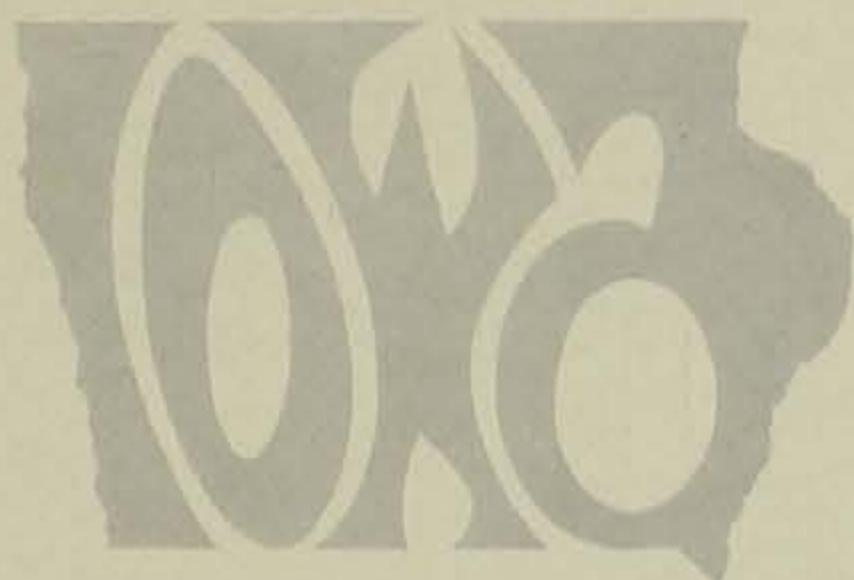




AUGUST 1970



CONSERVATIONIST



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AUGUST, 1970



CONSERVATIONIST

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About the Cover . . .

The photograph of the largemouth bass on the cover of the IOWA CONSERVATIONIST was taken by George Marzeck of West Burlington. A senior design engineer with the IRC Burlington Division of GRW, Inc., Marzeck is also a well known outdoor writer, photographer and artist.

Iowa Conservationist

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COMMISSION

MINUTES

For meeting held June 9, 1970

Approved for submission to the Bureau of Outdoor Recreation the following land and water conservation projects: Carroll County Conservation Board, Dickson Timber acquisition, 36.6 acres; Avoca Park Board, Edgington Memorial Park, development; Clinton County Conservation Board, Wulf Area, acquisition, 200 acres; Monona County Conservation Board, Oldham Recreation Area, development; Oelwein Park Commission, Platt's Park, development.

Approved the following project amendment requests for submission to the BOR: Town of Clive, Community Park, development.

The following land purchase options on the Walters Creek Watershed were approved: Tract 25, flowage easement over approximately 1.6 acres; Tract 26 flowage easement over 1.6 acres.

Subject to direction of the Commission, legal counsel, the director was instructed to begin sales tax collections on camping fees.

Accepted the boating regulations on Green Valley Lake as drafted by the staff for submission to the Departmental Rules Review Committee.

The following County Conservation Board Land Acquisition Projects were approved: Carroll County, Dickson Timber Addition, 100 acres; Clinton County, Arnold Wulf Recreation Area, 200 acres; Mitchell County, Interstate Park Addition, 2 acres.

The following County Conservation Board development plans were approved: Cedar County, Cedar Valley Park; Henry County, Mud Creek Recreation Area; Linn County, Matsell Bridge Game Management Area; Monona County, Oldham; Recreational Area Revision; Pottawattamie County, Arrowhead Park Revision.

Approved a maintenance and management agreement with the Clayton County Board of Supervisors for the 69 acres of land known as the Bixby State Park.

The following Fish and Game Land purchase options were accepted: South Bear Creek, Winneshiek County, 29 acres; Finn Area, Greene County, 56 acres; Otter Creek Marsh, Tama County, 275 acres; Wapsipinicon River Access Area, Howard County, 79 acres.

A contract was awarded for the following work: Winnebago Bend (Missouri River)—Construction of pre-fabricated metal service building.

Included approximately .66 of a mile of road in the camping area at Lake Manawa State Park in the State Park Road System and requested concurrence of the State Highway Commission.

"Big Lift" From Local Level —

Iowa's Proud Conservation History

By John Madson
Assistant Director of Conservation
Winchester-Western

Selected remarks from Mr. Madson's speech at the dedication of Hickory Grove County Conservation Board Park in Story County July 18, 1970.

I was working for the Iowa Conservation Commission in 1955 when the county conservation law was passed. We thought it was a good idea then, but none of us dreamed that it would catch fire the way it has.

Today there are nearly 700 county conservation areas in 93 of the counties. And this year's total county conservation budget is over six and three-fourths million dollars. That says a lot as far as quantity is concerned, and places like Hickory Grove Park show the quality. This is a beautiful place; you couldn't have made a better choice, and you've done a grand job.

I take much personal pleasure in your Story County conservation efforts be-

cause they confirm some of my boyhood judgement of what quality places really are: places like McFarland Lake, Robinson's Acres and Sleepy Hollow site.

Iowa is the place where you would expect such things to happen. No other state can match your proud conservation history. That's not Fourth of July oratory—it's fact. Iowa is the birthplace of Ira Gabrielson, George Hendrickson, Aldo Leopold, Emerson Hough and many other great conservationists. It was the first state to set up a bipartisan conservation commission and lift conservation out of spoils politics and put it on a professional level. This is where wildlife conservation first went to college, where Ding Darling set up the first Cooperative Wildlife Research Unit Program—largely with his own money. And Iowa is where the most effective conservation effort by local government has ever been accomplished. As usual, Iowa has about a 15-year jump on the rest of the country. There's really nothing quite like this county conservation program anywhere else—not on this scale, not with this effectiveness. Long before the federal Bureau of Outdoor Recreation was ever dreamed of, Iowa counties had their own program.

These are accomplishments that have come directly from the people. The people wanted a unified, non-political conservation effort in Iowa, and got it. Iowans wanted trained professionals heading their conservation effort, and they got that. Then they wanted something more than just a chain of big state parks: They wanted many choice little areas that developed and conserved the best parts of the home county—and they are getting that.

