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TURKEYS STOCKED IN YELLOW RIVER FOREST

Malcolm K. Johnson

*From the Rain of Death
"... We Shall Be
the Poorer"*

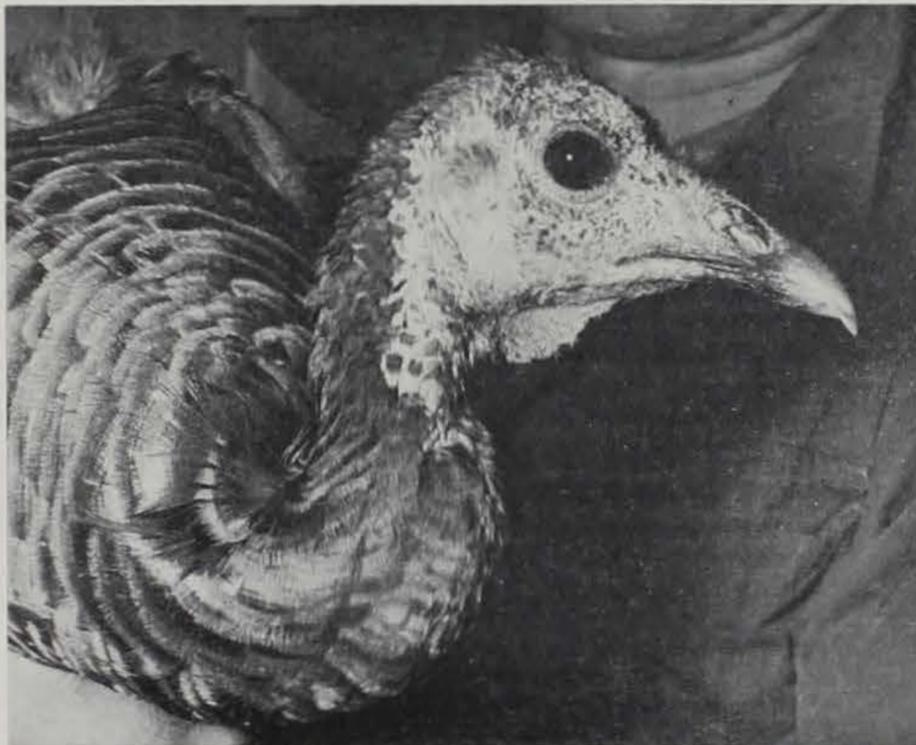
Alfred G. Etter

I am only one weak voice in a world that has grown unmindful of weak voices. I am one of the catering multitude that overlook the earth. To speak into the void and be heard is too much to hope for, yet I cry out my lungs in the face of it. Nor is it to God I speak, but to Man.

Since I first joined a camp to start a fire with my primitive companions and assumed the duties of living together with other men I have been donating my freedom to the common cause of society. The security of numbers reassured me, but the numbers of my society have increased to the point where I am not known to any by it. Nor do I know who is the leader of the society to which I belong. Daily I am called upon to donate more freedoms to the world under the guise that they are essential freedoms at all, but for something called a higher standard of living.

Now I am expected to pay for the hounding spray plane that comes to my house as I sleep, that makes me tumble out and rush ill to cover the new row of plants that catches the early morning sunshine. I have no time over the rhubarb, the spinach, or the birdbath. I call the dog into the house. The drifting spray is laid upon us.

I close the windows of the house and am glad the car is in the garage. I have forgotten the goldfish, but it is too late. I listen to the birds in the garden, singing: a viole that is sitting on eggs in the elm, the killdeers that recently died and are in the marsh crying the yellow warbler that I saw yesterday while lying on my back hanging up into the leaves of the spruce against a blue and white sky. I hear the catbirds in the bushes. They are good companions. I am struck with guilt that I am part of the destruction wrought upon nature by this poison cloud



George Tovey Photo.

With her eye sparkling, this hen turkey is a little awed and no wonder. She had come a thousand miles and instead of a hot supper there was a cameraman waiting for her.

that is descending. I can smell its oily suffocation already. I recall also that the paper said, "keep your pets and children inside." Have the brooding birds been notified to keep their nestlings shielded? The lady bugs that I saw yesterday plucking aphids from a long green stem will soon be turning over, to become dead, useless jewels in the litter of leaves. They have no rights.

The wild bees and the honeybees have pollinated my cherry tree and my apples and had more work and more living to do. This spray is our repayment to them, as to so many of the creatures of nature. We no longer need them. Our crop is made.

Not much of the death will be seen, but it will occur. When I consider that we are laying down this stratum of dead insects and with it dead birds and fishes as part of our contribution to the future of the earth, I am disgraced. I ask myself how it can be that I have lost so much freedom and self-respect just for the sake of freedom from mosquitoes, for the sake of saving a few favored plants from attacks by insects. I

can remember when I rubbed fragrant herbs or citronella on my arms and face. I can remember using flit and bug bombs and yellow bulbs. I had some control over them.

I can remember, too, that clouds of mosquitoes humming in the distance often ignored me, and that on a windy point of some island or hill and in dry seasons they were absent. Many evenings sitting in the yard I have seen and felt mosquitoes come at twilight, but when the summer darkness settled down they were gone, or forgotten as the flying squirrels played among the maples, and the dryflies and katydids sang in the trees. It was a world heavy with the feeling that all of us are living things, a part of an ancient and sacred society that has found a way to live down through the eons of time through processes of slow change, adaptation, balance, and controlling relationships.

I would not, though I have studied the science of living things all my life, urge the extinction of a single organism from the countryside around me. I do not have the

(Continued on page 102)

The sun had not yet risen, small bits of gold flecked low clouds over the horizon. In the half-light before dawn we were stealthily making our way down a rutted trail to the clearing where last night we had witnessed 20 turkeys returning to freedom. They had been transplanted in the Yellow River State Forest north of McGregor after a 36-hour station wagon trip in paper cartons from the valley of the Devil's River in middle Texas. Frosty breath escaped us in the chill air that was silent except for an occasional heavy footfall. Rounding a bend we saw the pond and just beyond it, the clearing with light lines and low rounded piles that looked like sand in that light, but which we knew were corn and oats, ready and waiting for the big birds when they deigned to eat.

A few more quiet steps took us into a shallow ditch adjacent to the feeding ground. Silently despairing over the wet pop of a twig broken in the process of setting up the camera tripod we settled back to await light and action from the new boarders.

