

IOWA CONSERVATIONIST



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FROZEN BEAUTY IN IOWA'S WINTER WONDERLAND

BOWMEN DISCOVER DEERSKIN BONANZA

Results of the 1959 Bow Season for Deer

Eddie W. Mustard
Biologist-Game

Iowa's proponents of the "lapse in antiquity" type of hunting, bowhunters, had themselves a great year this year. Bowmen harvested more deer than ever before, and many of them spent their leisure time in pursuit of the wily white-tailed deer. Their hunter success ratio was better than for any previous year, and they required fewer hours of hunting to bag.

The regulations governing the bow season for deer were practically the same as for 1958, with a 31-day open season from October 31 to November 30, inclusive. Hunting, using bows of pound or more pull with broad-head arrows, was allowed from 6 a.m. to 5:30 p.m. daily. As in the past, regulations permitted hunters to harvest any deer, with no sex, season and possession limit on the animal.

A total of 1,627 bow permits were issued, which was about an 8 percent increase over the 1958 total. Bow hunting undoubtedly is one of the fastest growing sports in Iowa, with the number of participants in the sport increasing from a feeble ten in 1953 to a total of 1,627 in 1959. This is a high increase for a sport which has only been going for a few years in Iowa and is indicative of the zeal with which our bowmen take to this type of hunting.

The following information was obtained from hunter report cards: 1,481 bow hunters. The 91 percent return of the cards, while probably the highest in the nation, still below results for past seasons when nearly 100 percent of cards were sent in. Apparently many of our bow hunters do not realize the utility of their information in the management of

(Continued on page 12)

PLANTING FOR TOMORROW

Malcolm K. Johnson



As neat as a formal garden, the State Nursery produces seedlings best suited to our climate and soils. These three year old Austrian pines grew from seeds imported to improve our forests. By next year they'll be gracing woodlots and parks in every section of the state.

A 100 acre tract of fertile Iowa land on the south edge of Ames holds a big share of the state's future beauty and wealth of soil. Since the first seeds were planted here in 1937 the State Forest Nursery has been broadcasting its young giants in every corner of Iowa. And with every new tree planted, a firmer grip is taken on our priceless top soil. Silent, undemanding and tireless are those wooden watchdogs, repaying with interest the food they take from the earth they spend their lives holding in place. Strange, isn't it, that we can buy a lifetime of

service for a few dollars a thousand?

Available to any rural landowner in the state for timberland improvement, erosion control or wildlife cover, the \$50,000 annual crop of trees and shrubs is grown under the supervision of "Prophet" Gene Hertel. Seven years' experience has taught Gene how to estimate the need for each of the 17 species on sale fairly closely—four years in advance! Thirty types are grown but some are for special purposes. In case of extreme variations in supply and demand, nurseries from other state conservation

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Tucked back in the hills of northeast Iowa and somewhat removed from the casual eye of the color conscious autumn leaf watcher, there are some truly spectacular waterfalls. Within easy distance of road and river, travelers to this part of the state are missing a very enjoyable bet by overlooking these features of natural beauty. Rising starkly into the high bluffs of the Mississippi just two miles south of Clayton (ten miles below McGregor) one cataract exhibits a 60 foot face and nearby a series of huge steps makes a falls totaling 140 feet of vertical distance.

Known to only a few local folks, deer hunters and more rarely to fishermen, the perpendicular waterways frozen in place and sharply outlined by snowless ground, are a strange sight for us flat-landers. And not only waterfalls, but springs and hollowed sandstone caves lie here for viewing and exploration. It is one of the few places in the state where the glacial blanket of soil is thin or nonexistent, exposing the skeleton of the land to our attention. Walking behind a waterfall—a form of recreation not known to many Iowans—and examining the shallow caves formed by the falls allows one's mind to transcend time and imagine the surroundings a few hundred or thousand years ago. As a temporary home for the Indian, the place is unexcelled. There's shelter from both summer heat and winter's cold, a good water supply, and there are fish and game for food; just down the valley the Mississippi flows imperceptibly on, still the great natural highway of the plains.

Close scrutiny of the sandstone near Clayton reveals that it is crumbly, white, and very pure. Called the St. Peter formation, the sand is mined because of its purity and regular sized grains. Not far above the cave, a person can pluck the calcified remains of creatures living here eons before us. It all seems so permanent and unchanged; the hills ring of music of a thousand years. The ground exudes solidity. But change there is.

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**MORE THAN THEY
BARGAINED FOR**

About a week before Christmas
three men were enjoying the noc-
turnal pastime of coon hunting
along the Turkey River in northern
Iowa.

Waiting for the fast traveling
black "Lab" to sound off, they
were totally unaware of the big
event soon to follow. Don Scheffert,
his nephew, Gail Scheffert, and Sey-
more Wilson, all of Garber, were
just biding their time until the
dog found reason to make music
in the hills. Sure enough, pretty
soon the excited sound rang out
across the bottoms, loud and clar-
ion clear and yet containing a
strange quality. As the men took
out, one of them mused, "He never
sounded like that before." With
lots of ground to cover and the
Turkey River to wade, a good half-
hour was consumed before Don
Scheffert arrived on the scene.
Shining his flashlight in the direc-
tion from whence the racket was
emanating, Don was amazed to
see a pair of cat-like eyes coming
at him hissing and snarling in a
very business-like fashion. Nephew
Gail, following close behind, yelled,

**Editorially Speaking
ON WISE USE**

John W. Taylor
Maryland Conservationist

There is an oft-repeated maxim, used by many professional con-
servationalists, that "conservation means wise use." This statement is
general enough to hold some truth and, as a slogan, has surely done
a lot for our cause. However, it is open to very wide, and often very
false interpretations, and has even been used as a catch-phrase by
those opposed to sincere conservation efforts.

Perhaps this is due mainly to the interpretation that "wise use"
means "wise economic use." Indeed, most of the multiple uses talked
about are nothing other than various economic uses, and resources
which don't produce revenue are generally declared "useless." The
outstanding example of this attitude is found in the opponents of
wilderness areas who believe that virgin timber is wasted timber and
roadless areas are useless areas.

We think, therefore, that the term "wise use" should be employed
carefully, and with more regard for uses not purely economic. Other-
wise, we may lose sight of the ideal that the highest use of our land
and waters is as a source of spiritual refreshment and enlightenment,
not as means to further financial and industrial growth. The goal of
an advanced and cultured civilization, one that has passed the bar-
barian stage, is not merely to keep alive, nor to surround itself with
physical comfort, but to grow in its appreciation of spiritual values.
And to do this is to insure the happiness of its people.

