

IOWA CONSERVATIONIST

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1951 HUNTING PROSPECTS GOOD

LET'S GO FISHING

By Roy L. Abbott
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If there is one thing in a sporting way I like better than any other—always excepting of course a ramble with my gun and dog—it is to go fishing. For, ever since I have known what a fish was, none of those familiar thrill-producing expressions such as "Tomorrow is Christmas," or "Next Week is Fourth of July"—no, not even that appetite stirring call, "Dinner is ready"—has ever been able to move me emotionally quite like "Let's Go Fishin'."

Don't ask me why this is so, for I don't know. My rather immediate ancestors were hunters and fishermen, 'tis true, but so were all our ancestors a few centuries back. I am only sure that the fishing instinct and desire is primitive and deep-rooted in men born of the very germ cells from which we sprang—germ cells from hairy ancestors a million years gone—ancestors who caught fish with their hands or used a thorn for a hook.

Can't you see those old haunts even now—places where as a boy you used to fish? Maybe if you could revisit one of them today it wouldn't look quite so wonderful as it did then, but that doesn't matter. It will never change in your memory. It is today in your mind's eye as it was then, a creek—perhaps not a very deep one—running through a grassy pasture with cows feeding right up to its banks, yes, maybe standing in its shallows to keep the biting flies from their legs and bellies.

Or maybe the creek was really a big one running through a heavy woods with its banks shaded by the huge elms and maples which fringed it—a creek with dark waters and deep holes, alternating with ripply, pebbly shallows—shallows where you could wade it, your overalls rolled up high as you could get them, and the water lapping delightfully cool against your legs.

Perhaps your creek had brush

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With an increase in numbers, as much as 50 per cent, the cottontail will loom large in the hunting picture during the 1951 hunting season. Jim Sherman Photo.

Cliffs of Palisades-Kepler State Park

By Charles S. Gwynne
Associate Professor
Department of Geology
Iowa State College

One of the most notable things about Palisades-Kepler State Park is the presence of the steep cliffs, called palisades, from which the park is named. There are other places along Cedar River where the bedrock stands out in cliffs, but perhaps none where they form such a continuous and vertical front as they do in this park. The valleys of other rivers in Iowa have rock cliffs, but none more striking than those of the Cedar at Palisades-Kepler. There are other famous palisades on the Hudson River above New York City. These palisades of the Hudson are in another kind of rock—a lava rock called basalt.

Palisades-Kepler State Park is in southeastern Linn County. It includes land on both sides of Cedar River totaling about a square mile. It is a hilly area, well wooded, with outcrops of the rock that forms the

palisades visible on all sides. Altogether, with the river flowing through the park and the fishing which it affords, it forms a delightful recreational area.

The geological story of this park goes back to the seas which came in over Iowa in the remote past. The bedrock in the park was deposited as a limey sediment in the Niagaran Sea. The rock layers here are a part of the same bed which makes up the solid rock near the surface in several counties east of the park. The natural bridge and caves at Maquoketa Caves State Park are in this rock. So is the "backbone" at Backbone State Park.

What has made the palisades out of these rock layers? The answer, or most of it, is given by Cedar River, flowing along and eroding its channel between the cliffs which front the river on either side. Weathering, the slow decay of the rock, has helped. So has water

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The State Conservation Commission has announced the 1951 pheasant, quail, rabbit and squirrel seasons with little change in the regulations from last year. Censuses compiled by biologists indicate that hunters will have a good season.

The changes include raising the daily bag limit from six to ten, and removal of the possession limit on rabbits. With the relaxed regulations and with an increase of as much as 50 per cent in the number available, the cottontail will loom large in the hunting picture during 1951-52.

Cottontails may be hunted from September 15 through January 31, 1952, in all counties of the state. Shooting hours are from 6:00 a.m. to 6:00 p.m. No night shooting is permitted.

Surveys show that during last hunting season 2.8 per cent of the rabbit hunting trips were made during the first third of the open season, 49.8 during the second third and 47.4 per cent during the last third. Average hunting success improved as the season progressed.

During the whole period an average of 1.1 rabbits were bagged per party per hour and an average of 3.1 rabbits were bagged per party per trip. Nearly 90 per cent of the rabbits shot were taken by hunters that were hunting especially for cottontails. The other 10 per cent were shot by hunters who were looking for pheasants, quail, fox, or squirrels. Approximately one-half of the rabbits seen by hunters reporting in the survey were not killed.

Another change in the hunting regulations was lengthening by two days the short season on pheasants, and increasing the number of counties in the short season zone by 14. Five counties that were in the long season zone in 1950 were placed in the short zone for the coming season. Only seven counties in the state are now without an open pheasant season.

In the 65 counties in the long zone, hunters will have 25 open days beginning November 11 with

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ECHOES FROM THE PAST

THE GREAT SNAKE HUNT

One of the historic events of Madison County was the great snake hunt of 1849. In the early times the county was badly infested with rattlesnakes; the many rocky places furnished them with fine dens. They were great pests and dangerous to life.

The settlers began to think of a united effort to rid themselves of the reptiles. They held a public meeting, captains were appointed and sides chosen. The "rattles" of the snakes killed were to be preserved, and the party counting the largest number should have the honor of victory. Each member was to pay a bonus of two bushels of corn and "to the victors belong the spoils."

The result of the hunt was to be made known at the Fourth of July celebration which was the first celebration of the immortal day ever indulged in Madison County.

Every able-bodied man in the county was put on duty. Middle River formed the dividing line, across which neither of them were permitted to go. The hunt was desperate and deadly. From early morn till dewy eve the snake hunt continued. Each hunter provided himself with popular antidote for snake bite.

Mr. Combs and Mr. Baum killed ninety rattlesnakes in an hour and a half.

Preparations were made for a grand barbecue for this first Fourth of July celebration—and the counting of rattles. The total number of snakes killed was 3,750.

The early life of our pioneers was so lonely that when they first came together they were very bashful. On this Fourth of July celebration it was impossible to get them to applaud the speakers. There was no more sign of interest than might be expected in a graveyard. Finally Jones, who was toastmaster, determined to



It has been proved in laboratory experiments, as well as in the field, that anti-rabies vaccination of dogs gives protection against this disease.

RECOMMEND VACCINATION OF DOGS AGAINST RABIES

Rabies is reported in dogs as well as several other species of domestic and wild animals in Iowa each year. The dog normally lives in close association with man and is capable of inflicting severe bite wounds. Because of these two factors, most of the exposures of man to rabies are caused by the rabid dog. Elimination of rabies among dogs thus would greatly reduce the number of persons who take the anti-rabies preventive (Pasteur) treatment each year.

Anti-rabies vaccination of dogs does give protection against the disease. Vaccination has been proven effective in laboratory experiments as well as in actual field conditions. The U. S. Army requires anti-rabies vaccination of all pets kept at an army post or camp. Without exception the results from this action have been good. Some army camps have been located in areas in which rabies was present. In these instances rabies did not develop in the vaccinated dogs belonging to army personnel, even though they mingled with other unvaccinated dogs adjacent to the camp among which there were cases of rabies. In the Des Moines rabies epizootic no cases have been reported in dogs that have had an annual anti-rabies vaccination.

Anti-rabies vaccine is safe. All vaccine for animal use must pass rigid safety and potency tests of the Bureau of Animal Industry of the U. S. Department of Agriculture. It causes practically no discomfort to the dog.

break the ice, so he started the applause himself. But when the people were once started, the long pent-up feeling fairly boiled over.—*Earlham Echo.*

The vaccination consists of injecting a small amount of grayish-tan colored vaccine under the skin of the dog. The vaccine causes the dog's body to build resistance against the disease, but it takes a little time. The full degree of protection is not reached until about 30 days after the date of vaccination. Thus, the dog should not be allowed to contact rabid animals during the 30-day period. A question which sometimes is asked is this: "Can a vaccinated dog get rabies?" The answer is "Yes," if the dog was exposed (bitten by a rabid animal) before the vaccination, or if it was exposed before the protection was fully developed.

