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IOWA'S SHANTYTOWN FISHERMEN

CALLING FOXES TO DINNER

By John Madson
Education Assistant

Like all hunters, the wild dogs that live around us are suckers for a hot meal. Especially in the winter, when menu items such as chipmunks, ground squirrels and mice have gone into retirement. By late December and January a fox gets a little hollow in the flanks. And that's the time to call him to dinner.

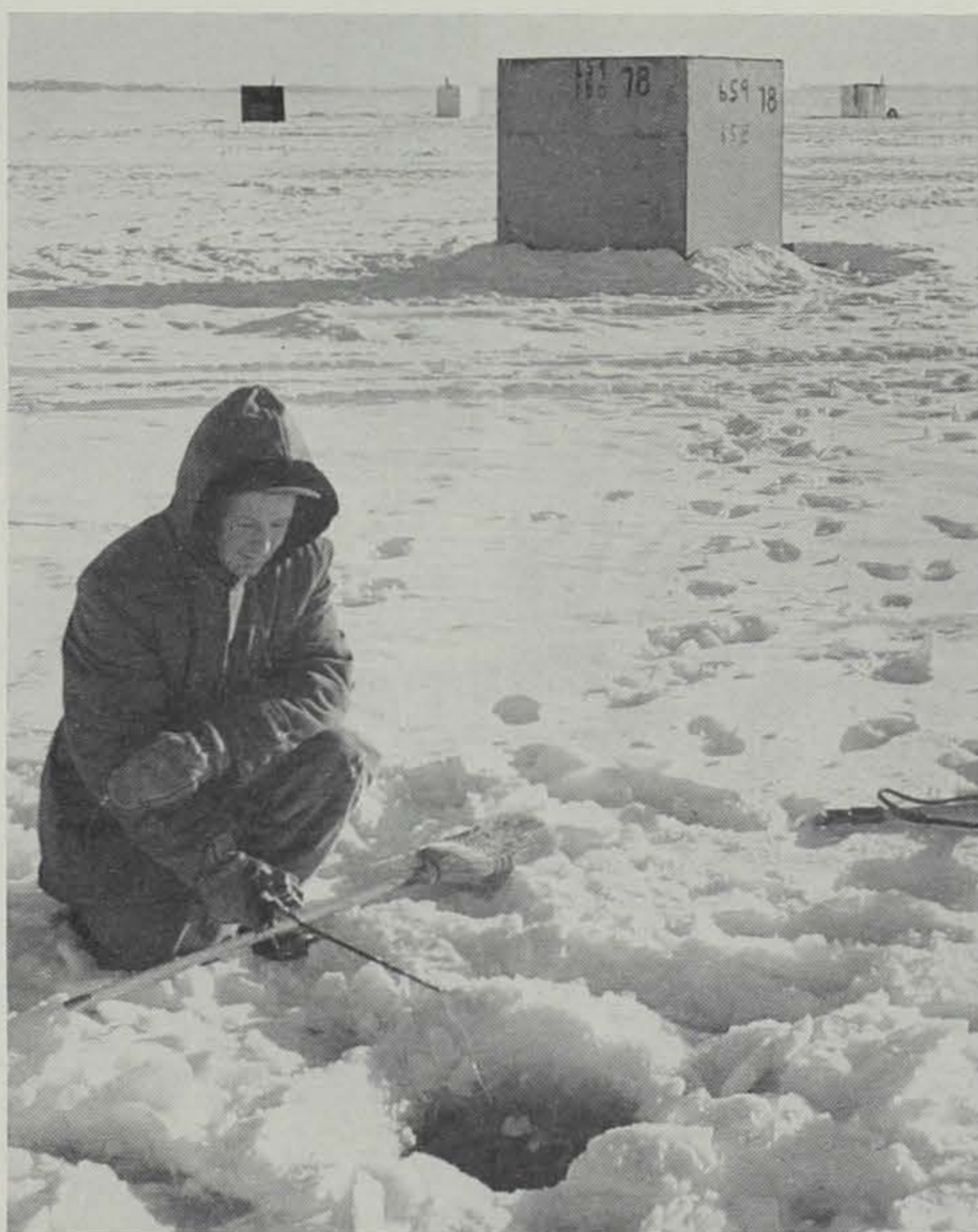
This special invitation is issued with a small whistle that is supposed to imitate a rabbit in bad trouble, such as being caught by a fox or a fence. Usually made of plastic, wood or bone, these predator calls are fitted with brass reeds that give vent to hysterical squeals when you blow through the mouthpiece. Several types of calls are used, some pitched high to resemble cottontails, and others pitched lower to simulate jackrabbits for coyote hunting. These distressed "rabbits" will sharpen a fox's appetite and curiosity, often for the last time.

When a Winterset hunter dropped in the other day the conversation got around to fox calling. It turned out that he had used a call for several months with interesting results. A great horned owl had knocked his hat off and he once had turned to see a red fox dancing on its hind legs about 50 feet away. He has called up 18 foxes with the predator call and has killed five.

The secret of calling foxes to dinner is to make them hear it. The best calls are loud and piercing, and can be heard at great distances. Some calls, under ideal conditions, can be heard a mile away by a man. They can be heard much farther than that by a fox or coyote. Like most wild hunters, a fox's hearing is extremely sharp.

For fox-calling, choose an area that is inhabited by foxes, and most areas are. Approach the place with great care, for 90 per cent of your luck will depend on the si-

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Doing it the hard way; ice-fishing in the open can be a cruel sport. In the shanty there are men in their shirt sleeves, enjoying coffee, pipes and tall stories.

Jim Sherman Photo.

NORTH AMERICAN FISH POLICY

A revision of the North American Fish Policy, adopted by American Fisheries Society, September, 1954.

To strengthen the purposes and to achieve the objectives of the American Fisheries Society, the following policy is adopted:

I. State, National, and International Relations. The individual states should be responsible for the administration and management of the fisheries within their respective boundaries and should perform, by agreements, these functions for interstate fisheries.

The federal governments, in addition to fulfilling their responsibilities for the administration of laws pertaining to national, territorial, and international fisheries, should collect and disseminate information on fisheries and should serve in an advisory capacity to the states and provinces on fishery problems.

Where two or more nations share a fishery, rational management should be secured by means of a multilateral approach and in-

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By John Madson
Education Assistant

It's 15 degrees below zero, too cold for you to be walking across the big lake in such a wind. The blowing snow stands knee-high above the ice, and the heavy coat that was so warm in November seems like wet muslin now.

Spirit Lake is always big, but it gets bigger when you walk across it in early January against a rising gale and there's 47 degrees of frost. The wind on your unprotected face sickens you, and as you look ahead at the drab little cluster of ice-fishing shanties, you arrive at a firm conclusion. Ice fishermen . . . all ice fishermen . . . are a little tilted in the rafters. If not just plain crazy.

Then you're standing by one of the shanties, looking at the fish by the door. Two walleyes and a northern, frozen white and as stiff as cordwood. One of the walleyes will go about five pounds. You beat on the door a couple of times and it opens a crack, letting out a billow of steam. A man tells you to come in, and quick.