It is this latter perspective that should govern conservation poli-
cies and practices. When viewed from this point, it is realized that
hawks should be protected, not only because they are economically
beneficial to the farmer, but chiefly because there is intrinsic worth
in the sight of a peregrine on a lonely sea-coast, or in the wild cry
of a red-tail over a mountainside.

Similarly, the bounty system is ridiculous, not only because it wastes
millions of ill-directed dollars, but largely because a mountain with
bobcats is immeasurably better than one without them.

Likewise, our water resources should be kept free from pollution,
not only because it means better fishing or more swimming and boat-
ing areas, but principally because there is something about a clear
mountain stream that fulfills a definite need in a world already too
crowded with thousands of square miles of steel and cement.

The fulfillment of that need is the wisest use possible.

"Shoot quick, Uncle Don, it's a bob-
cat!" But Gail was wrong, it
wasn't a bobcat—there were two
furious felines. Shifting the light
off of them for a moment turned
the cats back on the dog, still game
after thirty minutes of battle that
would make most men turn tail.
On and off went the light, and each
time the bobcats would reverse the
attack, seemingly unaware that
they were being fired upon. Not
anticipating dangerous game, Don's

only weapon was a 22 caliber pis-
tol, but use it he did.

After four hits, one of the en-
raged cats dropped; the other slip-
ping off into the night without a
sound. Silence; the squalling, yelp-
ing, hissing, and barking ended.
Just four pairs of lungs eagerly
gulping air with an occasional
snuff-snuff from the Lab examining
the victim. With a great sigh,
Scheffert holstered the pistol,
picked up the cat, and said, "Some
coon hunt."

Ruined dog? Not on your life—
he's ready to go again anytime.—
M.K.J.



Though this may resemble Tabby or Tom napping on the doorstep (and having a bad
dream) the ear-tuffs, muttonchop whiskers and bobbed tail identify it as a bobcat.

ROCK HUNTER

Ed Rickles of Ashville, Ala-
bama, has a novel method of hunt-
ing. According to the Alabama
Department of Conservation, the
65-year old Rickles uses a sure
throwing arm as the weapon and
rocks for ammunition. A former
professional baseball pitcher, he
has killed over the years a wild
boar, wildcats (up to 37 pounds
in weight), ground hogs, musk-
rats, mink, weasels, opossums,
rabbits, beavers, turkeys, guineas,
hawks, owls, buzzards, wild ducks
and geese, bats, frogs, moles,
snakes, lizards, and even fish in
shallow water.

**WANT SOME DECOYS
MAKE 'EM YOURSEL**

What with long evenings and
hunting about done for the winter
there seems little left to turn
except that one eyed, time con-
suming monster in the living room.
And unless you're really a fier
for passive entertainment, it ge
old pretty fast.

Now if your curiosity has stirr
you out of the traditional mi
winter lethargy, let's wander ba
to the work bench and put tho
restless hands to work; at the sam
time improving your chances f
some do-it-yourself roast du
next fall.

Decoys seem to be perplexing
some, a nuisance to others and
god-send to those who know ho
to use them. Many believe th
vast numbers are a key to succe
but a few stalwarts claim that
lone pintail is irresistible to t
tired migrants. The real answe
of course, lies in the temperame
of those tasty, two-winged morse
but there's little question abo
who gets the birds—them th
has (decoys) gets (ducks).

The procedure outlined for th
manufacture is simple; dubs a
pro's alike should end up w
strong and sturdy facsimiles of
original decoy. The materials a
or should be, easily obtained. Th
include: 2/3-3/4 pound weld w
glue per decoy, or for a dozen,
pounds is a great plenty (\$8.0
10 pounds of casting plaster, f
or six clean gunny sacks prov
adequate burlap for 12 decoys
can of rock hard water putty
jar of vaseline petroleum jelly
little quick setting water pr
glue, some shellac, thin wood cr
ing and decoy paint fill the l
The tools are hardly worth m
tioning: pencil, penknife, ra
sandpaper, and paintbrush (c
couraged?).

First select a decoy—buy, b
borrow or steal one you'd like
have several of. Make sure th
are no fancy projections so tha
simple two piece mold can be m
If its old, fill the cracks w
water putty and sand down
humps.

Pencil a mid-line around the
coy, over the bill, head and b
and under the belly back again
the bill.

Build a cardboard box for
plaster mold making room for
least one inch of plaster aro
every part of the decoy. T
means on the top and bottom
the box, too!

Grease the decoy and the ins
of the box liberally with vassel

Ten pounds of casting plas
are needed for the mold (more
the decoy is a large one) and
available at most hobby sho
Approximate cost is one dollar
five pounds. Ordinary wall pa
ing plaster doesn't do well at
so be sure it's casting plaster.

Mix five pounds in a buc
(Continued on next page)

Pencil a line around the
decoy so both halves of t
exactly alike

As wood is buoyant in th
pointed wooden strips are
decoy down to the pen
maintains the shape

After greasing the face of
and the decoy again, the
poured. Plastic bucke

To facilitate removal of the
grease the inside of



Draw a line around the middle of the mold so both halves of the mold will be exactly alike.



Make the strips fit before gluing and save a lot of trouble later. The first strips should be big and well soaked with glue.



After applying a smooth thick coat of glue to both edges, wrap well with cord and make sure it lines up.



File the joint and put on a filler coat. Linoleum paste was used here, but water putty dries much faster and is easier to work with.



Wood is buoyant in the liquid plaster, so wooden strips are used to hold the box down to the pencil line. String maintains the shape of the box.



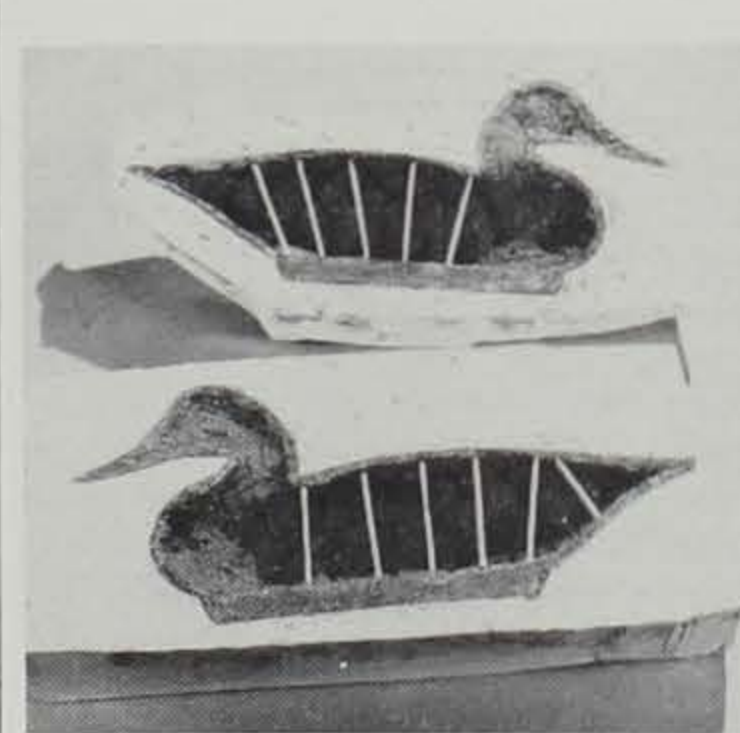
The first half completed. Note the uniform quarter inch thickness except at bill, tail, and keel.



