Clayton County, with four bows kills in two seasons of deer hunting in Wisconsin and Iowa, is fast earning a reputation as a master bowman. Also as a teller of humorous bits of sage he has picked up on some of his bow hunting forays.

Take the one Frankl recently spun about the frustrating exploits of a hunting companion.

Frankl's partner, armed with a bow quiver and three arrows held in ready position, was in a tree overlooking a good deer trail. As it usually happens, suddenly there stood a deer that had glided seemingly from out of nowhere. The hunter took aim. Whang! The arrow went between the deer's legs, sticking into the ground beyond. The reaction of the deer must have been something to see. Instead of taking flight, the white-tail merely backed off, then approached the arrow shaft and gave it a long, quizzical "sniff."



The hunter, a bit feverish by now, let fly again. Whizz! A little to the left of the mark this time. Still pretty nonchalant about it all, the deer backed off a little way and surveyed the spot where the arrow dug into the turf.

The bowman was thoroughly "shook" by this time and his arm must have reflected his condition. The third arrow went clear over the mark!

"But, wait, that's not even half of the story," the almost emotionally spent hunter told Frankl later.

"That danged deer walked right under me and just stood there—not ten feet away. And me with no arrows! Tell me, Harlan, what's the penalty for jumping down out of a tree and stabbing a deer to death with a fella's hunting knife?" Frankl's companion asked.

Conservation Officer Gene Gene Hlavka in Jasper and Poweshiek Counties, spends quite a bit of his off-duty hours training his Labradors, including "Pat" a particular favorite hunting companion. If one tale is my judge, "Pat" has apparently been put to the acid test of determination and came away like a champ!

During the pheasant season, Gene and a friend were working some ringneck country, shooting

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Beaver Meadow State Park

C. S. Gwynne
Professor of Geology
Iowa State College

Beaver Meadow State Park is a meadow all right, but one might wonder whether or not the meadow really is one with which beavers have had anything to do. Well, the area is on a creek called Beaver Creek, and that would at least suggest there were beavers around not so long ago. There almost certainly were. Many a creek has been called Beaver Creek because of the beavers found along it when the country was settled. There probably are other Beaver creeks in Iowa and elsewhere in the Midwest, all named from this fact.

But what about the actual development of a meadow? Did the beavers have anything to do with levelling off the valley bottom, converting it to a level grassy area? They might have, for beavers are known to do that very thing. The way it works is this: the beavers build a dam, as everyone knows; maybe a few feet high, maybe several feet high. A pond develops behind the dam; perhaps a hundred feet long, perhaps many hundreds feet long, depending upon the dimensions of the valley.

As time goes on, the pond slowly fills in with sediment brought in from upstream. The beavers may then build the dam a little higher. They may also put in another dam just above the first pond. Later, they may put

in a third, and so on, upstream. As the ponds fill up with sediment, they are abandoned. The net result of all this beaver activity is the development of a fine meadow area, adjacent to the stream and sloping gently up-valley. So beavers have to be recognized as geological agents. They have been so recognized in many places. In New York, for example, not far from Troy, there is an extensive meadow that apparently is the result of beaver activity. So it is quite possible that the park area really is a beaver meadow. And most assuredly there are other places in Iowa where beavers have played a part in levelling off the valley bottoms, and creating areas of meadow land.

Wide Valley

But before the beavers came, there had to be a valley—and that is where more geology comes in. The valley was made through the ages by the waters of Beaver Creek. The valley is a wide one, a mile or so at the park. It attained that width because its down-cutting was slow. This gave the stream a chance to wear on the sides of the valley.

