

IOWA CONSERVATIONIST

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IOWA—HAPPY HUNTING GROUND

IN DEFENSE OF WOODCHUCKS

By Roy L. Abbott
Iowa State Teachers College

As I write this tale, I am looking at its subject in the field of a ten-power telescope. At some 75 yards yonder, old man woodchuck, groundhog, marmot, whistle-pig or whatever you call him, shows sharply clear; the cross-hairs of the instrument appear actually to sit upon his face. I can see the very wriggings of his black nose with its coarse whiskers and count the long claws of his funny little hands which at the moment are holding a bit of clover to his mouth.

The prophet Ezekiel saw a wheel within the middle of a wheel. I am seeing a picture within a picture; the first is the narrow bit of landscape framed and magnified by the lenses of my telescope, the second is the 'chuck, himself, framed by the three great chunks of a cracked boulder between which he has wisely chosen to dig his den. The two granite sides of his door meet at their tops to form a rude V, the flat piece forming the door-sill is almost covered by the dirt of his excavations.

This is his front door I have just described. He has two others—back doors you might call them—over yonder a few yards in the clover field just beyond the fence. They are smooth, 6-inch wide holes, with no dirt piled around them showing that he opened them from within. They are emergency entrances. When he starts for his cellar, maybe with some dog or a fox close on his tail, he wants to be sure of getting there.

He is, of course, utterly unaware of my presence, otherwise I would not be able to tell of him thus first hand. A simple-minded fellow—his brain will weigh only a third that of a fox of his own bulk—yet he knows enough to look out for his own woodchuck welfare. One sniff or one sight of me and he'd be down in the depths of his 30-foot tunnel defying me and all the dogs in the country to dig

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Jim Sherman Photo.
"Although a stranger I had no trouble finding places to hunt, and among farmers, sportsmen and public agencies I sensed a rare spirit of cooperation."

Pilot Knob State Park—A Glacial Dump Ground

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

Pilot Knob State Park, on the north line of Hancock County a few miles east of Forest City, is named for the highest hill in the park, long known by that name. The knob and its surroundings may be seen for miles from surrounding country and must indeed have served as "pilots" across the seemingly boundless prairies in pioneer days. From the knob itself one can see a vast expanse of country in all directions.

The park, an area of almost a square mile, is one of rambling

hills, covered with forests of oak and other native trees. The subsoil has many strange rocks. The knob has been said to be the highest point in Iowa. But whether it is or not, how can one explain its elevation above the surrounding country? How can one account for this area of knob-like hills, intervening depressions and steep slopes, with the subsoil of clay, sand and boulders? For an answer to these questions we must turn to an account of relatively recent events of earth history in this part of the country.

A million and a half or so years
(Continued on page 13)

By Harold Titus

(Condensation of article printed November, 1951, in the *Country Gentleman*.)

Farmer-hunter relationships are getting no better fast. In the last ten years farms posted against hunting have increased 48 per cent, and were it not for developments in Iowa, many might conclude that the farmer-sportsman problem is beyond solution. Until the editors of *Country Gentleman* sent me to Iowa last autumn I felt that the conflict defied solution.

If one were to look for a state where conditions encourage hope of a solution, Iowa would be first choice. Ninety-seven per cent of its acreage is in private ownership. The high-value farmland prohibits such projects as vast public hunting grounds. And yet Iowa alone can report no change in posted areas, even though hunting license sales have doubled since 1940!

A wholly satisfied hunter is rare, but most of those Hawkeye nimrods I encountered told me luck was fair to excellent. Although a stranger I had no trouble finding places to hunt, and among farmers, sportsmen and public agencies I sensed a rare spirit of cooperation.

Twenty-five years ago Iowa quail had dropped to such a low level that the season was closed for 17 years. In 1925, pheasant hunters had but three half-days of shooting in 13 counties. A few rabbits and squirrels were the only game available. Compare this with 1950: Quail hunters ranged 51 counties. Eighty-three counties were open to pheasant shooting for 25 days. Besides, there was an excellent crop of squirrels. Many rabbits and raccoon were abundant.

This change is the result of good democratic planning with farmer interests first on the list. Back in the '30's, when drought and depression scourged us, Iowans concluded that something was wrong with the state's great resource—land. Erosion was taking toll. The water table had dropped. Many wildlife forms had disappeared and others seemed to be going.

Sparked by J. N. ("Ding") Darling, a twenty-five-year plan of
(Continued on page 14)

Iowa Conservationist

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MEMBERSHIP—STATE CONSERVATION COMMISSION

C. A. DINGES—Born at Odebolt, Iowa, February 13, 1904, son of Peter H. and Mary Dinges. Graduated from Odebolt High School, afterward working at various vocations; married June 2, 1938, to Miss Leta Thompson; have daughter, Patricia, and son, John. Engaged in the retail sale and distributor of automobiles since 1929. Served as president of Chamber of Commerce at Emmetsburg, and has been active in civic and business promotional matters in home town and community. Democrat.

MRS. EMMETT F. RYAN—Born in Lincoln Township, Cass County, Iowa, April 4, 1911, daughter of Thomas H. and Nelle Marshall. Graduated from Atlantic High School, Atlantic, Iowa, and Capital City Commercial College. Employed in the office of Norman Cassidy, Inc., for six years. Catholic. Married September 2, 1936, to Emmett F. Ryan. Have six sons, Quinn, 13; John, 12; Gerald, 10; Dennis, 9; James, 7; Patrick, 3, and two daughters, Sheila, 5; and Colleen, 18 months. Live on a farm near Underwood, Iowa. Democrat.

EWALD G. TROST—Born in Fort Dodge, August 2, 1898. Educated in Fort Dodge schools; Concordia College, St. Paul, Minnesota; Denver University, Denver. In navy in World War I. Insurance business since 1920. American Legion and past commander of Post 130. Married Ermalee Rowland of Liberty, Missouri, in 1922; one daughter and one son. Republican.

FLOYD S. PEARSON—Born at McGregor, October 27, 1918. Attended school at Harpers Ferry; University of Iowa, B.A. 1940; J.D. degree Iowa U. 1948. Married and has one daughter, Connie, 4. Served in Army Air Force from February 19, 1943, to April 9, 1946; overseas service from July 10,



Membership of the State Conservation Commission. Left to right, front row—Dinges, Ryan, Trost; back row—Pearson, Frudeger, Stanton and Reynolds.