The wild Rio Grande turkeys, live-trapped near Sonora, had arrived past schedule the night before so many of the local people gathered there at dusk went home without seeing them. Weighed and photographed at the forest headquarters building before being released, the birds were quite docile; probably in a slight state of shock from the long dark internment. They had come well over a thousand miles with but one stop for a health inspection at the wildlife experiment station at Ames. Averaging eight to ten pounds, the eight toms and twelve hens were mainly young of the year though a few of the hens were old birds. With the formalities of checking and scaling over, turkeys, turkey watchers and turkey stockers proceeded through the night to the release site. There, unboxed, toms and hens alike hesitatingly emerged, walked a step or two.

(Continued on page 104)

Iowa Conservationist

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**COMMISSION MINUTES
DES MOINES**

December 7, 1960

Approval was given for travel to Chicago on February 14, for two persons to attend Aquatic Weed Control meeting.

Approval was given for travel to the Upper Mississippi River Conservation Committee meeting of five states to be held at St. Louis on January 10, 1961.

Two state foresters were authorized to travel to Milwaukee January 25 and 26, for a State Foresters' meeting.

One forester was authorized to attend the Forest Fire Supervisors' meeting at Milwaukee on February 3.

Approval was given to an option for purchase of 45 acres at \$30 per acre for an area adjacent to Brown's Slough in Lucas County.

Congressman John Kyle of Bloomfield met with the Commission to discuss acquisition of federal forest lands by Iowa. These lands consist of 4,650 acres in 17 tracts located in four counties in southern and southeastern Iowa.

A report was given by Paul Leaverton on the Gun Safety Instructor Training Program carried out by the Commission. Twenty-nine gun safety instructors were certified by the Commission in November.

A delegation from Cass County met with the Commission to discuss planning for an artificial lake to be located in that county near Turkey Creek. It would include a 171 acre body of water.

A motion carried to commend the Cass County Conservation Board and the people of Anita for their work in investigating and planning the Cass County artificial lake and recommending the project as feasible.

The Commission agreed to cancel the remainder of the concessionaire's agreement at Ledges State Park.

Approval was given to the Polk

EDITORIALLY SPEAKING

FOR A HAPPIER NEW YEAR

Stan Widney

Anyone who has ever caught a trout in Bloody Run Creek, shot a pheasant north of Ruthven or ducks at Odessa, watched the spring goose migration at Forneys, rested in the shade of a tall pine at Shimek, hooked a big cat or walleye south of Steamboat Rock in the Iowa or camped at the Marble Beach access on Spirit Lake has sampled conservation at its finest. All of these places and pastimes are within a few hours drive anywhere in the state. There are 204 fishing and 165 hunting access areas in Iowa. There are 88 state parks and preserves, 46 trout streams, seven forest areas, and 73 natural lakes, most of which are being constantly improved for your pleasure and mine.

For over 20 years I passed by all this on the way to other states for my annual two or three weeks vacation. What a waste of time and money! True, it's nice to travel and see our country, but anyone who wishes to just fish, hunt, camp, hike or watch birds and wildlife will find everything he could wish for practically at his back door.

Like to climb mountains? Try some of the trails in Backbone, Maquoketa Caves, Wild Cat Den, the Ledges or Dolliver Memorial State Parks to keep in practice. Like bass fishing? Iowa farm ponds by the thousands produce bull bass up to five or six pounds that will fight you from here to eternity—or do you like camping in the wilds of forest country with really rough trails to climb and trout streams to fish? Yellow River Forest in the McGregor area will more than fill the bill. For those who prefer showers and flush toilets with their camping, there are dozens of state parks so equipped.

The State Conservation Commission wishes you a Happy New Year and invites you to spend your weekends and vacations of 1961 in the state parks, access areas, forests and at the lakes of Iowa.

County Conservation Board to acquire 240 acres along the Skunk River bottoms in northeast Polk County for a park area at \$210 per acre. This approval subject to their financial plan being declared a legal procedure by the State Attorney General.

Permission was granted the Highway Commission to remove a dike near Dudgeon Lake in Benton County.

An administrative order was passed establishing rules for permits for ice fishing shacks this winter.

A report was given on the condition of Conservation Commission lake patrol boats by the Superintendent of Waters.

Approval was given to a lease by Carroll County on 11 acres of land, 2 miles north of Lanesboro on the North Coon River for 25 years at \$1.00 per year.

Approval was given Greene County Conservation Board for acquisition of a Raccoon River Access, 56.88 acres for \$4,500 to be used for a multiple use park and fishing access.

Linn County Conservation Board was given approval for an addition of 50 acres to a park near Central City at a cost of \$2,800. Buena Vista County Conservation Board was given approval for a development plan for 160 acres in the northern part of the Buena Vista County. This area would consist eventually of 240 acres and include a 40 acre water impoundment.

A discussion was held on budgets for the next biennium.

HOW OLD IS OLD?

One man's middle age is another's youth, or something like that. This is especially true among the various species of animals. While most realize giant tortoises (they look like big turtles, but really aren't) reach a pretty old age (about 150 odd years), it is a bit startling to find out swans have lived as long as 102 years.

Animals*

Giant Tortoise (R)	150
Box Turtle (R)	102
Swan (B)	102
Parrot (B)	100
Elephant (M)	100
Great Horned Owl (B)	100
Alligator (R)	100
Snapping Turtle (R)	100
Eagle (B)	100
Giant Salamander (A)	100
Horse (M)	100
Hippopotamus (M)	100
Chimpanzee (M)	100
Toad (A)	100
Grizzly Bear (M)	100
Bison (M)	100
Lion (M)	100
Bullfrog (A)	100
Cobra (R)	100
Tiger (M)	100
English Sparrow (B)	100
Beaver (M)	100
Wolf (M)	100
Squirrel (M)	100

*M—Mammals; B—Birds; R—Reptiles; A—Amphibians.

(Note: These examples of old age have been chosen from the reliable records of zoos and aquariums all over the world; it is entirely possible certain species have achieved and do achieve older ages in their native environment.)