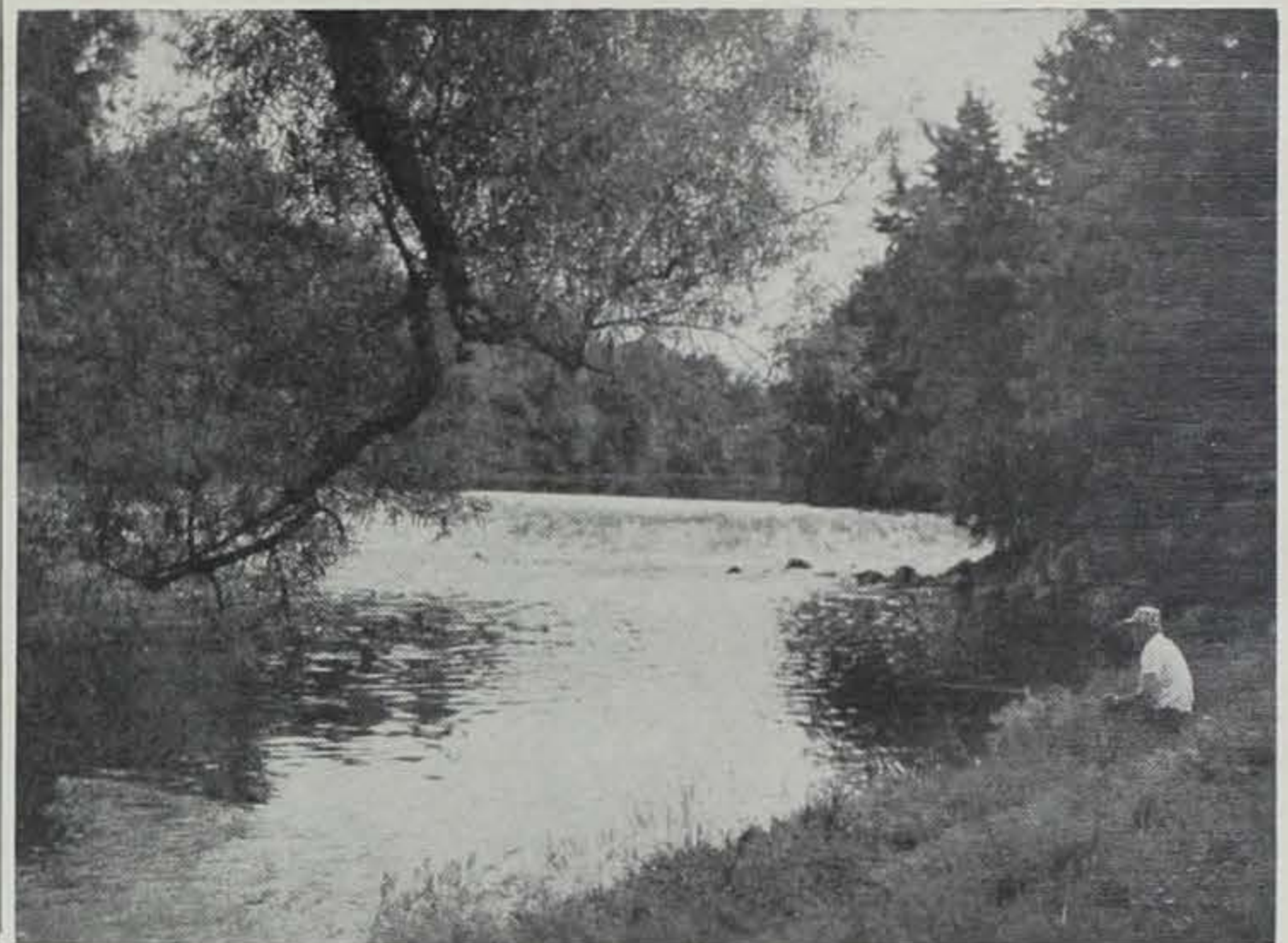
One might wonder what material underlies the valley sides. A little digging would disclose that it is glacial drift, overlain by a few feet of loess. Loess, of course, is a silty material which has been deposited by the wind. This was laid down at a time when the land surface was barren, following the retreat of the glaciers. The glacial drift is the material which forms the subsoil of most of Iowa. Most of it is a jumble of clay and silt, with sand, pebbles, and larger rocks. This is called till. Frozen into the bottom as the ice moved from the north, the drift was left when the ice melted away.

The valley floor is directly underlain by sand and gravel rather than by till. This sand and gravel was deposited by running water. Some of it may have been by water from the melting ice. Some of it may be post-glacial, deposited by Beaver Creek in time of flood. This material can be seen in the gravel pit west of the park.

Visit Quarries

But there is also a valley in the bedrock, below the sand and gravel. This was also cut out by running water, before the glacial ice spread over the land. To see what the bedrock is like, one would have to visit some of the quarries of northeastern Butler County. Sufficient to say that it is sedimentary rock, layers of limestone, shale, and sandstone deposited as sediments in ancient seas which spread over what is now central North America.

A visible and interesting geological feature of the park is the collection of boulders at the dam. These have come out of the gla-



This view of the dam at Beaver Meadow shows some of the boulders found on the area. Author Gwynne suggests visitors make particular note of the wide range in color, mineral content and texture of the boulders.

cial drift and are called glacial erratics. They were brought to the park from somewhere in the surrounding country, and have been put at the dam to slow up erosion of the creek bank. They were carried down by the glacial ice from country far to the north. In northern Wisconsin and Minnesota, and in Canada, the bedrock is not sedimentary, as it is in Iowa, but mostly igneous in origin. Igneous rocks are those formed from molten material. Much of this molten material, called magma, solidifies in the crust instead of pouring out on the surface. Uplift of the crust and erosion of the overlying material for millions of years brings it right to the surface. The weathering process works on the surface material, eventually breaking it down to clay and sand. This may be moved by running water, wind, or glacial ice. Weathering also separated these boulders from the surrounding bedrock. Then the glaciers carried them south along with the rest of the load of debris, the subsoil of the country over which it passed.

The boulders at the dam exhibit a great variety of interesting features. If you visit the park, note their wide range in color, mineral content, texture, and surface. Particularly striking is one large piece of chert, something like flint—bright red, brown and white in color. This is a "glacially striated" boulder. You will see that it is smooth on one side. Also, there are parallel scratches on this flat surface. This surface was made by the grit in the bottom of the glacial ice as the glacier passed over it while the boulder was still in place in the bedrock.

The posts at the entrance to the park also have a fine assortment of these glacial erratics. They have been squared out from boulders similar to those at the dam. Many are of granite, one of the intrusive igneous rock. Some are stained brown with limonite, na-

ture's iron rust, produced by the weathering of iron-containing minerals. There are also a few pieces of a black rock called basalt. This was formed in lava flows.

One very unusual rock is a piece of "iron formation." This is deep purplish red in color, and rather vaguely spotted. It might also be called jasper. The rock is composed mostly of the mineral quartz, and is colored by hematite, one of the iron-ore minerals.

The park is an area of about 150 acres on the north side of Parkersburg in southern Butler County. Don't forget the name, Beaver Meadow State Park. Just give a little credit to the beavers as geological agents as you follow a round on the golf course, or fish at the dam.

Michigan studies reveal that about 86,000 one-inch fish can inhabit an acre of lake, while only slightly more than 200 fish 10 inches long can live in an equivalent area.