1944, to April 3, 1946, in North Africa and France. Assigned to duty as classification specialist in Army personnel. Highest rank, staff sergeant. Present occupation: attorney at law, Decorah, Iowa, since October, 1948. Member of V.F.W., American Legion, Masonic Lodge, Decorah Chamber of Commerce, Rotary International and Winneshiek County, Iowa State and American Bar Associations. Republican.

WILLIAM F. FRUDEGER—Attended Burlington grade and high schools and Elliott's Business College, Burlington. Married Flora L. Bischoff of Burlington; has three children, Betty, Janet and Robert. Was a government employee for 15 years; in the wholesale and retail business for 25 years. Affiliations, trustee Elks Lodge 15 years; charter member Izaak Walton League; three years chairman, rent advisory board; trustee and elder First Presbyterian Church. Republican.

JOE STANTON—Born at Collins, Story County, Iowa, April 30, 1900. Attended Collins High School and graduated in Dairy Husbandry at Iowa State College, B.S. degree, 1926. Married E. Maurine Boggs, Fort Dodge, August 5, 1925. Employed by Meredith Publishing Company as circulation manager of the *Dairy Farmer* to 1929. From 1929 engaged in multiple lines insurance business. Short duration military service 1918, active in Boy Scouts at younger age. President, Des Moines Chapter Izaak Walton League of America, 1947. Member Phi Sigma Kappa fraternity. Republican.

J. D. REYNOLDS—Born at Creston, Iowa, October 19, 1903. Attended Creston High School, University of Chicago, Drake University. Admitted to the bar in 1928. Catholic. Married Katherine Brady, Creston, October, 1932.

Three children: John D., 15; Brady, 11; Rita, 6. Engaged in general practice of law, Creston. Special agent F.B.I., 1928-1929. Creston city attorney, 1930-1938. Major, U. S. Army Air Force, September, 1942-1945. Commanding officer, airdrome squadron, 5th Air Force, New Guinea, Philippine liberation medal and star; Asiatic-Pacific theater ribbon and star. Member V.F.W., post advocate; member American Legion, service officer; member Disabled American Veterans, service officer. Democrat.—*Iowa Official Register*.

LUTEFISK

So many non-Scandinavian people have asked me about "Lutefisk" that I must take a moment of your time to explain. Lutefisk is a delectable fish treat. It is dried codfish which has been soaked in a lye solution for softening and rinsed in pure water for cleansing. It is simple to cook and, with melted butter, is a dish fit for a king—possibly of Norway! The name "lute" is the Norwegian word for "lye," and "fisk" is "fish," hence, we have lye-fish. The name comes from the process rather than the specie of fish. You don't have to be a Scandinavian to eat, but it helps! I have seen too many Yankees plod away at a helping, and politely say they like it. THEY DIDN'T.

The Jaster family, half of which is Norwegian, invited me to my annual lutefisk supper with them last Friday evening. It was superb! We had "Lefsa," "Krumkager" and "Fladbrod," too.

I have now ordered a Yugo-Slavian cookbook. I saw a copy of it some time ago and it looked good to me. So I told the man in my presence, "Get one for me, too." So, if any of you readers want to cook like the Slavs, ask to borrow my book. Be certain that I'll never use it; I'll refer it to my good wife.—*Bellevue Leader*.

WINTER PERCH AT FIVE ISLAND LAKE

Charlie and Gene Sewell caught their limit of fifteen perch each at this spot in Nolan's Bay, January 6. Up the lake a way off Third Island, Lyle Hubbard, George Sewell, Frank Konsella and Don Broadwell hauled up perch the same day.

They were fishing through a foot of ice in about four and a half feet of water. They caught from ten to fifteen perch, each measuring from seven to eleven inches in length. Others who have had some luck with perch in Five Island are Kyle and Billy Jones, Paul Roche, Glenn Hobbler, Maurice Knutsen and Red Walton.

The favorite bait so far has been minnows. Some have them left over from fall fishing while others are getting them the hard way, doing some mid-winter seining. From what we hear, they have been hard to find in Jack Creek and other small streams in the neighborhood.

If you don't think these winter-caught perch are fine eating, ask those who have caught them.

Most, if not all, of the fishing locally has been done without fish houses, which give you a bay window view through a hole in the ice of everything that transpires in your field of vision. Some have pulled tarps over their shoulders for improved dark-rooms and watched perch glide up to their hooks and take the bait.

A few days ago three fishermen were dunking shiners in the same cut through the ice. A school of perch came along and all three fishermen got strikes at the same time and every man hoisted up a perch. By the time they had rebaited, the school had passed on.

One of the first fish houses on the lake will probably be the one Lyle Hubbard is making. It will be a canvas, lightweight, folding job, which adds great convenience. With such a rig it will be possible to set up the house or take it down quickly and move it from one spot to another on the same lake or from lake to lake.—G. K., Jr., *Emmetsburg Democrat*.



Jim Sherman Photo.
The most productive winter fishing in Iowa is for yellow perch with walleyes in some lakes running a close second.

'HINTS ON ANGLING'

By Robert Blakey

(Published in London, 1846.)

But angling is not only a most agreeable and delightful amusement—it also imparts health and long life to its zealous and devoted disciples. We have witnessed its powerfully healing virtues, even at the very gates of death itself. When we have seen a poor wretch abandon himself to habits of unmitigated intemperance—when he has thrown off every feeling of decency and decorum—when we have perceived the reddened eyes, the blotched face, the trembling hand, the tottering step, the dull and idiotic air; when he has endured repeated attacks of “de-irium tremens,” and his liver has become enlarged, and as hard as a Norfolk dumpling—when he has hivered all over with palsy, and his bowels become feculent with disease—when he has had a hard dry cough, one that comes by fits and seems to tear his emaciated carcass to pieces—when his breath has been like the effluvium of a lake, or the exhalations of a rotten hen—when rising from his frowsy and restless bed, he has not been able to swallow a single mouthful, nor carry that mouthful to his head without previously drenching his stomach with bitters and brandy—when dry colic and offensive diarrhea have taken turn and turn about in his miserable intestines—when his legs have

DEER KILLED BY CAR

A wild deer, weighing about 120 pounds, was killed at 8:00 a.m. Friday when it leaped into the path of a northbound 1947 Ford tudor driven by Bernie Epperson of Missouri Valley on Highway 75 about eight miles north of the city and was struck by the car. The deer was a doe.

