

IOWA CONSERVATIONIST

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Number 12

What About The Pheasant Season?

IOWA'S SIX NEW LAKES

By H. W. Freed
Landscape Architect

IOWA'S Twenty-five Year Conservation Plan calls for construction of artificial lakes in the lakeless part of the state so that ultimately a body of water for recreational use will lie within 25 miles of the back door of every citizen's home.

The Fifty-second General Assembly, recognizing the desirability of a forward step in this direction, by an overwhelming vote appropriated \$1,272,000 as requested by the State Conservation Commission for development of six new recreational lakes.

The Legislature did not issue the Commission a blank check for these new lakes, but made the expenditure subject to the approval of one of their official bodies, the Joint Committee on Retrenchment and Reform, popularly known as the Interim Committee. To date, \$178,000 has been released to the Conservation Commission for this work. The present status of these artificial lake projects is as follows:

Geode State Park, located in the southeastern corner of Henry County and the southwestern part of Des Moines County, is scheduled to have a 250-acre lake.

Part of the land for this park and lake development, 844 acres, was purchased by the state between 1937 and 1941. The additional land needed, 729 acres, has been optioned and the options accepted by the state. The land title transfers are now taking place and will be completed by January, 1948.

Engineering investigation to determine the sub-surface rock formations in the vicinity of the dam site was done in October 1946 when core borings were made. The Iowa Geological Survey supervised this operation and have submitted a detailed report and recommendations on this dam site.

Honey Creek Lake, located in the southwestern part of Washing-

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The 1947 pheasant season, with reduced bag and possession limits, proved successful from a hunter standpoint. Post season observations indicate plenty of rooster pheasants survived the ten-day season to repopulate the coverts in 1948. Jim Sherman photo.

EDUCATION CONSERVATION OFFICERS' JOB Program to Acquaint Sportsmen With Importance of Wildlife Conservation Rather Than to Punish for Violations

By George Lindsay

SPENDING a day with a state conservation officer is quite an assignment, believe me.

The officer assigned to Pottawattamie County is Ward Garrett. His home is at 231 Benton Street, Council Bluffs, but he spends most of his time riding or walking around the lakes, rivers, sloughs and various other hunting and fishing spots.

I spent an entire day with Garrett and a couple of his brother officers with whom he joined forces on a checking tour of three southwest Iowa counties.

I met Garrett at The Nonpareil office at 7:45 a.m., and he already had two hours of patrol work behind him. He had checked Big

Lake area, and was ready to check Manawa then chart south of the city—his schedule for the day.

No Set Schedule

Don't let that word "schedule" confuse you. A conservation officer really keeps no set schedule. It varies by the day and by the hour. He scouts any area whenever he takes a notion. At times, in fact, two or three of the state fish and game policemen may be at one spot. They were this day, but that's rushing the story.

First spot we hit was Manawa, where Gene Carrier, lake patrolman for the state lands and waters division, holds full time sway. After a brief conference with Car-

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THE shouting and the tumult dies"—and now an analysis of the 1947 pheasant season may be made in the comparative calm between its close and the opening of the fishing season next year.

Possibly the pheasant season this year was the most controversial of any in our history. Certainly, circumstances beyond the control of the Conservation Commission made it unnecessarily difficult for the Commission to decide. The decision to open the season was not universally popular.

The Commission, however, because of its post war inauguration of a biology section, had available many important facts upon which to base its action that were unavailable to it in previous years. Many of the factors on which the season was determined are complicated and little understood by the average sportsman.

In the past the fall roadside census was the major method of determining pheasant populations prior to the opening of a season. This method is still used; however, its importance has been overshadowed by a combination of other pheasant census techniques, including farmer census interviews, spring population census, crop land use analysis, and several others.

Analysis of pheasant populations by study of all of these sources indicated to biologists that the fall pheasant population was some 35 per cent lower than the fall population in 1946. Would this indicate enough birds for an open season? The Conservation Commission believed that it did.

In 1946 cover conditions were such that hunters had great difficulty in flushing the birds within range. The corn had not been picked and the wily ringnecks ran circles around the expectant nimrods who cried, "There are no pheasants left." Yet, after extraordinary winter losses, the 1947 spring census revealed that there were sufficient birds to repopulate the coverts during the coming summer.

A poor nesting season followed

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**NOVEMBER
COMMISSION ACTION**

A special meeting of the State
Conservation Commission was held
November 10 in the Commission
offices at Des Moines.

Members present were E. B.
Gaunitz, Arthur C. Gingerich, F.
W. Mattes, Mrs. Addison Parker,
F. J. Poyneer, and E. G. Trost.

The Commission:

Terminated the services of W.
F. Albert, Chief of the Division of
Fish and Game; W. W. Aitken,
Superintendent of the Biology Sec-
tion; and M. D. Lewis, Superin-
tendent of Game.

Meeting adjourned.

A meeting of the State Conser-
vation Commission was held in the
Des Moines office on November 20
and 21.

Members present were E. B.
Gaunitz, Arthur C. Gingerich, F.
W. Mattes, Mrs. Addison Parker,
F. J. Poyneer, and E. G. Trost.

The Commission:

Granted scientific collectors' per-
mits to Floyd W. Von Ohlen, Rich-
ard Henry Schmitt, Dr. Ira N.
Gabrielson, Dr. Roy M. Chatters,
and Harry H. Wilcox, Jr.

Declared an interest in certain
lands, a part of the Burlington
Ordnance Plant, declared surplus
by the Federal Government, and
empowered Mr. Gingerich to act
for the Commission should these
lands be found suitable for the
Commission's needs.

Accepted the resignation of Mil-
dred Lindquist, effective Novem-
ber 11, and Robert Barton, effec-
tive December 1.