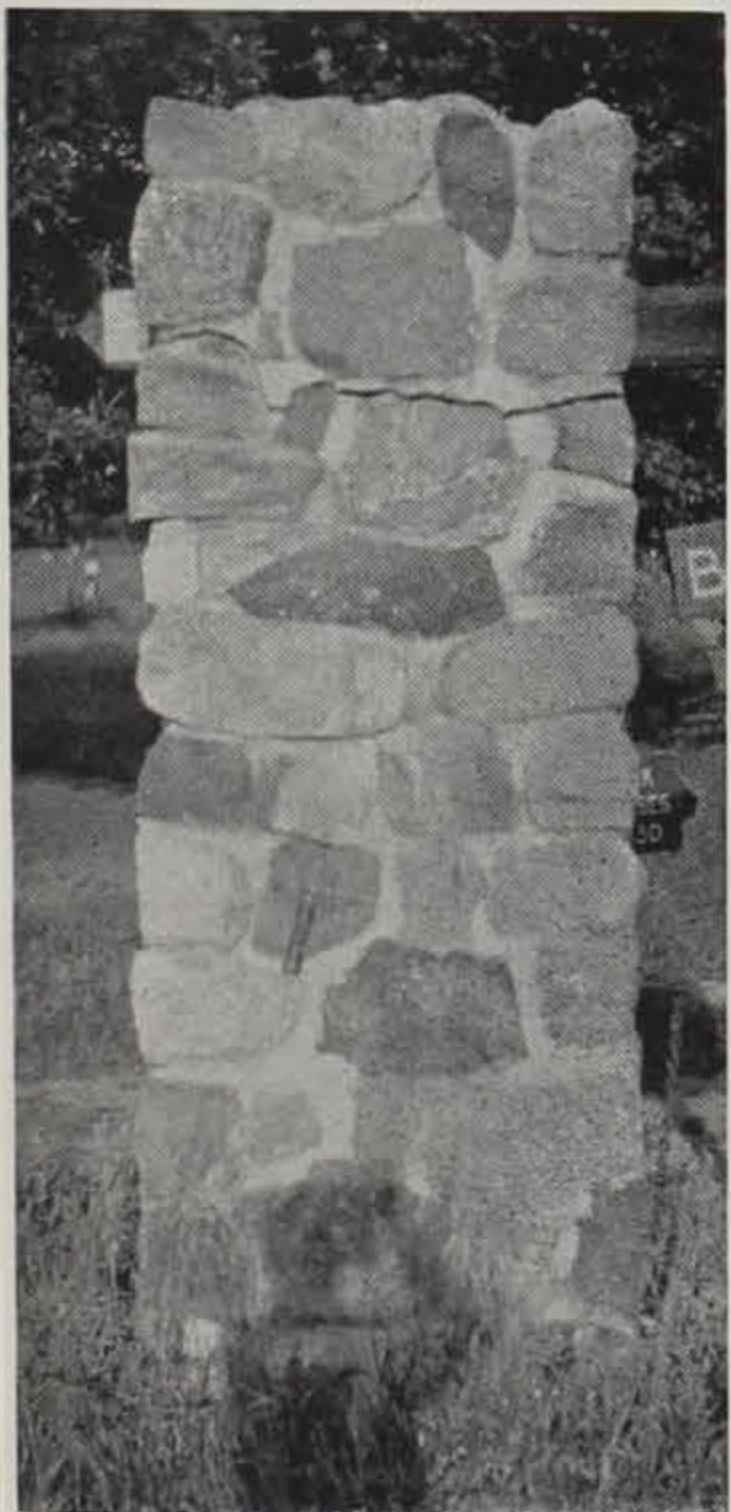
The scaup duck sometimes dives to depths of 20 feet for food. They use only their feet in swimming under water.

The goldeneye is commonly known as a "whistler" because of the loud, high-pitched whir of its wings, which produce a curiously resonant effect when a flock is on the move.

The moose is the largest of the deer family and the bull in Alaska may attain a height of eight feet and weigh almost a ton.

In migrating, the males of the red-wing blackbird travel together. The females follow a few weeks later.

The cougar, or mountain lion, has many characteristics of the housecat and is said to be exceedingly playful at times.



Photos by the Author.
The north pillar at Beaver Meadow State Park near Parkersburg shows an interesting iron formation below and to the right of hammer. The author describes this feature in the accompanying article.

ICE FISHING—

(Continued from page 97)

pulled overhead, fished in the open. Somewhere in the distance a car horn blared abruptly and a voice rang out: "Hey, Ed! C'mon, time for lunch!"

Bluegills, perch and walleyes were on the angling fare at West lake. Up on Spirit Lake, a few miles north, the big news was lunker walleyes. Hefty stringers were almost daily conversation with some individual fish of braggin' size, up to nine pounds plus. Perch were hitting too, though apparently not with the same frequency as West lake. We saw plenty of evidence the word was out. Dozens of shelters and cars dotted Spirit. Many other "open air" fishermen ignored the weather and stood or sat near their open holes, draped over minnow buckets, or nervously watching their bobbers.

Some Pretty Elaborate

True to probably any type of fishing, there is an element of sameness about shanty fishing, but just enough departure from the norm to break the monotony. Some shanties keep out the cold but are something less than elaborate inside. Some are insulated, sometimes with expensive materials. Some shanties are on skids and must be loaded when transported to and from the area where they are used. Some are mounted on a steel framework or old trailer chassis. When the owner wants to move, axles are jacked up, wheels are slipped on and the shelter becomes a trailer, ready for the open road. Some shanties are heated with wood stoves; others with gas. Most keep things dark inside except for a candle in a corner to shed enough light to bait hooks, change lures, etc. Most shelters have shelves in handy spots to store extra gear. The "requirements" of some bring an occasional smile or chuckle—like the fellow who fishes to music provided by a radio and wet battery set-up!