The front end of the car was damaged in an amount estimated at \$150.

Wild deer are frequently struck by vehicles on highways in Harrison and Pottawattamie counties.—*Missouri Valley Times-News.*

More than \$150,000,000 has been and is being spent for sewage and industrial waste treatment works throughout Pennsylvania since the state's clean streams program was started in 1944.

swelled as big as millposts, and surcharged with water—when tapping has grown useless by repetition, and belladonna has ceased to act—when his chest has been as full of bilge water as a leaky herring smack—when, in fact, he has become one incarnation of filth and disease, we have taken him by the hand, led him quietly to the banks of some pleasant stream, put a rod into his languid grasp; and then, with the indispensable assistance of Father Mathew, have restored him with renovated health to his heartbroken family, and again made him a useful member of society.



THE MAN WHO CLEANS THE FISH

*There's one in every group and clan,
A willing, happy-hearted man*

*Who gets the wood and lights the fires,
First quits his bed and last retires*

*He makes the coffee, fries the ham,
And opens every jar of jam,*

*And while a round of cards we play
He cleans the fish we caught that day.*

*The most of us who fishing go
But little of the burdens know.*

*We proudly talk in easy chairs
Of rods and reels and lures and snares*

*And where the speckled beauties lurk
We love the sport but not the work*

*But he knows best what fishing means
Who does the work behind the scenes.*

*Give him a knife and board and pail
And every fish we catch he'll scale.*

*While we go in and bathe and dress
He cleans the evening supper mess.*

*Beside the river's edge he stays
To earn our everlasting praise.*

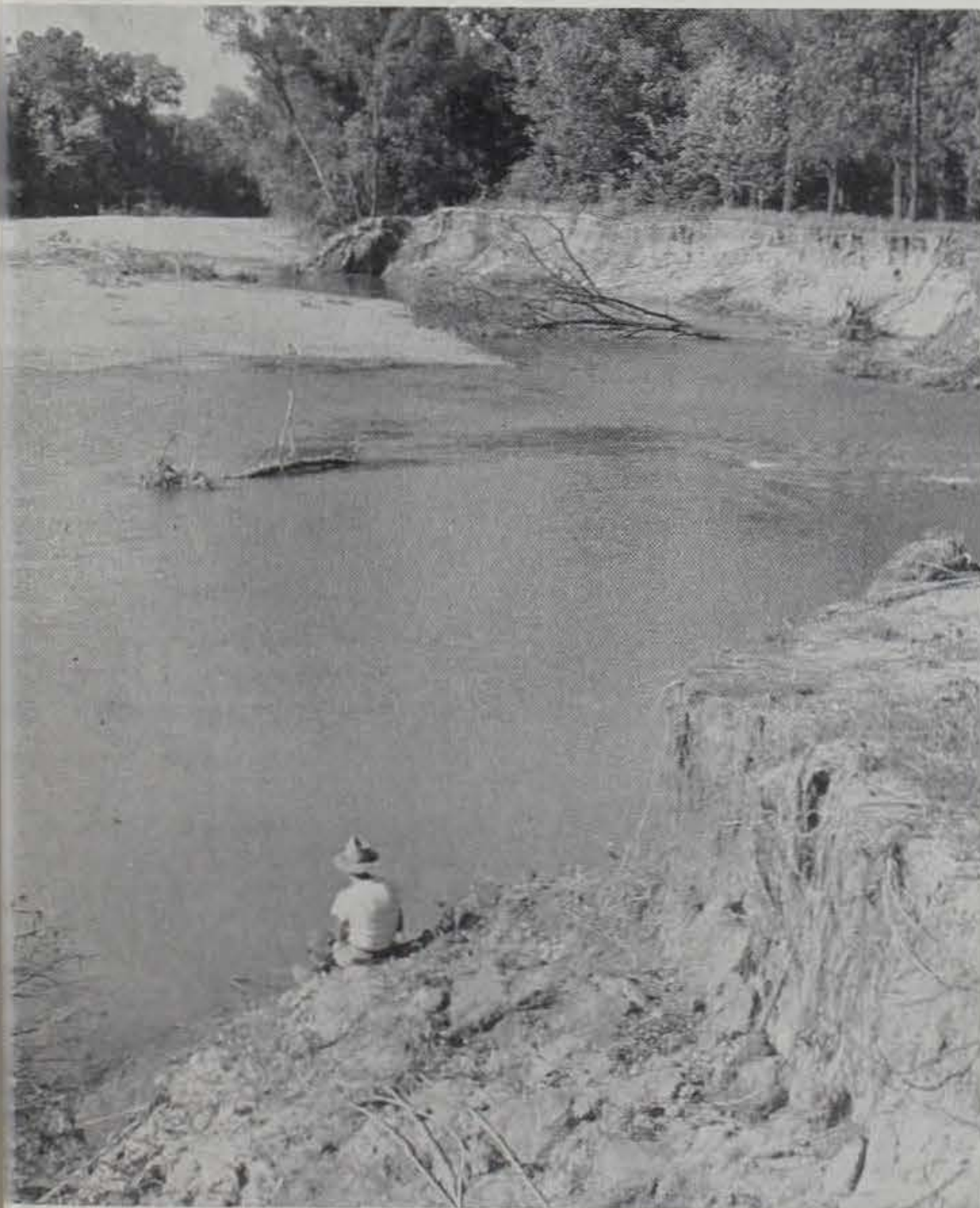
*He says, "Do anything you wish,
I'll get to work and clean the fish."*

*Were he to leave us, few I know,
Again would ever fishing go.*

*He grants to us the long day's fun
And gladly does the work we shun,*

*So here's the camp's devoted wish:
Long live the man who cleans the fish.*

—Outdoors Unlimited.



Angling is not only a most agreeable and delightful amusement—it also imparts health and long life to its zealous and devoted disciples." Jim Sherman Photo.



Jim Sherman Photo.
Bunches of six to a hundred pheasants are commonly reported and winter this year has not been too hard on the birds.

