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IOWA CONSERVATIONIST

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Poverty or Conservation Your National Problem

UP RIVER A Political Parable By Robert Wheelright

(Editor's Note: "Up River" is copyrighted by Robert Wheelwright, and copies attractively printed in pamphlet form can be secured at five cents each by writing Federal World Government, Inc., 29 East 4th Street, New York 16, N. Y. The State Conservation Commission by reprinting "Up River" does not necessarily approve or disapprove the political aspects of this essay, but does definitely approve the conservation phases.)

"Good oysters?"

"They be now, warn't for a long me, though in old days Little Bay oysters couldn't be beat and we one nice, fishin'.

"But folks up river, to Hopetown, got new-fangled idees and put in a sewer system. Kinder messed up our oysters, but we couldn't do nothin'. Hopetown folk says how they are free to do as they pleased so's it's for the best interest of Hopetown.

"But they got fooled when new-fangled idees reached Freeport, a stretch further up river. They dumped sewage in river till Hopetown water stank wicked. Hopetown folk yelled their 'rights were imposed on, couldn't bathe no more.'

"Freeport just laughs and says they cal'late they're 'free people' to do as they please.' But it warn't so funny for them when a 'woolcombin' plant was built above 'em—over the state line—and their good water was properly greased.

"Folks from three towns could sing in tune then, now I tell ye. But the woolcombers said we didn't have no rights outside our own sovereign State, and hired a lawyer to prove it.

"When the coal mines were opened way above the woolcombin' plant the nice black water it produced warn't as useful as it had been and the woolcombers began to take vocal lessons. By golly they

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What vast natural resources must have blossomed on the sandy wastes of Egypt to support the armies employed to build the Pyramids! Few know that the mysterious city of Timbuktu, now isolated by miles of arid sands in the middle of the Sahara Desert, was once surrounded by fertile fields as rich as those of our Mississippi Valley. Let your imagination fill the gap between the building of the Temples of Karnak and the flea-bitten remnant of Egypt which now dips from the Nile enough water to raise its handfuls of rice.

Excise Tax Aids Game Production Pittman-Robertson Act Provides Funds For Wildlife Restoration Projects

By M. D. Lewis
Superintendent of State Lands

SHORTLY after the first World War realization of the importance of wild game from a recreational standpoint was forced upon state and national leaders by an abrupt decline in game populations. Continued decline and unanimous public sentiment had within a few years made the need for wild game restoration imperative.

From Congress and the various state legislatures came a multitude of plans and programs designed to make the United States once again

the most productive game-producing country in the world.

Many of the new plans and programs proved to be unsound and impractical. Nevertheless, a great majority of all laws designed to aid in game production had their genesis during the past two decades, and America's present game populations testify to their effectiveness.

One of the most far-reaching of these legislative innovations is the so-called Pittman-Robertson Act, a law of the 75th Congress passed in 1937, which is "An act to pro-

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By Jay N. "Ding" Darling
Honorary President, National
Wildlife Federation
(Continued from last month)

SOME day a new historian will arise who will revolutionize our study of the past and give us a much better understanding of the problems which we ourselves are meeting. This new history will give us an interpretation of the causes which produced the events, rather than a compilation of dynasties, dates and victorious generals. Instead of telling us in detail HOW Genghis Khan and Alexander the Great fought their battles, the new historian will tell us WHY they fought their wars of conquest. And the reasons will exactly parallel the causes which led the Japanese to invade the Asiatic continent, the Italians to slaughter the Ethiopians and Hitler to shatter all the international covenants to loot Europe. From the first racial conflicts of written history on down to the present day, wars have sprung from the same background: an increased racial population wore out its natural resources and relieved the pressure within by arming its surplus men and moving in on the less depleted pastures of its neighbors.

Archaeologists tell us that this process started in the Gobi Desert, and whether or not that was the cradle of the human race, the fossilized remnants of profuse vegetation and abundant animal life are all that remain to show that man once lived there in obvious abundance until depleted natural resources forced the inhabitants to seek new lands. Out of this area came successive waves of migrations which moved westward into Mongolia, India, Persia, Arabia, Turkestan, Palestine, Mesopotamia, the Nile and the Sahara, the Caucasus, the Mediterranean state, and finally into what we now call continental Europe.

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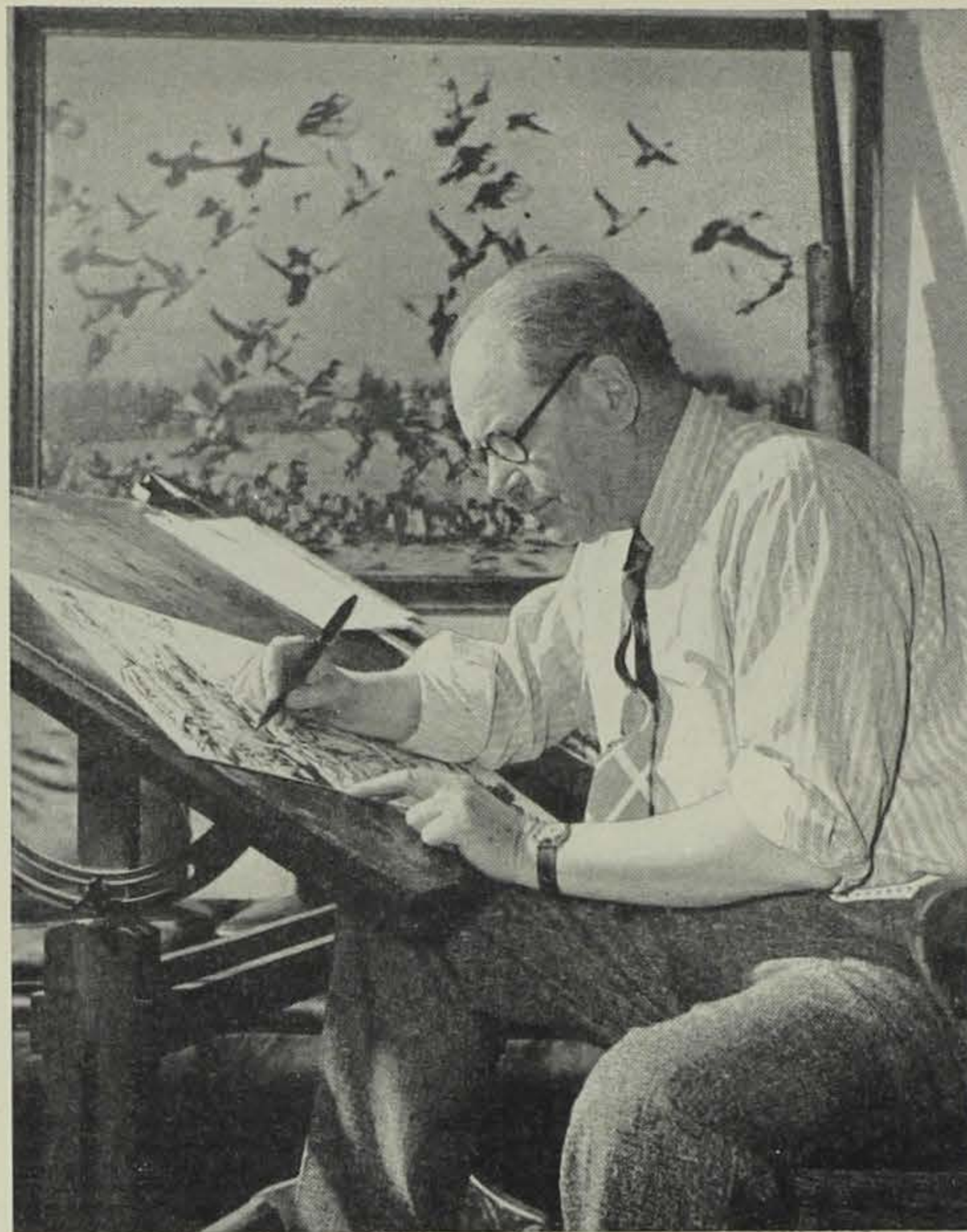
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NOW IS THE TIME TO HAVE GUNS SERVICED

According to the Sportsmen's Service Bureau of the Sporting Arms and Ammunition Manufacturers' Institute, most gun owners wait until just before hunting season before having their guns serviced. One manufacturer reports that fully 90 percent of its servicings come in at the last minute. This means inevitable disappointment to some.

So if you wish to be sure that your gun is ready and waiting when next you wish to use it, better send it to the maker or a gunsmith now.

As Papa Gnu walked in the door Mama Gnu said, "I've got Gnus for you."



Jay N. Darling, internationally famous cartoonist and conservationist, believes that "some day a new historian will revolutionize our study of the past." Instead of telling us in detail HOW great battles were fought, he will tell us the WHYS of wars of conquest, and the reasons will exactly parallel the causes which led the Japanese to invade the Asiatic continent, the Italians to slaughter Ethiopians, and Hitler to shatter all the international covenants to loot Europe. He will tell us that from the first racial conflicts of written history on down to the present day, wars have sprung from the same background. An increased population wore out its national resources and relieved the pressure within by arming its surplus men and moving in on the less depleted pastures of its neighbors.