Sized, painted and ready for action. Simple sturdy and economical—what more can you ask?



After greasing the face of the bottom mold of the decoy again, the top half can be poured. Plastic bucket is handy.



The bracing sticks help to prevent warping as the glue finishes drying. Later, the braces will be glued in place.



To facilitate removal of the built up model, grease the inside of the mold.



By now beginning to look like the original, most of the work is done. Note the detail in the head accomplished by tamping with a stick before the glue sets.

(plastic pails wash out easier) and pour into the box which has been sealed on the edges with masking tape. Push the greased decoy on its side down into the white goo as soon as possible to prevent trapped air bubbles from forming. The buoyancy of the decoy will hold it up above the pencil line, but before remedying this, tie a string around the box to hold its shape. Then with some 1/8" x 1/4" wooden strips, pointed on the ends and about 1/2" longer than the width of the box, force the decoy down to its proper level. Just bow the strips over it and push the pointed ends into the sides of the box. This leveling is important, so double check the pencil line.

As the plaster sets, it will become warm, and when it gets no hotter to the touch remove the decoy carefully. If you wait until the plaster cools, it will have shrunk, which makes the removal more difficult.

With the bottom half of the mold completely set, replace the decoy and grease the flat face of the bottom mold so that the top half won't stick to it as it dries. Pour on the top half. When its heat is maximum split the corners of the box down to the joint. Then very cautiously work around it with a penknife until the two halves separate—the top carrying the decoy with it. Remove the decoy and let the upper mold dry, checking closely for bubbles and pieces that stuck to the decoy, and if found, fill with water putty and sand smooth.

MAKING THE MODEL

Cut the clean burlap into strips of varying lengths and 3/8" to 3" wide. The wider pieces go in the body cavity and the narrower ones in the head and tail sections.

You'll need from 2/3 to 3/4 of a pound of glue per decoy. Mix the

(Continued on page 12)



Shades of Sherwood Forest, but Robin Hood never had it so good. Camouflaged from neck to ankle and mounted on a cut-to-shape tree stand, Mr. Bowman draws a bead on one of Iowa's 13,000 deer. The bow-quiver keeps arrows handy for rapid shooting.

BUCKSKIN BONANZA—

(Continued from page 9)

Iowa's one big-game species—the white-tailed deer. It also appears as though too many of them are taking too lightly the fine print at the top of each card which says, in effect, that deer licenses for subsequent seasons may be refused if the deer hunt report card is not returned.

Now let's get into the vital statistics of the 1959 bow season, and see just how well our bowmen did.

Number of deer harvested—Iowa's quivered nimrods reported a harvest of 251 deer, which is larger than the number of deer taken by bowmen in any of our previous deer seasons. Data from the past season shows that this year's harvest is about 55 percent above last year's 162.

Hunter success—The bow hunters excelled in this category too, with 15.8 percent reporting that they "hung up" their deer. Again, this is the highest success ratio recorded for bowhunters since our first open deer season in 1953.

Success ratios in most states, for bow hunters, run somewhere between 5-10 percent, with only one or two states having a success ratio greater than that posted by our Iowa enthusiasts. From our hunter success figures it is quite apparent that more of the bow hunters are acquiring the skill and finesse necessary to bag their deer.

Time spent hunting—Bowhunters reported hunting 62,453 hours during the 1959 season. Figured on a per-hunter basis this amounts to about 39.5 hours of enjoyment for every bowhunter. Collectively, bowhunters participated the equivalent of 7,807 eight-hour days while engaged in their activity.

The hours of hunting required per deer bagged were reduced substantially from previous years, another criterion that experience is paying off. A total of 250 hunting hours was required for each deer harvested!

The great number of hours necessary to bag a deer is one reason why the Conservation Department is interested in bowhunting. It allows the maximum recreational use of one of our renewable natural resources—namely the deer—for, while much time is spent bowhunting, relatively few of the animals are taken. Essentially, bowhunting makes the most, recreationwise, out of our relatively small deer herd. With more and more leisure time available to our citizens this is important to keep in mind as greater numbers take to the woods to satisfy their craving for recreation, peace-of-mind, or whatever you wish to call it.

Top counties—Hunters are inherently interested in knowing where the best hunting is to be found. According to the returns filed by successful bowhunters, the following counties proved to be the most productive: Pottawattamie (26 deer), Clayton (13 deer), Delaware (11 deer), Black Hawk (9 deer), and Hardin (9 deer).

Sex and age ratios—As in past years, bowhunters reported taking far more male than female deer. Bowmen harvested 175 males, 73 females and three of unknown sex. These figures tend to indicate that the average bowhunter picks the deer he wants and that most often it is a buck.

Time of day deer were harvested—Almost 41 percent of 251 deer harvested were taken in the morn-

ing, with the remaining 59 percent hung in the afternoon. Whether or not this indicates that the afternoon period is the best time to hunt is debatable.

Number of deer observed—The average bow hunter saw .32 deer/hour of hunting, or about one deer for each three hours spent in the field. Bowmen observed an average of 12 deer each, for a grand total of 20,223 deer reported as sighted during the bow season—obviously the same deer were observed by more than one hunter.

As the old cliché goes, "All good things must end," and so it is with our 1959 bow season. Now it is just another season which has come and gone, leaving in its wake fond memories of anxious moments, trophy bucks, twigs that shouldn't have been there, and the other impressionable happenings that are best discussed in the company of other sportsmen with kindred interests.

In all fairness it must be said that this past season was good to those who enjoy taking a lapse into antiquity—our Iowa bowhunters.

DECOYS—

(Continued from page 11)

powdered weld wood carefully in an old one pound coffee can, just the right size for a glue pot.

Again get out the vaseline and grease the inside of the mold and some hand cream should be applied to your hands for protection.

The first layer of strips should be well soaked in glue and laid down practically dripping, later ones should be drawn between two fingers to squeeze out the excess. The ends of the strips shouldn't come over the edge of the mold as they're put down. The midline must be perfectly flat for a good joint when the halves are glued together. Minor discrepancies can be flattened while the glue is in a plastic stage just before hardening. While positioning the strips, be sure they lay easily and follow the contour of the mold. This is especially important in the first ones for a smooth surface and to preclude internal stresses that will distort the model.