Anti-rabies vaccination needs to be repeated once a year. Vaccination of young puppies is not always effective. Therefore, if puppies under six months of age are vaccinated, they should be re-vaccinated when they are six months old. Both farm dogs and city dogs should be vaccinated. Farm dogs sometimes come in contact with rabid wild animals as well as rabid dogs.

Every dog owner is urged to take his dog to the veterinarian every year for an anti-rabies vaccination. At the time of vaccination the veterinarian usually furnishes a vaccination certificate and a small metal tag for the dog. Protect your pet, your family, and yourself. Vaccinate your dog.—*State Department of Health.*

1951 DUCK STAMPS ON SALE

The 1951 migratory bird hunting stamp, commonly called duck stamp, is on sale at all first- and second-class post offices.

The stamp costs \$2 and must be in possession of all persons over 16 years old while hunting migratory waterfowl.

More than 50,000 duck stamps are sold in Iowa each year with all revenue allotted to the U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service.

CLEAR LAKE CRAPPIES

By Kenneth D. Carlander and
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The Iowa Cooperative Fisheries Research Unit has been carrying on annual studies at Clear Lake to determine what factors affect the abundance and growth of the various species of fishes and to learn how sport fishing can be maintained and improved in this and similar lakes. One of the latest reports on this research deals with the crappies in the lake. There are two species, the black crappie being more abundant in Clear Lake than the white.

Crappies are not particularly abundant in Clear Lake but many good catches are made. Now that year round fishing for these species is permitted, the crappies may provide a major part of the Clear Lake fishing in early spring, in addition to some fine ice fishing. Crappies are generally caught more easily during winter and spring than in midsummer. One thing about crappies, they school to a considerable extent and if you catch one you can usually catch a string of them by continuing to fish in the same spot.

Examination of the scales of the crappies indicated that they are not showing particularly fast growth—in fact the growth rate appears to be a bit slower than in average waters. Even at that it does not take so very long to grow a catchable size crappie. On the average a black crappie in Clear Lake is about 5.1 inches long (total length) at the end of the second year, 7.2 inches at the end of the third, 8.7 at the end of the fourth, 10.5 at the end of the fifth, and 11.9 at the end of the seventh. Some fast growing individuals reached a length of 12.5 inches before they were four years old.

Perhaps you can visualize the fish better from its weight. An average Clear Lake crappie weighs slightly over three ounces at three years, almost six ounces at the end of four years, ten ounces at five years, and almost 15 ounces at seven years. Even a six-ounce crappie makes a good meal and provides some sport on a fly rod.

Apparently the crappies are not very long lived in Clear Lake since only a few of those examined were over five years old. Crappies apparently mature and spawn at the first time when they are at the beginning of their third year. The male builds a nest in the shallow water and usually guards it during the incubation period.

The white crappies grow at the same rate as the black crappies in Clear Lake but the oldest one found during the six years of collections was only a little over three years old. It was 9.4 inches long.

Comparatively few black crappies of the 1948 year class (i. e.

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Gone is the day of passing off an old clunker reel, frazzled line and dog-leg rod as good enough for the Mrs. Jim Sherman Photo.

and she does it consistently! She catches fish in spite of her hubby's coaching and as a result the Fisherman family is spending more evenings fishing nowadays.

So, says Heddon's, if you want a man at one end of your fishing pole, take along the Missus. Besides, it's smart for you'll get in more fishing.

Wardens Tales Shop Talk from the Field

Ward Garrett, conservation officer in charge of Pottawattamie County tells this unusual story of a deer rescue. "Recently I was called about a deer seen in Indian Creek in Council Bluffs. The creek comes in to town and enters a twenty-foot tunnel about five miles long that runs under the city. When I went down to the creek the deer ran into the tunnel. I worked all day trying to flush him out of the various branches and sewers that run into the tunnel, but was not successful. That evening we got a two-inch rain and the water was so high and swift in the tunnel I had to abandon the deer hunt. I thought surely he would drown. I went home to clean up and got a second call that the deer had washed out and some boys had caught him at the entrance of the tunnel. I rushed down to the creek and found two boys about 12 years old that had the young buck by the horns and were holding his head above water. We pulled him out and put him in the trunk

of my car and he was completely exhausted. After a couple of hours he was well recovered and we released him in the timber south of Lake Manawa."

Conservation Officer Herb Eells had the novelty of hunting a bull elk in northeast Iowa this spring. He writes the following: "For a few hours the 29th of April it looked like a part of northeast Iowa was being taken over by big game. A flash-flood took out a section of fence on the Leon Brown farm, a few miles east of Cresco, and about 30 Japanese deer and one bull elk were on the loose. The deer were quickly rounded up, but the elk seemed to like his freedom, and started to roam the hills of Winneshek County.

Mr. Brown got in touch with me and several of his neighbors, and an elk hunt was started. We soon located him bedded down about two miles east and attempted to drive him back home. It really made a sight to see him take off across the hills and valleys. They don't run fast, but they cover a lot of ground in short order. Every once in a while the elk would stop, look around to locate us, give his head a shake and take off again. Nevertheless, we kept him headed in the general direction of the farm and we finally got him back, but his disposition was far from sweet. He would snort and paw the ground and act like he was going to charge us. We stood him off with poles and headed him into the yard, but not into his feed pen. Finally, Mr.

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ARE YOU RELATED TO A WORM?

By Homer Circle

When asked for her definition of a fishing rod, one irritated housewife remarked, "It's a pole with a worm at each end."

And, according to Heddon's research department, the little woman probably had every reason to take a dim view of a sport which has brought glowing praises from millions, including presidents.

Fortunately, says Heddon, fewer and fewer wives feel this way about fishing because more and more hus-

bands are taking them along. While admiring the "Take a boy or girl fishing" movements, Heddon's are thumping the boat for a "Take the housefrau along, too" campaign.

Gone is the day of passing off an old clunker of a reel, a frazzled line and a dog-leg rod as "good enuf" for the Missus. It is a gratifying sight to see an increasing number of fishermen stroll into a sporting goods store and stroll out with two quality fishing outfits under his arm, one for himself and one just like it for his wife.