Named a committee to select
proper names for the proposed new
artificial lakes.

(Continued on page 191)

**THE PHEASANT
SEASON IN THE
NEWSPAPERS****THEY FOUND PHEASANTS.**

The pheasant season opened Tues-
day with simultaneous bangs in
many places, and the ringneck,
colorful in the field, was decorat-
ing many Perry dinner tables
Wednesday.

There were more birds than
some early reports had indicated,
and some who came back empty
handed did report seeing a num-
ber of hens.—Perry Chief.

**PHEASANT LIMIT BY MANY
HUNTERS.** That the decision of
the State Conservation Commis-
sion to hold a 10-day pheasant
hunting season was not in error
was borne out by the successful
reports of hunters of this area
Tuesday.

Pheasants were plentiful in this
vicinity as well as in Fayette and
Chickasaw counties, according to
those who ventured farther from
home. Nearly every hunter re-
turned with the limit.—Monona
Leader.

LIMIT IN HOUR OR TWO. The
1947 pheasant season opened Tues-
day afternoon, and most Waverly
hunters came back "pleasantly
surprised" with the number of
birds seen, and shot.

Throughout the county hunting
was fairly good. Best hunting
seemed to center west and north
of Waverly, near Plainfield, and
toward Clarksville. — Waverly
Democrat.

**PHEASANT SEASON WELL
PLANNED.** To us it looks as
though the majority report was
correct in the recent "pheasant-
season squabble" at the Conserva-
tion Commission.

Four or five afternoons of hunt-
ing convinced us there were as
many birds as in past years, more
perhaps, and to our knowledge
very few hens were shot, either
intentionally or accidentally. —
Fayette County Union.

**PHEASANT HUNTING BET-
TER THAN EXPECTED.** The
pheasant hunting season opened
Tuesday noon, November 11, with
more birds in evidence than was
expected, according to numerous
reports. Some hunters got their
legal limit of two birds in short
order, while others hunted until the
closing hour of 4:00 without filling
the bag.—Lake Park News.

**"SPOTTY" IS THE REPORT
ON HUNTING.** Although State
Conservation officials reported a
"surprisingly good opening" in the
controversial pheasant season yes-
terday, results in Hamilton Coun-
ty—as elsewhere—were decidedly
spotty, according to hunters' re-
ports.

Pheasant populations in this
county were known to be low be-
fore the season was opened, but

the bag limit of only two birds was
gotten by quite a number of hunt-
ers who were lucky enough to find
some gamebird concentrations.

"There are pheasants in Hamil-
ton County, if you know where to
go—and get there first."—Webster
City Freeman Journal.

**FINDS BIRDS PLENTIFUL IN
POWESHIEK COUNTY.** There
were some hunters who tramped
about over hill and dale Tuesday
afternoon without getting a shot,
but the general report on the open-
ing of the pheasant season is that
the birds are plentiful.—Grinnell
Herald Register.

**FIND PHEASANTS ARE
PLENTIFUL.** From reports of
hunters who went out pheasant
hunting on opening day, November
11, Shelby County has one of the
best pheasant populations in its
history.

Practically every hunter got their
limit within a few hours. Pheasant
hens are very plentiful.—Harlan
Tribune.

**SOME GET LIMIT IN TEN
MINUTES.** According to reports
some hunters got their limit of
pheasants in ten or fifteen min-
utes, while others hunted all after-
noon and didn't so much as see a
pheasant. In other words, there's
an element of luck as well as skill
in this hunting game, the same as
in other athletic games.—Waverly
Independent.

**SLIM PICKIN'S FOR HUNT-
ERS.** The opening guns in Iowa's
slam-bang pheasant season roared
at noon today with hundreds of
anxious nimrods sporting shiny
guns in the hope that they would
bag their limit in a few hours.

Local sportsmen, well acquaint-
ed with the haunts of the plumed
fowl, were able to bag their limit
in a short time. However, stran-
gers to the wily birds did not fare
so well. In fact, many of them
never fired a shot.—Shell Rock
News.

**ENOUGH BIRDS FOR GOOD
SHOOTING.** Iowa pheasant hunt-
ers tramped the fields opening day
in the wake of the season's first
snowfall and found the crisp au-
tumn weather a pleasant contrast
to the balmy openers of the last
two years.

Hunting conditions were about
as good as the going was rough
and most of the birds sat tight and
flushed at close range in the weed
patches and corn. Reports from
this area indicate enough birds for
good shooting with hens and cocks
about equal in number.—Iowa City
Press Citizen.

**MORE BIRDS OBSERVED
THAN ANTICIPATED.** "Fairly
good hunting" was the general re-
port of sportsmen who were out
in northwest Iowa Tuesday as the
1947 pheasant season opened.

While bag limits were not the
rule for the day, there were many
(Continued on page 192)



Local sportsmen, well acquainted with their hunting territory, were able to bag limits in a short time. Strangers did not fare so well. In fact, many failed to fire a shot. Jim Sherman photo.

CIVILIZATION IN ONE EASY LESSON

By Roberts Mann

Superintendent of Conservation
Forest Preserve District of Cook County, Illinois

Behold the vacationist, poor guy, headed for the hinterland—he hopes. He's going to rough it. Yeah. He'll rough it with guides, a lodge, fireplaces and wassail. He'll hurry there and hurry back. Why? I don't know. He has some vague idea of recapturing the simple delights of the old swimming hole where the catfish used to bite. Plus a trophy.

Why all the gadgets? Why this ponderous preparation? Will he hear, amidst the calculated casting of his fly-rod, the whispering of the wind? Will he sense the strength and dignity of the trees? Will he see the carpet beneath him? Will he find peace and comfort in the rain? Will he bless the sun? I doubt it.