Continue the stripping until the wall is ¼ inch thick. Many fibers and strands will settle to the bot-

tom of the glue pot and these are used to pack the bill and tail for added strength. Tamp the wadding in the extremities down with a wedged stick to get the most exterior detail possible. Let dry for 24 hours.

Cut some more 1/8" by 3/8" wooden strips that just fit across the inside of the mold. These are used to hold the sides against the mold after loosening the edge with a penknife. REMEMBER that the plaster chips easily so proceed with caution! Don't glue the strips, they just prevent warping. After drying for 48 hours, remove the model entirely from the mold, then put back, reinsert the bracing sticks and cover with a damp cloth to retard final drying until the other half is done.

At no time in the drying process should any heat be applied. Room temperature is best for an unwarped, finished product. Don't place near a register, radiator or any source of one-sided heat.

To bind the two halves together mix a new batch of glue to the consistency of heavy molasses. Daub the ends of the bracing sticks and mount them in each half. Lay a smooth thick cover of glue on the rim of each half, push together and bind with cord as shown. After drying for 24 hours, rasp the joint down smoothly and another glue pips sticking out.

Dampen a rag with gasoline or carbon tetrachloride and clean off the vaseline.

Fill any remaining pores or cracks with water putty and sand smooth. Three coats of uncut shellac make a good sizing and waterproof. Balance in water with flattened sinkers or 3/8" wide strips of plumbers sheet lead by taping on the bottom, outboard of the keel and when properly positioned glue in place using any quick setting water proof glue and gauze bandage over them for strength.

Paint with decoy paint, be sure to follow the natural markings. (These are well illustrated in "Waterfowl in Iowa", the 124 page, hard bound book published by the department for one dollar.)

Final cost? Slightly less than a dollar apiece if you make a dozen. Fragile—well, they'll sustain 160 pounds at least.—M.K.



Editor's note—In this article on Fish and Game Management Units, we hear of the 'Ruthven' of the Es... who not only knows his domain, but... well. Mark, hence credit for the historical... Mrs. Nelle O'Neil... journalist whose... early residents of the... The Ruthven Fish Management Unit is... 6 game areas and... access areas. During... above normal rainfall... is a part of the pu... use of at least... game areas also.

Unit headquarters is... size of Dewey's Pasture... miles north of Ruthve... west Island and Trum... is reached by a... marked county road.

Early pioneers found... seasons of high wa... the areas connected... that you could row a... point two miles north... across Lost Island... to northeast corner... toward north of the... then west through... called Mud Lake, ac... marsh (Smiths Slough... Trumbull Lake. Contin... until rowing your boat... (single portage), you e... lake and complete you... Conversely, in times... er and ice heaving... canoes were pushed up... present northeast sh... west Island Lake, the... ating the marsh of Sm... from Trumbull Lake... has been dug between... Trumbull Lakes to c... sand bank pushed up... mouth of the present... to the fact that Rou... main source of water... Trumbull Lake's water... Dewey's Pasture i... prairie with about one... by potholes, which mak... nesting area for marsh... birds, and waterfowl... in 1924, the bluegrass... slowly returning to... prairie plants such as... cord grass, wheat gr... Trapping, as well as... waterfowl hunting, is... especially in years of n... fall.

Trumbull Lake lies a... west of the unit headqu... open body of water ne... miles long and approxi... feet in depth. Above th... at the north end lie... that have the character... marsh, having an inlet... erahed of about 3,000... gravel beach is intersp

THE RUTHVEN FISH AND GAME MANAGEMENT UNIT

Mark Campney
Unit Fish and Game Manager

(Editor's note—In this month's article on Fish and Game Management Units, we hear from Mark Campney of the Ruthven Unit who not only knows every cattail in his domain, but its history as well. Mark, however, gives full credit for the historical data herein to Mrs. Nelle O'Neil of Ruthven, a journalist whose family were early residents of the area.)

The Ruthven Fish and Game Management Unit is made up of game areas and two fishing access areas. During normal or above normal rainfall, good fishing is a part of the public recreation use of at least five of the game areas also.

Unit headquarters is on the west side of Dewey's Pasture about six miles north of Ruthven, between Lost Island and Trumbull Lakes. It is reached by a good, well marked county road.

Early pioneers found that during seasons of high water, five of the areas connected. It is said that you could row a boat from point to point two miles north of Ruthven, across Lost Island Lake to the northeast corner, cross the marsh north of the lake and then west through the marsh to Mud Lake, across another marsh (Smiths Slough) and into Trumbull Lake. Continuing south will rowing your boat without a single portage, you enter Round Lake and complete your tour.

Conversely, in times of low water and ice heaving, two sand banks were pushed up; one on the present northeast shoreline of Lost Island Lake, the other separating the marsh of Smiths Slough from Trumbull Lake. A channel has been dug between Round and Trumbull Lakes to cut another path and bank pushed up during the south of the present decade due to the fact that Round Lake's main source of water is from Trumbull Lake's watershed.

Dewey's Pasture is upland prairie with about one-third of it in potholes, which makes it good resting area for marsh and upland birds, and waterfowl. Purchased in 1924, the bluegrass pasture is slowly returning to dominate prairie plants such as blue stem, wild grass, wheat grasses, etc. Hunting, as well as upland and waterfowl hunting, is very good, especially in years of normal rainfall.

Trumbull Lake lies a half mile east of the unit headquarters—an open body of water nearly three miles long and approximately five feet in depth. Above the narrows at the north end lie 200 acres that have the characteristics of a marsh, having an inlet with a watershed of about 3,000 acres. The level beach is interspersed with