This is the key to meeting our environment threats—unified citizen concern, and intelligent action on a local basis. This is where it must begin. Don't expect President Nixon and Secretary Hickel to come riding out of the East on white horses to rescue us from a degraded environment. If anything, we must rescue **them**. We must not place blind faith in big government to con-

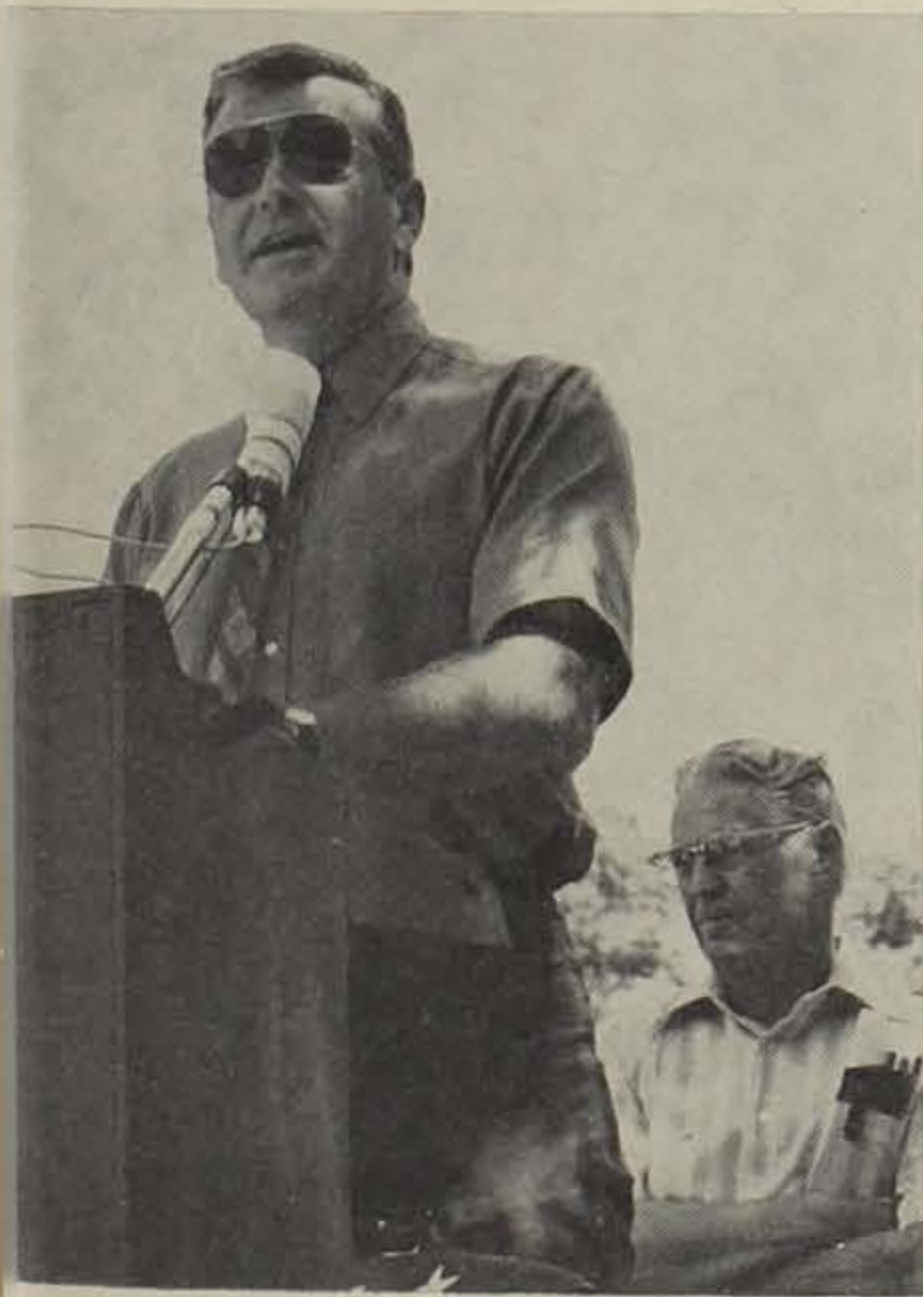
serve the best parts of our world. We must begin at ground level and work up, and do first things first. We must carefully examine ourselves, and try to figure out where we are going, and what we want to be and what we want to do when we get there.

We need to address ourselves to national issues, of course, and support our state and federal conservation agencies in dealing with them. But while the big bites out of our environment are critical, even more serious is the constant nibbling at quality environment on every local level, the daily degradation of creeks, woodlots, native marshes, prairie hillsides, natural lakes—all the fine, fading little places. Conservation, like charity, must begin at home. And Iowa's county conservation program is a classic example of homegrown conservation at its best.

I believe that outdoor Iowa is an oasis among the states. It is the richest, cleanest state that I know. If you don't believe me, just live somewhere east of the Mississippi for a few years.

The nation's main tourist regions are being battered by intense public use pressures and commercial demands. It will grow much worse before it grows better. We have seen it going on in the most beautiful parts of back-country Florida, in Maine, Northern Michigan, and in many western wilderness areas that we would never have dreamed would be torn and trampled by over-use. Iowa is resisting such abuses because it is neither a tourist state nor an industrial state. The Iowa land is also immensely strong, and with just a little help it is capable of absorbing punishment and healing itself. This is less true of deserts, or mountains, coastlines, or the north country.

Things like green belts along rivers, blocks of native tall-grass prairie, outdoor classrooms, parks and wildlife areas are going to depend on the vision and imagination of people like you. In fact, the total quality of our outdoors, and all of our outdoor tomorrows, depends on people like you.



John Madson, assistant director of conservation for Winchester-Western, East Alton, Ill., was born in Ames and grew up in Story County. He graduated from Iowa State University in 1951 with a degree in wildlife management. Prior to joining Winchester-Western in 1958, he worked for the Iowa Conservation Commission and Des Moines Register and Tribune.

Your Wife is a Good Sport

(she just doesn't know it)

by Roger Sparks

Many sportsmen are very fortunate in having wives who share their love for the outdoors, hunting, fishing, camping, etc. One guy, who never lies (at least sober), claims his wife anxiously shakes him out of bed at 4 a.m. for a trip to the local duck marsh. What's more, she nearly always outshoots him!

Experienced women anglers, with that sensitive, delicate, female touch are usually true experts. (If you don't buy that bit about the delicate touch, check the freethrow percentages of girls basketball teams!)

Some females are excellent archers, boaters, and the Girl Scouts of America attest to their camping abilities. If you're married to such a gal, get down on your knees and give thanks to that Great Game Manager in the sky, because mister, you're in the minority.

Most men soon discover that their spouses' reactions to the sight of a nice mess of fish, or a large, neatly shot buck are much the same as to a mouse in the kitchen, or a three-inch waterbug crawling about in the bathtub.

Worse yet, men also quickly discover that the "weaker sex" refers only to physical strength. The adorable, meek, tearful eyed, agreeable, always willing to please, cuddly, little chickadee a man proposes marriage to, matures overnight into a dominating, powerful, fire-breathing, pre-historic pterodactyl (with curlers).

Too often hubby must trade his bamboo fly rod for a bamboo curtain rod, his "sweet sixteen" gauge for a new tuxedo (Edwardian style, of course), and his goose down sleeping bag, for the inevitable training potty. But the final blow comes when he must pawn the boat and trailer for three plane tickets to mother-in-law's!