WINTER SHOW UP

Some of the pheasants that we did not see last fall while out hunting are now showing up in the corn fields and along the roadsides. Bunches of from six to a hundred have been reported. From the number of birds seen in some areas it's a wonder that more of them were not seen during the hunting season. If you see any pheasants that need

help contact the Decorah Rod and Gun Club or the Northeast Iowa Fox and Coon Association.

So far this winter has not been too hard on the pheasants. Many fields still have corn in them and no blizzards have come up making it hard for the birds to get feed. It is when snow covers everything with a freezing rain making a coat of ice that the pheasants suffer the worst.—*Decorah Journal*.

IMPROVE YOUR RABBIT HUNTING

Rabbit hunting is a good sport if you find an area where they are plentiful. You'll find they have plenty of cover to protect them from their natural enemies which take 10 to 20 times as many of their lives as the hunters do.

His natural enemies are the fox, owl, brown rat, hawk, coyote and

other small carnivores to which he is the chief food supply. His greatest and least-mentioned enemy is the common house cat, which is a skilled and stealthy stalker, usually prowling through the woods and fields at night.

The prolific nature of the rabbit is such that it begins breeding at six months and continues at the rate of several litters per year, with an average of four young per litter until old age takes over in

about seven years. Here in Iowa with our present house-cat and fox population, it is doubtful if rabbits ever reach old age even under the best cover conditions.

If you want better rabbit hunting for yourself and your young folks, plan now to do a little multiflora rose planting next spring. If you find a good rabbit area while fishing next summer, fix up a few brush piles and roll a few logs together to provide hiding places and protection.

You will then know just where to go when you want some good hunting. It doesn't take the rabbit family long to populate any area up to the limit it will support.

—Russ Graham, *Cedar Rapids Gazette*.

Contrary to many people's opinions, the rabbit is not a rodent but a lagomorph. It differs from true rodents in having two sets of upper front teeth, one pair behind the other.

"CONSERVATIONIST" INDEX

Two years have passed since an index has been compiled for the *IOWA CONSERVATIONIST*. We are working on one now covering 1950-51 and expect to have it completed about March 1. Many of our readers are planning to bind their *CONSERVATIONISTS*, and an index will be valuable. If you will mail us a card requesting the new index, it will be sent to you without cost when completed.

Horsehair snakes are neither horsehairs nor snakes, but members of the small group of animals known to entomologists as Phylum Nematomorpha ("form of a thread"). The sudden appearance of the worms is due to the fact that the larvae develop as parasites in insects and the adults emerge full-grown from their insect hosts.

The opossum is the only marsupial or pouched-animal found in the United States. There are several types of marsupials in Central and South America, but most of them are found in Australia and vicinity.



Jim Sherman Photo.
On the Mississippi River when the salamanders start biting the catfish quit and the bald eagles come in for the winter.

BALD EAGLES ON THE MISSISSIPPI

When the salamanders begin biting the good fisherman knows that the catfish are through biting. And likewise when the fish ducks make their appearance, we know that winter has come; but even better than this is the coming of the beautiful eagles. Monday morning we had our first influx of these gorgeous national birds, the Bald American Eagle. If you'll keep an

eye on our water front you will see these birds in the early morning and forenoon hours in most graceful maneuvering. They'll make giant swoops and long glides or they'll make a pass at a fish duck. Don't miss watching the fish duck also. They too are clever. While the eagles dive-bomb, the ducks "dig for the oyster." I have yet to see a duck captured in this manner. I have heard that eagles do catch them on the water, and surely they must or they would give up in despair.—*Bellevue Leader*.



Jim Sherman Photo.
"If you want better rabbit hunting for yourself and your young folks, plan now to do a little multiflora rose planting next spring, and in summer fix up a few brush piles and roll a few logs together to provide hiding places."



The country around Pilot Knob State Park as seen from the observation tower is one that is marked by irregularly arranged hills and intervening depressions.

Pilot Knob . . .

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ago world-wide changes of climate occurred. Great ice sheets similar to those of Greenland and the Antarctic of today developed in Canada, one east of Hudson Bay and the other west. These ice sheets spread out in all directions. In this part of the continent the first advance of the ice reached as far as the present Missouri River. Then the climate rather slowly changed and gradually this ice sheet disappeared. Following this there was a period of a few hundred thousand years during which the climate was much like that of today.

Another change of climate in the reverse direction resulted in the development of another ice sheet which again moved as far south as the present Missouri River. This also finally waned and then again there was a period of a few hundred thousand years during which the climate was much like it is at present. A third advance of glacial ice, more or less from the northeast, covered a small portion of southeastern Iowa.

The fourth and last ice sheet in this part of the continent covered only part of Iowa. It had several advances and recessions. In its last advance it took the form of a lobe which extended as far south as Des Moines. The deposit from this ice lobe is called the Mankato drift plain or the Des Moines lobe. The ice receded from the area approximately 10 thousand years ago, but the general recession was interrupted by several short readvances. These are marked by what the geologists have called recessional end-moraines. One of these recessional end-moraines, called the Algona moraine, extends through the north-central part of the state.

Such recessional end-moraines have hilly topography, of greater relief than the deposits left elsewhere by the ice. The hills have no definite arrangement and vary

in size. Pilot Knob is a high point on this recessional moraine. The country hereabouts, as seen by observation from the tower, is one that is marked by irregularly arranged hills and intervening depressions. The ponds of the park occupy depressions in the recessional moraine.

The source of the subsoil should be explained. As the glacial ice advanced, the soil and subsoil of the country over which it moved became incorporated, frozen, in the lower part. It was then carried along by the ice. When the ice finally melted this material was left as the present subsoil. As has been pointed out, the limit of readvance of the ice was marked by hilly and rough topography. This had much greater relief than out over the broad expanse of the area which was occupied by the ice sheet. The material in the subsoil is of all sizes from the finest clay to the largest of boulders.

The boulders, sometimes called field-stones, are of great variety. The shelter house and other building in the state park are made of these field-stones, freshly broken, so that clean surfaces are available for observation. This affords a fine opportunity to become acquainted with the character of these rocks.

Many of them are granite, composed of visible grains of red, grey and black minerals. Granite is a rock which was formed from molten material deep within the earth's crust. Great areas of the solid rock of the earth's crust in Canada are composed of granite. The overlying material above the granite has been worn away in the course of the ages so that the granite is now at the surface.

Many of these boulders have dikes. The dikes are formed when cracks in the original granite are filled with more molten rock which in turn solidifies.