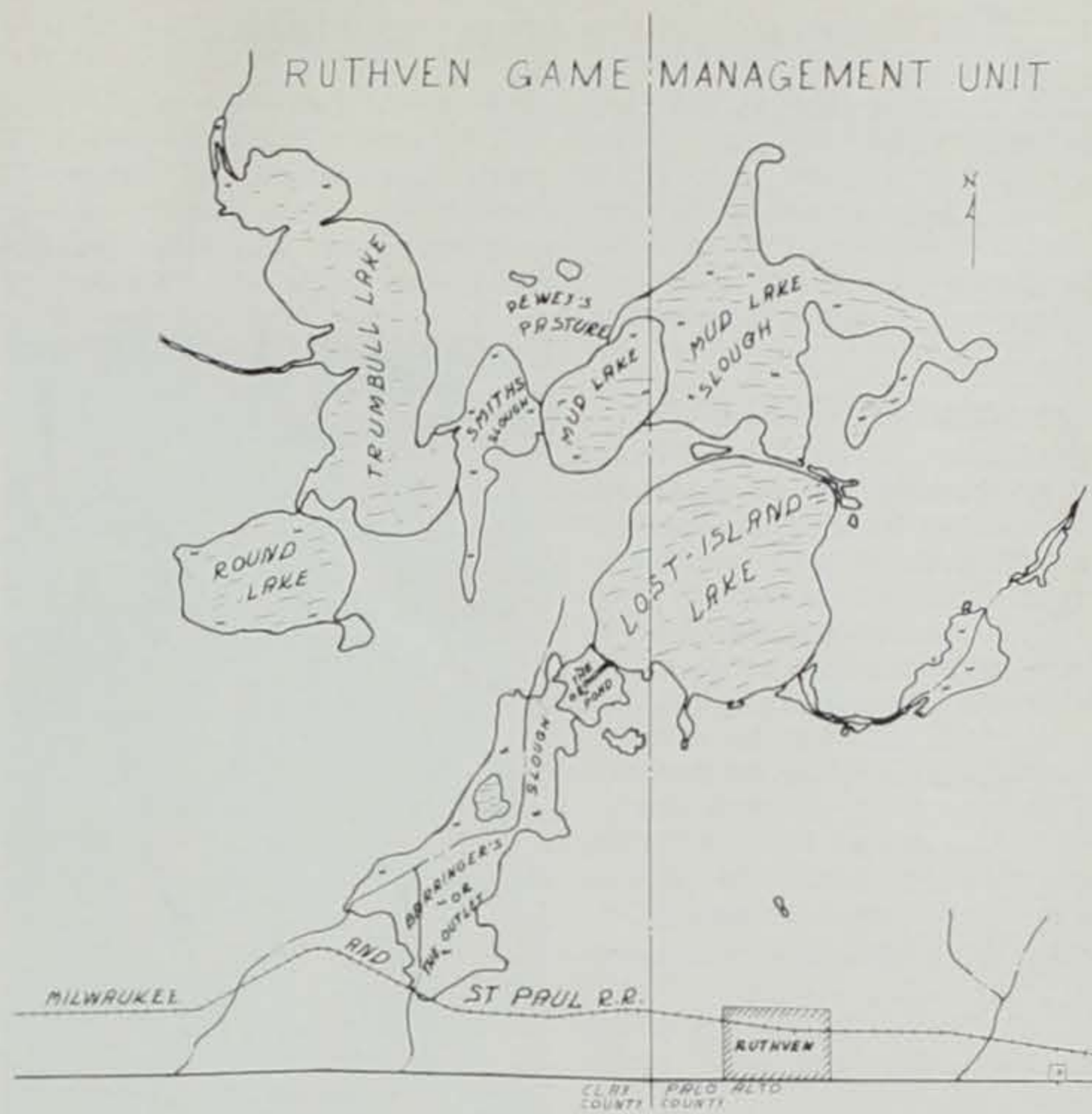
emergent vegetation producing the seeds that waterfowl are so fond of, plus submergent vegetation they also thrive on, making Trumbull one of the finest producers of waterfowl feed. A 40 acre hunting access covers over a mile of shoreline that provides upland game storm cover and nesting. During normal rainfall the lake provides good perch, bullhead and northern fishing.

Mrs. Nelle O'Neil tells us that in days of old, no one ever went home from Trumbull without a full catch of fish, but during the drouth about 70 years ago, Trumbull Lake suffered with the rest of the streams and lakes of the state and it was so dry at one time it was possible to walk all the way across it on dry land. Bones found in graves in the sandy gravel along the east shore attest to the fact that Indians camped there long before the first settler came to Iowa; and that the lake had known dry years before.

Round Lake is at the south end of Trumbull and has an average depth of two feet. It is a refuge and thereby contributes to holding waterfowl for hunting on nearby marshes and cornfields. The ditch between Round and Trumbull Lakes, mentioned above, maintains the level of both lakes.

Smiths Slough gives access to about three-fourths of a mile on the eastern shoreline of Trumbull lake and has 125 acres of marshland. More than 15,000 acres of watershed drains into Trumbull Lake through this marsh. Excellent nesting terrain is available for birds and rabbits, similar to that in Dewey's Pasture. Waterfowl and pheasant hunting as well as trapping are good except in dry seasons. No accurate description of the public use of this area would be complete without including bird watching, picnicking and camping on the shores of Trumbull Lake.

Mrs. O'Neil reminds us that a giant trapper with fiery red hair and whiskers, and an Indian wife, moved to an island on Smiths Slough in 1866. His name was Trumbull and he quickly acquired a reputation of selfishness, greed, bullying and a desire to be king of the area. A neighbor, who had just moved to a farm on Lost Island Lake, went calling at the Trumbull cabin and was met with a storm of curses, was refused admittance and was warned to move out of the country. Suspecting that Trumbull, through his actions, was trying to conceal something, the man from Lost Island came back after dusk to see what he could see, and discovered a log barn half buried in a bluff that contained 12 fine horses. Sure that he had found a horsethief, he went for help and returned at



midnight with some vigilantes; but when they succeeded in rousing Trumbull, he denied any knowledge of the horses and a search of the barn revealed two white mules and nothing else. A few days later, when the man from Lost Island again called at the Trumbull cabin, he found it deserted. Years later Trumbull's old cabin was torn down and hauled away for firewood and as a result his villainy was proved. Heavy rains caused the timbers of the cabin to cave in and thus reveal an underground tunnel that led from the cellar of the house to the barn; undoubtedly where Red Trumbull concealed the stolen horses the night the vigilantes called on him.

Barringer Slough, part of the outlet for Lost Island Lake, is also rich in historical lore as well as abundant in rabbits, pheasants and waterfowl. Mrs. O'Neil informs us that in the years from 1870

through '72, there was a terrible drouth that caused all the wells to run dry and caused much hardship until the day the "water witch" showed up and, for no wages but room and board, found three fine springs. One of these is said to be responsible for the town of Ruthven since the spring, used as a source of water for thirsty steam engines, caused the Milwaukee and St. Paul railroad to be built past it.

The balance of the Unit is composed of waterfowl and upland game hunting, trapping and fishing access, in Clay, Palo Alto, Pocahontas and one (Soo Fishing Access) in Cherokee County.

While the areas of the Unit are dependent on weather conditions to a large extent, they have and will produce consistently attractive recreation through the variety of game, scenery, historical sites and bird watching.



KNOW YOUR WINTER BIRDS

Here are some more of the birds that may visit your bird feeder anytime this winter. Last month we met the *white-breasted nuthatch* and the *slate colored junco*. This month's birds are the *downy woodpecker*, *horned lark* and *chickadee*.