Poverty or Conservation

(Continued from page 113)

Buried in the dust and rubble of ages along these ancient migration lanes are crumbling palaces of kings and buried cities which once housed thriving populations, convincing evidence that those desert lands were once sufficiently productive to maintain prosperous communities. You couldn't pasture a healthy Dakota grasshopper there now on 100 square miles. Fabled lands "flowing with milk and honey", the valleys of the Ganges and Euphrates, Arabia, Persia and Babylon were not always the deserted wastes they are today, inhabited only by struggling remnants of the former hordes searching an exhausted land for sustenance for their flocks and a meager livelihood for themselves. Architects and artisans do not go off into a desert to erect such majestic designs to masonry as mark the remains of Bagdad.

What vast natural resources must have blossomed on the sandy wastes of Egypt to support the armies employed to build the Pyramids! For every stone in their vast bulk there must have been at least a hundred acres of land in full and continuous production to feed the laborers who quarried the

rock and hoisted it into place. Let your imagination fill the gap between the vast operations during the building of the temples of Karnak and this flea-bitten remnant of Egypt which dips from the Nile enough water to raise a handful of rice, the per diem ration of its remaining population.

Few know that the mysterious city of Timbuktu, a ghost town of prehistoric origin isolated by miles of arid waste in the middle of the Sahara Desert, was once surrounded by fertile fields and olive groves. Buried beneath its desert sands is complete evidence that Africa's great "dust bowl" once was as rich as the Mississippi Valley. Giant primitive forests, lakes and rivers once spread across the vast wastes of the Sahara.

Between the Gobi Desert and Mesopotamia, a thousand Genghis Khans, Attilas and Nebuchadnezzars fought for the riches which these ancient lands once produced. They wouldn't be worth fighting for now if it were not for the oil deposits (of which the ancients had no knowledge) hidden deep beneath the earth's crust. And speaking of Dakota grasshoppers, as I was a moment ago, is a reminder that grasshopper plagues and human migrations, like "the

Colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady," are sisters under the skin. Both come about through populations expanded beyond the tolerance of the food supply, and when they migrate both seek a new location where vegetation is rich and plentiful. Both leave desolation in their wake, and when they have exhausted the food supply of their latest invasion they move on to another. It takes no imagination on the part of anyone who has ever seen a grain field after the grasshoppers have finished it to see there the replica of man's migration path down through the ages.

Is it just a coincidence that those rich lands where civilization has lived the longest are all now deserts and unable to support a one-thousandth part of their former populations, or is there a lesson which we have overlooked hidden in crumbling ruins of departed civilization? Could it be that our own falling water table, dried-up springs, man-made dust bowls and abandoned cattle ranges are the early symptoms of the same blight which turned the ancient garden spots into deserts? The scientists who have read the hieroglyphics written in the sands of time say it is not a coincidence but an invariable rule. Other scientists, seeking a formula by which we may avoid such a future, have given us assurance that, taken in time, soils, vegetation and subsoil water tables can be made to persist indefinitely and yield a balanced production of life's necessities.

Fragmentary translations of ancient hieroglyphics give hints of further illuminating data on internal conditions which preceded those early tribal migrations and resultant interracial conflicts of old. They are the only hints, but they tally so accurately with known cycles of modern social upheavals that they leave room for more than a suspicion that there is a standard cycle of social and economic phenomena directly associated with the disappearance of natural resources.

Boastful praises of riches and self-glorification marked the writings and arts of newly established principalities on new and virgin lands. A note of social discontent crept into the ancient records when drought and pestilence smote the flocks. (Sounds like Kansas, Arkansas and the Dakotas.) Shepherds staged a revolution which was put down by the King's Guards. Labor complained of the high price of food. Redistribution of wealth was strongly advocated as a cure for the social discontent and was tried, but whether it did any temporary good or not, the cycle of events went forward as per schedule, and when natural resources had been pretty well used up the governments proceeded to pick a fuss with their neighbors, which resulted in a war of conquest, and the pressure of population on natural resources was relieved, probably only until the new pastures gave out.

Records do not disclose whether they inflated the currency, indulged in boondoggling or talked of substituting a socialized state for the existing government, but if they did it would only make more complete the parallel between disappearing natural resources 8,000 years ago and the phenomena which have marked the social convulsions in modern times.

One of the first things that always happens when populations outgrow nature's britches is that the existing government is overthrown, usually accompanied by throat-cutting and broken heads. That seems to have been standard practice down through the ages, and still is. Spain has given us complete dramatization of this part of the cycle of social evolution during the last decade.

Boiled down to the fundamentals, the history of civilization since man was created is largely made up of the rise and fall of governments, empires and empires through the exhaustion of resources. History, therefore, in reality turns out to be the story of hungry man in search of food. Conservation is the job of managing our soils, waters and gifts of nature on this continent so that man's search for these necessities shall not be in vain.

If we do neglect conservation, our history has ignored it in the past, and any considerable portion of our population does search in vain for existence, we shall have increasing poverty, social upheavals and, in spite of our high ideals and worship of peace, we shall have more wars instead of fewer, for wars are the spawn of empty stomachs, and empty stomachs follow, as the night follows the day, the excess of demand for natural resources over the supply. Sociologists and economic doctors should study Biology.

No one can look at this continent today, compare it with the way we found it, and deny that we have ruthlessly ignored this law of Nature.

America is no richer than her remaining resources.

Hunger has, since the world began, thrown men at each other's throats. Hunger, or the threat of it, has been and still is one of the compelling forces back of racial struggles. Comparative peace reigns in all the biological world until the competition for sustenance precipitates a death struggle. America is not exempt from this rule of Nature.

I would like to take you aside for a moment and whisper a few confidences which might not sound so well in print. Most of the boasted conservation activities up to date are pretty badly over-rated. Oh, their intentions were fine and they aimed in the right direction, but they really have gotten nowhere toward the main fundamental objectives of conservation. They may sound like treason to a great cause, and I'm sure those who have swallowed all the hokum about what was going to be done and assumed that therefore the intentions were accomplished facts will gasp with surprise. All right, get through gasping and then we'll go on.

The Soil Conservation Service in the Department of Agriculture is the most valuable custodian of our No. 1 precious natural resource and is headed by one of the greatest authorities on land use and sound soil management in the world. His Service was cut to the bone in appropriations and personnel three years before the threat of the present war made such a sacrifice necessary.

The U. S. Forest Service was without an authorized head, leader

or chief for about two years, while the morale in that great agency of conservation fell to the lowest ebb in 25 years.

The Fish and Wildlife Service (formerly the Bureau of Biological Survey and U. S. Bureau of Fisheries) under as sturdy and able a conservation leader as lives, has been so crippled by cuts in its personnel and appropriations that maintenance of many of its restoration and refuge projects will have to be curtailed.

Economy? God bless it, yes. But one-fifth of the cost of the abandoned Passamaquoddy power project or the Florida Ship Canal would be more than all these curtailed conservation agencies ever dreamed of spending in their most ambitious years. And the so-called Florida Ship Canal, condemned by every scientific authority as more damaging than beneficial, is still on the authorized project list of the Administration.

If the Florida Ship Canal was the only boondoggle to be fed cream while orthodox agencies of conservation starved, we might excuse it on the grounds that the Administration thought it was a justified project, for reasons unknown to science. But when we add to the Florida Ship Canal and Passamaquoddy fiasco, the Santee-Cooper fifty million dollar project and the two hydro-electric dams in the Columbia River which cost more than the Panama Canal and killed more salmon than can be bought with all the electricity the two dams can make, the score against the Administration's espousal of conservation collapses like your rear tire after a blow-out. While these boondogglers were lapping up hundreds of millions like ice cream at a Sunday School picnic, the Administration kept its foot against the door whenever a conservation agency called. I should know, for I was Chief of the Biological Survey then.

And where was the great voice of the aroused conservation-minded public all this time? There wasn't any voice and there wasn't any aroused conservation-minded public. The reason is simple enough. The great American public had grown up under an educational system which taught that America could feed the world; that our natural resources were inexhaustible, and why Hannibal crossed the Alps, but not one hint as to the future which awaited a nation depleted of its natural resources. That public has been buying sweetened water at a dollar a bottle with a conservation label on it ever since, and doesn't yet know the difference.

The Governors of most states are totally ignorant of the fundamental principles of natural resource conservation and think that biological management means some kind of birth control. When we do find a state executive who is a convert to the cause, he finds that there aren't enough technically qualified conservationists in the

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EARLY SAWMILLING IN IOWA

By E. W. Fobes

Assistant Area Forester

Sawmilling was one of the first and most important agricultural activities in Iowa. Tree crops were undoubtedly one of the first crops to be harvested, and they were important to early settlers because they provided shelter and fuel during the rugged and lonely winters. Nature was very kind to man to have provided this crop, but man has not kept his covenant and taken care of nature's gift.