If this is the case in your home, there are two ways in which you can resolve the situation.

Divorce deserves consideration. However, most men have little training in the domestic skills. A maid would be pretty, that is, pretty helpful with the housework, meals, etc., but alas, quite expensive. Speaking of expenses, lawyer fees, alimony, and other payments would demand two jobs, which wouldn't allow

any recreation time anyway. Besides, for all her faults, old "ptery" becomes pretty hard to live without. Cross out divorce.

The problem can be solved with a little ingenuity and strict adherence to the ancient fisherman's golden rule, "thou shalt never fib to thine wife, unless thou has to."

No woman alive can resist a weekend away from home. Start by saying something tactful like, "my dear, you've been working so hard lately, why don't we get away from it all this weekend." Now timing is important here. Unless you are quick with a favorable suggestion as to where to go, she'll assume her dictator role and cart you off to a big city opera festival, or lead you by the ear from the art gallery to the symphony house to the never ending chain of dress shops. Hubby must be quick. Suggest to her something like, "Dear, why don't we spend the weekend at Spirit Lake?" Explain that there is plenty to do, swimming, relaxing on the beach, waterskiing, carnivals, dances, and plenty of night life. Do not mention to her that there is fine walleye, northern, bass, perch, and panfishing, not to mention waterfowl, pheasant, and partridge hunting in the area. She'll jump at the chance and after a night of wining and dining, the little lady will sleep like a kitten until about noon the next day.

Generally speaking, the morning hours are the best for hunting and fishing, so it works out pretty well for the wise husband. However, Mr. Sportsman must remember, like Cinderella, to be back at the pad by noon or his outdoors world turns back into a pumpkin, and he is met at the door not by a kitten, but a roaring tigress capable of grinding shotguns and fishing rods to bits with saber-toothed jaws that never cease "chewing."

Gradually, you can interest your wife in outdoor activities. Scenic spots make good places for developing artistic talent. A field trip near a beautiful trout stream offers the painter a lovely natural workshop (this stuff always appeals to women). However, be sure to include in your paint case a back pack rod. You merely suggest that a fisherman would add human interest and color to her pic-

ture, and presto, you're catching trout!

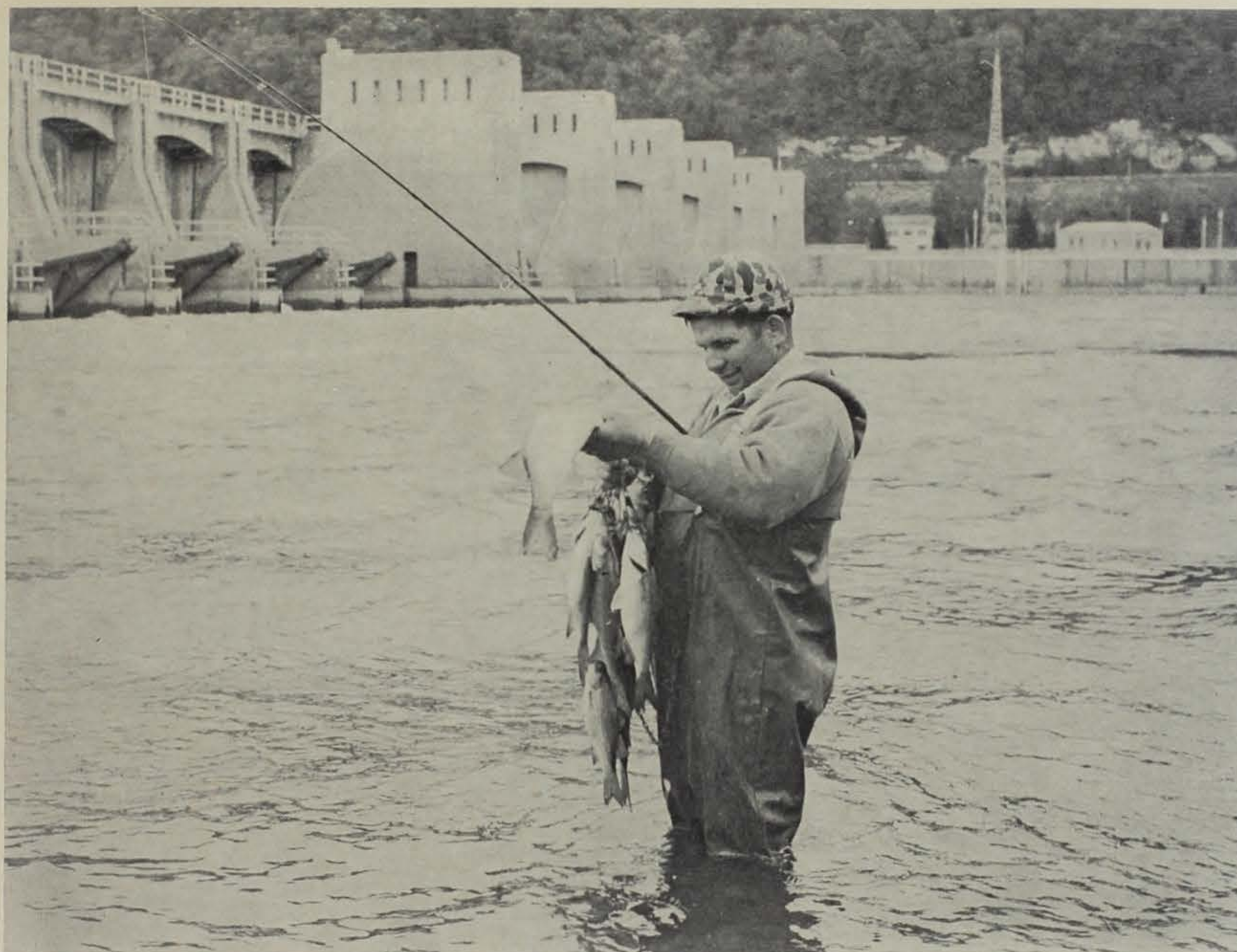
Most women love cameras. Perhaps it's the childhood dreams of movie stardom, or the facination of seeing themselves as others see them, but whatever the reason, females, and photographers mix well. Take advantage of this by telling her you would like to get some pictures of her in a natural setting. If she catches you loading your shotgun case into the trunk, tell her it's a tripod, or an extremely long telephoto lens. Later in the field, she won't mind you carrying it if you explain that it is only for protection against wolves (and quail of course). By missing some good spots, that is shots, it should take you about a half box of shells to find the right location.

Eventually your non-outdoors wife may become interested in your activities and try them herself. More often, she will realize how much your hobbies mean to you, and forgive your foolish attempts to fool her (which, incidentally, you'll never do). She may never understand why anyone would get up at 4 a.m. when he doesn't have to, but she'll kiss you good-by and have breakfast ready when you come back.