At first you're blind, still seeing the glare of ice and snow. But you can smell onion soup and coffee, and when one of the men thrusts a cup in your hand you don't argue. Outside the wind still shrieks over 5,000 acres of ice, but in here it's dark and warm and the two fishermen, priming themselves with black coffee and cigars, are in their shirt sleeves.

In the corner is a small oil stove, working overtime to keep out the winter. You are standing on a wooden floor about six feet long and four feet wide, raised a few inches above the ice and covered with old carpet. There are no windows in the shack and it is nearly dark except for a greenish glow coming from the center of the floor where a hole about two feet by four is cut through the floor and down through 20 inches of clear ice. You can look down into three fathoms of clear water and see every detail of the rock reef below. Dangling from light

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Help Fight TB



Buy Christmas Seals

YOUR BOY AND THE CHRISTMAS GUN

Sooner or later, the parents of most boys are caught between two fires: a boy, longing for a gun of his own, and the reports of hunting accidents in the newspapers. These parents can't help worrying about the accidents, and whether their sons are really old enough for a gun.

The proper age to own that first gun is a tough thing to say. Some boys are ready at 12; some are never ready. Most boys of 14, however, are just about old enough for their own .22's. But more important than age is the boy's common

sense and sense of responsibility. For instance:

1. Does he show good judgment? Does he make sensible decisions and use his head in most situations?

2. Is he responsible? Does he show respect for other persons and their property? Does he handle money well, carry on his share of work around the house? Can he be depended upon?

3. Is he obedient? Does he mind his parents and follow their instructions and advice? Does he respect their wishes, even though they conflict with his companions' ideas?

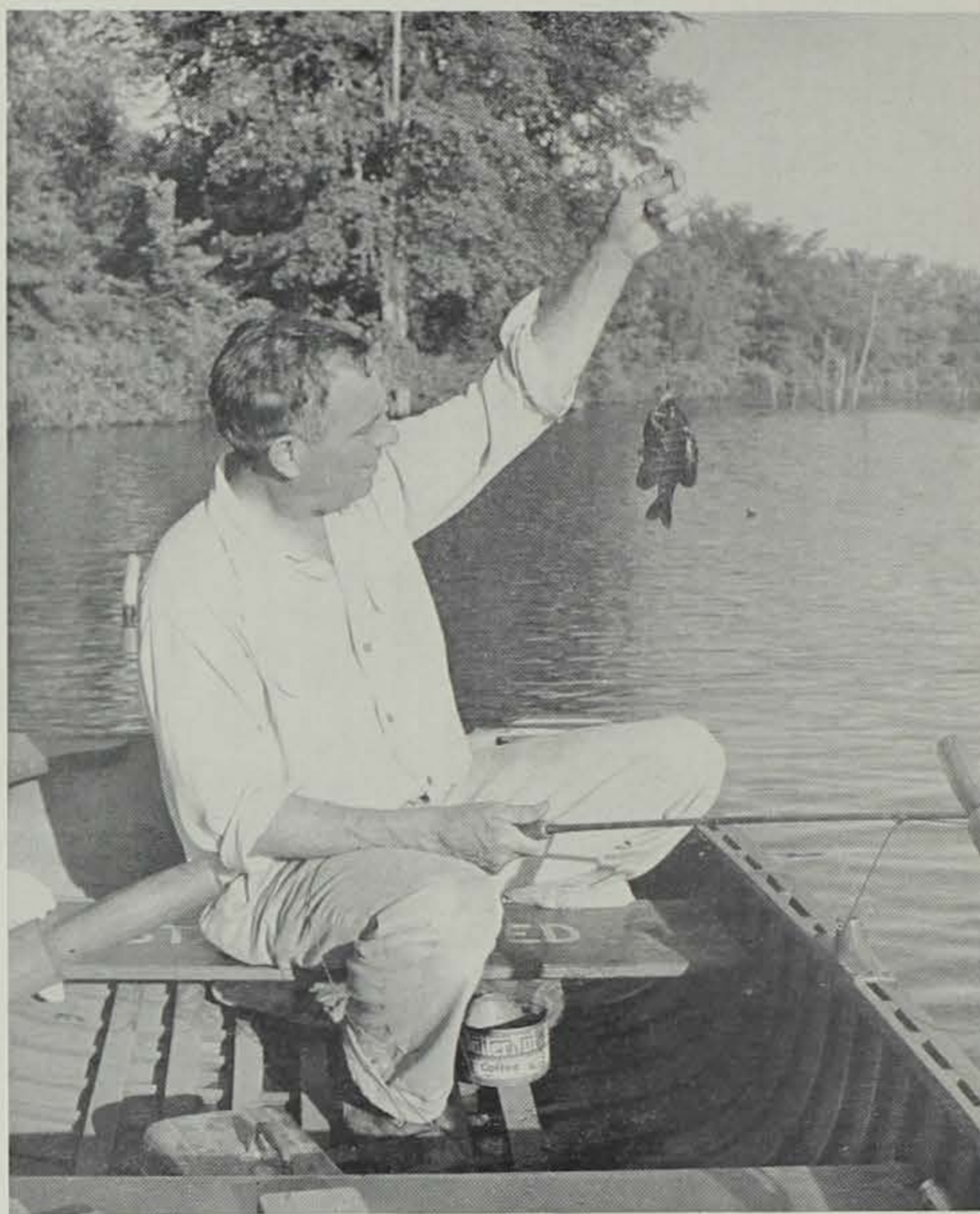
4. Does he know what a gun is? Does his attitude toward firearms point to a maturing, sensible view, or is he still in the cowboy and Indian stage?

5. Has he ever handled a gun, either with his parents or with other adults? If he has no shooting experience, are you prepared to see that he gets some from a shooter that knows his business?

A boy shouldn't be given a gun and then, like Topsy, "just grow." He may learn gun safety the tragic way. He should be carefully schooled by an adult, experienced hunter and taught guns, gun handling and respect for the safety and property of others. A youngster should never be handed a gun and then turned loose like a wild colt.

Before a boy has his own gun, it's a good idea to take him hunting a few times, making him more familiar with guns and their use. If the boy has never been hunting or shooting and you still think he should learn with his own gun, give him his own gun. But take just the one gun along, or have him carry his gun unloaded until you're ready for shooting. Until he really knows guns and their proper use, don't let him go shooting alone or with other boys.

Sometimes the boy who wants a gun has a non-shooter father. In



Jim Sherman Photo.
If bluegills were protected like sacred cows, they could overcrowd lakes, starving themselves and other fishes.

SACRED COWS OR BUM STEERS?

By today's usage, the term "sacred cow" is used to denote something inviolate or which cannot be altered despite the necessity for a change. A sacred cow describes pet or favorite theories or belongings which, because of their spon-

such a case, perhaps the boy can be instructed by an older brother, an uncle, or a neighbor who knows gun-handling and knows it well. If the father is a sportsman, the situation is ideal—a father-son hunting team is a fine partnership, and both boy and man will learn a lot.