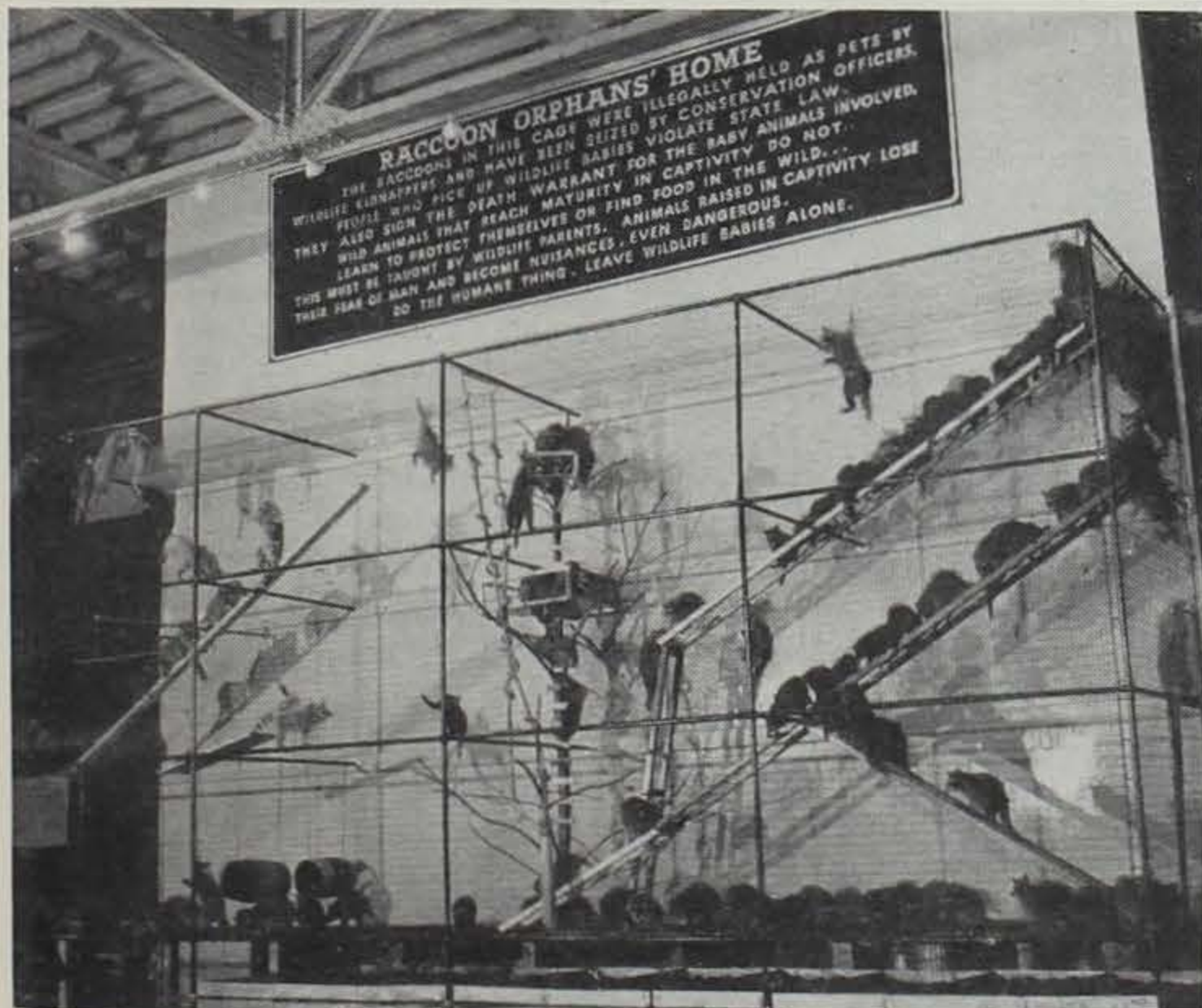
What's more, Mr. Fisherman gets a big bang seeing Mrs. Fisherman bring in the most or biggest fish,

TO DEDICATE NEW ARTIFICIAL LAKE

The dedication of Nine Eagles artificial lake in Decatur County, four miles southeast of Davis City, will be held October 7 with Governor Wm. S. Beardsley principal speaker. Dr. C. D. Scott of Leon will give a short address on the history of Nine Eagles Lake, and E.

G. Trost of Fort Dodge, chairman of the Conservation Commission, will make the presentation.

The new lake is centered in the 1,200-acre Nine Eagles State Park. The 57-acre body of water is completely surrounded with native timber and is considered by many the most beautiful artificial lake in the state. The new lake has a maximum depth of 30 feet and a shore line of over three miles.



One hundred and fifty orphan raccoon brought home forcefully to state fair visitors the reason for "leave wildlife babies alone." Jim Sherman Photo.



Nine Eagles, Decatur County's beautiful new artificial lake. Dr. C. D. Scott Photo.



Pressure of over-loaded Ahquabi State Park will be partly relieved upon the completion of the new artificial lake in Jasper County.

LARGEST ARTIFICIAL LAKE

Relief is in sight for the over-loaded Lake Ahquabi State Park. The Iowa Conservation Commission is building a new dam between Kellogg and Grinnell which will impound the largest artificial lake in the state. Some such place, within easy driving distance of Des Moines, has long been needed.

The state can offer its citizens no more wholesome recreation than good swimming, boating and fishing facilities within easy reach of population centers. The tremendous patronage at Lake Ahquabi proves the appreciation of the people for such a place to go.

It has been so great that the facilities at Lake Ahquabi have been for several years overtaxed and the enjoyment of the area curtailed because of the large crowds on Sundays and holidays. It is quieter at the corner of Sixth and Walnut in Des Moines on a summer Sunday than it is at the bathing beach at Ahquabi.

A recent issue of the *Des Moines Tribune* carried a group of pictures which set forth graphically the development of the new area, which will be known as Rock Creek State Park. According to the *Tribune*, the legislature appropriated \$650,000 for the purchase of land, building the dam and development of recreational equipment. It also said the amount will not be enough.

This is a good deal of money, but the *Record-Herald* heartily approves of the project. We know of nothing from which more people receive more of the kind of enjoyment which is mentally, morally, and physically healthful than they get from the state parks, especially those with swimming and boating. We know of nothing better calculated to make the Iowa population contented and happy.—*Record-Herald and Indianola Tribune*.

A hard day's work never hurt anyone. Neither does a good day's fishing or hunting.

WASTE MEANS POVERTY

By Dr. Ira N. Gabrielson
President
Wildlife Management Institute

Americans take pride in the fact that they have built a great nation in record time. This has been accomplished, however, only because this land was abundantly endowed with natural resources that could be developed and utilized. Each new generation could look to new and undeveloped lands and resources as a certain source of exploitation, but we are now approaching the end of such possibilities.

New land that can be cultivated is limited to that which can be irrigated by the limited water supplies available in western states. The mineral resources on which much of our industry is based are limited and the end of some already seems in sight. Our forest resources have been and are still being depleted at a much faster rate than the annual re-growth. In other words, we now

face the necessity of more efficient management with less of the appalling waste of such resources as still remain.

Europeans have learned some of the answers and today, after thousands of years of use, their lands and forests are in comparatively better shape than ours. Complete utilization of forests and forest products can be seen in Europe rather than in the United States. We still waste enough despite the vaunted efficiency of our industrial processes to supply many needs. We are still pouring our soil into the sea at an unprecedented rate although Europe has long since learned how to prevent and control excessive erosion. We, too, must learn these lessons.

America is still relatively wealthy in natural resources. To the extent that she applies better management and better utilization, we can still remain a great nation. If we do not, despite the vast expanses of our territory included in our boundaries, this nation will sink to the status of a second-class power with worn out soils, vanished resources, and a poverty stricken population. It will come with continued waste as certainly as it came to China's eroded hills and to the barren and desolate stretches that were once the productive lands of Asia Minor.

The continual growth of human population in this country is forcing us to focus more attention on conservation problems as human utilization of land and water becomes more intensive. These problems of the management of all resources will be of increasing concern to each generation until every American is consciously aware of his intimate relationship to and vital dependence on the natural resources.—*Virginia Wildlife*.

When you put a fish on your stringer do it this way: Puncture the lips and pass stringer through them. This does not injure the fish and will not drown them as the gill method usually does.



Although Europe long ago learned how to prevent excessive erosion, we are still pouring our soil into the sea.



Fishing is expensive, but it is worth more than the time and expense involved.

FISHING EXPENSIVE BUT WORTH IT

If you hunt or fish your annual expenditure for these hobbies is contributing to a roughly estimated sum of more than nine billion dollars which Americans are spending for these outdoor activities.

At least that is the total revealed by a recent survey which was conducted to determine just how big this hunting and fishing business has become in this country. It was based on the assumption that more than 33 million individuals hunt and fish in the United States.

The outlay for these two pastimes alone is more than twice what American farmers are paid annually for their hogs; nearly twice what they are paid for slaughter cattle; twenty times as much as producers receive for sheep marketed and for the wool crop.

Hunting involves the annual expenditure of nearly a billion dollars on hunting dogs alone, which in itself exceeds the amount we pay annually to see all baseball, football, basketball and hockey games, horse races and prize fights.

The same survey estimates that, on the basis of these figures, the fishing fraternity pays at the rate of two dollars a pound for its walleyes and northern pike; three dollars a pound for its trout; six dollars apiece for its wild ducks and twelve dollars each for wild geese. Hunters are estimated to hand over an approximate \$100 for each deer or bear brought in, \$250 for each moose.