Another common rock of the field-stones is basalt or lava rock. This can be recognized by its black

LAWS GOVERNING GAME BREEDERS

It shall be unlawful for any person to raise or sell game of the kinds protected by this chapter without first procuring a game breeder's license as provided by law.

A licensed game breeder may hold in possession at any time any game bird, game animal or fur-bearing animal raised by him or obtained from without the state or from a licensed game breeder within the state. Such licensee may buy, sell, or otherwise dispose of such game birds, game animals, fur-bearing animals, or any part thereof. Possession and use of such game birds, game animals or fur-bearing animals obtained from a licensed game breeder shall be deemed lawful provided that no game birds so obtained may be sold for food, except under the following conditions: Upon filing with the State Conservation Commission a facsimile of a stamp of similar type to that used by the United States Department of Agriculture in grading meat, licensed game breeders may sell dressed pheasants to market for resale providing each pheasant has af-

fixed in a conspicuous and legible manner the imprint of such stamp. Such stamps shall bear the name and license number of the game breeder in letters of at least twelve point type size.

Markets selling such stamped pheasants shall maintain the stamp on each and every pheasant until finally sold or disposed of. All markets selling such stamped pheasants shall keep a record showing the total number of pheasants sold together with the name and address of the game breeder from whom purchased and the number of pheasants in each such purchase. Markets retailing such stamped pheasants, together with their records, shall be subject to inspection by any authorized representative of the State Conservation Commission at any reasonable hour.

Violation of the provisions of this section shall constitute a misdemeanor and punishment shall be as provided for in section one hundred nine point thirty-two.

Any holder of a game breeder's license shall keep a record of all purchases and all sales of stock showing the kinds and numbers of

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color. It was formed from hot lava which poured out on the surface.

Another common rock of the buildings is gneiss. This is like granite but the mineral grains have a parallel arrangement.

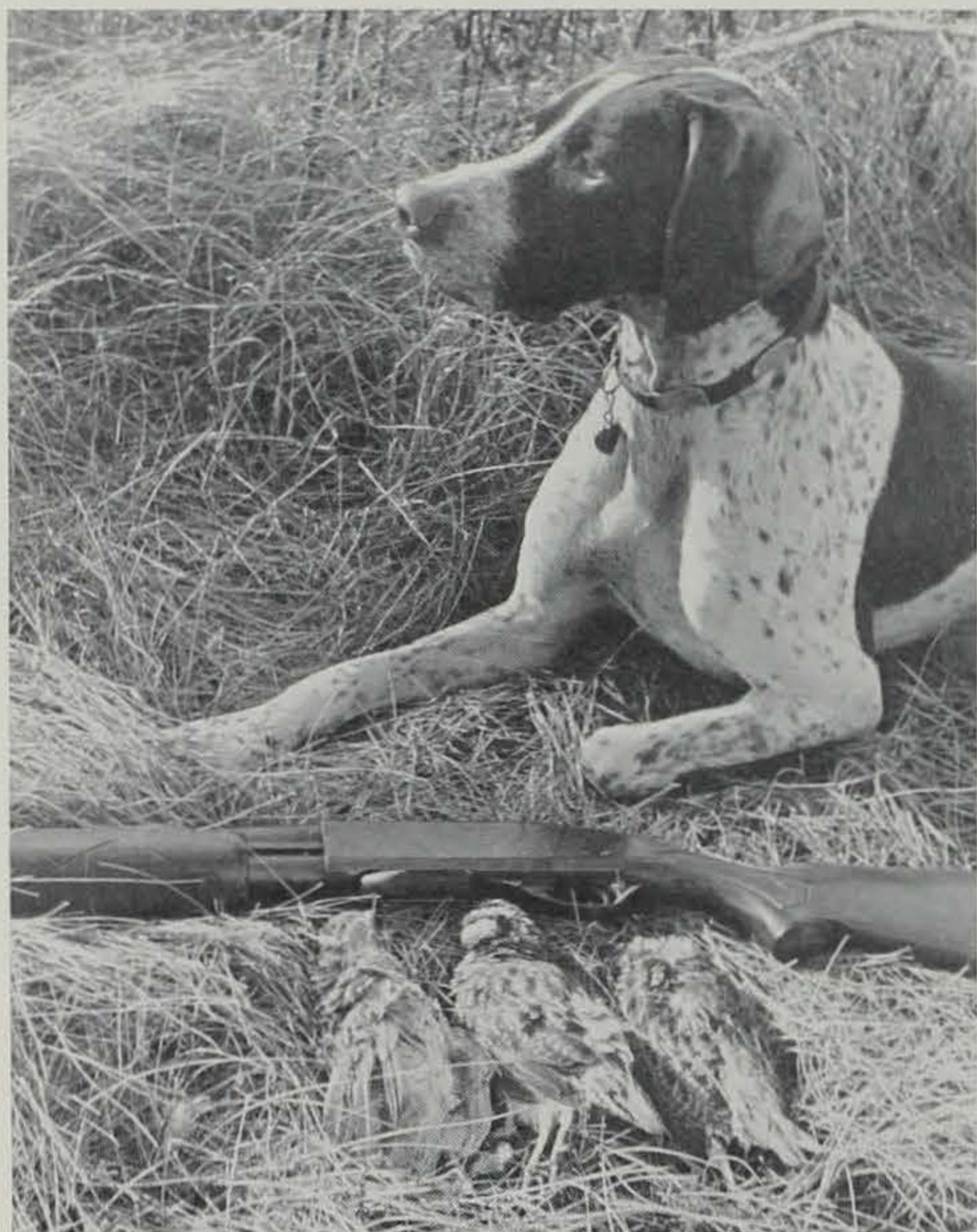
All of these strange rocks are also called glacial erratics, from the fact that they are "erratic" to the country in which they are now found. They do not resemble the

underlying solid rock of this part of the country.

The Pilot Knob area remains much as the glacier left it. There is little evidence of the work of running water here. The principal changes have been in the growth of forest soil and the spread of vegetation. The forests, with the glacier, have combined to make it unique among Iowa parks.



The observation tower and other buildings in Pilot Knob State Park are made of field-stone broken so that the clean surfaces are available for study.