Forbidding a boy the use of guns only compounds the danger of firearms. If the boy is gun-happy he'll probably be out along the river with some other boys shooting, and it's best that he knows what it's all about. Every boy should have some gun training, and it's a rare boy who doesn't want it. Sooner or later, as boy or man, he'll be handling a loaded gun. How well he handles it depends on his parents, his early shooting companions, and his gun training.

Finding that first rifle under the Christmas tree can be one of life's big moments—to the lucky boy, and the dad who gave the rifle to him, we send our heartiest Christmas greetings and best wishes for a lifetime of sport and safe shooting.—J.M.

sorship by highly-placed people, cannot be altered.

Biologists in the field of wildlife conservation often encounter such sacred cows, many of which turn out to be "bum steers."

Not so long ago, most fishermen thought little 'uns should be thrown back in order that they might grow. In fact, size limits were written into fishing regulations. This sacred cow was proven a bum steer, however, right here in Tennessee.

Now, it is recognized nationally that some little fish must be removed to permit those remaining to grow into mature size.

It is difficult for some sportsmen to realize this fact, though, just as it is difficult for others to realize that most species of fish need no protection during the spawning period because of their prolific breeding habits. A closed season was a sacred cow.

Similarly, many states found that doe deer were sacred cows—sportsmen would not permit them to be shot. The obstacle was overcome, however, when the public began to realize some starving deer herds had to be reduced in numbers and only by taking females could this be accomplished.

The foregoing leads up to a point. Research into the many mysteries of wildlife conservation is a prime necessity, and when a sacred cow is discovered to be a bum steer, it should, in the public interest, be discarded.—Tennessee Conservationist.



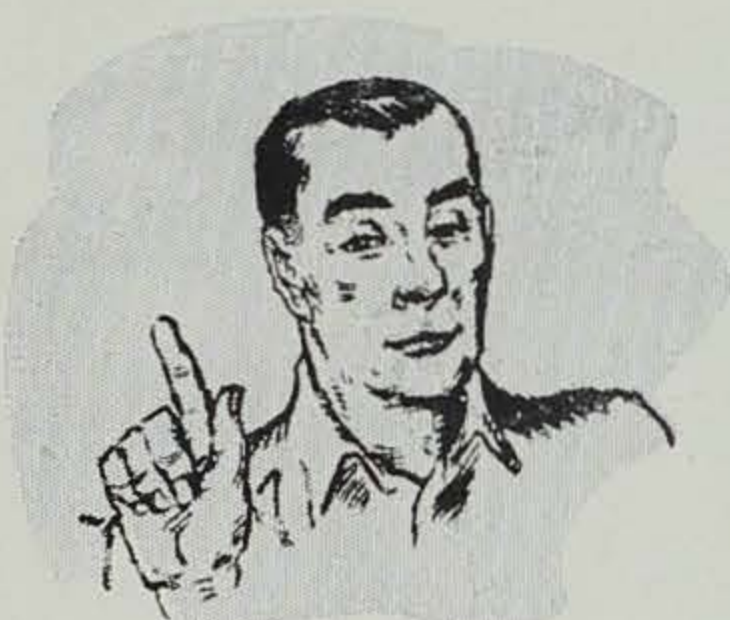
Jim Sherman Photo.
Your boy probably wants a Christmas gun, but are both you and he ready for it?

MOST FARMERS AGREE ON HUNTERS

Here's what they told the Wallace-Homestead Poll:



Six per cent say "Go ahead and hunt!"



Seventy-six per cent say "It's O.K. to hunt, but ask me first."

In addition to the colder weather and corn picking, the fall months bring hunters to many Corn Belt farms.

Farmers know what the hunting season means: Lots of city hunters on opening day and on week ends. Some of them are courteous and considerate. Some are inconsiderate, even destructive.

How do farmers feel about the annual invasion by hunters? The Wallace-Homestead Poll asked a representative sample of Iowa farmers this question:

"The hunting season finds thousands of people tramping through fields and woods on Iowa farms. How do you feel about hunters using your farm?" Check the answer closest to your opinion:

1. I don't care if they hunt on my place. They are welcome 6%
2. I don't mind their hunting. I want them to ask permission first.....76%
3. I would rather people did not hunt on my place. It is too dangerous, and they are careless of gates and fences.....13%
4. I absolutely forbid hunting on my place..... 5%

Four out of five farmers are willing to let hunters on their farms. But nearly all of these specified "Ask permission first."

Less than one in five (18 per cent) refused to allow hunting on their farms.

Note that 76 per cent, about three out of four farmers, would allow hunting, provided permission was asked.

Most farmers want to know who is hunting on their place. A Mar-

shall County, Iowa, farmer volunteered "I get pretty tired of the way hunters take possession of my fields without ever asking permission."

Speaking for the majority was a Kossuth County farmer who said "If people will ask permission to hunt, it is okay. But I am against city people going on to a farm without asking."

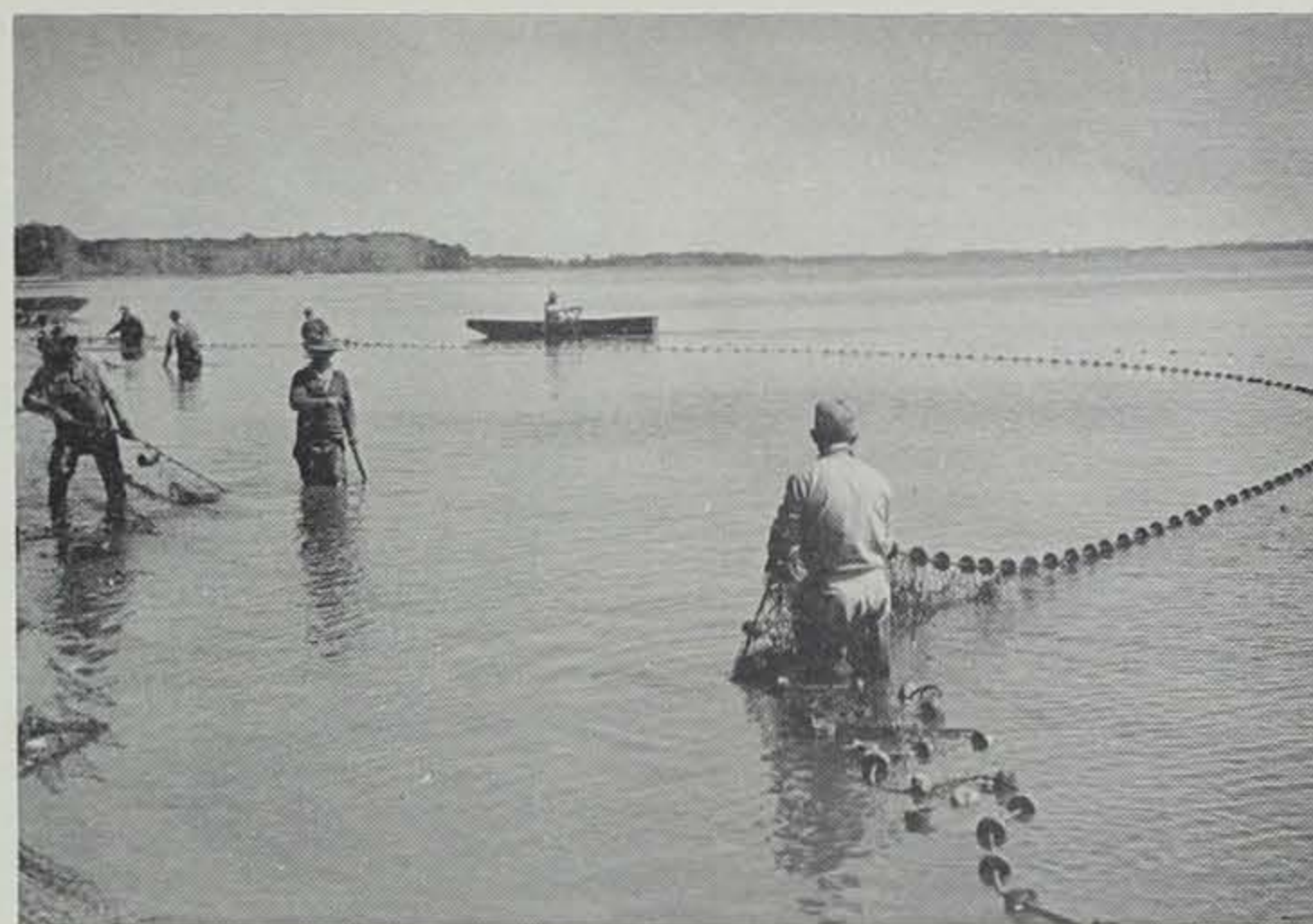
City hunters may wonder why farmers insist on their asking permission first. But farmers want to know who is doing the hunting and who is responsible for any damage that may be done.