Surroundings, as long as they keep winter from blowing down your neck, are less important than the fishing and what's required to be successful at it. Equipment, baits, and the way they are used runs pretty true to form, ice fisherman to ice fisherman. Rods are either cut-down versions of regular casting or spinning tackle or short rods specially made up for the shorter requirements of ice fishing. Whatever the basic rod or reel, nylon or dacron in either continuous lines or long leaders, is a must for deception in the clear water. For bait fishing, fine wire hooks are preferred since they will keep bait alive longer.

Lures and Baits

Lures and minnows are favorite baits for walleyes; minnows for perch; corn borers or other wintering larvae for bluegills. Artificial for walleyes are lowered within about a foot or so of bottom, worked up with a series of jerks, then allowed to flutter back to

ONE DOWN—ONE TO GO



A pheasant drops to the gun just as another flushes from cover in this excellent action shot taken during Iowa's recent pheasant season. Another hunter, out of view in this photo, nailed the second bird to insure a perfect score.

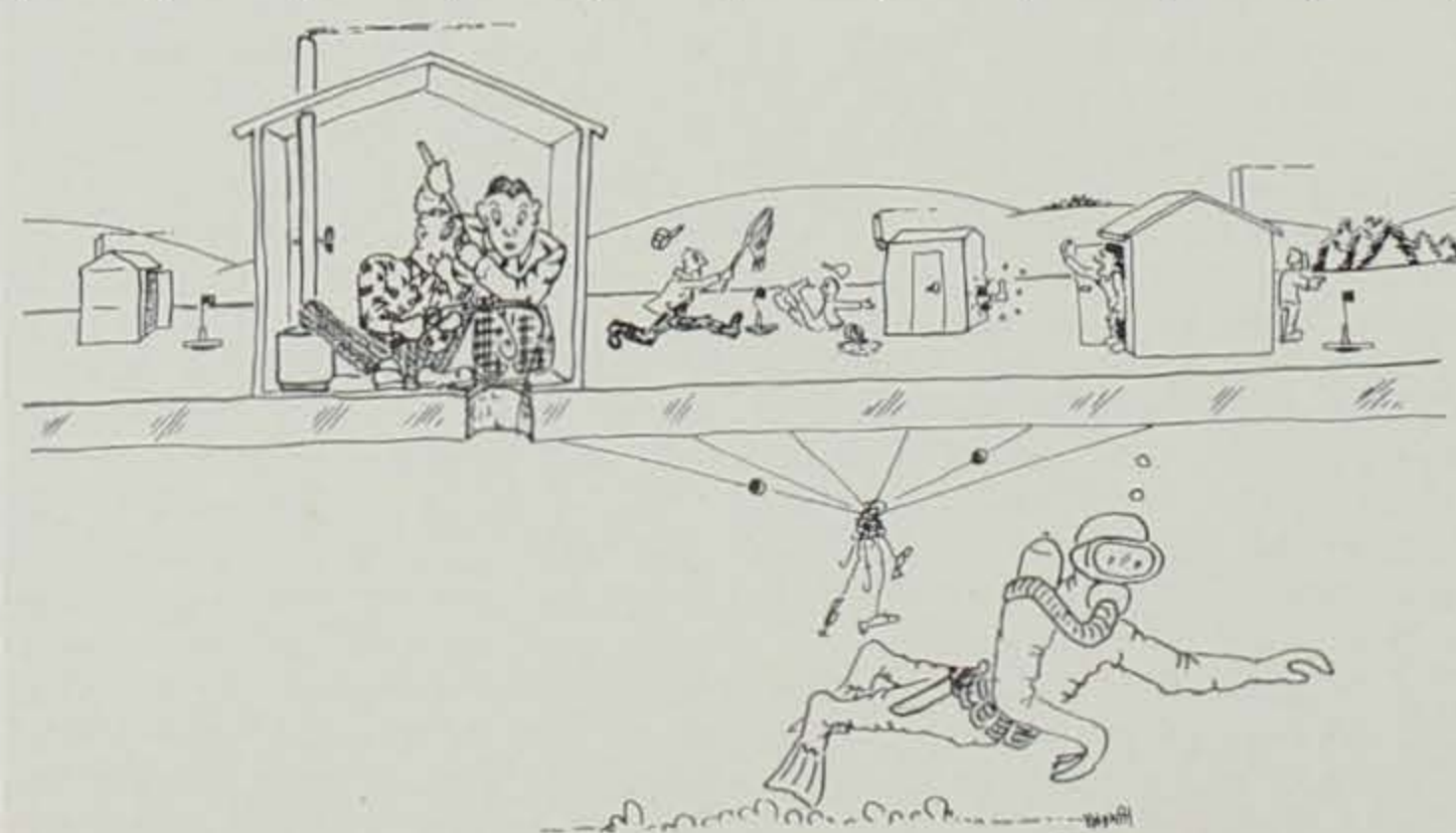
within a foot or so of bottom. Strikes will usually come when the lure has returned to near bottom and is motionless. Minnows are hooked at the base of the dorsal fin to give natural appearance and action.

Most successful fishermen I've observed give walleyes and perch plenty of time before setting the hook, sometimes feeding line to do it. Walleyes will make a run, turn the bait, and take it head first before they can be solidly hooked. Perch may get their feeding out of the way a little quicker, but still take some waiting out. Some perch fishermen allow the bobber to sink almost beyond sight under the ice before they go into action. I've noted most ice fishermen have a rod rigged for cruising northerns, using big chubs on the business end of things. A good idea and one that again calls for some patience. Northerns often will study a chub for a long time before they muster up a strike.

Walleyes apparently move in winter just as they do during the summer months, coming into favorite feeding areas at certain times of day, day after day. Ice fishermen will improve their chances

then if they make a mental note of the time walleyes feed and are in their shelters ready for action when it comes. Perch operate on less of a timetable, dining at almost all hours of the day. It's always a shrewd move to inquire of local sportsmen for advice when to fish and what baits are producing best at a particular spot and time. These same people can also steer you regarding safe routes and safe ice. For your own safety, ask those who know the area and condition of ice before you set out. If you have any doubts, it's best to wait until someone who knows can help you.