She'll understand, as only the woman who pledged her life to you can understand, that what makes you happy makes her happy. Wives are funny that way.



"That's a remarkable dog. When you going to teach him to count?"



Mississippi Minnow Marauders

by Sonny Satre

It was a chilly morning to be on the Mississippi. The sun was peaking over the horizon filtering away the morning mist hanging over the water. Instead of hearing the usual urban sounds of trucks and automobiles roaring down the freeway and the nauseating smell of exhaust fumes, it was a comforting relief to hear the quiet sounds of wildlife—birds chirping, squirrels chattering and fish splashing.

Plans were to anchor our boat below Rock and dam No. 10 at Guttenberg and try our luck for some of those golden shiner, bluegill, and sauger. We fished for almost an hour and managed to hook three bluegills for the stringer.

Approximately 50 yards from our boat we were distracted by an unusual turbulence in the water. Minnows were jumping and frantically trying to escape a ferocious feeder. It reminded me of what I had seen on film when the South American piranha devour some defenseless creature in the Amazon. But with this type of spectacle on the Mississippi, it meant only one thing—the white bass were on a feeding rampage. After being awed by the sight of minnows skipping to elude the white bass onslaught, I know how General Custer must of felt

when he saw all those Sioux rushing toward him.

We adopted a quick resolution to quietly row our craft near the schooling fish and try casting for these "Minnow Marauders." Moving nearer to the churning water we could see that these "stripers" were nice sized, possibly in the two-pound class. We dropped anchor approximately 10 yards from the swirling action and nervous with anticipation checked our tackle boxes for the proper lure. I decided to use a spinner rig with a small live shinner while my partner picked out a Rapala—a minnow-like floating lure.

Hurriedly we cast where the marauders were feeding. No sooner had the lures hit the water when our ultra light rods bent nearly in two from savage strikes. We managed to land the first two "silvers" after an exciting struggle and jim-dandy's they were! Our calculations were correct—some were at least two-pounds or better.

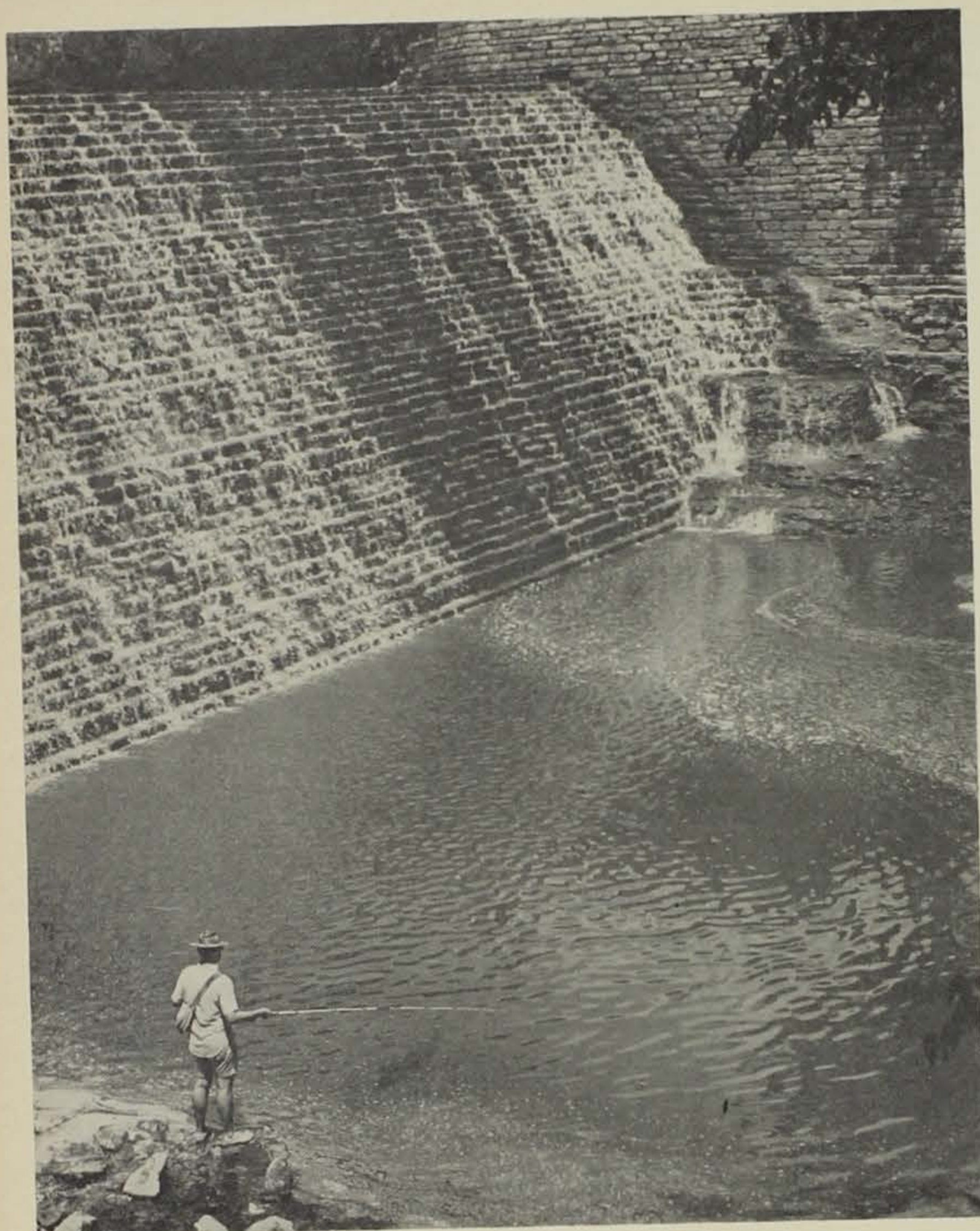
This type of fishing for white bass is quite common on the Mississippi River when water conditions are favorable. Early morning and evening is considered the prime time to fish for these sporty surface feeders as is the case with most

species. Fishing fast water below locks and dams, wing dams and quiet water close to sand bars and the shore line where minnows normally congregate, are good areas to search for these schooling fish. Once a school is spotted you can expect some spectacular angling. White bass are ravenous feeders and will strike at most any bait or lure tossed in their direction.

Besides being an excellent sport fish, these true members of the bass family provide firm, white meat for the skillet which is very good to eat.

Best populations of white bass in Iowa are found in the Mississippi. Good fishing for white bass can also be found in the Missouri River and its oxbow lakes, Clear Lake, Spirit Lake, Storm Lake, Okoboji's, Lake Wapello and lower reaches of streams draining into the Mississippi and Missouri Rivers. The State Conservation Commission plans to manage white bass in the near future on two of Iowa's federal impoundments—Red Rock and Saylorsville. Hopefully they will provide a new brand of exciting fishing for central and south-central Iowans.