But while hunting and fishing on dollar value alone is big business, it is far more important than that. In fact you don't measure it, either from the standpoint of outlay, or

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Many fine sporting dogs have suffered permanent injury or have died in the field because of lack of first aid treatment.

FIRST AID FOR SPORTING DOGS

By Tom Farly

Many a fine sporting dog has suffered permanent damage in the field from what his owner considered only a minor mishap. Others have died because their owners didn't know how to administer the first aid treatment that would sustain them until a veterinarian could be reached.

Some of the fairly common mishaps dogs suffer while hunting are cuts, gunshot wounds, broken nails, eye injuries, food poisoning, snake bite, and porcupine quilling. The following remedies can do a lot to relieve the dog's suffering or prevent complications until a veterinarian can take over.

Cuts. Dogs seldom bleed to death from encounters with barbed wire fences, glass, or sharp pieces of metal. They are equipped to cleanse minor wounds by licking them and first aid in such a case may mean NOT bandaging the wound, but letting the dog get at it. Some cuts, of course, are located where the dog can't lick them. In these cases wash the cut with an antiseptic (hydrogen peroxide is good), coat it with vaseline or zinc ointment, and apply a sterile bandage.

Gunshot Wounds. If the wound is deep, the best first aid treatment is to keep the dog in a quiet spot while a veterinarian is summoned. Hemorrhaging may be controlled by means of a tourniquet or other pressure between the wound and the heart. If a limb is broken, make a splint from a piece of board or a stick, pad the limb, and tape the splint in place. Carry the dog home, and restrict him from moving the leg as much as possible. A veterinarian should, of course, set the break as soon as he can be reached.

Broken Nails. Clip the broken

part of the nail immediately. Surface bleeding can be stopped by applying hydrogen peroxide. A piece of cotton secured by a bandage or adhesive tape makes an effective dressing which may be removed in from 12 to 24 hours. The bandage need not be replaced unless bleeding starts again.

Eye Injuries. Hunting dogs are particularly susceptible to eye accidents. Wash the eye as quickly as possible and remove any foreign substance that shows on the eyelid. If the surface of the eye is scratched or pitted, it should be covered immediately. A light bandage soaked in castor oil or mineral oil makes a good dressing. The oil forms a clear film which will help protect the eye until a veterinarian can be reached.

Food Poisoning. Hunting dogs, like all other breeds, are apt to eat the foulest refuse they can find outdoors. Frequently this results in food poisoning which induces vomiting, cramps, diarrhea, and even convulsions. A good first aid treatment is to feed the dog a teaspoonful or two of salt, then administer a teaspoonful or tablespoonful of castor oil—the amount depending on the size of the dog. This will help clean him out immediately. Don't feed him for 24 hours, then return him gradually to a full diet of nourishing, easily digested food—any one of the top grades of canned dog food is excellent. In particular, don't permit him to eat anything rough or coarse while his stomach walls are still irritated.

Bites By Poisonous Snakes. Here first aid is vital, if a veterinarian or physician isn't available within a fairly short time. Get to a drug store and have a potassium-permanganate solution made up. Make a deep x-shaped incision over the fang marks, drop the solution in it, and hold it there for a moment. Apply a tourniquet above the wound, if it's on a limb or foot, to

prevent the swelling and the poison from reaching the dog's body.

Porcupine Quilling. When you take a dog into porcupine country, remember to take along a pair of pliers. When a dog has been quilled there's no time to waste in relieving him. Hold or tie him firmly and pull the quills (disregarding some bloodshed) before they have time to work deeper into the dog. Remove the quills around the eyes first, and don't fail to examine the inside of the mouth and the tongue. There is a mistaken theory that a quill can be stopped if it is merely cut off; actually, the part that remains in the dog will continue to travel through his system.

It must be emphasized once again that first aid is a temporary measure. Nothing works as well as the care a trained veterinarian can give a dog, and as soon as you are out of the woods have him check the dog and possibly recommend further treatment.

Palisades-Kepler . . .

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running down the sides of the valley, or coming into the river through tributary ravines. The presence of vertical cracks, called joints, in the rock probably helped in the formation of the cliffs.

The rock of the palisades is unevenly soluble in rain water. That is one reason why the surface is so irregularly pitted and rough. The rough surfaces are especially visible as the visitor strolls along the trail near the river. Ferns, lichens, and other plants take hold and grow in the crevices. Some of the lichens, a low form of plant life, are a striking red in color. These plants play a part in the destruction of the rock. Their tiny rootlets penetrate and tend to separate grains. Also, as the plants die, their decaying rootlets produce a weak acid which acts on the stone.

Larger plants, even trees, contribute to the destruction of the

rock. Their roots get into cracks and force the rock apart. Then the pieces, big and little, move down-slope, urged on by gravity and frost.

Most of the rock in the park is so marked by weathering that its true character cannot be discerned. However, a somewhat similar rock, obtained from a quarry in Anamosa, has been used in the construction of buildings in the park. The true nature of this rock can be observed. It is found to be very delicately stratified or layered. It also contains geodes, made by the same process as those for which Geode Park was named, except that at Palisades-Kepler the geodes are lined with calcite rather than quartz crystals. The presence of these geodes in the rock at the park may also have helped in the pitting of the weathered surfaces.

Fossils, formed in so many of the deposits of the seas of ancient Iowa, are not easily found in the rock of the park. This is partly because it is weathered. One fossil occasionally found on the planes separating the beds of the rock used in the buildings is in the form of little marks, not more than an inch long. These are nicely visible on the first slab of the walk from the road to the lodge. They are fossil remains of a low form of sea life.

The trees in the park grow on a soil made by the weathering of the rock and by the glacier which once covered the area. The roads, where they are level, are on the divides between the valleys tributary to the river. The park reveals much of the very ancient history of Iowa.

One of the best containers for hooks and other small fishing items is an ordinary shoe polish can. It can be easily cleaned by the use of hot water, then wiped dry. These cans are air-tight and are easily opened by pressing side of can.

When dressing fish, dip your hands in salt to prevent them from slipping out of your grasp.



The cliffs of Palisades-Kepler State Park form a continuous vertical front along the Cedar River.



"Can't you see those old haunts even now, places where as a boy you used to fish?"

Let's Go Fishing . . .

(Continued from page 161)

piles along it or logs upon which the painted turtles loved to crawl and bake themselves in the sun—

Cedar Rapids, Iowa
State Conservation
Commission,
East 7th and Court,
Des Moines, Iowa.
Gentlemen:

Enclosed find \$1.00 for 3-year subscription to your splendid little paper.

My favorite neighbor (Mrs. Jay J. Felgar) has so long sent copies of the CONSERVATIONIST up here to us (to be devoured by our family) that I decided we should certainly subscribe to same and save her the trouble!

Our eldest daughter is a freshman in school, takes general science (seriously) and finds so much "bulletin board" material in the CONSERVATIONIST, (Receives extra credit for it, too!)

Our daddy has always been an avid fisherman and hunter—a general all-round nature lover—and so finds every article of great interest. He'll be reading in his favorite chair while I'm cooking supper, and suddenly laugh out loud and come out and read something to me from your paper and then we'll both laugh as the potatoes boil merrily on! That's about as close as I come to reading it, what with 3 kids, 4 acres, and 7 Irish setters!

So put our name in the pot and carry on.

Sincerely,
Mr. and Mrs. Cliff Lambert,
1925 Belmont Parkway
N.W.,
Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

brush piles which served, too, as a basking place for the brown water snakes which slithered off into the depths as you approached, sending chills up your back as they did so. There were fallen trees along your creek, also natural bridges which spanned it and upon which you could stand dry-shed and fish into the creek's very heart. The black waters below your feet held endless fascination—they shielded nameless forms—mighty carp and buffalo swam beneath you—the carp seldom took your bait and the buffalo never.