Extended fishing seasons, the idea that fishermen can fish in living room comfort in the dead of winter and the visual dimension that is added to every strike, are bringing more and more devotees to winter shelter fishing. It's an immensely appealing and enchantingly beautiful world down there, under the ice. And what angler would deny that much additional charm is in the prizes the depths may ultimately deliver—a heaping platter of golden brown walleyes or perch at a time when winter appetites long for a perking up?



TALES—

(Continued from page 98)

over "Pat." In the normal course of hunting, Gene jumped a rabbit on a grassy slope. The startled cottontail bounded downhill straight at the dog, gaining speed with every stride. The bunny was running so fast in the knee-high cover it could do but one thing—jump over the dog—which it did in one bound, Hlavka said with a chuckle.

"Pat," on the other hand, never knew the rabbit existed. She was too busy working out the cover," Hlavka reports.



The three "R's" from school days we remember, likewise old spelling bees, but Officer Bob Daubendiek up in Winneshiek county recently reported a tale that has a little different application—yet with similarities.

Early last fall Daubendiek received a number of complaints about a fellow several had suspected was hunting and taking raccoon before the open season. Daubendiek made a trip out to talk to him.



"Well, I thought any month that had an 'R' in it was open season for 'coon," the violator explained.

Apparently the suspect was having a bit of a spelling problem, Daubendiek suggests in concluding the tale.

"Seems that Argust was the fellow's favorite month," Daubendiek says with a hearty smile.

Unlike other mammals, when bats are at rest their body temperature quickly drops to that of the air around them. As a result their energy requirements are much reduced.

The grizzly bear cub frequently has a white "collar" of hair around its neck during the first year or two of its life. This usually disappears when the cub is about three years old.

The winter coat of the white-tailed jackrabbit is pure white except for black tips on its ears and a few buff-colored patches on the upper portion of its forefeet and about its ears and eyes.



State Conservation Commission personnel check a deer at the Lansing checking station during the December 13-14 season. Thick layers of clothing were the order of the day in the sub-zero cold.



Hot coffee and the comforts of camp were welcome relief to numbed fingers and chilled insides during the deer season. This hunter in the Lansing area has scored, the job of cleaning is out of the way and he can look ahead to a venison dinner.

DEER—

(Continued from page 97)

mercury skidded to a minus 25. Despite the cold, interest and determination ran high, particularly in northeast Iowa. Hunters turned out in good numbers in this section. One Lansing cafe reported 150 breakfast customers opening morning.

As hunting continued opening day, activity was pretty much the same whether the region was northeast Iowa or any other part of the state. Only the most hardy could endure the cold for very long and many quit the field for a welcome round of hot coffee and the

comfort of cars or camps. Numbing winds sprang up to complicate the weather picture on the final day of the season.

Good Snow Cover

If there was one consoling feature to offset the bitter weather it was that deer apparently didn't like it any better than hunters. Deer stayed bedded down until they were forced to move. The cold also cut their ranging whenever they were disturbed and they bedded down again at first opportunity to escape the cold. A good snow cover aided successful hunters in bringing deer out, another point that belongs on the credit side of

the sportsman's ledger.

"Those who braved the cold certainly demonstrated their sporting make-up. And those who endured the bitter weather and killed a deer have even more reason to be proud of their accomplishment," Paul Leaverton, Superintendent of Game for the Commission, said.

Sight checks by Conservation Officers and airplane counts will be made during February. These combined with hunter report cards that are yet to be returned will give a more accurate picture of the 1958 deer harvest.

"Hunter report cards are invaluable

in giving us an idea of the deer harvest. However, these are incomplete at this time. We'll know more about our harvest after sight and airplane checks in February. On the basis of high deer-car accidents in October and November, we apparently began the season with a good deer population. Final reports may show that we had an even better population than we first suspected," Leaverton said.

A future issue of Iowa Conservationist will carry a complete report of the 1958 deer season as soon as all reports are in and assembled.—K.C.S.

Nature's Notebook

Outdoors in January

- ... First nesting birds begin housekeeping activities during January. The great horned owl is an example of an early nester.
- ... Migrations and migratory movement get underway this month. Prairie horned larks and longspurs begin moving north. Snowy owls continue a leisurely migratory movement during the month.
- ... Northern movement of ducks and geese begins in January. The movement may not extend as far north as Iowa, but if conditions are right, some may be seen entering the state.
- ... Deer and other big game animals begin losing their antlers in January.
- ... Mating season for some animals, particularly the foxes, begins in January.
- ... Tree buds begin to swell noticeably during January. Some budding may be observed if weather warms for any sustained period.
- ... On warm days of the month, the first movements of insects may be noted. Morning cloak butterflies and bees are among the insects that may be observed moving about.
- ... Most animals remain in deep hibernation during January, but events above indicate the first faint signs of approaching spring.

OLD BLACK MAGIC BAGS CROWS

The idea that expense and a rather large array of equipment are "necessary" for good crow hunting seems to be fading in the esteem of some Iowa sportsmen who've found they can bag the wily birds using only a call and a trick or two.

The Conservation Commission's Flying Dutchman Frank Heidelberg reports that three men in a car work one particular hunting method best. First order of business is a bit of patrolling until feeding crows are located. The car is then chauffeured beyond the field to the next road, turned around, and headed back. When opposite the field on the return trip, the car is slowed to a near standstill. Don't come to a complete stop or you'll alert the crows and they'll be long gone.