There is no closed season or possession limits on white bass in Iowa.



State Parks

Highlight — Historical Beeds Lake

By Dave Evans



Back in the 1800's not very many Iowans thought about recreational values. Most were more concerned with the immediate task of building a new state.

However, William Beed was somewhat ahead of his time in this respect. And, today Beed's Lake State Park stands as a memorial to this recreation oriented pioneer.

Fed by cold springs, dammed over a century ago to supply power for a grist and saw mill, the lake and park now provide outstanding opportunities for recreation.

Located north of Hampton, Beed's Lake State Park has something for just about everyone—the picnicker, hiker, camper, fisherman, boater, bather, swimmer and bird watcher. Indeed it's something of a jewel in the Iowa Conservation Commission's state park system.

Facilities include camping areas, two shower buildings, two boat ramps, a shelter house, picnic areas, boat house, water system, concession building and docks. But, just listing the facilities doesn't begin to do justice to this pretty park that was William Beed's dream.

Tree-girdled, the 130-acre lake is nestled in the lush farmland of Franklin County. Perhaps one of the most spectacular features is the dam spillway at the east end of the lake. It's a marvelous piece of construction with vari-colored stone in horizontal layers that slope abruptly for 40 feet to the rock foundation. Approaching the spillway is a unique experience for the senses. Even before seeing the structure one hears the gentle roar of the overflow as it sparkles and tumbles down the rock face of the dam. Constructed by the Civilian Conservation Corps in the 1930's, the 170-foot long spillway has stood the test of time.

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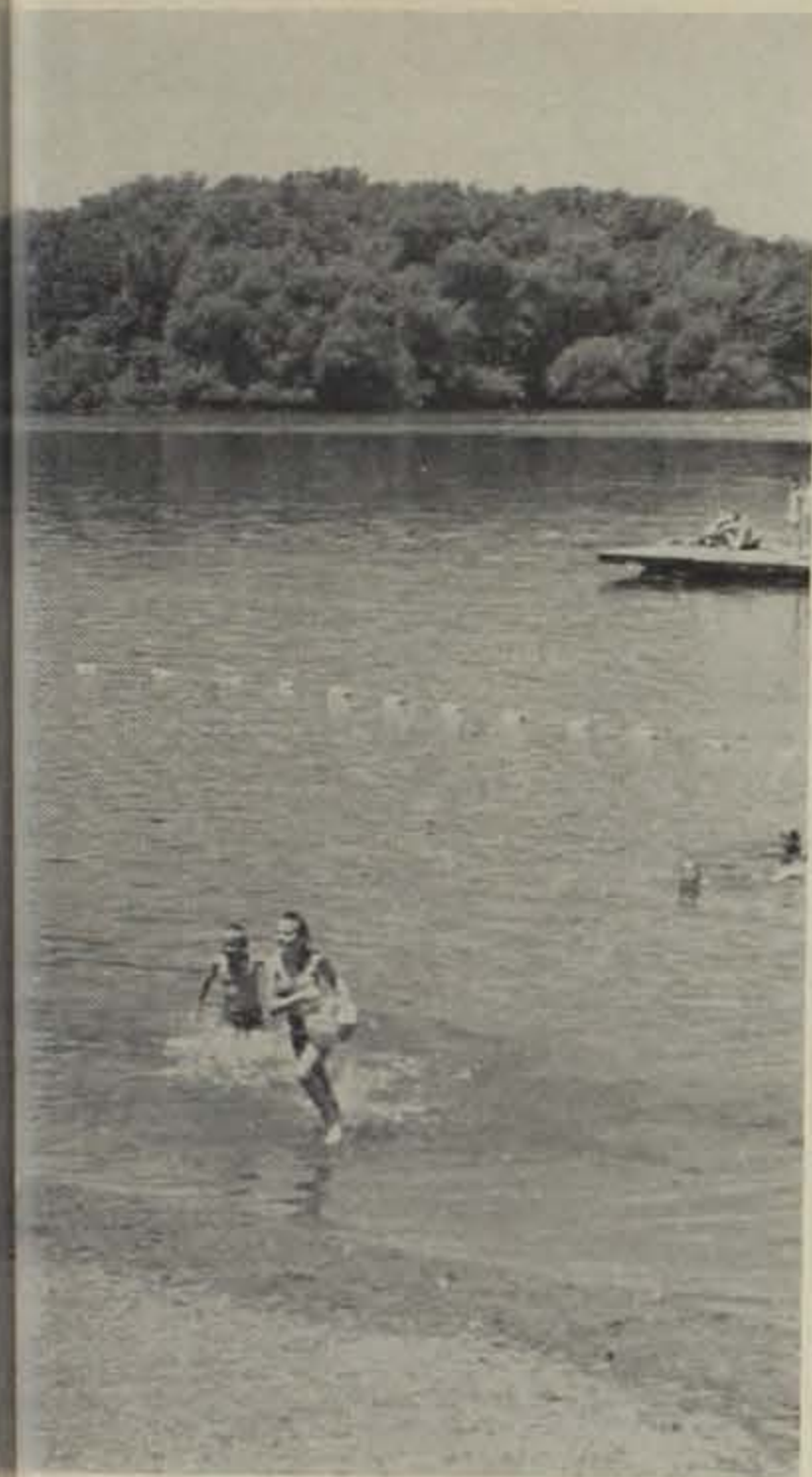
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Another interesting feature of the park is the dike or causeway extending across the lake where Beed originally built his dam. In the spring it's often lined with people fishing for crappies. The dike was re-shaped and graded in the spring of 1967. Bridges at either end allow boats access to the west part of the lake.

Also popular with anglers is the 100-foot fishing dock built in 1964. Other species found include bluegill, bass, catfish, northern pike and walleye. Boats can be rented at the concession stand.

Near the concession stand there is a pleasant beach and a diving raft anchored in deeper water. Constructed of large stones and timber the concession building presents a pleasant rustic appearance that fits with the tree shaded picnic areas.

Beed's Lake is accessible not only by automobile, but also by airplane. Flyers can land at an airport just south of the park entrance and walk to the area. One park officer's daughter landed her plane at the airport when she came to visit her parents.

Obviously the 330-acre state park is highly popular. Last year an estimated 25,975 visited it. Most of the visitors came from Waterloo with Des Moines a surprising second. Cedar Falls was third and Mason City, fourth in visitations.

Commenting on the park's popularity, a veteran park officer explained: "It's one of the most attractive recreation areas in the state. It has fine stands of trees, level, shady picnic areas and a nice lake."

Fish rearing ponds managed by the Conservation Commission's Fisheries Section are located below the dam.