Once some big fish nearly pulled you in with him but he wrapped your line around a root and you never found out what he was. Along your creek there were places, also, where the high banks fell away, and you could come right down to the water's edge and catch the spotted grass frogs for bait. Plunk! one would go into the water ahead of you, and as if listening for that signal, "plunk" would go the next one and "plunk," "plunk," all would go down the line. But that didn't bother you any, for you knew the ways of frogs and when each foolish fellow had half-buried himself in the mud at the bottom you simply waited until the little muddy cloud had cleared away and there he was, plain as anything, just waiting for you to grab him.

Or maybe your fishing haunt was a wooded lake with high shady and grassy banks with deep water right up to its edge. You could sit in the shade and fish and watch your bobber dance in the light ripple, or the clouds mirrored in the lake's clear waters. Maybe your lake was a big one with water so shallow along its rocky, close-wooded shore you had to take a boat for your fishing.

Maybe your fishing place was a swift river with a strong current which cut into the bank or turned away from the shore when diverted by a fallen tree, to leave a great eddy of brown water in which the spotted channel cats loved to play.

Maybe you fished with throwlines along its banks, or set trot-lines across it at night running them thrillingly in the dark with skiff and lantern.

LET'S GO FISHIN'. Ah, why did that urge come so powerfully each year just about the middle of May when there was so much farm work to be done—corn to be plowed and melons to be planted—and when the weather was so perfect and the sky so cloudless it didn't seem that it could rain for weeks to come. You just knew how the creek looked down there in the bottom lands. Its waters were dark and inviting, the violets were everywhere, the bluegills and crappies and bullheads were so hungry they would eat anything, the woodpeckers pounded on the dead trees, the killdeers never ceased calling, and the chatter of the frogs yonder in the swamp rose and fell teasingly on your hungry ears.

But there came a day when it rained, so you couldn't work in the fields, and you really could go fishin'. Remember how you got down the long, dusty cane poles that had been lying upon the rafters between the corn cribs since last summer? The lines were still wrapped around them and the hooks, buried in the bottle-cork bobber, still had pieces of dried worm or grasshopper clinging to them.

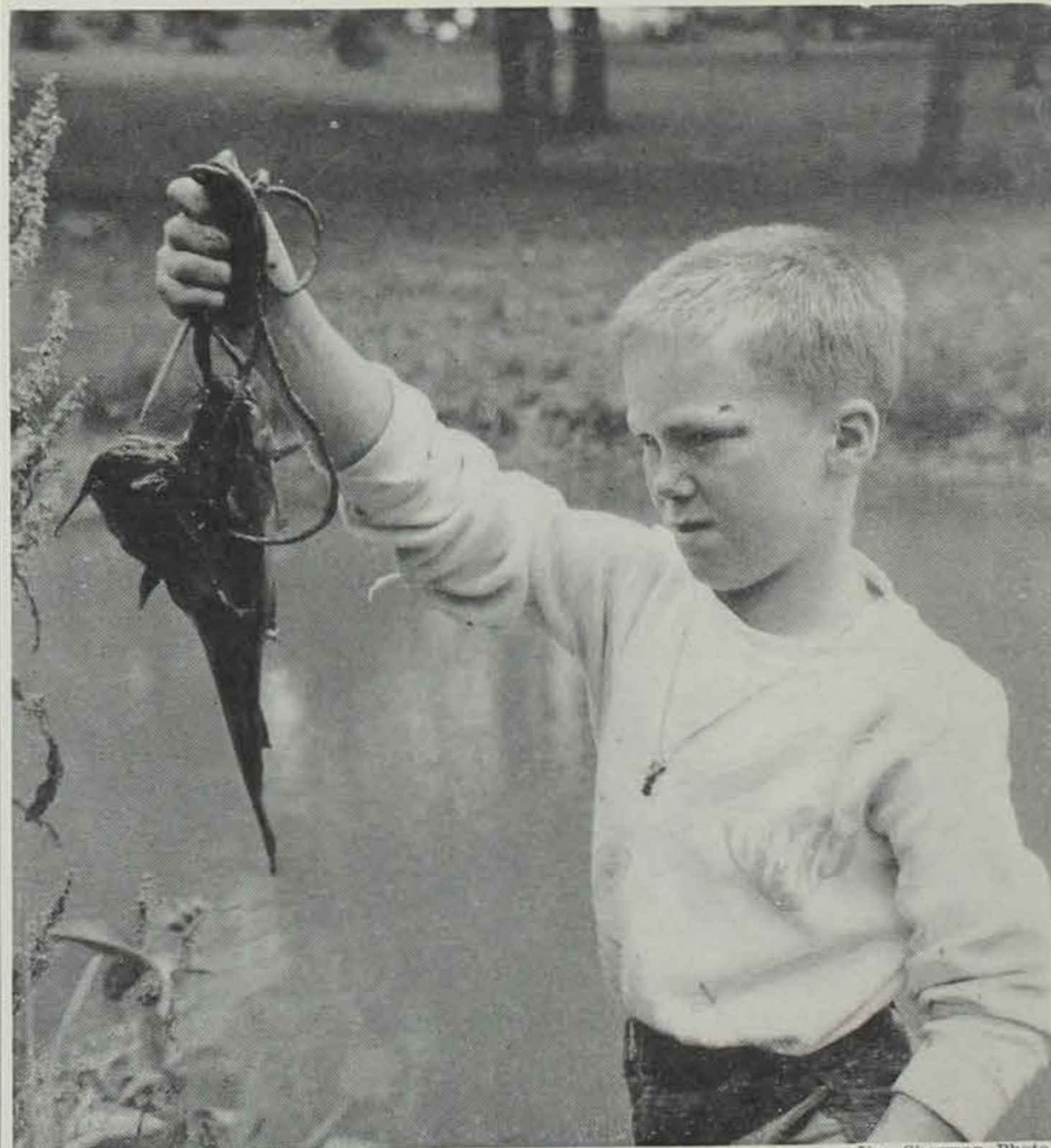
It was fun even to dig bait. It was little trouble to get a baking powder can full of them in the spring. Later in the summer they burrowed so deeply we were lucky to find any. But grasshoppers then made a good substitute for worms. And with that can of worms in a

hip pocket and poles over our shoulders, it didn't take long to cover that half mile down the lane to the creek. Once at the favorite spot it didn't take long to get baited up either—we always spit on the bait for luck.

Remember that first nibble? Your heart dances and your muscles tighten with expectancy as your bobber goes drifting off—there's something dragging it, sure enough—and then suddenly it goes under. Wowie! You give a heave and out comes your first catch, a fine yellow-bellied bullhead. Thank fortune this one didn't get the bait clean down into his gullet as a bullhead usually does, and in a minute you have him unhooked and wriggling on a stringer. "Um-m-m" you say, "Isn't he a dandy? A dozen like that will make a fine mess."

Yes, I know it takes a boy to admire a bullhead. That slippery, bewhiskered big-headed fellow, with his little dead-eyes and cavernous mouth is surely no object of beauty. Those poisonous barbs of his, too, are things to be looked out for; step on one barefoot and you'll remember it for a week; sit down on one—as I have done—and you'll remember it even longer. But he doesn't fool around when it comes to taking a bait—he can seemingly taste with his skin all over his body—and when hooked, puts up all the fight of which he is capable. Likewise, when properly cooked he is as tasty as many another fish—especially to a boy with a boy's appetite.

Although I have fished extensive-
(Continued on page 167)



It takes a boy to really admire a bullhead; that bewhiskered, big-headed fellow with his little dead-eyes and cavernous mouth.

ANGLING UNDER HANDICAP

In a recent issue of the *American* magazine is a very enlightening discourse by a noted doctor who claims that fishing has been the means of curing a lot of ailments, both mental and physical . . . it all adds up to getting away from the usual everyday routine of work . . . of everyday faces . . . to complete relaxation. While reading this article a little story came to mind—it was told recently by a local businessman who served in

Let's Go Fishing . . .