One of the early harvests was reaped on the T. F. Clark State Park in Tama County. This area was homesteaded by Mr. Clark in 1854, who shortly thereafter set up a sawmill. A dam across the creek impounded water which was used to furnish power for the sawmill.

Our own familiar trees, cottonwood, elm, soft maple, oak, and others, were sawn into lumber for farm improvements. One of the buildings, erected about 1858 from lumber sawed by this early mill, still stands on the old Clark farm near the state park. This is a tribute to the quality and durability of our so-called native woods, as well as a memorial to those early day craftsmen.

Many Iowa buildings, constructed from our home grown trees, still stand today after many years of service. Some of these, built entirely of cottonwood, have given over thirty years of service. Iowa trees grown, harvested and processed, are an important agricultural crop and one of the first to produce the necessities of life for the early pioneers.

IS THAT SO?

The normal age of a tree is the age between mature and maturity.

The moon is a planet just like the earth only dead.

Man is an animal split half way up and walks on the split end.

A skeleton is a man with his insides out and his outside off.

A good way to stop nose bleed is to stand on your head till your heart stops beating.

A virgin forest is a forest in which the hand of man has never set foot.—The Forest Log.

OH, OH!

When President Cleveland's second child was born, no scales could be found to weigh the baby. Finally the scales used by the President to weigh his fish were brought up from the cellar, and the child was found to weigh 25 pounds.



"Ding" is convinced that until a new generation is taught in the public schools man's utter dependence on natural resources, and until the teachers of botany, chemistry, biology, and geology emphasize the functions rather than the terminology of their respective sciences, and until a majority of the American public is schooled in the fundamental principles of conservation, criminal waste will continue to reduce our heritage of natural resources. "Education has become the only pathway that can lead us out of the doldrums."

Excise Tax Aids . . .

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vide that the United States shall aid the states in wildlife restoration projects."

Funds to carry out the purposes of the Pittman-Robertson Act are provided by a 10 per cent excise tax on sporting firearms and ammunition. Each year a portion of these funds are allotted to the various states by Congress, and one of the conditions in their apportionment is that the state match the federal funds with 25 per cent from state sources. It is well to note that expenditures under this act all come directly from the sportsman, from his federal munitions tax and from his state hunting license fee.

Iowa's first participation in the Pittman-Robertson Act was in 1938, and from its inception in this state the program has been purchase of non-agricultural land and conversion of this land into game-producing units.

To show how important this infant program is already in this state from the sportsman's standpoint, a brief resume of the various projects to January 1, 1945, is here listed.

Rice Lake Area, 627.78 Acres, Worth County. The first Pittman-Robertson project in Iowa consisted of land acquisition in 1939 and development at Rice Lake. This acquisition project surrounds the 1220.38 acres of land already state-owned, which had been originally the bed of Rice Lake and which had been drained unsuccessfully for agricultural purposes. In development of this area the ditch was dammed and the lake refilled.

After five years the lake now provides excellent fishing and splendid waterfowl shooting and nesting, as well as ideal food and cover conditions for pheasants and upland game. This first development project, and the only one completed to date, gives the Iowa

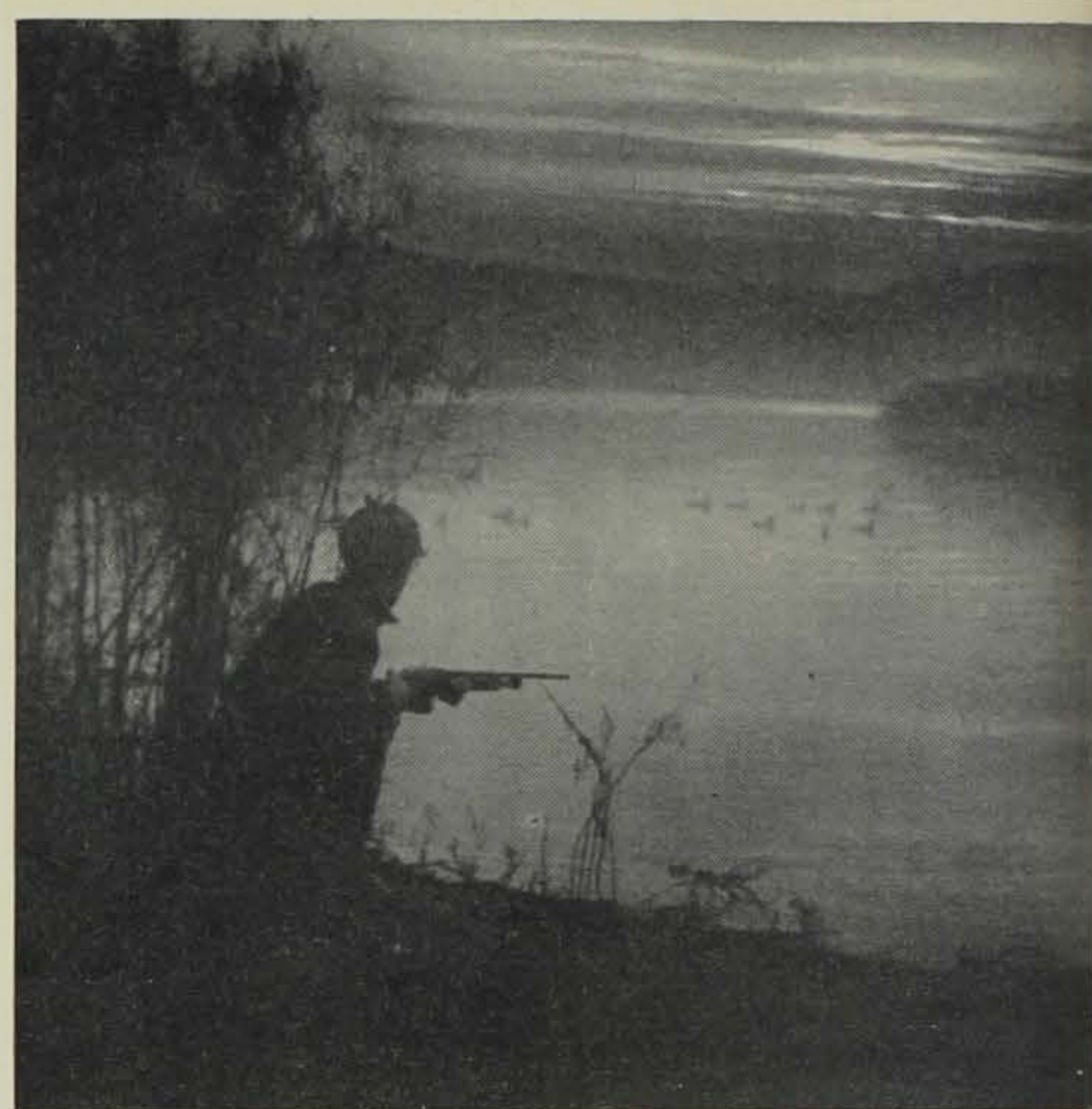
hunter a foretaste of what will come under this program.

Nishnabotna Area, 721 Acres, Fremont County. Following the completion of the Rice Lake development, the Nishnabotna Area was acquired. Triangular in shape, it lies northwest of the town of Riverton in the forks of the old East and West Nishnabotna rivers (the rivers are now drainage ditches) and consists of numerous potholes, ponds, and marshes. The area is ideal for migratory waterfowl of all kinds and shore birds. It also has value for upland game birds and animals and when developed after the war will become a very popular hunting area.

Mud-High Lake Area, 133 Acres, Emmet County. The Mud-High Lake Area consists principally of the marsh between the two state-owned lakes Mud and High. It was acquired primarily to benefit the duck hunters, although the high land on the tract provides ideal nesting cover for upland game birds, as well as waterfowl. Development on this shooting grounds, as with all the following, has been postponed until after the war.

Ventura Marsh Area, 465.78 Acres, Cerro Gordo and Hancock Counties. The Ventura Marsh Area is the large inlet marsh at Clear Lake; prior to its acquisition, 160 acres adjoining were already owned by the state. This area was acquired primarily for migratory waterfowl purposes, but as in most cases where water areas have been restored, all forms of fur-bearing animals have noticeably increased. Ventura Marsh Area lies south and west of the town of Ventura. Public access is provided from three sides, and duck hunting in the Clear Lake area, of which Ventura Marsh is part, is greatly benefited by this acquisition. In addition to waterfowl benefit, this fine area provides ideal nesting and winter cover for upland game birds.

Goose Lake Area, 39.54 Acres, Kossuth County. Goose Lake Area



It is well to note that all funds used to carry out the purposes of the Pittman-Robertson Act come directly from the sportsman—from his federal excise tax on arms and munitions and from his state hunting license fee.

adjoins a state-owned lake to which the public had no access without trespassing on private land. The purchase gave public access and a small amount of additional shoreline and made the area an upland game as well as a migratory waterfowl public shooting ground.

Lake Ahquabi Area, 323 Acres, Warren County. The Lake Ahquabi Area was purchased for upland game production and hunting. It adjoins the state park and consists of badly eroded land on which farming was not successful. The land purchased was then one of the main sources of siltation in Lake Ahquabi and has been seeded down and is now furnishing hunters, particularly quail hunters, with an excellent public shooting grounds.