Private homes have been constructed on the north side of the lake where

many residents live year around. The picturesque setting, recreation available and quiet beauty of the area prove irresistible.

Beed's Lake State Park was officially opened to the public in the spring of 1938. But, to really appreciate this fascinating park, let's go back in time to 1854 and 1856 when buffalo and elk roamed the area. Other wildlife included wolves, otter, beaver, muskrat, badger, grouse and prairie chicken. Through this attractive setting flowed Spring Creek, 12 to 14 miles long and fed by cold water springs.

In 1857, five years before the American Civil War started, T. K. Hansberry built the first dam and grist mill. Deciding that this was not the most prosperous venture he sold out. Eventually, William Beed, a Hampton merchant, purchased the mill and water rights November 16, 1864. Beed, a native of Devonshire, England, immediately began improving the mill race and long dike. The dike was raised 10 feet bringing the total height to 20 feet and it was lengthened from 80 to 120 rods.

According to reports taken from old newspapers, Beed was: "far in advance of the times in sponsoring recreational lake and park activities because he encouraged boating, swimming and fishing on the old lake . . . and had the people been as public minded in those days it is more than likely that the old Beed's Lake would have been kept up and improved as a recreational center for this area."

Other reports note that Beed paid ten cents for each muskrat trapped on the shores of the lake. He did this to prevent the muskrats from weakening the dam by tunneling through the dike.

The Mason City Globe-Gazette issue of December 15, 1936, tells how: "The original mill structure was enlarged until it was four times as large, having three stories. Machinery was added and the mill hummed with activity, the only other mills in that section being at Iowa Falls and Ackley."

Henry Paullus came into possession of the mill May 13, 1916, and it was demolished. Building stone from the mill was sold to farmers. In November, 1917, the lake which covered 40 acres, was drained and practically all of the land was made available for pasture and cultivation. Part of the old basement and a few rocks are all that's left of the mill today.

In spite of the obvious potential of the area, several attempts to establish a state park or recreation area failed. The first efforts were made in 1917 when some Hampton residents tried to raise money to buy property, but could not obtain enough. Finally in 1933, through efforts of the Franklin County Izaak Walton League, land was purchased and turned over to the old Fish and Game Commission. The new dam was constructed by the CCC in 1936-37.

Perhaps not as dramatically exciting as some recreation areas, Beed's Lake has a unique beauty that lends itself to this heartland of the nation. At Beed's Lake there is tranquility and restoration for a tired mind or body. Here one can reflect on the images of the past and sense the qualities that bring man and nature together—if only for a short time.

Life was much simpler in Beed's time. But, the outdoor recreation he pioneered is more of a necessity today in our more complex society. Indeed William Beed would be proud to have this state park named after him.

DOVE: Songbird AND Game

By Iowa law, mourning doves are not game birds, they are classified as song birds. Strictly bird lovers would like to see them continued being classified as song birds, while hunters seeing this resource being utilized in other states, would like to see them classified as a game bird.

For management purposes of the mourning dove the U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service has divided the United States into three Management Units—the Eastern, Central, and Western. Iowa lies in the Central Management Unit. This unit contains the highest dove densities in the nation. The high density area is generally confined to the plains border from North Dakota to central Texas. This includes eastern North and

South Dakota, eastern Nebraska, all of Iowa, the north half of Missouri, the eastern two thirds of Kansas, the western two thirds of Oklahoma and the central one third of Texas.

Although doves are not hunted in Iowa, the ICC has been cooperating with the U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service to provide the data for the management of the species in the other states. Commission personnel have run several call-count routes in late May for at least the last 12 years. The number of doves heard 'cooing' on these routes is the index by which relative population densities are determined each year.

In addition, each one of the ten game management units in the state has been bait trapping and banding doves during

June, July and August each year. In these six years, 9,054 have been banded for a yearly average of over 1,500 doves.

As with the banding of all birds, this banding helps to determine migration routes, mortality rates and breeding population sites.

From recaptures of doves banded in previous years, we estimate between seven to ten percent of the birds banded each year are returning to the same area to nest the next year. Two to three percent of these same birds are returning two, three and even four years in a row to the same area! In 1969, one dove was recaptured at the Ruthven Unit which had been banded as a nestling in 1960.

An analysis of band return indicates that a very small percentage of the total population of doves are bagged by hunters. Only about two to three percent of the total doves banded are ever recovered. Most of this small fraction of the total population are from hunters, with some recovered from birds hit by automobiles and other causes of mortality.

When comparing the small percentage of bands returned to that of other species (about 10 percent recovered from some waterfowl species) it is fair to say that hunting has little effect on the dove population.

As mentioned before, most doves banded in Iowa are never heard from again. The few that are recovered are mostly from birds harvested in central and southern Texas, and Mexico. However, some recoveries come from Alabama, Louisiana, Mississippi and Oklahoma. A few doves drift off the beaten path on their way south. Several of Iowa's banded doves have been shot in Florida, Tennessee, Georgia, and even Virginia. One dove banded in 1965 was shot in Central America a year later! Two doves drifted southwest—one, banded in 1964 was shot near Mesa, Arizona in 1965 and a second banded in 1968 was shot the same fall near Lamar, Colorado. For some unexplained reason, no band recoveries have been made in Missouri. They must take a jet and completely bypass our neighbors to the south.

Mourning doves are multi-brooded, that is, they normally raise at least a second brood during the summer as soon as the first pair are weaned. Sometimes they will raise three, four, or even five broods in a single season. Their nest is flimsy—a few wisps of dead grass on a tree branch about eye-level or slightly above. They prefer spruce or other conifers whose branches are close together.

By Glen E. Jones
Unit Game Manager



Other states utilize
dove resource ↓



Bird

However, they will nest in most trees and will on occasion even build a nest on the ground.

Iowa's dove population is about stable according to banding records and the results of call-count routes, in spite of the fact that more and more of our farmstead windbreaks are being bulldozed out each year. The trees in these windbreaks furnish the nest sites needed by mourning doves.

Dove hunting can be fun. Talk to anyone who has hunted them in Missouri, Oklahoma or Kansas. Their manner of flight make them a hard target to hit. Perhaps some day we can have dove hunting in Iowa. Under proper management they can be both a songbird and a game bird like the bobwhite quail.

Does hunting
hurt population?
Studies say no.



How much do we take for granted?

By Phyllis Harris

How much do we take for granted?

Have you ever looked upon a new dawn and realized it was entirely different than the day before? and that it would never again return?

In this fast moving world we inhabit it becomes so comfortable to simply exist in the patterns and ruts we ourselves fashion and just as effortless to surrender to our complacencies.

Within this great state of ours there are numerous places to go, events to attend, activities to enjoy—so many in fact, that a person could spend all of his waking hours taking advantage of Iowa's bountiful heritage.