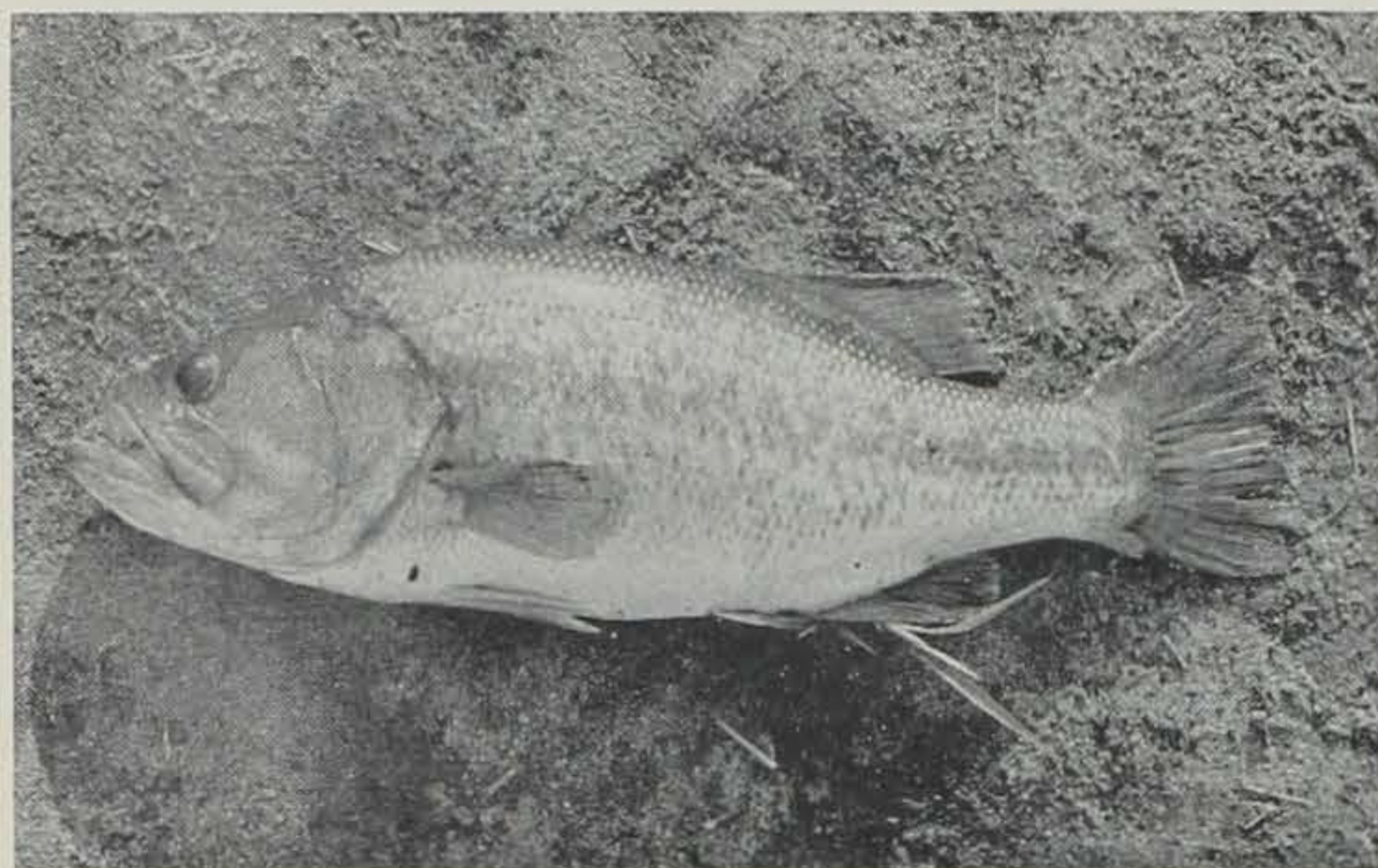
When the car is slowed, two hunters alight in the ditch on the opposite side of the road from the feeding birds. The driver then

accelerates and moves to the next intersection and waits.

By being a little cautious, the crows are not alarmed and the hunters can have at the business of shooting. Hidden in the ditch on the opposite side of the road from the feeding crows, one hunter opens with his call. As the birds move from the field toward the calling, one of the hunters triggers the trick device—a piece of lightweight black cloth wrapped around a kitten-ball. The ball is lofted into the field beyond, unfurling as it goes, and giving the impression of a distressed crow dropping into the field.

The more flutter you can get into the rig the better, Heidelberg says. This can be accomplished with a cloth large enough and wrapped loosely enough to catch the wind and present many flapping sides and ends to incoming crows.

This bit of fakery is often enough to bring crows within easy gun range, giving hunters a chance at some mighty tricky shooting, Heidelberg concludes.—K.C.S.



Anyone who has ever had a bass slam a lure has probably wondered about their speed. The author has some interesting observations about speeds of various fish.

SPEED—

(Continued from page 97)

formerly thought that the fins, particularly the caudal fin, and the tail were the sole and primary means of locomotion, but experiments have shown that a fish without tail or fins is far from helpless. The chief method of fish progression is through the rippling undulations of the creature's body, aided by the streams of water from the gills. The other organs are useful as steering devices, balancers, brakes and aids to sudden movement, while the swim-bladder inside all fish—a kind of sac containing gas lying just above the gullet—acts as a sort of hydrostatic lifebuoy, adjusting its gas content according to the degree of water pressure experienced at varying depths. Thus a fish can move quickly up or down in the water, sometimes from quite a depth, without experiencing any discomfort at the sudden changes in external pressure—as a human diver does when he gets the "bends."