Mount Ayr Area, 769 Acres, Ringgold County. The Mount Ayr Area, near the town of Mount Ayr, is another badly eroded area. However, it contains considerable timber. The nucleus of the area was 160 acres purchased by the Mount Ayr Chapter of the Izaak Walton League and given to the state. Under the Pittman-Robertson program an additional 769 acres have been acquired, and acquirement of additional waste land is contemplated. The area is excellent for upland game birds, squirrels, rabbits, and fur-bearing animals, and its postwar development promises to make it an outstanding public shooting grounds.

Klum Lake Area, 1,055.79 Acres, Louisa County. The Klum Lake Area is located on the Mississippi bottoms, and approximately one-third of it is under water. The lake itself is an old bay of the Mississippi and was acquired primarily for migratory waterfowl, although the area has considerable upland

game cover. The area now provides and will continue to provide good hunting.

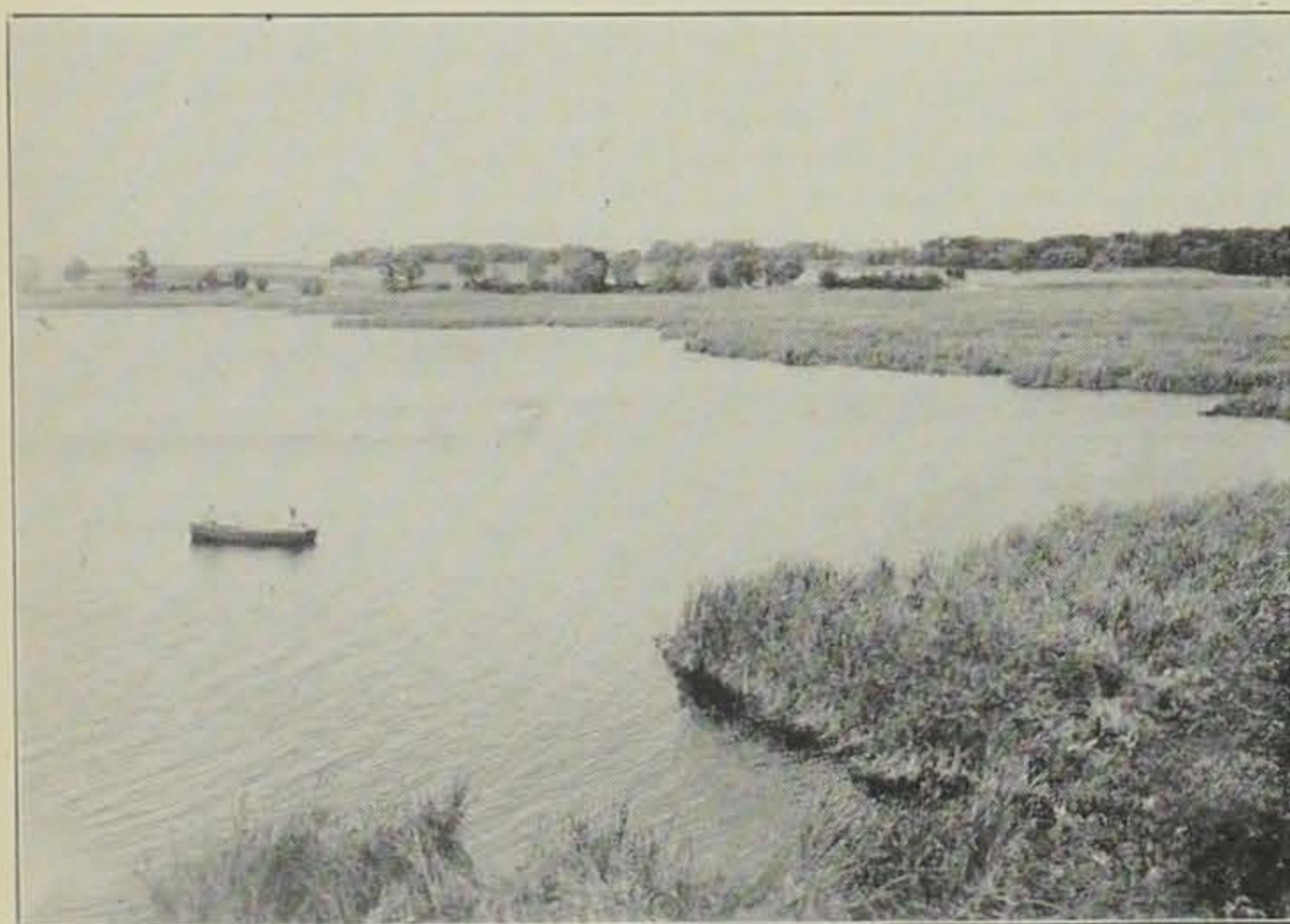
Barringer Slough, 558.62 Acres, Clay County. Barringer Slough, west of Ruthven, is the outlet slough of Lost Island Lake. Prior to Pittman-Robertson acquisitions, the state owned 500 acres of this slough. Under the program the remaining 558.62 acres were purchased, giving state title to the entire slough. At present the area is one of the best duck hunting grounds in Iowa. In addition, it has become famous for its production of fur-bearing animals. Postwar developments promise to make this one of the outstanding duck hunting areas in the Middle West.

Dunbar Slough Area, 372.54 Acres, Greene County. The Dunbar Slough Area lies south and west of the town of Scranton. The water area, together with the slough, provides ideal migratory waterfowl conditions, and this slough is outstanding as a duck shooting area. The surrounding ground purchased furnishes ideal cover and food conditions for upland game, and this will be highly developed after the war.

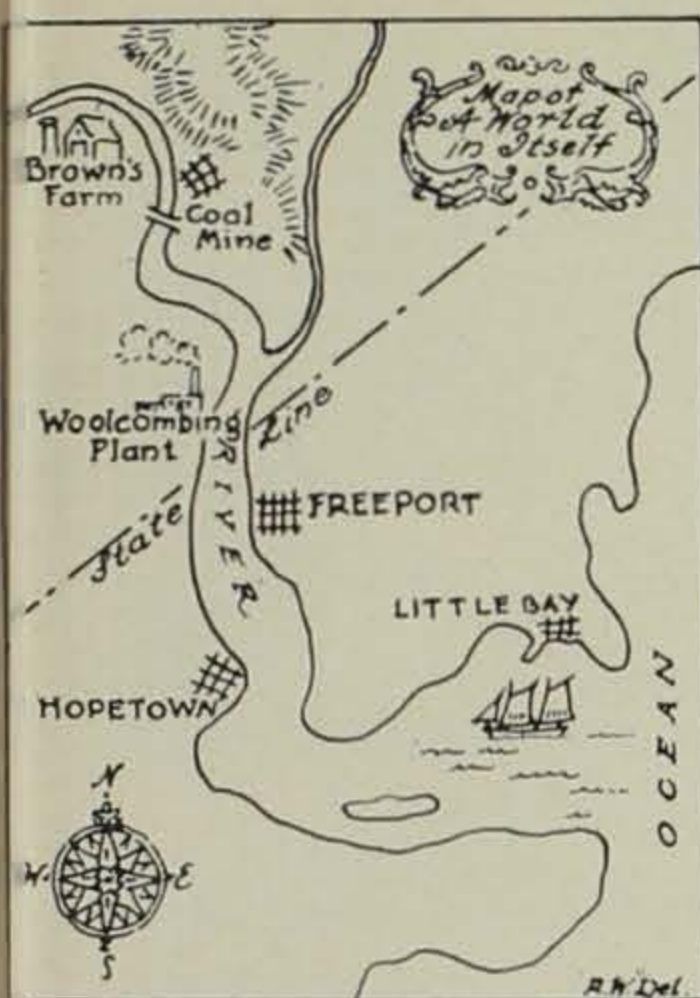
Forney Slough Area, 856.87 Acres, Fremont County. This area, northwest of Thurman, is near the Missouri River—in fact, prehistorically was part of the channel. The area is 90 percent water, with some nesting cover provided, as well as considerable natural food. During the past duck season Forney Slough provided excellent duck shooting through most of the season.

Muskrat Slough, 194 Acres, Jones County. The state owned, prior to this purchase, 115 acres in the cen-

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Rice Lake, Iowa's first development project and the only one completed to date under the Pittman-Robertson Act, gives the hunter a foretaste of what will come under this program. After five years the once dry lake bed now provides excellent fishing and splendid waterfowl shooting and nesting. Cover conditions in this area are also ideal for pheasants and other upland game.



Up River

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eren't so sour as they had been ngin' 'Sweet Land of Liberty.'

"Well the miners got their milk om Si Brown—warn't no one else. was kinder sot. If they wanted ilk they could pay his price—he hell he cared.

"Si was the kind what swore hatever was good enough for id was good enough for him. His oman she wanted a water system, at Si cal'lated the old backhouse ud its merits—could rebuild any-me, easy, and put it where he amwell please—says as how that as liberty of action.