He's a creature of what we call civilization—lopsided mentally and physically. His daily life is saturated with speed, noise and deadly routine. Herded into jostling crowds, he shuns solitude as he would a plague. The apparent futility of material and moral husbandry has him licked. He's a lonely frightened soul. His makeshift god is Success, measured by

his income tax and what the Joneses do. But he can't bait his own hook.

Some of the great thinking in this country has been done on the banks of what we call a "crick" in my country, at the butt of a cane pole with a worm or minnow on the other end. Some has been done behind the plow. Some at the handle of an axe. Since then we've gained in conveniences and luxury but we've lost in conviction of what really counts.

I'm minded of the dudes whipping the mountain streams of Wyoming while the bull cook and a wrangler, poking poles with worm-baited hooks out between the alders farther upstream, caught the trout for supper. I'm minded of the nights we caught frogs and fished in the backwaters of the Illinois River and then ate 'em by a campfire—listening to the far-off music of hounds running a 'coon.

I'm minded of the psalmist who said: "HE maketh me to lie down in green pastures. HE leadeth me beside the still waters. HE restoreth my soul."



No Wonder It Costs Us More To Live These Days



Jim Sherman Photo.

PHEASANT SEEKS SPOT AT THE JAIL

The pheasants this year are apparently frightened by the hunters tromping the fields as is indicated by one bird who sought the protective custody of the county jail during the open season.

As Deputy Sheriff Ralph A. Jones departed from his home last Friday morning, a large hen pheasant scrambled from the rose bushes surrounding the front porch and winged its way to safety elsewhere.

The bird had nested over night in the bushes, probably driven into the city by the noise of guns from the surrounding farm community. —Hampton Times.

FRIENDS

I couldn't help thinking, when I read of the hunter who had died of a heart attack while hunting pheasants, and his faithful dog who took it upon himself to guard the body, defying those who tried to get near his master, of the family who moved from Alden some time ago and left their pet dog to forage for food and shelter as best he could. They say a man's best friend is his dog. Some way to treat a friend, isn't it.—Alden Times.

TEN NON-RESIDENT HUNTERS PAY \$170 TO HUNT PHEASANTS

Ten non-resident hunting licenses were issued at the office of County Recorder Hilda Bockelman last Saturday morning, netting a total collection of \$170.

The hunters, who paid the heavy fee for the privilege of bagging two cock pheasants a day, were from Illinois and Wisconsin. Eight Illinois hunters paid \$15 each for a hunting license and two Wisconsin hunters paid a fee of \$25 each. —Hampton Times.

WELCOME, HUNTERS

We've heard a number of local hunters commenting on the fine reception they had had from farmers throughout the area, when permission has been asked to hunt on their land. This desirable relationship is the result of sportsmanlike conduct by hunters in the past, and we are confident if they continue to act that way, farmers will be delighted to have them come out and hunt. Where you find a farmer that is against allowing hunters around, you'll generally find a farmer that has had his hospitality abused in the past.—Rock Rapids Reporter.

\$100 AND COSTS

In many towns in the pheasant area hunters have been fined \$100 and costs for violations that never should have occurred. Hunting without a license, which usually draws a \$50 fine, carrying a loaded and/or assembled gun in the car, and above all shooting a hen pheasant are serious matters—the latter must be enforced to the limit or we will have no pheasant seasons any more. This fine is usually \$100.

Conservation officers are doing their best, and they are courteous and considerate about it, to educate hunters away from this practice. And most hunters do respect the rights of others in these matters. Probably 99 percent of the hunters these days are living up to the letter of the law. But here and there are to be found those who force the game wardens to crack down hard. It has happened in Oelwein, Decorah and many other places. The conservation clubs have gone far to improve this situation, and they deserve a great deal of credit. Oelwein is especially fortunate to have a live-wire conservation organization that is active throughout the year.—Oelwein Register.



Daisy returned about the time of year when a young deer's thoughts turn lightly to what the young man usually gets around to in the spring.

DAISY, THE WANDERING DEER, COMES HOME

City Park Doe, a Hobo for Five Months, Couldn't Resist Social Instinct

By Paul De Camp

It's a good deer that knows when to come in out of the cruel, cold world.

The trouble with Daisy, as we might call her, was that she didn't know when to come in—until the mating season finally arrived.

In June turbulent flood waters swept through City park, flattening a fence on one side of the deer pen. Six deer took a walk, and some of them didn't come back for days. Others had to be rounded up and driven back.

More elusive than most was Daisy, the herd's prize two-year-old doe. For five months she'd been having a whee of a time in the wide open spaces, enjoying a more varied experience and diet than the park could ever provide.

Daisy even became a rather famous phantom in northwest Iowa City, appearing as a frequent apparition to residents on Oakridge Avenue, Park Road and other thoroughfares.

"I doubt whether she ever traveled more than a half mile or so from here," says Park Superintendent George Turecek.

High point of Daisy's audacity was her appearance about twice weekly in the park area itself.

It was one of these occasions early Wednesday afternoon that brought an abrupt end to her freedom.

Mr. Turecek caught sight of her near the big gate on the east side of the deer pen near the barn. Summoning two assistants, he coaxed Daisy into the enclosure.

Beside the probability that the doe was a little tired of all that unrestrained rollicking and a little bit alarmed by the approach of winter, there's another possible

reason why she came to hobnob with her penned-up pals.

This is about the time of the year when a young deer's thoughts lightly turn to what the young man usually gets around to next spring.

It was approximately this time last year, for example, that a big, wild buck forsook the freedom of the countryside to jump into the more sociable atmosphere of the park pen.

Whatever brought Daisy into capturable reach, however, she received a warm welcome from park officials.

"All is forgiven," says Mr. Turecek, who notes that Daisy during her liberation fling developed a slightly darker coat but maintained her good figure.