NEW NURSERY PRICE LIST

TREES AND SHRUBS AVAILABLE FOR FARM PLANTING, SPRING OF 1961

SPECIES	AGE	PRICE FOR:			1,000
		250	500	750	
White pines	3 years	\$5.50	\$11.00	\$16.50	\$22.00
Austrian pine	3 years	5.50	11.00	16.50	22.00
Red pine	3 years	5.50	11.00	16.50	22.00
Ponderosa pine	2 years	5.50	11.00	16.50	22.00
(western half of Iowa only)					
Jack pine	2 years	5.50	11.00	16.50	22.00
Norway spruce	3 years	5.50	11.00	16.50	22.00
Black walnut—Stratified seed		1.50	3.00	4.50	6.00
Silver maple	1 year	4.00	8.00	12.00	16.00
Green ash	1 year	4.00	8.00	12.00	16.00
Multiflora rose	1 year	5.00	10.00	15.00	20.00
Honeysuckle	1 year	4.00	8.00	12.00	16.00
Caragana	2 years	4.00	8.00	12.00	16.00
Dogwood	1 year	4.00	8.00	12.00	16.00
Russian olive	1 year	4.00	8.00	12.00	16.00
Wild plum	1 year	4.00	8.00	12.00	16.00
Nannyberry	2 years	4.00	8.00	12.00	16.00
Purple willow—Rooted cuttings		4.00	8.00	12.00	16.00
Ninebark	2 years	4.00	8.00	12.00	16.00
Special wildlife packet		4.50 each			

The wildlife packet contains 250 plants including; 50 evergreen, 50 honeysuckle, 25 Russian olive, 25 wild grape, 25 multiflora rose and 75 other plants beneficial to wildlife. Illustrative suggestions for area and farm pond plantings will be furnished with each packet.

NOTICE

- (1) The nursery reserves the right to substitute species of suitable type if shortages occur.
- (2) **PAYMENT COVERING STOCK MUST ACCOMPANY ORDER**
- (3) Nursery stock must be ordered in multiples of 250 plants. Each order must total at least 500 plants except wildlife packets, which may be ordered singly.
- (4) All trees and shrubs will be sent to the purchaser EXPRESS COLLECT, unless they will be called for at the nursery.
- (5) Order blanks for either soil bank or erosion control plantings may be obtained from county ASC offices or from the district forester. Requests will be accepted until March 30 or until the nursery stocks are exhausted and they must be accompanied with properly approved forms. Send to: Forestry Section, State Conservation Commission, East 7th and Court Avenue, Des Moines 8, Iowa.

A WINTER WALK

George Tovey

just as possible and just as enjoyable as one in the summer. The crackling fire provides a focal point of activity and the smell of coffee on the brisk winter air rivals all the perfumes of Paris.

While some animals prefer to sleep through the winter months, many do not, and nature herself is not dormant. Beneath it's cover of ice the brook is still flowing. Tracks and trails in the snow tell of the activities of many birds and animals. But just to look is not enough—what bird or what animal made that track and was it in search of food, or escaping from a predator?

And the value of the knowledge gained? To know of things outside ourselves, to be in touch with fundamental activities of nature unaltered in the time of man. To help us to grow, to gain a platform of knowledge on which to stand—a platform removed from the round of our daily activities from which to view ourselves and the activities of the human race and assign them their true values.

But this is not to be strained for. If we but spend a day in the woods nature herself will see to it that we have learned. Nature is a powerful and subtle teacher and in the woods we unconsciously absorb her lessons which will help smooth our path.

The opportunity to meet nature is not shut away or forbidden to us. Long ago the need for natural areas readily available was recognized and today the state parks are ready for our use. Life can be made interesting for anyone by visiting Iowa's state parks in winter.



George Tovey Photo.

No cheatin' on this exam! Though it may look like the honor system has failed, the conservation officer had just finished giving a lecture on gun safety and the shotgun was only a prop to help make the demonstration effective. These men taking the test came from many walks of life—public servants, manufacturers, and plain Joes—to train themselves to help others make hunting in Iowa a safer recreation.

GUN SAFETY TRAINING MEANS SAFE HUNTING COMPANIONS

Every day more and more young Iowans are attending classes and are being certified by the State Conservation Commission. Parents, youth group leaders and teachers are asked to train themselves and their charges to handle firearms safely. What's the purpose behind this effort? To put it bluntly—to keep them alive. Hunting accidents occur almost daily, a few are recorded as fatalities. In recent years the annual death rate from hunting mishaps averaged about 40. Last year the figure dropped to half that. This year, so far, it is much lower, but all the reports are not yet in.

Program of Long Standing

Conservation officers have been training the junior set and some adults for many years in safe gun handling techniques. The new system is merely an expansion and revision of the old methods with a stress on uniformity of teaching. The expansion comes from instructing civic minded individuals who volunteer to take over the big load of teaching the new hunters. Uniformity stems from all of the instructors and students using the same classroom materials, part of which is the N.R.A. Hunter Safety Handbook. Question and answer forms, registration cards, diplomas and billfold cards have been prepared and distributed by the Conservation Commission's central office in Des Moines.