Possible damage to fences and livestock worried many farmers. A Mahaska County farmer declared: "I wouldn't mind them hunting on my place if they would just shoot at pheasants and not at cats and chickens and ducks."

A Kossuth County farmer gave his reasons for refusing permission to hunt. "I let absolutely no one hunt on my farm. Had two fat cattle killed the same year, and no one reported to me that they killed them. When found, they could not be used for meat. Let city people keep off the farms."

And an older Mahaska County farmer had this comment about hunters: "Some people never get out with a gun only in pheasant season and don't know how to handle one."

But most farmers agreed with the Iowa County farm owner who said, "I don't care if they hunt as long as they don't destroy anything and close the gates."—Wallaces' Farmer and Iowa Homestead.



Jim Sherman Photo.

In just two seine hauls like this, 60 acres of Five Island Lake were covered and hundreds of big walleyes examined and released.

In two hauls with a seine in Lower Five-Island Lake, a state crew recently brought up 402 walleyed pike weighing from three to seven pounds and 304 northern pike weighing four to 11 pounds.

This phenomenal haul, showing one of the highest game fish counts per acre anywhere, left even crew members surprised.

Gar Harker, fisheries supervisor for Area One, said 60 acres of water were seined in the two draws. A high northern population is conceded in any lake if the northern average one to an acre; here they averaged six to an acre

and the fish were large.

The heavy walleye population was equally surprising, no one, not even fisheries men, expecting so many lunker walleyes to show up in the net.

"The best of seine checks of this kind are considered not more than 50 per cent efficient," Harker said. "So it can be safely assumed there are many more walleyes in the area tested than we exposed to view. Storm Lake and Blackhawk Lake are rated with big walleye populations but they don't compare with the survey made here."—Emmetsburg Democrat.



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Thirteen per cent say "No... it's too dangerous."



Five per cent say "No! Absolutely no hunting!"

PRESERVING THE QUALITY OF HUNTING AND FISHING

By Dr. A. Starker Leopold
Museum of Vertebrate Zoology
University of California

(Excerpts from a talk delivered to the Associated Sportsmen of California.)

A modern wildlife program is a complicated blend of legal machinery and field operations designed to increase the allowable take of fish and game per license buyer. The ostensible objective therefore is primarily *quantitative*. But in the process of trying to provide a bigger bag for the sportsmen we may be eroding away some esthetic values of the sport we wish to perpetuate. It is appropriate, I think, for us periodically to appraise our endeavors in terms beyond the obvious matter of increasing the kill. For the *qualitative* aspects of our problem may be of equal significance.

Let us start by exploring what it is we are trying to preserve. Hunting and fishing are vigorous, wholesome, outdoor sports. They offer a welcome and perhaps even necessary break from the routine of urban living. But there are dozens of other vigorous, wholesome, outdoor sports that collectively do not attract the clientele of hunting alone, or of fishing alone. These two avocations have been shown by Arthur Carhart and others to be by far the most popular of all outdoor pursuits. We can safely assume that there is more to this attractiveness than merely the opportunity to get out of town.

Nearly twenty years ago I cut out of *Field and Stream* an editorial by that crusty old sportsman, Archibald Rutledge, which expresses for me some of the essential elements that attract hunters and fishermen. He wrote:

"When you hie yourself into the wilderness with your rod or gun you are playing a game; and in this game your antagonist is not the wild creature you are after. He is the prize. You have many antagonists to overcome before you win that prize; your own weakness of will, your inclination to give up, adverse conditions of weather and of terrain, a run of bad luck. . . . In brief, your two main opponents are wild nature and yourself.

"A returning sportsman brings home more than dinner for his family and trophies for his den; he brings home a body toughened by hardy exercise and disciplined by following the rules of an ancient and exacting game. . . . He has recaptured in the wilds something of the spirit and strength of his boyhood.

"Oh, I know that the sentimentalists say these same beneficent effects can be had by hiking. I would not say anything against hiking, but it is as much like hunting and fishing as a mother-in-law's kiss is like a bride's. You simply cannot classify them together." (*Field and Stream*, October, 1936).



Quality of hunting means more than the quantity of game. Many hunters are blinded by bag limits and fail to see the real beauty of the sport.

In short, the sort of outdoor sport that we know, love, and are trying to perpetuate involves a strong *spiritual and emotional* experience. It is a test of skill and ability, a rigorous exercise in woodlore. It is not limited to the physical experience of shooting some animal or hauling in a fish.

I have the strong feeling that we are losing track of this ethical value in our preoccupation with supplying targets for the growing army of sportsmen. Having game in the fields and fish in the waters is indeed prerequisite to maintaining hunting and fishing. But I assert that this goal in itself does not represent the successful culmination of a wildlife program. The flavor of the hunt itself must be preserved. And some of the methods now used for increasing wildlife stocks are completely changing the nature and the flavor of outdoor sport.

The most obvious example is the stocking of artificially raised fish and game on a put-and-take basis. The justification for such operations is that it adds something in the bag. And something in the bag is taken as the measure of success. Let me dispose of this concept first by presenting some extreme, and perhaps ridiculous, cases.