DOWNY WOODPECKERS

The *downy*, a "red headed woodpecker" because of the small red patch on the back of the head, is one of eight of the species so capped. The two remaining members of the woodpecker family have yellow heads. The *downy* is the smallest of the group and has the shortest bill—but he can rattle-tat-tat on a roof or dormer with the best of them—except the *pileated*. The *downy's* bill is shorter than its head, while the *hairy's* bill is longer than its head.

FIELD MARKS—Other woodpeckers have white rumps or white bars on the back, but the *downy* and *hairy* are our only *white-backed* woodpeckers. These two are almost identical in pattern, checkered and spotted with black and white; in fact, the *hairy* is like a magnified *downy* except at close range and *downy* shows black bars on its white outer tail feathers. The *hairy* lacks this "ladder."

SIMILAR SPECIES—The *hairy woodpecker*—The **VOICE**—A rapid whinny of notes, descending in pitch at the end, or a flat "pick."
RANGE—Resident from the gulf of Mexico north to Newfoundland, southwest to Quebec, and Manitoba.

HORNED LARK

If you play golf you have no doubt seen this little fellow *walking*, not hopping, across a green or running down the fairway ahead of you. He also frequents plains, prairies, fields and the shores of lakes. In flight, he folds his wings tightly after each beat, giving him a sort of "swooping" flight.

FIELD MARKS—Brown, larger than a sparrow, with black "whiskers" and a contrasting head pattern. It has two small black "horns" (not always noticeable) and a black collar, or ring, below the light throat. Overhead, he appears to have a light belly with a black tail.

SIMILAR SPECIES—Pipit, longspur, vesper sparrow.

VOICE—His song is tinkling, irregular, high-pitched, often long-sustained, and sometimes given high in the air in the manner of the European skylark. His note is a *tee-ee* or *tee-titi*.

RANGE—Breeds from the Arctic south to North Carolina, West Virginia, Missouri, Iowa, Kansas; also the coast of Texas.

CHICKADEE

The busiest bird on the tree—that's the chickadee. This small,

grey bird with the black cap, smaller than a sparrow with a proportionately longer tail and small, stubby bill, is extremely active, hanging upside down as well as right side up in his busy search



Downy Woodpecker



Horned Lark



Black Capped Chickadee

for insects, or food from your feeder.

FIELD MARKS—Black cap, black bib, and white cheeks.

SIMILAR SPECIES—Carolina or Brown-capped Chickadee.

VOICE—A clearly enunciated chick-a-dee-dee-dee. In the spring a clear whistle fee-bee-ee—Not like the Phoebe Flycatcher who does not whistle, but says its name, simply, *phoebe*.

RANGE—Resident from northern Ontario and Newfoundland south to the central states from Kansas east to Pennsylvania and New Jersey.

COMMISSION MINUTES JANUARY 6, 1960

Administration

Travel authorization was requested for nine members of the Commission and staff to attend the North American Wildlife Conference in Dallas, Texas, March 7 to 9. Carried.

Travel authorization was requested for R. R. Michell to attend the Great Lakes Park Training Institute with W. R. Rush February 22 to 26 at Pokagon State Park, Angola, Indiana. Carried.

Travel authorization was requested for the CONSERVATIONIST editor to attend the Editor's Short Course in Stillwater, Oklahoma, March 21 to 26. Carried.

Travel authorization was requested for Mans Ellerhoff and Milo Peterson to attend the Forest Fire Supervisors Conference at Milwaukee, Wisconsin, March 26 to 28. Carried.

FISH AND GAME

The most recent Conservation Officer Eligibility List was adopted as requested.

Under consideration is the loan of a two-way mobile radio from the Clayton County Conservation Board to help hold down deer poaching in that county.

The loan of the colored plates from "Iowa Fish and Fishing" to the Wisconsin Conservation Department was approved.

Administrative Order No. 283 concerning fishing seasons and regulations for 1960-61 were approved. The commercial fishing regulations will remain unchanged.

Approved was a daily field contact card, prepared for use by Conservation Officers in which they will record all persons contacted, their name, address, license number, area of contact, amount of fish or game taken, and number of hours spent getting the fish or game.

An acre for acre land exchange was approved for the piece of property bordering Dugeon Lake in Benton County owned by the local Izaak Walton chapter.

Additional purchase of land in the same area by the Department was approved.

LANDS AND WATERS

Authorization was given to use unrevoked funds for the restoration of the park officer's home in Wildcat Den State Park, the installation of a water treatment plant at Dolliver Memorial State Park, and for the McIntosh Woods State Park construction fund.

The resignation of Wapsipinicon State Park officer, Bill Maish, was accepted.

The Linn County Conservation Board was given permission to buy a strip of land on the Cedar River north of Cedar Rapids and part of an island totaling 62 acres. This land is primarily used by fishermen.

The Linn County Conservation Board was given permission to acquire some land along Buffalo Creek in Coggon. This beautiful area will provide public fishing access on both banks of the creek.

The Linn County Conservation Board was given permission to buy the Waubeek Quarry as a scenic river access.

The Blackhawk County Conservation Board was granted permission to lease four acres north of Waterloo on highway 63 for five years to be used as a roadside park.

The Iowa Highway Commission was given permission to construct a bridge over the Mississippi River south of LeClaire on interstate highway 80.

FORESTRY

Additional purchases in the Yellow River land acquisition project were approved. One was a farm 475 acres; another was a 30 acre plot.

A 410 acre island adjacent the DeSoto Bend area in the Missouri River was given back to the state by the owner who agreed that it rightfully belonged to the state. A court battle for another island was won on an injunctive basis.

The Commission moved to check the possibilities of expanding the Forney Lake area to improve good hunting in Iowa. Carried. It was also suggested the gun safety program for Iowa youth be expanded.

Personnel changes:

Lands and Waters Chief, W. Rush, is being transferred to serve as the liaison officer between the Department and county conservation boards.

Administration Chief, H. Freed, will be a landscape architect assisting Rush in the work with counties.

M. B. (Bud) Bolsem, former Superintendent of State Audits, will be the new Superintendent of Administration effective February 1, 1960.

HISTORICALLY

By

Stan Widne

The recent "Save Storm Lake" campaign of Storm Lake recalls a letter written in 1883-85:

"Hon. A. W. Aldrich, Commissioner, Anamosa, I.