Both the shape and the tail formation of fish are good guides to their powers of speedy locomotion. The fastest fish have long, tapering bodies, cigar-shaped and broad rather than high; whereas fish with short, high, laterally-compressed bodies (that is the sunfish shape, as opposed to the salmon shape) are always slower-moving. Those fish with deeply-forked tails, like the mackerel, are nearly always the fastest moving over long distances, and those with square or rounded tail patterns are usually slow-movers, although most of them are able to make short dashes at high speed if the need arises.

It is extraordinarily difficult to secure reliable proof of fish speeds, for there are many obstacles in the way of scientifically checking underwater movements (some of which may be swift, sudden and brief) with reasonable accuracy. Fish speeds have been recorded with a variety of devices; by ordinary stop-watch; by a gadget called the "fish-o-meter" attached to a rod to register the speed at which the line is run out; another

similar device in which tank fish are harnessed with a fine silk cord which unwinds over a large pulley actuating a sensitive relay once each revolution; by taking a cine film of swimming fish and working out their actual speed by comparison of the varying positions on each picture-frame of the film; by timing a swimming fish from the known speed of a ship or boat which it passes in a recorded time; and even by calculating the speed of the current in a river and then working out the minimum speed a fish must achieve to make headway against it.

A French scientist, Professor A. Magnan, using the third device mentioned, has done a lot of work in this field, but almost all his findings relate to the normal speeds of fish, rather than to their absolute maximum speeds. He found pike, dogfish, salmon, sturgeon, tunny and blue shark to be among the fastest of fish. Some typical speeds he recorded are salmon 11 m.p.h.; tunny 14 m.p.h.; and blue shark 24 m.p.h.; all of them normal rather than emergency speeds. Salmon have attracted more speed investigators than any other fish, and another French expert who coaxed fish along a specially-built track in the River Vienne found the salmon an easy first, at about 18 m.p.h. The highest recorded speed for a salmon is 25 m.p.h., although some authorities claim that it has really swum much faster.

All fish speeds, by the way, should be considered in comparison with the world speed record for a human swimmer, which is 4.01 m.p.h. American bonefish have been known to swim at 22 m.p.h., and Zane Gray, the famous storyteller, recounted how he once hooked one and ran along the bank towards it. In the time he took to cover 50 feet the fish had reeled out 400 feet of his line, and assuming his speed to be only 5 miles an hour the fish would appear to have reached something approaching 45 m.p.h. in a very short time.

The fastest fish of all is the sailfish, a variety of swordfish, without any doubt. It has been known to

take out 100 yards of line in *three seconds*, a speed of nearly 70 m.p.h., and anything over 60 m.p.h. is usual for these powerful creatures in a sudden spurt of colossal energy and rage. Tunny also rush at a good speed, recorded by some as about 44 m.p.h. maximum. Anyway, a tunny that does not spurt off at about 40 m.p.h. when it first feels the hook is an unusual catch. But for sheer impact of speed (sometimes directed straight at a boat) the thrust of an angry swordfish takes some beating. It has been shown that to drive the rapier of a swordfish through 20 inches of hardwood sheathed with copper and often faced with oak as well takes a driving force at the moment of impact of at least 60 m.p.h.

The wahoo has been timed by stop-watch to travel 200 yards in 11 seconds, when hooked, which is an average speed of just over 37 m.p.h., while the fighting tarpon and the mako shark can both reach a good maximum of about 35 m.p.h., sometimes hurling their great bodies clean out of the water when they do so. The other really fast fish is the dogfish, to which a spurt of 30 m.p.h. comes easily.

Among the smaller species, the trout follows the salmon with a maximum speed of about 23 m.p.h., and more than one observer's stop-watch has registered a pike's mad dash at 20 miles an hour. Devil-fish at 14 m.p.h. and bass at 12 m.p.h., both maximums again, are speedy adversaries, and even a minnow can swim at over 9 m.p.h.

Here are some other authentic speeds recorded for species of special interest to anglers: perch, 10.2 m.p.h.; roach, 10 m.p.h.; dace, 9.3

m.p.h.; carp, 7.6 m.p.h.; mullet, 8 m.p.h.; eel, 7.5 m.p.h.; tench, 7 m.p.h.; chub, 5 m.p.h.; it is worth remembering that even this last, seemingly slow speed is faster than any man can swim, and it is about as fast as one can walk without breaking into a run. By way of comparison the bream bluegill progresses at only 1½ m.p.h., though the picture presented by an octopus darting about at a good 4 miles an hour runs contrary to the generally accepted opinion that these devilish creatures are slow-moving and sluggish by nature.

If our authenticated records of fish speeds over short distances are all too few, those covering long periods and distances are even rarer. A marked eel, however, is known to have swam 750 miles in 93 days, which gives it an average speed of about 9 m.p.h., while a salmon has been proved to swim over 60 miles per day for more than 10 days in succession. The usual daily mileage for a salmon in the sea has been estimated at nearer 25 miles per day, however.

It should hardly be necessary to add that if any angler ever gets the chance of measuring a fish's swimming speed, even over the shortest distance, it would be a great pity to neglect the opportunity of adding to our knowledge of this subject.—David Gunston, Hampshire, England in *Pennsylvania Angler*.

The trumpeter swan is the largest species of native waterfowl now living in North America. Trumpeters weighing 32 pounds and with 10-foot wingspreads have been reported.

QUITE A RACK



The hunting party of Don Breiner (right) and Ralph Hessel of Dubuque felled this fine buck Dec. 14, final day of Iowa's deer season. The deer had a dressed weight of 164 pounds. The hunters may record dimensions of the rack with the Boone and Crockett Association, the agency that judges and publishes information on record racks of big game.