"Considerable complaint come hen most of the miners took sick typhoid and was traced through ilk to Si's backhouse. Si's rights

Excise Tax Aids . . .

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er of this slough two miles west of lin, which had always been known s a good duck slough. There had een numerous unsuccessful at- mpts to drain the area and use it r agricultural purposes. A ditch as run into the area and most of e water removed, but even in dry ears very little of the land could e used. This slough is to be re- ored to its original condition as a ck marsh.

to do as he pleased begun to look sick a bit too.

"Whole cussed affair began to look mighty like the world we live in. Everybody a-squabblin' about their rights to freedom of action, and believe me we'd nigh had some bloody fights over it all.

"Folks to Freeport called a mon- ster mass meetin'. Old Judge Smith presided an' says how we had to give up certain freedoms of action if we wanted any freedom left. 'If Si give in to his woman, put in water and all the proper fixin's, if mine stopped dumpin' in river, if woolcombers extracted grease from waste water, if Free- port and Hopetown put in sewage disposal works, Little Bay could do some fishin'."

"When the U. S. Constitution was adopted, folks of every State proved their sovereign power by agreein' to give up enough rights so's they all had such liberty of action as ain't never had before, and he cal'lated that's about what we ought to do.

"By cricky he was right—folks is happier and freer today than they ever was, all up and down the river. Freeport boasts its water, Hopetown has as nice a bathin' beach as any you ever see, Little Bay oysters was never bet- ter—and they all eat hearty on Fridays.

"Hain't no use goin' agin your neighbor. If I don't disremember, Judge Smith says as how our troubles warn't nothin' compared to them days when the States was all hollerin' 'Sovereign Rights' back in 1780s, and there warn't no freedom for no one till they in- vented the Constitution.

"They seen that over to Switz- erland a hundred years ago and done a job copyin' Uncle Sam. Done a nice job too, with Frenchies and Dutch and Eytalians all messed up together in a federation. They hain't learned yet to talk the same language—but they ain't had no wars since 1848.

"Sure ain't nothin' makes a good fight quicker'n the feller what says, 'By gum, ain't I a free man—free

to do as I please!' Same kind like Si Brown. When they told him he had to give up his backhouse, he yells, 'Godfrey! ain't a man got no rights!' He was just as cussed as them Nazis 'bout his rights. Cal- 'late you'd laugh to see him now. Why durned if he don't take a bath every Saturday night.

"You know I cal'late, if all the nashuns would just agree to git together, same's our great-great grandfathers did and write 'em a Constitution, you'd find every Jap and Jerry takin' it peaceful in a Saturday tub.

"Most folks don't realize yet it don't take no longer to git from here to Australy than it took to drive to Si Brown's when I was a boy. And, land sakes!—it took two weeks to git from Boston to New York when folks all the way from Georgey to Massachusetts agreed to our Federal Constitution.

"I tell ye, there won't be no sort of peace, ever, till the whole world agrees to certain laws under a common government. Human na- ture hain't much different the world over. We seen that right here to Little Bay, 'n' Hopetown, 'n' Freeport."

DANGER IN HUNTER'S USE OF MILITARY AMMUNITION

Fourteen fires, resulting from use of tracer ammunition by civilian hunters, were recently reported in Los Angeles County, California, indicating that military ammuni- tion is getting into the hands of civilians not familiar with its na- ture.

This has led to warnings by arms manufacturers that no hunter should fire any ammunition with- out definite knowledge of its char- acter, and that it has been actually designed for use in his gun. He should play safe by getting the ad- vice of the manufacturer.

Scientists believe turtles to be to- tally deaf. To compensate for the lack of this sense, however, they are especially sensitive to vibrations which they receive through their shells.

"There is a passion for hunting, something deeply implanted in the human breast."—Charles Dickens.

America's Bird Dogs



POINTER KNOWS HIS JOB

By Jack Hewins

The pointer is a workman's workman, a rough and ready guy who knows his job and handles it with all his speed, all his intelli- gence, all his heart.

Tirelessly he combs the hillside, the stubble and the fence row, and when his super-sensitive nose lo- cates game he turns to stone. He'll hold that pose, whether it be a thing of statuesque beauty or an awkward, off-balance stance, until the boss man arrives with the gun, stirs the covey into flight and blasts down Sunday dinner.

Pointer men and setter men dif- fer loudly on the merits of their dogs and the field trials are the duelling grounds where they test their arguments. Here dog is pitted against dog, with judges to determine which is the bird-find- ingest.

Almost alone among the hunting breeds, the pointer is a short-haired animal, although a cousin, the Ger- man shorthair, draws his name from this characteristic. The big- ger, short-tailed German, liver or brown flecked with white, was de- veloped from the old Spanish point- er crossed with German-bred blood- hounds and the "English" pointer.

When a sportsman says "point- er" he means the liver or lemon and white, or black and white "English" pointer, the long-legged, deep-chested speed merchant of the hunt and trials. The dog stands around 24 to 25 inches tall at the shoulder and weighs about 50 pounds.

—AP Newsfeatures, reprinted by permis- sion of the Des Moines Register and Trib- une.

WHY NOT?

Just heard of a new venture in genetics. A proposal is under way now to cross the carrier pigeon with the common woodpecker. The intended result—a bird who will not only deliver a message, but also knock at the door.—Bellevue Lead- er.

The beaver may appear quite harmless, but when aroused it can become one of the deadliest of water fighters. A beaver can easily kill a dog, if the dog tries to battle him in the water.

PITTMAN-ROBERTSON WILDLIFE RESTORATION ACT

ITEM	LAND ACQUISITION		DEVELOPMENT		PARTICIPATION	
	No. Acres Acquired	Total Costs	Total Costs	Grand Total	Federal Share	State Share
Proportionment of Funds:						
Fiscal Year 1938-1939.....				\$ 22,478.72	\$ 16,859.04	\$ 5,619.68
Fiscal Year 1939-1940.....				35,359.77	26,519.83	8,839.94
Fiscal Year 1940-1941.....				64,155.39	48,116.54	16,038.85
Fiscal Year 1941-1942.....				72,425.81	54,319.36	18,106.45
Fiscal Year 1942-1943.....				33,330.05	24,997.54	8,332.51
Fiscal Year 1943-1944.....				27,875.25	20,906.44	6,968.81
Fiscal Year 1944-1945.....				24,672.97	18,504.73	6,168.24
Subtotal Funds Available.....				\$280,297.96	\$210,223.48	\$ 70,074.48
Approved Projects:						
Rice Lake 1L-1 and 2*.....	627.78	\$ 29,694.38		\$ 29,694.38	\$ 22,270.78	\$ 7,423.60
Rice Lake 2D-1 and 2.....			\$31,190.44	31,190.44	23,392.82	7,797.62
Nishnabotna 3L-1.....	721.00	7,435.33		7,435.33	5,576.49	1,858.84
Mud and High Lakes 4L-11.....	133.00	4,480.13		4,480.13	3,360.09	1,120.04
Ventura Marsh 4L-21, 22 and 23.....	465.78	16,337.19		16,337.19	12,252.89	4,084.30
Goose Lake 4L-31.....	39.54	1,447.39		1,447.39	1,085.54	361.85
Lake Ahquabi 4L-41.....	323.00	11,223.38		11,223.38	8,417.53	2,805.85
Mt. Ayr 4L-51, 52, 53 and 54.....	769.00	17,756.82		17,756.82	13,317.61	4,439.21
Klum Lake 4L-61 (plus Voucher Correction).....	1,055.79	23,746.96		23,746.96	17,810.22	5,936.74
Barringer Slough 4L-71, 72 and 73.....	558.62	32,060.90		32,060.90	24,045.67	8,015.23
Dunbar Slough 4L-81 and 82.....	272.54	18,077.26		18,077.26	13,557.94	4,519.32
Forney Lake 4L-91 and 92.....	776.87	36,092.08		36,092.08	27,069.05	9,023.03
Forney Lake 4L-93.....	80.00	4,420.00		4,420.00	3,315.00	1,105.00
Subtotal Approved Projects.....	5,922.92	\$202,771.82	\$31,190.44	\$233,962.26	\$175,471.63	\$ 58,490.63
Unobligated Balances as of December 1, 1944.....				\$ 46,335.70	\$ 34,751.85	\$ 11,583.85

*Project Classification.
†Not Yet Vouchered.

Age Composition of the Fall 1944 Bob-White Population

By George O. Hendrickson

IN THE management of any kind of wildlife it is advisable to know the age composition of the population at all times. That is, it is well to know how many animals are a year old and how many are older. It has been learned that normally in the wild very few upland game birds, such as pheasants and bob-whites live to be more than three years old, and therefore there must be a large yearly replacement of breeding stock to sustain good yields. Hence, game managers must know the ratio of young to old birds as nearly as possible before the mating season. (For age determination of ring-necked pheasant cocks see Iowa Conservationist vol. 3, pages 81, 85.)