A disappointed pheasant hunter returning home through the Sacramento Valley will see signs along the road advertising pheasants for sale. He can purchase a live rooster and ring its neck. If realism at home is desired he can tie it to a post, back off 40 yards, and invest the bird with some number six shot. Or if he is a real sport he can have his companion liberate the bird in an adjoining field and try to shoot it on the wing—a procedure which gives rise to the annual crop of jokes about those who miss. These alternate procedures put something in the bag, but no one would assert that there is any

sport value.

In exactly the same way, a trout fisherman with empty basket can find in California many ponds well stocked with hatchery fish which are available for "catching" at 50 cents apiece. Filling a creel with these hapless organisms does not constitute fishing.

Merely hauling home some bodies, therefore, is no measure at all of whether the sportsman had a good day afield.

It is not a far step from the above examples to the pursuit of artificial game and fish liberated to supply "sport" in areas incapable of supporting wild populations. Catchable trout poured into the San Gabriel River on Friday to be jerked out on Saturday (or at least before the water dries up) is a parody, a take-off on true sport. So also is the liberation of pheasants on the San Joaquin plains to be shot before they perish naturally. This sort of outdoor entertainment is the "mother-in-law's kiss" indeed. Like midget golf, it is a bad substitute for the real thing. I admit genuine sympathy for the southern sportsmen who do not have pheasants and trout at their doorsteps but it does not seem to me a public responsibility to supply them, especially when the results in terms of sport are so unsatisfactory. By the same token northern sportsmen might demand artificial chukar shooting or marlin fishing. A public wildlife program carried very far along these lines would mark a sad end for the much-discussed sportsman's dollar.

Artificial stocking to augment a natural or wild crop is one more step removed from the ridiculous, but it still falls far short of the sublime. A fisherman may brag in the office Monday morning about the limit of trout he took, but the inner feeling regarding his exploit will be clouded if the trophies were

obtained by following the tank truck. Or our friend the pheasant hunter who brings home a scraggle-tailed, banded bird, that he knows full well is fresh out of a box, will not class this day with the occasion when he and his dog overtook a fine wild cock. I admit, both of these men may accept artificial trophies rather than go home skunked, and both may continue to vote with fellow sportsmen petitioning the Fish and Game Department to release more trout and pheasants respectively. But it is a mistake to assume that they do not recognize the difference in sport value between wild and artificial quarries. And I am not sure that we are doing these men a favor to offer them degraded sport merely to build up the take-home load. Liberated animals add meat to the ice box but they are not trophies representing achievement or skill. Falling back on Mr. Rutledge's definition of sport, we are trying to offer the "prize" to every license buyer without effort, application, or in the end, satisfaction on his part. And it is these which have real value to the outdoorsman.

Pulling together the thoughts so far presented, I am of the opinion that out-and-out artificial hunting and fishing are not worth the money it takes to support them, and that is considerable. They are "ersatz" sport, not the thing Fish and Game Commissions were created to maintain.

Here's a hunting story that will stand as tops for the season, at least until a better one comes along . . .

When Norman Whiting of Whiting went pheasant hunting the other day, he took his wife Mary along. She doesn't hunt but, as she puts it, "I bird dog for Norm."

Well, Norm jumped a pheasant in a corn field and took a shot, and the bird dropped on a nearby road. Mary ran to retrieve the pheasant and as she reached the road she looked up to see another pheasant not 10 feet from her.

It was out of her husband's range and, strictly in jest, Mary raised her arm, cocked her thumb and said, "Bang! Bang!"

To her amazement—and even more to that of other hunters in the field—the bird plopped to the ground. Mary quickly realized that the pheasant had flown, full speed, into a power line.

Let Mrs. Whiting tell the rest of the story . . . "I dove for the pheasant, whereupon he came back to life and started determinedly to get away. Then the other bird decided to come to life, too.

"So I had two handfuls of wildly fighting game birds. They scratched my legs and suddenly I had a complete lack of interest in the whole thing. Anyway, they are in the locker now and my husband treats me with proper caution. After all, all I'd have to do would be to point my finger . . ."

—Des Moines Tribune.



The pheasant diary. When these eggs were laid, incubated and hatched, it was recorded in ink. Iowa State College Photo.

A DIARY FOR HEN PHEASANTS

Iowa wildlife men may be opening up the biggest bottleneck in our own pheasant production.

This bottleneck, the modern power mower, is the pheasants' deadliest enemy in our primary pheasant range. Pheasant hens, setting tightly on hayfield nests, hesitate a moment before they fly from the deadly power blades, and in that moment they are lost. Eggs, chicks or nest may be destroyed, but even more important is the hen that is killed and cannot re-nest.

There are only two solutions to this slaughter: frighten the hen from the nest before the blades reach her or cut the hay when the hen pheasants aren't there.

A flushing bar or similar device is a partial answer. Mounted ahead of the mower on the tractor, such devices frighten hens from their nests and can reduce hen mortality as much as 40 per cent. Until last summer there was no second solution—we didn't know when the hen was on her nest or away from it. We knew very little of her daily movements and activities.

But now the hen will be keeping a daily diary, and we'll find out a few things about her daily life.

Last summer Dr. Ed Kozicky and his students of the Wildlife Cooperative Research Unit at Iowa State College worked up a device to record daily pheasant activities. They began with a recording thermograph, an instrument used to record temperatures over a 24-hour period. Operated by a thermostat and a 6-volt battery, changes in temperature are recorded in red ink on a paper disk that revolves once in 24 hours.

Kozicky had the thermostat assembly of the instrument lifted out and replaced by a magnetic coil. A microswitch, activated by a metal trigger bar, was driven into the ground beside a pheasant nest and

connected to the recording instrument by about 20 feet of wire. The metal trigger bar extended over the edge of the nest and could be pressed down by two ounces of pressure, and evidently didn't bother the hens in the slightest.

As the hen pheasant settles down on her nest she depresses this trigger, activates the microswitch, and causes the little pen in the converted thermograph to jump, making a record on the revolving disk. The thermograph and battery were located in a weather-proof housing about 20 feet from the nest. Every time the hen left the nest (allowing the trigger to spring up), or set on the nest (depressing the trigger), the event was recorded and could be read within two minute accuracy in a 24-hour period!

Most of last summer was used in field-testing the new instruments. The scientists didn't gather much information but what they learned was interesting. From a few tests, for example, they learned that the hens left their nests during early morning and mid-afternoon.

They learned other things too—they found two nests that had been destroyed by predators and the activity recorders showed that the destruction had been at 10:00 p.m. This rules out crows. The recorder may be helpful in showing at what time of day the nests are destroyed by predators, which in turn will indicate what kind of predators destroyed them.

This daily diary will also show how a hen pheasant and her nesting habits are influenced by rain, heat, hail or other weather conditions. It will also show whether a pheasant tends to move out of a hayfield when a mower comes in, or rushes to her nest to "defend" it.

Kozicky's device is the best so far—rugged, compact and accurate. It's not a new idea, this daily activity timer, but it is a new in-

strument. There is now work going on in England studying the daily movements of partridge, for the British have mowing problems too.