Winter months are for the hardy hunters. With a blanket of snow under his boots and a cold, blue sky above, the hunter may track a fox, stalk an eight-point buck, or pursue the light-footed cottontail. But winter is not just for the wild game seeker. City, county and state parks are filled with skaters and tobogganers and on a few steep slopes in Iowa you may witness the graceful skier and even an occasional ski mounted perpendicular in a snow bank. There is even another kind of winter sportsman besides those who bask in the warmth

of a fireplace and it is best explained by the following quotes. "Oh, look daddy, there's a big black bear frozen in the ice." "No son, that's just some kook sittin' out there fishing through a hole in the ice."

Spring isn't just for lovers. It's that time of year when you get out the ole' rod and reel and listen to your wife complainin' because you're messin' up her kitchen table with all that 'string' and junk. But ignoring her chatter, you silently continue the task of rejuvenating your reel. Because somewhere in the back of your mind you just can't forget about the big bass in Smucker's pond.

Spring is for bird watchers and nature lovers, too. On a bright dewy morning you may sight your first spotted sandpiper or hear the haunting call of a whip-poor-will—and nearby, nestled on the slopes of a southern hillside, the white blossoms of the dwarf trillium are visible.

Summer introduces the suntan lotion, church camps, Red Cross swimming lessons, and the delightful adventure of sharing your potato salad with a few dozen ants. It also makes us think of

water sports. It is difficult to fathom how many acres of water here in Iowa are accessible, under law, for the speed boaters, sailing bugs, and water skiers. Summer in Iowa is a vacation at its best.

It is said that when autumn arrives in Iowa all the angels in heaven dip their wings in paint, and brush our landscape from border to border in awesome beauty. The hikers come out in droves, artists are seen sketching the scenery, pointers are trained, ole' Betsy gets the thorough treatment and everybody in the neighborhood goes crazy while Dad starts to practice his duck calls.

Think about it. Just how much do we take for granted?

This is the year 1970 and with it comes a new decade. During this year we'll be making new decisions and laws, take on added responsibilities, place another candle on the cake and yet, if we're not careful, we could still remain in the perpetual rut. Let's make an honest effort to keep ourselves from becoming "an impassive Iowan" by taking advantage of the wealthy heritage around us. Then can we become the "illuminative Iowan."

Carp: sucker for light tackle

By Roger Sparks



I was reluctant to go.

A Carp, to my way of thinking, struck out on every count as a game fish. I believed them to be poor fighters, inhabitants of anything but sylvan surroundings, overly prolific, and short, to say the least on good looks. I'd heard rumors that he's no chef's delight. "Nothing more than dead weight," I'd heard it said, "when you bring 'em in. Just crank 'em in and throw 'em on the bank." Carp? Yuuck! I pictured rotting discarded carcasses. "No thanks".

"They're catching game fish down there too, northerns, walleyes, crappies . . ."

We left for the river the next morning. I was pleased at the sight of a large crowd below the dam. "The fishing must be hot."

"You'll see."

Carp fishermen can guess the rest of the story, but for those who have been foolish like me, I'll make it short. We caught carp that day, dozens of them, and had a ball doing it. Oh I was a hold-out and insisted on working most of the morning for two small northerns and a crappie. That afternoon I caught fish on most every cast bigger than those in the morning. They weren't large for carp, about two or three pounds, but we caught them from a boat and on light tackle and that's some combination. Very few of the carp we caught jumped which means two things: they are among the smartest of fishes and realize when trouble the best chance for escape is in the water, they're home, and not struggling in the air which only tires them. It also proves that most carp have never taken ballet lessons, but for that

matter neither have Harmon Killebrew or Willy McCovey.

The carp is no acrobat but he'll earn your respect as a big strong fighter. The average fisherman wisely uses heavy gear, a stiff rod, and a reel loaded with 25 to 50 pound test line. This saves a lot of tackle from snags, but it also prevents a fish of three pounds or less from making good runs. Thus—most carp have been labeled sluggish fighters.

It's a different story on light tackle. While a bass or trout would be wasting energy on wild, shaking leaps, old Mr. Carpsucker wisely uses the current, turning sideways like the highly-touted bluegill and waits for you to do all the pumping. When you get him close, he swaps ends and runs downstream sometimes for maybe 20 to 30 yards. As a rule, you won't even see him, if he weighs over two pounds for at least three minutes and then the thrashing begins. You learn quickly to respect this fish's stamina, and the first few attempts at netting him probably will fail.

After netting your first carp you may like me take a close look at your catch. "He's no Rock Hudson is he?" my partner commented. Actually the coloration of carp is rather pretty, a deep bronze, with orange tipped fins. Then I noticed the head. After the initial shock I observed that the whiskers are shorter than a catfish's and the rubber-lipped mouth, though not exactly attractive, is somewhat smaller than the gaping cavity on the front end of a bass.

The carp is not a welcome guest. He was invited (introduced from Europe) but he has stayed too long. His fantastic adaptability and reproductive ability often crowds out other more sought after species. He will never be as desirable as a catfish, bass or trout but be there he will.

I would rather catch a bass, or a trout, or a mess of panfish, or almost anything than catch a carp. However I look at him through new light I enjoy the feel of a surging rod with a screaming reel and the challenge of a hard-nosed battle on light spinning tackle.

Don't be like a friend of mine who forever claims he has been wrong only once, and that was when he thought he was wrong. Admit it! You like to catch something when you go fishing. Grab your light tackle, and mix up a batch of dough for bait, or use what we did, dry bread, a dip of water squeezed out quickly, a little kneading, and you've got some instant carp bait. Small single hooks and split shot are the only other requirements.

Oh, come on you dry fly purists, and "artificial only" buffs, get your hands a little sticky and get in there. You will probably walk away smiling and carrying (or more likely dragging) a heavy stringer of 2 to five pound fish. Or you may get lucky and catch an adult.

Carp will never be like trout or bass. They're too ugly! They're also too big, too strong, too hard to land.

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Campfire Cookery

Homemade Bread

By Dick Ranney

A word will sometimes start a chain of thought. People will meet and right off the bat something will be said about the weather. Most Iowans, of long standing, know it will be cold in the winter, hot in the summer with the beauty of spring and fall sandwiched between.

Winter in Iowa can be gentle snow or a miserable wonderland of ice. Sometimes it gets so cold the thermometer has to wear ear muffs. One old timer tells about the time it was so cold he saw two cottontails pushing a jack rabbit to get him started.

Summer on the other hand, can be as hot as an oven. There are times when eggs can be fried on the sidewalks. On one of those hot days a farmer was cultivating popcorn with a mule drawn culti-

vator. It got so hot the popcorn began to pop. The mule thought it was snow and froze in his tracks. Just thinking of a hot oven brings homemade bread to mind.