(Continued from page 166)

ly in the waters of this country and Canada, and have struggled with some big ones in the Pacific, I have never felt any fishing thrills quite the equal of those which came through the medium of a 10 cent cane pole and a 10-cent line, a bottle cork for a bobber, hooks six for a nickel, and worms or grasshoppers for bait. Honestly, now, did that big rainbow or smallmouth or muskie or walleye, even if it took you three seasons to catch him, really give you a kick quite like that string of bullheads and crappies and bluegills and "punk-in" seeds that you used to carry home and display proudly to your folks?

Give me a log yonder where a half-dozen turtles stretch their streaked yellow necks toward me, their backs black in the sun. Give me a day in late May with a high, blue sky blotched with great cottony clouds barely drifting and mirrored perfectly in the dark water. Give me cricket frogs singing lustily, and let the little blue damsel flies alight on my bobber and the water-striders go racing across the surface without even wetting their tiny feet.

"But pshaw," you say, "What is this, a case of nostalgia?" Perhaps! But at any rate, whatever your tastes in the matter, let's go fishin'!

the toughest of all branches of the service—the GI infantry—and like a lot of those fellows who foot-soldiered through World War II he is mighty modest, so we'll not use his name.

It was back in March, 1945, just a few weeks after the Battle of the Bulge. An outfit of uninitiated infantry was on its way to the front north of Metz. They were loaded in trucks and driving into battle . . . the sounds of which were coming closer every minute. As our friend readily admitted, he was scared to death . . . some of the kids were crying . . . others were mighty sick to the stomach . . . others just stood in the truck and cussed . . . but they kept going forward. Finally the trucks were stopped and an officer ordered them to get out as this was as far as they would go . . . he further ordered them to go into the woods and over a knoll and remain there for further briefing. The tension was terrific as the GI's went through the woods. As they went over the knoll they saw down in the trees before them a small, beautiful lake. At the edge of the water was a rifle bayoneted into the ground, and draped over it was a helmet and an ammunition belt. Looking out on the lake they saw a GI in a boat leisurely trolling around . . . fishing! He was as carefree as if up in some Minnesota or Canadian lake . . . unimpressed by the battle surrounding him he was thoroughly intent on one thing . . . fishing.

The effect on our friend's outfit was instantaneous . . . they laughed, howled and some rolled on the ground so great was their amusement at this incongruous sight. "It really snapped us out of it in a hurry" said our friend, "and from there on in to the real fracas it was comparatively easy." Just a dyed-in-the-wool fisherman enjoying himself come hell or high water . . . with men in battle just a few hundred yards away!—*Marshalltown Times-Republican.*



Jim Sherman Photo.

Although the number of young in each pheasant brood this year is smaller than last, more pheasants survived the winter, and as a result, the pheasant populations will be "as good or better than 1950."

Hunting Prospects . . .

(Continued from page 161)

the season closing December 5 at 4:30 p.m. In the 27 counties in the short zone, also opening November 11, hunters can shoot through November 22. As in 1950 the season will open at 12:00 noon and close at 4:30 p.m. each day. The bag and possession limit remains at three cock birds.

Pheasant censuses indicate that the pheasant population is about the same as the previous year with some shifting of heaviest densities. Heaviest centers of the pheasant population are in the northern three tiers of counties through the western two-thirds of the state.

In studying pheasant census reports, biologists have found that while the number of young in each brood was less during the current nesting season than the previous year, the number of carry over birds to nest was increased. As a result, the population of shootable birds for hunters this fall will be approximately the same or slightly better than in 1950.

The quail season has been set exactly as in 1950, except that Polk and Dallas counties were changed to the short zone. The season will open November 1 and runs to December 15, both dates inclusive in the long zone. It opens November 1 and runs through November 15 in the short zone. Shooting hours are from 8:30 a.m. to 4:30 p.m. with a bag limit of six and a possession limit of six.

Biology reports indicate that the 1951 quail population is approximately the same as the 1950 population, which was considered from fair to good in the best quail ranges.

Squirrel hunters will hunt under the same regulations as in 1950 with the season opening September 15 and closing November 15, with a daily bag limit of six and a possession limit of 12.

Squirrel censuses reveal that the squirrel population is as good or a little better than in 1950.

Cooperating squirrel hunters indicate that approximately 56 per cent of the squirrel hunting was done during the first one-third of the season, 29 per cent during the middle one-third, and 15 per cent during the final third. According to these same reports, the number of squirrels bagged during each part of the season corresponds almost exactly to the amount of hunting done. Hunters were equally successful during the early and late part of the season.

An average of 1.3 squirrels were bagged per party per hour and an average of 3.5 squirrels were bagged per party per hunting trip.

Fox squirrels comprised 89.1 per cent of the bag for the entire state; however, in the southeast and northeast section, gray squirrels comprised nearly one-fourth of the squirrels bagged.

Nearly three-fourths of the squirrel hunters used .22 rifles, the remainder shotguns, and pistols.

PHEASANT DISTRIBUTION MYSTERY SOLVED

The long-standing mystery of why pheasants do not establish themselves in the wild in southern climes while the smaller and less aggressive quail does very nicely may have been solved by the Illinois Natural History Survey Division, according to the Wildlife Management Institute.

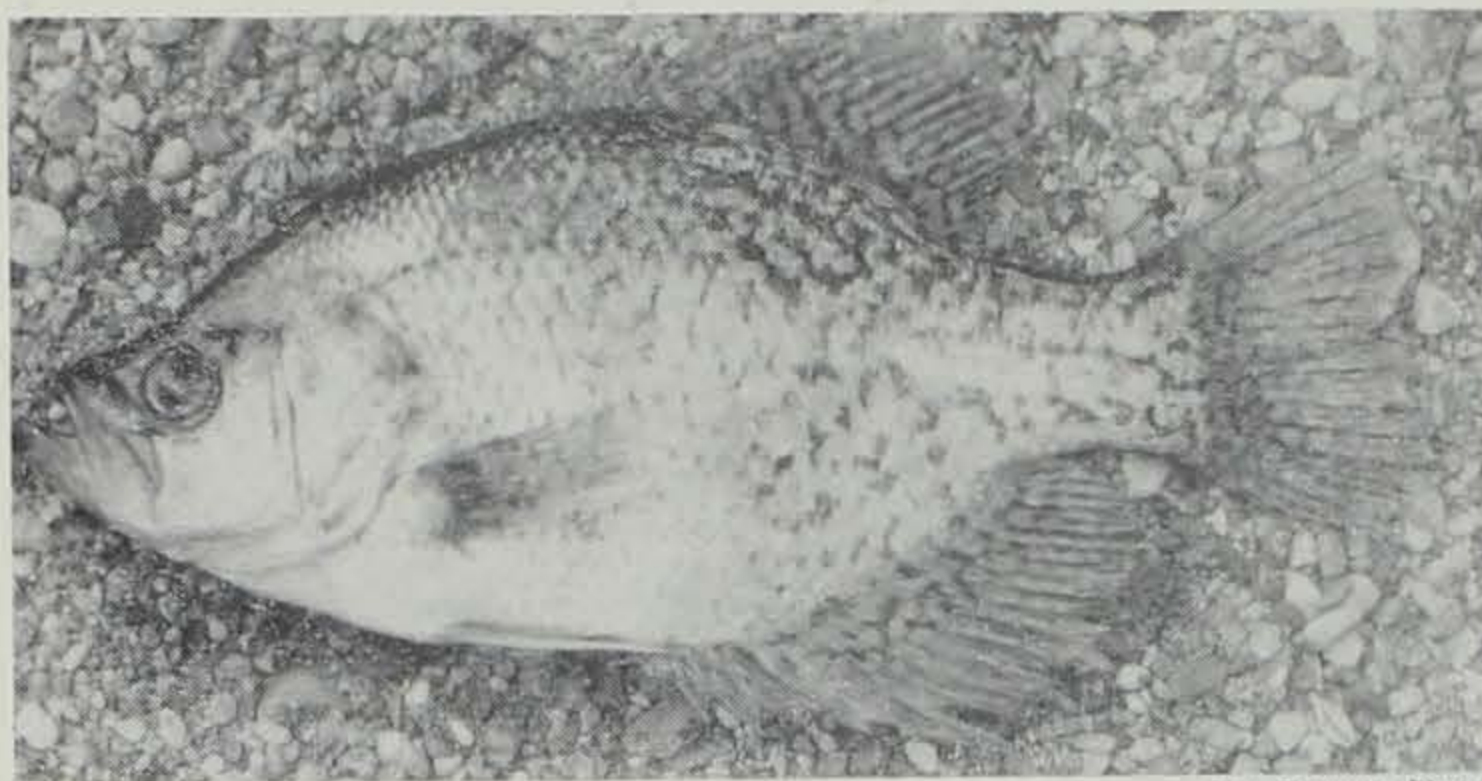
On the basis of experiments conducted to date, the answer may lie in the temperature of the eggs during the laying period. Pheasant eggs exposed to high temperatures showed a marked reduction in hatchability while quail eggs subjected to the same conditions showed none.