Activity recorders will teach us a lot of things about pheasants. Some of the purely biological findings that do not seem important to the average hunter or farmer may end up being more valuable than those we now consider most important.

Right now the most important thing is to be able to tell a farmer, with confidence, that he will kill a minimum number of hen pheasants if he mows fields only during a certain part of the day. Mowing at this time, especially with the use of a flushing bar, could smash our pheasant production bottleneck and give us bumper crops of birds in normal years.—J.M.

ICE FISHING REGULATIONS

During the 1954-55 winter fishing season, fishermen using fishing shelters are required to post their names and addresses on the doors of their shelters. Their shelter permits may be used for this purpose, varnished or lacquered to protect them from weather. Another new regulation prohibits the use of inside locks, and fishermen may not lock their shelters from the inside while in use.

A free permit is required for each ice-fishing shelter erected on state-owned waters. These structures must be substantially built and permits will not be issued for shelters made from old automobile bodies or for cardboard or paper boxes which will blow away or be badly damaged by wind. Each shelter must bear its permit number, painted in numerals at least 6 inches high and in a color contrasting with the background, on

all sides of the shelter. All old permit numbers on the shelters should be painted out.

A current fishing license must be held by all ice fishermen and no more than two lines may be used by each license holder.

Free ice-fishing permits may be obtained from:

Paul Shuck, lake patrolman of Lake Okoboji for Lake Okoboji, East Okoboji, Spirit Lake and adjacent small areas, and Silver Lake in Dickinson County.

Erwin Graettinger, lake patrolman at Clear Lake, for Clear Lake and immediate vicinity.

Harold Johnson, conservation officer at Estherville, for Five Island, Lost Island, Ingham and High Lakes, and other areas in that immediate vicinity.

Frank Starr, conservation officer at Storm Lake, for Storm Lake and immediate vicinity.

W. E. Ayers, conservation officer at Goodell, for Lake Cornelia and other lakes in that vicinity.

Permits for all other lakes will be issued through the Conservation Commission offices in Des Moines. Anyone wishing to have fishing shelters on more than one lake must have a permit for each individual shelter on each lake.

The following game fish may be taken through February 15: walleye pike, silver bass, northern pike, smallmouth and largemouth bass, and rock bass. The daily catch limit of walleye pike, smallmouth and largemouth bass is five, with a possession limit of 10. Daily catch limit for northern pike is four, with a possession of eight. Daily catch limit for silver bass and rock bass is 15, with a possession limit of 30.

There is a continuous open season on crappie, yellow bass, warmouth bass, sunfish, bluegill and perch. The daily catch limit for these species is 15, with a possession limit of 30.



There's a continuous open season on Iowa perch. These fish, frozen solidly in January's deep freeze, can be cleaned in seconds. Jim Sherman Photo.



A smallmouth bass is an ice-fishing bonus. Nearly all winter fishing is done for yellow perch, walleyes and northern pike. Jim Sherman Photo.

Shantytown . . .

(Continued from page 89)

lines about five feet above the rocks is a pair of live minnows, hooked through the backs. When a lone perch comes loafing by, it's like watching a fish in an aquarium.

"How's it going?" you ask.

"You saw 'em outside—two walleyes and a northern."

"Good fish, too."

"Why, thanks. Have another cup."

It's 15 below outside, and blowing a gale. In here it's about 60 degrees and the little stove cracks and roars to keep it that way. The men are dressed in wool shirts and heavy pants, and their coats hang on the walls beside some calendar pinup girls.

You talk ice-fishing a little longer, and have another cup of coffee. (You're taking a creel census for the Conservation Commission, and drinking coffee and sitting by a hot stove is good public relations.) But going back outside is like pulling teeth.

Halfway to the next shanty lies something covered with a tarp. From beneath the canvas is thrust a pair of flight boots, but there is no movement, and you remember old photographs of wounded Russian soldiers lying on Finland's Lake Ladoga.

"How's it going?" No movement.

"Any fish moving?" Still no movement.

"Hey! You all right under there?"

A corner of the tarp is raised and a face, muffled with stocking cap and scarf, scowls out.

"I was all right! I had a big northern working my chub until you came stomping along!" The tarp is pulled down angrily, and you're left standing alone in the wind on your two big, flat feet.

That's ice fishing in Iowa's polar

regions . . . the clear lakes in the northern and northwestern part of the state. From the time the ice freezes thick enough to support men and cars, the clans gather in their little packing-case shacks to catch big fish and drink strong coffee. From about mid-December until early January our ice-fishermen work at one of Iowa's newest and most colorful sports.

It was in 1950 that ice-fishing was first opened on Iowa lakes. It is almost entirely confined to the big walleye-perch-northern pike waters, because these seem to be the only major fish interested in winter feeding. Spirit Lake, the Okobojis, Clear Lake and Storm Lake are the hot spots in a cold sport.

But it's not such a cold sport at that. Ice fishing shacks break the wind and every good shack has a small oil or gas stove with fuel tanks outside. Some of these shacks are portable clubrooms with overstuffed chairs, interesting pinups, and maybe even bunks.

The big thing in ice-fishing is to go well-equipped. You can't wear too many clothes. Like duck hunting, it's a sedentary sport, and most of the time you'll be sitting still. If you have too many clothes you can always peel some off, but you can't put them on if you don't have them. Wear plenty of wool, and if you have them, down-filled jackets and vests. Up around Spirit Lake you'll see heavy parkas, and maybe alpaca or sheep-lined flight pants and coats. The boys up there prefer shoe-pacs or short boots of the insulated variety, or war-surplus flight boots worn over heavy socks. For the average pocketbook, heavy war-surplus flight clothes or navy "dirty weather" gear is good. By all means wear heavy mittens and plenty of ear covering. The best ice-fishing is in the coldest part of Iowa. Once you're in the shanty and have the stove going you're

O.K., but before that it can be rugged.

Ice-fishing is of two types: fishing from shacks and fishing in the open. The shacks are the most fun . . . in your shirt sleeves you can clearly watch hundreds of fish swim by your baits, and now and then you'll catch one. During the peak of the season the ice fishermen beat paths to each other's doors; drinking coffee, scrounging pipe tobacco, and exchanging lies. These little shantytowns are colorful, congenial and filled with an atmosphere that's lacking in most conventional cities.

On the other hand, you have the strong characters that just fish in the open. They'll spread out a tarp on the ice and lie on it, so heavily dressed that they can hardly move. Then they spread another canvas over them to seal out wind and light and drop their bait through a small hole in the ice. These fishermen usually have the best luck if they stick to it. From a fish-eye view, holes chiseled in the ice present a black pattern on the sunlit crust of the lake. The holes beneath the shacks are usually large, and some fish shy away from them. The holes chiseled by the open-ice fishermen are smaller and less alarming. Last winter two Spirit Lake fishermen caught a walleye so big that it couldn't be landed through the spud-hole in the open ice. While one fisherman fought the fish his friend enlarged the hole with an ice chisel. That walleye weighed six pounds.