The basic ingredients for homemade bread are 25 cups of white flour, two hands full of salt ($\frac{1}{2}$ cup), four cakes of yeast, $1\frac{1}{4}$ cups of white sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of warm bacon grease and two quarts of water.

Add a couple of tablespoons of sugar to a cup of warm water and add the yeast. Into a large dish pan sift 10 cups of flour. Add the sugar, salt, shortening and water. Beat well with a large spoon or better yet, with your hand. Add the yeast, water and all, and beat. Slowly add the rest of the flour and knead well. Cover the dish pan with a dish towel

and let the dough raise until it has doubled itself. Mix or knead it down again. When the dough starts to raise the second time, make it out into loaves of bread, rolls, cinnamon rolls or coffee cake. The baking pans will have to be greased. Again cover the pans with a dish towel and let them raise until they are high and light. Bake in a cool oven, about 350°, until the bread or rolls are golden brown on top. Turn the bread out on a rack or bread board to cool. Brush the tops of the loaves while warm, with butter. Home made bread eaten warm will patch up domestic problems, make children happy and dogs stop chasing the "gravy train."

This dough can be made into cinnamon rolls. Roll out the dough (remember to do this after the first raise) and spread the dough with pats of oleo or butter. Sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon. Roll up the dough and cut into $1\frac{1}{2}$ " pieces with a knife. Grease a pan well and sprinkle the bottom with brown sugar and nut meats. Place the pieces of rolled dough in the pan, cover and let them raise. When they are light and ready for the oven, pour white syrup over the top. Bake at 325° until brown. Turn them out on a large platter to cool. Remember the more sugar and syrup used the more glazed the cinnamon rolls will be.

To make coffee cake roll out the dough, sprinkle with white sugar and cinnamon. Roll and cut, place in a greased pan and let them raise. Bake when light at 325° until brown, turn out on a plate and spread while warm with confectionery icing and sprinkle with nuts. Stand back so you are not injured in the rush. The same basic recipe can be used for making raisin bread. Add a little more sugar, yeast, cinnamon, raisins and love.

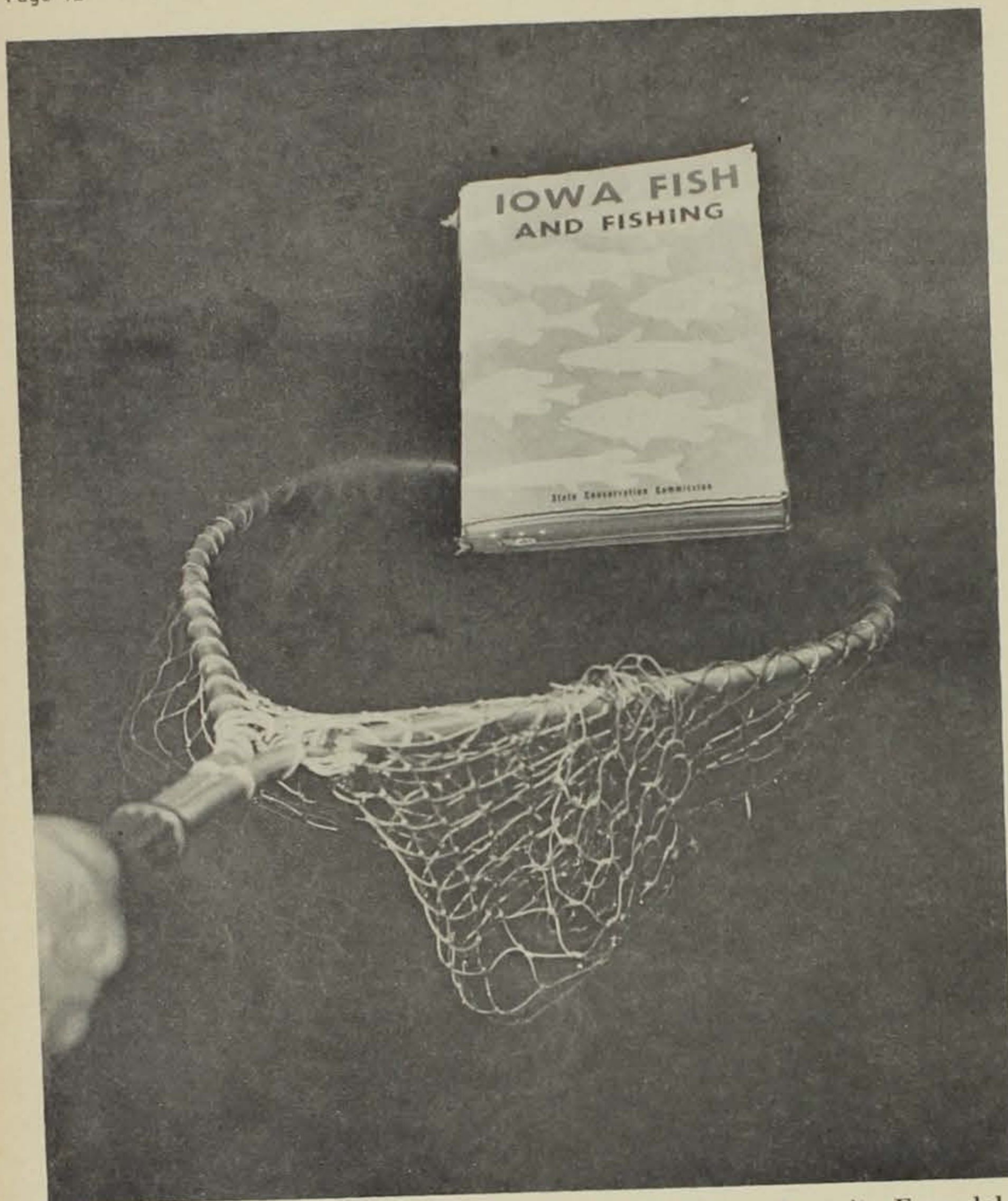
Here is a sure-fire rib sticker. After the dough has raised the first time, pinch off pieces of dough and pull it out into flat little buns. Deep fat fry them like donuts. Roll them in sugar and cinnamon or eat them with honey, syrup, jelly or butter. This recipe will make quite a few loaves of bread. However, if you start making rolls, coffee cake, cinnamon rolls and fried bread, you may have to make a double batch! One thing for sure the hugs and kisses will make it well worth the time.

New Commission Chairman



Earl Jarvis of Wilton Junction (left) is the new chairman of the Iowa Conservation Commission. He is being congratulated by Dr. Keith McNurlen of Ames, the past chairman, while William E. Noble of Oelwein, new vice chairman,

looks on. Jarvis had just presented McNurlen with a special plaque for his service as chairman during the past year. A gavel and badge were affixed to the plaque.



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