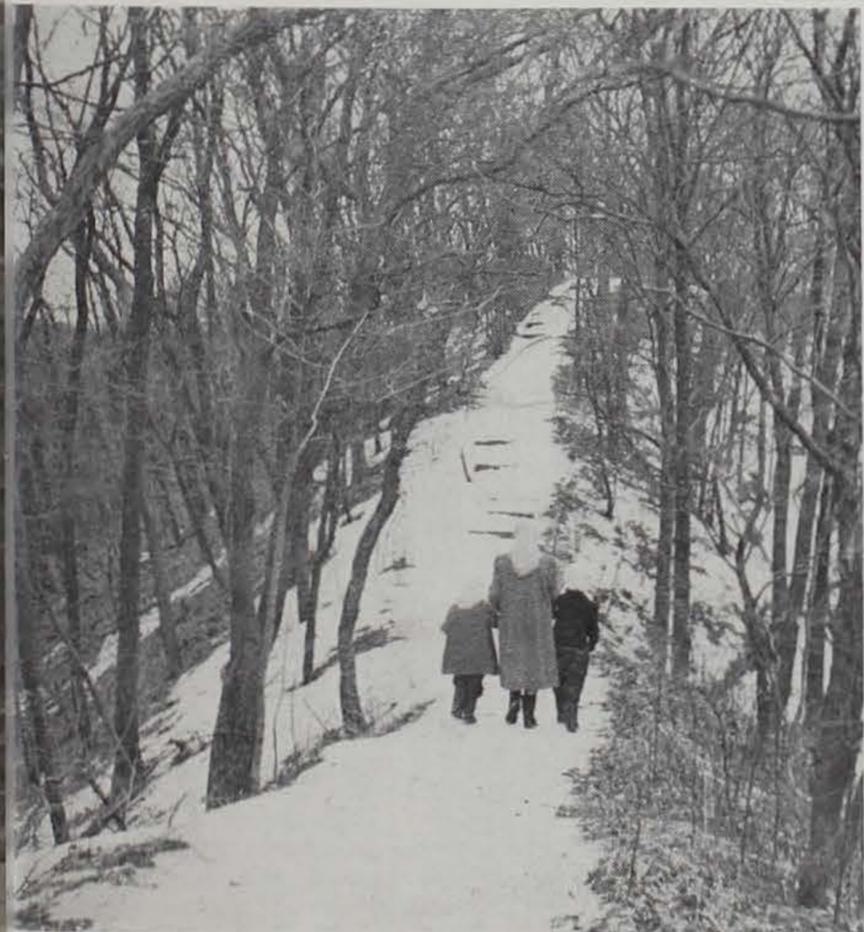
How It Works

At a typical meeting to train instructors a conservation officer hands out the necessary forms, de-

livers a lecture in which he demonstrates various points and then tests the applicants. The tests are sent to the Commission office where they're graded and returned with certificates for those who passed the exam. These men are then qualified to take on and teach groups of boys and girls who also receive diplomas and cards certifying them as safe hunters. After digesting the hunter safety manual, attending four hours of lecture and demonstration, and passing a 29 question test, who can doubt that these students will be better and safer companions in the hunting field.

Some of the topics covered in the course are: the purpose for having such a course, where most gun accidents happen (at home!), how to handle guns, their care and storage, transporting them in cars and boats, and the responsibilities every hunter assumes when he takes to the field.

Anyone age ten or over may take the student's training; persons 21 years old or more can qualify as instructors by contacting their local conservation officer. There are now about 200 certified hunter-safety instructors in Iowa and more are needed if our present below average hunting death rate is to continue. Service groups and civic clubs are invited to sponsor men as instructors and space for teaching classes. Accidents, it seems, are impossible to stop entirely, but the young shooters of the state should not be forced to learn gun safety under that tough old teacher, *experience!*



Jim Sherman Photo.

State Park lightly mantled with winter's blanket. The beauty of our parklands enhanced by the snow and the stillness must be experienced to be appreciated.



TURKEY TALK FOR PAINT CREEK

Arnold O. Haugen
Department of Entomology
and Wildlife, I.S.U.

When romance fills the air next spring, wild turkeys again will yelp and gobble along the hills and valleys of Paint Creek in the Yellow River Forest in Allamakee County. This will be the result of Operation-Wild Turkeys from Texas. The Iowa State Conservation Commission made arrangements with Texas game officials for live-trapping and delivery of 21 wild Rio Grande Turkeys.

In preparation for the release small food-patch openings were created in the larger blocks of timber, and some food plots were planted last spring on abandoned farm fields of the Paint Creek Unit of the Yellow River State Forest. Almost a third of the land in Allamakee County is timbered, and roughly 45 per cent of the Paint Creek Area and vicinity is forested.

Patches of corn, pasture, hay

and small-grain fields lie interwoven with the woodlots and strips of timber along the high banks and rolling hills bordering the creek. This state-owned area of roughly 5,000 acres accordingly offers the most nearly suitable turkey range in Iowa today. When surrounding private land with good forest cover is included, it is estimated that about 10,000 acres of range is available for the turkeys.

Some of the more important questions that remain to be answered regarding the stocking venture are: Is the area large enough for successful establishment of wild turkeys? Have we selected a sub-species that will be able to adapt itself to Iowa conditions? Will the turkeys be free enough from interference by recreationists? Will people give the turkey a chance to succeed by refraining from illegal shooting? Only time can answer these questions.

In the southeastern United States, conservation authorities consider 10,000 acres as a minimum-sized area for successful restocking of turkeys. If suitable adjacent farm lands are included in planning the Paint Creek restoration project, the area should be of adequate size. The influence of man on the success of the wild turkey is up to you and me. Let's give the project our wholehearted support.

Turkeys in Indian Days

Wild turkeys are not new to the Hawkeye State. In fact, back in presettlement days when the red men with their bows and arrows roamed the wooded hills, valleys, and adjacent prairies of this region, the hens yelped and the gobblers gobbled throughout the more heavily wooded areas of the state. The streams with their borders of wood reached like fingers out onto the prairies. Such areas provided habitat for the turkeys back in the hey-day of the Fox, Sac, Iowa, Sioux and Omaha Indians. Chief Blackhawk undoubtedly fletched many of his war arrows with wing feathers plucked from turkeys that fell victim to his hunting arrows.

The established range of the Eastern wild turkey originally extended from the Atlantic into Nebraska and South Dakota, and from approximately the Iowa-Minnesota line to the Gulf Coast. This then was the home of one of the grandest of all game birds, the Eastern wild turkey. It was a dweller of forest areas and adjacent open glades. Other species of wild turkeys occurred in the southwest and in Mexico. It was from Mexico that the Spaniards secured the stock from which domestic turkeys were developed in Europe. The domesticated turkey was then brought back to America by the early settlers.

When Lewis and Clark in 1804 started their now famous exploration of the Louisiana territory wilderness, they found turkeys common along the Missouri River. Turkeys were still present in the Council Bluffs area in 1843 when Audubon collected specimens there. Bennett says in the *Iowa Journal* that turkeys were especially abundant in the south-central and southeast sections of the state. He reported flocks of hundreds in the vicinity of Muscatine in 1843.

The history of Clayton County states that the Turkey River, which runs through Clayton, Fayette and Winneshiek Counties, was named after this grand bird. Turkeys were found along its borders in great abundance. So numerous were the wild birds that they were often shot from the settlers' cabin doors. The fall season of 1834 and '35 is reported to have presented along the Turkey River one of the grandest fields of sport that ever invited the footsteps of a hunter. Peterson, in the *Palimpsest*, tells of Dubuque newspaper accounts in 1843 that emphasized the abundance of the bird along the lower reaches of the river. The stories which were written to attract settlers to the Turkey River Valley reported that the birds came into the river bottoms in late fall to feed on the "horseweed and hackberry" and remained there during winter.