For about 40 years it has been known that the plumage of bob-whites and some other upland

birds at the tips. These distinguishing characteristics of two pointed outer primaries for bob-whites of their first year and corresponding feathers rounded at tips for older birds has been used extensively, but with some difficulty. The degree of difference between roundness and pointedness is not so marked in some cases as to be easily and certainly told. Often the feathers are frayed at the tips, broken by retrieving dogs, or missing. In search for a better characteristic to distinguish age in bob-whites, A. Starker Leopold of the Missouri Conservation Commission research staff, while in research studies at the University of California, five years ago made a discovery. He learned that the bob-whites in their first autumn and until the moult in their second summer normally have buff-tipped and edged great upper coverts (small feathers lying over the bases of primaries) on the wings, whereas on birds two or more years old the corresponding coverts are uniformly dark gray. This characteristic of buff-tipped and edged coverts on wings of young birds of the fall is in most cases easily and quickly seen. On the few doubtful wings an examination of the outer primaries helps the observer to make a more nearly accurate decision.

In the fall, 1943, the writer obtained wings from 109 bob-whites through conservation officers and sportsmen who took the birds in open season. The wings were determined to have been from 84 bob-whites reared in 1943 and from 25 older birds, in a ratio of 3.1 young to 1 old bird. The number of wings was too small to be a good sample and furnish the correct ratio for all the bob-whites in southern counties, but the method was learned thereby.

To obtain information about Iowa's fall, 1944, bob-white population, conservation officers and sportsmen were requested to send wings of bob-whites legally taken in open season to the Iowa Cooperative Wildlife Research Unit at Ames. Wings from 914 bob-whites were received from 14 counties. By examination of the great upper coverts, and primaries also in doubtful cases, it was determined that 721 wings represented birds reared in 1944, less than a year old, and that 193 were more than a year old. The ratio of young to old birds thus was 3.7 to 1, or 78.8 percent of the bob-whites were birds of the year. The largest number of wings from a single county, 179, came from Van Buren County and were from 142 young and 37 old birds, a ratio of 3.8 young to 1 old. The nearness between the ratios of the Van Buren County and that for the total number of wings tends to in-

dicate that the ratio 3.7 to 1 approximates the actual fall ratio of the young to old bob-whites in the entire southern Iowa bob-white range. Further, 363 wings from six counties other than Van Buren are in ratios of young to old birds within 10 percent of the 3.7 to 1 ratio.

Very high ratios obtained among the wings from two counties sending small samples, a ratio of 5.6 young to 1 old among 20 wings and 8.5 to 1 for 19 wings from the second. Nothing is known concerning the manner in which they were obtained. In two other counties the ratios are abnormally low. From one of these, Keokuk County, 12 wings in the ratio of 1.4 young to 1 old were received with the statement that the birds were taken from 7 coveys. The second low ratio sample came from the Decatur County Bob-white Research Area, where a party of four, including the writer, took 29 birds from 12 coveys, in a ratio of 1.9 young to 1 old. It was known that density of population at the Decatur area was approximately a bird to 3 acres and the cover and food conditions have been excellent there for several years. Also, shooting has been light on that area during recent years. As coverts of the Decatur area have been well filled with breeding stock during the past three springs, not as high a reproductive rate was expected as in some past years of low breeding stock. (See Iowa Conservationist vol. 1, No. 9, page 7, and vol. 2, No. 2, page 15.) But both of these counties suggest the question of whether or not more old birds than young are shot when only one or two birds are taken from a covey the first time or two they are put up in the season. It is generally assumed that the take is not selective as to age whether a covey is lightly or heavily shot.

As to whether or not the reproductive rate is greater or less in northern counties of the bob-white open shooting range than in southern counties, there is a little evidence which would be strengthened, perhaps, by greater figures. From Linn County, in the fifth tier above the south state line, 149 wings were 122 young and 27 old, in a ratio of 4.52 to 1 in comparison with the over-all ratio of 3.74 to 1 and ratio of 3.68 to 1 among 314 wings from four counties of the southernmost tier.

The 1944 fall covey sample census by conservation officers pointed to a large population of bob-whites, the largest in the past 10 years of close study and census, and possibly the largest of the last 30 years. The high ratio between young and old birds supports the census findings. Food and protective cover conditions are strong in the bob-white range this winter and, barring unforeseen prolonged severe late winter weather, a numerous seedstock with a high percentage of vigorous yearling birds should enter the spring mating season.



The illustrations are black and white reproductions of six of the 40 studies of birds, animals, fish, flowers, and trees in the 1945 wildlife poster stamp set.

National Wildlife Week Set for March 18-24

National Wildlife Week this year has been set for the week beginning March 18. Proclaimed by President Roosevelt in 1938, it has been sponsored annually by the National Wildlife Federation.

How the conservation of wildlife is related to soil, water and plant control will be the underlying theme of those conservationists who, through the press, over the radio and from the public platform, will tell this dramatic story.

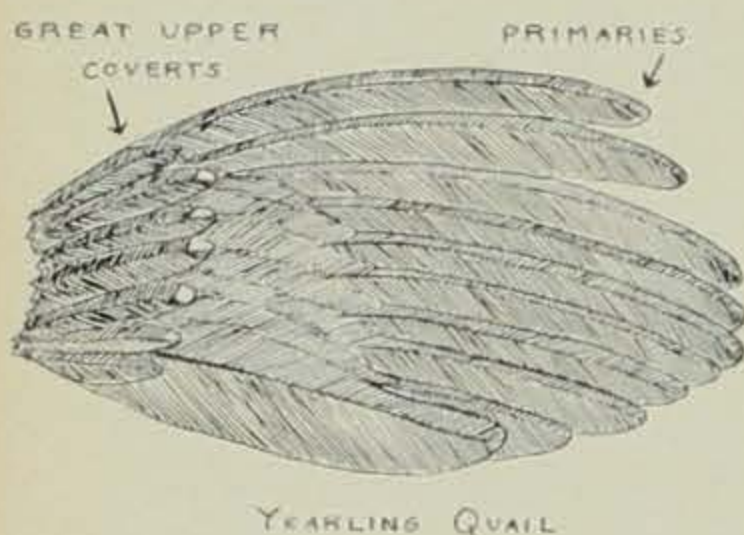
Special emphasis this year will be given to postwar wildlife projects to insure adequate supplies of fish and game to meet the increased hunting and fishing pressure that is certain to follow the return of millions of service men and women to civilian life.

Each year the National Wildlife Federation issues a sheet of wildlife poster stamps reproduced from paintings by famous American nature artists. The current issue has 40 studies of birds, mammals, fish, flowers and trees in the 56 stamps on the sheet. One features a faithful reproduction of a springer spaniel.

Clubs, societies and individuals interested in securing further information about Wildlife Week activities should write the Federation at 1212 Sixteenth Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

The Federation is a non-profit organization whose objectives are concerned with the preservation of wildlife.

The assistance of conservation officers and sportsmen in supplying bob-white wings is deeply appreciated. It is hoped that a greater number with additional information will enable the Research Unit to supply more detailed information next year. The more information the Unit gathers the more facts it can supply the Commission, which thereby is enabled to better its recommendations concerning seasons and general management. The net result to sportsmen is improved sustained sport, the increased outdoor enjoyment you seek.



YEARLING QUAIL



OLD QUAIL

This drawing shows the characteristics that enable game technician and sportsman to determine which bob-whites are yearlings and which are two or more years old. Note tendency to pointedness on two outer primary feathers and white-tipped edges on great upper coverts in top illustration. Note tendency to roundness on two outer primary feathers and absence of white-tipped edges on great upper coverts in lower illustration.

game birds in their first year differed in some ways from that of birds two or more years old. Only about 15 years ago the widely known expert quail manager, H. L. Stoddard, in Georgia research studies found a certain regular difference between the wings of yearlings and of birds two or more years old. Stoddard found that the two outermost feathers of the 10 outer longest feathers (primaries) of the wings of bob-whites normally are pointed at the tips in their first autumn and until the moult after the mating season of their second summer of life. In their second autumn and thereafter throughout life the same two primaries are quite blunt and rounded

Overty or Conservation

(Continued from page 115)

ate to form a good Conservation Commission. You will understand, of course, that in speaking of conservationists I am not talking about a shortage of sportsmen and their particular branch of wildlife conservation, nor of bird lovers or wild flower fans. While they have done more than anyone else and paid all the bills up to date, few of them understand that you can't restock a barren lake or ream with fish until you have restored the balanced chemistry of the waters, any more than you can repopulate the Kansas Dust Bowl by running landseekers' excursions to it. Too many bird lovers look at their bird feeding trays with pride of accomplishment, unaware that a feeding tray is nothing more than a "relief soup kitchen" in a national ornithological depression. A bird in a bush is worth two on a feeding tray. Many states have passed laws prohibiting the picking of wild flowers, apparently unaware that it wasn't so much picking the wild flowers that destroyed them as it was the devastation of the environment necessary for their propagation.