Jim Sherman Photo.
"Authorities agreed that the game shortage was due more to land abuse than to overhunting. Practices which had made the going rough for wildlife had also reduced agricultural crops"

Happy Hunting Ground

(Continued from page 9)

conservation was drafted. Public agencies were combined in a non-partisan Conservation Commission and wheels started turning toward better hunting.

Authorities agreed that the game shortage was due more to land abuse than to overhunting. Practices which had made the going rough for wildlife had also reduced agricultural crops. To maintain a high crop yield was the first objective of the conservation plan, but Ames faculty men were sent out to determine what, compatible with this goal, might increase game stocks. Zoologist George O. Hendrickson was convinced that erosion control, more windbreaks and better pasture management would result in more wildlife. Little else, he reasoned, was needed.

The group wanted to demonstrate the point. One farmer approached was Floyd Fleming in Decatur County. Some of his land was rough and had been eroding; some of his hedges had been ripped out; his pastures had been heavily grazed. Once his farm had had several coveys of quail, but in late 1935 only 25 birds remained and by spring he had even fewer.

Fleming began contour cropping. He grazed his pastures conservatively. He let the remaining old hedges stand. He even left a couple of patches of grain unharvested for quail. His farm crops picked

up and at the end of a four-year period 90 quail were counted.

In northern counties the pheasant had made a go of it most years, but each hard winter reduced his numbers. However, shelter belts were being planted to check wind erosion. When those strips included evergreens, as many as a pheasant to the lineal foot would gather in bad storms and survive. More shelter belts, then, meant more pheasants.

The Conservation Commission spread word of such results. But, it reasoned, if the farmer was going to produce more game, some inducement should be offered. So a plan was tried whereby the farmer would be paid for hunting rights. Forms were given sportsmen who, on obtaining permission to hunt farmland, delivered them to the owner. The farmer could then collect a dollar per day per hunter from the game fund.

Few coupons were ever cashed. Iowa farmers didn't want money for hunting privileges. All they wanted was a recognition of their rights and a knowledge of who ranged their property.

So the Commission stressed two major points. The first was that game is a by-product of good farming. The second was that in Iowa game was forever going to be harvested on private land, and sportsmen had better understand that.

Now, any game commission's

best public contact is its law enforcement staff. Iowa's now numbers 54 conservation officers. These men are selected with special regard for their ability to meet people and will make over 2,000 talks each year. They meet with any group which may have any interest in wildlife. Their purpose is to explain how Iowa can have more game and how it should be harvested so all will be happy.

"Our farmers are naturally interested in game," says Director of Conservation Bruce Stiles. "But where land values are so high our only hope of stepping up game supplies is to show the farmer where, with help, he can grow game on areas which cannot economically produce other crops. On such sites we start our Farmer-Sportsman Cooperative units.

"Our conservation officers constantly encourage sportsmen to contact farmers and get consent to set up a unit. Next, the local Soil District Commissioners review the project. If prospects seem good we sit down together and determine what to do. When the job is finished we are billed for any needed materials and remit one-half the total from our game funds. The sponsors agree to maintain the project for five years and the farmer agrees to permit hunting when the game supply warrants it."

Aside from these cooperatives, 40 per cent of Iowa farm plans drawn by S.C.S. specify improvements which serve both to conserve soil and moisture and aid wildlife. I found many farmers who were joining this movement enthusiastically.

Then, there is the other part of the problem: Schooling the hunter in the farmer's attitude toward him. Not only was it necessary to convert or control the downright hoodlum minority but to train the perfectly decent city folks in the landowner's point of view. Iowa knew that in Michigan 13 counties

adjacent to densely populated Detroit are closed to Sunday hunting because it had become such a nuisance. Although Iowa conditions did not approach the severity found near great industrial centers, the Commission realized they were serious and could grow worse.

In the state are 219 sportsmen's clubs. Scarcely a regular meeting is unattended by a conservation officer and always he is talking about farmer relationships. This has resulted in many worth-while activities. For example, the Appanoose Sportsmen's Club gives an oyster supper for farmers just before hunting season. Over 500 attended last October, and you can't bring that many men together without improving mutual understanding. The Adair Conservation Club distributed hundreds of No-hunting-except-by-permission posters to its farmer friends last year. In Des Moines the Izaak Walton League furnishes members a packet of identification cards. On these the hunter writes his name, address and car license number and leaves it with the farmer who lets him hunt. On the reverse side is a standing invitation to sit down with chapter members at the Tuesday night suppers in their clubhouse.

I approached 41 farmers in seven counties and asked to try my luck on their places. From only three was I turned away. Twice, this was because game stocks were just starting to build and once because purebred cattle were in the wood lot where squirrels were to be found. Some didn't want me to shoot quail or pheasants, but I was welcome to other species. The majority asked me to park in the dooryard and a few specified that I report my luck. Only one of the many I interviewed felt hunters were becoming more of a nuisance, but even he was letting them hunt his acres when they asked!

This, then, covers the essentials
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Jim Sherman Photo.
"In Iowa, game is a by-product of good farming and in this state game will always be harvested on private land. The sportsman had better understand that."



At 75 yards, old man woodchuck shows clearly on the cross-hairs of the telescope.

Woodchucks . . .

(Continued from page 9)

him out. Even Old Pick and Shovel, the badger, would be hard put to come at him.

In company with my brother, I have often carried barrels of water to drown out one of his kind, only to hear their contents gurggle futilely into the depths. He apparently avoided the deluge by walling himself off in some side caisson, for we always found later that he was still keeping house at the same street and number.

But I fooled this particular 'chuck this morning. He is an early riser, but I was earlier, and was there in a blind with my telescope—it is mounted on the barrel of a powerful rifle—trained and set to the exact distance and focus.



"One moment I am gazing at the black emptiness of his door."

A woodchuck, say those who claim to know the inner ways of the little beast, always follows a set routine on arising. He walks to a point about three feet inside the doorway and listens. Frequently he whistles, a low, abrupt note often followed by a tremulous, wavering call. If everything is quiet, he advances slowly, cautiously raising his head until he can see his surroundings.

Well, I don't know about the "listening" part—prairie dogs have a regular little ante-room for this purpose, it is said—for how can men know what either 'chuck or prairie dog does while still three feet below the surface?