The well-fed appearance may have resulted, he believes, from generous lunching in nearby corn fields and on tender bark and undergrowth.—Iowa City Press Citizen.

PHEASANTS NOT SO SCARCE AFTER ALL

The shortened open season on pheasants ended yesterday. Many hunters took to the fields, with, as usual, varying success, but many had no trouble getting the two-bag limit in short order about every time they went out.

The prevailing belief that the pheasant crop was dangerously short proved wrong, because, though they were rarely seen from the highways, there were many coveys with from five to as many as 15 in each. Apparently they had been shot at so much from the roads that they're shunning them. They are in fine condition.—Schaller Herald.

IOWA STATE PARKS IN 1947

By Wilbur A. Rush
Superintendent of Parks

After a slow start Iowa's state parks finished one of the most successful seasons from a use standpoint in state park history.

Iowa, with a population of only two and one-half million, entertained 2,431,493 park visitors during the first ten months, an increase of 140,000 over the total for the 1946 twelve-month period. Although attendance records for the year cannot be compiled until after December 31, attendance this year will not exceed the all-time high established in 1941 when three and one-half million people visited the parks.

Although almost two and one-half million people visited the parks, attendance was lower than anticipated because of the extremely wet, cold spring. June, which is normally the heaviest month of the year, fell far below previous years in attendance. By mid-July, however, the heat wave had speeded up attendance, and on July 27 more people visited the parks than on any other single day in park history, with a total of 85,215 people seeking relief from the heat wave.

The greatest increase in park visitors was noted in the parks having artificial or natural lakes. The extremely hot, dry spell following the cold, rainy spring drove many thousands of people to the comparative cool of the parks containing lakes.

Most state park concessions showed an increase in gross receipts over last year, indicating that more people are using bathing beaches, boats and buying miscellaneous refreshments than ever before. Concession receipts are steadily increasing from year to year. The first ten months of 1947 nearly \$95,000 was spent by park visitors for swimming privileges

and for refreshments at the various privately operated concessions within the park areas.

The parks suffered heavy rain and flood damage during the early part of the season and slowed down maintenance and repair operations until midsummer.

Total estimated park damage as a result of June floods amounted to \$142,000. Pammel Park was the heaviest hit with damage estimated at \$49,000. In that area the Middle River changed its course and washed through the old mill race tunnel, completely washing out the dike and roadway. All the lowland areas in the park were inundated and it was necessary to close the park for the remainder of the season.

Walnut Woods, located in the southwest corner of Polk County, was completely inundated and it was necessary to evacuate the custodian's family by boat. The residence and lodge were flooded with heavy damage. This area was also closed to public use for the season.

In Backbone State Park the dam in the Maquoketa River was damaged and the road and picnic area in the north end of the park were closed during the entire season.

Other areas crippled by flood waters were Ledges, Lacey-Keosauqua, Lake Ahquabi, Wapsipinicon, Bixby, Farmington, Heery Woods, Lake of Three Fires, and Mill Creek. While portions of these parks were closed for a part or all of the season, attendance in them showed a marked increase over the previous year.

I doubt if we will ever see three and a half million people in the parks in one season unless we add several large lake parks to our system. I feel that the 1941 total was erroneously reported by about one million visitors. We had crowds this year that broke records in all parks yet our attendance total did not reach the three and a half million mark. I believe we are more accurately reporting attendance today.



After a slow start, Iowa's state parks finished one of the most successful seasons, from a use standpoint, in state park history. Jim Sherman photo.

Education Conservation

(Continued from page 185)

rier, Officer Garrett and I geared for other sections.

First once-over after leaving Manawa was at a spot known to the hunting world as Green Bottoms. No action at all there, so after a quick but thorough scanning we rolled on.

Riding between stops, I quizzed Garrett a bit about the duties attached to his job. He told me that an officer spends 90 per cent of his time educating the hunting and fishing public and only 10 percent in enforcement.

The whole idea, he said, is to teach folks the purpose, value and necessity of fish and game conservation. An important duty is to help green hunters, who are not sure of the laws on bag and possession limits, gun plugs, unbroken or loaded guns in autos, etc.

Ignorance of game identification occasionally gets a hunter on the spot with Mr. Garrett and his professional brothers. Sometimes a chap shoots the wrong bird by mistake. I did once—a hen pheasant—and believe me, that isn't good in a conservation officer's book, especially this year.

After carefully assuring my riding partner that I shot my hen pheasant some ten years ago, I asked him what would happen in case of purely innocent false identification of a bird shot in flight.

The answer: "There is no excuse. If you are not positive what you are shooting, don't shoot."

Airplane Patrol

Deciding to switch subjects before talking myself into a ticket, I brought up the airplane method of checking and/or tracking illegal hunting or trapping activities. "It works fine," Garrett assured me.

This method is to spot and trail,

by air, anything that doesn't look quite right to a conservation officer's eye from a plane, all the while keeping in contact with a fellow officer on the ground and guiding him to the possible trouble area via two-way radio.

Occasionally an officer, cruising slowly through a town, will spy a bunch of the boys just in with the daily bag. He may casually approach the group, exhibit his badge and ask to count the birds. That's another way by which the intentionally illegal hunter is sometimes caught.

Minimum fine for violation of the fish and game laws is \$10, plus what the judge casually identifies as "costs".

But the policy of the State Conservation Commission, carried out through its conservation officers in the field, is to arrest only when absolutely necessary, and to avoid taking into court any save deliberate violations.

While Garrett was re-emphasizing this, we reached Haney's Slough, in the Pacific Junction area. After a check there, we proceeded to Forney's Lake, about three miles northwest of Thurman, and a duck hunter's paradise.