ICE FISHING IN FULL SWING

For more and more Iowans, the distinction between warm and cold weather fishing is becoming less and less marked. Winter months simply mean a changeover of equipment and it's "fishing as usual" through a spudded hole in the ice—outside where January blows raw and rough or inside a warm, ghostly-quiet shelter.

The camera of George Tovey recorded some of the ice fishing activity and some of its most ardent devotees in this series of photographs taken recently at Spirit Lake, one of the state's most popular ice fishing spots.

Perch are the most common species taken by lake fishermen with walleyes next. Both are firm and excellent eating in winter.



This recent aerial view of Spirit Lake describes better than words the interest in winter fishing. Lunker walleyes were the big news at the time this photo was taken and the word was out.



The appeal of ice fishing is calling more and more to its ranks, including the feminine set. Evidence is this photo of two women trying their luck recently at Spirit Lake.



When the "open air" angler wants to see activity below the ice, he uses whatever is handy to cut outside light. It's a fascinating world in the clear water below.



A sharp spud soon knifes an open hole in thick lake ice and the winter fisherman is in business. Fishing in the open may call for fortitude but it gives the angler greater opportunity to move and fish more spots.

A RABBIT RECIPE THAT'S DIFFERENT

Admittedly most of the fun in the sport of hunting is in the hunt itself, but there is still a lot of fun in preparing game for the table after it has been bagged.

Experimenting with preparations of game that is a little different adds excitement to culinary achievements in the kitchen and to everyone's taste buds at the table.

This might be the year to add to your game cookery repertoire—to depart a little from the conventional fried rabbit, good as it is. A starting point might be the following recipe for an old-fashioned gypsy rabbit dinner we recently came across:

Skin and clean a three-pound rabbit. Cut into pieces for serving. Place in a kettle with an ordinary bouquet grani composed of one bay leaf, three sprigs green celery leaf tops, eight sprigs parsley, one sprig thyme and two whole cloves, tied together with kitchen thread, and five medium sized onions minced, chicken fat the size of a small egg, six crushed peppercorns, and salt to taste.

Cover with equal parts of water and red wine; bring to a rapid

boil, lower the flame and let simmer very gently for 2½ hours without disturbing. Then add 1½ cups diced carrots, 12 small white onions, 12 small fresh mushroom caps, peeled, and 18 small raw potato balls. Continue cooking, covered, until the vegetables are tender, or about 25 minutes longer. Remove the bouquet garni, and thicken the mixture with two tablespoons kneaded butter (equal parts butter and flour kneaded together), adding one generous tablespoon finely minced parsley. Continue simmering for four or five minutes, then bring to a full boil, and add the following dump-lings:

Sift together one cup flour, two teaspoons baking powder and a pinch of salt. Then add alternately one whole fresh egg beaten until light and enough cold milk to make a stiff batter. Drop by small tablespoons atop the rabbit ragout and let rise. Then cover and cook for 12 to 15 minutes. Serve generously and watch your guests unbutton their vests!

The southern bald eagle differs from other migrants in that it nests during the winter.

No striped snake, native to the United States, is poisonous.

WINTER RAINBOWS



Register and Tribune Photo. Jim Cook (left) and Willard Hawker of Manchester braved freezing December weather to catch this string of 10 rainbow trout. The anglers' total catch was 14. Biggest fish measured 22 inches.

FISHING AND LUCK

We notice that many men and boys and some women go fishing at the lake, the river and even ponds hereabouts.

A new stunt is for a fisherman to take with him a folding chair in which he sits on the bank waiting for a bite. In the old days even an old woman would have considered that sissy stuff. However, it was not against the rules to sit on a log.

Even if one catches no fish, this way of spending time brings beneficial results. It is the most useful way of spending time yet invented, in fact, the best way of forgetting troubles.

Most fishermen have such an intense desire to get a bite that their minds concentrate all the time on wishing so intensely for a fish to bite that they forget everything else. This is about the best way to forget debts, family troubles, false friends, business or the job.

Other fishermen enter into a don't care peace of mind which can be acquired only while fishing. The smartest and even the most irritable person knows that once the bait is in the water, one has to wait until a fish or a turtle gets close enough to know that the bait is there. So all that one can do is wait.

This form of waiting produces a state of mind the equal of which no psychiatrist has yet invented. One knows one has to wait and so one simply waits.

The mind becomes completely relaxed. One thinks leisurely of happy days of the past, of this or that pretty girl one once thought he could not live without, of youthful ambitions, of friendships, and all that was nice.

The relaxed state of mind and

body while sitting waiting for the bite of a fish hardly ever brings thoughts of disappointments, failures, and troublesome experiences. One is resigned to destiny, and hopes that it is his destiny to catch a big carp or catfish on this very day.

If one does catch a big one, there comes a feeling of exultation and pride such as isn't possible even if one is elected president of the bank, mayor of the town or has won the prize on bank night.

Nevertheless, a man will walk down Main Street carrying fish-pole and a big carp or catfish, and he feels sure that all people look upon him as a man who has performed an act that can be performed only by a man born with talent which has been trained to expert ability by many hours of study and practicing of technique.

If the man catches no fish, he never walks down Main Street, but sneaks home through the alley to get home unseen.

Of course, there are experts who travel long distances to fish with fly or in boats on the lakes and even hire guides. But let us not go into these, for these require expenditure of big money. Usually you have to hire a guide and rent a boat, which makes the fishing frenzied finance, and is only another way of working yourself up to the jitters.

What we are concerned with is his good old time fishing here at home, sitting on the bank, relaxed, and enjoying a few hours of forgetfulness of responsibility, a few hours of hope.

And, if here at home you can walk down Main Street carrying a big fish, your standing in the community really goes up. You are not only envied, but are respected and admired.—*Tama News-Herald.*



"I suppose they'll expect us to establish another flyway if they find any big sloughs up there."