In conclusion let me say that I have shared the hopes, the enthusiasms and the disappointments with each one of these divergent efforts to achieve conservation objectives. Every type of Federal and State conservation administration has been tried, with indifferent success. Voluntary organizations which ought to unite the conservationists into powerful nation-wide movements have failed dismally. Conservation magazines and conservation evangelists have broadcast the message from coast to coast, but destructive exploitation still rules the land. Conservation is a sissy with ruffled pantalettes, a May basket in her hand and a yellow ribbon in her hair.

After all these years of effort to find some formula of conservation which would work I am convinced that until a new generation is taught in the public schools man's utter dependence on natural resources, until the teachers of botany, Chemistry, Biology and geology emphasize the functions rather than the terminology of their respective sciences; until in fact we have a majority of the American public schooled in the fundamental principles of conservation, criminal waste will continue to reduce our heritage of natural resources. If you will begin to work soon on the youth now in the grade schools, it will not be too awfully late.

To me, education has become the only pathway that can lead us out of the doldrums.

The Conservation Commentator of "Science News Letter," Dr. Frank Thone, recently summed up the conservation situation about as follows: Failure to practice the principles of conservation is largely

due to the failure of our educational institutions to teach conservation, and the reason for this deficiency is that teachers have not been taught how to teach conservation.

A prominent educator of wide experience recently told me that there was one great unsolved problem in pedagogy. Teachers graduated from the best teachers' colleges continued to go forth and teach their pupils what they had been taught by their public school teachers. They might use the new methods of progressive education, but what they passed on to the students were the concepts they had acquired in their own earlier years of school.

Thus teachers were still continuing to teach what their teachers had taught, who in turn taught what their teachers had taught them. If this be true it is only a deadly parallel to the mental habits of our whole adult population, who continue to the grave living by the convictions implanted in their minds when the North American continent was new and its riches undespoiled. It constitutes a major challenge to the educators. The battle for conservation seems to me to present many aspects similar to the recent battle of little nations of Europe against the organized Axis predators. We can all see now that if the small free nations had banded together to fight the invader instead of succumbing to Hitler's "divide and conquer" strategy, the story of the first years of the war would have been a different one and victory not so long delayed.

In the battle for conservation we have as many organized subdivisions, each working alone, as there were little nations in Europe. It was with the hope of uniting these subdivisions and coordinating their combined efforts against the wasting of resources that the National Wildlife Federation was proposed and its organization attempted. Some such device for unification seems desirable in the extreme needs of the years to come. Whether or not it succeeds depends on the willingness of the public to give the matter their attention.

PERSONAL CONSCIENCE IN CONSERVATION

Complacently we say to ourselves that conservation is a good thing but "what can I personally do about it?" Plainly, we can do a good deal. For personal conscience is the beginning of conservation. And when conscience moves you to save wildlife, the sheltering trees, the fowl of the air, the waters upon the earth "and all that in them is," you are saving America.—Pennsylvania Game News.

Don't be ashamed of your own favorite way of fishing, no matter what it is. Any method of fishing is worthwhile, so long as it is legal and sporting. The purist who uses only dry flies, for example, misses a lot of fun if he never tries still fishing for suckers or worm fishing for trout or angling with a bobber.



Photo by Bruce F. Stiles.

Long before other birds begin to nest, the great horned owl builds her stick-nest high in the barren treetops, where she ignores with dignity the snow and wind of February and the ribald jeering of jays and crows.

OWL NESTS

Long before other birds begin to nest, the barred owls and great horned owls built their stick-nests, sometimes on the wrecked foundations of a hawk's or crow's nest, or in a hollow tree. Here the two or three dirty white eggs were laid, and patiently now in rain, sleet, snow, or cold weather, the parent owls brood them to the moment of hatching.

March is a trying time for owl eggs. The weather seldom is mild, always unpredictable, and the bird cannot leave the eggs very long at a time because they actually may freeze. There she sits high in a bare tree-top, shaken in the wintery winds of February and March, drooping her big eyelids in the blaze of unshadowed sunshine that streams into the bare woods; ignores with dignity the ribald crows and jays that may discover her and sit about jeering in the clattering twigs. She sits. And sits. On soft wings, briefly, she floats off into the half light of dusk to catch a mouse or rabbit to eat, and then returns to sit all night. Three to four weeks pass, and one day the eggs hatch.

The down-covered owlets come into a chilly, before-spring world, but they are hardy creatures, though helpless in the nest for a long time. They are solemnly alert, and as they grow, they peer into the woods and sky from their lofty perch, turn their heads about with naive curiosity to watch the world, and devour the food their parents bring them. By the time other birds have begun to nest in the leafing April trees, there are young owls flying about in the woods. They call with querulous voices in the April night and, like their parents, float on soundless wings in pursuit of food.—The Living Museum.

Where Do the Antlers Go?—Perhaps many people have wondered where or what happens to the antlers shed each year by deer. Many are eaten for their mineral content by mice, rabbits and porcupines. Others disintegrate and are absorbed into the soil.

WILDLIFE IMPORTS

Service men abroad have been advised by the department of the interior not to bring parrots back to the U. S., explaining that the trouble involved in getting a parrot into this country is usually more than the parrot is worth.

Birds and animals which cannot legally enter the United States for any purpose, scientific or otherwise, include: skylark, common or house myna, crested or Chinese myna or starling, European bullfinch, European yellowhammer, greenfinch, chaffinch, black or house rat, roof, Alexandrian, or white-bellied rat, common or brown rat, common or house mouse, European rabbit, European hare, all species of mongoose or mammals of the family Mungotidae, sometimes known also as ichneumons or Pharaoh's rats, all species of fruit bats or flying foxes, or mammals of the family Pteropodidae.

Requests for permits to import birds and animals have fallen by almost half since the war started. Many of the pets now being brought in are those of service men. Mostly the service men bring in monkeys and marmosets, but other recently imported animals have been spotted wild cats, oscelets, honey bears or kinkajous, and a few coatimundi—a small animal with a face like a fox and a tail like a coon. Some 12 or 15 bear cubs have recently been brought in. The cubs were mascots of various service groups.—Wisconsin Conservation Bulletin.

Outdoor Oddities BY WALT HARVEY

THE WOOD DUCK NOT ONLY WILL NEST IN HOLLOW TREES, BUT WILL ALSO BUILD IN MAN MADE BIRD HOUSES.



A ground squirrel, when in a state of hibernation, can be pinched, dropped from several feet in the air, and even have pins stuck in it without waking up. This may sound a little fantastic, but the same thing may be done to other animals with much the same results. When animals are hibernating they are only a step from death. Their heart beat is very slow, body temperature drops way below normal, and their breathing is not perceptible by ordinary means. Only exposure to warmth will revive them.

Muskrats prefer swimming to walking. A muskrat caught in a fish trap remained under water 17 minutes. Upon returning to the surface and seeing the owner of the trap it plunged a second time and stayed under 10 minutes more.

Famous Iowa Trees

From Local Legend and
Historical Fact



THE DELICIOUS APPLE TREE

Iowa's most important tree from an economic standpoint, and one with world-wide fame, is the original Delicious apple tree, whose birthplace was southeast of Winterset in Madison county. This famous tree grew as a sprout from a Yellow Bellflower grafted on a Vermont seedling, and it might have been "born to blush unseen" except that it "happened" in the orchard of Jesse Hiatt, a man who loved and understood fruit.

In 1893 Hiatt introduced the new apple to the world by entering it in a show at Louisiana, Missouri, with this statement: "I am nearly 70 years old and have raised apples all my life and would not willingly overestimate, but if this is not a better apple than any of your large list, it will cost you nothing."

After this show the apple was purchased by Stark's Nursery and named the "Delicious." Its scions were grafted on hardy rootstock by that nursery and distributed throughout the United States. The Delicious apple has steadily grown in popularity and is now one of the leading commercial varieties, its quality and productivity unequalled by its competitors. The Delicious is a large, red, waxy-surfaced apple, the aromatic fragrance of which is as familiar to Americans as the whistle of the train on which the "candy butcher" tempts the traveler with "Epples! Epples!" and the name "Delicious" in recent years has become almost synonymous with "eating apple."

The parent tree was dedicated by a monument in 1922 and surrounded by an iron fence. At that time the original tree was the parent of almost 8,000,000 young trees with an annual commercial production of 4,000,000 bushels of first-grade fruit valued at \$12,000,000. Since 1922 many more millions of trees have found their way into America's orchards, and the annual

MACEDONIANS FIRST USED TROUT FLIES IN 300 B.C.