We ran into more hunters here than we had seen all morning, and Garrett really went to work checking licenses, gun plugs, etc. There weren't many hunters out this day and, I might add, fewer ducks.

Here, too, we met two other conservation officers—Bill Ellerbrock of Glenwood and Elden Stempel of Gravity. Ellerbrock's area consists of Fremont, Mills and Montgomery counties. Stempel's counties are Taylor, Page and Adams. Ellerbrock and Stempel were out in a boat when we arrived, checking hunters in action.

While waiting for them to come in we watched hunters on the lake



"After a check of Haney's Slough near Pacific Junction, we proceeded to Forney's Lake, about three miles northwest of Thurman, a duck hunter's paradise."

cracking away at what few birds were in flight that day.

It's interesting to note the various reactions of hunters to a flight of ducks. One or two will start to squawk with the callers, trying to call the flight into range. Then another gunman or two will fire and drive the birds away. Best way to stir up an argument is to ask who was the correct guesser as to the shooting range.

Just as I was beginning to wonder if conservation officers ever ate, or whether they carried this business of conserving things all the way, Officer Garrett advanced the suggestion that we adjourn to Thurman for lunch.

The afternoon was something of a repeat performance, although more areas came in for scrutiny.

On Lotus slough in Fremont County, the first "pinch" of the day was made.

Two fellows thought it a good idea to fish without a license, and by hand, no less. Caught in the act, both were barefoot, with trousers rolled above the knees, while wading and illegally snaring the fish. It was Ellerbrock's territory, and he made the formal arrest.

Enroute home, we revisited some areas and checked some new ones. Ports of call on the return itinerary included Percival and Nebraska City areas, Lotus, Haney's and Kellogg's sloughs, Green Bottom and the south area of Lake Manawa.

Make Many Contacts

"We spend lots of time getting acquainted with farmers in our areas," Garrett explained. "Knowing as many persons as possible is important in conservation education."

I don't know what Garrett did after I left him, but there was talk of 'coon patrol. In other words, this day of his started at 5:45 a.m., and I can't tell you when it ended. My share in it was terminated at 5:20 p.m.

When his wife, son, Gene, and daughter, Beverly, get to see their

husband and dad, I don't know, either.

I can say, though, the conservation officers in this territory aren't loafing and that they are efficient and courteous.

And I can pass along this tip to the hunters: Ward Garrett and his brother officers claim to work 364 days a year, but they won't guarantee you won't run into them in the field on Christmas day too. —The Council Bluffs Nonpareil.

FORMER COMMISSION MEMBER DIES

William Alfred Burhans, 84, former chairman of the State Conservation Commission and a life resident of Burlington, died at his home November 8. He had been in failing health for the past six years.

Burhans was formerly a vice-president of the Clinton-Coepland Candy Company, one of the oldest members of the First Methodist Church, a member of the church board, the UCT, TPA, Masonic Lodge, Hawkeye Natives, and the Izaak Walton League.—The Burlington Hawk-Eye Gazette.

ROOSTERS GET AROUND

The marital customs of the pheasant aren't clearly understood by the average huntsman, the State Conservation Commission fears, and is taking great pains to inform the public. Pheasants are polygamous, thus contravening all laws on the subject of marriage, and there will be satisfactory propagation of the pheasants, therefore, if there exists a ratio of 100 hens and 20 roosters. The roosters get around.

The biologists report that 50 hens and 50 roosters will produce 500 fertile eggs, but so will only five roosters and 50 hens. What happens, though, Bud, when you shoot hen pheasants instead of the roosters can plainly be perceived from this statement: 50 roosters and 5 hens will produce only 50 fertile eggs.—Estherville News.



License checking is a routine part of the conservation officers' job and most hunters welcome the opportunity to display their hunting permit and chew the fat with the wardens. Council Bluffs Nonpareil photo.



The campaign to kill no hens struck a responsive chord with the Iowa sportsmen, and all over the pheasant territory the watchword was "It's a hen." Jim Sherman photo.

What About . . .

(Continued from page 185)

the severe blizzard loss. This, plus the fact that crop values were high and every available acre under cultivation, prevented the pheasants from making a major recovery.

In the management of pheasants it is a principle that when sex ratios are nearly equal a surplus of polygamous cocks exists, even if total populations are low. These surplus cocks may be harvested by hunters without jeopardizing the future of pheasant populations.

The Commission reasoned that if there was a surplus of cock birds they should be cropped by hunters to provide sport and recreation, but that hens should be strictly protected to insure the 1948 hunting season.

Final decision to open the season rested not on whether there were enough birds to hunt. The Commission was absolutely sure of this. Rather, the decision to be

made was whether Iowa hunters were sportsmen enough to observe the "Kill No Hens" law. Believing in the honesty of the major portion of the hunters, the decision to open the season was made.

To impress upon the pheasant hunter the seriousness of hen shooting, a campaign to kill no hens was inaugurated. Two hundred and fifty thousand leaflets stressing "Don't Kill the Goose that Lays the Golden Egg" were distributed by conservation officers and sportsmen. The campaign was magnificently supported by the newspapers throughout the state. Radio stations and newspaper advertising buyers picked up the slogan, "Kill No Hens."

In the field the Iowa hunters reacted to the confidence placed in them with a response to the "Kill No Hens" plea that proved to be amazing. Enforcement officers were unanimous in their opinion that hunters understood the necessity for hen survival and, as a result of this understanding, conformance with the law was almost universal. There were a few ugly instances of deliberate hen shooting as might be expected. In these cases the courts uniformly assessed maximum penalties of \$100 per bird.

Game officials believe that the pre-season estimate of 35 percent fewer birds than in 1946 is approximately correct but that overall the hunting was better this year than last. How can that be?