This Utopia for turkey abundance, however, did not last long when white man's weapons came

into the hands of the Indians when white man himself moved in. In actual number, the Indian population was quite small, their erratic movements were such that the red man cannot be blamed for the state-wide depletion of the turkey. Extermination of the noble bird actually occurred after the Indians had been forced out of Iowa. The pressure that white men put on the turkey must have been terrific. These pressures were of a two-pronged nature, namely a change in land use through cutting of forests, and direct destruction through over-shooting. One report states that a Burlington game dealer in 1880 discovered a flock and killed every one of the birds. In Muscatine in 1854 turkeys were marketed at 50 cents each, whereas tame chickens brought \$1.50 a dozen, the same price as prairie chickens.

The wild turkeys of pioneer times apparently were less wary and much easier to shoot than they are today. Reports of settlers shooting them from cabin doors and windows indicate this. An account from a Dubuque newspaper in 1843 also indicates that turkeys were not overly difficult to hunt. The writer stated that turkeys provided excellent sport for the novice hunter, who had not yet learned to "crawl upon the listening deer or to drive the unwieldy bear into his cave." A report from Decatur and Mahaska Counties by a Mr. Trippe indicates that by 1875 the turkey was becoming shy and vigilant. Apparently pressure was teaching the bird a lesson in survival, but history shows it learned too late. By the 1860's the doom of the wild turkey in Iowa was obvious. Land use and the philosophies of the pioneer hunters left little or no room for wild game animals such as the turkey and the deer. They were on their way out.

Stocking Failures

Restocking of wild turkeys in Iowa is not a new venture. The earliest attempts to re-establish this game species occurred back in 1927 when 42, and in 1934 when 20 turkeys were released in the

(Continued on next page)



Several roads lead into the Yellow River Forest located at right center on the map.

Journal Paper No. J-3954 of the Iowa Agricultural and Home Economics Experiment Station, Ames, Iowa, contributed from the Iowa Cooperative Wildlife Research Unit: The Bureau of Sport Fisheries and Wildlife, Iowa State University, Iowa State Conservation Commission, and the Wildlife Management Institute, cooperating.

(Continued from preceding page)

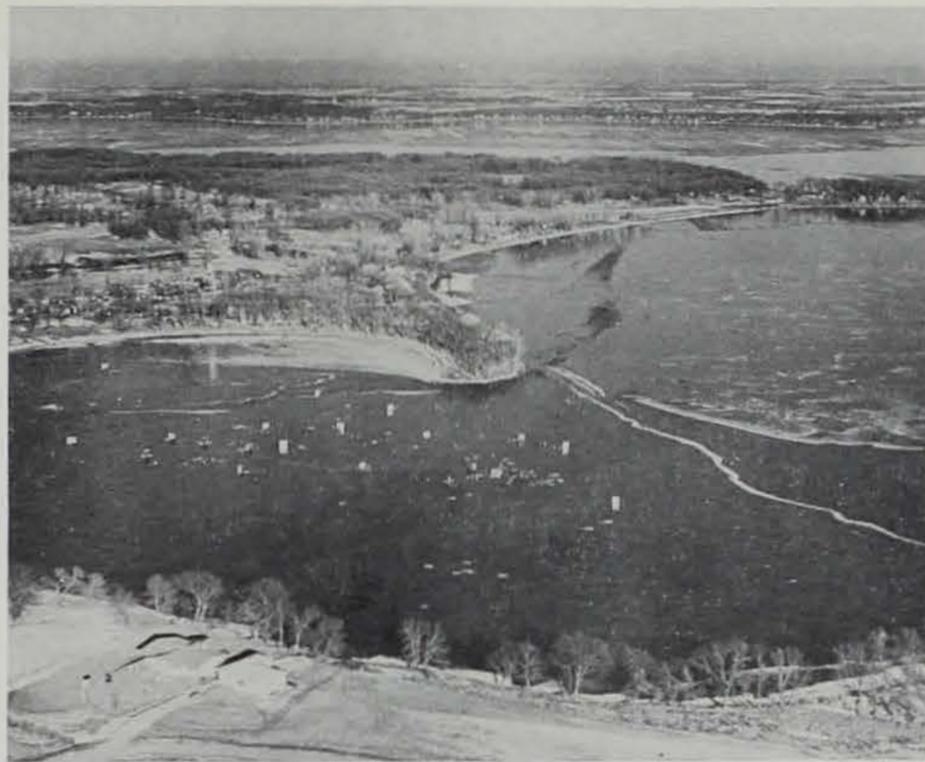
New River Forest Area in Allamakee County. These birds, as well as 20 taken to the Ledges State Park in 1934 were all hand-reared from eggs at the old Lanark State Refuge. Apparently the eggs were secured from a source in the east which would indicate the birds were from the Eastern strain of wild turkey. Failure of these early attempts at stocking were doomed from the start because the areas in which the birds were released were much too small and generally unsuited for wild turkeys at that time. Flocks of tame turkeys, common to most farms back in those days, but the "wild" stock from the woods with the result that all became barnyard specimens, where the armyard flocks served as a possible source of disease. Today there are fewer such farm flocks. The turkeys released then were hand-reared, which meant they had no fear of man or animals, and lacked the "common wild turkey" which a wild hen would have instilled in them if she had raised them in the wild.

The largest stocking venture in Iowa to date was the release of 68 turkeys at the Amana Colonies in 1953 (Brabham, Conservation Commission, August, 1960). Apparently these birds, which promptly went to farmyards and roosted on haystacks and fences, have now disappeared. Many smaller and locally sponsored releases are made almost every year. Money spent on locally sponsored releases of a few hand-reared turkeys in far-woodlot-type areas in Iowa would pay bigger dividends to sportsmen if spent on game habitat improvement.

Your Help for Success

The re-establishment of a hunter population has given rise to hopes that perhaps wild turkeys can be re-established in the wooded sections of northeast Iowa. Perhaps with a decrease in land intensity, as is the case on some of the larger blocks of state-owned land areas, there is now enough suitable habitat for the turkey again. Perhaps the Iowa hunter's philosophies and needs for recreation are such that there is room for the turkey in our hearts. It is time we put serious effort into helping to restore a species of our kind "gobbled up" in the past. We may never have a population of wild turkeys large enough to permit hunting, but I'll guarantee the venture will be every ounce of effort, if we only go out at daybreak in the glow of the year and hear the gobble of the hen and the gobble of the old harem-master himself.