In captivity shrews may eat three times their weight in 24 hours.



Jim Sherman Photo.

"Give me a day late in May, blue sky blotched with great cottony clouds barely drifting and mirrored perfectly in the dark water."



Jim Sherman Photo.

An average Clear Lake crappie weighs slightly over 3 ounces in three years, almost 6 ounces at the end of four years, 10 ounces at five years, and almost 15 ounces at seven years.

Crappies . . .

(Continued from page 162)

fish hatched in 1948) have been found and apparently that was a poor year for crappie nesting or for the survival of young. The reason that 1948 was a poor year is not known as yet.

In 1950, an interesting phenomenon was observed. The young crappies were noticeably smaller than usual. Young crappies measured only 0.7 inches long in the first week of August, 1950, compared to

1.4 inches to 2.3 inches in the previous years at the same time. Even by the end of August the young crappies were less than one inch long in 1950. That summer was one of the coldest on record and apparently the cold weather delayed the spawning season and also retarded the growth. The first young crappies in 1950 were seen on July 18, one to two weeks later than in the previous years. Very young crappies were even found on August 2, 1950.

The growth of young crappies in Ventura Marsh at the west end of the lake was much more rapid than in the lake itself. In fact the average crappies in Ventura Marsh on the first of August were about 2.5 inches long. Ventura Marsh had much warmer water than Clear Lake and undoubtedly warmed up earlier in the season permitting earlier spawning.

Studies of the food of adult crappies in the summer of 1950 indicated that entomostraca (small crustacea, relatives of crayfish) were the most important food. Even the largest crappies fed to a considerable extent upon these tiny crustacea, most of which were about the size of a pinhead. Small fish, insects, scuds (larger crustacea), and vegetation made up the rest of the food.

Fishing Expensive . . .

(Continued from page 164)

from the angle of numerical count of your fishing or hunting results.

There is treasure found in outdoor living beyond any measure of dollars spent or of fish caught. Clean sportsmanship is a definite element of national spirit, stamina and love of country.—*Marshalltown Times Republican.*

Wardens' Tales . . .

(Continued from page 163)

Brown played the part of a cowboy and roped the elk and dragged him into the pen. The elk was about all in from his trip, but I don't know who was the most tired, the elk or the deer hunters."

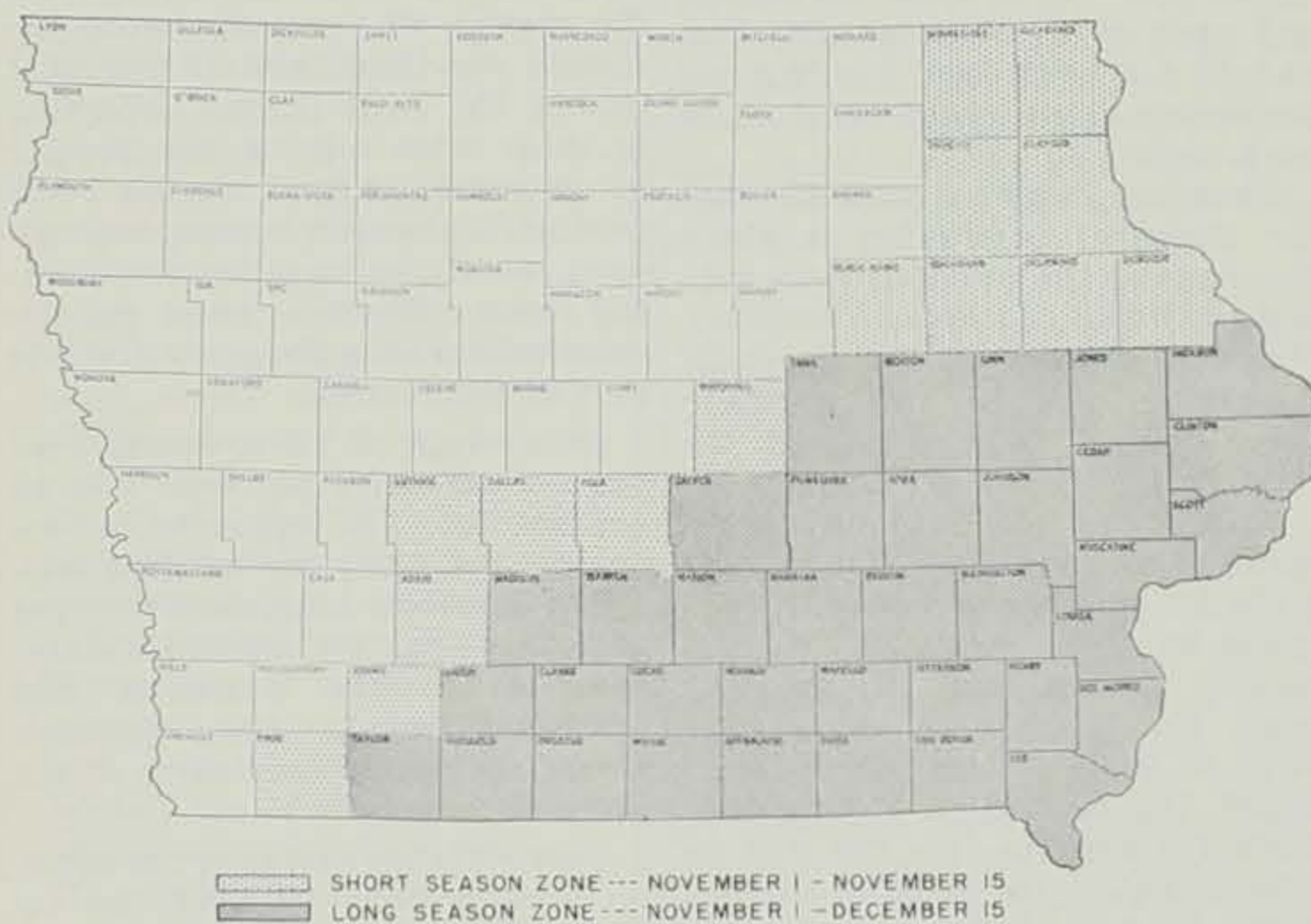
Mr. Brown's farm attracts hundreds of visitors during the course of the year. His hobby is raising different kinds of wildlife. He has three elk, 25 Japanese deer, 15 or 20 white deer, as well as white-tailed deer, golden pheasants, peacocks, etc. Visitors are welcome and Mr. Brown likes to discuss his hobby with them.

Some tasty snacks can be easily prepared when you are fishing or hunting and no pots or pans are needed. If you want a meal of meat and spuds simply wrap them up in a double thickness of foil and place the package in a bed of hot coals.