The season was ten days later and cornpicking was advanced far beyond that of 1946, leaving less cover for birds to hide in. Cold weather had, in many locations, concentrated the birds in winter flocks and there was a light snow over much of the pheasant territory. These conditions made finding and flushing the birds easier; consequently a greater percent of cocks present were taken.

There was a very definite shift in hunting pressure, although not



In most of the state the extremely heavy cover present during the 1946 season was absent, and finding and flushing the birds was easier this year. Jim Sherman photo.

on a sectional basis. Many of the old favorite pheasant territories, some of which contained good bird populations, had very few hunters during the entire season. Several counties, comparative newcomers so far as pheasant hunting is concerned, received a heavy influx, especially during the early part of the season.

Tabulations of questionnaires returned by the conservation officers contain interesting information and indicate that the 1947 pheasant season was a success from the hunters' standpoint and bear out the conclusion of the biologist who submitted facts on the pheasant population for determination by the Commission.

The conservation officers believed that pheasant hunting was better in 28 counties, the same in 11 counties, and poorer in 20 counties than in 1946. In 31 counties there were fewer hunters out during the open season than in the year before, more in 17 counties, the same number in 11.

During the open season of ten days the average number of birds bagged per-hunter-per-day, according to officers' estimates, was 1.03, with some counties running as high as 1.75, other counties as low as .50.

That the "Kill No Hens" campaign paid dividends is revealed in the fact that only nine counties had prosecutions for hen shooting, with only 19 hunters involved.

In four counties hunters found fewer birds than the conservation officer in charge believed were present. But in 40 of the 64 counties, hunters found more birds than the officers believed present.

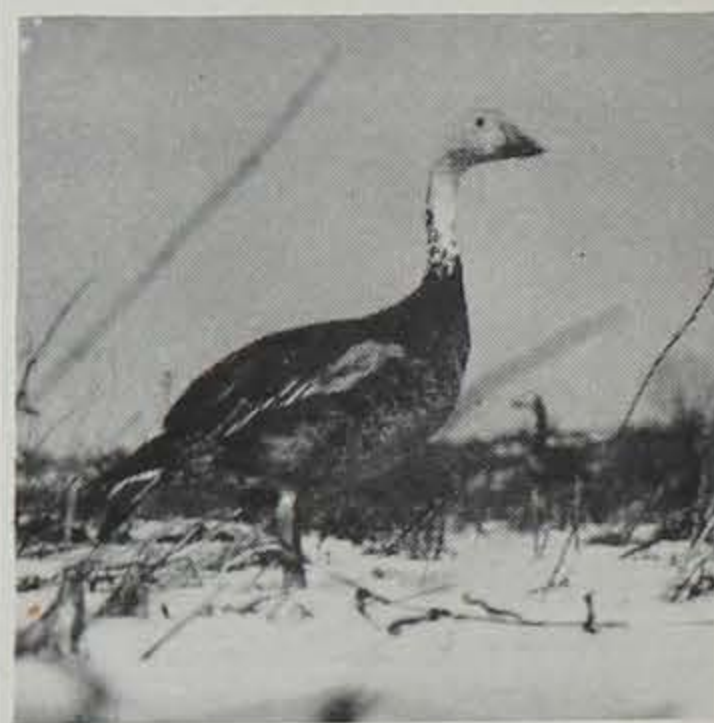
One warden lamented, "It isn't fair. The birds have changed their way of living and don't come out to be counted."

Be that as it may, the proof is in the pudding, and thousands of Iowans enjoyed a limited dish that would have been denied had the Commission not had access to the microscope of modern scientific game management.

DOESN'T NEED GUN FOR GEESE

The Leo C. Hoffman family of Hazleton last week dined on roast wild goose—thanks to Mr. Hoffman's goose catching abilities. Last Tuesday Mr. Hoffman was making his daily rural mail route in the midst of fog and light rain. As he was driving along he saw a wild goose, obviously injured or exhausted, light on the road.

He got out of his car and began creeping up on the bird which hopped into the weeds. He was able to sneak up on the goose and grab it. The goose weighed about four and a half pounds and had either been dazed by a shotgun shell or had become exhausted and had separated from a flock of geese flying south for the winter.—Independence Bulletin Journal.



Blue geese, a fall migrant in increasing numbers, met a hot reception from Iowa's hunters this fall.

SEES ALBINO PHEASANT

An albino pheasant (one of those birds with all white feathers) is a very rare sight—but Guy Hutchinson saw one. Yes sir, he did.

Guy was out hunting Sunday afternoon near Alford. He flushed up a whole covey of pheasants, but was so astonished when he saw the albino pheasant that he didn't get a shot at them.—Rock Rapids Reporter.



There was a very definite shift in hunting pressure in 1947. Many of the old favorite pheasant territories had very few hunters during the entire season. Jim Sherman photo.



The Fifty-second General Assembly, by an overwhelming vote, appropriated \$1,272,000 for development of six new recreational lakes.

Iowa's Six New . . .

(Continued from page 185)

ton County, approximately half way between the towns of Washington and Fairfield is scheduled to contain 450 acres of water.

This area is a new project and all of the land needed was in private ownership. Land title options have been drawn up within the fund allotment and accepted by the state. Transfer of title negotiations are now underway and the state will acquire full title to this land by March 1948.

Engineering investigations and reports to determine the feasibility of the dam site have been carried out by the Commission with the assistance of the Iowa Geological Survey.

Rock Creek Lake, located in Jasper County approximately 12 miles east of Newton and north of U. S. Highway No. 6, is the largest proposed artificial lake basin under consideration.

This lake, if constructed with the crest elevation at the height being considered, would cover an area of 1,500 acres. It would be several times larger than any of our artificial lakes and would be exceeded in size by only five of the northern natural lakes.