But, the ghosts of the turkeys and the ghosts of the Indians and the pioneer Norwegians of yesteryear on Paint Creek should have plenty of time when the wild gobble starts gobble-gobbling next spring.



Jim Sherman Photo.

Fishing shanties dot the glass-like ice of Little Emersons Bay while leaf-bare trees, empty summer cottages and a lodge are reflected on the surface of Crescent Beach.

IOWA'S GREAT LAKES REGION

A Where to Go and What to Do Feature.

Stan Widney

Iowa's Great Lakes Region has a certain glamour about it that you'll find no place in the middle west. Other states may have larger and more remote bodies of water but I have yet to visit one that brings the thrill of anticipation I feel every time we come in sight of the blue waters of West Okoboji or the broad expanse of Spirit Lake.

These lakes have served Iowa since the Gay Nineties. They became international in their fame as royal families were entertained there, and newspapers as far away as New York City carried in their society sections stories date-lined Okoboji and Spirit Lake. Many prominent families from Iowa and surrounding states built palatial homes on the shore of West Okoboji and in the city of Spirit Lake.

Year 'Round Recreation

Generations of summer residents have known and still know Iowa's Great Lakes Region as well as their own home towns, and the year 'round population is growing, in both cottages and sleek, ultra-modern dwellings. And why not? There are all sorts of water sports for summer fun, and fall fishing is excellent when the big ones—walleyes, kingsize perch, big bull bass and northerns—seem at their hungriest. Squirrels abound in trees so lovely in their fall finery it takes your breath away.

Later on, the many sloughs and marshes make magnificent goose and duck hunting. Herds of deer await the bow hunter's shaft or the shotgun's rifled slug. Then comes ice fishing—as fine as you'll find in the whole nation. Huts of the frozen-fingered clan dot every lake. It's a sport that, once tried,

will have to be experienced again and again, colds and rheumatism notwithstanding. What the heck? There's always aspirin and antibiotics when big northerns, wall-eyes and perch are hitting on jigs, grubs and imported mousies.

Natural Beauty

The State Conservation Commission's parks and access areas abound and some of them are out of this world in the natural beauty of their late fall foliage. Take Kettleston's Hogs Back for instance—truly a waterfowl and bird watcher's dream come true. This high, narrow, wooded hill runs for a half mile in a northeasterly direction from which you can see Marble Lake Refuge on the east, and West Hottes Lake hunting access on the west. Hottes Lake hunting access area can also be seen to the northeast. Waterfowl by the tens of thousands use these lakes and sloughs in both fall and spring. Dickinson County alone has 56 hunting and fishing access areas.

State Parks

State parks include Gull Point on the west shore of West Okoboji, which offers everything from overnight camping to a lodge that serves meals and refreshments; Pikes Point on the east shore of West Okoboji, where you can swim (individual bath houses provided), picnic and boat with one of the best views of the lake; the Inn area which offers boat access to the lake; the Gardner Sharp Cabin, of historic interest covered elsewhere in the article; and Mini-Waukon on the north shore of Spirit Lake that has a dandy shelter for family reunions, picnicking and easy boating access.

Camping

Access areas that offer overnight camping are Marble Beach on the west shore of Spirit Lake, State Fish Hatchery access on the north

shore of East Okoboji, and Emerson Bay that allows 60-hour camping on the west shore of West Okoboji, just south of Gull Point, and provides rest rooms and running water.

There are several commercial campgrounds and trailer camps in the vicinity, and many excellent resort hotels, inns and cottages for rent.

Golf

One of the best 18-hole golf courses in Iowa is in the midst of the region on highway 71 just north of Arnolds Park. A nine hole layout north of West Okoboji is a real test for golfers who like hills and valleys, and there is a pitch-putt course and driving range in the Inn area, also on West Okoboji.

Gardner Sharp Cabin

At Arnolds Park, often called the playground of the lake region, there is a state-owned, public-use dock for fishing and boating, and an excellent amusement park with thrilling rides and all the other excitement to add joy to a youngster's vacation.

A sobering but very interesting note is struck as one comes upon the monument commemorating the Spirit Lake Massacre of 1887. A band of Sioux under Chief Inkpadutah attacked the settlers on the banks of the lake, killed the family that gave them the food they demanded and in six days thereafter killed 40 people. Abigail Gardner, a child of 14, was taken captive and lived to reach civilization again. Near the monument in Arnolds Park is the Gardner cabin where the first victims lived. It contains many relics of the tragic event and pioneer life in general.

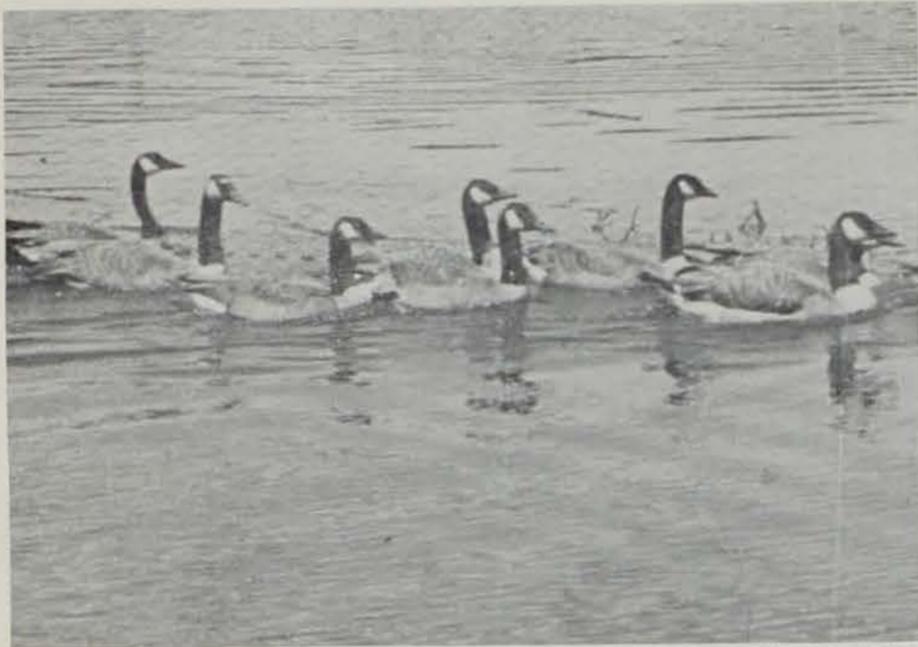
All of this adds to the excitement and fascination of this renowned region.