But, be that as it may, I do know from watching many of them that the wary 'chuck does poke his head out with vast circumspection. Usually, if I am close enough, I can know of his coming by the flies which precede him at the door. I always get a kick out of watching the emergence of a 'chuck. One moment I am gazing at the black emptiness of his door, the next, his round head with its short ears and prominent, wide eyes is framed therein.

If all seems well after this preliminary "look-see" old man woodchuck then comes entirely out of his burrow and sits bolt upright for a moment for another inspection of the adjacent territory. His stomach is crying for about a pound and a half of fresh clover, wild lettuce, dandelions, blackberries, cantaloupes, watermelons or what have you. Almost anything green is suitable in season. All he asks is that there be plenty of it and accessible morning, noon, and evening. Sometimes a woodchuck

so far forgets his manners as to park himself in your vegetable garden where he at once becomes an unmitigated nuisance. His ancestors ate a quarter of an acre of Thoreau's bean patch, and he has not lost their appetite for beans.

My woodchuck went for a meal of clover within a minute after he first came out this morning. But all the while he ate, he never forgot to stop every few seconds and sit up high on his haunches to look about him for a possible foe. This bit of clover he is now nibbling is a stalk or two that he carried back with him from the field.

His family? Yes, he started the season with one, but now in early August, they are the least of his troubles. His whilom mate with her four half-grown chucklings, lives down the bluff a few rods but he probably neither knows it now or cares. The last half of his scientific name—"monax" means "monk" and he is certainly monkish enough in wanting to be alone. Even when feeding, if another woodchuck comes near, he shows no sign of recognition. It seems to be good woodchuck etiquette, at least among males, to tend to one's own affairs and let others tend to theirs.

Things were not thus and so, however, only a few months back. Watch him in late March, say when first awakened from his winter's sleep. Then, lean and hungry and with hardly a square meal in his middle, he sets forth determinedly in search of a mate.

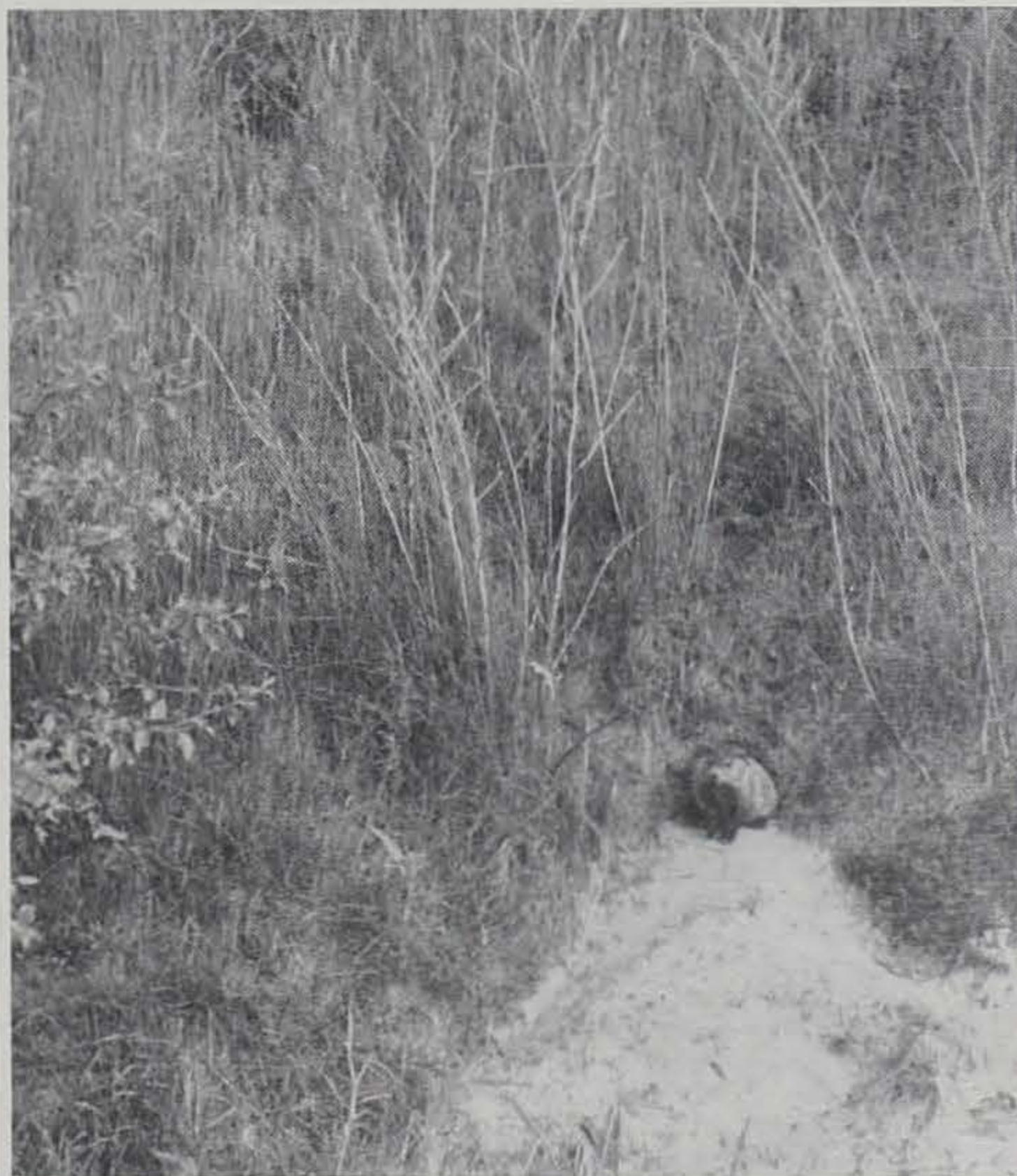
It doesn't matter if there be snow on the ground, nor how hungry he is, nor how far he has to travel. He takes all sorts of risks from possible contact with hungry foxes, wolves or ranging farm dogs. He will even brawl fiercely with other questing males who have invaded what he feels to be his home range. A mate simply must be found.

But within a few weeks after he has found her, he becomes an indifferent fellow. She may, in fact, tell him to be gone from her presence. Or failing to drive him out, she may hunt new quarters for herself and coming family—which on arrival is usually a parcel of four to six ugly, wrinkled, blind mites each about the size and weight of a five-cent candy bar.