Because of its size, considerably more investigational work must be done than on the smaller lake projects. A lake of this size will require land acquisition of from 3,500 to 4,000 acres in order to properly protect and develop the area.

No land has been acquired or optioned in the Rock Creek area to date because of the amount involved and the need for additional engineering information.

The sub-surface soil and rock formations at the dam site have been partially investigated and reported on by the State Geological Survey.

Indian Creek Lake, located in Shelby County approximately 12 miles east of Harlan on State Highway No. 64, is scheduled to be a 250-acre lake.

The state owns none of the property in this area and recent contacts made with the owners reveal that the land, if purchased at this time, would cost three times the

amount allotted for this purchase. Due to this fact, the project has been postponed.

Cold Springs Recreational Reserve, located in Cass County one mile south of the town of Lewis is scheduled for an 11-acre lake.

All of the land required for this development is now state-owned, having been acquired in 1935. This lake is a part of the development program planned for the park and is not classified as a major recreational lake.

Nine Eagles State Park, located in Decatur County approximately four miles south and east of Davis City, is scheduled for a 60-acre lake.

All of the land required for the development of this lake is state-owned, having been acquired in 1941. This land holding, approximately 1,100 acres, comprises practically the whole watershed and this will be an important factor in the control of siltation and will materially lengthen the life of this lake.

Investigations for sub-surface soil and rock formations were completed in February 1941.

In October, 1947, a meeting of Conservation Commission officials,

members of the State Geological Survey, and representatives from various engineering firms in the state was held to discuss these lake projects. At this meeting it was decided that engineering firms with experience in this type of construction will design the dams, write the specifications, and furnish inspection during construction.

After the engineering contracts are made, the various engineering firms will require at least one year to complete investigational data and make their designs.

The appropriation, made by the Legislature for this work, provided definite amounts for each land purchase and for dam construction. Actual date of construction is indefinite. The work may take place immediately after the designs are completed or may be held up for an indefinite period if the construction costs are not within the fund allotment as set up by the Fifty-second General Assembly.



One of the many reasons the state's recreational lakes program is popular. Jim Sherman photo.



The Twenty-five Year Conservation Plan calls for construction of artificial lakes so that ultimately a body of water for recreational use would lie within 25 miles of every Iowan's home. Jim Sherman photo.

Commission Action . . .

(Continued from page 186)

Approved contributing \$980.66 additional toward the construction of the Waverly fishway in the Cedar River.

Approved contacting the Interim Committee of the Legislature in regard to funds for the necessary repairs of the Great Lakes Sewage Disposal Plant.

Authorized attendance of State Forester and Superintendent of Forestry at a meeting of the Society of American Foresters to be held in Minneapolis, December 16-20, subject to Executive Council approval.

Authorized Saylor Woods in Polk County be declared a refuge and be so posted.

Agreed to maintain the state's part of the road in the McGregor Park area in Clayton County in a condition comparable to the city's and county's part of this road.

Authorized the trapping of muskrats in Big Wall Lake in Wright County under permit as recommended by Dr. Paul Errington.

Approved and exercised the Chisel and Sunde option on five and one half acres in the Myre Slough area in Winnebago County from Pittman-Robertson funds.

Authorized investigations be made relative to the possibility of acquiring the 80-acre Smith tract in the Jemmerson Slough area in Dickinson County.

Authorized the Director, with the approval of the Chairman, to issue the necessary Administrative Order to open lakes to winter fishing, if and when it is found that the oxygen content is low.

Approved the making of a gill-netting contract to be the same as that carried out last year.

Accepted the O'son option on 5.75 acres adjacent to High Lake in Emmet County for an access area, subject to approval of the Interim Committee.

Authorized the placing of a marker at the Melanaphy Springs area in Winneshiek County in appreciation of Fred Biermann's contribution toward the acquisition of this tract.

Approved and exercised the following options in the Harmon Lake area in Winnebago County: Hove option, 160 acres; Campbell option, 194.72 acres; Hanson option, 15 acres; Engelbretson option, 14 acres.

Meeting adjourned.

EASY DOES IT

The section crew on the railroad out of Thornton had more fun getting their limit of pheasants during the season. They simply got the birds in the tall grass and brush along the right-of-way during the crew's off hours. The entire crew of workers could leave the depot and have their quota in 30 minutes or less. That's not only good shooting but that's also knowing where to go to arouse the birds.—Thornton Enterprise.



North Iowa pheasant hunters, for the most part, found birds but conceded that they had to work for them. In some sections knee-deep snow made walking unusually difficult.

The Pheasant Season . . .

(Continued from page 186)

shooters who returned with their limits of two birds each. Other groups of nimrods were forced to content themselves with an average of about one bird per shooter.—Fort Dodge Messenger.

HUNTERS BAG FEW PHEASANTS. The pheasant season opened in Jones County Armistice Day, November 11, with a bang. A preview of the season looked bad. Birds were scarce. Hunters had little hopes of eating much pheasant. But Wednesday things looked brighter. The majority of hunters who were out on opening day bagged their limit and reported seeing a great many birds, both hens and cocks.—Anamosa Eureka.

SOME HUNTERS GET LIMIT; OTHERS WITHOUT SUCCESS. Pheasant hunters roamed Jasper County fields yesterday for the opening of the Iowa season, and although many secured their quota of two cock birds, hunting luck as a whole was pretty spotty.

But Jasper County nimrods were not the only ones tramping the fields Tuesday. Many hunters from Polk, Mahaska and Marion counties were also numbered among those trying their luck within the county.—Newton News.

PHEASANT HUNTERS REPORT GOOD LUCK. North Iowa pheasant hunters have, for the most part, found plenty of birds this season and have easily gotten their limits.

But, they concede, they have had to work for them, too. Corn fields, in some sections, are more than knee-deep in snow which has made tramping unusually difficult, but they have managed to kick up the ever-wary bird.—Swea City Herald.