Just name your pleasure; there's not much doubt but that you can find it here in good measure where fun is daily routine.

IS THIS FOR US?

"When the soil is gone, men must go, and the process does not take long. . . . What has thus happened in northern China, what has happened in Central Asia, in Palestine, in North Africa, in parts of the Mediterranean countries of Europe will surely happen in our country if we do not exercise that wise forethought which should be one of the chief marks of any people calling itself civilized."—Theodore Roosevelt.

There is an old belief that the water of a running stream purifies itself within a distance of within a hundred feet. This is not true. Certainly virulent germs travel for many miles and remain dangerous to human beings.



A gaggle . . . of honkers . . .

Jim Sherman Photo.



A skein (or plump) . . . of mallards.



And a jenny howlet (burrowing owl),

Jim Sherman Photo

WORDS OF THE WILD

Jim Keefe

Anyone out of doors with an observant eye can spot a sounder, wisp, siege, plum or gaggle, at least once in a while. It takes a real sharp eye to spot a jenny howlet and casts are seen only in the fall and skulks are rare as hen's teeth. You can believe a man when he tells you he's seen a nide, but steer clear of him if he swears he saw a building—never have been such around these hills.

And lest you think your editor has finally flipped, let me hasten to say that the odd sounding terms used above are all (we are assured by competent authorities) quite proper words for referring to animals—singly or in groups.

We doubt it will catch on, although there is much to recommend some of these terms, but here is a list of words which it is proper to use in describing a group of animals. (No, George, it ain't proper to say "a hull lot.")

Puzzled?

Nightingales are a watch; elk a gang; foxes a skulk; rooks a building; buffaloes a troop or herd; ants a colony; quail a bevy (!); wolves a pack; grouse a brood; peacocks a muster; pheasants a nide; hogs a sounder; herring, bass, porpoises a shoal; snipe a wisp; hawks a cast (two); herons a siege; plover or salmon a stand; wildfowl (ducks) a plump or skein (in flight); sheep, goats or geese a flock; lions a pride; and geese on water, a gaggle.

Delving a little deeper, and also because it comes up sometimes in editing a wildlife publication, we found terms for male and female animals are sometimes mirth provoking and sometimes just provoking.

Bison—bull and cow; fox—dog and vixen, she-fox or bitch; goat—billy and she-goat or nanny; owl—owl and jenny howlet; swan—cob and pen; hog—boar and sow, pig, hog or porker; tiger—tiger and tigress; whale—bull and cow; horse—stallion and dam, mare or nag; rabbit—buck and doe or puss; alligator—bull and ?; bobcat—tom and ?; goose—gander and goose or hen; coyote—dog and bitch; duck—drake and duck or hen; deer—buck or stag and doe; skunk—boar and sow; termite—king and queen; woodchuck—he-chuck and ?.

Back to those aggregations, a group of pigs may also be called a sty, and dogs are a kennel or pack. Poetic fancy makes larks an exaltation, and girls share the term bevy with quail. Here in Missouri a group of quail (birds, not girls) is usually called a covey, but technically all partridge groups can be called coveys. We sometimes tend to forget that the quail is a partridge.

Even Others

Other wildlife groups have their

own terms, too. Bees, of course are a swarm; fish are a school; seals are a pod; doves a flight. Homeowners might have other words for them, but an aggregation of starlings bears the mellifluous term, murmuration. A group of whales is a gam, and for those oddballs (like editors) who are bemused by words here's what some items outside the wildlife are called in groups: ships are a fleet; children a troop; beauties a galaxy; rubbish a heap; blackguards a mob; thieves a gang; angels a host; ruffians a horde; oxen a drove; and worshipers a congregation.

There are many more and the curious can inspect their dictionaries to add to the list. Just remember, though, next time someone says he's seen a jenny howlet in the midst of a nide, he may not know what he's talking about, even though the wildlife possibility is strained. He may even have read this article.—Missouri Conservationist.

DANGEROUS BAT BITES

During the past year Illinois, Indiana and Iowa have been added to the list of midwestern states in which rabid bats have been found. Illinois reported two cases. In recent months two confirmed cases and one suspected case occurred almost simultaneously in different localities in Indiana. Iowa reported its first cases occurring in August and September. Bites occurred when children picked up the bats.

All persons, but especially children, should be warned again of handling bats that are found on the ground or acting unnaturally. Bats normally rest by day and rise from their roosts in the evening. They collect insect food in flight. If found floundering on the ground or fighting another animal, be suspicious. DON'T TOUCH THEM!

RAIN OF DEATH—

(Continued from page 97)

knowledge to predict the consequences of a sentence upon the world at large. Nor do I feel I have the moral right to make such decisions.

I have little doubt that by raining death upon a country of defenseless and unsuspecting living things we have committed a crime. I know that it decreases my freedoms even further. I am certain that in the system that nature, we shall find that we cannot pick and choose among the creations, according to human comfort and whimsy.

I know we shall be the pool and the closer to slavery for the thundering monster with its cloud of poison spray that sends my d and me cowering into the house.

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Prostrate Juniper.

George Tovey Photo.

IOWA'S NATIVE EVERGREENS THE BALSAM FIR AND THE JUNIPERS

G. B. Hartman

Professor, Iowa State University

Editor's note: We were saddened recently by the news that Professor George B. Hartman had died in late November. "Prof" was born in 1894 at Valley Junction, Iowa, the son of a Rock Island Railroad engineer. He early learned to love the out-of-doors and in later years he made his mark. After obtaining a degree in forestry at Iowa State University and serving with the Army Engineers in France during World War I, he taught at the University of Beaune in Eastern France. Mr. Hartman came to Iowa State University in 1935 as an assistant professor in the forestry department. In 1948 he was made head of the department and served that capacity until he retired in July.

During the summer of 1960 Professor Hartman wrote a series of articles on native Iowa trees for

the CONSERVATIONIST, the first of which was published in September and the rest will be printed in succeeding months as he would have desired—to help us learn the ways of the forest.

In the first two articles of this series about Iowa's native trees, attention was centered on the unimportant but unusual American yew and on our largest native evergreen, the white pine.