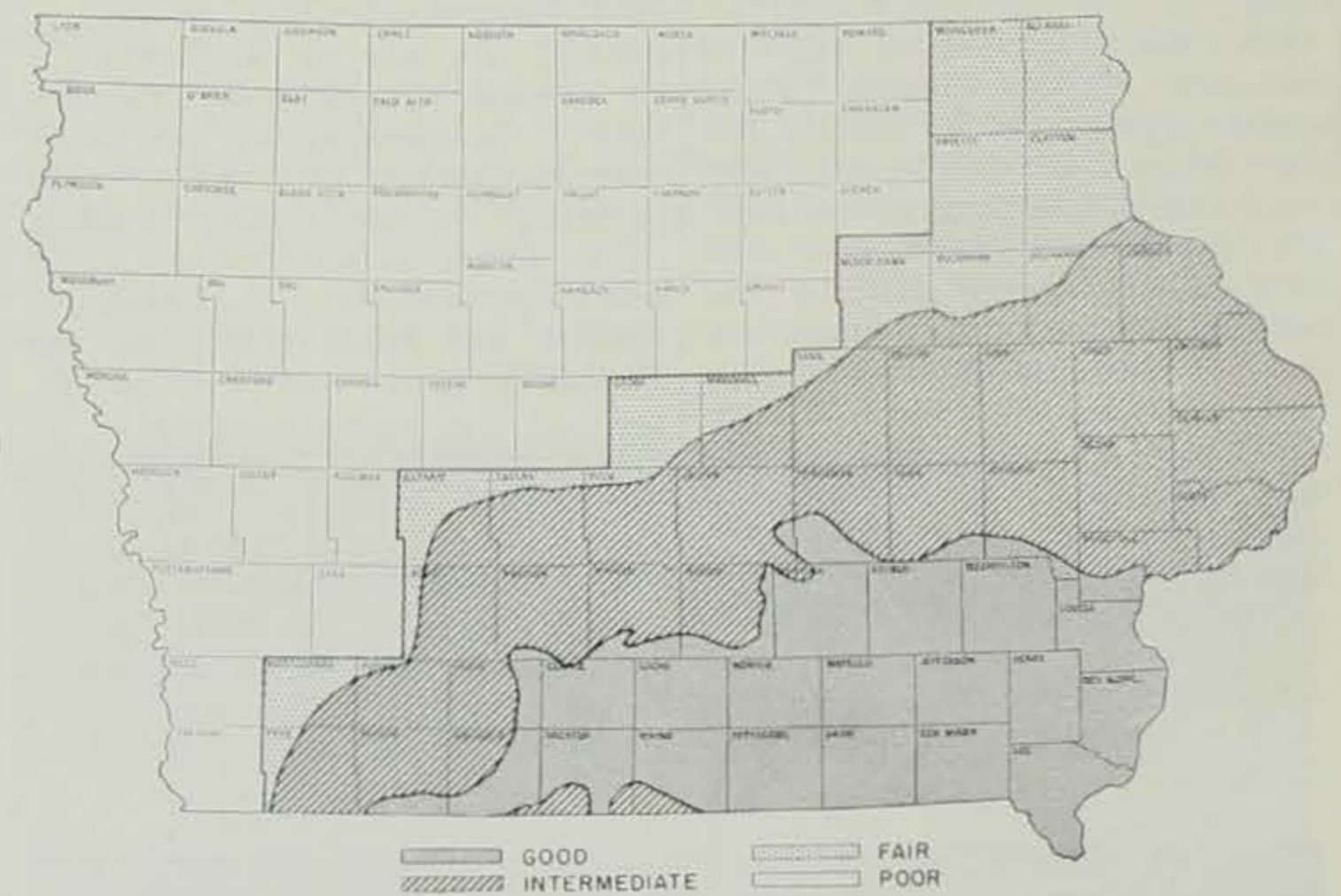
Safety Boat Floor

Many accidents are caused by slippery boat floors. A removable non-slip floor covering can be cut from a length of heavy graveled roofing. Cut the roofing in sections to fit between the boat seats for easier handling. Place in the bottom of the boat gravel side up. The gravel will give secure footing.

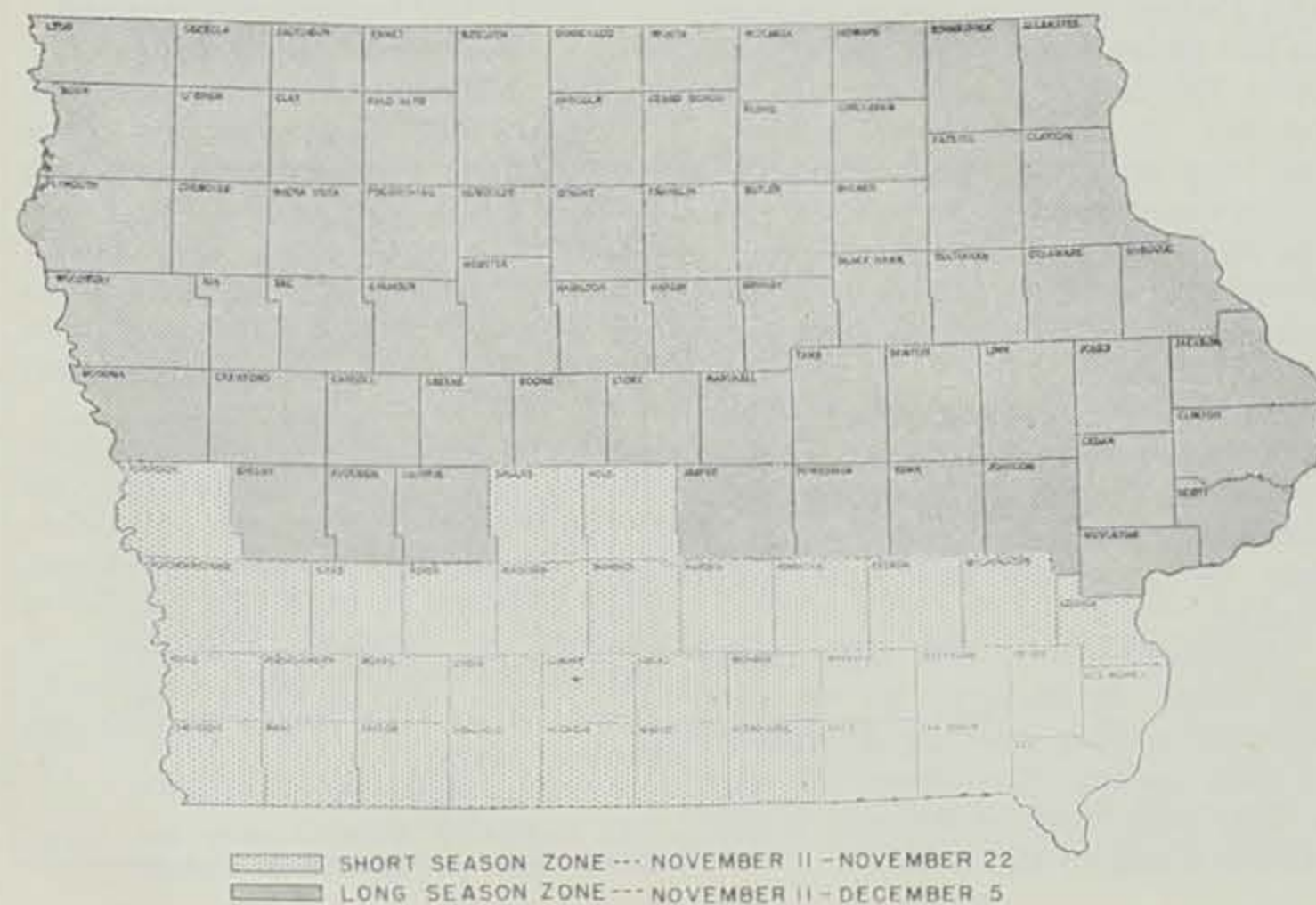
1951 QUAIL SEASON



1951 QUAIL POPULATION



1951 PHEASANT SEASON



1951 PHEASANT POPULATION