LOTS OF PHEASANTS. Nearly

every hunter we've talked to during the first week of the pheasant season has been extremely surprised at the number of birds that are seen. Most of them say that the hunting is the best for several years. Some even say that it's the best ever.

All this in spite of the fact that a roadside census early this fall by "experts" showed that there were hardly enough pheasants to survive the open season. Our state experts seem to be hitting about the same percentage as the bigger boys in Washington.—Waverly Independent.

PHEASANT HUNTERS HERE REPORT SPOTTED LUCK. Some Sac City pheasant hunters got their limit of birds within an hour Tuesday afternoon when the season opened at noon. Others covered miles of territory and returned with only one or two for the entire group.—Sac City Sun.

BELLS TOLL FOR NW IOWA PHEASANTS. Northwest Iowa's hunters returned to their homes Tuesday afternoon with perhaps frost-bitten, but certainly not empty, hands, as the 1947 pheasant season got under way.

A spot check of hunters indicates that many of them got their limit, and surprise was expressed at the large number of birds roaming at large. Many a hunter augmented his bag limit of two pheasants with several rabbits.—Sheldon Sun.

REPORTS VARY ON PHEASANT HUNTING. Results of the first two days of the open pheasant season in this vicinity seem to depend partly on the location where the hunting was carried on. Some groups said they had seen more birds than on the first day of last year, while others hunted all afternoon and found only a few birds.—Northwood Anchor.

BIRDS PLENTIFUL ON OPENING DAY. Large numbers of hunters turned out yesterday as the 1947 pheasant season got under way in Iowa at 12 o'clock noon; and the majority of them had their limit of two cocks within a short time. Reports that the birds seemed plentiful in most areas in Butler were quite widespread.—Greene Recorder.

SHOOTERS REPORT GOOD LUCK AT PHEASANT HUNTING. Many hunters report good luck at pheasant hunting Armistice day, the first day of this year's hunting season.

Many of the best shots had no difficulty getting their limit.

In spite of the decreased pheasant population, the first day's hunting was good.

The pheasant population seems most numerous in the extreme west end of the county, according to many reports.—Rock Rapids Reporter.

PHEASANT HUNTERS LUCKY? Were the pheasant hunters lucky Tuesday? Judging from reports of those who took advantage of the holiday to tramp over the land with guns cocked and ready, should the wary pheasant suddenly take to the air in front of them, it was about fifty-fifty. About fifty per cent had their quota of two cock birds each in a short time and others returned with none at all.—Colfax Tribune.

HUNTERS BAT "ALMOST 1,000." Thanks to a big assist from the weather man, pheasant hunters in this area put together a remarkable "shooting average." According to reports the percentage of parties "skunked" was almost infinitesimal.—Eldora Herald Ledger.

PHEASANT HUNTS GOOD IN COUNTY. Clinton hunters believe that Clinton County will have the best pheasant shooting in its history, if the opening days were any indication.

One hunting party reported Wednesday that each member shot his two-cock limit in one hour and 45 minutes. Hunting was good anywhere cover was present, the party said, and they reported no difficulty in distinguishing male from female in the young birds they encountered.

Most of the birds were full grown, they added, and no mistakes were made. Hunters were careful to shoot only cocks, they declared.—Clinton Herald.

LOTS OF PHEASANTS IN STACYVILLE AREA. Pheasant hunters were surprised to find such large flocks of cock pheasants as none have been in evidence during the summer months. The clearing of soybean fields and corn husking has driven them to the open, but

they are wary and hard to shoot.—Mason City Globe Gazette.

PHEASANT HUNTING SPOTTED, SOME GOOD REPORTS, ALL SAY PHEASANTS SCARCE. Opening day pheasant hunting reports were uniformly good with most hunters stating they were able to get their limit. These reports came mainly from local hunters who had flocks spotted and were able to be the first to get into them.

Hunters who were strangers to the territory had more trouble and many of them spent the afternoon without seeing any pheasants at all.—Eagle Grove Eagle.

FAIR SUCCESS AS SEASON OPENS. Wily John Pheasant took his first day bombardment in this area yesterday with a fairly high casualty rate. Most hunters reported birds somewhat scarce but still enough for the ones who aimed right to bring back their two roosters.—Charles City Press.

HOBNOBBING WITH THE SPORTSMEN

Probably the best story of the week comes from Kenneth Yeager who with friends inaugurated the pheasant season with proper enthusiasm. Kenneth was strolling along a grassy slope, adjacent to a slightly wooded area. Without much notice and in proper pheasant style, two cocks flushed. On studying the results which netted no birds, Kenneth discovered that a fox was bent on the same prey—and that he, the fox, had flushed the birds, and not Kenneth.

The grand total of the entire affair sums up like this: some shooting, no hits, lots of running. I have heard of coon hounds, fox hounds, rabbit hounds, wolf hounds, bird dogs and many other kinds, but this is the first time that I have heard of a hunter using a wild fox to jump pheasants. More power to you, Kenneth, there is no restriction in the regulation on trained fox for wary pheasants.

Pheasant hunting has been good. A goodly number of limits have been reported. Men that have ventured any distance from home have all come home with birds. There has been the usual amount of hard luck; birds shot down and lost, birds shot at but not hit and birds out of range. A good dog is a sound conservation measure. He will, if trained right, save a lot of birds otherwise destined to die and become prey for fox and other wildlife. Yes, a dog can be a conservation measure indeed. A friend of mine had a dog that was always with him. This dog saved more game than any other dog that I have ever seen. He made sure that you didn't get within 500 yards of any wildlife. He was a wiggly fellow who couldn't be still more than ten seconds. Imagine him on a hunting trip!—Bellevue Leader.