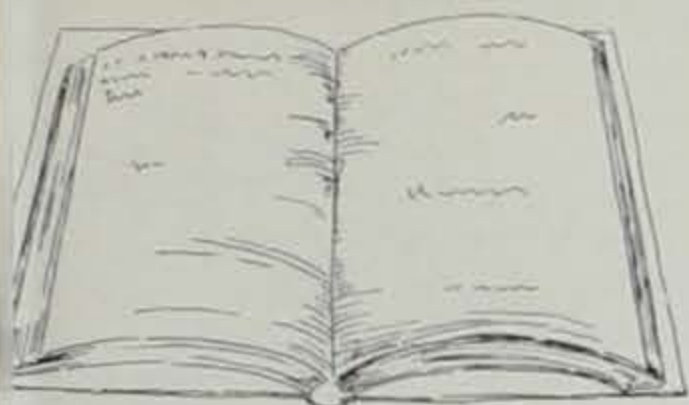
"Dear Sir—We have the prettiest sheet of water in the State of Iowa. It is a delightful pleasure to see people are organizing such improvements as necessary to properly entertain parties, pleasure

"Hence we are anxious to protect the fish of Storm Lake from unlawful slaughter, and the water in which they exist. To do this is to which I wish to call attention.

"During the season of a large rainfall; the lake is too high, and has washed amount of the perpendicular into the water, depositing bottom, and filling the lake caused by the outlet small to permit a sufficient carry off the excessive water. . . . Since the first of this county, there have been large quantities of rock on the shore of the lake, and leaving them to the waves. Stone boats use, and a profitable business being transacted by their avarice; this should be tolerated and active should be taken to stop warranted traffic.

"There have during been large quantities of vegetable matter floating in the water, which at first small quantities, and action of the water carried off, and by the waves on the shores where very offensive.

"Many are the theories advocated, none of which I am entitled to more consider the private opinion of advocating them. As I take of our state. If taken in this will you come to the proper authority under the law take as may be deemed corporate limits of the lake is not think it will be well for come better acquainted



HISTORICALLY SPEAKING

By
Stan Widney

The recent "Save the Lake" campaign of Storm Lake citizens calls a letter written 75 years ago, published in the Biennial Report of 1883-85:

"Hon. A. W. Aldrich, Fish Commissioner, Anamosa, Iowa:

"Dear Sir—We have one of the prettiest sheets of water in the State of Iowa. It is fast becoming a delightful pleasure resort. Our people are organizing to make such improvements as are necessary to properly entertain excursion parties, pleasure seekers, etc. Hence we are anxious to protect the fish of Storm Lake from lawful slaughter, and to protect the water in which they have their existence. To do this is the matter which I wish to call your attention.

"During the season we have had large rainfall; the lake has been so high, and has washed a large amount of the perpendicular banks to the water, depositing it in its bottom, and filling the basin. This is caused by the outlet being too small to permit a sufficient flow to carry off the excessive bulk of the water. . . . Since the first settlement in this county, there have been large quantities of rock taken from the shore of the lake, depriving the banks of their natural protection and leaving them to the mercy of the waves. Stone boats are now in use, and a profitable business is being transacted by parties who are destroying the lake to gratify their avarice; this should not be tolerated and active measures should be taken to stop this unwarranted traffic.

"There have during this month been large quantities of a green vegetable matter floating on the water, which at first appears in small quantities, and through the action of the water condenses itself, and by the waves is thrown on the shores where it becomes very offensive.

"Many are the theories that are advocated, none of which is entitled to more consideration than the private opinion of the parties advocating them. As I understand the law, you have control of the lakes of our state. If I am mistaken in this will you please refer me to the proper authorities who may under the law take such action as may be deemed necessary.

"The lake is not within the corporate limits of the town. I think it will be well for you to become better acquainted with our

lake, and suggest that you visit us at your earliest convenience, and take such action in the premises as you feel warranted in taking.

"I am your very truly,
James F. Toy, Mayor
Storm Lake"

As stated in the January CONSERVATIONIST, ("Treatment for Sick Fishing," last two paragraphs) Storm Lake's present problem, in some ways similar to those referred to in Mr. Toy's letter of August, 1885, is about to be solved.

The "green vegetable matter" referred to was not vegetable, it was animal—blue-green algae, as Mr. Toy probably learned when Mr. Aldrich finally visited Storm Lake. This algae has plagued lakes in many areas and, through the years, has cost the Department thousands of dollars.

PLANTING FOR TOMORROW—

(Continued from page 9)

departments are usually able to fill the gaps. The state grown trees, by the way, cannot be sold



White pine seedlings not yet a year old. They are tops for reforesting eroded or farmed out soils where moisture is plentiful.

for nonconservation purposes such as for windbreaks or landscaping. Beautiful they are, but their utility is deemed more important than ornamentation.

More than 85 per cent of the plants go to private individuals, the remainder to fill the requirements of the state forests, game areas and parks.

ORDER NOW

Come spring and the grounds will be an anthill of activity as the onslaught of orders roll in. Even with annual notices, people forget to place their orders until they may be too late. The rule is first come, first served and by the time this is printed you've already lost a month. If you want pines or walnuts, multiflora or honeysuckle—don't delay.

To take care of the need of southern Iowa where they plant two weeks to a month before the ground has thawed at Ames, a good number of trees are dug in

the fall and stored over winter. About 200,000 multiflora plants (one-fourth of the spring demand) are packed and ready to go now.

With so little free time in spring, the seeds for the new crop are planted in the fall. Also some tree and shrub seeds need a cool and moist period to germinate.

The seeds not produced locally are purchased from localities with similar elevations, climates and soil types as the area for which they're intended. White pine for instance is directed toward northern and eastern Iowa where moisture is relatively high. Ponderosa pine, on the other hand, requires less water so is better suited for western Iowa. Everything possible is done to insure the successful growth of trees from the state nursery. Uprooted and re-rooted before age three, the trees of this forest in miniature—30 trees per square foot—stay just long enough to get a start in life and then they're off to a permanent home to beautify and stabilize the land.

The following are available at rates varying from \$6.00 to \$22.00 per thousand plants:

- Black Locust
- Black Walnut
- Caragana
- Dogwood
- Green Ash
- Honeysuckle
- Ninebark
- Russian Olive
- Silver Maple
- Wild Grape
- Purple Willow
- Multiflora Rose
- Austrian Pine
- Red Pine
- Ponderosa Pine
- White Pine
- Red Cedar

For further information see your local Conservation Officer, County Extension Director, A.S.C. or S.C.S. Office.

FROZEN BEAUTY—

(Continued from page 9)

Listen carefully and amid the water noises a rock chip or clod of dirt responds to gravity—bouncing, rolling, sliding—moving ever downward, seeking its lowest repose. The loosened bits of earth matter are constantly under attack by everything around them; the air, temperature and most of all by moving water. Big boulders are cracked, broken, and abraded to fine particles. Carried by running water, the particles help to etch and cut other rocks to pieces and sooner or later they all end up in the oceans, compacting into layered rock once more.