Favorite baits are minnows and chubs, which will take perch, walleyes and northern. Another fine bait is the larvae of wood borers, which can be found by stripping bark off dead logs and trees. Some fishermen catch perch on almost anything, even using cranberries.

You won't see many artificial lures used in our ice-fishing, although they are widely used in other northern states. But some

Iowa anglers have good luck on metal lures. The commercial *Super-Duper* in the smaller sizes are good, and here's an interesting rig made from a double hook and a pearl button:

A button is slipped up between the shanks of the hooks and some fine wire is run through the buttonholes and around the hook shanks. Fasten the wire to the hooks with a drop of hot solder, which also acts as a weight. Such artificial lures are fished by dropping them in the hole and letting them sink in a falling-leaf motion that is attractive to walleyes. Sometimes the lure is simply jigged up and down at the desired depth by raising it a couple of feet, letting it fall, and then repeating the motion.

One advantage of winter fishing is the ease in cleaning fish. Throw a walleye outside and it's frozen solid in 15 minutes. To clean the fish you simply cut out the dorsal fin and then run a sharp knife around the head of the frozen fish and get a flap of skin started. The skin will then peel off in a crisp sheet and the innards will come with it. If the fish is frozen solid it will shuck clean and easily, with no muss or fuss. A good man can completely clean a frozen walleye in about 20 seconds.

There are big fish to be caught during December. Two years ago a 11½ pound walleye was taken from under the ice of Spirit Lake on a large minnow. Last winter a 17-pound northern was taken from West Okoboji. Frank Starr, conservation officer at Storm Lake, reported several hundred walleyes taken last winter, including some weighing 10 and 12 pounds. Funny thing about Storm Lake: as excellent as the ice-fishing was there last winter, most of the anglers headed for Spirit and Okoboji, leaving Storm Lake to just a handful of lucky fishermen.

Earl Rose, the fisheries biologist

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One of our winter lake "shantytowns." Each year about 800 shelter permits are issued to ice fishermen, who build their towns in the best perch, walleye fishing areas. Jim Sherman Photo.



Sharp-eyed and motionless, the fox caller watches the open country before him. His gun is a high-velocity "varmint" rifle, safe to use in settled country because the bullets break up on impact.

Foxes . . .

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lence of your arrival and whether there are foxes there to hear you. There should be no wind to muffle the call, for you'll want as much range as possible.

A. L. Lindsey, a game-call maker and the dean of Texas fox-callers, recommends taking a comfortable position, slightly hidden if possible, and then blowing seven or eight piercing squeals, each squeal sustained for about a second. Make them rapid and close together, as if a rabbit had sat down in a gopher trap. Then wait eight or 10 seconds and repeat. Wait 20 or 30 seconds and repeat again. Then blow this series of calls once more, and wait for a half-minute. If there's a fox within earshot he may be hunting you now, so don't overplay your hand. Wait three or four minutes and then blow the call in a subdued manner for a few short, agonized blasts. Do this every minute or two for about 10 minutes. If you see a fox sneaking in but he's still out of range and acts wary, try a few faint squeals, muffling the call with your hand. That will usually do the trick.

Lindsey advocates hunting one "set" for about 20 minutes, and if nothing happens, moves on. But keep a sharp eye out when you stand up! Our Winterset friend lost most of his foxes just as he stood up to leave and was off guard.

While you're calling, don't be looking around the landscape. Keep the call at your mouth and don't raise or lower your arm. If you must move your head, do so with painful slowness—if there's a fox working your call he may be at your elbow before you see him and any sharp movement will flush him before you can get a shot. That's why it's better to hunt with a companion, sitting back to back so you can cover all directions. Some Iowa hunters claim that the ideal place to call foxes is in the center of a field where they can't sneak up unseen. In heavy cover a fox may stalk a call almost catlike, looking things over and then getting away without being seen. Someone has suggested a portable blind made of heavy wire and burlap sacking that could be set up in a field. It's an idea—

According to the experts, foxes may be called day or night, winter or summer. The best calling times are from dawn to 9 a.m., and from late afternoon until dark. Night calling is said to be deadly, but offers problems in lighting and accurate shooting. The best time is probably daylight, when you can see what you're calling and shooting. Game-callers say that foxes and coyotes can be called at all seasons but somehow it seems most logical to call them in the winter. Tracks in the snow will show if foxes have been working an area, and the vegetation is thin

enough to see them easily. January and February should be especially good, for foxes are mating and can be called up in pairs.

If you do call foxes at night, here's some more dope from the experts: an ideal hunting night is moonless and dark. A fox may see the hunter on a bright, moonlit night and on such a night it is more difficult to shine on an animal's eyes. Night-hunters usually hunt in pairs, armed with headlamps and shotguns shooting 2's or light buckshot. They stand back to back to cover all approaches and when a fox moves in they don't shine the lights directly into his eyes or he'll be gone like a flash. Shine the light just above him; this will give a good eye reflection and won't startle the animal. That's how it's done in Texas.

In heavily-settled Iowa night hunting might not be such a good idea. There are enough pets and livestock running loose to cause some accidents if the hunter is quick on the trigger. Someone might take a dim view of Old Shep being cut down in the full flower of doghood.

For hunting in poor light, or where shooting will be done at fairly close range in brush or timber, a shotgun is undoubtedly best for foxes and coyotes. Sometimes the shooting of called animals is very close—game callers have reported killing foxes at a range of 25 feet. In open country in good light a varmint rifle is often used, the hunter letting a fox get within 50 yards or so and then pulling down on him with a .222 or a .220 Swift.

Just how effective is this type of fox hunting? A Texas Conservation Commission biologist has kept a personal record of calling up 487 foxes, eight coyotes, and three bobcats. A. L. Lindsey has written us that "... the number of fox, coyote, cats, owls, hawks and crows that I have personally

called up would run into figures—wish I knew, myself. The best coyote day I have had produced 20 coyotes, and in one day I have called up 36 foxes. A friend and myself have called up 22 foxes in three hours and killed 19 of them." Lindsey also told us that on several occasions foxes have completely lost their heads and run right over him!

Before we had used a predator call we viewed the whole thing with a tinge of suspicion. So we obtained a call and tried the thing out.

Early one morning last month we sat by an old strawstack on a deserted farm overlooking a small forested creek and some large fields. For about five minutes we squalled like a tomcat in a hay baler, but without much conviction.

When we noticed a movement behind a fence about 50 yards away we still weren't excited, because it looked like a cat and we'd seen plenty of cats around the farm. We stood up to get a better look and caught a flash of orange fur going around the corner of the old barn. We went booming over to the fence to get a shot but found nothing but a few smoking-hot fox tracks in the sand. The call had worked better than the hunter.

Calling foxes isn't new. Hunters and gamekeepers in Europe used to climb trees with a gun and a starling. They tweaked the bird's wing a couple of times and then blasted any foxes that came looking for a free meal. But calling foxes is fairly new to Iowa and may be the key to a new sport. Conservationists and game managers have always hesitated to condemn foxes as being responsible for all the headaches in game management, as some hunters claim. Foxes are blamed for a lot of things that they aren't guilty of. But since we do have foxes, and plenty of them, we might as well make use of them.