As with most of her rodent children, nature appears to be in a hurry to have them grow up. A pre-birth life of four weeks, a month or two of infancy, a few months of youth—the whole telescoped into about a year, and the woodchuck is an adult ready to father more woodchucks. He is not fully grown, however, until about two years old.

Nearly half of his life is spent in deep sleep totally dead to the world—that's the way of a woodchuck. The other half is spent in digging holes, in gorging and sleeping—with a little time out for mating and family cares, and still more for sitting at the door of his den whistling and looking and soaking

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"The next moment his round head with its short ears and prominent wide eyes are framed in the doorway."



Jim Sherman Photo.
"I won't shoot him because I know him—and this in spite of his crop depredations—he does more good than harm."

Woodchucks . . .

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up vitamins. That, too, is the way of a woodchuck.

An indolent fellow, surely. One of the lowest of the low-brows. A creature with nothing much of grace or beauty or symmetry of form—with an intellect capable only of keeping his humble body alive and functioning.

Why bother to offer a defense for a beast like that? Why not, as you look through your telescope, squeeze the rifle's trigger gently and have done with a nuisance?

Well, I could, but I won't even though I'd be willing to bet I could hit him in either eye you care to name.

But why kill him? I don't want to eat him, although his flesh is as tasty as that of a rabbit when well prepared. If I don't shoot him today, I can still see him tomorrow and the next day and the next. Besides, I have proved that I can stalk him easily to within short gun range, and after all, that's the best part of hunting. For no animal killed by your gun is quite the same animal you were so patiently stalking. It's dead, a flabby, inert thing, and whether you eat it or not, soon to be only a memory—one more unit in the list of animals no longer living.

I won't shoot him because as I know him—and this in spite of his crop depredations—he does more good than harm. The chief good he performs—unwittingly, it is true—is to dig countless dens over the countryside, dens which furnish shelter for other game. Foxes, skunks, opossums and rabbits all use his dens in winter whether or not he himself is sleeping there.

I won't shoot him because, in spite of his seeming abundance today, I know that in a decade or two he may become almost as scarce as the bison. That happened to the prairie dog though our plains once housed perhaps a billion of them. It happened, too, to the passenger pigeon. That uncountably numerous fowl began to dis-

appear soon after the colonists first landed here. It was still plentiful in 1857—but the last one died in 1914.

There are not enough moose or grizzly bears left in this country, outside of our national parks, to make a corporal's guard of each. Within fifty years I have seen our ducks decrease from countless millions to the point where today we will allow only a bag limit of four to the hunter. I foresee a day when the ducks have vanished along with the goose and the wild turkey, when legislators in solemn conclave will be pondering a bag limit for crows and grackles and starlings. What next? A bag limit on English sparrows? It is not unthinkable.

I won't shoot him because I dissent from the campaign that is now on to destroy him. Pick up a sporting magazine or a farm journal, if you can, without seeing an "ad" for guns or ammunition or steel traps—all the last word according to the "ad"—in chuck-exterminating capacities. Read the government bulletins telling you how to use carbon monoxide or cyanide for his undoing. Talk to any rifle "bug"—and the country swarms with 'em—and he'll tell you gleefully of such and such 'chucks which he splattered over the ground at seemingly impossible ranges.

I won't shoot him because when out in the woods I come upon him unexpectedly to us both, I want to see him go dashing madly "denward" with that peculiar, waddling, flowing gait of his. I want to see him dive headlong into his cellar, to hear his defiant whistle, and then to wait until his round, furtive head comes up to see if I am still there. I want him to keep on being a woodchuck. I want to hang on to him and his kind while there is yet time!

The snakes commonly known as "water moccasins" are not the poisonous moccasin of the south. They are "common water-snakes" and are not poisonous, even though their looks and actions are savage.

Happy Hunting Ground

(Continued from page 14)

of the Iowa farmer-hunter story as I saw it. I wish it could be duplicated in more states. I wish more farmers could be persuaded to do those little things which mean more game, because wildlife is a part of our precious heritage. And I wish more city-dwelling hunters could understand the problem which they create for farmers. With hunting license sales still going up, constant compromise with our free hunting tradition is indicated. Otherwise no one will hunt anywhere.

INDIANA KILLS 1,500 DEER

Indiana game officials are tabulating the results of their first deer season in 58 years. A three-day season for shotguns with rifled slugs only proved highly successful, not only from the hunter's standpoint, but also in the eyes of the state's game biologists. Deer were causing a great deal of damage to farm crops and truck gardens in certain areas necessitating a reduction in the deer population of those areas. Prior to the season the Indiana Game Commission carried out an extensive gun safety and education program on deer hunting in newspapers and over radio and television. As a result there was not a single fatality and hunters bagged between 1,500 and 2,000 deer which is a lot of venison steak. Such a season in certain parts of Iowa is far from being improbable in the near future because of similar damage by high deer populations.—Palmer Erickson, Jr., *Jewell Record*.

"JOE BEAVER"

By Ed Nofziger



We've got to work like beavers on our tree planting program. Denuded acres are non-productive, and there are millions of them.

Game Breeders . . .

(Continued from page 13)

each, dates of transactions, and from whom purchased and to whom sold. Such record shall be open for inspection by the Commission at any time. Each licensee shall on or before May 1 of each year file a report with the Commission setting out the information mentioned above on forms supplied by the Commission.

Chipmunks are hermits by nature, and live solitary lives except during the breeding season.

The flying squirrel is not seen very often, but he lives in nearly all of our woodlands and cities. The reason we do not see him often is that he "flies" only at night.

Frogs and toads hibernate in the ground or in mud at the bottom of streams or lakes. During hibernation they take in oxygen through their skins.



Jim Sherman Photo.
"I endeavored to explain to them the difference in animal tracks and how the squirrels obtain their winter food."

OLD AGE CREEPING UP

Sunday afternoon we were called upon to visit a group of Girl Scouts at the Girl Scout Camp and to tell them something about outdoor Iowa. We tramped through the timberland adjoining their cabin and I endeavored to explain to them the difference in animal

tracks, how the squirrels obtained their winter feed, and told them of the different winter birds. On returning to the cabin with one group I noticed that one of the sprouts was a bit out of breath. "What is the matter, did I go too fast for you?" I asked her. "No, I just guess my age is beginning to tell on me," she replied. She was all of 12 years old!—John Garwood, *Marshalltown Times Republican*.