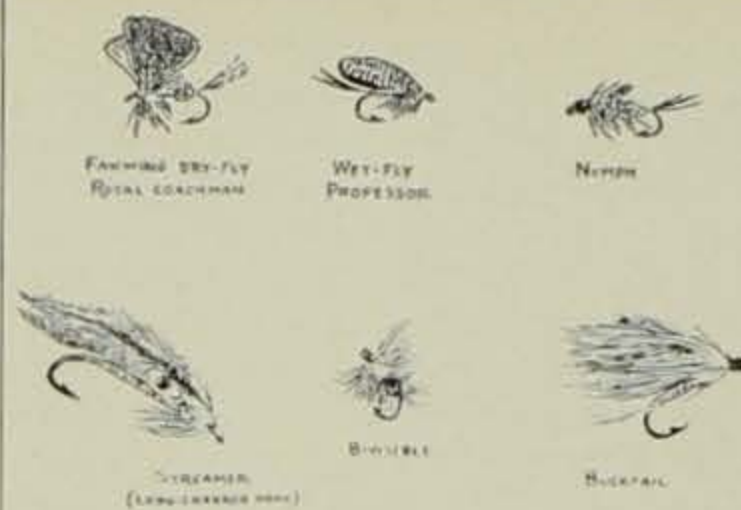
"I have heard of a Macedonian way of catching fish and it is this: Between Boraca and Thessalonica runs a river called the Astracus, and in it there are fish with spotted (or speckled) skins; what the natives of the country call them you had better ask the Macedonians.

"They have planned a snare for these fish and get the better of them by their fisherman's craft. They fasten red wool around the hook, and fit onto the wool two feathers which grow under a cock's wattles . . ."

Those words were written by Aelian three centuries before Christ. They describe the first known trout fly. They show how incredibly old is this recreational activity which we call angling.

Empires have risen and fallen since Aelian recorded for posterity the fly fishing activities of the Macedonian anglers; cities have been built, lived in, and have crumbled to the dust from which they came; continents have been discovered, become populated, and have grown old in culture and wealth.

Through all of these, the most profound changes that the world has known, man has not lost from his consciousness the desire to fish for sport. It is one of the oldest of human pastimes; one that has brought health, happiness and recreation to men in all ages.



More than 2,000 years ago the Macedonians used flies. "They fastened red wool around the hook and fitted onto the wool two feathers which grow under a cock's wattles." Flies have changed little during this period.

If, by some magic, those bygone Macedonian anglers could return to earth, they would find that, incredibly enough, the centuries have brought little change in the art that they practiced on the banks of their beloved Astracus.

True, they would find that their crude tackle has undergone many changes, but basically their sport is the same. They would find these intangible things that, since the beginning, have been so closely allied with fishing. They would find the same fine companionships, the same firm friendships that are a part and parcel of fishing. They would experience the same sense of being free, the same sense of throwing off for a while the tiresome shackles of civilization, that comes when man returns to nature.

They would feel the same fragrant wind on their faces; they

would feel the same soft earth under their feet; they would hear the same song birds in the trees.

They would see the same dew in the mornings sparkling like billions of diamonds on the grasses by the side of lakes and streams. They would breathe deeply of the cool morning air scented with the aroma of trees and grass and crushed ferns and of the good earth itself.

Their hearts would beat faster as they joined their rods and would almost stop as descendants of those trout of the Astracus swirled and rolled and struck their lures.

They would feel the same prodigious hunger as the smoke of the campfire came to their nostrils, and they would eat again as only men eat when they are in the outdoors and after they have been fishing.

Seeing and experiencing all these things, they would know that man in his relationships with his fellow man and with the world around him has not been wholly bad. He has nourished and kept alive the spirit and traditions of his oldest pastime—that of angling.—Texas Game and Fish.

CROWS HAVEN'T CHANGED IN 60 YEARS

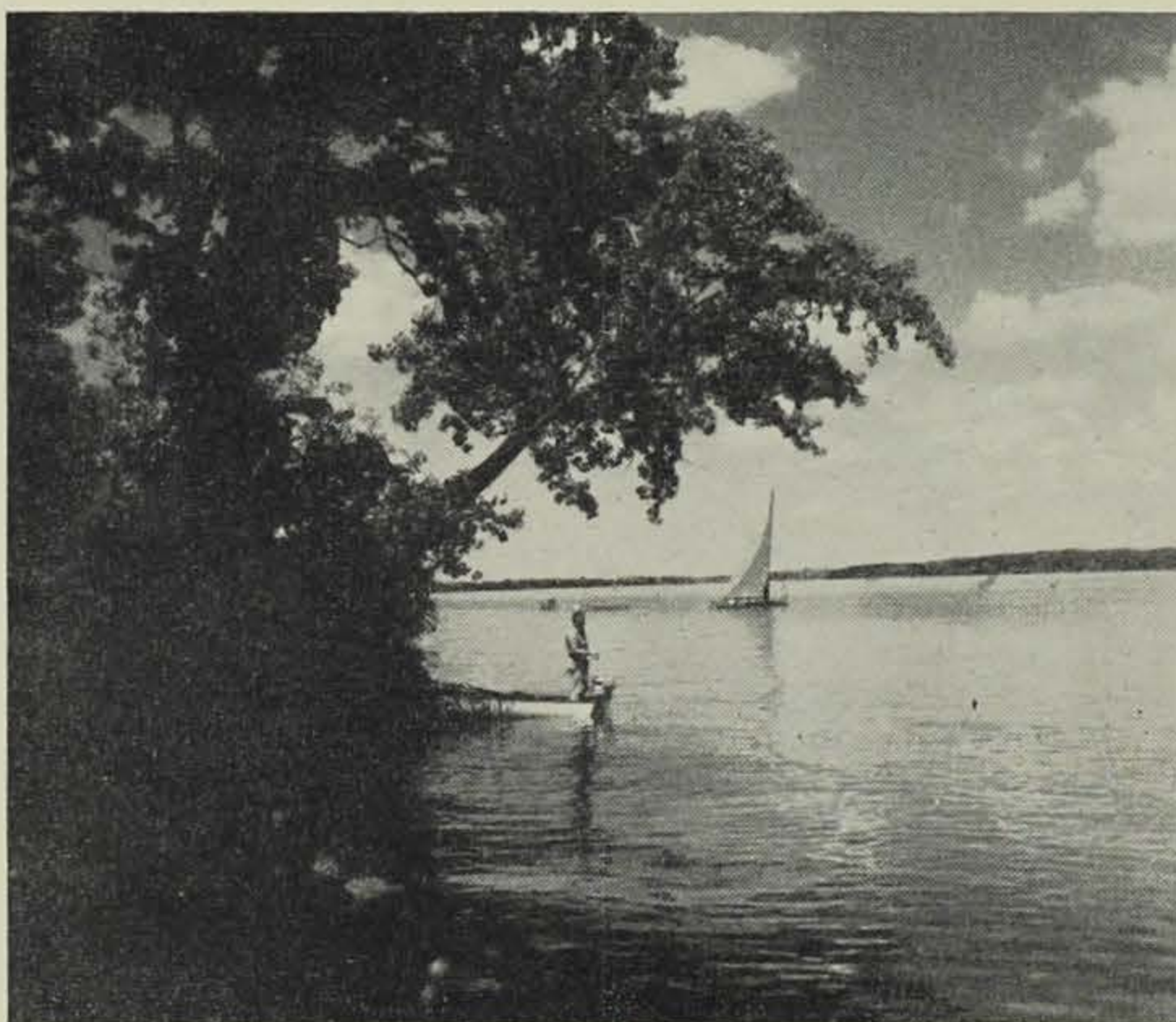
Henry Ward Beecher says of crows: "Aside from the special question of profit and loss, we have a warm side toward the crow, he is so much like one of ourselves. He is lazy, and that is human; he is cunning, and that is human; he takes advantage of those weaker than himself, and that is manlike; he is sly, and hides for tomorrow what he can't eat today, showing a real human providence; he learns tricks much faster than he does useful things, showing a true boy nature; he likes his own color best, and loves to hear his own voice, which are eminent traits of humanity; he will never work when he can get another to work for him—a genuine human trait; he eats whatever he can get his claws upon and is less mischievous with a belly full than when hungry, and that is like man; he is at war with all living things except his own kind. No wonder, then, that men despise crows; they are too much like men. Take off their wings and put breeches on them, crows would make fair average men. Give men wings, reduce their smartness a little, and many of them would be good enough to be crows."—From American Sportsman, 1872.

"Fly fishing is a very pleasant amusement, but angling or float fishing I can only compare to a stick and a string, with a worm at one end and a fool at the other."—Samuel Johnson.

"What he hit is history. What he missed is mystery."—Thomas Hood.

If we publish things from other papers, we are too lazy to write.

Like as not some fellow will say we swiped this from another paper. We did—and we thanked them. Or did we?



If by some magic those bygone Macedonian anglers could return to earth, they would find the centuries have brought little change in the art they practiced on the banks of their beloved Astracus. They would feel the same fragrant wind on their faces, the same soft earth under their feet, and they would hear the same songbirds in the trees.

value of the fruit has steadily climbed.

The original tree died a few years ago, but at the present time for sentimental reasons a sprout from the roots is being carefully nurtured by the State Horticultural Society.

The Delicious apple is another proof of the motto "Of all that is good, Iowa affords the best."

GETTING OUT A PAPER

Getting out a paper is no picnic.

If we print jokes, folks say we are silly.

If we don't they say we are too serious.

If we publish original matter, they say we lack variety.

If we don't print contributions, we don't show proper appreciation.