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A fox that came to "dinner." If properly used, a fox call is irresistible to the wild dogs and curiosity and hunger will bring them to the hunter.

Jim Sherman Photo.



One of the great needs in North American fisheries is continued, long-range research on fish and their habits.

Policy . . .

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ternational agreement. In promulgating these treaties the signatory nations should take into account the research and conservation measures undertaken by the component states and provinces.

II. Administration of Fisheries. Fisheries should be administered on a nonpolitical basis and by individuals trained and experienced in the scientific management of fisheries. Biological facts should receive primary consideration in the utilization of fish stocks. The agency charged with the administration of the fisheries should be responsible for establishing needed regulations.

Public access to sport fisheries is of paramount importance. Present public ownership of water frontage should be jealously guarded and should be expanded at every opportunity.

Conflicts between sport and commercial fisheries should be settled on the pertinent facts in each case. In many instances waters will support both types of fisheries with mutual benefit. Where actual competition exists to the proven detriment of either fishery, an objective economic appraisal should form the basis for the determination of proper regulations.

III. Research. The success of any fish-management policy, in private or in public waters, is in proportion to its basis on factual information. This is a clear demonstration of the prior requirement for research in all phases of fish management.

The necessary research, conducted by trained personnel, must range from detailed physiological studies on individual fishes to broad-scale studies of the relationships of populations and environmental conditions.

Constructive programs of research should be developed by universities and by administrative units—state, provincial, or federal—to make the most advantageous

use of available facilities and personnel. The comprehensive programs made possible through such coordination of resources should encompass the necessary fundamental research in all related fields and the practical problems arising from the application of research finding.

IV. Management. Regulatory laws, stocking, and habitat improvement are the presently recognized tools for management of most sport and commercial fisheries.

Laws for regulation of the catch should be based upon proved need, limited to those necessary for orderly management of fish stocks, and stated as simply as possible. The harvestable surplus of fish should be removed at the most desirable size and in the best condition for sport and food.

Food, game, and forage fishes reared at public expense should be stocked only for public benefit; private fish culture should be encouraged to supply privately owned waters. Only fish free of objectionable diseases and parasites should be used for stocking. Periodic replanting is desirable of lakes that winterkill infrequently or of waters which are occasionally depleted by pollution; otherwise the stocking of the young of any species in waters having adequate spawning conditions is considered of doubtful value. The introduction of exotic species is proper where adequate biological investigation has demonstrated the need and the suitability of the environment including the possible effects on contiguous waters.

Planting catchable fish in waters where reproduction is lacking, and where environmental deficiencies cannot be remedied, is recommended if those who benefit pay the cost of such stocking. Elsewhere public agencies should limit the harvest to the extent that good sport will be maintained by natural spawning. In heavily used waters, fishing for game species must be

regarded as a source of recreation, not meat. Private fish culture should be encouraged to provide fish for the table and for those who must have, and will pay for, a full creel.

Habitat improvement includes creation of new fishing waters, control of pollution including soil erosion, and provision of additional shelter, food, and spawning facilities for fish. Such work should be preceded by a physical and biological survey to determine the factors limiting fish production and the remedies to be applied. The watershed approach is recognized as logical and most efficient.

V. Multiple Use of Waters. Fishery resources are too important to be disregarded in any water-development project. Throughout most of North America the scarcity of water precludes any single-purpose development. Any plan to use water for power, irrigation, navigation, mining or to carry waste products should include maintenance of the fisheries as a co-equal objective and become part of the project cost.

Wherever an agency plans any development that will impair either the quantity or the quality of water available for fish life, mitigation of fish losses should be the financial responsibility of the sponsoring agency. Local projects are state or provincial responsibilities. Interstate problems should be solved by interstate compacts.

The federal agencies concerned with fisheries and public health should be responsible for conducting research in cooperation with the states and provinces on the effects of pollution and other water uses and on methods for preventing loss of fish. State and provincial agencies should conduct research on purely local problems.

VI. Adoption of Uniform Common and Scientific Names of Fishes. The standing committee of the society should accelerate its efforts to have the most appropriate common names accepted by fishery administrators and the general public.

VII. Education and Publicity. Progress in management of fisheries is dependent upon public understanding and acceptance of current and proposed programs. Every available means should be employed to disseminate factual information in a form that will be readily understood and accepted.

Foxes . . .

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As a game resource they can be an important source of sport, especially in late winter when most of the regular game seasons are closed.

To the average hunter, however, successful fox hunting by conventional methods is somewhat of a gamble. Maybe these predator calls can even up the odds. If they can, hunting foxes with game calls could get to be quite a thing around here.

HUNTERS DUCKED AS DUCKS DUCK

Duck hunting story of the week is the tale of the four local hunters who were ducked even as they rose as one man to slay some ducks that very evidently did just that—duck.

The hunters, ensconced in a very fine blind built aboard a boat, marked the approach of their quarry and, as the birds came within range, they arose together to fire a salvo. But by ill chance they arose all on one side of the boat and the craft capsized. Into the chill waters of the lake went all four hunters. Also into the lake went guns, ammunition, boat motor and professional pride. The water was not of proper drowning depth but it was wet—and cold. Friends responded to calls for assistance and helped the hunters salvage their gear and make it to land. The ducks, at last sight, were still on the wing, going south. —*Morning Sun News-Herald.*

Shantytown . . .

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stationed at Okoboji, tells us that the best fishing hours for perch are from 8 to 10 in the morning, and walleye fishing is best from 4:30 p.m. to 6:30 p.m. Northerns seem to come along about any time. Many of the fishermen on Spirit Lake stick it out all night, claiming that walleyes are taken only at night. But then there's the fellow on Okoboji that had a bunk in his shack last winter. He started fishing at five in the afternoon, fished and snoozed all night, and didn't catch a fish. At 10 the next morning he caught a six-pound walleye and a three and one-half pound smallmouth bass, 10 minutes apart. You just can't never tell with ice fishing . . .

If you still have some pheasant in the freezer and want to make a deluxe experiment in cooking, try this:

Split the pheasant down the back and lay the halves apart. Run a sharp knife along the sides of the breastbone and draw the bone out.

In a small sauce pan melt one-fourth pound of butter or oleo-margarine and heat until it is slightly brown. Add one-fourth bottle of Heinz 57 sauce and stir in about one-third of a half-pint of whipping cream. To this mixture add one tablespoon of liquid smoke.

Broil the bird slowly, basting with the mixture using a pastry brush. Baste every five or six minutes. Gradually increase the distance from the flame after 10 minutes or so and check for doneness with a sharp fork. Allow about 55 minutes for broiling.

The chief of a Nigerian tribe used to say: "Our soil belongs to a group of men, some of whom are dead, but most of whom are still to be born. . . ."—*Sir Bernard Binns.*