The limestone capping the soft sand plus the other formations above are several hundred feet thick, making the Mississippi bluffs 600 feet over the river in this region. This harder rock is what makes the falls. Cracked and warped with the ravages of time, rain water percolates downward, gradually dissolving and wearing away pits, channels, and eventually large sink holes in this rock that was precipitated from ancient inland seas. The supporting St. Peter sand below the limerock can be washed away like snow,

and is. The running water then, moving across the limestone, always downward, cuts its way through to St. Peter and with this all worn off drops down to a more resistant layer below.

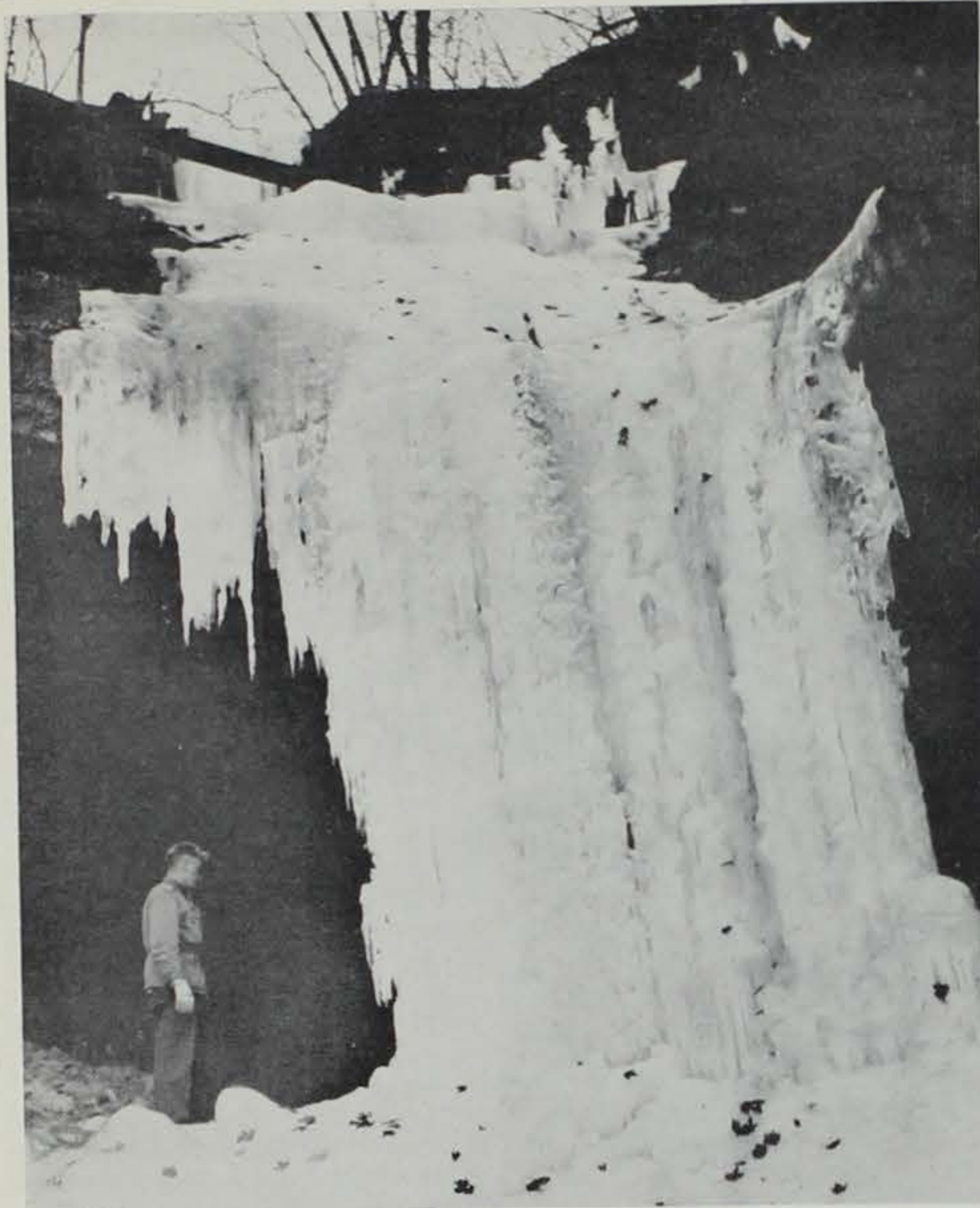
Many of the falls are spring fed. That is, the water traveling underground atop an impervious bed emerges where surface erosion has worn upper strata down to the level of the underground channel. Sink holes are usually "skylights" over underground rivers, acting as giant storm sewers when heavy rains inundate the area. As the subsurface channels become progressively wider and higher the roof eventually falls in exposing the hidden sculpture to view.

This then is the hill country of northeast Iowa. Bare cliffs topped with the trees that so many visitors come to view in fall; caves, springs, and waterfalls in wooded valleys along sparkling trout streams, and scenic winding roads that follow the ridges or river flats. As a sign of the times, many week-end and vacation boaters plying the Mississippi and its tributaries are rediscovering the attractions of Iowa's "Little Switzerland." In any season of the year, the springs and falls and their surroundings can be enjoyed by those who want something different.—M.K.J.

(See Photos on back cover)



This is the forest—but hardly "primeval" as Longfellow would have it. The "murmuring pines" are purposely planted for your future molasses, woodburgers, daily paper, or one of the hundreds of other familiar items that are made from wood.



Cave Falls. Named for the hollowed sandstone from action of the falls, the adjacent cave was probably a comfortable refuge for the original inhabitants of this area.



Icelander Falls. This is probably Iowa's largest at 62 feet. Just a mile south Clayton, easily reached by Mississippi River boaters (in season) and motorists year long.



Roggman Falls is visible from the road and makes a handy picnic spot with built in air conditioning during summer.



Knife Falls; straight, flat, and 44 feet high. The falls in this stream valley total feet. Can you top this?

Volume 19

NEW

Changes, Development, Improvement

The following excerpt is an address given by George Jeck of the State Conservation Commission.

Sportsmen—and you men and community you wouldn't be attending workshop to advance lines of conservation familiar foe, self-interest. The Commission are common to personal affairs. This line. We're accepting politics into the picture. To the contrary, accepting politics to the point requires no further party politics are a welcome visitor in this line.

Smart men seldom get the facts or the facts are known to you. Personnel changes are always unwise when you accept authority goes with it. You play ostrich, the fact faced and action taken to your best judgment.

Years warnings were rough fish and too many trullheads would ruin wise the Commission set the hunting season.

(Continued on page 17)



George Jeck