In this article let us turn our attention to the remaining three native Iowa conifers, the balsam fir and two species of juniper.

Balsam fir is a small to medium-sized tree reaching 50 to 60 feet in height, a typical cold climate tree requiring abundant moisture to grow at its best. The tree is widely distributed in southeastern Canada, northeastern United States and the Lake states. However, its

Iowa range is confined to two northeastern counties of the state.

This tree is found growing on limestone out-croppings. The leaves are blunt needles, one-half to 1 3/4 inches long, dark green on the upper surface to silvery white on the lower surface and growing in two rows at right angles to each side of the branch. The fruit is an oblong, cylindrical cone two to four inches long growing upright on the upper branches. When ripe, the cone breaks into pieces and falls to the ground. The bark on the younger parts of the tree is characterized by the presence of pitch blisters which are filled with an aromatic resin, hence the name "balsam." This tree is of no commercial value in Iowa due to its scarcity.

The last two evergreen species which are native to Iowa belong to the genus Juniperus. The junipers constitute a rather large group of trees and shrubs widely scattered over the earth but found chiefly in the northern hemisphere. As a genus, the junipers are of economic importance because of their soft aromatic wood used for closet-lining lumber and lead pencils, for a volatile oil distilled from the fruit of some species for fence posts and for horticultural varieties which are widely used for ornamental plantings.

Junipers have two forms of leaves, awl-shaped and scale-like. The fruit is berry-like, ranging from black through blue to reddish in color. The fruit is resinous and incloses one to three hard seeds. The bark is reddish brown and tends to become papery scaled.

The common or dwarf juniper, as found in Iowa, is often a large bushy shrub or small tree reaching 15 to 20 feet in height. Most common Iowa junipers lean to the shrub form. The leaves are awl-shaped from one-third to one-half inch long. The bluish or purple fruit is a ball-shaped berry inclosing one to three small seeds. Because of the shrubby character of this tree the wood has no commercial value. It is native to northern Iowa but will grow throughout the state.

The eastern redcedar is a small to medium sized tree 20 to 40 feet tall which grows naturally throughout the entire state on a wide variety of soils. Although best growth is made on light soils of limestone origin, redcedar grows well on very poor dry soils. Redcedar rarely grows in pure stands but is widely scattered wherever the seeds are carried by birds. It may be seen growing in rows along fence lines or singly in pastures and openings in the hardwood woodlands.

The tree has both types of leaves—one dark green, small and scalelike, the other often appearing on young stems, being awl-shaped, quite sharp and spreading. The berry-like fruits are about one-



George Tovey Photo.

Balsam Fir.



George Tovey Photo.

Eastern Redcedar.

quarter inch in diameter, bluish to bluish-white in color. The fleshy berry is resinous and somewhat sweet to the taste. Within the fruit are one or two hard seeds.

The heartwood of redcedar is one of our most durable woods and for this reason is in demand for fence posts. Other uses of the juniper have been listed before.

Redcedar probably is Iowa's best known evergreen because of its presence throughout the state.

There are few Iowans who fail to recognize this common conifer.

An easy way to find small leaks in rubber boots is to turn them inside out; when thoroughly dry, fill with water and hang up. The smallest leak will soon show up on the dry lining. Mark a circle around each damp spot with ink and make the necessary repairs after all leaks have been marked.





George Tovey Photo.

Finding his way through the trees to an over night resting spot was no small problem until a flash bulb illuminated the area and helped the gobbler see what was ahead.



George Tovey Photo.

Commissioner George Meyer of Elkader releases the first gobbler. Standing by was Gene Hlavka, district game manager for northeast Iowa. The rest of the birds were discharged on the ground where they ran only a few steps before taking wing.

TURKEYS—

(Continued from page 97)

beat their powerful wings and were lost in the darkness. A couple of them were pretty noisy as they encountered an unseen branch while flying to a roost. The party broke up, returned to their cars and we, too, went to roost for the night.

Next morning as we watched the sun venture forth over the skyline, a single hen mallard whiffled past our hide and splashed into the pond just below. This seemed to trigger activity among the dark shapes in the trees. Long serpentine necks raised and lowered and heavy feathers fluttered and scratched as the turkeys changed positions on bare tree limbs, seeking a better view of the new home. One, then two hens began yelping. Last night when we heard the same noise it was attributed to a far away dog suffering from laryngitis. Other early risers joined in. Then, not to be outdone, the duck rose to the occasion and took her turn; *yelp-yelp* from the turkey hens, *gobble-gobble-gobble* answered the toms, *quack* retorted the mallard. She didn't have a chance, however, when all the turkeys opened up and made the glade echo with their cries.

As the day brightened, the birds flew across the feeding ground and around the stream bottom, curious about the great and abrupt change of scenery. Though we tried to remain unnoticed and were partially surrounded by brush, there could be no question but that the bearded birds were aware of our presence. Time and again they circled, always maintaining a wide berth around us.

Later in the morning when returning to the car to leave, four of the hens were spotted eating scattered grain in the access road, one flew from a tree not forty feet away to a patch of timber in the distance and another showed up a mile from the stocking site. The way they ranged already, it's no wonder that 5,000 acres is none too much.

The question of their survival over the winter is a tough one, but the Superintendent of Game is confident that all or nearly all will make the grade and be ready to nest next spring.

Nesting is probably one of the toughest periods in a turkey's life. The nest is made on the ground in the middle of a thicket, making both parent and egg subject to roaming predators. The red-flecked eggs are laid one a day early in the morning. A dozen eggs usually makes up a clutch and it may number to fifteen. Incubation lasts four weeks, during which time a crow can wreak havoc. Wary as the mother turkeys are, they must leave and return to the nest daily and this is what the crows watch for. When



George Tovey Photo.

Perched high on a nearby tree, one of the turkeys surveys the rest being released.

the old black devils locate a nest they, at first opportunity, swoop in and devour the eggs. Coons and opossums also victimize unhatched gobblers. When and if hatched the young turkeys trail behind the mother for another two weeks eating various grubs and insects before they learn to fly. Once accustomed to three dimensional travel, low branches of big trees provide night roosting places.

It will be several years before any positive conclusions can be drawn about the success of the operation. An open season on them is highly unlikely though possible in the distant future. Be that as it may, the southern gobblers were warmly welcomed and nature a soul noticed whether the drawled Texas style yelping at gobbling through oaks and pines in the forest called Yellow River

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